

## DAY:STAR

fapa

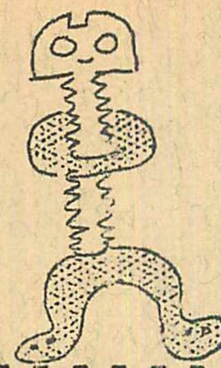
august 61

Cover by Kerry ++ An ESSAY ON JUSTICE by Walter Breen ++ The strange story of THE SCREAMING SKULL of Wardley Hall, by Tony Glynn; ++ The SCOTTISH GAMES, an account by Paul Zimmer ++ Three FANNISH FILK SONGS, by David Bradley ++ ORCS AND ELF-STONES, an experiment in dream-symbols, by MZB ++ poems by Terry Carr and Kerry ++ and pages and pages of Stencilgazing, which ought to be mailing comments and aren't, for all comers.





GAZING



DAY \* STAR  
anything box issue  
FAPA, August 1961

STENCIL

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Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 158, Rochester, Texas, U S A  
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I AM GAZING AT THESE STENCILS and typing them with a ridiculous ailment -- and anyone who thinks, after hearing what it is, that it's not an ailment, should have it in my place -- mosquito bites. The wettest July on record for this part of Texas has left us with a plague of mosquitos; I like wearing shorts and I like sitting outdoors in the late evening just after sunset, and I am violently allergic to almost every known form of flyspray or insect repellent. My neighbor-down-the-road, three year old Penni, came along on her tricycle last evening while I was plinking and twangling the harp. "What you dot dere?" she inquired, and I invited the delicious infant up to see for herself and while she was sweeping her kitten-paw fingers over the strings and pressing buttons at random, I began wheezing and sneezing; her parents, aware perhaps that a marauding mosquito would consider her a remarkably tender morsel, had treated her well with flyspray. +++ Mosquitos also consider me a choice morsel, particularly the bony parts around the shins, ankles and toes; aggravated by the fact that I am acutely sensitive to whatever poison it is that they produce; so I write this with my legs covered with large red lumps, to the accompaniment of a low dreary chorus of cursing and scratching. Ouch, damn it!

AS USUAL IN AUGUST, this is the Anything Box issue of Day\*Star; which means you are rather more likely than not to find almost anything within these pages; I'm just going through the files and putting almost all of my accumulated "publish-sometime" material on stencil. This issue marks the first bow in FAPA of two members of my family; somewhere in here will be an article by my brother Paul, who has letterhacked for some years for AMAZING, and also somewhere in here -- I never number pages for ANYTHING BOX, -- I just put it on stencil and run it off as I find I have time, stencils and paper -- are three fannish filk songs which are "substantially" the work of my son Steve--or David Bradley, as he now prefers to be called and under which name he has joined the NFFF. I also have material, letters and articles, poetry, artwork and the like, by Terry Carr, Walter Breen, Tony Glynn, Jack Harness, Nan Share, Kerry, Maggie Curtis and the other Day\*Starlings; how much of it I will get on stencil is anybody's guess. +++ But this issue of Day+Star marks the end of my year as Official Editor and probably, also, the end of my first spell as a Publishing Giant for FAPA. Not that I've grown tired of doing large quantities of miscellaneous FAPAZines, of course not; in fact,

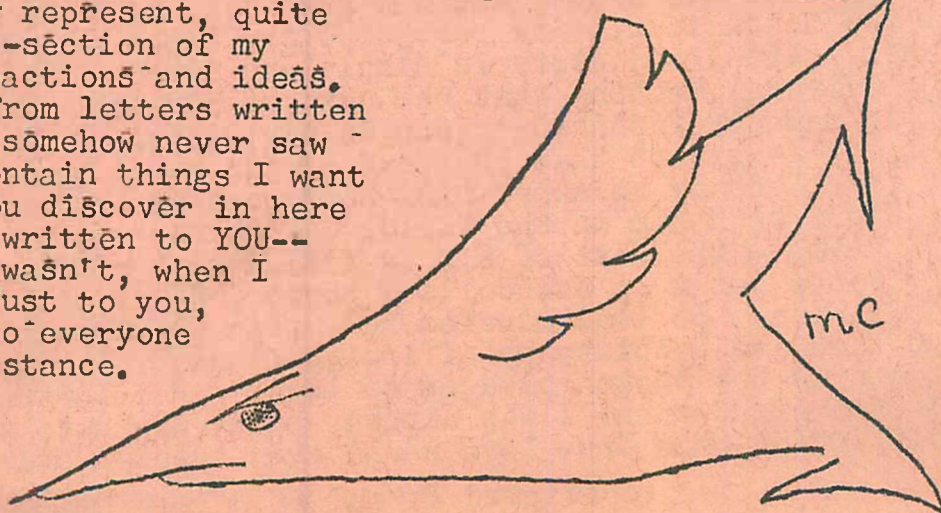


a second page of Mezbian stencil-gazings for August FAPA 1961

the more I publish, the more I want to publish. But I doubt if I shall publish another Day\*Star for quite some time; and the reason thereof is much the same reason why, heartbroken, I abandoned hopes of coming to the Seacon this year; should I turn up there, you will know that several convenient and simultaneous miracles have all occurred. ~~UNWY~~ On September 10, 1961, I enter the doors of Hardin-Simmons University, in Abilene, Texas, as a full-time student. This means, among other things, driving 65 miles each way, every day I have classes; I am trying to arrange my class schedule so that I will only have to commute three times weekly, say Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Those 120 miles plus per class day will absorb all the time and money which I usually spend on recreational extras, I suppose. I'll probably keep in touch with FAPA via mailing comments, because I have discovered--in the last two years--that if productivity is limited, it is better to spend it in direct, rather than indirect communication with the membership....in short, from here on out, mailing comments (by which I mean small personalized reactions directed at individual FAPA members) will be the nucleus of my FAPA activity and various belles-lettres will be the marginalia, to be produced when I have spare time and affluence; rather than vice versa, as has been my Fapish pattern for so long.

The damn t-bar on this typewriter has slipped again ttttt note the row of little dashes over the ts. Some day I am going to attack the thing with a crowbar. It's been in the repair shop oftener than out, these last couple of years. I've had that t-bar soldered three times; the period and comma also do the same thing. At first I blamed the repairman and took it to another shop; but no use. When you consider the high level of my productivity, writing-wise, this last summer -- three novels -- maybe you can't blame this old thing for wanting a rest. But I wish it would notify me beforehand. ++Of course I could always stop and cut the stencils on the old Woodstock.

THE FOLLOWING SERIES OF SHORT "essays" are all excerpted from my own carbon copies of letters, from articles which didn't quite come off, and from my "notes" file, some of them touched off by various FAPazines and intended for mailing comments which didn't quite make it; so I decided to put them into Stencil Gazings; since they represent, quite accurately, a cross-section of my own thoughts and reactions and ideas. A few of them are from letters written to fanzinés, which somehow never saw print, but which contain things I want to say. So --if you discover in here a letter which was written to YOU-- you'll know that I wasn't, when I wrote it, talking just to you, but to myself and to everyone within hollering distance.





A REAL FAMILY STYLE MOVIE: That's what some local reviewers called The Story of Ruth. Having a sort of passion for spectacles and scenery on the grand scale, I went to see it in spite of my distrust of Biblical Epics; and I found out that the movie code, that grand protectress of the Morals of Christian Life, had finally accomplished the ultimate paradox of their long and silly existence, squared the circle and swallowed their own tails; they had censored the very source of their own existence, the Holy Bible.

+++ Over the first hour of this movie I will pass without comment. The writers of the script were doing an impossible task and, all things considered, doing it competently; they were providing a background for the well-known story, and whatever they did would have been criticized. One cannot justly blame them for using their imagination and trying to provide grand spectacles. I found myself enjoying the pagan temple scenes and the ritual beauty of the dances, and Viveca Lindfors as a high priestess made me think of the tales of Merritt and Kuttner. \*+++ When, however, the story began to shade imperceptibly toward background for the Biblical Ruth, I started to get impatient with it. The casting of Peggy Wood as Naomi, a fat and unlovely crone, spoilt it for me; even in the sparse poetry of the King James version, Naomi is shown as a woman of warmth, charm and resourcefulness; for which Madame Wood substitutes the winkings and peerings of an elderly bawdy-house keeper. Ruth's "marriage" to the son of Naomi, in blithe disregard of the statement that it had lasted "about ten years" is here made a marriage-in-name-only, contracted a few seconds before the death of her husband; this, we assume, to avoid shocking the sensibilities of romantic movie-goers who feel that True Love Lasts Forever, and if Ruth had actually been married in the normal way to her Judean husband, she could never "fall in love" again.

+++ Also, incidentally, it makes Ruth a virgin...ho, hum. +++ The impact of the scene between Ruth and Naomi was played down as much as possible, naturally. Emotional scenes between women, even those between mother and daughter, are ALWAYS played down in Hollywood, as Unhealthy-- under the Hollywood code that all emotion is taboo except between a chaste teen-age girl and a clean-living young boy.

+++ Granted that emotional scenes between women (or between men) are difficult to stage and film; but by making Ruth's desire to return to Naomi's home only a passion to find the One True God, rather than personal devotion, it became a little silly. +++ But the finale. Good, I say passionately, grief! I presume most readers know the Bible story-- how Naomi won Ruth Boaz for husband by sending her to "lie down at his side", and the next day, presumably satisfied with his new handmaiden, Boaz purchased the right of marriage from her next of kin. The Bible story is simple and direct and refers to the law of the Levirate, meaning that the next of kin to a dead man must raise up his name by fathering a son on his widow. Well, the movie is made that way -- except that the Next of Kin has a yen for Ruth, but when she is all ready to marry him, Boaz pops up and says that Ruth spent the night with him in the field. Of course--since this is a Family Type Movie-- the Next of Kin is filled with righteous wrath and repudiates her in scandalized horror, since she is now Unfit to Be His Wife. So Boaz marries her, then triumphantly redeems her Good Name and Sanctity by affirming loudly that "Nothing passed between us but spoken pledges of love." +++ Fortunately the movie was over right then; I was already on my way out, seeing with some satisfaction that True Love could even triumph over the Bible.

(continued at end of Walter Breen's article)



# an Essay on JUSTICE

Walter Green

Now that Chessman is dead and the court procedures are a matter of record and of precedent, I fear greatly for the continuance of what is miscalled "justice" in the USA, as long as invalid trial transcripts are allowed to get by unchallenged. This has a special meaning for me; a friend of mine is on trial in the East for possessing pornographic photographs, and his forthcoming appeal has two principal points; (1) the material is not obscene by the definitions handed down by the Supreme Court, and (2) the first trial -- at which he was convicted -- was invalid on grounds very similar to those in the Chessman case: the judge publicly admitted prejudice, the state was allowed to consolidate some fifty counts against the defendant, and irrelevant material from another trial was brought in over defense objections for the purpose of inflaming the jury. Accuracy of the transcript is going to be very important here, even though it's about 900 years in prison rather than the gas chamber which awaits my friend.

But the Chessman case has finally shown up the court system for the mockery it is. Heinlein has long insisted that the term "justice" is meaningless; (and it certainly has no clear meaning even to philosophers; no ethics treatise from Plato to the current day has yet given a successful, unrefuted definition). Anarchists insist that the court system is at best institutionalized sadism, a ceremonial way of putting fear into the populace. And they have a point. Part of the American mythology (along with the "any kid born in a log cabin can become president" and "hard work brings success" and the rest of the rarely questioned claptrap -- what Rexroth calls the Social Lie) is that if you are genuinely innocent, a jury of Twelve Good Men and True will by the Grace of God and their own God-given brains and God-given Sense of Fair Play perceive the fact and bring in the Right and Just verdict (but if you were innocent how did you get into trouble in the first place?) It took the Sacco-Vanzetti case and now the Chessman case, to start at least a few intellectuals questioning the competence of lay juries (swayed, as Jerry Giesler or Clarence Darrow could tell you, more by emotion and propaganda than by reason) but even that is not enough.

Do you seriously think that a person in Chessman's position could have staved off death for twelve years without a tremendous amount of money for legal fees? Not every mistaken-identity case can write a best-seller to raise funds for his appeal. And it is notorious that Public Defenders appointed by the courts to represent poor defendants are inexperienced lawyers, at an enormous disadvantage against the shrewd and highly experienced prosecutors -- who have, moreover, for practical purposes, unlimited funds and unlimited access to police, court and investigation



WALTER BREEN.....an essay on JUSTICE.....

records, something denied defense attorneys,' The secret ingredient in a successful defense is usually spelled m-o-n-e-y\* What this means, in the last analysis, is that wealthy clients Diuwt can get off. where poorer ones; have to languish in jail, doing forced unpaid labor for the state\* Legal Aid society has sometimes been able to help, but it has to work on a shoestring\* And it goes without saying that present-day society has a vested interest in keeping things that way; lawyers continue to make a good living, prosecutors continue to have an impressive record of convictions (useful around election time, particularly for a Reform Candidate) and the gigantic cost of one's days in court serves as an added pressure toward conformity -- i.e\* towards not getting caught, or toward a little bribery in the right places^

Back to the subject of lay juries competence\* There are hundreds of ramifications; I'm sorry I have room for only a few here\* Juries are often asked to decide questions of fact where acknowledged experts, medical, psychiatric, etc, disagree.. This, of course, is stupid on the very face of it; yet it happens every day\* It was a lay jury that threw out the blood test evidence and decided, in the very teeth of the facts, that 'Charlie Chaplin was the father of some wench's illegitimate child.' Lay juries are also asked to decide whether or not a person was sane at the time of allegedly committing some act of violence, using the M'Naghten rule which says that the test of sanity is the ability to distinguish between right and wrong. This begs the-whole question, not only of whether "sanity" is a meaningful term, but of whether adherence to the Judeo-Christian ethical code is the most appropriate test\*

What I am driving at is; that the whole court system, as an institutionalized procedure for deciding whether some individual represents a clear and present threat to lives and/or property of individuals and therefore should be removed from society, is exactly as fallible as the judgment of common people without legal training. And in cases like Chessman's, we see that the "Lynch'em" mentality is not confined to Southerners\* The author of "That Shar.6 of Glory" made the excellent point that somewhere in every culture and in almost every individual there are murderous impulses and that certain phrases or epithets can trigger them off. What Chessman was (I believe erroneously) accused of doing fell into that class, just as "n-----raping your daughter" can in the South, just as the even faint threat of someone's violent sexual penetration of your child could do almost anywhere in the USA, etc. In TSOG, the knowledge was usable in contact with alien cultures, since a person so inflamed is automatically less than competent in handling his own affairs. In present day USA, this knowledge has often been used to secure a conviction\* As long as juries are swayed by appeals to conscious and subconscious emotion, they are less competent even than usual in deciding questions of fact or value\* And this is by itself reason enough to doubt the validity of the court system even without the economic and social grounds given above\* As a decision, procedure, it is not much of an improvement, if any, over "frontier justice".



WALTER BREEN.....AN ESSAY ON JUSTICE

Any alternative one might propose has disadvantages; standing juries of "experts" of any kind, judges without juries, tribunals of other sorts ---- are in practice corruptible because human, affected alike by indigestion, emotional upsets from outside life, or other disturbances irrelevant to their duties. And Bester's "Old Man Mose", even if it had already been invented, would not be able to eliminate this fact.

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I therefore suggest that nothing less than the most radical ~~wa~~ solution of all is the only way; abolish it altogether. Better an alert armed citizenry than a police state (as Van Vogt would be the first to agree). Since present laws make it very difficult to obtain and keep weapons ---except for the underworld and the ubiquitous exploitive police -- (not that there's much difference between the two classes)--crimes of violence are going to continue; armed robbers are going to continue to operate on the knowledge that, even if caught by an ordinary citizen (cf Buz's letter in XERO) they will always have the advantage over the latter. Under the circumstances, after a brief period of violence, robberies --armed or otherwise, burglaries, would --I venture to predict-- decrease.

Abolition of the anti-sex ~~laws~~ (including anti-pornography) laws would remove a lot of pressure in that quarter. By thus making sexual satisfaction easier, society would doubtless lessen the search for substitute satisfactions and outlets. I have no doubt that sadism, rape etc, would almost or quite disappear. (Read Anand's article in Evergreen Review #9 on this)

Abolition of the anti-dope laws would have paradoxical effects/ ~~It~~ would no longer be such a source of gigantic profit for the underworld to manufacture and distribute heroin, if addicts could get it free at clinics; it would therefore no longer be profitable to lure people into addiction. Side effects would be lowering the profits of the alcohol and tobacco interests (which is one reason why the anti-dope laws have been made increasingly punitive, and why marijuana has since 1937 been included among them, and why there are unceasing efforts to have peyote also declared illegal).

All in all I am reasonably sure that society would not be in the long run worse off without the colossal, highly expensive and exploitive ~~system~~ system of punitive laws, jails, lawyers and courts. And in many ways it might be better off...

WALTER BREEN.

\* \* \* \* \*

EDITOR'S NOTE: my only cavil at the above is that the middle ages had such laws -- each alert citizen to defend his own --and it deteriorated into the tyranny of the strong over the ineffective. It might in the long run create a better society, but I doubt if any of my readers would live that long unharmed. ++ Such laws would work only if we had a different kind of people. The lion may one day lie down with the lamb...but he will need his digestive arrangements radically altered, first.....MZB



*More Stencil - gazingo -*

DEPARTMENT OF BOOKS IT'S A PLEASURE TO THROW INTO THE TRASH CAN:

Bedside Books, a paperback house specializing in just-barely-mailable matter for the poor chaps who get their kicks this way because they are too lazy or too moral to do anything else about their desires, produces some real little gems. The current masterpiece is a little dilly by Orrie Hitt, called PLEASURE GROUND, and for those who can't see why I loathe these things, a brief synopsis is herewith appended. It's about a group of hillbilly slobs all doing what comes naturally; a hillbilly boy, and his slobby sister who poses nude for an artist, and his girl-friend who would like him to get a job, but he'd rather go fishin' and spend his nights in that activity which all such heroes perform so tirelessly. Well, a city girl called Sandra, with a drunken lush of a husband and a pretty secretary who is called Beth on some pages and Nan on others (to show how much time and thought Mr. Hitt put into this one) comes and hires this rustic Romeo to paint her house and perform other services of a kind which the author describes rather more frankly than I do. Then he finds out that his little sister has been posing for art photographs of four or five girls all tangled up in the nude, and of course, he hits the roof. You must understand that he didn't mind at all, when he found out that sister had been sleeping with her boy friend and gotten slightly pregnant -- THAT was just nicely normal. You must understand that every time Our Hero lowers his jeans, he delivers a little lecture on how Nice and Normal they all are, back in Them Thab Hills. But he had never done anything Nasty and Perverted like posing for lesbian photographs, oh no precious! Well, Sandra finally suckers our hero into drowning her drunken lush hubby, so that they can all live happily forever on the old bum's life insurance. He feels no remorse about this, but the next day he discovers Sandra and Beth/Nan happily making-out, hugging and kissing on a blanket; and, shocked at getting entangled with such a perverted pair, he goes and confesses to the cops and takes refuge behind the jail bars so they can't get at him! Well, Sandra crashes up her car, gets real dead and goes straight to ~~xx~~ hell, Our Hero talks Beth/Nan into getting married ("I'm quite sure no woman will ever get to her again"), Sister marries her boyfriend, and Our Hero's girlfriend, at the end of the book, is patiently waiting for him to get out of jail, even though the whole first half of the book was filled with his strictures on how no normal girl could possibly go for as long as two weeks without amorous excecise without either developing psychotic complications, committing suicide or turning into a pervert. I am sure this is the cornerstone in the library of every orc.

THERE WAS A German flying-trapeze act, consisting of a mother and two sons, who threw her and caught her as they somersaulted through the air high above the sawdust ring. One night one of the boys missed his catch. He turned to his brother, and said "Look, Hans, no Ma!"

AND POO TO YOU TOO, DOCTOR FREUD: elsewhere in this issue, under the title of "Orcs and Elfstones" is an account of a long, vivid and detailed dream I had a ~~www~~ long time ago. Which reminds me that I often have dreams starring various fans I know, or as the case may be-- fans I don't know. Amateur psychologists in the audience are apt to, and welcome to make what they will of these.



Mez rambling on about her dreams, to the danger of self-revelation

For instance; during the height of my trapeze kick, I dreamed that I was introduced to the famous aerialist Antoinette Concello (whom I actually met, as one of a group of incoherent-adoring fans, in 1959, for a few brief moments) but in this dream she looked exactly like the snapshots of Kerry --whom I didn't know then. +++ In another dream, a famous male fan and longterm friend of mine, whom I will not embarrass by identifying, starred; at some nameless convention, we had retired to a hotel room for a spot of --ahem: must I spell out what was going on in this dream?-- when suddenly Gertrude Carr crawled out from under the bed (!!) carrying a large placard saying; **HELP CLEAN UP FANDOM**. This was at the height of the Cleanup Crusade, needless to say. +++ In another dream, characterized by one of my recurrent frustration-dream sequences of locking up and down endless stairs and in countless empty rooms for something I've lost, usually a suitable dress for an upcoming affair, I discovered a sign on the wall; **BOB SILVERBERG: PARADE AND FIRE EQUIPMENT**, and on inquiring what this was all about, discovered that Bob was engaged in manufacturing fire-engines which, when not in use, could be converted into parade floats. +++ But the dilly of this group of fannish dreams occurred recently, and was evidently touched off by the conversation going on about abortion, sterilization and contraception among Elinor Busby, Juanita Coulson and myself; somewhere, I think, Juanita said that she would reject sterilization because, in the event of something like an atomic war decimating the population, her ability to bear children might be essential. Well, in this dream, such a catastrophe HAD occurred, and Juanita and I were at a sort of centre, I think, where women of high intelligence were being used to repopulate the world --WITH FANS! Juanita and I were discussing the situation and our happy fertility, and trying to decide whom we wished to nominate for the father of our first children. We finally agreed after many detours, that Dick Eney had all the characteristics which we thought ideal for perpetrating; so we decided to write him a letter asking ~~xx~~ him to become the father of these young slans. "By artificial insemination, of course," Juanita stipulated quickly, and I woke up laughing and laughed all through breakfast.

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Dick Eney for TAFF -- or for the Future Fathers of Fandom, maybe?  
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AND SPEAKING OF DREAMS, I've always wished I could manage to get this one into a science-fiction story somehow or other. The beginning was rather dull and prosy, having to do with baskets woven large enough for chairs. But when this part started, I was running down a long street, two young men in uniform chasing me; one of them finally brought me down with a flying football tackle, and we skidded ten feet or so. I told him angrily to take it easy, and he stood up and said "My God, it's a girl!" Then he told me he was sorry, but I would have to consider myself under arrest and in protective custody for "There's one of the knife-gangs around." I said "I thought you belonged to it," and he said no, they were an "athletic unit".

Their uniforms were like ordinary military dress, shirt and trousers, only green rather than khaki, and they had insignia on their sleeves. We went into an



enormous barracks, with ramps going up and down every which way, and I knew; I should keep close to my captors because, if you became lost and wandered into the wrong section, you could be captured by a rival unit.

They went down into a big open lobby--like a hotel lobby---and the boy who had captured me talked to a uniformed man at a desk, while I looked over a sort of news-stand where there were such magazines as PARENTS MAGAZINE--but they were all comics; Parents Magazine Comics, Literary Review Comics, etc. (Those are the only ones I remember by name but there were many others). There were advertising-coupon displays; so many thousands of coupons from cereals, cigarettes or candy bars would buy such things as automobiles, motor boats or private planes. There was also a big display (I swear I'm not just inventing it) saying "Eat Kraft Cheese and be happily married", showing a picture of a bridal couple holding a carton of Kraft cheese. And a display of a set of bone china baby dishes --that is, expensive fragile flowered china, but made up like baby dishes, handled mug, round bowl, etc. I was looking over the comics when the boy came back and said he had arranged for my own unit to random me. ((It seemed that all young people were divided up into "athletic units" or "knife gangs" depending on whether they were constructive citizens or delinquent semi-savages)) and it was a common pastime for members of these groups to take members of rival groups prisoner and hold them for random in exchange for favors of various kinds.))

They seemed confused about where to put me until I interrupted the earnest conference by touching his sleeve and saying "You needn't worry, I've had masculinoid training and I spent a year in a boy's commando unit." He looked relieved.

((I knew, in the dream, that a large number of women were given special training to work IN male units, living as men, with men, and not needing to ask special quartering or privileges on account of gender; there were also girl's units but these were considered less efficient and treated with a sort of chivalry/courtesy mixed with scorn))

Then he asked; if, instead of going through all the fuss and trouble of being ransomed by my own unit, I wouldn't like to transfer to his. He said it was a flying unit (I believe this meant roving rather than aerial) but my commando training would make it possible for me to fit in. He said, as I was thinking it over, "You're not homoerotic, I hope." I said no, and he asked why....he said that most girls in male units wanted to be one of the boys, so they were hypnotically conditioned to respond as men in all situations. I said that when I was living in a boy's barracks, instead of being a boy with the boys it was more fun to be a girl with the boys....but it didn't affect my speed and efficiency. Then he said that was all right with him; that his name was Winston, but while I'd have to call him Captain, most of the unit called him Captain Tom. He was about to assign me to quarters when a big ~~x~~ loudspeaker on the wall started droning "General Alert, General Alert, all students report to the roof level...." and I woke up.

The date on this dream is June 17, 1957, I think. And, as those few who read my professional work may have noted, I used the



masculinoid-training bit in THE PLANET SAVERS, where Kyla says "No, I'm not neutered...though some of us are...but I give you my word I won't make any trouble of any recognizably female form."

But the idea of youth being caught up in a perpetual prisoners-base sort of war game still strikes me as good enough for a sci-fi story.

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"Most of our readers prefer romance to sex, and religion to psychology...." ..editor MODERN SCIENCE  
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DEPARTMENT OF JACK SPEERM SAID IT SOMEPLACE OR OTHER: in some fanzine, maybe COPSLA, Jack Speer wrote an article to the effect that science fiction might well redeem the world because it alone, among modern fiction, exploited the love and drive of power, rather than the powers of brotherly love.

If I am misquoting you, Jack, forgive me; that is how I understood your basic notion.

Au contraire; I think the great danger of science fiction is the manner in which it sometimes takes the Ayn-Rand-out-of-Neitzsche notion that power is better than love.

All nations which have exploited public gains at the expense of private gains end up as totalitarian states. The Nazis took the notion that the individual exists to serve the State and the Master Race --- going so far as to subsidize the birth of the children of Storm Troopers at state expense. This strikes me as the epitome of the Power Drive at the expense of love.

We see much the same thing in the current Russian regime (which, I will maintain until I am shot, is as far from the ideals of communism as the Holy Roller churches are from Christ's teachings or the code of the N.A.M. from the Declaration of Independence).

Basically this drive states that man exists to serve the state (or the Church, or the Emperor, or the Great God Ptah) and that private aims must of necessity be sacrificed. Well, if science fiction follows in their footsteps, then I dare to hope it will follow Torquemada and Hitler into extinction.

But I don't think so.

We have in the United States--at least in theory, and while the ideal remains, there is hope for its complete practice-- a society which exalts the rights of the individual to do as he will, provided his rights do not seek to deny those of any other individual. In short--that the private aims of the individual should not be made to serve those of the state except where necessary to maintain this general climate of freedom.

Now if this ideal--the right of each man to cultivate his own garden and to do as seems good in his own eyes -- is an "Eros led orgy"--then I am all for it. (I doubt it). And the American state might better perish in supporting the claims of the private individual, than wallop the Russians, or anyone else, by becoming more power-nad than they



Jack Speer's theories under scrutiny and attack.....

are, or more totalitarian. I believe the great danger to this country is not the Communists among us but the Facists who still can be heard to speak like little Hitlers about the Jews among us.

Because, after all, if we must become like these, in order to preserve our animal lives --if we must adopt the madness of Hitler to stamp out the madness of the Soviets --then our animal lives are damn well not worth preserving.

Anyhow, modern science tends to prove, black on white and with sober statistics to prove it, that the amount of tender love given to babies and young people contributes not only to their emotional but to their physical and mental development--that love, in fact, leads not only to happiness but to sanity. Study the intelligence levels of "institutionalized" children. The children even of high IQ parents swiftly and irrecoverably deteriorated in alertness and intelligence when not fondled, cuddled and given the attention which leads to easy communication with other humans. Many of the "juvenile delinquents" of today and the youngsters who were brought up on rigid schedules and not "spoiled" by fondling or rocking--who were permitted to cry-it-out for character-building purposes. The current mania for letting children, at a certain class in society, fall asleep on the floor in front of the TV set as a substitute for the usual bedtime romps, stories and kisses--or even the direct interpersonal wrangling of old-- will develop more of the same vacancy and inability to empathize with others.

The children and foster children of loving, even though moronic mothers proved in general to have quicker reflexes and reaction time, more spontaneous independence and a higher degree of reliability and social dependability. The loss of the Eros drive cuts off communication; and when wholly frustrated, leads either to regressive states or to paranoia (feeling alone in space, the individual develops a power-complex; he must MANIPULATE, not communicate with, his environment).

The triumph of Eros might even save our world. As for Wylie's accusations that we are a Mom-dominated culture, the blame would go on the Victorian Papa who brought up Mom as an unloved and frigid little girl, who must therefore dominate her sons --manipulate, rather than communicating with. ) More love means less domination; less love means more domination. The ratio is absolute.

And oh, yes; the fanzine was Lichtman's PSI PHI.

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".but what did the Orcs want with her? I mean, it's like the Green Bem on the cover of the magazines carrying off the girl from Earth; it makes a good picture but biologically it's monstrous! "---er I mean it's unthinkable....yeah."

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All the loose typos wandering around this issue are due to the fact that what I thought was corfla, when I was checking my mimeo-supply drawer before buying equipment, turned out to be a bottle of blue stamp pad ink. No good at all, at all, at all....



# the SCOTTISH GAMES

The morn of September third was bright and sunny as we drove westward through Albany to Altamont, among the foothills of the Helderbergs, to visit the Sixteenth Annual Scottish Games, a remnant of the old Gathering of the Clans in Scotland. From Canada and all the Eastern states, people of Scottish descent were coming to join in the colorful and traditional event.

For a wime we drove through the south end slum area that comprises much of the city, proceeding in a Northwesterly direction until we came to the former residential section, a remnant of days when taxes were less high and people could still amass enough money to live in a decent house. All are apartment houses now, with whole families living in rooms hardly better than closets.

We drove along Madison Avenue, past ancient wooden mansions with gables, and short square towers; mansions modelled after Spanish haciendas; mansions of stone with balconies and porches. Then we came to the suburbs, passing the tiny one-storied shoeboxes that are called houses today. After a time we left these behind also, and entered a farm country, with green pastures, wooded hills and reed-bordered lakes. At last we came to Altamont, and turned on to the Fair grounds.

As we drove on to the grounds, we heard the pipes, the bonny pipes, echoing over the field. I am very proud that my ancestry includes Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch, British and American Indian, yet-- as I heard the magic skirl of the bagpipes ---I felt every inch a Celt. However, when I raised my eyes to the wooded slopes of the Helderbergs frowning down at me, I felt my Indian blood more strongly.

All about the field stood many individual players, practising for the competitions. Throughout the grounds moved men, women and children clad in picturesque Highland garb with the various colorful tartans of their clans. Men passed me in kilt and plaid, with sporran and dirk at their waist, and a short dirk or "skean dhu" tucked into the right sock; and all wearing the famous "blue bonnet". Throughout the field could be heard the pipes, pulsing beautifully in the haunting highland melodies.

Over the loudspeaker it was announced that one could consult Mr. Ferguson, the Field Director, on any question concerning the ordering of the Clans. Lighting a cigarillo (Robert Burns!) I wandered over to inquire to which clan the Spear family belonged. I went over to Mr. Ferguson and asked if he could tell me to

PAUL ZIMMER



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what clan I would belong. He asked my name. Somewhat confusedly I answered "My name --well, my name is Zimmer, but my Scottish ancestor's name was Spear."

He consulted his large book of Scottish families without result. Some time later I returned, and thinking that it might be of some help, I told him that Alan Spear had come from Renfrewshire. The reaction was immediate:

"There are a lot of Spears in Renfrewshire--- we have Spears in out Clan from Renfrewshire!"

"What clan is that?"

"Clan MacRae!"

I thanked him excitedly, and left. Afterward, I went in to the grandstand to watch the contestants in the sword dance. This is a very beautiful and intricate dance, performed about a sword and scabbard crossed upon the floor. I watched the dancing and tried to hear the pipes, but this was difficult, owing to the constant interruptions of the announcer, calling on the pipers and drummers to please go to the judging areas to be judged for their contests -- completely drowning out the piping.

I went down to the field to watch the piping and drumming contests. Between these areas many other pipers were playing, making a gorgeous pattern of music to be heard all through the grounds. I listened to the various piping contests, and to a drumming contest, and wandered around soaking up the atmosphere. From behind the grandstand I watched the dancing for a time, but when it was announced that the Caber tossing was about to begin, I went over to watch that.

Tossing the Caber is a spectacular Scottish sport in which the contestant must throw a fourteen foot log -- roughly the size of a telephone pole! -- into the air so that it makes a complete turn. During the event I heard several young men making jokes about those who could not manage it. I wondered at the time how many of them could have lifted it off the ground. Tossing the Caber takes skill, as well as strength. An elderly man came in and threw it successfully. Immediately after him came a young man, ~~very popular~~ obviously popular, and very powerful. He had great difficulty even in balancing it --several times almost dropping it on the bystanders -- amongst whom I was (very uncomfortably) standing.

In the center of the parade ground was an immense roped-off area in which the pipe band competition would take place. The first event was the forming of a St. Andrew's Cross by the massed bands. Groups of three bands marched on together, each group forming an arm of the cross. When the third group marched in, the central band wore green jackets, deerhide brown tartan, and buckled shoes. They carried green bagpipes, and the Bass Drum bore the legend "County Tyrone Pipe Band." Previous to this I had



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done no cheering, but now for the first time I was moved to applause. Making a trumpet of my hands, I shouted across the field "Erin go Braugh!" (Ireland forever).

When the maneuver was completed, the announcer quoted a passage from Scott's Lady of the Lake, describing St. Andrew's Cross. They played the National Anthems of the United States and Canada while the crowd stood at attention; then marched out. Directly in front of me, standing with military precision, was the last arm of the cross; in the blue tartans of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Behind them I saw the other bands passing out --- a magnificent tableau of martial pageantry which I shall remember for the rest of my life.

For the remainder of the afternoon the various bands competed on the parade grounds. I watched for a while, then left for the refreshment stand. There I saw a man in the green jacket and tan tartan of the Irish band; on an impulse I said (mis-pronouncing it) "Erin go Braw".

"Erin go Braugh," he said with a friendly smile. We talked for a while, then I returned to watch the competition, dividing my attention between the bands and the dancing contests. The Irish jig was now being featured by the dancers. Then I heard it announced that the next band would be the Tyrone County Pipe Band. Since the jig was being repeated over and over, I decided I would prefer to watch the pipers, rather than the dancers in their somewhat ridiculous costume. When the County Tyrone band assembled, the Irishman whom I had met before recognized me. Pulling me to him, he ~~would~~ laughed and said "Well, laddie, how do you feel with such a mixed-up ancestry?" I assured him that at that moment I felt all Irish. This man was ~~widow~~ apparently one of the directors of the band, for he was later called to an important meeting of the drum and pipe majors, and gave orders to the pipers, although he did not go on the field himself.

Finally came the most important and impressive event of the day; the marching of the mass bands, under the leadership of John MacKenzie, Drum Major of the Royal Canadian Air Force Band. There were six other subordinate Drum Majors, all impressive and dignified men, but the Canadian was the most impressive of all.

When the bands were assembled he inspected and arranged them with military precision. He appeared to be having a great deal of difficulty with the Irishmen when rearranging their line, as he was barking orders furiously. When finally satisfied, he turned and walked away --and the entire Tyrone Pipe Band relaxed and started whistling "The Wearing of the Green".

When all was in order, the awards were announced. The Drum Major of the R C A F won the Drum award; the Worcester Kiltie Band won two awards. Then the entire massed bands, still under Drum Major MacKenzie, began to move in the most magnificent and impressive example of barbaric pageantry that I have ever seen, even in my dreams.



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Like a wave on a rock, the bands marched forward to the end of the roped area. Each man, as he reached the rope, turned and marched through the ranks, in perfect unison. Back and forth across the field they marched, pipes and drums playing their stirring martial music. The picturesque costumes, the music, the kingly bearing of the drum majors, all formed a magnificent spectacle, beyond the power of words to convey.

Afterward, the various bands marched off. I listened to the playing, picking out the various tunes--some of which I had never heard before, some of which I remembered vaguely--oh, there was one which was familiar indeed; the Blue Bells of Scotland. I watched as the Irish band came out, and called out again "Erin go Braugh" --correctly, this time! Last came the Worcester Kiltie Band, followed by an immense horde of tourists. Meeting with the Irish pipers, I remarked that the trampling hordes of tourists had at last caught up with the bagpipe players.

I then went back to the refreshment stand and met my mother, who said it was time to go, though there were still a few activities going on. It was growing dark; as we drove back along Madison Avenue, the gathering dusk made the ancient mansions seem even more mysterious and enchanting. I glimpsed one I had not seen before --- a high, three-storied building with many gables and a tower rising from one corner.

At last we got home and I went to do my chores. When all was done, my cat Jad-Bal-Ja came purring to my lap as I sat for a while, revolving in my mind the events of the day --- the impressive mansions of Madison Avenue, the frowning slopes of the Helderbergs, the music of the pipes, the kilted Highlanders, the men of Erin, the glimpse of that particularly impressive old towered building against the skyline, the sleek, powerful form of the cat.... all took shape in my thoughts, then fell together in my mind as I sat down to work upon my novel THE RING OF HASTUR.

....Paul Edwin Zimmer

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Apropos of this, Tolkien fans in the audience might be interested in the following;

"We learn that Hobbits wear breeches, a tunic (or jerkin) and waistcoat, but we never really learn how men dressed in those days. We never get a description, for instance, of Aragorn's costume; does he wear breeches and hose? Or does he go bare-legged like the old Romans and Greeks did? Trunk-hose? Knickerbockers? -- we are never told! We know even less of Elvish costume, except that they wore grey."

This from a letter from Paul (Mal Ashworth, Paul is the anonymous 17 year old fan, a year after); and I realized that --because of the Gaelic "feel" of the Dunedain-- I see Aragorn in a dark kilt, plaid, and long hose! MZB





This is a postscript, or perhaps a prescript, to The Jewel of Arwen, which I wrote for Pelz's Tolkien-fan zine I PALANTIR. I had no intention of ever publishing it, and you are at liberty to take it in any way you please.

Someone commented to me, in a letter, not long ago, that Tolkien never gave us any very clear idea of what either orcs or elves actually looked like; and I had to stop, and think, and say to myself; "Why, that's true", and remember why it was that I never had the slightest bit of doubt about exactly what they looked like....that, in short, their faces were as real to me as the faces of those FAPA members whom I met last year in Detroit; because of an exceptionally real and vivid series of dreams, which came to me during the time I was first reading the books...while I was midway through THE TWO TOWERS.

Some of these were ordinary dream-ish flotsam, mixed in hilarious confusion; others were more vivid. I was startled by them; because I seldom dream about books which I am reading --in fact, I can't remember ever having done so before. Coming at the close of this series of dreams came one so bright, so intense and so vivid that when I woke, the spell remained; as if indeed, like Lovecraft's Randolph Carter, I had been rapt away on some dream-quest to an actually existing other-land; spending long hours or days in the "world of woven trees".

A part -- a small part of this dream which I brought back with me from the surrounding shadows --I wrote into The Jewel of Arwen. I had at first intended to write more; but I grew abashed about what seemed to me an unwarranted intrusion into another writer's existing world. Yet, before the intensity and color of the dream faded ---although, in fact, it did not fade as most dreams fade --I wrote it down to keep for myself. Now it seems to me that I am only following a tradition of fantasy, if I write here something which is less imagination than memory, of a night when, in some random dream-quest, some tremendous emotional empathy, I lived through strange hours in Middle Earth, the life of an elf-woman who lives only in a few random phrases in the Tolkien saga but is now as real to me as any playing a greater part; Celebrian.

## ORCS and ELFS TONES

So acute and spellbinding, so intense was this dream that after several weeks I can still close my eyes and recapture, like a living experience, the intensity of it. It began dimly, in dream-flotsam, with the sound of horses, the jingling of bells and the sounds of distant wind and song, colors shifting over mountain landscapes and long winding paths rising through foothills parched with autumn, into higher roads between stone. And suddenly the blurred pictures of dreams sharpened into quick focus, and I was..



.....I was riding on a small white horse, whose harness was made of red silk with embroidered reins, and jingling with tiny silver bells. I rode side-saddle, and I was wearing a long-skirted dress of grey-green that shifted in the snowy light from color to color, and a great woolly white ~~shawl~~ cloak lined with fur; and I rode in the company of assorted men and elves, riding slowly, two and three abreast, up a rocky and deep-cloven mountain pass. It was snowing, and very cold, and the women and elves were all singing, intricate music, all high soprano voices that wound in and out of minor modes, while the snow went on falling, soft and fluffy. To give you a picture of the vividness of this dream; I remember the actual feel of the fur and the wool around my face, and the snowflakes touching my hands, which were clasped around the reins, although their cold did not bother me; I was aware that they were cold, but seemed not to mind it. The elves were taller than men, and a great deal thinner, with delicate faces which (in waking life) looked like some children do; very sharp and definite and precisely molded, and very pale and fair; and they all spoke in very high sweet voices; the contrast between the speaking voices of the elves and the men in the dream was that between soprano and baritone.

After what seemed a long time of this riding, the snow became too thick for the horses to get through, although --I repeat --the weather did not bother us in the least. They dismounted, and two elves lifted me down from my horse; and they led the animals into a circle, in what seemed to be a widening of the road. I remember several criss-crossings and fragments of conversation none of which remains in my mind clearly enough for reconstruction; but if anyone stopped to speak, someone else immediately caught up his part in the song, which seemed to go on, intricate as a Bach fugue, all the time.

Suddenly --the abruptness was a shock even in memory--the singing broke off into a horrible racket of horns and yells and screeches, and one of the men, who had been singing, suddenly fell across my lap with his head sawn half off, while small, midget-sized things with bullet-like heads and big greenish eyes were running and shrieking all over the road. They were twisted things, half naked and very dark against the snow, with coarse twisty wiry black hair covering most of their bodies; they looked (again, a parenthesis from waking realization) like Alberich in the Rackham illustrations for THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

One of the elves drew a sword that looked like a green glass dagger, and jumped in front of me; and he was swarmed over and literally covered over by those awful creatures, whom I suddenly realized were orcs. Simultaneously, in the dream, I learned my name, for someone called it in a terrible voice, loud and terrifying: "Celebrian!" (A curious note; I pronounced this --without reference to notes -- as Sel-EB-reean; in the dream, this elf cried it; "Kel-eb-REE-an!") My subconscious evidently read the footnotes I only skimmed.)

The green glass dagger flew out of his hand --I describe this at such length because I am startled at the clarity with which I remember it -- and struck me on the arm; I caught it and backed



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away from the swarm of orcs, but one of them kicked it out of my hand, and the touch of his foot seemed to burn like a hot coal, so that instead of trying to get it back, I stood holding my burned hand. I stood backed up against the snowy cliff and some of these goblins locked their hands, like children playing bull-in-the-ring, and made a circle around me. I didn't know why, but I knew I was horribly afraid to touch (or be touched by?) them; and after trying to duck out between them a time or two, I subsided and stood quiet, and horribly frightened, while I watched hundreds and hundreds of the things swarming out until the side of the mountain was black with them.

((This is perhaps the strangest thing, for usually a nightmare of such intensity will wake me up; I seldom endure a frightening dream more than a few seconds, but invariably snap awake.))

And this had turned into a nightmare so ghastly that I had to force myself to think about it and remember it. The goblins were cutting at the elves and men with glittering swords (sic) and dragging the horses, and they were slicing up the horses, LIVING, into ribbons, and carrying the meat away, or cramming it with clenched fists into their big fanged mouths. They were killing the men and there was a horrible noise of screaming, but no one brought a knife near me.

Then --I was still ringed in by a ring of orcs -- they began to close in on me, and drive me this way and that, without actually touching me; that is, a few of them would start to rush at me, I would duck away to avoid their touch, and after a time I realized that they were doing --herding me along the path. As soon as I noticed this and stood firm, they grabbed me -- four or five of them, pulling at my waist and legs -- and started pulling and hauling me through a black door where --Alice-down-the-babbithole-fashion, I suddenly seemed to fall, landing with a soft little shock at the bottom. It was dark, and icy cold, and when the goblins came down swarming on top of me, I started to struggle and fight and shriek, as they pulled me along steps that seemed to go up, and down, and sideways.

Curiously enough, at this point in the dream --where normally I would have waked up -- I suddenly stopped being afraid. The vividness remained, and the uncanny realism of every movement and touch; but the panic was gone. ((I suppose my subconscious invented an "out" for me so that I could finish this very fascinating dream without being terrified by it; for, although it grew more terrible by the minute, and I was disgusted by parts of it, I had no more of that smothering panic which wakes me out of nightmares in a split second.))

To make a long story short --it wasn't -- the orcs finally mauled me into a cave, where I remember, curiously, the exceptional COLD of the stone. The snow had not bothered me; but the stone seemed to bite with cold, an actual pain, like touching cold iron with your wet tongue; my hand seemed to stick to the frosty stone, and I tried to sit on my skirt -- they had pulled off my cloak -- so I would not have to touch it.



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They yelled and screeched at me, trying evidently to get me to understand their talk -- they had rasping voices that sounded like dogs barking and geese and peacocks all honking together -- and a man, in a grey outfit, standing with the goblins, tried to talk to me -- I remember he spoke "my" name several times in what was meant to be a soothing tone, but I said very clearly "Do you suppose I'd trust, or talk to, any man in such company?" and turned my back on him; and he said roughly "Then whatever happens to you now, you have only yourself to blame. Remember that three days from now," and went away.

Then the orcs came back and started ripping at the chains I wore around my neck and belt --- I seemed to be wearing several chains of thin fine gold and silver made in twisted links -- and tore off my shoes and ripped at my hair which had silvery ribbons and jewels braided into it.

There seems to have also been a great deal of highly obscene touching and gesturing which my mental censor has (mostly) blanked out. Fortunately, because what I do remember was ugly and disgusting quite beyond description, and, ~~as a result of this~~ I have no desire to immortalize the behavior of either orcs or the orc-minded. With your permission, then, I will delete a portion even of what does remain in my memory; I imagine that the part which my mental censor has persistently and fortunately deleted, was worse.

But even now I can remember the icy cold of the rock, and burning scorching heat when I touched the goblins or was compelled to touch them; their skin felt like blistering leather... hell, I can't even describe it; I can, however, smell singing hair, which I smelled every time I touched one of the orcs, or when they grabbed at it. And one of my hands had turned almost black, with the fingers numb and stuck together, where an orc had crushed it and twisted it.

The next thing I remember, after an odd sort of blurriness, was trying to escape down a long rock tunnel and a flight of stairs, and a couple of them taking a flying leap from the top of the stairs; then they laughed and screeched when I went round a bend in the stairs, and discovered that it was all on fire down there, flames coming up as if from a volcano. Parts of the rock were on fire, and it seemed that everywhere I turned there was burning, fire, smoke and flames, and finally the orcs grabbed me again and dragged me back; this time into a huge, enormous place which was (shades of Greig!) the Hall of the Mountain King. Big red lamps were burning overhead and things like neon lights swinging back and forth in long arches, and goblins of all sizes, big and little, were parading back and forth and forming themselves into groups and I saw the man who had talked to me. He pulled me down into a corner and said "If you keep still, they will forget you for a time". Now; in memory it seems that he spoke another language, because I had the distinct impression that he addressed me in the equivalent of the Spanish "tu" rather than a formal "you", and I turned away from him again, and collapsed on the floor. I ought to add that by now I was rather messed up -- my hand, as I say, blackened and scorched, my hair half pulled out where they had grabbed at the jewels in it, and various other oddments tedious to mention. ((I have a masochistic



imagination, I dare say.) The worst thing I remember, however, was a terrific slash in my left breast, and with dream-illogic I was almost equally distressed because the same slash had ripped the dress to a point where I was no longer decently covered in front of the obscene creatures. And these were painful like a dream of a toothache; real and yet unreal; painful, yet not enough to lighten the layers of sleep. The man who had tried to hide me from the orcs, I now saw, was trying to hide me from some others, men and a tall elf with silvery-golden hair, who had broken into the place and were scattering the orcs with flashes of light that came from white-glass swords in their hands; the light caught one of the orcs and he began to scorch and blacken and twist like a scorching piece of paper. I tried to call to them, but my voice wouldn't carry in the rocks.

Then the man suddenly stood up and shouted, and the elf grabbed me and cried out in a voice as ringing and resonant as Lauritz Melchior's "We must get her away before the fight!" and carried me away, running. I couldn't seem to open my eyes, but I knew I was being wrapped up in a blanket or cloak of some sort, and when I finally did open my eyes I recognized --that is; I saw him and knew his name -- Glorfindel. He said "Don't look back, it's terrible down there," and then handed me over to (again, I knew who he was) Elladan, who was very tall; and went off down the stairs again. Elladan, who was carrying me now, didn't speak to me at all, but carried me out under an open space, held up a light and looked at me, then took off a thing like a crystal of white quartz, hanging around his neck, and slipped it over my head....slipped the chain over my head....and I grabbed at it and held it in my hand as if it were a charm, and the light of it shone through my hand and slowly the blackening of my fingers began to lighten and they began to look normal again. Then he put the fold of the blanket, or cloak, over my face, and carried me up a long flight of steps and out into an open, rainy ledge with wet wind blowing in my face, and laid me down there.

Then the dream began to break into fragments like the sparkles of the white jewel, and blur and fade out and vanish; I woke up, tried to get back the dream, and succeeded only in blurring it.

But even the end of the dream has a curious consistency, for I suppose the logical thing, after so many terrors and perils, would be complete collapse...the sort of thing where I would write, if I were writing a story, "And then it all grew black, and I knew no more."

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Now there is nothing startling in the materials of this dream. Some writers consistently dream their plotted stories. The books had captured my imagination in no common fashion; Glorfindel had blazed out at me as a vivid figure; the brief mention of Elladan and Elrohir had intrigued me.

But --I dreamed this dream BEFORE reading THE RETURN OF THE KING. So will somebody please explain the curious behavior of the white jewel which Elladan put round the neck of Celebrian? I can't.



*the one shot song* (tune: Day-@ ---  
the banana boat song)

One-shots! O-o-one shots,  
Daylight come, and we wanna go home!

Type up de stencils, all night long--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
All the other fan sing the old filk song--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
Get one stencil on de drum--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
All the other fans sit there drinkin' rum--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)

Come, mister neofan, run off de fanzine  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
Come, mister BNF, slipsheet de fanzine  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)

Five stencils, six stencils, seven stencils, eight--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
Joe Fann's wife say it gettin' late--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
Type up, stencil, mimeo de fanzine--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)  
Staple, fold up, address de danzine--  
(Daylight come and we wanna go home)

One-shots! O-on-one shots,  
Daylight come and we wanna go home!  
One-shots! On-on-one shots -  
Daylight come--  
(SPOKEN: "Come on, let's get outa  
here. All right, you jerks can put  
out your OWN furshlugginer FAPA mailing!")  
SOUND EFFECTS: door slamming  
very softly:  
Daylight come, and they all gone home.

*trufan billy* (tune: Billy Boy, Billy Boy)

O, where have you been, Billy Fan, Billy Fan,  
O, where have you been, Trufan Billy?  
I have been to seek a wife, for the joys of trufan life--  
She's a young femme who treats me like a brother.

Did she make it to the con, Billy Fan, Billy Fan,  
Did she make it to the con, Trufan Billy?  
Yes, she made it to the con, after all the bheer was  
gone--  
Just a young femme who treats me like a brother.



Finnish folk songs by David Bradley, dedicated to Pelz & Johnstone  
(trufan Billy con'td)

Does she publish any zines, Billy Fan, Billy Fan?  
Does she publish any zines, Trufan Billy?  
She can publish FAPAZINēs on old hectograph machines-  
Just a young femme who treats me like a brother.

How old is she, Billy Fan, Billy Fan?  
How old is she, Trufan Billy?

Well, when all is said and done--

she bought WEIRD TALES number one!

(alternate) Just a young femme who treats me like a brother.  
Just a young femme-HEY! DON'T SAY IT'S YOUR MOTHER!

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*seattle or bust* (tune; Johnny's so long at the fair)

Oh, dear, what can the matter be-  
Labor Day Weekend is coming up Saturday--  
And I don't know how my wallet could flatter be-  
How do I get to the Con!

They promised they'd get me a ride with Ted White,  
But when I got there he took off out of sight-  
I gazed at his tailpipe and cried out "Good night!  
How do I get to the con?"

Ted

~~They~~ promised he'd get me a ride with Dick Eney-  
But then we found out that his car was too teeny-  
He didn't have room for the prop on my beanie-  
How do I get to the con?

Dick Promised to get me a ride with Bill Evans,  
But his car turned up all at sixes and sevens-  
The whole mailing roster was stuffed in, good heavens-  
How do I get to the con?

Bill promised to get me a ride with Mez Bradley-  
But we passed a circus, and there she stopped gladly-  
I sat by the road and sat there grotching madly-  
Now how do I get to the con?

Mez got me a ride with her friend Dan McPhail-  
He said that he'd be there on time without fail-  
But when I found out--HE was going BY MAIL-  
How do I get to the con?

Dan promised he'd get me a ride with Redd Bogg-  
s, I jumped in his Rambler and sat like a frog,  
The con HE was going to was in Chicag-  
O! HOW do I get to the con?

Marion Z Bradley and

*David Bradley*



# TONY GLYNN ~ ~



"Wardley Hall, in the manor of Worsley, is an ancient building about seven miles west of Manchester. It was an old seat of the Downes family, and afterward of Lord Barrymore. A human skull was formerly shown there, beside the staircase, which the occupiers would not permit to be removed. This grim fixture, it was said, being much averse to any change of place or position, never failed to punish the individual severely who should dare to lay hands on it. If removed or buried, it was sure to return, that in the end each succeeding tenant was fain to endure its presence, than be subject to the terrors and annoyances consequent upon its removal. Its place was a square aperture in the wall; nor would it suffer this opening to be glazed, or otherwise covered up, without creating some disturbance. It seemed as if those rayless sockets loved to look abroad, peradventure, on scenes of its former enjoyments and reminiscences. It was almost bleached white by exposure to the weather and many curious persons have made a pilgrimage there, even in late years. Several young men of Manchester once going on this errand, one of them unobserved of his fellows, thought he would ascertain the truth of the stories...for this purpose he privately removed the skull to another situation and left it to find its own way back. The night but one following, such a storm arose about the house that many trees were blown down, the roofs unthatched, and the tenants, finding out the cause as they supposed, replaced the skull, when these terrible disturbances ceased...

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...John Roby; TRADITIONS OF LANCASHIRE, 1829.....

John Roby, who was drowned at sea in 1850, was a writer of the county of Lancashire, England, whose work is now forgotten except by those interested in the history of that region. His TRADITIONS OF LANCASHIRE is a two-volume work of stories based on various folk tales and superstitions of Lancashire written in painful imitation of Scott, laden with melodramatic "Hist!" and "prithee" dialogue.

Although Roby's stories may be dismissed as high-flown fiction, each item was sparked off by a genuine tradition which Roby used as introduction to the story. The quotation above is the preamble to his tale "The Skull House" inspired by the skull of Wardley hall. The story itself has no historical or factual significance--the preamble has, although the matter of the disturbances caused by the removal of the skull is open to doubt.

I am puzzled as to why Roby says the skull was "formerly" in the niche in the staircase wall, because it was certainly there, in a square aperture such as that described by him, until 1959!



The skull of Wardley Hall --frequently referred to as the "screaming skull" was part of the property, and had been there for many generations. This ancient mansion with its timbered frontage and mullioned windows, has, like many of the old family seats of Lancashire, seen its share of strife during the turbulent 16th and 17th centuries when religious controversies harrowed the country from end to end.

Elizabeth I called Lancashire "that sink of Popery" Its aristocrats and yeoman families, in many cases, remained staunchly with Rome after Henry VIII's break with Pope Paul III; and in the bitter, generation-long struggles between the crown and the "recusants" as Catholics were called, the county was a place of intrigue and persecution.

The Downes family mentioned in Roby's account of the skull, was a recusant family. There is not, to the best of my knowledge, a "priest's hole" -- a concealed room where a priest might be hidden if the Crown officers arrived --- but it is certain that Wardley Hall was a "massing house" --one of the centres where the Mass was offered, and Catholics ministered to by the English priests educated on the Continent and smuggled into England by the devious underground which existed in those years.

In the early 1930s, Wardley Hall once more came into Catholic hands; it was purchased by the Diocese of Salford, and has since been the home of the bishops of this diocese. The skull, of course, went with the hall, reposing in its niche in the main stairway until the last year or so.

But whose skull was it?

Down the years there has been handed a tradition that it was the skull of Dom Ambrose Barlow, a priest of the Order of St. Benedict, executed at Lancaster Castle on September 10, 1641.

And a consideration of Ambrose Barlow brings us to another old Lancashire home, Barlow Hall, situated about three miles from my home and today a golf club headquarters, but retaining many of its picturesque and antique features.

This old hall was the seat of the Barlow family which had held it since the reign of Edward I (1272-1307) and Edward Ambrose Barlow was one of the large family of Sir Alexander Barlow who was knighted by James I. His knighthood did not offer him any protection from the Penal Laws enforced upon Catholics. A proportion of his lands were seized, and Sir Alexander had to pay a monthly fine of twenty pounds while his wife, Lady Mary Barlow, had to pay a fine of ten pounds.

Three of their sons succeeded in leaving England to study in Spain, and all entered the Benedictine order. Ambrose, born at Barlow Hall in 1585, returned to England in 1617, three years before the death of his father. For 25 years he worked in Lancashire. He moved in disguise from place to place, and one who knew him described his ragged dress (he could not of course wear the distinctive, cowed black habit of his order) as being of the fashion of country folk, adding that he would not give two groats (fourpenny pieces) for the best hat that he ever saw on the priest's head.

On Easter Sunday, 1641, Father



Ambrose Barlow was in the region of Wardley Hall, preaching at a secluded place...the priest had concluded Mass and was addressing his small congregation on the virtue of patience when an angry hubbub sounded through the trees.

On the scene came about 400 people armed with swords and clubs, led by a clergyman wearing the surplice of the Established Church of England, all of them demanding that "Barlow, the Popish Priest" be delivered into their hands.

The clergyman was the Rev. James Gatley, Vicar of the nearby town of Leigh; he had been in the midst of Easter services at his church when it was whispered to him that the notorious priest who had so long aided capture was in the vicinity. The vicar proposed to his congregation that the service be postponed, and they set off en masse.

Thus this scene was enacted on Easter Day, the greatest feast of the Christian church. On the face of it, it would appear to make a mockery of Christianity, but this was a period when Englishmen, Catholic and Protestant, believed honestly and zealously that each was working for his God and motherland.

Dom Ambrose Barlow offered no resistance. He was taken before a magistrate and committed for trial at Lancaster Assizes; accordingly he was lodged for four months in the dungeons of Lancaster Castle--once the stronghold of John of Gaunt. I have been closed up in one of these dungeons for only a matter of seconds, but I can testify that they are as black as night, and ill ventilated. These same dungeons later heard George Fox and the first Quakers.

At the Assizes--held in the courtroom in the castle which is still used for Assizes -- Sir Robert Heath Sentences Ambrose Barlow to the fate prescribed for Catholic Priests --that he should be hanged, drawn and quartered, and his severed head displayed on the tower of the Established church. On September 10th, 1641, the priest was dragged on a hurdle to an angle of the castle facing the green whereon, from the Middle Ages to the abolition of public hanging in 1869, crowds gathered to witness executions. Here the priest was hanged and the ghastly ritual reserved for executed priests was carried out.

It is from this point that the legend springs. It has been held that the head of the priest was rescued from the tower on which it was impaled by Francis Downes, then master of Wardley Hall, remaining at Wardley ever since. There seems to be no way of establishing whether this is historical fact or not; but the skull of Wardley had an unusual place of honor specially built for it, which would seem to point to its being held in particular esteem. During the opening of a Catholic ceremony on the Wardley lands in 1933, Bishop Henshaw stated that the skull at the hall was believed "on good authority" to be that of the Blessed Ambrose Barlow.

The prefix "blessed" was conferred on the Lancashire priest by Rome earlier this century when he was declared a beatus of the church, a major step toward Canonisation.....

Stories about the "screaming skull" ultimately became part of Lancashire lore. As a youngster I heard about the skull which screamed if moved from its niche, or, more alarming still, always found its way back. I was suitably



scared, of course, but I did not believe the story I heard only a couple of years ago --that as one of the nuns who carry out the domestic work at Wardley Hall was coming down the main stairway, some strange force emanated from the skull and tried to push her downstairs.

In the spring of 1958, the story of an alleged haunting at Wardley Hall made the headlines. Probably because England still has a conscience about Henry the VIII's dissolution of the monasteries, the shades of monks are stock characters in English ghost stories. Lancashire has its share, the most interesting ghostly monk of the county being that of Abbot Pasley, last Cistercian Abbot of Whalley, who was put to death when the Abbey was razed after the "Pilgrimage of Grace". His ghost is supposed to haunt a certain lane close to his old home. It was last reported seen by a schoolgirl in 1960.

In all the long history of Barlow Hall there was never any suggestion of ghostly disturbances occurring there until the club house came under new management in 1958. The couple who took over were from another part of the country, and within days of their arrival there were stories of supernatural occurrences. An unseen "presence" was said to have made itself felt at the bar, and the lady of the house claimed to have heard organ music at night. She told the papers that she had heard that the hall had once been the home of a monk who had been put to death, and was sure that it was he who was giving the midnight recitals.

One of the Manchester evening papers sent a young man to spend several hours of the night there, in the hope that he would see something of the monk. He saw nothing, but turned in a flippant story about meeting a headless shade, referred to in the story as "Old Ambrose", who asked him for a match. It was very evident that the people involved in the affair, including the journalist, had no real knowledge of Ambrose Barlow's life or times.

The haunting was generally considered to be a piece of publicity seeking, and it was less than a nine day's wonder. It gave mild offense to some local Catholics, since the Benedictine was one of a vast company of Englishmen --and women --who, between 1535 and 1681, died by the rack or rope, usually after undergoing torture in such unpleasant devices as "little ease" or the "scavenger's daughter". Two, Cardinal John Fisher and Thomas More, Henry VIII's Chancellor and the author of UTOPIA, were canonized in 1935; many others have been Beatified, and the "causes" of no less than 360 more are at Rome for investigation.

Consequently it will be gathered that if the skull at Wardley Hall, if it is the skull of the Benedictine priest, is of both religious and historical value. But is it the skull of Ambrose Barlow?

Earlier this year, I was in conversation with a priest associated with Wardley Hall, and I broached the subject of the skull. He told me it was no longer thought to be that of Ambrose Barlow, and had only recently been removed from the niche wherein it had sojourned so long and put in a less public place.

"And did it scream?" I asked.

"I can assure you," smiled he, "that it gave us no trouble at all!"

-----TONY GLYNN



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