

LYDDITE #2

Duplicate

produced by Gary Deindorfer, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Penna. Published by Larry and Noreen Shaw on their Fabulous Ambisexual Mimeograph Machine. This fanzine is dedicated to the proposition that Chinese people talk funny, and that toads are clean and dry. Our N3Per Agent is still Nancy Marie-Lou Lisp, God rest her. White Slaves this issue: Albert Schweitzer, Krishna Menon, and Zazu Pitts. Thanks, gang.

When our baby died--
My Ma she ist cried an' cried:
Yes'n my Pa he cried too---
An' I cried--An' me an' you---
An' I 'tended like my doll
She cried too--An' ever'---all---
O ist ever'body cried
When our baby died!

When our baby died--
Nen I got to took a ride!
An' we all ist rode an' rode
Clean to Heav'n where baby goed--
Mighty nigh!--An' nen Ma she
Cried ag'in--an' Pa--an' me---
All but ist the Angels cried
When our baby died!

Pansies! Pansies! How I love you, pansies!
Jaunty faced, laughing-lipped and dewy eyed
with glee;
Would my song might blossom out in little
five-leaved stanzas
As delicate in fancies
As your beauty is to me!

But my eyes shall smile on you, and my hands
enfold you,
Pet, caress, and lift you to the lips that
love you so,
That, shut ever in the years that may mildew
or mold you,
My fancy shall behold you
Fair as in the long ago.

(I couldn't resist reprinting these two poems, "When Our Baby Died," and "Pansies," from a little book I recently won as a booby prize at a party, James Whitcomb Riley's Rhymes of Childhood, 1891. This is a first edition, and I have been advised that it is worth 25¢, easily. Aside from its fantastic monetary value, it is valuable as a period piece, with fascinating poems like the above and others, with affable little titles such as "The Happy Little Cripple," "Longfellow's Love for the Children" (he had this thing about small children, you see; morals rap and all the rest of it), and "Waitin' Fer the Cat to Die.")

"I AM THE GRAND DUKE of Diathesis and I am impregnable in my 15,000 foot tower of peanut butter," gestured lovable old Pop Abscess with a broad sweep of his arm and a whirl of his blue cape.

"But I am Plub of the Plubbans and I am the Grand Marshal of 50,000 hairy and horny Men mounted upon fearsome flying Skags," declaimed Dean Ford, a plastic dagger glinting nastily in his hand, the skull of a parakeet painted in green tempera on his forehead. "With my Men I shall now render your fortress a feckless, sticky lump."

About this time I walked in on these two stout fringe-fans. "What in the goddamn is all this?" I asked discreetly.

Pop stopped in mid-gesture and looked over at me with his usual fannishly vacuous expression, "Why, Dean and I are busily engaged living in our Fantasy World. I am the Grand Duke of Diathesis and he is Plub of the Plubbans and he is attacking me just now in my impregnable tower with his 50,000 mounted and constipated Men. It is all very exciting."

"Yes, it is that," said Dean.

He was about to go on, but at that moment into the room walked crinkly old Mrs. Dalrymple, my nextdoor neighbor, who is easily eighty-seven years old.

"Annapurna of the Fair and Golden!" exclaimed Dean Ford, holding his plastic dagger on high.

"I will protect thee, fairest in the Land of the West, from the foul and lecherous clutches of the Grand Duke of the Tower!"

"I'm not playing today, Dean," said Mrs. Dalrymple in a flat voice. "I just came over to borrow an egg."



Dean Ford looked very disappointed. But then his face brightened and he said, "You should join our little world, Gary. I will grant you the use of the Duchy of Saliva. You will have a golden palace and two hundred mad and sexy women at your beck--and you'll get to wear a yellow bath towel as a cape. Yellow is a sign of great wisdom in our world, you know."

"Sorry, Dean," I said. "Just last week Paulus Edwardum Rex--you know, the kid who lives in Seattle--offered me an entire province in Coventry, and I accepted it immediately. After all, it isn't often that the Top Man in Coventry grants people land, you know. Now, if I took your Duchy, too, that would mean that I would be living in two Fantasy Worlds simultaneously. That would be just plain unnatural, of course."

"Yes, I suppose it would at that," said Dean Ford.

He may not be able to read music...

THERE IS A LOVELY old German Yuletide legend about the children of the village of Brechenschaus. Every year on Christmas Eve the little children of the village would gather at the foot of the Madden Mountain and sing carols in their pure soprano voices, holding in their hands long lit tapers of the finest white wax. For three hours they would sing, and they would light the area around the foot of the Madden Mountain with their wonderful song and the glow of their tapers. Finally they would come to their last carol, which was called "Weihnachten in Brechenschaus." They would form a line and proceed down into the village, singing over and over again this last carol, and making a beautiful sight in the night, each one of them holding a taper high. Finally they would arrive at the village square, still singing in their glad high voices. Then, with their tapers, they would proceed to set fire to all the buildings of the village of Brechenschaus.

...but he can't improvise worth a darn.

"THE MASTER WILL see you now," said the liveried doorkeeper to Dean Ford and I. He opened the massive pair of doors which entered into the luxuriously appointed chamber of Seth Johnson, Grand Panjandrum of NFFF, ice cream salesman, and Architect of the New Fandom.

"Well," said Seth Johnson, looking up from his large plywood desk, "it surely is nice thing to meet you two fellers. You are doing interview with me for amateur magazine Lyddite, right?"

"That's right, Seth," said Dean Ford. "We plan to do sort of a human-side-to-the-great-man sort of article, getting your views on little things like parakeets and canned peas, to kind of show the rest of fandom that you are indeed just a human being like all the rest of us."

"Toll me, Seth," said I, whipping out a pad and pencil. "What do you think of parakeets and canned peas?"

"Don't much think about them because they're not N3F members," replied Seth Johnson. "Much more concerned about Future of Glorious N3F and plans for fandom. Must tell you about newest idea: is to have all the N3Fers come to New York next July and all visit offices of outstanding prozines. Should surely have much influence on professional science fiction editors, I think. Have another very nice plan: think that all ice cream men in world should put out little amateur journals, could all be made members of N3F, too, and wonderful and fruitful alliance between ice cream men and N3Fers towards making Brave and Wonderful New World. Another recent idea is to get all the N3Fers to put out fanzine which would be very funny parody on VOID which certainly is getting too big for its britches and is beatnik magazine, really. Was also thinking that if every fan would write ten letters a week to poor and wretched people in China and India and like places, enclosing copies of fanzines, world would be place of Peace forever. Would be great and fine idea to send fanzines and letters to Mister Khrushchev of Russia. Surely all he would have to do would be sit down for fifteen minutes and read America's amateur magazines and letters from amateur magazine producers and he would feel pulse of American people and become fan and join N3F and Cold War would be over. Another idea of late was to put out one shot about Belle Deitz for Cuban..."

About this point Dean and I stopped taking notes and left Seth Johnson, Architect of the New Fandom, to his ramblings about parakeets and canned peas.

QUESTIONNAIRE for WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM - 1962 (2nd edition)

1. Name (in full please with nicknames, pseudonyms or whathaveyou).
2. Address (currently of course but it may still happily apply).
3. Birthdate (month, day & year) (females excepted but why?)
4. Occupation/s (both former and current one, students state so give your current status, along with the school, college or university you are attending.
5. What schools (college, business college, university) did you attend? Any degree or degrees attained? (name them w/fields).
6. Marital and family status -- wife's name, children's name (1 & 3 both may be given here for each if you wish.)
7. Club/s you do or have belonged to and office/s held (years
8. Have you ever published a fanzine? Name --
9. Apas you have or do belong/ed to.
10. Do you write or draw for fan or pro publication? Examples.
11. Have you attended any conventions, local or world? Name them.
12. Do you have or have access to a tape recorder? Speeds.
13. Do you collect -- delineate what - give any approximate numbers you wish to give.
14. Do you correspond actively? If yes, would you like more? No. This is to protect those who do not wish any more correspondents at present time.)
15. TIME FOR EGGOBOO -- Are there any facts concerning you, such as your other hobbies, interests, you could like to include in a statement -- here is your chance!

Didn't think I would make it did you? Well, here it is time once again for 2nd annual (and I do mean annual, no more than once a year for this) WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM -- 1962 edition (newly subtitled CURRENT BIOGRAPHY (maybe?))

The number of those who answered the first time was both gratifying and slightly overwhelming some days. A total of 279 answered - before press time but I was still getting one or more a week as of December, 1961. The number is now over 500. These of course had to be excluded. I took more time getting it out than I thought it would take as I decided to have it photo offset and most of you have either received copies or read about it elsewhere. I cannot promise that this year's edition will be offset, but it will be at least mimeographed. As answers arrive they will be transferred to file cards and I hope to get a better arrangement of facts before compilation typing.

Use the page the questions are on, another sheet of paper or what ever you want. OVERS AS FAN -- answers are acceptable on air letter envelope sheets. I hope you answer immediately and you could then send it back regular service and will still get here in time.

I wish to publicly thank ROY BLIK for an offer he made. Namely, to type up his personal list of fan names onto labels for me -- some 800. This is now going on by him so questionnaires will begin going out soon.

Attention Fanzine editors.

THIS QUESTIONNAIRE MAY BE REPRODUCED AND IT IS ENCOURAGED AS THE CIRCULATION HELPS -- BUT PLEASE TAKE IT EXACTLY AS TO THE QUESTIONS the explanation can be cut to the minimum. THANK YOU!

RETURN TO:

L D BROYLES Rt. 6, Box 455P Waco, Texas USA

Hoping to get this out earlier this year deadline date is

MAY 31, 1962

Publication date sometime in July/August. Checking will take time.

I wish to beg forgiveness for those typo errors in #1. Time was treading on me and some just had to get by.

Answers may be edited to be concise and I reserve the right to exclude answers. You may not wish to answer some of these -- that is all right and will not exclude you.

Only thing to exclude is NOT ANSWERING or TOO LATE.

Space left for two short items.

VOTE FOR THE HUGOS! JOIN THE CONVENTION!

SUPPORT TAFF, TAFF! AND VOTE IN TAFF, TOO. YOUR CHOICE ELECT!

LDB