

Homunculus

HOMUNCULUS. This has several meanings. In Medieval Latin or Ancient Esperanto or something, it means "a little man." In this case, our unborn child. Which could be a girl--Homuncula? Skip it. Also, it refers to the small size of this Publication. Furthermore, according to Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus von Hohenheim (the last of the Great Alchemists and/or first of the Great Chemists), "homunculus" was a living mannikin, a number of which he made in a retort in the dark of the moon, or something. We would add more about this, except we are in Frisco and our famous 11th Edition of the Britannica (from which we crib bits of esoteric gizmadoo from time to time in order to give an air of spurious erudition) is in NY; and besides, it would probably be over the heads of our stupid readers, anyway. Those lucky enough to get copies of HOMUNCULUS had better hold onto them, as they will probably become Collectors' Items and command utterly fantastic amounts of money. Because of the extreme rarity of Avram and Grania Davidson publications (unlike some Fan Personalities we could name but better not, who publish new titles every Monday and Thursday), and because of its devilishly clever wit. We hope to send copies to all to whom we owe ordinary letters as well as LOCs; absolutely NO copies are for sale at any price or in exchange for LOCs; except maybe we might part with a few for \$5 each to Completists to whom we don't owe LOCs.

Wherein

Wherein we explain why homunculus. Lots of people were kind enough to send us their ~~z~~fanzines and at first we tried to write Letters Of Comment, or LOCs, on all of them. But editing, marrying, traveling, &c., left us no time. Also, we are way behind on our other correspondencies. So we are taking the Easy Way Out and publishing this little what-is-it to send around, instead.

ANOTHER REASON is that the reaction of our lovely and voluptuous wife Grania on first being introduced to the Big Wonderful World of Fandom, was to look up plane schedules to Reno. So we cunningly thought that making her co-publisher of a fanzine of our/her own would change her little mind. Besides, it was her idea in the first place.

So this it is, homunculus.

Isn't it fun? Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, Generous Walrus to the cognoscenti, supplied masters, paper, and labor. Andy K. Main, our sometime pet ben, designed the front-page heading. C.W. "B".D. also drew the big "Wherein" on top of this page. The postage we fliched from Unsolicited MSS to the M. of F. & S.F. Nobody else had anything to do with it, so quit trying to hog credit, Wm. E. Neuman.

***** Special For This Issue:

a graniagram Man Loveth Not in Bed Alone *****

(the lady author says there's a double-entendre)

Words We Doubt Were Ever
Gravely Spoken By Man Or Beast Department:

"I...gravely spoke the words--'Ph'nglui mglw'nafh
Cthulhu R'lyeh wagh'nagl fhtan."

--The Gable Window, H.P. Lovecraft & Aug. Derleth

"When you make an error /writes Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon to us--oops! we already made one!/, we suggest that you strike it out with the slant sign, repeat the word, and remove the stricken part later with a razor blade."

---We don't know what to make of this. Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon has known us for two whole entire months now, and he still thinks own a razor blade.
/we

Grania's Health. Latest Bulletin. We are happy to be able to inform our many friends that Grania's health is now, th. G., fine (and it's about time, too); and that she expects to pup on schedule, D.v., in November, c. the 13th. Her lodger, too, th. G., also seems fine, and has been felt kicking lustily by his/her Onlie Beggert. Watch this space for further details.

PROFESSIONAL NOTE: (for Fans)

Avram Davidson, the Fan's Best Friend, would like to know how-the-Hell-Come fan-publishers do not come rushing to take advantage of the Very Extra-Special Non-Profit Cut-Rate Fanzine Ad Rate for F&SF /apply to Advertizing Dep't, F&SF, 347 East 53rd St., NYC 22, for particulars/, which he so generously and fat-headedly arranged for their sole benefit? It will be a cold day in Katanga before he does fan-publishers any more favors in his professional capacity, you bet your butt.

NEWS ITEM (AP) Brewster Davidson, popular West Coast black kitten, has returned from the Drs. Arburna, McInnes, & Levy Dog, Cat, & Sundry Pets Hospital, 26 Fell St., Frisco, where he underwent an operation for a mangled paw. (continued)

BREWSTER (cont.) The paw was mangled by his clumsy old master stepping on it in Venice. Brewster is doing nicely, thank you, but can't retract one claw. His mistress continues to dote upon him in her usual ~~sickening~~ cunning way.

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DAVIDSONS LEAVE VENICE (Reuters) Avram & Grania Davidson, after a month in the former Beat Capital of the U. States, where they enjoyed tremendously the ocean breezes and the canals and all that bit, left for San Francisco on the Coast Daylighter S.P. train, arriving the same evening and had one Hell of a time getting a cab at the ugly S.P. Depot owing to the presence in town of the American Bar Association Convention. American Barristers' wives could be seen in their fur coats and flowers riding cable-cars with shrill legalistical squeals of delight; so why did they need cabs?

THE GREAT METEOR SHOWER OVER SAN FRANCISCO

Jerry & Miriam Knight, Avram & Grania Davidson, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, Luan Weatheringham, and Andy Main bem, all stayed up the whole night the other Sat. night to watch the meteor shower before dawn. They went to Golden Gate Park to have Wide Open Spaces for a Good View. Whilst waiting in front of the Museum of Musty Antiquities for the show to start, the young gentlemen ran round and round the fountain. Old Mr. Davidson stayed put, amusing the ladies with his witty conversation. Owing to the Wide Open Spaces, just before dawn everybody was able to get a Good View of the Biggest G.D. Overcast ever viewed. Underneath one corner of the overcast some occasional sparkles were seen, only Grania didn't see them, and Calvin W. "Grunch" Killjoy said it was only Retinal Strain. He was left there for dead and everybody else went back to the Davidsons and ate scrambled eggs (End)

MY DAY by Mrs. Grania Davidson

Bleeecccchh!

B-b L---n Drunk Department : Mr. B-b L---n, the funny publisher of VINEGAR WORM, visited the Davidsons earlier in the Spring at Dangling Participle, their spacious (saile) Uptown Residence in Morningside Depths (just below Morningside Heights). He and Avram tripped over a bottle of Bourbon coming in and sustained slight injuries, owing to their having hit said bottle on empty stomachs. The text below was prompted by a letter from B-b not long afterwards. We are printing it to Warn Fandom against this Slobbering Messace, and also because we are tickled pink over our own Wit.

B-b L---n
Humble Oil
P'gh, Pa.

~~Dear L---n:~~
Dear L---n:

If you think that writing that wretched excuse for an apology (dated June 1) will go very far in settling the problems of (a) Three cigarette holes in our needlepoint rocking upholstery rocking chair (b) A sort of Korschak design in Wet Liquor-Glass Baroque on the Iceland Teak pie-crust table (c) a set of deep-blue fingerprints in the tender white flesh of our poor pregnant wife's upper arm (d) a state of absolute paranoia on the part of our cat, who runs up the walls, spits, and drips green at the sight of strangers, and/or (e) the otherwise unaccountable facts of Gretel-the-servant-girl's being suddenly with child (weeps pitchlessly on being ast the name of the swine who ruint her, and can only mumble that she is "humble, loyal",

B-b L---n Exposed (cont.)

--attributes no one could deny her--); if this is what you think, sir, allow me to assure you that you are quite right. Randy Garrett has been blamed for all, and is taking his punishment like a man.

I wish to take considerable issue, though, with your description of your part of the conversation as "uncouth grunting." Couter grunting, I have never heard since the 500th Anniversary Pow Wow of the Iroquois Confederacy, when the late Chief Many Warts's monosyllabic capitulation of Indian wrongs brought cries of "How!" and "Give 'em Hell, Many!" from every throat.

You began, I think, by comparing the structure of the triolet in the Burgundian, Provençal, and Cappadocian Modes; and proceeded to trace the development of the villanelle in the 14th, 15th, and 16th Centuries in Bretony, the Isle de France, and the Free Cantons--with references, of course, to the extraordinarily comprehensive collations of Etienne-Victoria Vespasien, the exquisite little couplets of Pierre Pissoir, and the never-to-be forgotten commentaries of the Widow bidet.

Under the circumstances, who could possibly take offense at your jovially proffered proposals to my wife, even though stated in terms at least 60% than anyone else has ever offered? Why, no one. No one at all. We have almost entirely gotten the bootpolish out of the Flemish lace napkins, and what the sample of Prime Crude from the No. 3 drilling at Teapot Dome has done to my incunabula is just too cute for words--almost as if you meant to spill it, ho ho ho.

My wife and I will be glad to see you again. Not, of course, in our home, which we both realize you found just a wee bit stoffy, but in a little place we've discovered in The Bowery where they serve an ounce-

B-b L---n bit Concluded, thank G-d.

and- $\frac{1}{2}$ of 80-proof, for only 21 ¢, despite the ruinous (one might almost say, usurpatous) tax on spirits.

So, do let us hear from you--say, sometime next year? Or the year after, maybe? If we're in town, ha ha.

Yrs & sic C.,

Explanatory Note, or, What in the Hell are the Davidsons Doing In California Made Easy:

It's a delayed honeymoon.

Isn't that cute?

It's also damned expensive.

After the ChiCon, back to NY.

And furthermore, it's none of your g.d.

business.

The Davidsons wish to express their thanks to Bob & Djinn (Faine) Russell for Everything.

George the Third/Ought never to have occurred/
Such a blunder/Makes one wonder.

--Thackeray, of course

THE CALVIN W. "BIFF" DEMMON SHORT COURSE
IN PREPARING DITTO STUFF

Now that you have decided to publish a fanzine, perhaps the best thing to do would be to think of something to say. Saying it over the Ditto Master in a firm voice won't do any good, however. This is what we call Science. You have to "type" what you want to say onto the front part of the master, like this.

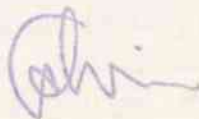
Be sure you pull out the "slip sheet" from between the "carbon" and the "other thing." Otherwise you will be very annoyed later.

Type firmly, with even pressure. It is a damned nuisance to correct an error, so type slowly if you're a crappy typist, as many of us are nowadays. When you make an error, we would suggest that you strike it out with the slant sign, repeat the word, and remove the stricken part later with a razor blade. This makes the spacing look a little funny, but it is very quick and very easy, and is nearly the only method that works well on these old masters. Examples are sprinkled ~~through~~ out this page.

Do the margins about like these, or I'll kick your butt.

If you want me to do some Fancy Quality lettering, in Colour, leave lots of room where you want the FQ lettering. No extra charge, ahahahahaha. No messy receipts. No bill your number at the end of the month.

"The Calvin W. 'Biff' Demmon SC in FDS" has been prepared in a limited edition of one copy for Avram & Grania Davidson. This is copy number one.



FRANIA'S PROFOUND THEORY OF SCIENCE FICTION

WRITERS (VERY SERCON)

Note: The Authur wanted us to add, "As is appropriate when loosing one's verbal virginity in fandom"--but we declined, this being, after all, a family-type fanizine...the Jukes family, the Kallikak family...

WHEN meeting my first science fiction authors, what did I expect but "men of the future"--men who dressed in glimmering synthetics, their contact-lenses glued to a telescope which was resting on the revolving terrace of the all-glass-and-aluminum-ultra-modern-high-frequency house which they would inhabit when they were not flitting about in helicopters to investigate the newest developments in the space race and/or saucer sightings.

What, indeed, did I find? I found Avram, an 18th-Century Englishman / Oy, have you got the wrong vampire! --Avram/ involved in a 5000-year-old religious tradition, asnuff-buff who has always wanted to own a Stanley Steamer, who hisses whenever he passes an example of so-called "modern architecture" /Sssssss!--Avram/, and whose only concession to the gadgetry which infests our era was to learn how to operate the coke machine at the San Diego Zoo. I then proceeded to stumble upon Randall Garrett, an afficianado of the Edwardian Era...a dashing sight in cape, whiskers, fancy vests, and aged Irish whiskey (tho never allowed to age too long when Randy's about), but not quite of this age,...Poul Anderson, who would gladly trade his automobile for a Viking ship and the days of Leif Ericson...Reginald Bretnor, collector of medieval Japanese swords and an admirer of 19th C. Inja under the British...Ray Bradbury, who has bedecked his walls with paintings of Victorian Gothick houses and who dreams of the days when lemonade

G. P. Th. of S.F. W.s (cont.)

was drunk on their new front porches...Ward Moore, who thinks the Country Went to Pot after 1870...Gordon Dickson, who sings songs of old Scotland and the Jacobite Rebellions...Ted Sturgeon, who lived quite a primitive existence on a tiny West Indian island...Damon Knight of The Anchorage, a rambling old Queen Anne house, once declared himself to be a moon-worshipper...etc, etc...

And yet these men write about the future !! (Interestingly enough, the only SF writer I know who is totally involved in the present, Harlan Ellison, also writes stories that take place almost exclusively in the present). Perhaps this syndrome of living in the past and writing about the future is the only thing that keeps them tied to the present; and perhaps, if the outlet of futuristic fiction were not open to them, they would go skittering back, like lost children, into the ages from which they seem to have sprung.

Humph.

--Avram

A CALIFORNIA GLOSSARY

Dennis -- a tooth doctor

Horse -- a Roman poet

Orn -- a citrus fruit from which orn-juice is made

.....
"Border Dialogue", contr. by Randall Garrett

He: Tijuana?

She: I wanna if you wanna.

IMPERIALIST ZIONIST COMSOPOLITANS JUNKET (Pravda)

them Rooshians cain't spell with a damn, turn:

(Pravda) Cont.

As Isvestia went to press we learned with indignation, comrades, that the notorious Imperialist Zionist Deviationist Cosmopolitan (there! we got it right!--but who cares? Did Merriam-Webster orbit two Heros of the Soviet Union? Did Furkand (ptui) Wagnalls? Hai!) Running Dogs, Avram & Grandia Davidson, were heading for Monte ey to spend the weekend with Bruce & Jean Ariss. It was Bruce Ariss who illustrated the thoroly decadent new volume, THROUGH TIME & SPACE WITH FERDINAND FEGHOOT, sold to pollute the minds of the workers and peasants by the Paradox Press of POBox 3051, Berkeley 5, Califoa. Who knows what new outrages against the workers and peasants of the Bronx will procede from this so-called "visit," a capitalist junket if we ever smelt one.

This closes homunculus, issue no. 1. Will there be a new issue? Who knows. Unlike the mere mass of Fandom, we do not have rich mommys and daddys to sustain us whilst we dabble in amateur publications; no, we toil for our scant bread. So, farewell, all you ~~Yobbs~~ wonderful people out there in fandomland, and also a couple friends whom we owe letters to and who will be sadly bewildered by this whole fantastic thing. Do not puzzle, old friends! there is no such thing as "fandom", it is just a ploy and a hoax which we made up our very own selves.

#

finis fandl

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PRINTED MATTER

Dick Ellington

~~Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon
947 University Ave.
Berkeley
Califoa.~~

Return
Requested

BACK

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