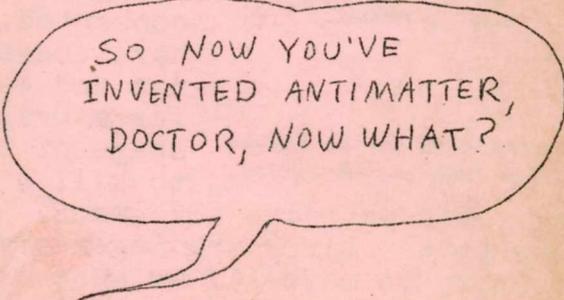


THIRD BIG ISSUE, GANG!

homunculus

#3

This is homunculus #3, all you big wonderful ~~books~~ people out there in Fandomland. homunculus #1, it will be remembered, was published last End of August in the San Francisco Bay Area, run off on the Creative Ditto Machine of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon in Berkeley, and entered at Stationers' Hall under the Act of Philip and Mary, an. II, cap.31. homunculus #2 was published at Woman's Hospital, NYC, on Nov. 26, /62, and is also known as Ethan Michael Anders Davidson. This (and we won't repeat it again, you clods, except maybe another couple times) is #3. It is being issued at The Mare's Nest, The Hollow, Milford, Pa. -- the General Government, however, prefers the stodgy style of P.O.Box 416, which is pretty damned snotty of it, considering that we have neither Carrier nor Rural Delivery in this



SO NOW YOU'VE
INVENTED ANTIMATTER,
DOCTOR, NOW WHAT?

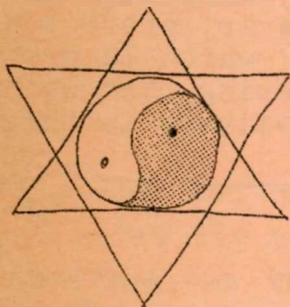
(Stolen from some magazine whose name I disremember. -G.D.)

rural (and as yet Roseless) No-Man's-Land. Our mails used to be delivered by Pidjin Post, the motto being, "Snow no stoppee, rain no stoppee, heat no stoppee, night him dark no stoppee: allee samee complete appointed rounds chop-chop" -- but that was in another country, and besides, the wench is dead.

stencilled & mimeod by QWERTYUIOPress anyhoo

LATE (very late) NEWS BEAT: DAVIDSONS VISIT CHINESE OPERA.

Last Early November, whilst Grania was getting ready for The Birth (and after you boil the first hundred gallons of hot water, the novelty tends to wear thin), she took it into her widdle mind that lo! nothing would do



The religion of the future
is Zon Judaism. -Wm. Tenn

but she must visit The Opera. Avram, who had been to The Opera twice in his whole life and was sickeningly blasé about the whole thing, consented. He would have consented to go out and beat the woods for a Dragon at this stage of the game; or to kill a neofan and examine his entrails for omens. So we pumbled down to the Dirty and Legendary Old Met, thinking to maybe if we were in luck get tickets to something we could hum -- like AYda -- or something a trifle out of the ordinary, as it might be Boris Goudenoff (or even Boris Goudenov) but even prepared to be brave and engross a pair of ducats for one

Top Secret

Apex Fractional

Tree-lee

of those ghastly things put on a time or two and then allowed a decent obscurity (Brilliant New Opera By American Composer / Based On An Old Laundry List of John Quincy Adams).

But the environs of the D. & L. O. M., as far as the naked eye could reach, were filled with throngs and swarms of Disgusting Musical Types -- viscious old ladies in brindle toques, Youths like Les Gerber, hatless and heatless girls with chapped and hairy legs: in Short: No Tickets. On every poster: SOLD OUT. Ah zochen vey. So what's to do? An opera was promised, obviously an opera had to be produced. There had used to be a tiny simpatico opera (in fact, it was called L'Opera Simpatico, or something) in Greenwich Villwich, sponsored by the Mafia, maybe. We hustled thither, only to find that it had since been converted into a coffee-house for boot-fetishists, and was showing Red Shoes (Members Only). Sorrow & sighing.

At this point, courtesy Chiang Kai-Shek, Sen. Goldwater, and The Overseas Chinese Music and Art Center, Inc., enter Mr. Hu Yung-Fang and his Seventh Program of Cultural Exchange, featuring Traditional Chinese Opera. There we wound our way, pausing only for Grania to bind her feet and order two brocade coats and a water-pipe. Grania had never before attended this Sinocological goodie, and Avram had been only once since viewing the Real Thing in Ch'ien Men in Peking, formerly Peiping, formerly Peking, formerly --oh, the Hell with it-- and it was a real Kick In The Head, or Gass, to rub shoulders with the throng of smiling orientals and to overhear their quaint cries of "Pipe the foreign devils" and "Oh look at the Big Noses." We will leave the program speak for itself.

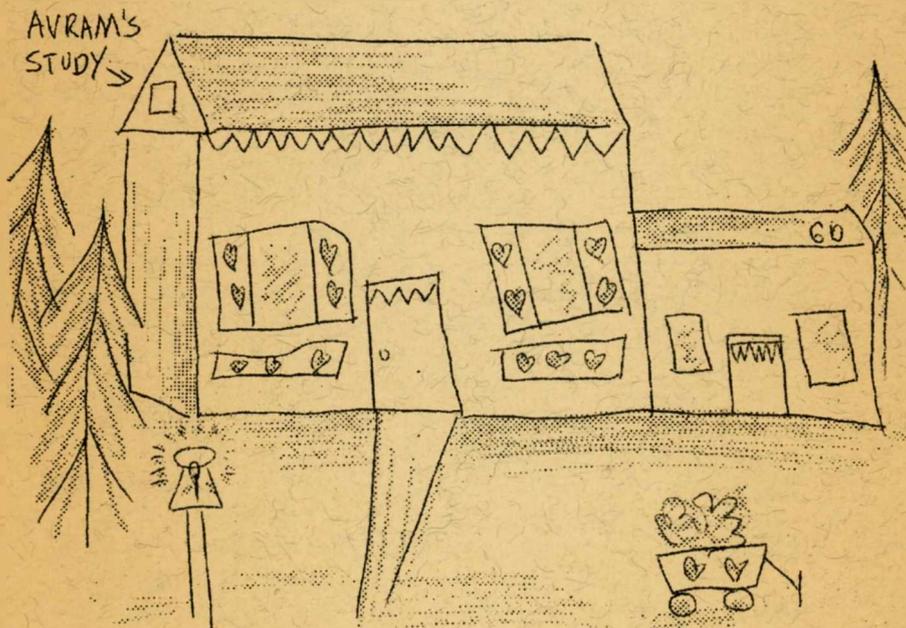
Viz.:

DRUNKEN EMPRESS. "Portraying an aristocratic lady who feels lonely with monotony of life yet not malicious, various drunken movements are portreyed into beautiful dances by Miss Hu Hung Yen, her control lost into gaiety, such as classical 'kite turn', 'lips holding cup,' 'lying fish,' etc." WHITE WATER RAPID. "Green Face Tiger the Bandit likes to rob the bad-rich and help the good-poor. Who wrote this script? Mao-tse Tung?/ He is defeated by Eleventh Hero, a disappointed man with might." BUTTERFLY DREAM. "Philosopher Chuang Chou returns from mountain hermitage and sees a young woman fanning a grave because she promised her late husband she would not remarry until the earth of his grave was dry. Many interesting conversations are exchanged and the wedding pursues. One butterfly flies around the coffin and Two Hundred and Fifty, the paper boy, tries to catch it. It is the spirit of the husband. Wife is so overcome with shame that she kills herself with an axe dramatically right away. Music is played in the orchestra on small drum, big drum, small gong, big gong, cymbal, pipe, 1st, 2nd, 3rd violins, and moon guitar. Beautiful souviner opera photos can be purchased at the ticket desk."

So -- who needs the Met?

BRINGING YOU UP TO DATE WITH THE NEWS since the 1st issue of this hooahazine. Biggest news, of course, was the birth of our little boy, a Full and True Relation of which is contained in the Feb-March number of CRY, and a briefer account in the Feb. issue editorial in F&SF (adv.). Eight days later he was rec'd into The Covenant of Abraham, and two days after that we feverishly moved from The

Dangling Participle at 410 W. 110th St. NYC to The Mare's Nest, here in picturesque Milford-on-the-Delaware (not its real name). This used to be the barn of the farmhouse now called Arrowhead and inhabited by the James Blish family. It was discovered for us by Damon Knight, to whom we are duly Grateful. It has c. 7 rooms and two cellars and an attic, and is located on two acres of land bisected by the Sawkill Creek which dis-embogues into the Delaware a block away. House is shingled grey-green and has red shutters with hearts cut in them. Pines cluster, weeping willows weep, and no less than five crabapple trees adorn the hither side of the spacious demesne. Fannish visitors so far include Jerry & Miriam Knight, Ted & Sandi White, Les Gerber, Jim Caughran, Terry & Carol Carr, Esther Davis, & many more. The whole layout is just bearably picturesque, including the Borough of Milford, and looks like it was designed by Currier &



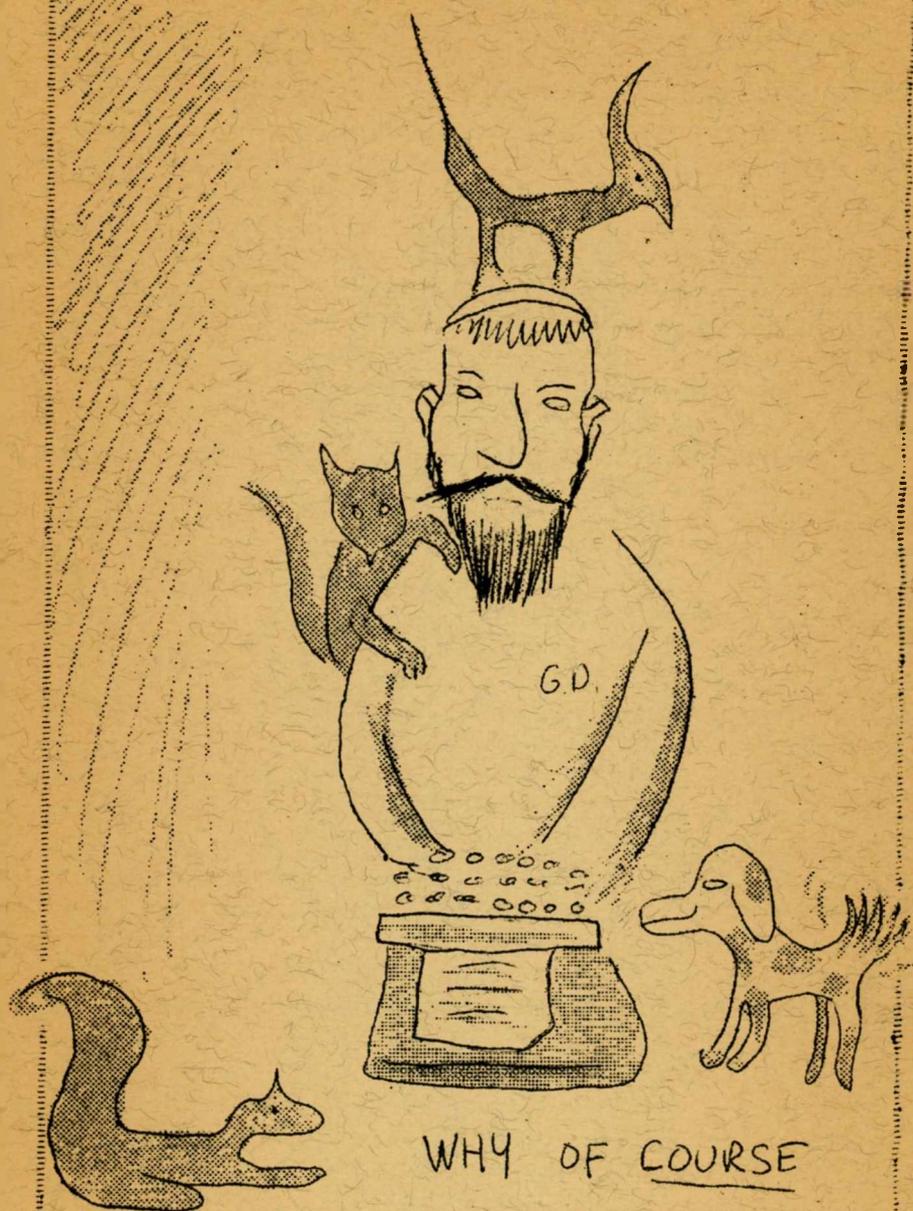
Ives. Come see us, Y'all, hear? But preferably inquire first if overnight stays are desired, so we can ask you to BOB (bring your own bedding). Also, Avram is in NYC most of Chuseday.

***** (gad, we do love asterisks!) *****

NEW RECENT BOOKS BY AVRAM. In addition to the Spring-published OR ALL THE SEAS WITH OYSTERS (N.Y., Berkley, 50¢), there is now available JOYLEG, with Ward Moore (N.Y., Pyramid, 40¢), and the non-stf, non-f., CRIMES & CHAOS (Chi., Regency, 50¢). Stand back, don't rush, plenty for everybody, be sure and tell all your friends.

AMINAL FARM

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed, our beastyery included but two beasties, viz. the lovely but feeble-minded Vishnu, who boarded the Summer with Damon Knight and the Fall with Kate Wilhelm; and sensitive fannish feline Brewster Davidson, whom we got from the Humane Soc. in Sta. Monica. Tiny BD is now a big beautiful tommycat; like Vishnu, black. We have hopes of Making a Match. Anyone for black kittens? Meanwhile and subsequently we picked up from the street a black-and-white kittykat with a Quizical Face, by name of Delbert. The Geo. C. Willicks, our good and former neighbors, have his littermate, Moonbeam. ~~Then we got Ethan.~~ Then we visited the Humane Soc. in Deerpark-Port Jervis (NY) and selected a pookch which is mostly beagle but some fox-terrier. He was named Curmudgeon, but is mostly called Mudget, or Mudge. He is cute and friendly and sweet, but makes Messes. We had some



WHY OF COURSE
I LIKE ANIMALS,
GRANIA...

hopes when we saw him use the cat-box, but he only uses it to eat in. That's all the animals we have or hope to have for a while yet. Half our proppity is in the Borough of Milford, which don't 'llow no livestock nor poultry-raisin; the other half is in the Twp. (or Township) of Dingamn (try again, Avram Davidson, thrice Lord Mayor of Milford; okay:) D-i-n-g-m-a-n. there. which don't care. But our transriverine acre is semi-inaccessible and we got like no intention of wading the Crick to slop the llamas or milk the armadilloes. There once was a bridge from acre to acre but the Gret Flud of the Year 54 done swep it away & only three steps and two pillars remain to tell the tale. We like it here jes fine but two facts prevent our planning a permanent settlement in The Mare's Nest. One is that it's too small for a Growing Fambly and too inconveniently layed out for building-onto. The other is that the whole Hollow will be Inundated within 15 years by a Man-Made Lake when the Damn Dam goes up as part of a Publick Project and an Interstate Park.

So -- if any of yiz learn of a big Chas. Addams-y type house on wide lands on a brook or river in a nice town not too many hrs from NYC and available Cheap, do let us know.

FOR RENT: The Mare's Nest, for six weeks from July 17, about, while we visit Newfoundland. Rent will be Reasonable, considering Amenities, and will include care of one nice Doggie and two Clean Cats.

PUBLICATION OF THIS ISSUE NOTE. We knew that

loveable big Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon would want to publish this, as he affably did the first. But his cute little aged $\frac{1}{2}$ Ditto masters will only produce c. 75 copies. So we decided to give our business to Ted White, of the veltbarimt~~e~~ QWERTYUIOPress. Title heading based on the Original Work by Andy Mainbem (hi, Andy!). Sub. Policy: We just send homunculus out to anyone we feel like, providing we can find the address at the time. No subs, no exchanges, no LOCs, will get you copies. Completists may obtain copies at \$5 each. If you are Dull & Obscure and would desperately like a copy, we might* send you one for an Interesting Map, particularly a Foreign one. Bye bye, now. Stay Healthy.

--
*query first

thus ends the A. Davidson section

Myra glared, with her eyes, at him, across the room. It was there, the palpable presence; it hung, all flickering, between them. "What have you," she at length inquired, "done with the senator's billfold? Have you kept," she exquisitely put it to him, "track? No, you've robbed it!" she vulgarly charged.

He wasn't, our poor you; "secure" enough to rise to her high challenge. "But, my dear Miss Lavidge--" he in all delicate confusion enunciated.

She rose, instead, Myra Lavidge,; she advanced, with her strides, in his direction. She "adjusted" him, as it were, into her arms. "Irving..." she sumptuously---

-John Shepley, author of Gorilla Suit
& The Kitt-Katt (F&SF)

PS: He wasn't Serious...

GRANIA GOES TO THE MOVIES

by Grania Davidson

Grania's illustrious husband hates sad movies. "We have enough troubles of our own," he mutters. This means that Grania has to go to most movies herself. Mostly she goes to see revivals of old foreign movies that she couldn't afford when they were brand new. One night she went to see "The Four Hundred Blows." This was a French movie about a little boy who is misunderstood by his parents and misunderstood by his school master and misunderstood by the judge, and it is extremely sad. Except that there were two young men who sat behind me who did not seem interested in the pathos of the film. One of them had obviously seen it several times and he kept whispering to the other "Now he puts on his pajamas" and his companion would say "Oh, isn't that sweet" and then the first said,

"Now, wait till you see the gym instructor."

"Yes Indeed."

"Now he takes a bath."

"Ooh, what an adorable little behind!"

The companion film was "Two Women" with Sophia Loren. It was a typical Italian hair-pull which the two young men did not bother to stay and see. The main event was the sight of Miss Loren raped by 5,000 screaming arab mercenaries, a sight that one cannot easily forget.

A more recent motion picture event was my consecutive viewings of "David and Lisa" and "Sundays and Cybel".

"David and Lisa" was an extremely moving film about a Schizophrenic girl and an Obsessive Compulsive boy who help each other find Sanity.

"Sundays and Cyble" is an excellently photographed film about an Amnesia victim and a little orphaned girl who help one another to find happiness.

The interesting thing about these films, I think, is that the former film, an American one, ended happily with the boy and girl literally walking hand and hand into the sunset while the latter film, which was French, ended with everybody dead and miserable. This is an interesting comment on our human situation.

And now "Grania Goes To The Movies" must come to a close. If you have enjoyed our little get-together, please write in 25 words or less and tell me why. The winner will be allowed to correct the spelling errors on all of Grania's future manuscripts.

The Davidsons were just ever so pleased when they discovered that they could get Canadian radio from their new home, the Mare's Nest. The music was good, and it was refreshing to hear the station sign off with God Save the Queen instead of that British drinking song which one associates with the Wednesday night wrestling matches to which Grandfather was addicted.

One night the Davidsons were enjoying a sumptuous piece of music on the dominion-owned station when it occurred to them that the most marvelous part of all was that it was all being paid for by Boyd Raeburn's taxes.

I (Grania) am attempting to participate in a very worthwhile project initiated by Bjo Trimble. She received a letter from Eleonor Poland who works in an Iowa school for the deaf telling all about the unfortunate child-

ren who are hated by their parents and receive no mail or gifties and who are never invited home to visit. She proposed that fans write to these kids and send them small presents of candy, etc. and do what they can to brighten the children's silent lives. I agreed to write to one of them and was given the name of a little Negro girl with big blue eyes. I wrote her a letter and sent her a Swiss lollipop and a postcard of an orangutang. It felt good. If any of you readers out there in homunculand would like to do the same, Bjo's address is 5734 Parapet, Long Beach 8, California.

We wish to send a public thankyou note to all who sent Chanuka cards, and cards of congratulation and gifties for Ethan. We especially wish to thank Noreen and Larry Shaw and Mort and Sheila Klass without whose boxes of clothes, carloads of gear and phones full of advice, Ethan could never have been born.

Grania's Brief Survey of Milford

Milford is a resort and hunting town in the Pocono and near the Catskill mountains. Its winter population is 1000; but the camps, dude ranches, etc., swell the area to 10,000 in the summer. Prominent residents include Damon Knight, Kate Wilhelm, James Blish, and Ethan Micheal Anders Davidson. The library is open three days a week and is chocked full of dusty old volumes. The movie and historical society are only open in the summer. The drug store makes luscious chocolate cokes. The lady who runs the hardware store is very

friendly and sells dog collars small enough for cats. The diner sells cigarettes till midnight. The Grand Union sells soup greens for 29¢, with lots of celery. The weather is perfect for every season. We love it.

G. Davidson's section ends here

There used to be a man called Harry Elizabeth who worked for the National Cringing Corporation. His friend and coffee companion, John Mary, was employed by the Consolidated Fawning Works. The third member of the lunchtime triumverate was none other than Tom Agnes of Federal Dung Factors. Our three chums often laughingly called themselves the Four Musketeers, and many a merry quip was exchanged over the muskrat scallopini or boiled hedgehog.

LETTER COLUMN

R. Bretnor

I trust that all goes well with Grania and the child. I don't believe for a moment that he is a humunculus, for I have here a work on Paracelsus which gives the recipe for the making of a homunculi: Franz Hartman, M.D., The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim known by the name of Paracelcus... London, Kenan Paul (et al) n.d. This work quotes De Natura Rerum, Vol. 1, as saying, "Human beings may come into existence without natural parents. - That is to say, such beings

grow without being developed and born by a female organism; by the art of an experienced spagyricus (alchemist)." Obviously, this lets you folks out of the picture. [That's what you think./ But -- ha-ha! -- who does it let in? I quote one sentence only: "If the sperm, enclosed in a hermetically sealed glass, is burried in horse manure for about forty days, and properly 'magnetized', it begins to live and move." Follow directions from there -- they include feeding it with arcanum sanguinis hominis until it is forty weeks old, allowing it to remain all that time in the horse manure -- and presently "it will grow into a human child." And then what do you have? OK, Richard Nixon. (Note: I wonder if the Ford Foundation could be interested in studying -- or, more accurately, in endowing the study of -- homunculi?)

-R. Bretnor

Bob Leman

Dear sir;

Well your last ish just come so thot I would write while the iron is hot. ha ha!

Well I like your mag, I read it since the first ish, I think it "very good". but this ish not as good as usual. No cover and blue printing. printing not very good and the mag very thin this month. And yr new title Homunculus not as good as "FS&F" like it use to be. so keep up the good work.

The stories "hard" to understand this ish, FS&F always has hard stories, sometimes they dont have endings. but this ish worse than usual. For instance. The story about the drunk. Well drunks have no place in a family mag, little children may see a copy. Strong drink is a deciever. You cuold have made the story better by having him turn out to be a martian or something. like a surprise ending.

Yr. freind; Bob

POSTSCRIPT or ADDENDUM:

All ill wind which blew somebody good has been roaring around the Maro's Nest here in Milford for about two weeks. It all began when Grania decided (with my utter approval) to put in a garden of flowers, vegetables, and herbs. She discussed this with our landlord, who not only approved but suggested possible locations. A ployboy with tractor was had in and an area of grass made ready, Grania started putting in her seeds -- and then our landlady saw it -- and then the you-know-what hit the fan. Now, the husband is a notorious gooseberry and lives in famous (or infamous) terror of his wife; upon hearing her loud screams of outrage, he promptly denied his permission and demanded we re-turf. We refused. To cut the sorry details, they waited for the one day a week I am known to be in New York... and had the sheriff call with a notice to vacate in 24 hours. We had innocently signed what is known as a "judgement lease," whereby (we soon learned) we had waived the right to the usual 30 etc days grace before eviction can be made. Luckily, Grania didn't wait for my return that evening, but went at once to a lawyer, who rushed a writ or attainder or a letter of marque or something to the nearest circuit judge (it will cost us at least \$100 in legal fees), and got the eviction stayed.

CHAPTER TWO:

Landlady also sued us for \$10 (J.P.'s fees: \$3) in the Justice of the Peace court for two sheets & two pillow-cases she had left in the house. This I paid on attorney's advice, but rather than endure a constant series of juridicial assaults by this notorious virago, we decided to look for other quarters. Grania, in taking her driving lessons on country roads, had noticed a nice rural area called Shohola, c. 15 mi. away. The phone book listed one (count them) one realestatenik there. Her, my goodwife phoned. "Do you know of an old house in the woods?" she asked, speaking of our Old, Fond Dream; adding, "Cheap?"

Nuzha, we are now about to occupy the Shohola "Haunted House," opp. the Graveyard, a Chas. Addams building mostly erected after the Civil War (but part before) by a one-armed veteran of Gettysburgh. It is much decayed by decades of abandonment, but is basically sound. The terms are: \$5 a month rent for 6 months, with option to buy, after six months, house and from 4 to 6 acres for \$4,000 "on contract" -- i.e. No Down Payment, @ 6% over 15 yrs., \$33.62 per mens. We were paying

*P.S. - The house deal fell through -
so we're moving to Mexico!!*

\$80 a mo. here, and can put the diff. into restoration and repair. The house has: no toilet, no water, no electricity. It has: one two-room out-house with steps for kids, one well in yard but no fixtures, enough old furniture to do us even without our own, and the false arm of old Valentine Hipsman himself in a chest upstairs. The grounds contain apple, pear, cherry, & hickory trees. It has 17 rooms, gables, and lots of land.

Anyone looking for free board in exchange for work in getting place into shape, apply to The Editors & Publishers of homunculus.

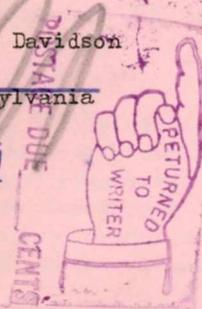
So the nasty biz with the fuz, etc., was really & truly that well-known paradox, A Blessing In Disguise. Aren't you happy for us? We are very happy. It will be years getting the place fixed up, but as the old man said when asked about his love-life, "It takes me a little longer now, but I don't begrudge the time."

--Avram Davidson

+ + + + +

from:
Avram & Grania Davidson
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~~Milford, Pennsylvania~~

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