

No. 6

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Gina & Norm Clarke  
13 Front St., Apt. 1  
Hull, P.Q.  
Canada

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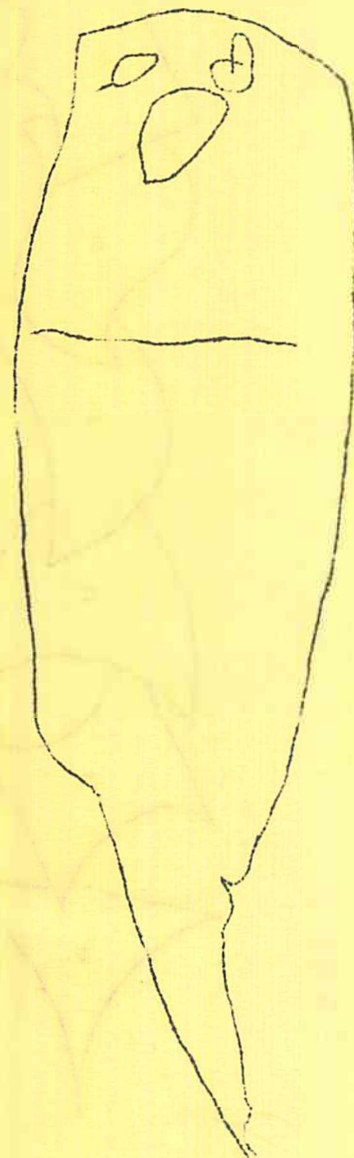
Illos by Jenny Clarke (cover, inside front  
cover, and page 10) - Three studies of  
"Daddy".

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FOOTNOTE to remarks to Elinor on page 9:

We missed the mailing and are sending  
this out as a postmailing because the  
new baby arrived before we got this  
Descant finished. For you, Elinor:  
Oct. 28, 6 lb. 12 oz., Laura Lee (Laurie).





## CANTO

BY GINA CLARKE

My side gains and losses at the coin laundry have pretty well evened out. I've lost a few baby socks, and gained a towel. But that fateful Monday seemed to offer a major gain: As I was leaving the empty laundry, I saw on the counter behind the washers what appeared to be a washed and bleached ten-dollar bill. It had come apart into a front piece and a back piece, and all the purple coloring was gone, but the black print was legible enough for the serial number to be made out.

At home, Norm looked at the bill and agreed that it seemed to be what it seemed to be. We thought it must have been left by someone who was not aware that damaged money could be replaced by good. But why hadn't it been thrown in the wastebasket then? Well, perhaps it had been left out to dry and then been forgotten.

The next day we went to a nearby bank, discussing plans for spending the nice, new, crisp ten-dollar bill we expected to get... a new pipe for Norm and some Chinese food... or maybe a couple of lps... Behind the counter were a couple of fresh-from-high-school young men, destined one day to be managers if they resisted the temptation to take their work home with them some Friday evening and then catch the midnight plane to Mexico City. They consulted each other in French, and then told us they couldn't handle it (didn't want anything to do with it), and suggested we take it to the Bank of Canada in downtown Ottawa. (Private banks in Canada are under supervision of the Bank of Canada, a gov't agency) That meant a long walk, but greed drove us on.

Twenty minutes later we were at the

Bank of Canada, an impressive if peculiar building, that reminds me a little of those Egyptian temples carved out of solid rock. It is a three-storey stone building, windowless on the first floor, with a door that is dwarfed by its decorative detail, giving the impression of a constrained entrance into a mysterious cave beyond. To reach the door, you go up stone steps between two 15-foot high stone urns, and across a stone 'porch' the full width of the building. At our arrival each side of the double door was opened by a guard. They inquired, one after the other, what we wanted... very courteously... and we replied together, stopped together, waited for each other, resumed together--flustered, and feeling rather guilty. They directed us to another entrance, which is approached through a parking lot and down a back alley, where we found the building's impressive back door, leading into a small stone corridor, with stone benches and stone tables, with stone teller's cages blasted out of the solid stone walls, where mysterious business was conducted beyond the stone grills. A mountie was peering at us through a small glass window.

I shoved the bill at the one clerk on duty, who scurried off with it, asking no questions, and who returned after a long while with an older man who wore an amused smirk that dashed our hopes. It wasn't, he declared, a bill at all, but a photostat, and what was my name and address.

Two days later a plain-clothes mountie from the counterfeit division called on us. Just routine, he assured



us. He had to make out a report in any such case, that was all. He was a pleasant young man, lacking the arrogance and swagger of the young uniformed mounties. He apparently satisfied himself that we were really naive enough to have mistaken a washed photostat for a washed bill, and that we weren't trying to get away with anything. The one thing that had worried us a little was that there had been many counterfeit tens in circulation lately. The mountie just happened to have some counterfeit tens in his briefcase. They looked pretty good to us. "Of course", he said, "if you look at them closely, you can see right away that they're phony", and he pointed out a tiny blot on the figure ten in one corner and a minute break in the lines on the word ten in the other corner.

And that's it. Except I suppose I should add that as we were bidding the mountie goodbye Norm said to him, "Don't take any wooden nickles."

#### FEEDBACK

We're supposed to be teaching our kid how to talk, but she's given us a few words. One of her own first words, produced when she was still lying around on the floor all day, was "Ging", which took our fancy, but which we soon dropped. It was a fine-sounding word, but just how would you use it? Later, when Jenny was able to trot around outside, she used to crouch before plants, point, and say, "Tegoy". Now, Norm used to tell me there was some wild plant called lambs' quarters which was good to eat, but he wasn't sure what it looked like. To the sound of my jeers, he used to point at likely greenery and say "Tegoy". Naturally, now that we have lambs' quarters identified we call them tegoy's. And we have developed a habit of talking about "coggy", even though Jenny has long since learned to say "coffee". She's now beginning to revert to "coggy" in imitation of

us. But things are getting out of hand. I must fight my inclination to join Jenny in calling the stuff Norm puts in his pipe "spabaggo".

#### OUR HOUSE

...is about 100 years old and looks it, but when we first saw it we were so taken by the feeling of spaciousness, due mainly to the 10-foot high ceilings, that we tripped over each other to phone the rental company, anxious that it might slip out of our grasp, despite the fact that it had obviously been standing empty for weeks, perhaps months. Now that we're in it, we find various disadvantages that naturally come with its age--like tending a coal furnace and sharing our quarters with a few six- and eightfooted friends (and the occasional multi-footed friend too), including a pair of crickets as big as locusts. I shot one of these with a bug-bomb, incurring Norm's wrath. Other bugs may be killed, but crickets are to be spared in the hope that they will, come winter, find their way to our hearth and there crick while our fire burns. (I should add that none of our co-habitants are roaches or other of the more unpleasant insects).

Despite all the unfortunate things about this apartment, we still think the living-room makes everything worthwhile. Even the recently acquired big old upright piano doesn't crowd us. Our living room in the last place was so small that our sofa, two small wicker chairs, a radio-phonograph and a tv, left scarcely any room for us to squeeze in.

But this is a rather run-down building, and ugly outside to start with. Once a single-family dwelling with attached servants' quarters, it's now divided into four apartments. The two at the back (4 rooms each with bathroom).



rent for \$35 mo. each, which gives you some idea. We have the main part of the downstairs plus the basement, and the fourth apartment consists of the main part of the upstairs of the building.

This house is unique on the street. This must have been an upper-class district at one time--fifty years ago, perhaps--and there are many Fine Old Homes, most of them apparently still one-family dwellings, one or two of them well-kept, but most becoming shabby. Another ten or twenty years will probably see quite a few more of them split into cheap apartments. At least this applies to the houses north of us. Going south, towards the busy boulevard, are a half dozen houses built within the last ten years or so, and probably in the \$20,000 range. Next street behind us is a high-priced district, recently built up...you know the sort of district--every house different, with a nice scattering of modern-type two-storieds among the bungalows, all \$20,000 or more.

But the most impressive house in the city of Hull is right on our street, directly across from us. It's a huge, old, stone house--mansion, even--set in the middle of several acres of lawns and trees (several acres, mind you, practically in the centre of the city), with a nice little gardener's bungalow at the back of the grounds (complete with a gardener and family, of course), situated just behind the five-car garage. Once a single-family dwelling, it now has been converted into several apartments, but the kind of apartments rented by rich and important people (the Director of the National Gallery, for one). When we first moved here, Norm said he was going to go over and introduce himself as a new neighbour and ask to borrow a cup of money.

#### NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

"Vicious anti-Jewish propaganda... comes from the Adolf Eichmann Trial Facts

Committee, P.O. Box 783, Birmingham, Alabama...(It is) a four-page, tabloid-sized publication entitled The Thunderbolt. In smaller letters on the masthead is this phrase: The White Man's Viewpoint. Streamer line on page 1 is Eichmann Trial Giant Propaganda Hoax. Other headlines in the issue include these:

Jews Murder Britons  
The Jewish Fake Photos  
Jews Massacre Arabs  
Exterminate Germans was Jewish Plan  
Jewish Deceit at Dachau".

(Aside to Gregg: We're printing this as a humorous item.)

#### TAKING THE CURE

For 2½ years we had no tv, and were sincere when we said we didn't want one. Why did we finally buy that set last Jan? Perhaps because it was a bargain; perhaps because a friend had just finished a tv-repair course and would be on hand to save us from being scalped when anything went wrong; perhaps because the set was hot, and we just couldn't resist that.

So we got it. And were promptly hooked. I thought I'd just watch the programs that sounded interesting from the newspaper listings and continue to listen to good radio programs. But once we got the thing set up and plugged in, I watched it from 7 till 2 every night, and Norm was no better on his nights off. I remember one shameful evening we sat together, watching a program from a new station, our reception so bad that we couldn't make out the features of the characters, and couldn't hear the dialogue; yet we sat and stared for the full hour.

For the first month or so I really enjoyed tv. We didn't have one at home, and I'd only watched it occasionally under coercion from friends or relatives or landladies, and what I generally had to watch was I LOVE LUCY. But that had been long ago, and perhaps I was ripe for



an orgy of viewing.

Gradually, however, I started leaving the front room to do a bit of housework during commercials. Then I'd linger several minutes after the commercial, taking longer and longer breaks. Then I was following programs by ear and only popping in occasionally for a look at the characters' faces. Next I wouldn't bother trying to follow the program at all. Finally I got to the point where I watched, as at first I declared I would, only the programs whose previews sounded enjoyable or worthwhile. Some evenings I wouldn't turn the thing on at all, even for good programs. The next stage was a feeling of restlessness even during enjoyable programs. I could watch only if also occupied with something else...sewing or ironing or something. I turned back to reading, a neglected activity since the usurper joined our household. It was amazing how even the flimsiest books were interesting and pleasurable. A neighbor from a back apartment came to borrow books (she wants lots of blood or lots of sex, and keeps pestering us despite our not being able to dig up many satisfactory items), and insisted I take a choice of her books in return. Hers were pretty gruesome, but I chose one by Agatha Christie because the name was familiar to me as one of the better detective-book writers. The book turned out to be a masterpiece of inept writing and cliché characters, a real horror to have to read under normal circumstances, but which I found myself enjoying. I rediscovered the things that make even mediocre books enjoyable compared to all but the best of movies or tv--you set your own pace, you're free to drop the book for other things and resume when it pleases you, and you get much more of a subjective experience than you do sitting at a distance watching all the characters before your eyes. A good book gives you a density of feeling and detail

(non-visual detail) that nothing you watch can. And, most important of all for pure enjoyment, a book takes your

complete concentration automatically... the unvarying tv pace becomes difficult to follow simply because it is so slow that your attention wanders.

Yet it was fun, that tv jag...fun, that never-never land where the bad guys are always caught by a sheriff or a private eye or even a policeman; where the family situations always work out so nicely and nothing really awful ever happens; where bathing with one kind of soap will not only clean you off more thoroughly than ever before possible in human history, but will, according to the evidence right there before your eyes, make you over from coiffure to personality; where your minor ills are instantly disposed of, your teeth protected forever from dentists...etc., etc. Even the newsbroadcasts were pleasant--so little time was spent on the distressing stuff, which the announcer just read off his sheet while you studied his moles, and so much more time was spent on things that had accompanying film footage, like the opening of bridges or visiting delegations of students or whatnot.

(The mss breaks off at this point. The writer was last seen tuning into the Bugs Bunny Show.)

## JUSTICE

In Alberta a school-bus driver has been acquitted on a charge of criminal negligence. He had stopped his bus at a railway crossing, then started across it, and was smashed by a train. He and 22 students were injured, 17 other students were killed.

The judge acquitted the driver of criminal negligence because he did, after all, stop at the crossing as he was supposed to do, although the judge admitted there might have been some kind of negligence in the driver's failing to look hard enough to see the oncoming train. (PS - straight track, clear crossing.)



## TIS AUTUMN

...and that reminds me again of how different the countryside is here in the East from the country I grew up in out West. Calgary is on the prairie--that rolling, brown, grass country, naked except for the occasional windbreaks planted by ambitious farmers. Because there's nothing to look at around you, you are much impressed by the sky's changing shades and by the clouds--distant mackerel clouds or mare's tail, or the low-floating, cottonball cumulus. But such open country has, it seems, left me with a slight agoraphobia--or perhaps there's some other, Freudian reason why I occasionally have unpleasant dreams about being out in a huge, flat, open space, like, say, an enormous stadium, tens of times normal size, and I make for a distant wall, there to search for a way out. Calgary itself is built in a river valley, and the underground moisture from the river supports a fair growth of trees in the city, amounting to real, if thin, bush along the actual river banks. Most of the trees are cottonwoods, which grow quite tall, but have no particular shape or pattern. Like you know who, they just grow. Trees planted by residents are spruce, mountain ash, weeping willow, a few birches. Calgary seems a bare and treeless place compared to Ottawa.

Here there are many more trees, many more varieties, much bigger trees, all with denser, darker foliage. Looking in various directions from many areas of Hull-Ottawa, you seem to be looking at a woods, not a city, because the trees are higher than the buildings and their foliage is so thick. Here a couple of bushes or a small tree at the front of a yard are sufficient to form a hedge impenetrable to the eye--very different from the thin and thirsty growth in Calgary. And the trees strike me as spectacular, if not downright fantastic, in their regular and individual shapes. Instead of the scraggly and anyhow cottonwoods, there are maple trees, huge round balls of dark, red-tinged green, atop a narrow trunk. They remind me of

the toy trees we used to make for model farms--you dip a ball of cotton batten into green paint and stick it on top of a matchstick. Then there are narrow, flame-shaped poplars with their quivering leaves. And huge, fan-shaped elms. And willows...back home, aside from the weeping willows (midgets compared to some I've seen here), willows to me were a bush that grew in swampy places, producing pussy willows. The sight here of a willow tree, as tall as a four-storey building, was a revelation to me. And there are many other beautiful trees, many I don't know the names of, Oaks,... the affected but wonderful jackpine, and other strange evergreens...

The wild shrubs and flowers are different too--more numerous and varied. Compared to Calgary's few black-eyed-susans, buffalo beans (called butter&eggs or something out here), buttercups, bluebells and a few others, the woods here are like gardens, full of old familiars but with many new plants--chicory, blueweed, mullein, everlasting, milkweed, joe-pye, touch-me-not, and dozens of others, including such slightly exotic things as nightshade. In the dim places there are ferns; in the wet places there are bull-rushes,

But the differences are most apparent in the autumn. Our old cottonwoods got sort of yellow and brown in the fall, and the leaves died quietly. Here, walking in the bush or driving in the country, I feel almost as if I were in an alien world (influence of sf days), where the small plants are brambles and burrs, queer dried brown fossils of their summer selves, and the trees are every shade. The maples, of course, turn red--from dark winish-red, through vermillion, to near-pink. The elms specialize in yellow-orange-salmon shades. Other unknown trees supply the occasional note of purplish-wine and a background of various yellow-greens and brown-greens. Sumac contributes a few more shades of red. Maybe in a few years I'll be able to look at a full-sized tree with scarlet leaves with equanimity; now I marvel, or laugh--I'm almost too astonished yet to admire.



Newspaper headline, Sept. 20, 1961.

## RADIATION FALLOUT HITS RECORD LEVEL

"...Toronto's reading on September 17 was about 12 times higher than the highest daily reading obtained in 1959, and about 1600 times higher than the monthly average of 0.29 recorded in July of this year..."

It is frightening and enraging to sit here helplessly and have my family irradiated now, bombed shortly (and if not caught cleanly by a bomb, then thoroughly irradiated), and be able to do nothing. No money, no land, to build a shelter. No place in the world we can run to.

Now that the Russians have resumed atmospheric tests, and at such a pace, the U.S. will eventually follow suit. And I can even see the logical necessity. It's no argument to say that, since both sides now have enough nuclear bombs to demolish the other, there's no need for further testing and development. Each side must have bigger and better bombs, so the other side won't demolish them a second sooner or a few megatons more thoroughly. And if one side is showing off its fireworks, the other must too, in order to equalize impressions on "uncommitted countries", who are desired by both sides, partly as present or potential markets, but mostly for immediate "prestige", i.e., a slap in the face for the Other Power. One can see the logic of it all, but it is the logic of madness. And madness can be far more logical and "rational" than sanity. Sanity requires a nice balance between logic and the non-logical mental processes we call "common sense" and "compassion". Common sense would surely counteract the considerations of prestige and our fouled-up economics with the consideration that, no war occurring, capitalism and communism will pass (only, alas, to be replaced by other opponents), and that, at worst, it surely is better that this or the next generation submit to "slavery" or whatever under communism or whatever, a "slavery" that will pass with time, than that we exterminate ourselves. Better, it is surely not beyond human capacity for the world to achieve an unarmed, perpetual truce--"co-existence". People should be committed to mental hospitals who say that we must arm ourselves and be prepared to fight, for even at the worst 10% or so of the world's population would survive--more than sufficient to repopulate the world in short order and bring technology back to its present admirable level of deadliness (the 10% surviving is liable to consist of pygmies in the Congo, Jivaroos in the Amazon, a few Eskimoos); that radiation is not really as harmful as all that and leukemia is as good a way to die as any other... There may be many things worth the death of individuals, but there is nothing worth even the risk of the death of mankind.

-GC

Newspaper headline: POLES CHEERFULLY ENDURE DRAB LIFE

Sub-headline: Pathos Personified

Context of Sub-headline: "Yet nearly everyone I spoke to seemed cheerful. I didn't find that the Poles are 'pathos personified' as some writers have suggested."



# MAILING

# COMMENTS

by Gina

ELINOR and SALLY

## Compulsive reading

I don't understand compulsive readers. I guess I was sort of one when I was a kid--until I got sick of reading bus tickets and the backs of transfers. Now I often cannot read books I want to read and feel I should read, but don't enjoy. It would be very convenient to be a compulsive reader--I could aim myself at all sorts of books I'd like to read but fear I never will. For I have an extravagant notion that I'd like to have at least a slight acquaintance with virtually all the fields of human knowledge and imagination--which would involve reading stuff in all fields from cosmology to microbiology, anthropology and history, and most of the available literature of the past from all over the world plus a selection of today's vast quantities of writing.

Compulsive reading would also be a useful thing for the magazine section of the library, where there are all sorts of odd items (put out by professional groups, next-world nuts, religious groups, foreign governments, etc., etc.), which I would like to read just to see what they're about, but in which I bog down very quickly.

And if I were a compulsive reader, I could have continued my project of reading each section of the Oxford as we bought it from the supermarket.

And I'd buckle down to work on learning French--just think of the whole, wide, untouched world of French transfer-backs, ads for learn-law-at-home...

ELINOR

## Jehovah's Witnesses

Norm was so taken by that article

(in Phlotsam?) a few mailings ago about dealing with J.W.'s that when some called on us just after we moved, he asked them please to excuse us this time as we were in the middle of unpacking, but please call again soon as we really did want to talk to them. They said they'd be back next week, so we got the tape recorder set up, scattered about in prominent places such books as The Spirit of Catholicism, The Origin of the Species, Moses and Monotheism, etc., and awaited their return. But I guess they thought Norm was just putting them on, for they never returned.

## Suicide in Scandinavia

Possibly Paul's explanation is the correct one--old people, preserved by medicine and pensions beyond the point where they find life interesting or comfortable taking their lives. The only explanation that had occurred to me was that possibly Scandinavia's high rate of suicide was related to some other strange aspects of suicide statistics: for instance, the suicide rate in any country is much higher during peacetime than during wartime, much higher in spring than in autumn or winter; much higher among the privileged than among oppressed peoples, higher during prosperity than during depressions (brokers raining down on Wall Street notwithstanding)... At least, this is what I've read. Seems during one recent bad spell of unemployment there was a rash of newspaper stories about unemployed men murdering their families and then themselves, but that's the sort of thing that would get reported while most suicides wouldn't be--and it's also the sort of thing that would stick in my socialist-oriented mind. But if these statistics are reliable, then I suppose they indicate something about the perverseness of human beings (or their Rising to a Challenge, if you prefer the positive view.)



## On Naming Children

We meant to tell you our kid's name, but I thought a personal letter might be better than burdening all of Fapa with burblings about babies. However, I never got around to that letter. We called the baby J\*E\*N\*N\*Y (Jennifer May).

No doubt all parents find the naming of their children a problem. It is a responsibility of some weight. The Calabarians (a small sect of words-are-magic nuts) go a bit far in thinking that one's name determines one's character and fate (they figure out just how by formulas of letters and numbers), but nevertheless one's name no doubt at least shades one's character slightly, or one's view of oneself.

I don't know how much it is true that a kid will be made miserable by his little playmates if he has a strange name. I can recall some schoolmates who had what seem to me now unusual names (Denzil, Hedda), but the kids never questioned them or thought them funny. What did strike us as funny was finding out each other's middle names, commonplace though they might be. At the beginning of the 1<sup>st</sup> term at primary school we had to stand up in alphabetical order and give our full names and ages for the records. This was an occasion for much giggling, no matter how stern the teacher. I suppose it was just that some character who, to us, was, say, "Ted", sounded ridiculous saying that his real name was Theodore William Woodward.

But parents worry about names. We, for instance, are probably not unusual in wanting names that are at once not commonplace and not too far out. No Billies or Zebedians. The problem is complicated by our deciding that two or more syllables were required to go with the abrupt sound of "Clarke", and that

names ending with, or even just containing certain hard consonants were out. (Derek Clarke, etc.) Add to the above restrictions the sad fact that we like almost no names we can think of. The few one of us thinks are not too frightful are vetoed by the other.

When we were expecting our first, we worried about names for nine months. Just two weeks before the baby was born, the name Jenny came to us out of the blue, and we agreed on it enthusiastically. No boys' names came to us, though. Fortunately, the baby was a girl. Now we're going through the same thing again. Worried for months. Now it's only a matter of a week or two again. And we're hoping desperately for inspiration.

On the subject of babies, last time I found myself finishing the writing, stencilling and running off of some issue of our fanzine while watching the clock and wondering if I should call a taxi yet. It's not quite as bad this time, because now it's a matter of days, not just hours. Nevertheless, fanning at such a time seems inappropriate; I should be sewing little nightgowns. Why do I have babies at FAPA deadlines?

## Apples

I miss apples out here. Only right now are there any good apples, and only dull macintoshes, except for a few very expensive yellow Delicious. Out west, in the couple of years just before coming here, I was beginning to know and enjoy the beautiful (and delicious) Rome Beauty, the Spy, the Winesap, and others, the names of which I have forgotten because I haven't seen them for so long. Don't people out here eat apples? Soon the fresh macs will be gone, and there will only be old storage macs--small, tasteless, brown at the core.

"Some of my best Japs are Friends"  
--too much.

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WILL NEED RED GREEN LIGHT BEFORE FLYING TO BERLIN

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Re. the Jacobsses - who gets custody of the goat?

Speaking of mother-ridden sons,

one of the most fantastic cases must be that of Houdini, whose treachery letters to his mother and his professed great love for her contrast weirdly with his forever locking himself into boxes or sacks or having himself lowered into rivers through the ice, and then, over and over again, breaking out. Possibly his passion for proving mediums to be fakes had something to do with his not really wanting to contact his mother after her death.

GREG:

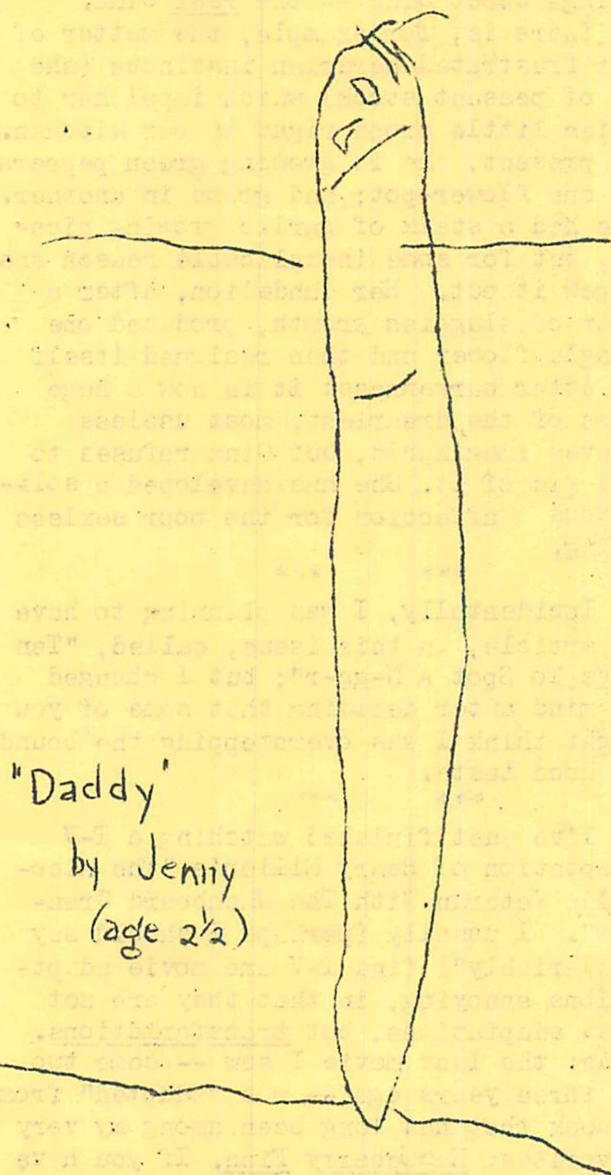
Re. Cuba and the US and all

I said nothing about Canadians being a bunch of goodies. The only mentions I made of Canada were in connection with our relations to the US and were hardly complimentary, dealing as they did with our voluntary status as an economic colony, and as the second and completely co-operative political ally in world affairs.

Actually, when we criticize the U.S., it's almost like criticizing ourselves, because we are virtually Americans--unacknowledged by you, but very aware of it ourselves. (To be charitable, this situation has little to do with Canadian spinelessness and/or American aggressiveness--it is the inevitable result of geographical unity and our small population.)

But the preceding paragraph is beside the point, for I'm not much concerned about what the US does because of Canada's ride on the American coat-tail, but because the US, with both reluctance and enthusiasm, is a World Power, one of the two powers in the world, and in American hands, as in Russian hands, is the fate of not only America and Russia but of everybody everywhere.

You must surely realize, despite your patriotic indignation that a mere outsider dares criticize your government, that this isn't a matter of my picking on the poor, well-intentioned old US just out of pettiness, or out of envy of American power and wealth--but that this is a protest against the unfortunate actions and attitudes of our unappointed, unwanted, perhaps reluctant, but unavoidable leader. And where we are being forced to follow is as much our concern as where you're leading is your concern.



"Daddy"  
by Jenny  
(age 2½)



# OUT OF MY LIFE AND MIND

by Norm Clarke

This is a column (in double columns, thanks to the meddling of one Bill Stevens) for whose title I am indebted to either Al Schweitzer or Al Einstein, and to George Crater (not Judge Crater). This being clearly understood, let's see what happens in the fool thing.

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Someday, if only I can get her permission, I'd like to tell you a lot of things about Gina -- the real Gina.

There is, for example, the matter of her frustrated agrarian instincts (she is of peasant stock) which impel her to raise little crops right in our kitchen. At present, she is growing green peppers in one flower-pot; and grass in another. She had a stalk of garlic growing nicely, but for some inexplicable reason she threw it out. Her dandelion, after a year of sluggish growth, produced one single flower and then resigned itself to utter barrenness: it is now a huge mass of the dreariest, most useless leaves imaginable, but Gina refuses to get rid of it. She has developed a solicitous affection for the poor sexless thing.

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Incidentally, I was planning to have an article, in this issue, called, "Ten Ways To Spot A N-gg-r"; but I changed my mind after deciding that some of you might think I was overstepping the bounds of good taste.

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I've just finished watching a T-V adaptation of Henry Miller's "The Alcoholic Veteran With The Washboard Cranium". I usually (perhaps I should say "invariably") find T-V and movie adaptations annoying, in that they are not just adaptations, but transformations. Thus: the last movie I saw -- some two or three years ago -- was "adapted" from a book that has long been among my very favorites: Huckleberry Finn. If you have seen the picture, you may recall that its sole redeeming feature was that it co-

starred Archie Moore as, of all things, Jim. (Archie Moore is my favorite boxer and is as un-Jimlike as anyone, even S. L. Clemens, could imagine.) Well, the film cured me of going to movies forever; or, at least, to movies "adapted" from books: I may still go to see Fantasia, if it ever comes back: I've seen it every time so far; and that covers a period of about eighteen years, as nearly as I can calculate it.

Anyway, this T-V adaptation of Miller's allowable work was quite good, compared with the usual idiot-box fare; and quite bad, compared with Miller's writing; or, indeed, compared with almost any reasonably thoughtful piece of writing. I mean writing that you are supposed to read (see Gina's thoughts on this elsewhere in this issue).

I realize that, so far, I haven't given any reasons why I disliked the video offering; and this may be because I can't, offhand, think of any clearly-defined objections. I can only recall grating discrepancies between the text (which I was following) and the teleplay (and how's that for a word? Yeah.) For example: in the text, the "alcoholic veteran" suddenly, in a diner, starts to sing "America, I Love Thee". He sings only the first line, and stops; and the story goes on. But on T-V, he sings line after line after line, until he is suddenly stopped short by the sight of an amputee -- with hook -- sitting quietly at the bar. And the "veteran" sheepishly offers him a cigarette. Now, this amputee is not present in the Miller story: presumably the "adapter" (to use a nice, neutral term for the son-of-a-bitch) intended the scene to "say" something. In other words, the son-of-a-bitch had to editorialize.

I could go on to mention a few other seemingly minor deviations from the original; but why bother? I will only say that the "adaptation" took the form of a neat little vignette: the "alcohol-



ic veteran" was merely "mixed-up" and "unhappy", and probably a nice, normal session with an analyst or a clergyman would have helped him to adjust.

Nuts. I prefer my Henry Miller straight.

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Radio Metaphors Dept.: " ... the incident has opened the door for Castro to launch a storm of anti-U.S. propaganda ..."

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Norman Mailer, in Advertisements For Myself, includes a list divided into two columns headed HIP and SQUARE. It goes, in part, like this:

<u>HIP</u>	<u>SQUARE</u>
Catholic	Protestant
Heidegger	Sartre
sex	religion
Thelonious Monk	Dave Brubeck
D.H. Lawrence	Aldous Huxley
T Formation	Single Wing

(He has, incidentally, some interesting reasons for choosing the T Formation over the Single Wing: something to do with "the classic pose of sodomy". But I do not mean to digress, not even into such a fascinating digression as that.)

The thing is: I'd like to make my own little list. It makes no difference whether one names the opposites Hip/Square, In/Out, U/Non-U, so long as the Superior/Inferior idea is apparent; so I'll head my columns thus:

<u>ME</u>	<u>IDIOTS</u>
Grin & Bear It	Peanuts
anarchy	freedom
The Coasters	Good Music
discrimination	tolerance
total destruction	victory
Time	Mad

If you find yourself identifying with the "ME", you're ready to have your hip-card punched. Or something.

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Boyd Raeburn, are you there? dept.: Quite a while ago, you wrote about the way the French-Canadian language alters from one area of Quebec to another. You mentioned, as an example, that in some

parts of the province, the word for "raincoat" is "un imperméable", while in other areas, the word is "un ciré". Checking on this, I made a random survey of about half-a-dozen French-speaking acquaintances. I asked, simply, "How do you say 'raincoat' in French?"

Are you ready? The answers were "un manteau de pluie", "un coat de pluie", and "un raincoat", in that order of frequency and preference. They knew of the word "imperméable", when I mentioned it, but had never heard of "ciré". Oh, and by the way, in their brand of French-Canadian (called by French-language purists "joual", from a mispronunciation of "cheval"), the word "pluie" is pronounced "pwee".

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I had a curious dream that I'd like to mention because it appears to have a certain significance, minor but possibly amusing or revelatory. Naturally, so as to spare myself embarrassment at the hands of avocational Freudians, I have omitted any glaringly symbolic details. The expurgated dream, then, is brief and bare; but the point, I hope, remains.

Unaccountably (in this dream), a gang of fans turned up at our place. The kitchen changed -- as things will in dreams -- into some sort of hotel or club or banquet hall; and we were all sitting about, smoking, drinking, and talking. Looking for a light for my cigarette, I noticed that the lady beside me had a lighter sitting on the table in front of her. I picked it up, lit my cigarette, and suddenly noticed the initials engraved on the lighter. They were well-known initials indeed; "G.W."

I handed the lighter back to the lady who owned it: none other than G. M. Carr.

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Bill Donaho, I dig you but ... dept.: Bill, I have formed a tentative opinion on the reason for your "only the most tepid fondness" for jazz; and if this opinion should be borne out by fact, then I can easily understand your attitude, and, indeed, commend you for it.



think

I/that you rebel -- consciously or not -- against the flood of publicity that has been loosed: the "Jazz Is King, Jazz Is The Thing", "Jazz Is America's One True Art Form", "Jazzmen Are Our Goodwill Ambassadors", "Jazz Is Fun!" sort of press-agentry. Today's Young Moderns of All Ages Think Young! They drink Pepsi-Cola and they Dig Jazz (one never listens to jazz: one  digs  it).

Seriously, I have had many more interesting conversations with hillbilly fans than with "jazz-buffs". I could not agree with the rustic aesthetic, but I found it rather charming to listen to gnarled agrestics describing their emotional response to Ferlin Huskey and the others who sing such "sad and lonely" songs. Jazz fans (and, all too often; musicians) rarely say anything but, "It swings, man!" For all that they know about what Andre Hodeir calls "the phenomenon of swing", the remark is about as enlightening and intelligent as "It's in 4/4 time, man." Sometimes, when exceptionally excited, the jazz-fan will grunt, "Far out!" He usually says this when a soloist (I'm not mentioning any names like Ornette) is far out of tune.

I do not necessarily object to The Jazz Fan as such: I do object to the conformist society which has, in effect, dictated that Only Clods Do Not Dig Jazz. At some point -- probably upon leaving high school -- one ceases to "go hairy" over rock&roll, and steps into the ranks of Jazz Fans. No matter the stannous condition of their ears; no matter the sinistral state of both feet: "Suave off them sideburns, kid. Here, have a slug of this Pepsi, and dig these far out Monk sounds."

However (and I am certainly not going to try and persuade you that you are Wrong and Jazz is Right), I do like jazz, and get a good deal of emotional satisfaction from it. I rarely bother to analyze any solo (compositions are something else again) technically, although of course I am usually unconsciously aware of the alterations and patterns a soloist is employing. Unlike Quinich-

ette, I do not listen for "the musical problems (the musician) set himself" at all; but prefer to listen -- preferably late at night and a little high -- to hear the musician's personality (or his "soul", as everyone seems to call it these days) reach me through the music, or even just "beautiful sounds" he is making.

You said you liked some of the "beautiful sounds", so I would suggest that, if any one jazz musician has moved you more than others, you get hold of several of his records and listen to them over and over, exclusively, for a while. Because, to "hear" jazz, I believe you must listen to the musician, not the "music".

But ... hell, suppose you were to do that, and grow to like jazz? Then you'd be just one more Jazz Fan, and like who needs them? Naah, stay as sweet as you are.

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Gina mentioned that I smoke a pipe (stuffed with "spabago" -- remember?). Don't make any hasty inferences, though: I am not an inveterate, congenital, or confirmed practitioner of pipesmanship (except when absolutely necessary).

The truth is that I have been worrying a lot about my smoking. At the age of twelve I was smoking a pack of cigarettes in about two days: at twenty, it was a pack a day; and now it's two packs daily. To quote a parody of Time: where it will all end, knows God.

About five years ago, I quit smoking. Cold turkey. I went four days; and I was telling everyone, "It's just will-power, that's all." On the fifth day I smoked eight packs; and I got fearfully drunk besides.

Time passed (there's a line for you) and, again, about two years ago, I quit smoking cigarettes. This time, though, I thought I would wean myself with "the odd cigar". After the first nail-chewing week, I didn't miss cigarettes a bit -- but I was smoking ten or more cigars a day, and inhaling. They say that one cigar (inhaled) is worse than a thousand, or a million -- I forget



which -- cigarettes; but that isn't the reason why I stopped smoking cigars. The fact is, that while smoking cigars was fine at home, in my leisure time, I found that they were impractical when I was at work. Like I'd get off the stand, light a cigar, smoke about an inch of it, and then, "Let's go, hey! We're on." And a butted cigar tastes terrible, believe me. Back to cigarettes.

So now we get to the point of this imperceptibly stirring drama: how I came to smoke a pipe. First of all, I admit that I have always admired pipists; and I have attempted pipe-smoking many times.

What happened (after being thoroughly ployed by Steve Katz, a pipesman I am saving for a future study-in-shallowness which may never be completed, much less begun) was that I met Paul Wyszowski -- you remember him -- and he showed me his collection of pipes: calabashes, meerschauts, hookahs, churchwardens ... oh, every kind of pipe. Then he showed me his tobaccos; and he let me sniff while he smoked them. They smelled the end, the wildest, too much (are there any jazz fans out there besides you, Ted White? I mean, I know there's Janke; but he thinks the MJQ wants to destroy jazz. Not that I don't agree with him, but what kind of jazz fan is that, who puts down decent jazz idols in front of squares?). Then he (Wyszowski. Remember the guy I was talking about before the aside?) said, "Why don't you try a pipeful?" And he selected a broken-in pipe, a mild (square) tobacco, and he loaded me up. So I smoked it and said, of course, "Mm-hmm, Nice." And then he said, "Why don't you take this pipe home with you?" So I said, "Why not? It's free, ain't it?"

I took it home; I tried tobaccos; I found all the rotten ones right away (Bond Street, Sail, all those perfumed blends that smell so nice and taste so lousy). But I got turned on to good stuff by a piano-playing friend (Brian Browne, a student of Oscar Peterson's -- and a damn good one -- you jazz fans may hear more of) who hipped me to Balkan Sobranie, Baby's Bottom, Four Square,

Parson's Pleasure, and all that jazz which will be of interest only to the pipe-smokers in the crowd. Well, to get it over with: I smoked pipe exclusively for two or three months; and I smoked no cigarettes. I didn't even miss cigarettes -- except (and here, as they say, is the kicker) in the morning, immediately upon awakening, when I craved a cigarette more than anything on earth. The rest of the story is as sad as anything I know. Here I was, a man at the brink of salvation, and what did I do? I began to buy cigarettes again "just for the morning". And now I'm back to two packs a day.

Oh, I still smoke my pipe(s) sometimes -- even frequently -- but it's for a strictly secondary kick. I, dear friends, am a cigarette-fiend. Won't somebody help me? Buy me a drink. Or send me a pound of heroin.

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#### Record Reviewing Dept.:

The Canadian Jazz Quartet: Jazz Of My People ( SNOWSHOE Lp 0001)

Maple Leaf Rag Blues; Gimme A Beaverfoot An' A Bottle Of Whiskey-Blanc; I've Got Those Ontario Blue-Law Blues; Hogtown, My Hogtown; The Stars And Stripes Forever Cha-cha-cha.

This is the Lp Of The Month! Way up there in the land of the Midnight Sun, mukluks, and herds of cariboo, the Spirit of Jazz has taken hold and produced a fiery, bristling music the passion of which it would do our West Coast puffers well to attend. All of these memorable originals are swung with a ferocious beauty comparable only to the best of the Blakey Messengers or Willie Smith (not The Lion). It is needless to dwell on the many excellences; and the only flaw is in the recording, which is unfortunate. It should be noted, however, that all the men in the group are blind, and have pellagra.

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If you have any suggestions for this column, remember: we want you to feel that this is your mag, and ... are you still there, Terry?

---n.jc



# INSIDE

# ROCK & ROLL

by Norm Clarke

At risk of demolishing the image of myself as a fiercely dedicated Jazzman (an image I have taken such pains to create), I admit, now, that I have been making a living -- which, I discovered, marriage required me to do -- during the last couple of years from the Rock&Roll audience. In fact, R&R has given me a degree of security such as I never knew (nor bothered about) in my "cooler", more musicianly days: if one rockhouse job folds, chances are excellent that I'll have another one the next day, with a different but identical group.

Without for a moment defending either R&R or my connection with it, I would like to say that (a) there are worse things to play (polkas, businessman's bounce, rhumbas ...), and (b) it is not "easy to play".

About (a): the first union job I ever played was with a Welkish band: two violins; three saxes (two of them altos); a trumpet; an octogenarian trombonist; and a rhythm section which, besides inaudible bass and drums, contained a "Magic Piano". This was a device, invented by the leader, which enabled all sorts of horrible instruments (such as vibes, marimba, glockenspiel, etc.) to be played, through some electronic evil sorcery, directly from the piano keyboard. The leader himself played nothing: he stood in front of the band, waving his baton at us and his buttocks at the people -- which was really no more than they deserved.

About (b): I am certainly the best, if probably the only, R&R tenorman in and around Ottawa; but this, of course, has nothing to do with whether I am a good saxophone player. There are lots of saxophonists around town who are excellent, accomplished and versatile musicians; and they are hopelessly out of place in a rock band, precisely because musicianship, as it is generally understood, has no place in such a context. Playing rock&roll is primarily a matter of physical labor. Ask any drummer if it's easy to play triple-forte triplets on his top cymbal all night: takes heroic wrists, dad. Ditto for pianists: that clink-clink-clink jazz is work, pops ( "...my arm is fallin' off!" -- Stan Freberg). And the playing of staccato "poot-poot-poot" (very apt, Boyd) on a saxophone for hours makes jaws, tongue, teeth and lungs ache. So, it's just "work"; and jazz-oriented musicians who think it's simply a matter of blowing blues changes are very wrong. For one thing, you can't play "changes" in a rock band: R&R tunes rarely have more than three chords -- major triads, at that -- and any deviation into more extended harmonies sounds wrong, and in fact is wrong. Like, it's not authentic, and the audience knows it.

Well, I said I wasn't going to defend rock, although the above sounds like (and, I expect, is) a rationalization: I do feel unclean, perhaps, but no more unclean than I would feel playing any other kind of "commercial" music. But what I really intended to do, here, was take you on a tour of the underworld, deep into the heart of Rockville, back behind the scenes, to examine the inner workings of the Rock&Roll mind, aesthetic, and method.



My first direct contact with the world of R&R came about when I was asked to work a couple of nights with a visiting band whose tenor player was in Union trouble and had to sit out for a while. It was a colored band, so I guess purists among you might contend that, therefore, it was not a "rock&roll", but a "rhythm&blues" band: there is apparently some subtle distinction. Anyway, my playing, the first night, wasn't received with much enthusiasm by the musicians; and when they played one of the hits of that time (Fats Domino's Blue Monday, it was), and I played an eight-bar solo on it, they shook their heads and said, "No, man, that ain't it." I thought that over; and next day I went to a jukebox and played the record a few times. That night I played the solo "like the record" (an abysmally crude, out-of-tune solo), and the band nodded and smiled. "You got it, baby." I guess you might say I had arrived. I had found the key to successful R&R-playing: play like the record.

Of course, jazz musicians "play like the record" too, to some extent. I remember the story of Fats Navarro's gasping everyone when he played Charlie Parker's solo on the "Koko" recording, note for note. But Fats played it (an alto sax solo) on trumpet, and just once (presumably): just sort of showing off. However, when you play a rock tune "like the record", you play it that way forever. (I have been playing Honky-Tonk for years now: the tune has seven "ad lib" sax choruses; and I play the same choruses, note-for-note, every time. Early in my Honky Tonk-playing career, I would try and change the solo a bit -- just a little bit -- and I would get disapproving glares from bandsmen and dancers alike. I built my local reputation as King of the Rock Saxes largely, I think, on my ability to play that same solo, every time, "Just like the record". Need I add that I rather dislike Honky Tonk? And that I am hopelessly stuck with it, as long as I expect to make money playing Rock&Roll?)

But here I am, still fretting about myself, when I should be getting on with that I guided tour I was talking about.

First: all rock musicians (and I mean the serious, dedicated ones -- not the money-mad cynics like myself) talk, think, and dream endlessly of Making A Record. Every rock band I ever worked with, once they got a tune or two down pat (nobody out of metre, everyone playing the same chords), did the same thing: the members glanced wildly into one another's glazed eyes, and shrieked in unison -- or as close to unison as their atrophied ears would allow -- "We should Make A Record of that!" It made no difference that the tune had already been recorded and that the band's "arrangement" of it was almost identical with the recorded version: they would "revive" it; and they would "do it a little different". One feverish pianist/singer excitedly assured me that if you change only one note of a song in every eight bars, it becomes an Original Composition. (Jazz musicians have always known this: how often have you heard "Booey And Soul", say, recorded under the title of Hotmouth Schroeder's Mood or something, with composer credit (and royalties) going to Hotmouth Schroeder?)

Secondly: "It ain't whatcha do, it's the way that ya do it." All rock bands are much more serious about their "showmanship" than about their music. In fact, most of them refer to playing "shows" rather than "sets". Thus, most rock bands spend much of their wages on such fripperies as: seven or eight changes of jacket; dozens of variations on the crossover or string tie; funny hats; eyebrow makeup and hair-grease; and hundreds of glossy photos of themselves to tack up on any available wallspace in the club they're playing, along with numerous spangly signs announcing the name of the group collectively (T\*H\*T



F\*A\*B\*U\*I\*O\*U\*S F\*A\*N\*T\*A\*S\*T\*I\*C\*A\*T\*S !!!) and the names --with photos-- of the individual members, along with modest blurbs (COMEDY \*\*\* ROCK&ROLL\*\*\* JAZZ \*\*\* VARIETY \*\*\* BLUES \*\*\* FAMOUS RECORDING ARTISTS !!!!! )

Thirdly: all rock&roll bands play jazz. They usually have one jazz tune, and it is a blues in B-flat, and in fact is probably Jumpin' With Symphony Sid. Or, failing this, the jazz number is The Shiek Of Araby. The band learns these tunes in order to be able to placate any jazz fan who might happen to wander in and get sarcastic and/or belligerent; and also "to show they can do it" (play jazz). Also: all rock bands play one instrumental ballad, and it is Harlem Nocturne and is their Big Production Number (special lighting effects, etc.) It is always applauded wildly, because the audience senses that this is A Hard One To Play.

Fourthly: all rock bands, or some member(s) thereof, do Make A Record. If the band has not recorded, it seeks out and hires a singer who has. There are dozens of singers in Ottawa (as elsewhere) who have recorded with Obscurity Records. Obscurity Records, after taking the singer's money, releases fifty discs, twenty-five of which go to disc-jockeys in the singer's home town. The d-j's play the record over the air two or three times, predict it's going places, and throw it away. Now the singer is entitled to bill himself as a Famous Recording Artist, and is set for a career on the strength of this. The Recording Artist always carries a copy of his record with him, and sees to it that it is placed on the juke-box of the club he's working. He hires a waiter to play the record several dozen times a night.

Fifthly: all rock musicians, no matter their chronological age, think of themselves as teenagers and, in fact, are.

Finally: some rock musicians get too smart for their own good. They learn how to play a minor seventh chord, and go around saying that Sinatra is a good singer. This marks the end of their career, and they are never heard of again.

And back to me. What does this make me? What do I think of myself? Am I happy in my work? These and other questions will be considered in a future article, tentatively titled, "How To Earn BIG MONEY In Spare Time, Studying Records At Home For Just Fifteen Minutes A Day."

--- njc

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"There is, says the voice of authority, a virtue called characterization, and the Russian novels have it, but the English in but an inferior way. Very well. Yet suddenly we remember that there is more characterization in the last popular novel by a candid young lady than in all Greek drama. Where are we now? There is more characterization in Proust than in all Shakespeare. So what of it? Modern novels are full of characterization, good and bad, but good and bad they all soon die."

--- H. M. Tomlinson in The Saturday Review

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# ON THE ROAD, ALMOST

NJC

On Saturday afternoon, Lannie came over with a gallon jug of vin blanc. It was of excellent vintage: the bouquet alone was enough to send you on your ass. It was a rather expensive wine -- about four dollars for the gallon -- but price means nothing to connoisseurs: I know the price meant nothing to me until Lannie sort of insisted that I pay half of it. (Lannie, by the way, is the drummer -- or trappist, as we musicians say -- in our Four Piece Orchestra which plays Five Nights Weekly in the washroom of the Chaudiere Club.)

We sampled the wine a bit throughout the afternoon and early evening, until it was time to straighten our ties and eyes and go to work. Lannie thoughtfully filled a large hip-flask from the jug, so that we wouldn't have to keep running out to the car between sets. Actually, the contents of the flask wouldn't have lasted very long if we had simply drunk the wine; but we bought beer and mixed half-and-halves. Later we added whisky to the wine and beer, thus concocting that delicate blend of flavor and aroma which, I understand, is known in some circles as spodioidi.

Along about one a.m., Lannie and I fell to talking about trips we'd like to take and places we'd like to see, as well as about past travels. "What I like," said Lannie (who had obviously been drinking too much: his face was all blurry) "is not planning anything. Just say 'let's GO!' and then just go. That's what we did, me and Gilles, that time with my ole Chev when we took off for New York one night with about twelve dollars each ..."

"Lannie," I interrupted casually, striking my forehead against the table-top, "whaddya say we go to New York tonight?"

"Aaah, you'll back out. Gina won't let ya ..."

"LISTEN, man, my ole lady don't give ME no hard time, pops. I'll say, 'Baby, I got to GO, baby, an' like that's IT, baby, I'm sorry, but I got to GO!' She's hip, man, she won't bug me no kind of ways ..." As you can see, I was sort of starting to believe I was a character out of a Kerouac novel; I was wishing I still had my beard.

"Well ..." Lannie mused, while waiters pried us out of our chairs (for meanwhile the place had closed, we had been paid, the din of the customers' foul oaths had died away to a few obscene screams, and our instruments had been packed up -- all without our noticing), "I don't know if I can afford it."

"AFFORD? Who can afford? I got a wife and kid to support, an you got nothing but your lush-habit to support. I can't afford NOTHING, man, but listen: you remember those fans I been telling you about? You remember how I taught you to say 'bheer'?"

"Ghod, yeah ..."

"Well?" A crafty smile softened my features to a putty. "Lannie, bubeleh, sweetie baby, it won't cost us a thing! I know thousands of fans in New York



and environs ..."

"Enwhere?"

"Environs, New Jersey, a swingin town, man, but here's the bit: I know all these fans, you dig, Ted White -- he writes for Metronome, man, you ever read that rag? -- and Pete Graham, and Terry Carr might still be there, and, uh, Sam Moskowitz, and umm ... well, lots of them and, man, they're all friends of mine ..."

By this time we were at my place. "Just a minute," I told Lannie, "While I go in and tell Gina I'll be back Tuesday."

Ten minutes later I called from the front door, "I'll just be a minute or two longer, Lannie."

"What is that odd keening sound which seems to emanate from within your House?" Lannie inquired inquiringly.

"Merely the wind in the chimney," I rejoined, hastily shutting the door.

"Now baby," I said to Gina, "I got to go, baby, an like that's IT, I got to GO, and like go, and like when I got to GO, well, baby, I got to ..."

"YOU DON'T LOVE ME!"

Twenty minutes later I sauntered from the house, and got into the car.

"That was a nasty fall you took down the front steps," Lannie observed, "but still, it's probably just as well that you fell when you did, or she might not have missed you with that chunk of firewood ..."

"You see, man," I smiled, "I knew there'd be no trouble with Gina. I just explained things calmly and cool, and softly but firmly put my foot down, you hip? No sweat."

We drove through the dense fog, sipping cupfuls of wine from the neck of the gallon jug, and I explained to Lannie about the essentially hospitable and generous nature of fans. "They're wonderful people, Lannie. They're -- how you say it? -- real folks. Like, way I see it, somebody will put us up for the weekend and supply us with free meals. Fans eat wonderfully well, you know. They are gourmets and bon vivants, and it will be not at all unusual for them to offer us quail's eggs, pheasant under glass, lobster thermidor ... and that, of course, is when they are entertaining us in the privacy of their own homes. Naturally, they will also want to show us the sights of their fair city, and they will take us on a mad round of Fancy Expensive Places -- and that is the way fans say it, with the caps; with practice, it's no harder than 'bhoyobhoy' ..."

"You mean like Way Of Life?"

"By George, I think you've got it! They'll like you, Lannie: come to think of it, your face is rather sensitive ..."

We were approaching the customs office on the U.S. side of the St. Lawrence river. As the inspector approached the car, Lannie said, " Ghod, I hope he doesn't



spot the jhug, cuz bhoy ..."

"Hist," I hissed, "now cut that out! If he hears you talking like that, we'll never get into the country."

"Where you fellas from?" "Ottawa, sir." "Where you going?" "New York City, sir." "How much money you got?" "Oh, a good thirty dollars at least." "You know how far New York is?" "Oh yes, sir. About five hundred or a thousand miles from here." "What do you expect to do there, with only thirty dollars?" "Oh, we have friends there, sir. We're visiting them for the weekend." "Yes," said Lannie, "they're f-a-a-a- ..." I kicked him. "They're fabulously wealthy," I said, although the officer stared suspiciously at Lannie, "and, in fact, we have been invited to meet some of the most socially prominent people in the city: you have no doubt heard of Theodore White, publisher of Time magazine?"

As we drove through the pre-dawn silence of the American countryside, I once more took up the subject of fannish hospitality. "...And as far as drinking is concerned, Lannie, why, these fans are the biggest drunks on earth. We'll be bombed out of our heads from the moment we get there. They drink things like what they call 'Jack Daniels', which sounds like heaps of fun, doesn't it? Oh yes, Lannie, when fans aren't eating fantastic delicacies, they're lying in sodden heaps on mounds of empty bottles. And not only that, but we'll probably meet some peyote fans, and spend some time beyond the pale, communing with Eternity. Fans take peyote all the time; it's nothing to them. And that's not all! What we can do is borrow money from them, you know, one at a time. Like I'll say, a bit sheepishly, 'Gee, I hate to mention this, but we're a little short on gas to get back. Could I borrow a five? I'll mail it to you as soon as I get home.' And whoever I ask will say, 'Sure, here's ten. Don't be in a hurry to pay it back. I know you're good for it.' A-HA-HA-HA-HA! Don't you see the beauty of it, Lannie? We'll come back home with twice as much loot as we had when we left."

"What's that funny noise?" asked Lannie.

"You mean that unearthly, deafening, shrieking sound that's been coming from underneath the car for the last two hours? I really hadn't noticed it."

"What town is this?"

"The sign said Morristown, pop. 638."

"Let's stop at a service station. I don't like the sound of that -- I don't mean that sort of yowl and whoop, but the sort of grinding-and-clanking might indicate there is something amiss somewhere."

"You mean your motor might be broke or something mechanical like that?"

It was about five a.m. On a Sunday. At nine a.m. a red-faced bumpkin scratched his neck and opened the door of the station. Lannie said he thought there was something wrong with the car, and demonstrated. The clot-poll gaped and clucked, and offered to sell us some gas, but didn't know what the trouble might be. Perhaps somebody in Watertown could help us out, though. Watertown was about a hundred or two miles away, the wine was gone, we were sobering up, and from the way Lannie was muttering, I gathered that the "rear end" of a car con-



sists of something more than just a trunk and a bumper.

I hate to say this, but we turned around and came back, arriving in Ottawa about noon, the car having bellowed like a banshee all the way home. Hell... no fine fannish weekend; no stacks of borrowed money; no place to go on a Sunday; and horrible, sadistic cackles from Gina when I slouched into the house and reported glumly that the car had broken.

Lannie and his girlfriend, Diane, came over that night, though, with another gallon of wine; and, along about one a.m., while Gina and Diane snorted and jeered, Lannie and I were eagerly discussing the trip to Mexico we would make next weekend.

I kind of sorry I didn't get to meet New York fandom, though; and, New York fandom, I bet you're sorry we didn't get there, too. You'd have liked us.

--- njc

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STRICTLY EGOCENTRIC

by Sidney J. Tweed

Purely Personal Grudges

I have found that the man who goes out of his way to call you a "fatheaded old s.o.b." probably has some grave emotional defect; whereas the "old s.o.b." is, most often, a respected, mature man who, merely because he happens to be a wealthy, successful syndicated columnist, incurs unreasoning hate-responses. I have found this often to be so.

\*\*\* \*\*

There is a pseudo-profound axiom which states "the Truth will out." Much more often, I submit, this should read, "Perhaps the Truth sometimes may partially out", for, as we now know, this is more often the case than not.

\*\*\* \*\*

When, at one of those exclusive social gatherings to which I am always invited, a fawning acolyte asks, "How do you think of things to write?" I always answer, "It is not the thinking of things but the writing! One must write, write, WRITE! This never occurs to them: they think a writer needs "ideas"; whereas, as I have found, nothing could be further from the truth.

---njc

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TWO LOVE SONGS

O, the man of anger and light  
is swathed in a winding sheet of pain  
in his rented coffin, Silent, he roars  
over the crash of history, Songs  
of hell howling in his bursting ears,  
he screams to a pallid cellar  
and greans his own grim coda:  
"There won't be any scene!" Listen:  
are there screams in the sky?  
The sun keeps going down all the time  
till sleepers awake in their  
dark kingdom.

\*\*\*\*\*

O, the man whose blackbird flew away  
walked on eggshells for miles & miles  
with thumb to nose, with muted throat,  
He was caught not smiling as he ought,  
and firmly chastised by a cop's club.  
O, he knows his place, that man  
... but it remains  
his secret .

--- njc

---

"... you've heard, of course, of  
kosher pork: the pig, you see, is  
circumcized ..."

---



I WANT YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION,  
SO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER

by Norm Clarke

"Would you like to hear about the novel I'm writing?" I asked Mr. Buttolph.

"Of course; by all means," he replied, putting on his hat and leaving.

Several years later, reminiscing over the dying embers of our coffee, in the hush that comes between dusk and twilight, he murmured drowsily, "What was that you were saying about a novel?"

"What, that silly old thing?" I yawned, idly picking at a nit which had become lodged between a molar and an incisor. Buttolph's eyes were drawn to the intricately fashioned design of the handmade nitpick I wore suspended by a thin gold chain. "Yes, as you may have guessed, Buttolph," I nodded and woke with a start, "there is a story connected with this nitpick; but, as I have been assured time and time again by anxious friends, it is a story so excruciatingly dull that rhetoric by recent Republican heads of state pales into brilliance by comparison, withal."

"Arrr, gowan wid yer," chided Buttolph, whose solecistic lapses are forgivable to anyone who is aware of the deep tragedy underlying his facade of abject misery.

"As a matter of fact," I countered matter-of-factly, "the novel -- poor though it be, yet my own, Buttolph -- was published; and it received considerable critical attention. I quote: "nice ... work"; "seems to ... say ... something"; "not ... terribly bad."

I tried to slur over the ellipses, but Buttolph's keen ear had detected them; the other one, of course, had heard nothing. He smirked in his chair. Lord, how I hated him at that moment (since then, of course, we have become good friends)! With a toss of my head, I swept from the room; then I swept from the end of the hall to the stairs. When I returned, Buttolph was already stacking the paper plates neatly in the sink, and giving little straightening touches to the souvenir antimacassars from Duluth. "Didn't know you were an antimacassar man," he said in a deceptively loud tone.

"I suppose you are pro- macassar," I whispered thickly. Grimly, he straightened and faced me.

"You forget: I was in the front lines during the revolution. Have you forgotten the things we believed in then?" I had, completely; but his soft rebuke stung far worse than did his subsequent punch to my nose.

"Now," he continued, drawing up a footstool upon which it was his wont to recline, "suppose you get on with telling me about that book of yours."

There was in the stillness of the room an air of impending inconsequence. In a sorry attempt at lending some semblance of gaiety to the evening, I did my impres-



sions of Maurice Chevalier and of a woman putting on a girdle, during the course of which Buttolph only rarely broke into his customary paroxysms of ennui.

Sensing the failure of my efforts when I perceived that Buttolph had gone home, I read once more through the dog-eared, tattered copy of my novel. It was dawn when I finished, for morning had come, and as I stared out into the bleak sunshine drumming against the rooftops of the small, still-sleeping metropolis, I murmured, "But I believed in my work, in my dreams, in the mystery of transubstantiation ... then. What has happened to me? What is happening? What's happening?"

"Nothin' shakin', pops," rasped a grinning Buttolph, who had just come in, wearing blackface and a checkered purple suit. I surmised that he had spent the small hours at a "poetry reading" with the young Bohemians he so loves to bewilder. I whirled, intending to fly, but instead I fell down, for I had not whirled in many a stodgy year. Concern was written in the deep lines of Buttolph's gnarled, Puckish features as he tenderly helped me to a settee and fixed me a stiff cognac-and-tomatojuice aspic.

"You must remember," he snarled softly and not unkindly, "you're not getting any younger."

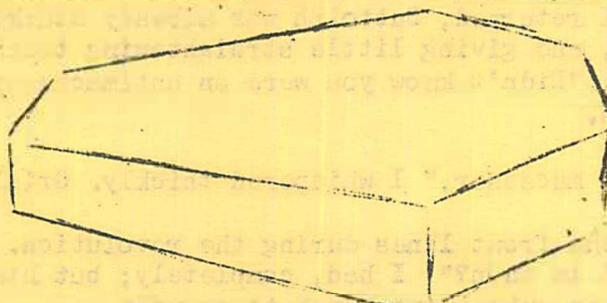
When he wants to, Buttolph can turn a neat phrase: I have known him, on occasion, to turn three or four phrases simultaneously with one hand, meanwhile keeping up a steady stream of heavy repartee.

He noticed the book, lying on the floor where I had thrown him. Idly, he rifled its pages; and then he sat bolt upright, a look of stunned credulity not yet on his face.

"But, Good Lord, man, this is ...," his voice trailed off as sleep overcame him.

But I knew there would be other tomorrows, and that our yesterdays were all behind us. Somehow, this only made me madder!

--- njc



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