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February 1, 1969. Here I am again for the second time in a row getting my required activity in at the last minute. Well, I didn't intend to leave it this late. However, I do have a reason; last year I had to do some academic-type writing, with an absolutely inflexible deadline. I had intended to get away with rather a hack job, but my Pride got the better of me. In addition, I got interested in developing and exploring theories, and took issue with a Research publication, and after I had just finished writing this Taking Issue bit I got into conversation with somebody at a meeting of a Learned Professional Body to which I belong, and was discussing Aspects with this guy, who repeated similar crud, and so I tore a chunk of that chapter apart and rewrote it using words such as "dangerous" and "fallacious" and all like that. So all this Took Up Time. Oh, not all my time, but when one has a thing like this hanging over one's head, one tends to put off something like FAPA stuff. Yeah, I know that the Professiknal Writers in our midst have writing deadlines all the time, but I'm not a professional writer.

Another thing which causes me to put off writing for FAPA is that, unlike Lilapa where I can belt out a few stencils of trivia with ease, I feel that in FAPA I should produce a golden flow of polished words on Important and Significant subjects. After reading Warhoon, for example, one feels that one can't just talk about a movie one has seen, or What I Did Today. After all, I don't see Important and Significant movies even. I haven't even seen 2001 yet, although it has been running in Toronto for months and months and months. Well, realSoonNow. There are a number of films around at the moment that I would like to see. I was thinking of seeing one tomorrow afternoon. Sunday afternoon is a fine time for going to movies, but lately I've been working or doing something else on Sunday afternoons. But tomorrow afternoon I'll either still be typing stencils or running them off or something. Actually I don't go to movies (in movie theatres) that often. Last two films I saw were Yellow Submarine (yawn) and Magical Mystery Tour (wow). Gad, I have wound up talking about movies that I have seen. So I may as well tell you What I Did Today. I got up, and had Brunch, and drove Downtown to THE record store, and bought some records. (In case you're interested Ted; The Bob Segar System; Guess Who - Wheatfield Soul; Zombies - Odessey & Oracle; and Stones - Beggars Banquet; plus a single by the Crystal Mansion.) and then I bought some cans of maquereay a la Provencale and came home and ate some maquereay on a cracker, wondering whether I might get a can of the pate de canard a l'orange next time, and drank a bottle of steinlager importaed from thr faroof South Pacific, and read a big newspaper article on Neil Young, and ate dinner, and read some FAPA mailing, and here I am at the typewriter.

Last mailing I remarked on how tired my fingers got cutting stencils on a manual typewriter, and thus I was likely to produce lots of typos. In the interim I have acquired an Underwood Scriptor which is a very nice standard electric typewriter. At the moment it has one little trouble - a couple of the keys stick until they have had a bit of a workout, and this tends to produce typos, but even when they have ceased sticking I find that I make more typos than an a manual.

At the moment I'm actually playing one of the LPs I bought today. This is unusual. Whenever I go to the record store, which is about once a month, I usually wind up buying a handful of LPs. When I find an LP I like I usually groove with it for quite a while, meaning that others sit around to be played later, and "later" can take a time in coming. Or, I will play a disc through once, put it aside for digging at depth at a later time, and forget about it. RealSoonNow I must sort into some sort of order the stacks of LPs lying around, so that I can more quickly

find something if I get the urge to listen to it. Even the stack of my current favorites has grown to such an extent that I have to sort through quite a pile to find a particular disc.

Back there I mentioned reading the FAPA mailing tonight. "What?" one may ask, "you waited until now to read the FAPA mailing?" Well, yes and no. My method of reading the FAPA mailing is bad and terrible and dumb. The mailing arrives. I pull out the zines by some of my favorite writers and skip around in them in the time available at the moment. That night I put away the mailing and go to bed. Weeks later I remember "Gee, I haven't read the mailing." so I dig it out, but what have I read of which zine? And the zines tend to get mixed up anyway, and I find myself reading a zine and after a time I think "This sounds familiar" and realize that I have read it before, and then I put the whole mess away, and on it goes. So last night at this evening I have been grimly reading through a good part of the last mailing. In order. Systematically. Oh, my tired eyes.

To get the number of this issue I pulled out the last issue, and, looking through it again, I noticed that I had said that next (which is now last) March I was planning to visit the South Pacific. I actually made it this time. Spent five weeks zooming around there. Tahiti was a bore, but New Zealand fantised me out of my mind. A great place to visit. Will tell you all about it some time. In fact, I enjoyed myself so much that I'm tempted to go again this coming March. However, last March I went off and the Stock Market slumped. (While I was in Moorea a guy who had brought a shortwave radio with him was keeping me up to date day by day on the horrible things that were happening to the Dow) And then when I was in the wilds of the South Island of New Zealand there was a big Gold Crisis and Europeans were refusing to accept (gasp, shudder, oh the shame of it) U.S. dollars from tourists. Now, you wouldn't want me to go off next March and cause all that to happen all over again, would you?

And now for a few scattered comments on the last mailing. Very scattered. But this does not mean that I didn't grok your own zine in fullness. I probably did.

WARHOON - Bergeron. Goshwow and like that. Not only good to look at, but interesting to read. But Dick, because a fan doesn't write on a subject himself doesn't mean that he isn't interested in reading somebody else's writings on the subject. I like very much Harry's writings on Serious Music and the minutiae of small town life. # Oh sure, there are a number of groups which have far more than 18,000 people at a convention. The North American conventions of both the Kiwanis and the Shriners have about 30,000. This I know, for both have been held in Toronto. Do any other groups, I wonder, besides science fiction fans, have the arrogance to label their annual national convention a "world" convention? This particular conceit (which is as dumb as the term "World Series" or calling the New York Jets "world champions") has boomeranged on those clots who persist on really looking on the annual National SF Con as a "World Convention." See how they now squirm when other people persist in taking the name at face value, and consider that the "Worldcon" should be held in various parts of the world from time to time. There won't be a national sfcon in the U.S. that year. Ohh boo-hoo and the pity of it all. I laugh ho ho.

HORIZONS - Warner. "...never a parking meter at an airport parking lot..." A parking lot is an area, usually enclosed, where one pays an attendant a fee for parking a car. Naturally one doesn't find parking meters in such parking lots. But there are plenty of airports with parking meters. Maybe not at the Hagerstown airport, but surely you are not generalizing from one instance.

I found very sad your Christmas day search for a meal. I have been used to the tradition of the hearty meal on Christmas day, and even though I wouldn't mind eating it alone, I guess, I would find it most gloomy to partake of something at a lunch counter. I think I would prefer a scratch meal from the refrigerator to that. # Oh come now, Harry. I have been sending UNICEF cards for years, and yet I'm a Capitalist; at least I'm sure some of the leftier members of FAPA so consider me. Parmme while I find some widows and orphans to grind.

DISPAR - T. Carr. Not to quibble, but Leonard Cohen was a well known published poet long before he started writing songs. # Aren't you being a little hard on Rowan and Martin? Much more talented than Martin & Rossi. # As an example of "...a fantastic number of the newer, younger sf readers ...turned on to hippie phznomena" you cite their response of "ROCK" to Harrison's query. Aw, come on now. Don't the majority of young people dig rock, sf readers or not? And for that matter, there are plenty of Old Fart sf readers or ex-readers who dig rock too. Even Bob Silverberg admitted enjoyment of one of the groups at the ball. # Even though the only Ballard I've read is a short in F&SF, I found The Gafiated World very funny.

Dynatron - Tackett. You mean Campbell still runs Tricky Earthmen conning B wildered Aliens stories? Good grief. And Grennell did a bit on this, Terrans Are Better Than Anybody, about ten years ago. # If by "journalese" you mean the typical newspaper style of repeating the same thing over and over, each time in slightly expanded form, I consider that it is necessarily bad, period. There is no right place for it. # Vera Heminger says: "So often, a program condemned by Nielsen ratings to cancellation wins all sorts of popularity polls, in magazines and newspapers." Apart from the matter of the validity of such polls, I would like Vera to give some examples. I am curious.

SELF-PRESERVATION - Hoffman. You have an amazing number of interests, all of which are interesting when you write about them. But, I wonder, where do you find room for all these items which you keep carting home? It's a wonder you were able to unearth your mimeo to run off this issue, the reproduction of which, in spite of your fears, was impeccable.

HONQUE - Clarke. Good. Funny. But Willowdale Confidential was awfully out of date in places. Maybe you'll have to start writing letters again to get some more material.

VINEGAR WORM - Leman. Perilous Hallucinations was funny. Cruel, almost, but Good and True. # Your drum-beating for Titus Groan and Ghormenghast was effective enough to cause me to get the books. Sure Peake's work, or at least the first two of the trilogy, are "better" than Tolkien. Maybe too good. But I have some doubt that the mere availability of the books in paperback will bring about a wave of fannish interest. The Tolkien mania in fandom arose long before the Ring came out in pb. Oh, sure, Hip Aware Youth latched on to Tolkien after the Ring was in pb, but then, Hip, Aware Youth is always several years behind in discovering and taking up anything. Dumb fans are so ignorant of Peake that they were referring to the Claremont as The Transylvania Hilton, when quite obviously it is Gormenghast West.

FANTASIA - Wesson. Gee, thanks. By "not to dive into Chichen Itza" I presume you are referring to the cenote, the "sacred well". From the term "well" I had a mental picture of a ding dong bell well, the kind that pussy fell in. I was amazed to see this huge dark pull at the bottom of those high walls. #Ugliest Girl, although a dumb stupid boring show, was not transvestite, any more than Charley's Aunt is transvestite.

## THE FAMILY THAT PLAYS TOGETHER HAD BETTER WATCH IT

### THERE ARE LAWS ABOUT THAT KIND OF THING

In our last very exciting episode, we had left our intrepid adventurers in darkest Mexico at the Cozumel airport, where they had just arrived to be brushed off by the driver from the hotel who claimed never to have heard of them. The representative from the travel agency had said, "Oh well, that's Cozumel for you. I'll put you in a hotel downtown" Bob Silverberg said, "No, we will go to the hotel and raise hell." The agent said, "O.K. you do that," and wandered off. Now read on.

To go to the hotel we had to get a taxi. Lots of taxis, but lots of people wanting taxis, and lots of confusion. Suddenly we were sitting in one cab, and porters were piling our luggage in another. We piled out to rescue our bags, and somebody grabbed our cab. Eventually we got both ourselves and our luggage in one cab, which also had acquired an extra pair of girl tourists from somewhere, and off we all zoomed to Los Cabanes del Caribe, where we had been assured we had reservations.

"Hello, who are you?" said Los Cabanes del Caribe. "No matter, we will find some place for you in town." Laughing boy, the driver who had brushed us off at the airport stood around getting much enjoyment from the dismay with which this little speech was received by all comers. His function seemed to be to go up to an expostulator and say "Your cab is here." "What cab?" "The one to take you to town." But Bob was having none of this. "I have a reservation here and my wife is in a Delicate Condition and I am not moving out of here until you find me a room." Suddenly they found him a room, and an unfortunate who arrived a few minutes later was leaping around yelling "Where's the Canadian consul? Where's the tourist agent? Where's the telephone?" Things were hot and steamy at Los Cabanes del Caribe. Actually all this was not totally the fault of the hotel. Travel agents would write to the hotel making a reservation, and then assure the prospective traveller that he had one. But the hotel only accepted reservations covered by deposits, and the rest they ignored. Or something. But there I was without a room, and no Delicate Condition to yell about. So back to the town to see the travel agent representative. She eventually turned up, and phoned around. There was room for me in Hotel B on the beach, but it was American plan (all meals included). No, I didn't want that, I wanted to eat with my friends. O.K. there was a room at the Casa Callwood (or some Spanish name like that.) Casa Callwood was a few yards away, a private house which had been turned into a rooming house. Clean, cheap. Good. So I decided to stay there, and eat lunch and dinner at Los Cabanes with the Silverbergs, and use their room for changing, and be a beach boy from there. On the same beach as Los Cabanes, were three hotels, side by side, being Los Cabanes, Hotel A, and Hotel B. (I forget the names.) Los Cabanes consisted of attractive cottages scattered around some attractive grounds, with a small building serving as lobby ("Dave Kyle says you can't sleep here") and gift shop at one end of the grounds, and a dining room with one side open to the sea at the other. Next to it was hotel . . . Hotel . . . was a regular type hotel. Somehow it struck us as slightly sinister, with strange type people staying there. Naturally the couple from the Midwest stayed there. They had come in on the same plane as us, with the over-weight shaved-headed teenage sons. We figured they must be from the Midwest because in the evening the sons wore plaid jackets. Horrid little boys. The water off the beach teemed with brightly colored tropical fish, and here came these little creeps with a spear-gun trying to shoot these harmless little fish. "Horrid little creeps." the other swimmers snarled at them. "Hope you shoot yourself in your fat leg." They didn't like that much. And next to Hotel A. was hotel B, where Joel and Betty from Philadelphia whom we had seen in Uxmal and

Chichen Itza turned up. Hotel B. was a soaring edifice, with much swooping of concrete and general splendiferousness. Rather expensive. Joel said the food was quite horrid. The hotel staff was very pleasant though. The first night we gathered in Joel & Betty's room for general conviviality, I left about 11 pm, went to the lobby, and asked them to get me a cab. Not a chance. Cabs do not run at this time of night. However, their driver would be glad to take me back to town. So he did. No, he wouldn't take any payment or tip. Cozumel people generally were pleasant and friendly like that. However, on succeeding evenings I made a point of ordering a cab ahead of time.

Of the three beach hotels, Los Cabanes appeared to be the best choice, and unlike Hotel B the food was good. We always made a point of getting to the dining room in time to get one of the open air tables along the water. At dinner the first night, a bunch of strolling musicians appeared at the far end. "Yecchi!" I thought, as I loathe Mariachi music. But these were not Mariachis. And they were good. I enjoyed them. They played an uptempo version of Guantanamera which I would have very much like to have recorded.

We were only a few days in Cozumel, but it seemed quite long. I'd get up in the morning, and go have breakfast at a local restaurant in town...a few tables in the yard of a bar. The first morning I ordered orange juice, coffee, and a roll. The roll was mouldy, so after that I stuck to orange juice and coffee, and would consume this while gazing in wild amaze at a bunch of people who turned up each morning to consume vast quantities of eggs and stuff before mounting their rented bicycles and riding off God knows where. Probably to San Francisco beach, which at that time I hadn't seen. The town of Cozumel was hot, and although the main drag along the waterfront had a certain charm, it was otherwise pretty nothing. About noon I'd grab a cab to Los Cabanes (cost, a big fat 40¢) and spend the day messing around on the fairly nothing beach. Water was clear and fairly warm, but the swimming somehow was pretty nothing. In the evening we'd eat dinner, and then ch t with Joel and Betty. But while in the right place this sort of activity can be pleasant enough, basically I didn't much like Cozumel. I thought of cutting out early for Grand Cayman, but then Joel suggested we all hire a boat for a day, and that sounded interesting, so I stuck around.

So a day or so later we turned up early amongst all the boats on the waterfront, and there was our boat being loaded up, and off we went down the coast. This was fine, I was at last Doing Something. Past some tidal flats covered with flamingos, and on to the fishing grounds, where our crew dived overboard and started zooming around in the water with masks, flippers and spear guns, and began heaving conchs, lobsters and fish over the side. Then off xc the beach where there were some picnic tables, and a shack where a woman took charge of our fish and cooked some of it, while the crew cooked the lobster over a fire, and made ceviche out of the conch. The raw conch is marinated in lime juice, and mixed with onions and stuff and eaten as an appetizer. The lobster tails didn't seem quite right without lemon butter, but all in all it was a good meal. I don't know whether this beach was San Francisco beach itself, or was beyond SF beach. We had asked the boat captain why there were no hotels built along these beautiful beaches, which were so superior to the beaches where the hotels were built. He said that this area was prone to hurricanes, and it would be too risky to build hotels there. And the following year a hurricane came to Cozumel and wreaked havoc even on Los Cabanes.

After we'd let lunch settle, and I'd swum and messed around in the sun and generally dug the scene, we waded out to the boat again and set off to an area full of coral so that the others could do some snorkelling. Here Bob tried out the captain's aqua lung equipment. I'd had a few tries at snorkelling, but found that I couldn't breathe with a regular type snorkel, and a full face mask such as Barbara uses leaks

on me. My, unfortunate experience on a reef off Jamaica had made me even less keen to get into water which would be over my head. By the others were being so fantisted by the beaties of the coral that I decided to give it a shot. So, on with Barbara's full face mask, and over the side. Sploosh! Water came pouring into the mask, and I couldn't breathe, and I couldn't see, and the water was cold, and I thought I'd better get out and clear the mask, and the dumb rope ladder kept swinging under the boat and I couldn't get up, and it was all a very bad scene. I decided to forgo the beauties of the coral. Now, if only the water had been like that off Grand Cayman.

So now, at last, it was time to leave. I took a cab to the airport from the Casa Caldwell, and the Silverbergs arrived in a cab from Los Cabanes along with a European who was coming from the same hotel, and who walked off leaving Bob to pay the whole fare. A little later this same guy refused to pay a shoe shine boy. A real crud, xhis one, we decided. Suddenly there was a big commotion. It is forbidden ~~tx~~export antiquities out of Mexico, so if one buys a replica one must get a certificate from the shop certifying that it isn't original pre-Colombian art, or whatever. The Creep had amongst his baggage a large box containing a plaster something. The Customs officers saw this and pounced. They spoke only Spanish and he spoke no Spanish. Much uproar and yelling and waving of arms. The Creep grabbed somebody from the airline, and asked him to get it all straightened ut. The Customs were obdurate. We stood by cheering them on. Eventually, unfortunately, they decided that the hing was obviously cast, and not an original, but they certainly gave the Creep a hard time. We boarded the plane content that Justice had triumphed.

I left the plane at Miami, as I was going on to Grand Cayman alone. We arrived at Miami around noon, and the plane for Grand Cayman didn't leave until the next morning, so I had to stay overnight. Miami airport terminal has a large hotel sticking right up out of the middle of it, so there I went, not bothering to set foot out of the airport. I had a plane reservation for Grand Cayman, but hadn't made a hotel reservation. It is madness to travel in the Caribbean in winter without a hotel reservation, but I had faith in Grand Cayman. I had been there before.

In 1961, Silverbergs and I went to Montego Bay in Jamaica. (and thereby hangs another tale.) We planned to return by way of Grand Cayman. Grand Cayman is the largest of the Cayman Islands, the other two being Little Cayman, and Cayman Brac, both a considerable distance (hundreds of miles) from Grand Cayman. Ever since I was a small boy I'd wanted to go to Grand Cayman, which seemed about as farooof and exotic as one could get. Until very recent years Grand Cyamn was hard to get to, as it was not exactly a port of call for large passenger liners, and accomodations were non-existant. However, an airfield was constructed, and planes started to fly there, and a few tourists like us started to trickle along. The Island is about 20 miles long, and in places up to six miles wide, and of peculiar shape, and the population is about 6,000. We looked over the brochures on the few hotels, rejecting the Fancy Expensive Galleon Beach because it seemed one was expected to wear suit and tie at breakfast, and we thought this a bit much. We settled on the Pageant Beach. "We're going to Grand Cayman." we said happily to somebody in Jamaica. "What do you know about Grand Cayman?" "I've heard there are mosquitoes there." He replied. "Hmm" we said. Little did we know.

So it was up, up and away from Montego Bay, and after a while we we flying over Grand Cayman, and descending to Oral Roberts Field (or some name like that.) Wow! Golly Gee! I'm actually landing on Grand Cayman. A Boyhood dream come true. We landed. "This airport seems a very sleepy place." said Bob. "Wekl, how many people go to Grand Cayman in the middle of a Friday afternoon?" asked Barbara. Through Customs, "you don't have anything to declare, do you?" and immigration, treasuring the stamps on our passports, into a cab, and off to the

Pageant Beach. Talk about a sense of wonder! Here we were actually riding along a road in Grand Cayman. Through Georgetown, the capital, and on a mile or so to the Pageant Beach Hotel. The Pageant Beach is built like a motel, with the row of rooms forming two sides of a square, the dining room, kitchen lounge and office the third side, and the fourth side is a strip of ground, beyond which lies the road to West Bay. The hollow square is full of tropical trees and stuff, and on the other side of the rooms lies sand and flowering trees and a sea water pool and the sea. Bruns Ruddy, the young Caymanian manager took Bob and Barbara to their room, and the hostess showed me to mine. While she was chatting to me, the cab driver brought my bags in. "Did you pay him?" I asked the Silverbergs later. "No," they said, "we thought you did." A few days later they saw him in Georgetown. "Oh, you owe me a fare." he said. "Why didn't you collect it at the time?" they asked. "Well, you were busy, and I knew I'd see you around sometime."

That was Grand Cayman. Casual, friendly, relaxed. Georgetown, the capital, is not particularly pretty, but it has charm. The whole island, is not particularly pretty, but it has charm. One arrives, looks around, and says "I like it here." The island is completely flat, and the vegetation is scrubby. No soaring palms, or dense tropical foliage as in Jamaica, but flowering plants abound, and one of my main impressions of Georgetown is the profusion of flowers growing in the gardens and along the roads. We rented bicycles, and I had much fun zooming around Georgetown. Just a little way from the Pageant Beach Hotel there commences a beach variously called 7 Mile Beach and 5 mile beach which stretches all the way to West Bay. On this Beach the Galleon Beach hotel is located. We were invited to go along to the Galleon Beach one evening where a dance was being held. Big social event. The dance was held in the lobby, which gives right on to the beach. The Galleon Beach is a small hotel. At that time the only hotels were the Pageant Beach, the Galleon Beach, the Caribbean Beach Club, a small cottage colony also on 5 mile beach, and a couple of other places intown. Between them all the hotels couldn't have come up with a hundred rooms. After we had tired of the merrymaking we asked that a cab be phoned for. Telephone? No telephones on Grand Cayman, except for a line between the airport and the airlines office, and a couple of Government phones. There wasn't much of anything on Grand Cayman. Remember I mentioned mosquitoes? We found that Grand Cayman certainly has mosquitoes. Came dusk, and there were the buzzing hordes. Mosquito bites cause me much discomfort, and Barbara didn't get too happy about them either. While Bob was exercising mind over matter, Barbara and I shared my small supply of pyrobenzamine. Hoping that I may be able to get more, I looked around Georgetown for a drugstore. Couldn't see one. Where is the drugstore? I asked a couple of girls in the street. Huh? The Chemists Shop? I tried in my best English English? Huh? Where do you buy medicines? The doctor dispenses medicines. Well where do you buy cough mixtures and stuff? You might try Mennen's or one of those stores. Fat chance of finding pyrobenzamine in one of those stores.

Mennens also owned the Pageant Beach, and being devout Methodists, or something, the PB had no bar. However, Burns Ruddy told us, you're welcome to supply your own. This restriction didn't bother us unduly. Grand Cayman is a pretty religious-looking place, full of Gospel Churches and Churches of God and like that. In the midst of all this fundamentalism stood the Presbyterian Church, presided over by the Rev. Alistair J. McTavish, M.A. and a few yards away was the Islander Theatre showing Gary Cooper in Task Force and episode #1 of a new serial, Flying Discmen from Mars.

To reach 5 mile beach from the Pageant Beach was but a short distance. One could walk it, but I usually bicycled along the Old Beach Road, which ran parallel with the new road, but right beside thesea, separated from the sea by sea grape and almond trees. It was immensely pleasnt to ride along this overgrown old road, with the scent of the flowers all around, the sun breaking through the foloiage, and no sound but twitterings of brids and insects. Five Mile Beach is magnificent. Miles of white sand, sparkling clear warm water with a gently sloping sandy bottom, and maybe occasionally another person in the distance.

At the other end of the beach lay the town of West Bay, and near West Bay, according to the map, was Hell. One day we rented a jeep, all pink and white candy stripes and awning, and went off to West Bay, and, we hoped, to Hell. West Bay is a neat little town. The houses in Grand Cayman are solid and neat, and quite a change from the shacks so prevalent in many of the other Caribbean islands. Caymanians are highly skilled seamen, and are found on ships all over the world. They send money home, and the standard of living in Grand Cayman is reputed to be the highest in the Caribbean. Grand Cayman has no income tax, no property tax. We drove through West Bay, and started hunting for Hell. No sign of it. Then some small boys attached themselves to us. Sure they could show us hell. Just climb through this fence and across this pasture. Dubiously we followed them. Sure enough, after walking through some trees, there was Hell, a large field of spiky rocks which rang when struck. It looked very otherworldly. The most articulate of the boys identified himself as George Ebanks. Naturally. Ebanks (pronounced Ee'banks) is one of the commonest names in Grand Cayman. West Bay is full of Ebanks. Every charter boat Captain seems to be named Ebanks. We played a game of thinking up Ebanks names:

Zza Zza Ebanks	Conway Ebanks	Elvis Ebanks
Ricky Ebanks	Tab Ebanks	Rock Ebanks
J. Pierpont Ebanks	Marion Zimmer Ebanks	Francis Towner Ebanks
George Nims Ebanks	J. Edgar Ebanks	Ted E. Ebanks
		F.M. & E. Ebanks

Another common name in Grand Cayman is Boddin. We drove as far as Boddentown on the other side of Georgetown, intneding to drive around the island, but after Boddentown the road got so bad we turned bank. So, we never got to the other side, and never found the turtle crawls where are kept the turtles. Caymanian waters used to be full of turtles, but now the turtle ships have to go to Nicaragua. But that is a story in itself, and I grow weary of composing this on stencil. When we returned the jeep we had to hunt to find somebody to pay for it, for when we had picked it up we had made no payment nor signed any papers. "You want a jeep? Here's one. Go, man."

Shortly before we were to leave Grand Cayman, we heard that there was an airlines strike on in the U.S. But we couldn't find out which lines were involved, or very much at all about what was happening. Not only were there no telephones in Grand Cayman, there was no telephonic or even cable contact with the outside world. There was a radio at the airport, for airport business, and that was in. So we decided to fly to Miami as scheduled, and take our chances. Ready to go, and the entire staff of the hotel lined up and sang Now Is The Hour, with the substitution of "flying" instead of "sailing across the sea." We arrived at Owen Roberts field, and everybody stood sround hopingthe plane would come soon, for it was getting late, the field had no lights, and if the plane didn't come before dusk it simply wouldn't land. But at last it came, a plane of LACSA which is the Costa Ricah airline. As soon as we took off the steward started pouring booze into us, and fina,ly we arrived at Miami for a big hassle with the air lines.

And now we are back to six, (or is it seven?) years later, and my plane from Miami, this time a jet, is putting down at Owen Roberts field.



Notice I said "jet". The jet age has come to Grand Cayman. No longer does one have to fly in in little piston planes. The airport had a new terminal building. Inside was a reception counter for tourists. Could they find me a hotel room? Possibly, it depended where I wanted to stay. How about the Pageant Beach? Yes, quite likely the Pageant Beach would have a room. The girl picked up a telephone and called the hotel. Yes, there was room, so off to the Pageant Beach. I noticed on the way that Georgetown had a number of new buildings, including a supermarket.

At the hotel I was greeted by the manager, George Ukrainian name from Alberta. He and his wife had been there in the job six months. Burns Ruddy was now manager of the supermarket and a member of the Legislative Assembly. The Merrens still owned the hotel "But you're welcome to bring in your own liquor." But while Grand Cayman had gained some amenities since my last visit, the charm was still there. The same man rented me a bicycle. The Old Beach Road was still there. (the mosquitoes were still there in the evening.) 5 Mile Beach was still there. A few more cottage hotels on it now. A few more people on the beach now. In the course of walking a mile along the beach you would actually pass several people. And the sea was the same as ever, warm, soft, caressing. I swam and dived and generally loafed around in the water. How different this was from the water of Cozumel. And how different Grand Cayman was from Cozumel. I was completely contented. But this time I was unable to rent a car. There were more tourists there now. Even 100% increase over 1961 wouldn't amount to that many. Each of the new hotels wouldn't hold more than a handful, but it was clear that Grand Cayman was being Discovered. I heard recently that the Galleon Beach is going to be expanded to 300 rooms, a tenfold increase. It will be quite a while before Grand Cayman becomes another San Juan, but it will be bad enough if it becomes another Antigua. Rush off to Grand Cayman before it is too late.

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TED WHITE: The Zombies and Guess Who LPs I mentioned on the first page have turned out to be extremely fine. I highly recommend them both. Wheatfield Soul may take a little hunting, but it is well worth it.

NORM CLARKE: It was a mean coincidence of you to publish your article on pop song lyrics in the same mailing in which Terry Carr's Poetry in Pop Songs comments appeared. But then, as your "examples" were all manufactured... But Norm, Everything Happens to Me is a whine of self-pity, and Groovy Marvin is a triumphal shout of self-affirmation. But I do not disagree that Everything Happens to Me as a song makes Mellow Yellow look sick. But then, Everything is a Rare Gem of a song. But for both of you here is a portion of genuine lyric:

I gotta get a two ton truck  
 I gotta get a two ton truck  
 I gotta get a two ton truck  
 I gotta get a two ton truck  
 I gotta do it to a duck on a two ton truck  
 And fade away  
 Like Ron Rene

(Bachman/Cummings)

GIDGET MEETS CASHMERE DUCKFAT

Lilapa 70.

June 15, 1968

BR

"There I was in the very same fab room with that dreamy dreamboat, that BNF of BNFs, Norm Clarke. Oh supercool! I mean, there I was in Aylmer East and I'd just been to the Glenlea - and all at once I was passing Norm's pad (the address is supposed to be Top Secret but my superbest friend and I found out) and I suddenly felt outasite, like I was on a trip or something, and then I was ringing his doorbell. And Norm himself opened the door! Honest Injun! He had on this groovy blue turtleneck and this absolutely super necklace and he looked utterly fab. "Would you like to hear some superscoop news?" he asked with a twinkle in those dreamy green eyes of his. "Oh super yes!" I replied. Well, we sat around sipping soda pop, coz that's what this fave BNF digs the most, and - are you ready for this? - Norm just talked and talked. I remember absolutely every word Norm said and all the secrets and DNQs he told me. In confidence! Are you ready?"

- Marnie Johnson in FRISBIE

My visits to the Clarkes don't go like that. Norm has never offered me soda pop, and in all the years I've known him I've never noticed the color of his eyes. (Are they really green, Norm?) This past weekend was another Queebcon. As usual now we didn't do a Queebshot, (which would delight certain FAPA members if they knew - that we didn't, that is) although we kept saying "What a pity we aren't putting out a Queebshot" when one or other of us did or said or revealed something particularly weird and perverty. So, in the absence of a Queebshot, here is a quick Queebconreport:

I arrived on Saturday afternoon, as usual, but at 3.30 instead of the usual 5.30. Oh, I always intend to leave Toronto at a reasonable time, but usually don't make it. This time I did. The thought ocured that it would be nice to leave about 5 am, and thus drive in the coolth and beauty of the dawn, instead of the tropical heat of the later morning, but there were two very good reasons for not doing this: 1. The thought of getting up at such a ghastly hour. 2. The shock at the Clarkes if I arrived not only not in late afternoon, but before noon. So I arrived at 3.30 and we all piled back into the car and went off to the supermarket and Bought Stuff "Gad, canned guinea hen in wine sauce" (no, we didn't buy that) and then we went back to the house and Norm made Norm's Onion Soup and Gina made an Experimental Pizza. You think you have tasted onion soup? You have never tasted onion soup until you have tasted Norm's Onion Soup. (I was going to say Father Clarke's Onion Soup, but Father Clarke is Norm's brother.) So we sat around eating onion soup (drool, slobber) and eating pizza, and Putting Down the Disappointing rose, which, while adequate, had a dull, mean undertaste.

After dinner I drove Norm to the Royal Ontario Golf Club (or \*something\*) where he was supposed to play from 9 to 1 for a gathering of "rich people." The club house looked appropriately Rich (a mansion, yet) but the parking lot was full of very unrich cars. I said "supposed to play" back there, because when Norm got home it turned out that the RP had lingered over dinner and Speechmaking, and so the band sat around from 9 to 11 drinking free martinis. So they only played from 11 to 1, which means they played for an hour. How exhausting. Norm had been given a lift home by Don Metcalfe (youall remember Don Metcalf? Oh well.) and we sat around discussing Vintages until I cut off for bed at 3 am leaving Norm in full flight Denouncing Benny Goodman.

Sunday afternoon was devoted to Completion of the Cassoulet. Cassoulet is a lil ol' French country dish which takes two days to prepare. I had been faunching for months and months to taste a full scale cassoulet, especially as the Clarkes had reported so enthusiastically on their first attempt at the dish. I once had a simple version as a side dish in a little neighborhood restaurant in Carcassone, and imagined that the full scale version with the Million Meats must be just too much. Of course, nothing could come up to such anticipation. Sigh. It was good, though.

As a prelude to the cassoulet, we had squid. "Have you ever tasted squid?" asked Norm.

"I've eaten it fried," I said, "it was o.k." "Well," said Norm, "I have this can of squid, and a whole sheet of squid recipes which Bunia ~~Paul~~ Wyszowski gave me, so let's try it." (How fortunate that Paul Wyszowski is not a Fellow of the American Geographical Society.) I looked over the page of recipes, some of which happily chattered about removing ink sacs and cranial tissue. Norm opened the can. All that could be seen was a murky black liquid. From it rose a ~~awful~~ stomach-churning stench which penetrated even to the dining room whence I had fled. One almost expected to see Cthulhu rising from the murky depths. Norm gingerly fished into the can with a fork, and pulled out a long grey-black cylinder with a fronge of tentacles on one end. The cylinder was completely hollow. I don't know what one would have done if one had wished to use one of the recipes which included the ink sacs. Norm whipped up a tempura batter, and bravely chopping the squid into "bite-sized pieces" coated them in batter and bunged them into the frying pan. After all this eeking and urking I guess you expect me to say that the result tastes pretty frightful? Actually it was pretty good. Even Jenny liked the piece she tried. Actually, the squid didn't have that much taste, which came mostly from the batter. "Mighty fine batter" said everybody.

So after all this eating of squid and cassoulet and Chinese Gooseberries from exotic faroff New Zealand for dessert, off to the Glenlea. We arrived to find the Glenlea boys had just finished a set. (Dennis didn't look so much like an acorn, Elinor, but his face is thinner, and he doesn't look too much like Bobby Sherman now either.) So we sat around waiting for the next set to start, while Norm upset people by putting down MacArthur Park. (He'd never heard it, but had for two weeks been hearing from local musicians how Great they thought it, and when, that night, it came on the juke box, he sat loudly aghast at this compendium of cliches, much to the distress of the local Jim Webb cult.) So came time for the second set, and the Power Was Off. There was enough juice from the Glenlea generator to run some lights and the juke box, but in the absence of power from the mains, there wasn't enough to run the battery of electronic gadgetry essential to the Glenlea boys And Their 110 Decibels. So they sat around being Paid For Having Fun and we went home to listen to the Great Debate (Trudeau, Stanfield, Douglas and Caouette) on TV. Ho, and also Hum.

Monday morning I arose at the crack of dawn (well, 8 am) and watched Gina roar off on her Sokitumi motorcycle (or "chopper" as she calls it) and then Norm appeared blearily, and after a healthful tomato juice we drove into Ottawa where Norm exclaimed at the Changes which had taken place since he had last been in Downtown Ottawa, and we went to the market where Norm bought scallions and leeks and stuff, and then we dropped by the Funk and Soul club where Norm wanted to see a guy who wasn't there only some young cats sitting around in the dimness and then we went across the street and had a delicious draft beer (Norm has two Draft Beers) and all the time we kept exclaiming on the beauty of the weather which was wonderfully spring-y and then we drove back to Aylmer East and then we figured that even though the Aylmer liquor store was closed the Hull one would be open so we drove back to Hull so I could stock up on some Rhine wine at the lower Quebec prices and after the guy had hauled out my order I refused it because he had brought vintage and I would only take so he dug around and at last came up with and Norm bought some....(but that belongs in a Queebshot) and we drove back to Aylmer and Gina came home and we had a snack consisting of New Zealand eel soup, snails, pate de foie gras, and champagne (I kid you not) and then I drove home. That was a good Queebcon.