

INNUENDO



Steve
Stiles

3/16/90

INNUENDO

Number 12, May 1990. Edited by Terry Carr with some last-minute assistance from Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442. Send letters of comment to Robert, who will publish them in less time than has passed since the previous issue of this fanzine. INN is published and distributed this time around by Jerry Kaufman, 8738 First Avenue West, Seattle, WA 98117. Write him about getting a copy. \$6 postpaid.

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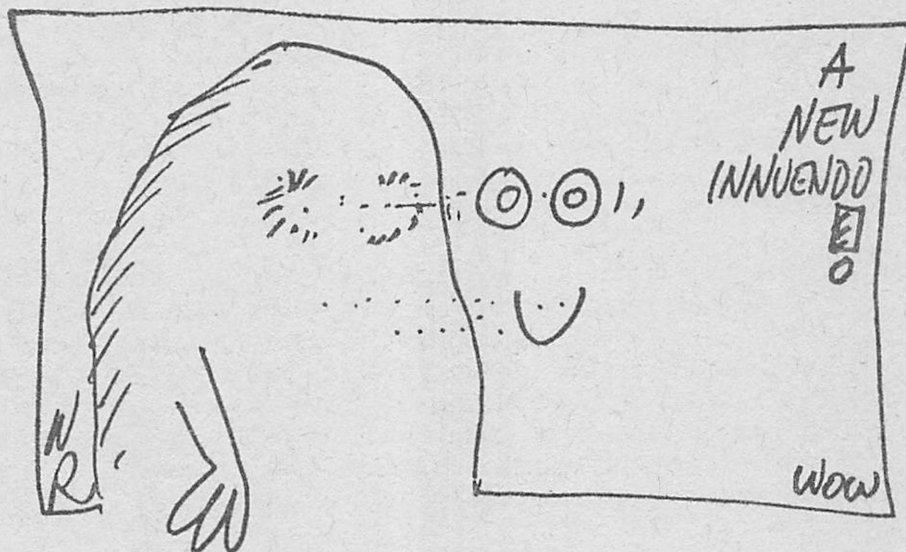
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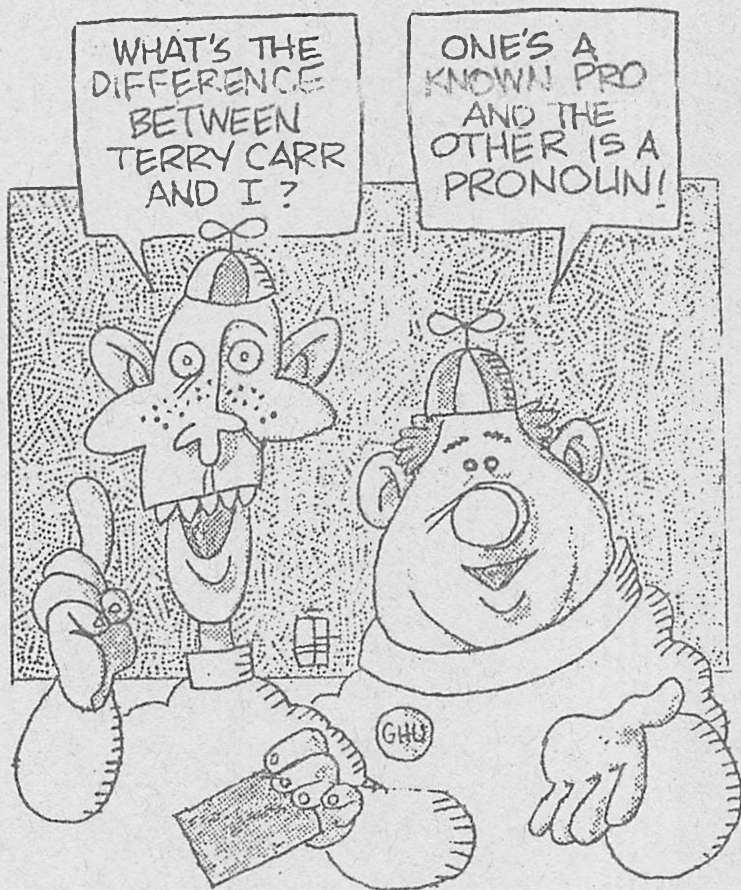
Terry Carr
Greg Benford &
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Harry Warner Jr.

Arnie Katz
Susan Wood
Elmer Perdue
Sidney Coleman
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Carol Carr
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edited by Terry Carr

Cover artwork by Hannes Bok with assistance from Steve Stiles. Interiors are by Grant Canfield, Ronald Clyne, Lee Hoffman, Jay Kinney, William Rotsler, Dan Steffan, Steve Stiles and Arthur Thomson (ATom). Back cover by Cythia Goldstone.

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inn-a-mist

AS DAN STEFFAN'S CARTOON SUGGESTS, this issue of INNUENDO is a little late. I originally planned to publish it in 1971, when a special fund had been set up to bring Bob Shaw over to that year's worldcon in Boston. Donations were solicited, old fanzines and such were auctioned, and several faneds published special Bob Shaw Issues at special prices with the profits to go to the fund. INNUENDO #12 was to be one of those, and I immediately set about asking for contributions for the issue, concentrating not only on those writers who had been regulars in INN's first incarnation (1956-1960), but also on a number of top fanwriters who had never appeared here, mostly those who, like Calvin Demmon and Arnie Katz, had entered fandom after INNUENDO folded.

Most of them responded with fine material and by the middle of 1971 I had fifty pages of the issue on stencil. But then Carol and I moved from New York City to the Bay Area, and during the move I misplaced the stencils I'd prepared. By the time I found them it was late 1972; the Shaw Fund had been a success without needing any proceeds from INN; BoSh had come to the worldcon and returned home; and any sense of urgency about getting the issue published had faded into a fannish past that seemed as remote as the Staple Wars or the Crusade to Clean Up Fandom. Besides, I now had to earn

all my income from freelance editing and writing, so fannish projects became decidedly secondary.

Despite the fact that the above reads like the beginning of one of those boring editorials about The Trouble I Had Pubbing My Ish, I'm not going to put you to sleep by writing such a piece. Amy Thomson made that certain when, at a late night party at Corflu I, she asked me why INNUENDO #12 hadn't yet appeared; I said there were at least a dozen reasons, and she insisted that I list them. I did give her a dozen reasons -- some true, some deliberately fanciful -- and she wrote them all in her notebook. Apparently she intends to publish them, and if so, that will probably be the first time a faned's excuses for a publishing delay have appeared in someone else's fanzine.

Instead I can concentrate on telling you about the material here. Most of it was written thirteen years ago, which makes this issue of INNUENDO largely a document out of history. Aside from the pieces written in 1971, which means most of them, there's Harry Warner's column (1973) and Susan Wood's piece from 1976 when she made a determined effort to jog me into finishing this fanzine. The last lines of Susan's article are terribly ironic in light of her death a few years later: she did indeed achieve gafiation in 1980, but in the most tragic way.

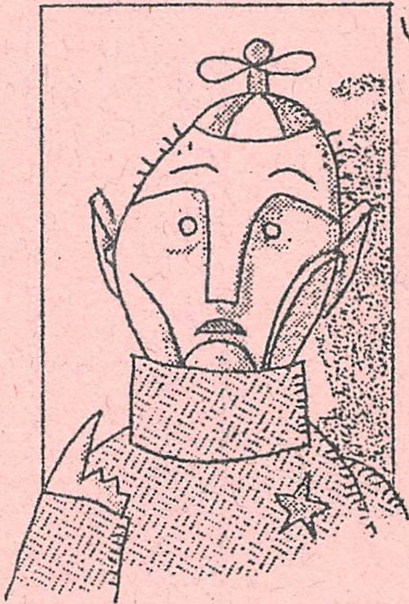
The letter column in this issue contains responses to the last issue of LIGHTHOUSE (#15, August 1967), and because Lths was a much different fanzine and published during a different period of fanhistory, these letters differ in origin and content from what you'd usually see in the INN letter column; nonetheless, my fanzines have always been basically fannish, so I was able for the most part to edit them to suit INN's purposes. I realize that letters written almost seventeen years ago (and stencilled thirteen years ago) will seem anachronistic now, but I disagree with fans who claim that the past is of no interest today. Good material, good thinking, good writing strike me as being always interesting.

The letters aren't even the most ancient material in this issue, in fact. Elmer Perdue's article was written in 1959, for THE STORMY PETREL, a oneshot fanzine I published in memory of Francis Towner Laney, who had recently died. It consisted of articles about Laney by people who had known him well in his fan days, but when Elmer sent me his piece I was afraid to publish it because it contained words that were then suspect in the eyes of the post office. More recently, even that branch of the government has come to terms with some everyday realities, so I feel safe publishing the article now. But ironically, during the decades when official strictures against the kind of language in the article were disappearing, many people were changing their opinions about some of the attitudes portrayed in it, so no doubt the piece will now be offensive to a lot of you for new reasons. I offer the piece as a bit of fanhistory that accurately records attitudes that were prevalent nearly four decades ago. (My admiration for Laney's fanwriting has never convinced me that I'd have liked him personally.)

Two of the longest contributions to this issue, those by Carol Carr and Sidney Coleman, are actually reprints of a sort: I selected the passages published here from material published in Lilapa circa 1969-1971. Lilapa was and is one of those furtive correspondence groups that "drained the life-blood of fandom" (according to some fannish critics, who were quite right) by inducing top writers to contribute most of their fanac to small by-invitation-only groups, thereby hiding much excellent writing from fandom-at-large. It happened that when I began this issue Lilapa was in a very active period, and both Sid and Carol were writing marvelous things

for the bi-weekly mailings; so I got their permission to publish selections from them.

Sid's "column" (you could hardly call it an article) is made up of short items that stand up without the Lilapa context -- Sid had rarely if ever written mailing comments. The only thing I have to explain is that his piece on Moskowitz, which he wrote "in homage to Calvin Demmon and Gregory Benford," was inspired by the very item you see by them in this issue (itself inspired by Donald Barthelme). But "An Inquiry into the Theory and Practice of Norman J. Clarke" hadn't appeared in Lilapa or anywhere else: I'd shown the ms. to Sid when he was visiting. No doubt Norm has been curious to read the Demmon-Benford piece ever since.



WHO ME?
A FAN?
NAW,
I'VE
JUST
GOT
BAD
TASTE
IN
HATS!



Carol's "Stuff" (the same title she'd used for her column in LIGHTHOUSE in the mid-'60s) is the antithesis of Sid's in that it has no formal structure for any of its sections; this is because all of it is excerpted from her mailing comments. As a result it may seem to sprawl, but mainly it flows in that slightly deranged, off-the-wall way she has. Fan critics who claim that mailing comments are by nature substandard, thoughtless and witless

material at best should read this "Stuff" bearing in mind that it was written over a dozen years ago.

The newest of the written material here is the piece by Carl Brandon, of which I wrote half in 1976 and the rest in 1980. I know this will sound laughable, but I wrote it when I felt the pressure of the issue's deadline: Brandon has appeared in every issue of INNUENDO, so I realized that no new issue would be complete and authentic without him; it would be like a day without sunshine or a Chinese restaurant without cliches posted on the walls.

But the very last thing written for this issue is of course the editorial. Does any faned pub an ish by writing the editorial first? Must be a neofan, if so. You've got to save room for your feeble last-minute excuses. Myself, I don't intend to type out this editorial till everything else is run off -- and even so, I'll probably have to print several puerile addenda on the back of the envelope.

#

YET HOPE SPRINGS AS ETERNAL in the fannish breast as trilogies do in whatever professional publishers use to breathe with. I dare to think that this fanzine may strike such awe into you that you'll read a few sentences about how this miraculous fanzine was produced. First I must mention that most of the illustrators stencilled their own work, so I thank them for saving me a lot of trouble as well as making these pages look better than I could have. Thanks, Dan Steffan, Steve Stiles, Lee Hoffman and Jay Kinney.

The only drawings I stencilled are those by Grant Canfield and Ray Nelson, for reasons that seemed sensible at the time.

I did the layouts and lettering myself because I'm fussy about the overall "look" of my fanzines. In fact, I can get so caught up in such things that I once expressed the passing thought that the ideal method of reproducing a fannish fanzine would be to stencil all the artwork and lettering by hand, then run off one perfect master copy and Xerox from that; thus every copy would represent the best that mimeography can do, without constantly adjusting the amount of ink, watching out for show-through, or slipsheeting every copy to avoid offset. I meant what I said, in my dreamy perfectionist way, but I never thought I'd find myself actually going through such a complicated and expensive process.

Then, only a few years later, I found myself buying a Canon copier and discovering that the state of the art had improved so much that it could reproduce anything with nearly photographic clarity. How nice it would be, I thought, to illustrate Harry Warner's column on LE ZOMBIE by reproducing one of its covers --that fine one by Ronald Clyne on the March-April 1943 issue, for instance.

Then too, there was the problem of the Hannes Bok cover I wanted to use. Many years ago, Jack Gaughan let me borrow one of Bok's sketchbooks (Jack had been a friend of Bok's during his last years) so that I could make copies of some drawings from it that had never been published. I made electrostencils of some of them to illustrate an article on Bok that Jack wrote for an issue of LIGHTHOUSE, and they reproduced well; but I also tried hand-stencilling a couple of the "simpler" ones, and found that Bok's art just wasn't right for hand-stencilling. Yet I had this fine fannish cartoon by Bok that would make a perfect cover for INNUENDO, and it couldn't be electrostencilled because Bok had never done a final version of it -- he'd drawn several versions of each figure, marked the ones he preferred, and made a quick sketch to show how they should be positioned. So the drawing, I thought, could be put together in its final form only if I hand-stencilled it, moving the figures into their proper positions myself. I ground the left lobe of my brain against the right and muttered, "Dare to be great, Terry Carr." But I knew that no matter how hard I tried, the result wasn't going to be...quite...right.

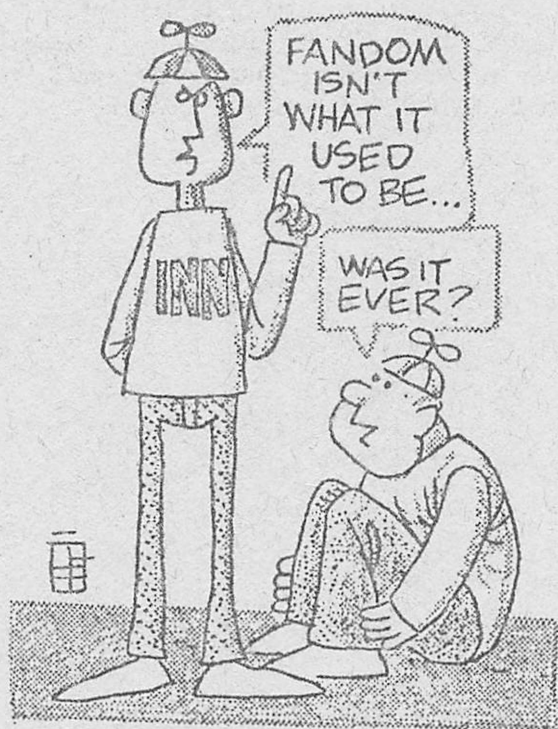
Now it's 1984, and I have this splendid copier with which I can make several copies of Bok's various versions, and cut out each figure and put them all where they belong. Then I can run off a test copy and white-out any lines that may show around the cut-out edges, thus ending up with a perfect result. Sure, a lot of painstaking effort, but it would



work! My fannish superego became tumescent at the very idea, I began to breathe hard, and before I could stop myself I was thinking beyond that....

As long as I was planning to use the Canon for parts of INNUENDO, why not go the whole way, just this once, and produce a fanzine that looked exactly how I wanted it to look? My lunatic dream of combining mimeography with the work of a copier rushed back into my head; suddenly I realized that I was dealing not with an idle fancy but rather with a practical necessity. The scheme would actually solve all the nagging problems about the issue that I'd been avoiding thinking about...like:

(1) All those ancient stencils that I'd cut thirteen years ago -- hadn't I noticed that they were turning brown around the edges and parts of them seemed to be melting? How had I ever imagined that they were still strong enough to withstand the strain of reproducing a hundred copies? Oh, some of them would hold up pretty well -- some of them were only eight years old, after all -- but there were too many that were going to shred on the whirling mimeo drum after ten copies. Sure, I could retype the texts on those, but I'd never be able to restencil most of the art even halfway properly. Whereas if I could just get a few, even three, good copies of each page, why, I could take the best of each and use it as the master copy for the Canon!



(2) And Sid Coleman's illustrations for his column -- they looked simple, even primitive...but that was just the problem. Might as soon try to stencil the art from Lascaux. Besides, Sid told me he'd made it a point of honor to look up the proportions of the Great Pyramid so that his drawing would be authentic -- one slip of the stylus, a single line that wandered, and I'd make a Harvard professor look like a scientific illiterate. No, it would be utter folly not to use the copier on those drawings.

(3) The Rotsler illos that I haven't even asked him to do yet -- how could I dare to mail the stencils for those articles to him? The last time I mailed him something to illustrate, the package got there while he was in the process of moving and my fanzine got lost among all the cartons; by the time he found it and sent it back I had a beautifully illustrated fanzine that was months too late to save my FAPA membership. But if I were to use the Canon to make two master sets and send him just one, why then if one set was lost I'd still have a perfect duplicate.

Thinking of all the potential disasters that would be averted by using mimeo plus copier, I was turning from perfectionist to paranoid before my very eyes. Suddenly it was crystal clear; my only salvation lay in making mimeographed master copies, and then --

Wait a minute. I didn't have a mimeograph.

But then again, there was this convention coming up in just a week -- Corflu, the convention for fanzine fans. There'd be plenty of people there who owned mimeos, and if I smiled just right and spoke in a sensitive fannish voice and used all the right words -- "egoboo...your name will be embossed in gold on the eternal scroll of fanhistory...would you like to make a BNF happy?" -- then surely someone would agree to run off my stencils. I needed only three copies, after all. Well, three copies each of maybe eighty pages. I began practicing just the right way to say "That"s not too many" and "It certainly would be a wonderful thing."

So I went to Corflu, and found a whole hotelful of faans. One of the first I saw was Lucy Huntzinger, a sympathetic person and -- according to the Letter of Introduction that Ted White had written for her when she'd returned from visiting Falls Church -- "a fannish catalyst." Just the person to ask. I asked.

And she said sure, no problem. A week later she phoned me and said, "Congratulations, it's a fanzine." Lucy, Gary Mattingly and Sharee Carton had run off the copies exactly as I'd wanted them; I picked up the package and looked through the pages in wonder. They looked even better than I could have hoped -- those people can really run a mimeograph.

So now I'm in the final stages of pubbing my ish at last. Thirteen years in the making, and I'm actually beginning to believe it was be as close to my fancies and fantasies as my crazy fannish hubris envisioned.

What? You found a typo? Two of them? Three?

-- Terry Carr, 1984

NOTES FROM THE PUBLISHER: As you will have guessed, things did not go as Terry planned, and I'm sorry that he never got to see INN in print. I'm thankful, though, that Robert Lichtman agreed to play clean-up editor. With his experience and resources, he was able to tie up all the loose ends. Among those that helped him were Carol Carr and Steve Stiles. (See Trapdoor 9 for details.)

My part in this is to turn the crank, figuratively and literally, of the Pacific Fantod Press, trusted Rex Rotary mimeo given to us by Mike O'Brien years ago. In order to do so, I have received a cash donation from the Seattle Corflu committee and much help from Suzanne Tompkins. I will get collating help from Fabulous Seattle Fandom. To all those that have helped, and all those who will, many thanks.

--Jerry Kaufman, 1990

an inquiry into the theory and function of norman j. clarke

CALVIN DEMMON
and
GREG BENFORD

(With apologies to Donald Barthelme,
author, Come Back, Dr. Caligari,
Snow White, At the Tolstoi Museum,
etc., etc.)

"A jest breaks no bones." -- Norm Clarke



NORM CLARKE GOES TO NEW YORK

In August 1963, Norm Clarke was shopping at the Miller Grocery Store in Canada with Boyd Raeburn when Gina called out to him from another aisle. He was embarrassed, and pretended in front of his friend not to know her as well as he did. The next day he was in a movie (Bye Bye Birdie) alone, and saw a travelogue. He heard a rooster crow. He decided to go to New York.

He arrived in New York with a letter of introduction to a friend of Boyd's. Boyd's friend put Norm Clarke up in his apartment for three months while Clarke worked in a bookstore on 14th Street, until one morning when Clarke got up to go to work he found the bathtub filled with flannel and red dye. Boyd's friend was knitting a Porsche. Clarke moved to Brooklyn.

NORM CLARKE SPEAKS TO CALVIN DEMMON ON THE TELEPHONE

Back in Canada, Norm Clarke called up Ted White on the telephone. Calvin Demmon happened to be at Ted's house when the call came through.

"It's Norm Clarke," Ted said.

"Let me talk to him," Calvin said.

In those days Calvin forced himself into conversations and called people "a pile of crap."

"I hear you've been going around calling people a pile of crap," Norm Clarke said.

"You're a pile of crap," Calvin said to Norm Clarke. This actually happened.

NORM CLARKE AND GINA

Mother Morlan's house in the Out Isles was hardly bigger than a large dog kennel -- but it was comfortable and full of interesting things. There were two horseshoes nailed on the door -- five statues bought from pilgrims, with the used-up rosaries wound around them -- for beads break, if one is a good prayer -- several bunches of fairy-flax laid on top of the salt-box, which contained only unrefined sea salt -- some scapulars wound round the poker -- twenty bottles of mountain dew, all empty but one -- about a bushel of withered palm, relic of Palm Sundays for the past seventy years -- and plenty of woollen thread for tying round the cow's tail when she was calving. Norm and Gina came in separate tourist buses, but when they saw all this they looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Society rests upon conscience and not upon science." -- Norm Clarke

NORM CLARKE IN CONCERT (from the Toronto Mail)

"Last night Norm Clarke and the Glenlea Boys blew at the Glenlea. Norm was out front as usual. Gina was in the audience. The Glenlea Boys are undoubtedly the best rock musicians around. And for those of you who haven't heard them live, and who assume that there are large numbers of studio effects on their records, there simply aren't. Clarke does nearly all of it with his mouth.

"And then it was time for Norm's solo, the highlight of the evening. The lights dimmed, and a harsh spot stabbed out and caught Norm Clarke's sweating face as he played a little opening riff, apparently by mistake at first. Soon he had the audience in the palm of his hand. Even though I have been to several other rock concerts I have never seen anything like that."

A DREAM, REPORTED BY NORM CLARKE

I am walking down the street on the way to the Glenlea. There is a small dog walking beside me. He seems to be walking slower and slower. I begin to reason with him. A bus passes and the people inside look the other way. Haven't they ever seen a man talking to his dog before? Suddenly I realize that I don't have a dog, and that I am late to work again.

NORM CLARKE AS A CHILD

(From a progress report, Glenlea High School, Miss Cary's English class, June 4, 1954.)

"Norman is proceeding admirably. He continues to employ the comma-fault as a means of self-expression. His spelling is adequate, but not



sensational. I don't know who combs his hair, though."

NORM AND GINA CLARKE'S HOUSE

Certain houses, like certain persons, manage somehow to proclaim at once their character for evil. There is manifestly nothing in the external appearance of the Clarkes' house to bear out the tales of the horror that is said to reign within. It is neither lonely nor unkempt. It stands, crowded into a corner of the square, and looks exactly like the houses on either side of it in Aylmer. And yet this house in the square is horribly different. Persons who spent some time in the house before the Clarkes bought it declared positively that certain rooms were so disagreeable that they would rather die than enter them again, and that the atmosphere of the whole house produced in them symptoms of a genuine terror. And yet the Clarkes have made their home there, and claim to be surprised when they have so few visitors.

"Who keeps the Truth from the People stands in the way of God."

-- Norm Clarke

(p. 47, Hutchley's Life of Clarke)

NORM CLARKE'S FIRST REJECTION SLIP

Dear Mr. Clarke,--

I am requested by the Council of the American Medical Association to return to you the draft of a paper on The Truth of Alchemy, which you have been good enough to offer to read at our forthcoming meeting, and to inform you that the Council do not see their way to including it in the Programme, as we have told you hundreds of times.

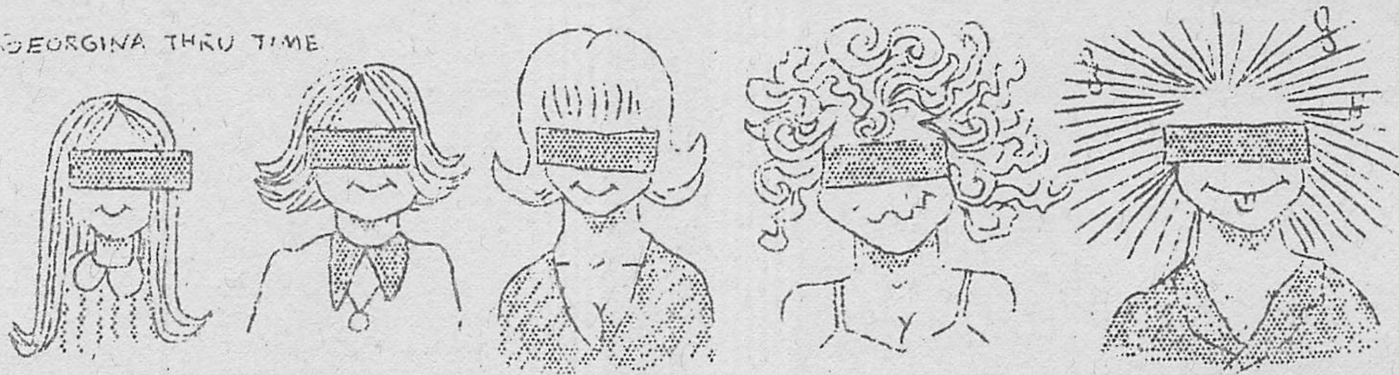
I am,

Yours Faithfully,
etc.

NORM CLARKE'S INTIMATE FRIEND

Little is known of Georgina Ellis; even less is understood. She worked for some time in some connection with the bus company in one town or another, in some part of Canada; she is a woman; she once read science fiction but

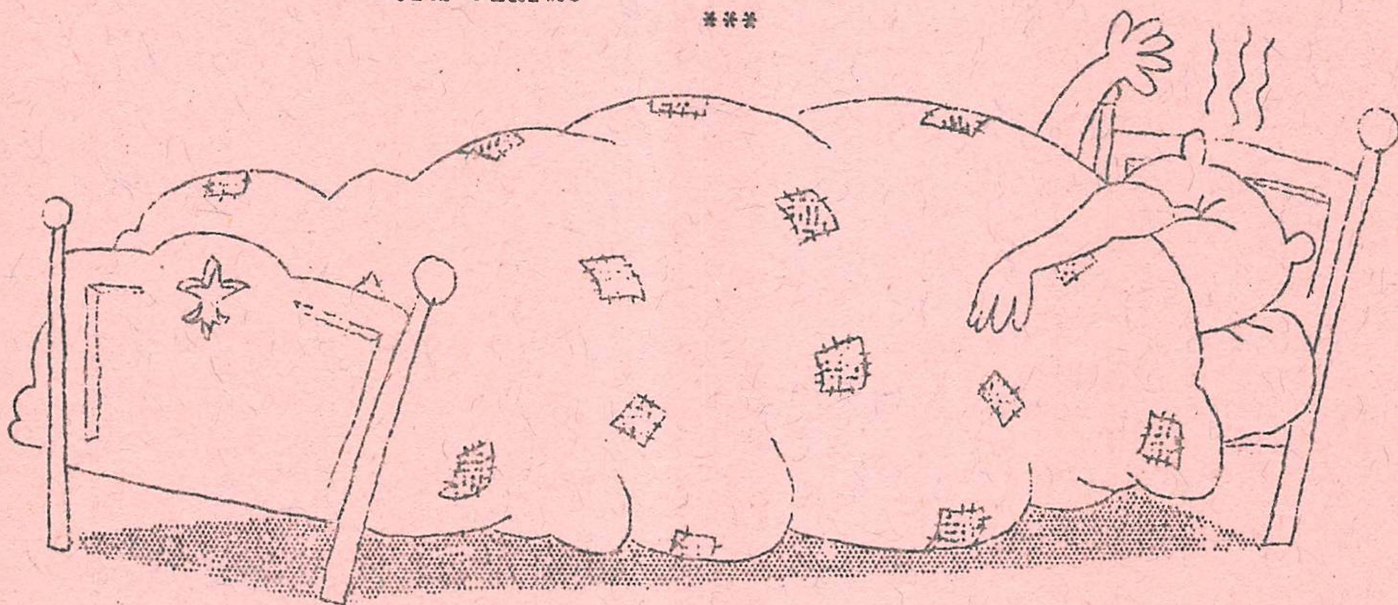
GEORGINA THRU TIME



gave it up for fandom -- these are all the details we have. Her early relationship with the younger Norm Clarke is a subject perhaps best dealt with in the reader's own imagination; certainly we shall not touch upon it here. A search of the files reveals a tattered copy of WENDIGO, several letters from Norman G. Browne (a Clarke pseudonym?), a poem to birds, a grease-stained HYPHEN, a bullfight poster and three typos. A stack of Ranch Romances (May 1952 through September 1955) brings to mind the Clarke observation, "Romance is the pornography of women." Other than these dribbles, rumor remains. The actions of Georgina Ellis at an early convention are well-remembered but have never been reported in print. Her wit, her beauty, her sly manner -- all lost. Walking as we do through the gutted streets of Aylmer, flitting whispers of memory recall the days of legend, the nights of fire. And all this came to a quick end when Georgina left Norm, left to travel to Los Angeles and take a job modeling dental floss.

"Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

-- Norm Clarke



NORM CLARKE, ADVOCATE FOR PEACE

The world has not yet responded to Mr. Clarke's repeated calls for peace and love. His dramatic fasts -- in which he adamantly refuses to take any form of nourishment other than alcohol -- have gone unheeded. His recent stunning "bed-in for peace" campaign was perhaps overshadowed by John Lennon and Yoko Ono, who had upstaged him by holding theirs in a prominent hotel and asking in members of the press. Mr. Clarke was without funds to stage such an event, and so his bed-in at home, surrounded by his wife and children and featuring visits from concerned relatives, was overlooked by the sensationalist press.

NORM CLARKE AND MR. MONTANSEN

Mr. Montansen remembered the war. He had been in a Japanese prisoner of war camp, forced to eat rice and root vegetables to stay alive. One day an old native who worked in the camp gave him three rice balls, shaking his

head over Mr. Montansen's emaciated condition, and instructed him to eat them quickly, gulping them down whole, or they would do him no good. Mr. Montansen complied, tasting only the sticky rice. Only later did he learn that the rice balls contained earthworms, a valuable source of protein. The old man had known Montansen could not force himself to eat them. They were taboo for westerners, he thought. He did not realize that Mr. Montansen was a vegetarian.

Dreaming moodily about this, sighing, perhaps, Mr. Montansen punched the cash register and rang up the change he had just taken from the sale of three Fat Boy Burgers to Norm Clarke.

"Lay me low, my work is done, I am weary. Lay me low." -- Norm Clarke

HANDWRITTEN NOTES FROM A PRELIMINARY STUDY

Why does subject have long and continuous association (indeed, relationship) with clarinet, oboe, saxophone -- all phallic instruments?

What is "motorcycle symbolism"?

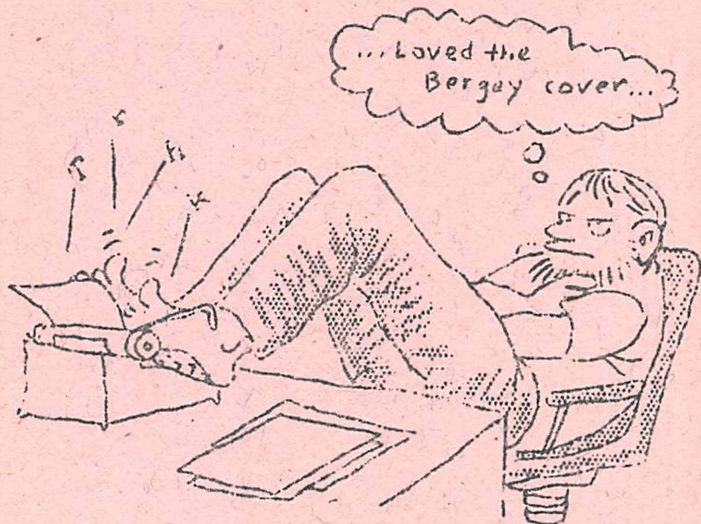
Did wife of subject find copy HYPHEN in bus station in 1956 in Calgary? (Check this out.)

Where is Calgary?

Gordon Eklund: "Clarke most nonlinear writer I know." Who is Eklund?

Does FAPA have secret handclasp?

Color Clarke eyes? Height? M? F? Color hair? (Have hair?)



NORM CLARKE'S CAREER AS A LETTERHACK

(From Thrilling Wonder Stories, Summer 1954.)

Dear Thrilling Wonder:

Sam -- your editorial shocked my eyelids open. So that is why I've been feeling like this lately! I have "blue tongue" -- a rather pretty shade of blue, though -- and I think I have "scrapie," or scraping together at the ankles, and if vesicular Examthemata is characterized by falling eyebrows, I've got it. I also have

"Hard Pad" but this only occurs in the shoulders of my (1) suit and in my saxophone keys.

Maybe Mercury isn't hopeless, but the Mercurians definitely are. Living on Mercury, we would have to stay in the dark, or rather in the dim.

I know some people who would make perfect colonists.

Norman J. Clarke

NORM CLARKE AND THE ONE BIG UNION

Hunching over against the bitter cold wind that licked around corners and tickled his nose, Norm Clarke scurried down the street. If it hadn't been for his undying devotion to the cause of unionism -- particularly the unionization of the musician -- he would not have dared set foot outside his miserable worker's hovel on a night like this. He sneered at the rosy lights of other homes, where other workers just as oppressed as he slept before braying TV sets, while the capitalist exploiters snatched bread from the bleeding lips of the starving poor. Were they all so blind? Did the age not cry out for vision for the mighty arm of the working class? Well, shit. Probably there wasn't going to be anybody at the Local 547 meeting when he got there, either. Nobody seemed to understand. That drummer the other night, he'd laughed when Norm told him about the meeting, and fallen off the stage. That was the sort Norm had to deal with.

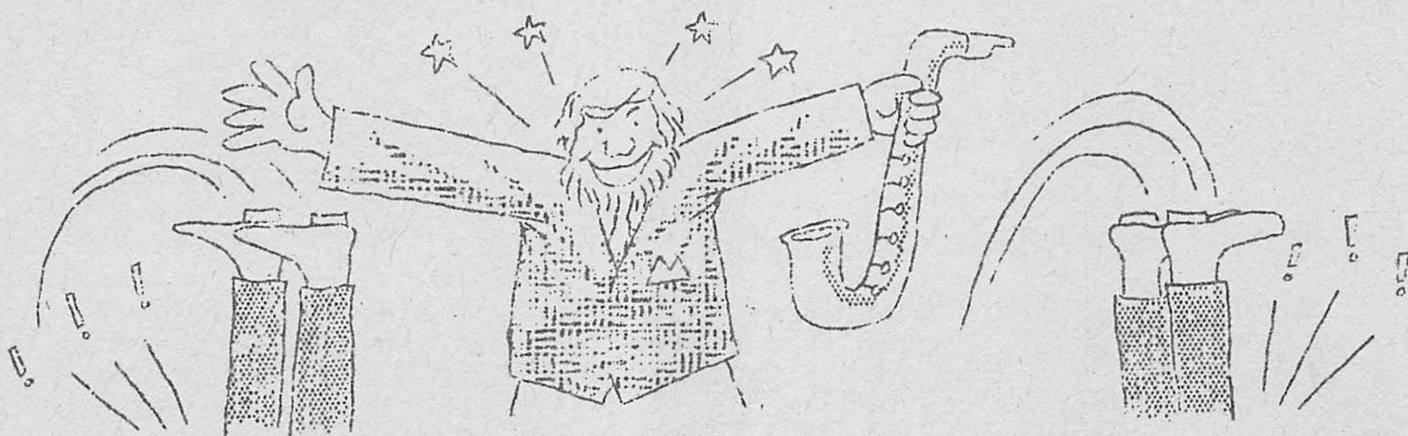
Norm frowned. He was convinced of the validity of their struggle, sure of the eventual victory of the workers, ready to do anything for the labor movement, yes, but for some reason tonight he could not make his mind think of anything except his stuffed teddy bear.

"I belong to the Church of the Unwarranted Assumption."

-- Norm Clarke

NOTES ON INTERVIEW WITH NORM CLARKE AUG. 10 1970

Now plays Standish Club, Aylmer. Member Rock&Roll Band (note difference w/rock band...not same, says subject). Band: "Maury Logan & the Targets." Jailhouse Rock. Johnny B. Goode. Beatles. Friend: "Sure hate to play in band called 'Targets' at Standish." Subject unafraid, says is



hard rocker. "Joint was jumpin'." (Joint = dope? Check this out.) Ask is subject using his new theory of polytonal resonances. Subject: "Do it like dee doo dee waddle doo." Analogy to Dylan. (Thomas? Check this out.) Subject denies influence of Tolstoi. Subject uses "nick" or NIK for No, I'm Kidding -- new jazz idiom? Subject falls asleep.

"It's no disgrace to be poor, but it might as well be."

-- Norm Clarke

NORM CLARKE ANSWERS BOYD RAEURN'S INSINUATION

"I tell you, Boyd," Norm Clarke said, "your art of war is of no use, because your knights are no good for real fighting. What use is armor against gunpowder? And if it was, do you think men that are fighting for France and for God will stop to bargain about ransoms, as half your knights live by doing? No."

NORM CLARKE: FROM A LETTER TO LES NIRENBERG

Insufferable, your letter. Once and for all, I refuse to be cursed at or whined at; I suply won't be reproached, or condemned. I do what I like and I don't admit anybody's right to call my doings into question. Last week I thought it would be amusing to go to Madrid with you; this week I don't. If my changing my mind has put you to any inconvenience I'm sorry.

"There was a star danced, and under that I was born." -- Norm Clarke



NORM CLARKE: PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

Norm Clarke acted the roles of White Bird and Beast Man in Cities in Bezique at the Public Theatre last winter. He has appeared on Broadway in her First Roman, The King and I, Caligula, and Kismet. He has toured in productions of Roar of the Greasepaint, Smell of the Crowd, and appeared in the film The Girl on a Chain Gang. Off-Broadway he had the main role of Black Militant in Riot, though because of his light color he was subject to inverse prejudice.

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"I am as an oblate spheroid." -- Norm Clarke

Seeded shoulders.

It seems that once was a fan by the name of Bob Cumnock. Bob Cumnock's parents displayed their good judgment in not letting him attend the local league meetings, and so this potential fan passed out of existence. However, he left his mark, for he gave Yerke Bradbury's address, and Yerke, then editor of IMAGINATION!, sent Bradbury a very official letter. On the meeting night of October 7, 1937, Yerke was sitting imbibing on a malt and listening to George Tulis play a ten cent flute, when a voice in the back said: "Is Mr. Yerke here?" All turned and screamed.

That is how it all started.

-- T. Bruce Yerke, in THE DAMN THING! #1,
November 1940

We were arguing about TAFF or something, but, after he moved, I was able to put off replying because, after all, he'd be arguing from different premises now.

-- Chuck Harris, in SWAN SONG #2, 1959

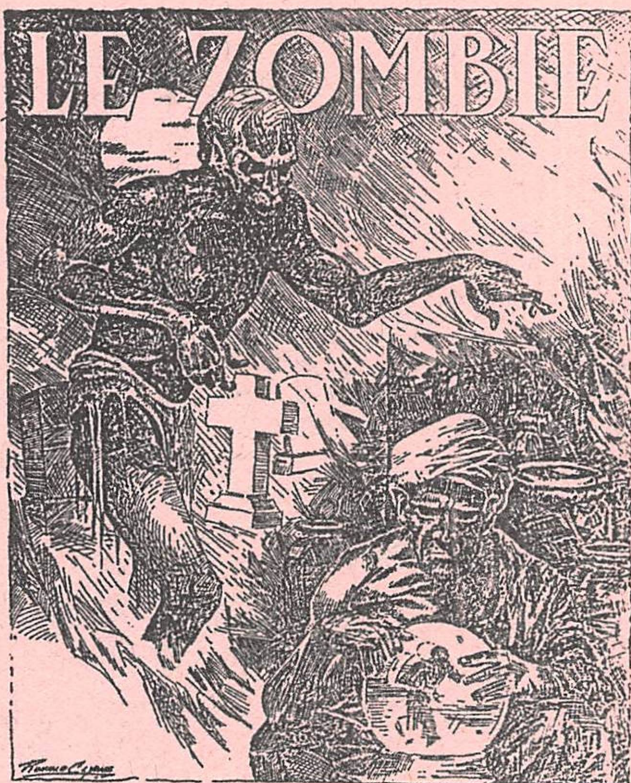
The erroneous idea that Ibid is the author of the Lives of the Poets is so frequently met with, even among those pretending to a degree of culture, that it is worth correcting. It should be a matter of general knowledge that Cf. is responsible for this work. Ibid's masterpiece, on the other hand, was the famous Op. Cit.

-- H. P. Lovecraft, in THE PHANTAGRAPH,
June 1940

The unit of ink is the smidgin. The table is: 3 nyimfs--1 smidgin, 5 smidgins--1 dirty great dollop. The British Standard Smidgin can be inspected at Slant House. Printers ink has most of the qualities of van Vogt's perfect paint. It is impossible to go within five feet of a tin without getting covered with the stuff. As we say, "I was inking my hands and got some on the press." There are solvents, of course, but the only real solution is to wear black clothes. No need to buy them specially.

-- Walt Willis, in SLANT #6, Winter 1951/52

All Our YESTERDAYS



BY HARRY
WARNER, JR.

As 1939 was tiptoeing into a barrage of war scares, a rosy-cheeked and almost typical American boy was getting some healthy exercise in the great Midwest. His fingers and cerebrum got a better workout than the remainder of his body, because he was publishing the final issue of his fanzine, SCIENCE AND FANTASY ADVERTISER. The last of the four pages of this third and last issue was devoted to an explanation of how another fan would take over this fanzine (he never did) and to a description of other fanzine projects, now that S&FA was no longer taking up time. The last paragraph of the last page added:

"Golly, we almost forgot to mention; we also publish another 'thing,' LE ZOMBIE, which is a two or four page affair of Candid Comment distributed gratis to readers of FANTASY NEWS, D'JOURNAL and YEARBOOK. So, pip pip, Bob Tucker."

Tucker totally forgot to mention that he was also going to write a long series of successful novels, invent much of the lasting fan terminology and legendry, sire a son with fannish instincts, win every available award except the ones for producing the best movies, and remain down through the decades exactly the same cheerfully sardonic personality that he was when the first issue of LeZ appeared at the end of 1938. The last

issue probably hasn't been published yet, because they've been emerging at lengthening intervals ever since. But the bulk of them were published during World War Two, about sixty of them. They weren't large fanzines, they weren't lavishly illustrated, they cost only a nickel or so per issue, and they represent one of the most wonderful fanzines in history. Tucker as a humorist was more prolific, more rambunctious, and more unpredictable when he was publishing LeZ regularly than he has been while writing for other fanzines in recent years. Some of his humor in LeZ has dated a trifle because its targets have grown tattered and indistinct with the passing of years. But a sizeable collection of LeZ is something like a one-volume edition of Shakespeare: your blood congeals at the thought of losing even a few lines through some monstrous accident, no matter if this or that passage no longer means as much to the reader in 1973 because his environment and philosophy aren't those of the LeZ mailing list three decades ago.

It was one of the first general circulation fanzines that was largely a reflection of its editor. Lots of other fans contributed to it, but the bulk of the writing over the years was by Tucker and the reader paid about the same attention to the paragraphs by outside contributors that you give to the commercials during an interesting television program today. It was also one of the earliest examples of the faanish type fanzine. It wasn't the pioneer in this respect, but it persisted so long in its creation of legendry about fans and their doings that it must have had the greatest influence on the full flowering of the ultimate faanish era of the 1950's in Savannah, Belfast and other farflung outposts.

It started as a single-sheeter that contained gossip, news and comment by Tucker. As early as the fourth issue, the gentle art of Moskowitz-baiting was being taught by old master Tucker: "Altho Tucker (yeh, me--) was not mentioned by Moskowitz in his SPACEWAYS 'old-timer' article, he lays a few claims to being one, anyway. Which leads to this: on April first, Tuck is publishing, free of charge to anyone who will send a stamp, a fan mag commemorating his tenth anniversary in science-fiction! The mag is called INVISIBLE STORIES. The mag is small size, mimeo'd, done in the lighter vein thru-out." As I recall, Tucker actually published it, and it fit his description exactly.

And even before the first worldcon, site and committee quibbling was being pioneered: "As this is written, the Powers-That-Be in New Fandom are trying to decide whether or not they should take up the World's Fair's offer of a free convention hall inside the fairgrounds. Cease worrying this instant, boys, Tucker has decided for you! The big convention is not to be held in New York! Nope! It will now be held in San Francisco. And the convention hall will be Sally Rand's Nude Ranch! Sexology science addicts, please note! Miss Rand will be much more educational and instructing than a bunch of old fogey scientists, anyhow!..."

It took only a year or two for the Tucker humor to become less frantic. By 1941, he had invented the LeZ-ettes, a fannish art form that has lamentably died out by now. Here are some examples from the January 1942 issue:

chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:
Amoeba	Brain	Dog-Star	Yngvi
chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:
Vacation	Rain	Pole-Star	Dog-Star
chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:
Gone fission	Hydrocephalic	Who's all wet?	Scratch!

In the same issue, Tucker described a less successful innovation, a new kind of chain letter "which was designed to produce material for LeZ. Each fan getting the letter was to dash off an article for us. We sent the letter first to Dick Wilson and Damon Knight. So what happened? Well, Doc Lowndes informs that the last he heard of the letter, it was shuttling back and forth between England and Australia. Some genius (?) apparently destroyed the original names and addresses (all in the U.S.) and substituted a list of fans in those two countries. Therefore our letter is now wearily plying back and forth across many thousands of miles of water...wet water, too...from England to Australia to England to Australia to England to Aus////////"

Fans were recycling things long before the ecology movement began. Writing as Squire Pong, Tucker described how his elementary education in detective science had enabled him to figure out why the wrapping paper on some magazines received from England had seemed worn:

"July 16, Korshak departed from the 'Little Olde Hatte Shoppe,' Chicago, with a certain amount of brown wrapping paper. In this paper he wrapped three books of sfnal nature, and sent them to Shroyer in Decatur, Ind. by parcel post. ** Upon reaching Shroyer's house they remained wrapped for nine days while a wet party was going on in the room where they had been tossed. Two nights in succession a cat slept on them. (I was unable to determine how the cat slept thru the noise.) July 25, Shroyer opened the bundle and discovered the covers were ruined by moisture; in anger and dismay he returned them to Korshak. He had a beer in his hand as he licked the stamps, the beer was Blatz, and it was flat.

"July 30, Korshak again mailed to Shroyer the books, new copies, and this time they were inner-wrapped in oilsilk. Korshak was grinning and drooling as he tied the string. ** August 9, Shroyer turned the paper inside out and addressed two old, ragged books to Joe Gilbert. Shroyer still had the same flat, Blatz beer in his hand. ** Gilbert received the books, wrapped up a condenser coil and three broken radio tubes in the paper, and carried the packet over to Harry Jenkins. ** Jenkins used the paper to mail a packet of old love letters to a friend (girl?) in NYC. The letters were written in green ink, were some years old. Jenkins smoked a briar pipe that hadn't been cleaned since May Day, 1936, as he licked the stamps.

"How the paper left the friend's (girl?) hands is not known. It next turned up at Julie Unger's place in Brooklyn, who used it to send three copies of Future Fiction and one Planet to John Millard in Jackson, Mich. Unger was eating peppermint drops when he mailed it, and just recovered from a cold. ** Millard made use of the wrapper immediately, sending two phonograph records to Walt Daugherty in L.A. One of the records was warped and beginning to crack at the edges. Millard smokes Camels. ** Daugherty carried the paper over to Ackerman, knowing the latter saves such. ** A few days later Ackerman mailed a bulky fan article (probably on the Chicon) to Eric Russell in Australia, still using the paper. He had again just finished a chocolate malt, but this one had a two-day-old egg in it. Morajo licked the stamps and stickers.

"The customs inspector (or censor?) who intercepted the package smoked cheap cigars, drank a very cheap grade of whiskey, had a glass eye and a missing thumb. He once failed a Boy Scout test; tied poor knots. ** Eric Russell kept the paper two weeks, once threw it away, retrieved it again, and finally used it to mail some western magazines to Ron Holmes in England. Russell lives in a two story frame house, crawling with red termites. ** Holmes received the package October 1. The inspector (censor?) who intercepted it this time has a scar on his right thumb, a minor criminal record, and was not a suspicious soul. He merely threw the package on the floor to see if it would explode, didn't open it. Holmes

had just signed up for the army and was wearing his uniform and smelling of ale when the package arrived. Busy clearing up his collection in preparation for an expected long absence, he seized the paper to wrap the Unknowns and sent them off at once to America and me. ...

"Think of the thousands upon thousands of miles it has traveled, hands upon hands it has known, perhaps a foot or two."

Tucker also ran fake advertisements like those later made famous by Bill Danner. After Earl Singleton's hoax suicide, he gave a full-pager to the Oliver King Smith Company Fight-a-Feud Service. This gentleman was the Singleton roommate under whose name Singleton's passing had been reported. Smith's Asserted Services offered the client any line of attack he chose for conducting feuds, including: Ignorant (in fandom less than five years); Perverted (reads Amazing); Old-fashioned (likes science fiction); and War-monger (thinks next convention should be in New York City). This was in October 1941, and things haven't changed a bit.

The June 1940 issue contained a more or less straight description of Tucker's den in a newly acquired home in the country. I think these are the first published references to two more fragments of fannish legend:

"Not so long ago I read somewhere of a chap who was a wallpaper maniac. It seems he had his heart set on a wallpaper that had pictured on it black octopuses, and he hunted for years until he found his beloved octopuses. I immediately wanted some of the same: the idea of sitting for hours staring at grinning octopi appealing to my Pongish nature. I didn't find any, but in my search thru perhaps two dozen stores, I found some of the damdest wallpaper! Once I found some dead black paper spattered with white horses and palm trees. That would have been on my wall if they hadn't wanted 75¢ a roll for it. The final choice was something more frugal, but: a cream background splattered and splashed with bright red fire engines, prancing horses and racing dogs! The fire engines are the old horse-drawn type, and now and then a surrey goes dashing by. It really slays the neighbors. I did my best.

"To round out....a sign over the door reading: OUR DAILY PRAYER. Please, Lord, help me to keep my damn nose out of other people's business."

Claude Degler's rise and fall coincided with LE ZOMBIE's youth. The November 1943 issue gave otherwise unpublished details on the time Claude lost his way in the Everglades while attempting to find his way to Raym Washington's Live Oak home and was treed by an alligator. After a while, an Indian wandered by.

"'Ugh,' the Indian is asserted to have asserted, peering up into the tree at the parched purveyor of cosmic clarions. And again: 'Ugh!'

"'Hullo,' was the nasal reply. 'I'm Claude Degler, nation-wide organizer of the Cosmen. I'm searching for Raym Washington Jr of the Star-flecked Cosmos, Ark of Firebug. Unfortunately, a monster has treed me. And I am without a weapon. See--that crouching crocodile at your feet.'

"'Ugh,' the Indian is said to have said. With one thumping whack on the thick hide he sent the gator galloping. 'Ugh.'

"It is then related that dauntless Degler descended downward and in his own unique manner attempted to reward the lowly Indian. 'My brave Brave,' said Degler, 'take this--one of my dearest possessions.' And he gave the Indian a copy of the Cosmic Circle Commentator.

"'Ugh,' the now enlightened savage is supposed to have said. And he proceeded on his way, waving the paper in the air. 'Ugh.'

"And then there was the postcard broadside that hit the midwest a few weeks later. Like Paul Revere's famous warning flung into the night to the sleeping country-folk, came this postcard in the mails:

"'Flee!' it screamed. 'Flee for your lives! Degler left Washington this morning, heading west. He hit Hagerstown Friday the 13th; fortunately the entire family was down with beri-beri, so he couldn't stay. If we knew his exact route we could broadcast storm warnings. Flee!'

"The card was unsigned in a shaky hand."

By July 1946, LE ZOMBIE was appearing irregularly and Tucker was claiming editorially that "we no longer believe LeZ has it on the ball." You'd never guess it from this slender and totally inspired issue. For instance, it contained Tucker's answers to questions in a poll that Rick Sneary was taking. One question had been designed to find out if the polled person would "be willing to be the first person to land on the moon if you knew you would die there alone." Tucker answered: "Damn right he will, unless he can plant one foot on Earth and the other on Mars and die in three places at once." Rick asked what the individual would take to kill a person he had never met. It would depend on who paid for the transportation and the distance involved, Tucker answered, but he recommended "that you take at least two suits of clothes, three changes of underwear, and an umbrella." When Sneary asked with whom the individual would like to be lost on an asteroid, Tucker referred to "an amazing variety of answers, all immoral," then decided that such a life would become boring and therefore: "Take along a snapping turtle, preferably a talking one."

The biggest LE ZOMBIE that I can locate at the moment runs to just short of fifty pages, counting a variety of inserts. It's the January 1944 annish. Even today, when fanzines have more spectacular art than they ever possessed in the past, you won't find anything like the front cover, credited to Frank Robinson. It's done with airbrush and some since lost secret of perfect registration in five colors that are as brilliant as if the ink were still wet. This issue contained a news flash about Degler, who was then using the name of Don Rogers: "Len Marlow informs us that Rogers has acquired several copies of INFINITE #2 (November 1941), inserted new contents pages in them with himself as editor, and distributed the copies as new fanzines. Startling Stories last summer received such a copy and printed a review of it in their fanzine section."

For a long time, LeZ subtitled itself The Kept Korpse, because E. Everett Evans was angeling it. At least once, Tucker didn't even do the publishing work on an issue. The April 1941 edition looks like a forgery, because it wasn't stencilled on Tucker's familiar typewriter. While Bob was in Los Angeles, Walt Daugherty and Virginia O'Brien turned out an issue for Tucker. Most of it contained a reprint of a serious C.S. Youd article that deserves a new reprinting in full today, not just because its author became the professional John Christopher. It described his experiences in the fireblitz and it might cheer up some present-day fans who think nothing could be worse than what they've been enduring in this disintegrating world:

"Back up the High Street, avoiding leaning walls. Two policemen fell in with us for a time. 'On duty?' We assented. 'Watching for looters, I s'pose? Orders to shoot on sight?' We agreed importantly. 'Bloody good thing, too.' I attempted a discussion on the contrasting ethical values involved in picking up a chemise from a store supporting several millionaires and the violation of small bombed-out houses, but could see it was not going to be successful. The other policeman, young and well fed, spoke. 'I don't believe in Hell, but by Christ the people who started this will roast in torment.' I saw what he meant. Curiously I heard no talk of reprisals. All were too numbed and shattered to want anything but a respite... The Forum was intact, but a thin pyre of smoke rose from the

top. All along that black fires munched steadily and, with walls leaning outwards all the way, Newman and I detoured around the back. We passed buses and trams scorched like living organisms. Newman is going to be a pilot. 'Swine!' he grunted."

By the time he published the July 1948 issue, Tucker was repeating himself, insisting: "The well of original humor has just about run dry." You can judge for yourself by these selections from Pong's Dictionary:

"Fan: absolutely undefinable. If the Greeks had a word for them, they took care never to speak the word in public. Time: an unseen but often felt something which fugits along in a straight line until a harrowed author needs a plot. Fan-mag: a stack of sloppy sheets stapled together, containing Rick Sneary-like spelling, horrible art work and excuses. Number one fan: biggest jerk."

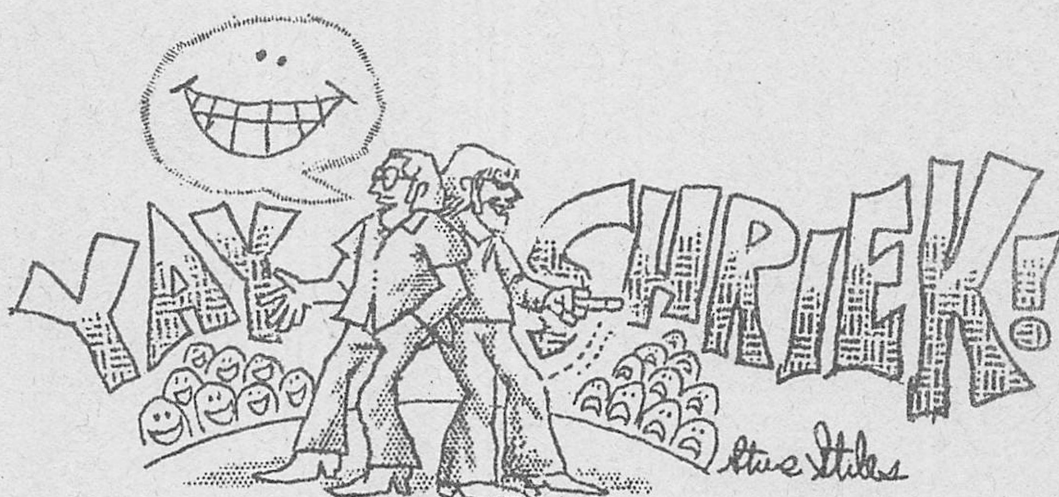
After all this copying of old Tucker fanzines, I'm unhappy because I haven't even mentioned Poor Pong's Almanac, the wonderful Tucker comments in the letter sections, the incredible puns that swarmed through occasional Walt Liebscher contributions, the wild dancing savages that Roy Hunt drew for the LE ZOMBIE calendar for 1942, the columns contributed by D.B. Thompson, and scores of other important aspects of LeZ. I don't know whether it would be easier to collect a complete set of that fanzine or to persuade Tucker to start publishing it again. In case of doubt, choose the latter alternative and make everybody happy.

-- Harry Warner, Jr.



JUST THE OTHER DAY, JOHN D. BERRY AND I DIVIDED FANDOM

ARNIE
KATZ



Just the other day, John D. Berry and I divided fandom. I didn't think much about it at the time, but mulling it over, I can see how it could be of interest to the rest of you. Let no man say I have kept vital information from him. So, I repeat, John D. Berry and I have divided fandom.

It was all perfectly inevitable, of course. There we sat, John D. Berry and I, drinking Pepsi and dividing fandom.

"You know, John D., there has been a succession of famous pairs of fans. First there were Burbee and Laney. Laney, the insurgent, the cutter and slasher, teamed with Burbee the incomparable satirist, the dirtiest talking man Towner Laney ever knew."

"That's right," John D. Berry said, between bites of food and sips of Pepsi. "That's absolutely right."

"And then, when Laney had gone east to die and Burbee was forgotten in FAPA, there were Terry Carr and Ted White. Terry Carr was the Burbee of the sixties and Ted White cut and slashed his way to the hearts of fans everywhere."

"Yes, yes, I see it all," John D. said to me. Knowing John D., I bet he probably saw it all.

"Then I came into fandom. At first I thought I would be the Laney of my generation. I looked around for my Burbee, skewering the odd fugghead who happened to come my way just to warm up. Keep in practice, you know.

"I looked around for the fan to play Burbee to my Laney. At first I thought Len Bailes was good Burbee material. But then I looked him over, up and down. I searched into his mind, I checked his posture.

Len Bailes was not the dirtiest talking fan I knew. Len Bailes was not meant to be the Burbee of his generation. Len Bailes was meant to write articles with titles like 'Where Has It All Gone?'

"I looked elsewhere for my Burbee-figure. I really thought Lon Atkins was destined to be Burbee to my Laney. He wrote in the Burbee mold. He drank beer, and I was sure he would take to the idea of home brew. When he moved to Los Angeles, I knew it was the crucial moment."

"What happened?" John D. Berry asked me.

"I knew he would either become a fabulous insurgent and write tales of Los Angeles fandom filled with the doings of fabulous Burbee-like characters or I would have to seek elsewhere."

"And..."

"He started bowling with Bruce Pelz."

John D. shook his head. "And since then, you've wandered the plains of fandom, seeking that perfect specimen, the four-square fan capable of taking the mantle of Burbee from the palsied fingers of Terry Carr."

"No. At first I went on looking for the new Burbee. But then it didn't seem necessary anymore. I wasn't getting the old joy out of skewering fuggheads. I began to wonder if my Laney days were drawing to a close."

"Do you have any left-over fuggheads lying around?" John D. Berry asked. "I'll skewer them up for you."

I smiled. John D. Berry is a good man, but he was rushing the conclusion of this article. "Let me finish, John D., and then you can go skewer a couple of fuggheads."

"Then one day someone said to me, 'You know, Arnie, you write like Burbee.' 'Like Burbee?' I said. 'A little,' they said. 'Like Burbee?' I said. 'Well, a little,' they said."

"So I looked within myself, using my fine mind, and I saw a little Burbee. I have been watering this little Burbee every day. Things are going so well that now I'm looking for a Laney."

"You're looking for a Laney. Goddamn." John D. shook his head in wonderment.

I leaned forward and clapped him on the shoulder. Now that I have decided to be the Burbee figure instead of the Laney figure I am friendly. I can be approached, notebook in hand, very easily. "John D., you are the new Laney!"

"Me?" I could see he was thrilled.

"Yes. I've been watching your progress. You've been making splendid progress, John D. I look at you and I say to myself, 'Now

there is a fan who is progressing."

"You liked my attack on costume balls in EGOBOO?" he asked, warming to the topic of John D. Berry's progress.

"Indeed. Certainly. And you did a fine job on A. Graham Boak." At the mention of this little known British fan, John D. emitted a "boak." "No, no, John D., that is all behind you now. You are the new Laney. Laney would have boaked at nothing." He nodded.

"Can you see how it will be, John D.? You will be the cut-and-slash king, the bitter cynic exposing evil and corruption wherever you find it, and damn the consequences. I will write lilting satires of subtle deadliness. Together we will see to it that fandom once again has its Burbee and Laney figures. You and me, Meyer, we'll do that."

So we shook hands, and I'm writing it up.

Reality is a symptom of mescaline deficiency.

Just before the last war, I'd got myself involved in Fandom and in publishing a fanzine called NOVA. Another guy and Evans were in on the mag with me. Three issues came out, each better than the one before. The future looked bright. Then one day E. E. Evans approached me.

"Al," he said, "I find I'm not getting my money's worth of egoboo out of NOVA."

Considering his position as a third partner on NOVA, I was trying to use all of his stuff I could. Still I was supposed to be the editor, and to be thinking of all that readership out there, and such stuff. I must admit none of the three issues so far published had contained more than 65% of material by Evans.

"So," Evans went on, "I'm withdrawing my support from NOVA, and devoting all my efforts to the NFFF." Drawing himself into a stance, he exclaimed, "In the NFFF I feel I shall attain my full stature, and receive what is coming to me!"

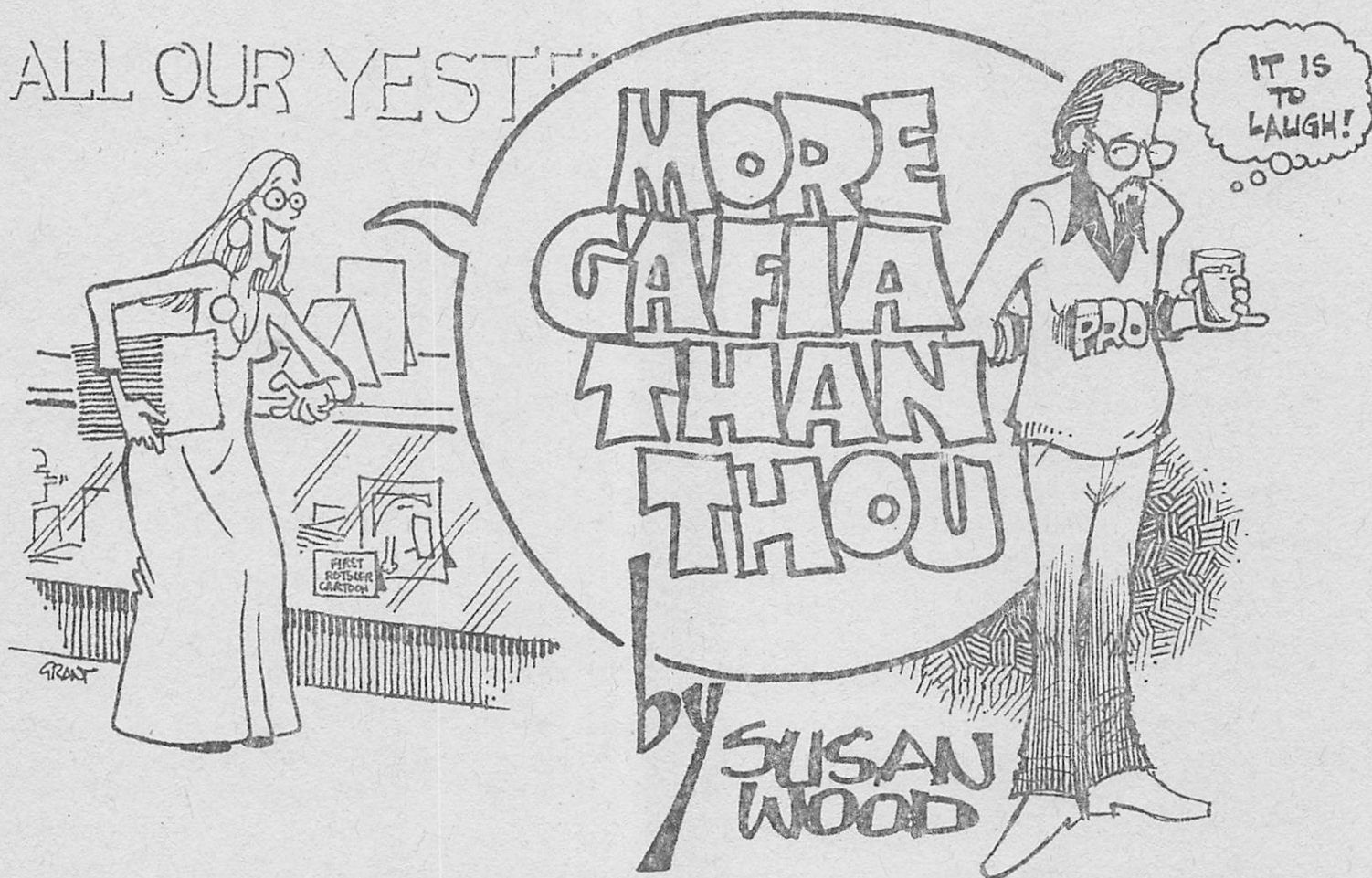
-- Al Ashley, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #38,
November 1947

Just after the war, Martin Alger owned a huge Packard which he used to drive from Detroit to Saginaw and back loaded with as many as nine fans. When he decided to get a newer model, he sold the old Packard. He pushed it off on the State of Michigan, which put it into service hauling newly-committed patients from Detroit to the State Insane Asylum at Ypsilanti. Martin thought that was a very appropriate destiny for such a fannish vehicle.

-- Art Rapp, in MUZZY #2, August 1953

Ben Singer was on a radio program, where he and the announcer were killing time chatting. It was near the end of the program. The announcer said, "Gosh, I'm hungry, I haven't had breakfast yet." Ben was said to reply, "That's okay, you can have mine, it's on the floor."

-- Max Keasler, in WOMBAT, January 1952



Three years ago (or possibly six, by the time you read this), Terry Carr told me I could gafiate.

We were standing in the All Our Yesterdays Room, my fanhistory display at Torcon, assuring each other we didn't care about fandom and speculating on our chances of losing the Best Fanwriter Hugo.

"Of course, I'm never going to have anything to do with fandom again, after I leave here on Monday," I insisted. "Still, I wouldn't mind winning a fan Hugo."

"No," said Terry firmly. "I'm going to win it this year. Then I can gafiate. You get to win it next year. Then you can become a Big Name Gafiate too. After you write something for INNUENDO."

It came to pass even as Terry Carr had predicted. We won our respective Hugos, and ceased our respective fanac. The occasional personalzine here, the odd spot of FAPA minac there, didn't count as Real Fanac. Terry, holing up every year with a suitcase of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups and a year's worth of prozines, continued his rise as a Big Name Editor. I moved 2,000 miles, gafiated and became an Academic. I even taught sf, which is as unfannish as you can get. On the rare occasions when my path crossed Terry's, we would exchange rarified intellectual conversation befitting blase old fen who'd matured beyond All That. Well, actually, we would indulge in that great East Bay game of onedownpersonship: More Gafia

Than Thou.

"Susan! What are you doing here at the Ellingtons' party, with all these fans?" (Terry attacks, scoring the first point.)

"I'm in town for the MLA conference." (Susan, pleading scholastic, parries, then attacks:) "Say, I just got the new FAPA mailing, with DIASPAR in it. Thought you were gafia."

"I am." (He is forced to the defensive.) "But I discovered I'd already paid my dues, so what the hell. ...Besides, I just got your fanzine with the Aussiecon report. I didn't go all the way to Melbourne, to be a -- Fan Guest of Honor!"

"Only half a Fan Guest of Honor!" (I counter, feebly.)

"Now, I admit I typed a page and a half of a NASFiC report -- but I never finished it. You not only wrote a report, you published it! And mailed it! Susan, you're so..." (He pauses, poised for the coup de grace.) "...so goshwow!"

Bestowing a look of amused tolerance somewhere above my head, Terry ambles off to talk to Dick Ellington, leaving me muttering, "...isn't a fanzine, mumble mumble, wasn't a real trip report..." into my orange juice.

Of course, I can't hope to win a game of More Gafia Than Thou against Terry Carr. He's eleven years Older and Tireder than I. He is also terribly Cool. (All fifties fans are terribly Cool. My generation was terribly Involved, and old habits die hard.)

Besides, I do keep making these goshwow blunders. Last spring, I thought I'd finally achieved gafiation. I was dropped from FAPA. I cultivated an Old and Tired expression; his the fanzines that kept arriving, two or three a day; and drove out to the airport to meet our Special Guest for V-Con 5: Terry Carr.

"Hello, Susan. Nice to see you. Did you know the FAPA mailing is late again?"

"Oh, really?" I shrugged (thinking, Dammit, I could've gotten my eleven pages in after all). "Well, I suppose it matters to people like you, but I just dropped out. I've gafiated, you know."

The eyebrow raised itself. The tone became indulgent. "Susan, I don't think you quite understand. You aren't gafia. You're on the V-Con Committee!"

Score another ten points for the East Day Hasbeens, I thought, but kept fighting. "You just published a Lilapazine. And you mentioned FAPA first!"

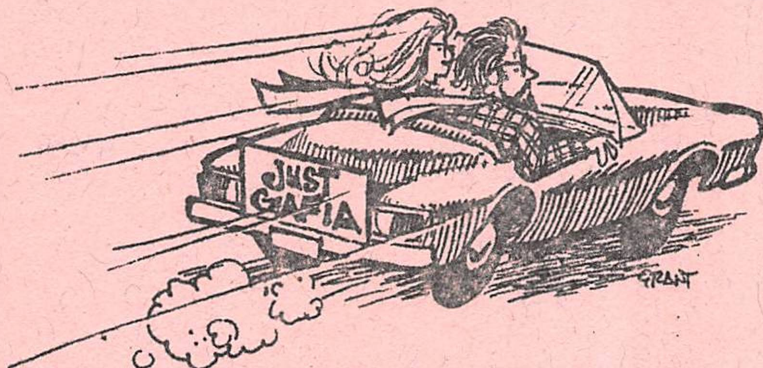
Terry seemed shaken, but that could've been my driving. He rallied, though, and counterattacked with every reserve he possessed. "Face it, Susan, I really am More Gafia Than Thou. I've got sixty stencils for the next INNUENDO in my office. Greg Benford keeps calling me long-distance to ask when I'm going to publish his article. There's fabulous stuff sitting there...especially the half an editorial I wrote. And it's all

been there...stenciled...unpublished...for six years!"

Okay, Terry Carr; you've won the first round. We goshwow neofans are sneaky little critturs, though, and we know how to turn an incurable Sense of Wonder into an advantage.

Terry Carr, I'm going to expose your fannish soul!

My plan began to take shape when I saw your column in SWOON. Fanac! Not just from Terry Carr, but from Joyce and Arnie Katz, who'd been fabulous fannish gafiates for a couple of burnt-out years. The Kunkles' RATS arrived soon after, followed by SWOON #2. When I visited the Bay Area in July, Terry showed me SWOON #3...with an Entropy Reprint he'd contributed, a talking fannish blues by Terry and Miriam Carr. Good stuff, too. When I said so, he seemed pleased.



Egoboo is addicting, after all: one fix and you're hooked. Permanently. The Katz-Kunkle coalition couldn't kick it. Even Charles Burbee is back in FAPA.

Egoboo: a swiftly-acting drug that immediately produces a rash of fanac. And what was Terry saying?

"Um, yeah, that talking blues wasn't bad. Ran across it when I was, well, actually, I was going through my fan files."

"Nostalgia?" I asked sweetly, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, no, actually, Arnie and Joyce asked me to find something of mine to reprint."

"What egoboo!" I exclaimed.

"Egoboo...." murmured Terry. Longingly. Faanishly. "Yeah. I just sent off my seven dollars to Joe Siclari for a copy of A WEALTH OF FABLE. It probably has my name in it."

I bent over a pile of moldering FAPA mailings from 1953 to hide my exultant grin. Terry was ungafiating!

Soon the worldcon will be here. I'll be pretending I'm at a scholarly conference; Terry will pretend he's at a pro writers' conference; and there'll be 4,000 neos, convinced they're at an autograph party. I'll lure Terry away from the Meet the Authors party and show him Ro Lutz-Nagy's Neofan Room. "Sense of wonder, Terry! Egoboo! This looks like fun! How do you hand-trace an illo?" I'll show him today's offset crudzines, the ones that sell bad fanfiction for \$1.50, and when he recoils I'll ask him to explain what "fannish" means. I'll beg till he teaches me the chord changes for the Void Boys' Song.

Then I'll fulfill his deepest fannish craving, revealed only to a

few intimates in the pages of VOID #29.

Yes, I'll take Terry Carr to the First Fandom Party.

Surrounded by real Old Fen and Tired, he'll be exposed for the fake gaffiate he really is. As his defenses crumble before their arcane and unspeakable rituals ("Yog Sothoth...Ed Earl Repp..."), I'll move in with my final weapon.

I'll give him my article for INNUENDO.

It will either be so good he'll take the next plane home to start stencilling it, or so bad he'll call room service for a typer and stencils, and finish his witty fannish editorial before my eyes, to show an upstart what real fannishness should be.

Either way, he'll succumb to the egoboo-and-fanac drug. There'll be an issue of INNUENDO in my mailbox before Halloween, and two more before Christmas as the locs start pouring in. Terry Carr will be less gaffia than I!

Then he can publish THE INCOMPLETE SUSAN.

And then I can gaffiate at last.

I feel I was with the Tao when I thought of the propellor
beanie as a symbol for fandom. -- Ray Nelson

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead
He never to himself has said,
"I am a member of Trufandom!"?

Who ne'er has called himself twice blest
Finding a stfyarn 'mong the rest
In some mundanezine chosen at random?

If such there be, his fate how gruesome!
No fannish fire expands his bosom;
Let him rule fandom, prodom too --
Boundless howe'er his egoboo,
The wretch who finds no joy in stf
Living shall be an LNF
And, doubly dying, shall be forgotten,
Evicted from the realm of the Star-Begotten!

-- Gordon Black, in CENTURY NOTE

No longer does there remain any necessity to explain to you the glories of the great World Convention to come. It's here! Your living it now! Your breathing the atmosphere of science-fiction Now's the opportunity to make acquaintances that you may cherish the rest of your natural life. Refuse to depart until you are virtually forcibly ejected.

-- Sam Moskowitz, in NEW FANDOM #5,
July 1939

F TOWNER

LANEY

CHESTNUT

TREE POET

elmer perdue

Of F Towner Laney, the man, much has been written. Some studies have attained remarkable depth in developing why this college graduate turned his back on the academic surroundings to make a living as a machinist and leadman. His versifying (which, so far as I know, has never seen print) will be dealt with lightly in this retrospective essay.

It began in 1945 shortly after one Walter J Leibscher arrived in town. I was standing in the clubroom unpling some of the three hundred pounds of mixed type that faced me when my printing press arrived here.

They'd forgotten to mark the type cases with This Side Up. But that's another story. Laney, Leibscher, and a couple others of the Michigan contingent came in. Walt was telling amusing but unprintable stories from his notebook. He carried his fund of stories in his head, all except the punch line. Not yet to the step of "63"---ho, ho, ho, "2"---ho, ho, ho, "82"---well, some people never can tell a story well." The notebook was a step in that direction, though.

So Leibscher came to one, laughed, said something like Laney, this'll kill you, and proceeded:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village half-wit sat:
Amusing himself
By abusing himself
And catching it in his hat.

-- traditional

The Laney laugh is fabled in song and story. His response was all that a raconteur could desire. The tale, though, was old hat to me and I -- old hat? Heh heh. I used the interval to seek for a topper -- topper. Heh heh. Inspiration struck and I improvised when the echo died:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
There sat the village queer:
Amusing himself
By abusing himself
And stuffing it in his ear.

-- e. perdue

Laney exploded as per expectation. Does memory fail me after a decade and a half, or was there something not quite wholehearted in the entire audience response to my sally? Probably not.

At intervals over the next few days Towner and I would greet each other with some new contrivance, working on the second and fifth lines, covering many of the village occupations and associated disposal techniques. It was Laney who broke the couplet barrier in the third and fourth lines, though. It was at a party at his home and I was drinking muscatel and he came up to me, leered, and said I got a new one for you meyer especially for you:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
There lay the village mayor:
Making time pass
By licking the ass
Of a drunken piano player.

-- f t laney

How about that, meyer? You're a piano player and you're sure a drunken piano player.

Thus not only was Laney the innovator of free form for the last four lines of the quintain, but also the originator of the personalized ditty. He thus unfettered my imagination, to where I could create:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Lay my (sweetie*) with young Master Kepner.
He told me, "I'll try
With some fresh Spanish Fly
To put just a little more pepner."

-- e. perdue

One of the fabulous lasfasans of the time was a newspaper reporter, Niesen S Himmel. He lived in a weird triangular back structure within a block of USC. After about three months attendance he and Laney found that they were near neighbors. Seems to me there's a story goes with that, but I've forgotten what it was. Himmel, a good liberal, worked for the Herald-Express. Still does. Says it's odd but newspapers attract workers of the opposite political faith.

My own best chestnut tree was dedicated to Himmel, composed during the long long midnight hours operating an engine lathe:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Lay a drunken reporter for Hearst,
Shouting in shame
"Communism's to blame!"
When he found that his condom had burst.

-- e. perdue

It could never have been done without Laney's inspired leadership.

By this time Charles Burbee was away fighting to make the world safe for something or other. I don't think they ever told him what he was fighting for. And in his absence I talked the people in the machine shop where Burbee had got me a job into putting Kepner to work at one of the engine lathes. I spent some time covering up for Kepner when he took the night off, too -- but that's also another story.

And around the club at that time was a loud-mouthed beetle named Lora Crozetti. Joe Sullivan was playing piano at a bar on Western just south of Hollywood Boulevard. A good pre-war or rather OPA location, too. Beer was thirty-five cents a bottle. Sit at the bar, listen to Joe Sullivan, thirty-five cents. Somehow Crozetti talked me into taking her there. I made it clear to her that when the piano was going her tongue was not to be. And was horribly bored on the long streetcar trip.

So one night during those horribly long eleven and one half hour night

*Name, as used in original, deleted to protect Badge 714.

shifts at Hayes Furnace and Manufacturing, Kepner came over and said Meyer I've got a chestnut tree for you. And he prated a five-line bit that started with chestnut tree and was an utter semantic blank in lines two to five incl. I think he had some Latin and a bit of Spanish in it, but it meant nothing 'soever. Huh? says I and he repeated, whereat I shook my head.

Well then, try this:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
There lay the village Crozetti:
Ignoring the hump
Of fat on her rump
She was boasting of posing for Petty.

-- j. kepner

Which made me feel rather proud of Jimmy, for turning out one that was both clean, wittily malicious, and parsed well. Both, I said.

Thereafter things kinda went to pot. One night Laney broke me up all to hell with the village photo-engraver. Something about his abnormal reproductive processes, or maybe how he got the ink off after inking his roller, or you guess. He told me while I was drunk, and I laughed all the way home, but the words are as one with the muscatel that died that eve... all I know is the photo-engraver was Laney's best and two weeks later when I asked him he'd forgotten what it had been.

One other time and one other time only did I top F Towner. He came up to me at club meeting one night and said without preamble:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
There lay the village Morrie*
His meat he was pounding
With a rolled-up Astounding
Until it was bloody and gory.

-- f t laney

Awkward rhythm bothers me, particularly inverted trochees. And I was sober at the time, which was before my brain had turned to gray cheese. Within five seconds I replied, also without preamble:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
Lay the village garage dweller,
Pounding his meat
On the bicycle seat
Where (his girl friend*) had sat (he could smell her).

-- e. perdue

This was the one time I have seen Laney go hypersonic. Honest. His laugh was so violent, explosive, and unheard that for a moment I feared he was having an attack.

The last chestnut tree to come from Laney was surprisingly gentle and impersonal in its aim. He was also a hard man to get away from, and as I stood on his doorstep he said like a benison:

*Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
There stood the village priest:
Jacking off without malice
Right into his chalice
That his libido might be released.

-- f t laney

Shall we leave Laney on his doorstep, a soft smile on his face, as he
muses of priests, nuns, and watermelons? Thinking, we presume, of churches,
accordions, and watermelon seeds? No, not yet.

Let us instead, as this informal reminiscence fades like an unfixed
blueprint under the sun --

Let us instead, wonder. What scene did the photo-engraver make? You
who -- yoo hoo -- you who knew Laney: Seems to me from muscatel memory that
engraving acids may have formed part of the quintain. What, knowing Laney,
do you think his immortal five lines were?

Ghod has punished you with a typo.

Last month, I understand, the brave men of the U.S. Air Force in Viet-
nam strafed to death seven elephants and eleven water buffaloes, because
they were believed to be carrying Viet Cong supplies. Now, I think it was
quite likely that those elephants were not Communists, and possibly neither
were the water buffaloes. Even if you will grant that it is permissible to
kill Communist human beings because they are Communists, a premise I'm not
yet ready to concede, I think it is probably immoral to kill Communist
elephants or Communist water buffaloes, especially when there is no clear
evidence that they have Red tendencies.

-- Bob Silverberg, in SNICKERSNEE #2,
August 1966

Russ Winterbotham seems a nice guy, not at all the cold stern man you
would expect from his name.

-- Walt Willis, in SPACESHIP #16, February 1952

What the hell is this all about anyhow? Doesn't anybody know why we
are floating down this river of piss in a blue-enameled bedpan? I just
woke up myself to the situation. A while back I thought the river was soda
pop and we were riding in the Queen Mary, but there's a certain air about
this whole thing that gave it all away.

-- Ray Nelson, in SPACEWARP #37,
April 1950

Al Ashley proclaims himself as a "Timebinder -- who can see the past,
the present, and the future as one continuous scroll; as one picture."
Well, I wish this were true of me, but it isn't. The bookie's agent down by
work was offering, on the afternoon of the recent election, odds of 60 to 1
on Dewey. Did I, with fannish aplomb, put a hundred bucks on this sure
thing? Hell no. Had I been a fan in the Ashley sense, I could have done
this and gone back the next day and picked up \$6000, almost enough to finance
a large and ornate edition of FAN-DANGO. I'm just not a fan.

-- F. T. Laney, in MORPHEUS #2,
February 1949

our man in SIDNEY COLEMAN

PATRIOTISM & POLITICS & POT: Last month I went to Washington, to serve on a panel sifting applications for National Science Foundation Postdoctoral Fellowships. This is awful work, and pays nothing but expenses; nevertheless, I did it gladly. The reason is that I am basically a very patriotic boy, and this offered me a rare chance to serve my country without being a swine. Such opportunities come all too infrequently in these parlous times, and are to be seized.

Some of the applications were strange reading. For example, this year Peter Freund at the University of Chicago recommended no less than three graduate students, in three separate letters of recommendation, as each being the best graduate student the University had had in the last ten years. Who do you think reads these letters, Freund? Goyim?

While I was in Washington I met Dan Feivel, an old friend who is part of a group that seized control of the D.C. Democratic Committee in a McCarthyite¹⁹⁶⁸ coup. The District's voting strength being what it is (zero), this ranks, in terms of realpolitik, with taking over the Cosmic Circle. Natheless, it offers educational opportunities (as we say in the Middle-Aged, or Gutless, Left) and Feivel was preparing to testify at local hearings on the possible legalization of marijuana. "I plan to begin," he said, "by saying that we think these hearings are too hasty and superficial, and should be more spaced out. Then I'll tell them that we've done an extensive head count, and found a lot of grass-roots support." Now I know why McCarthy never had a chance.

On the plane back I found myself sitting next to Lester Grinspoon, a local shrink who wrote the article on pot in a recent Scientific American. He had been to Washington to testify at the abovementioned hearings. He was drinking like a fish. "You drink like a fish, Grinspoon," I said. He explained that this was not his usual habit, but that he had a bad back that acted up once in a while, and, when this happened, he knew of no

He didn't know about the Scythians, either.

THE MOST DEPRESSING THING I'VE HEARD THIS YEAR: In a discussion of favorite foods, Seymour Pappert observed, "After you reach a certain age, you don't have favorites any more." I feel this is a saying that will frequently return to me at four in the morning (the hour of the hoo-has, as Mr. Eliot felicitously put it), along with "The young think growing old is a gradual decline; in fact, it is more like falling down a flight of stairs." (When I'm in a certain mood, I go around quoting at people like mad; I usually wear a tweed sport jacket and smoke a pipe for the occasion.)

at the moment, has long been reputed to be a fannish wasteland ("No Cantonese fans"--Pong. "Not a Cosman between the Jura and the Saleve"--Degler. "Due to the pervasive influence of the brilliant neurotic John Calvin."--Art Castillo.), the charge is baseless. As you can see from the attached extract from the Cantonal phone book, Geneva offers three varieties of fanac. The typographical kind is well-known to all of us, and the mechanical kind, although less common, should be familiar to members of apas with activity requirements -- but I must admit I've never heard before of electrical fanac. It sounds culturish. I don't know if

<p>672</p> <p>45 19 46</p> <p>61 14 69</p> <p>caud. m-d.</p> <p>31 82 32</p> <p>40</p> <p>7 32 (47 03 20)</p> <p>et Pisto SA</p> <p>4</p> <p>25 93 72</p> <p>Jeannette</p> <p>et Augustus</p> <p>gustius 9</p> <p>24 69 66</p> <p>les révéler</p> <p>rea 13</p> <p>44 36 59</p> <p>eydou) La Rippe-sur-</p> <p>32 23 40</p> <p>rd) micanciera</p> <p>no 157</p> <p>34 78 28</p> <p>9 (Lrads) desinstruc-</p> <p>ch. de Tarnat 21</p> <p>3</p> <p>33 36 23</p> <p>9 (Vélan)</p> <p>no 16</p> <p>43 89 63</p> <p>Ar méd. prof.</p> <p>abielot hsp. cant.</p> <p>46 92 62</p> <p>42 58 73</p>	<p>ancien Trésorier</p> <p>atter Hennepeter empl. comm.</p> <p>r. de l'Arvois 31</p> <p>36 56 68</p> <p>Falkin Henri (Sarkely) ch. Palet-</p> <p>tes 15 Lil-Lary</p> <p>43 55 01</p> <p>Falsetti Antoine meubleur et</p> <p>boiserie r. du Post-Neuf 8</p> <p>Carouge</p> <p>43 74 82</p> <p>— Carlo r. Daniel-Gerril 2</p> <p>Catouge</p> <p>43 61 35</p> <p>— Francis micas. r. du Post-</p> <p>Neuf 8 Carouge</p> <p>43 64 31</p> <p>Falkson Samuel impr. typogr.</p> <p>no 1 de la Muse 8</p> <p>25 95 02</p> <p>Familles Françaises, Ligne des</p> <p>bd Gues-Farva 21</p> <p>24 92 12</p> <p>Ka cas non-remoue</p> <p>31 52 50</p> <p>Fanac André install. élect.</p> <p>ceccers. St et téléphone mag.</p> <p>bd James-Fazy 18</p> <p>32 36 17</p> <p>Bar. et atelier</p> <p>s. Era. Pilet 5</p> <p>34 57 60</p> <p>Appart. r. de l'Ancre 133</p> <p>Hornes</p> <p>31 18 21 (37 24 48)</p> <p>— Henri (Monnier) typographe</p> <p>r. Lamarine 20</p> <p>33 43 63</p> <p>— Jean-Jacques mécanicien</p> <p>no Hictard 83</p> <p>34 90 53</p> <p>Fancello Giovanni sommelier</p> <p>Rory-Lysberg 2</p> <p>25 60 88</p> <p>Fanel Jean-Baptiste (Roes)</p> <p>empl. de comm. ch. de l'Era 11c</p> <p>Châtillaz</p> <p>44 37 23</p> <p>Fangaris Louis ingénieur COTE</p> <p>r. Constantins 6</p> <p>46 55 45</p> <p>Fankhauser Adèle-E. secrét.</p> <p>r. de la Prulay 12</p> <p>41 75 45</p>	<p>Mon...</p> <p>Pantell Anton</p> <p>roe Zurichler</p> <p>— Hri-Jean Jonet.</p> <p>q. Chaval-Blanc 8</p> <p>— Juliette Mac</p> <p>st. Hri-Bonant 1</p> <p>— Marcel Jonet. Opt Tra</p> <p>publies rue de Centraln.</p> <p>Carouge</p> <p>42</p> <p>Pantol Robert</p> <p>roe Berthelier 4</p> <p>32 8</p> <p>Pantusso Luigi-Alain munitin</p> <p>colegier r. de Gy the 1</p> <p>Meisier</p> <p>32 26</p> <p>PBB bureau régional européen</p> <p>Palais des Nations</p> <p>r. de la Paix 8-14</p> <p>34 6</p> <p>Pap SA r. Marché 16</p> <p>24 6</p> <p>Par Eastern Trading A</p> <p>r. de Lussanar 16</p> <p>32</p> <p>Parago Janos</p> <p>roe Bellot 3</p> <p>6</p> <p>Parla Maggy Mus</p> <p>de des Anters 1</p> <p>Paral Salvatore mail</p> <p>r. de Lussanar 42-4</p> <p>Parandolo R. de S</p> <p>abielots meubler</p> <p>Grand-Er 25</p> <p>Parasno Arm</p> <p>roe Ed.-E.</p> <p>— Worme</p> <p>r. 5</p>
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The concept of symmetry appears to have issued from a compromise between the rigour of the scientific representation of the world and the esthetic requisites of human thought. Should this be true, science would be compelled to renounce physical, biological, psychological symmetries as unavailing. And culture would be obliged to the same renunciation, as it could be induced by hybrid notions to propound mystifying hypotheses.

Conversely, the starting point of this seminar is the presupposition that the notion of symmetry represents a significant conquest of contemporary science, and that it can and should be probed into by philosophy and historiography. Symmetry and structure are synonymous, and express the effort that is being made by scientific thought in seeking to regain fundamental objects, logical constancy, constitutive relations. "Symmetry" and "symmetries," method and results of a methodically oriented research thus were worthy of being the subject of the second meeting on interdisciplinary research at Venice.

FIASCO IS AN OLD VENETIAN WORD: (It's what happens when a glassblower coughs.) The above quotation is from the introduction to the program of the UNESCO Interdisciplinary Conference on Symmetry, held this April in Venice, which I attended, and serves to give a fair sample of the tone of the conference. As Gotthard Gunther remarked in another context, "Can the reader understand this? Of course not. But rest assured, the editor reads English, and he can not understand it either."

It was, in fact, a conference whose name should have been the UNESCO International Festival of Bullshit. I knew this from the moment I received my invitation ("Interdisciplinary" is one of those slimy words: "S/M swinger seeks dominant woman. Object: interdiscipline.") but I couldn't resist the prospect of a free week in Venice. (My strength is but the strength of nine, for I am only 90% pure in heart.)

Anyway, I decided to play it honest, and opened the conference with a perfectly straight (but non-technical) talk about how symmetry is used in modern physics. I went over like Harlan in Dayton. I spent the rest of the conference nodding under my earphones and exchanging expressions of horror and disgust with Jerry Lettvin (another lost soul) across the room. I think Jerry and I lowered the tone of the conference. We would say things like, "I think the previous speaker's remarks are nonsense." This is not How Things Are Done. How Things Are Done, I learned, is to say instead something like, "I am sure I express the feelings of the whole conference when I thank the speaker for his stimulating and penetrating analysis. However, merely to illuminate the structure of his thought, I would like, with his permission, to play for the moment the Devil's Advocate...." (This is an honest quote, as well as memory will serve.)

We also amused ourselves by inventing The French Intellectuals' Quiz Game:

- The master mind of modern thought is
- (a) Richard Strauss
 - (b) Eliphas Levi
 - (c) a combination of the above.

Merleau-Ponty is

- (a) very expensive and gives you a bad hangover.
- (b) a bridge over troubled waters.
- (c) both of the above.

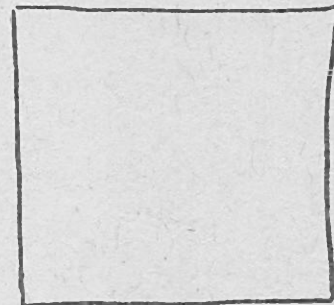
Which of the following sentences make the most sense?

- (a) The essence of existence is the choice of structure.
- (b) The existence of choice is the essence of structure.
- (c) The existential ethos is the structuralist choice.
- (d) The wogs begin at Calais.

Last Interdisciplinary Conference they'll ever invite us to.

THE STORY OF THE DORIAN INVASION:

The Dorians were a race of dim-witted nomads who lived in Central Asia. One day they were standing around the steppe shivering and drinking mare's milk when one of them said, "This is no life for a Dorian. Let's go to Miami Beach." So off they went! Unfortunately, they took a left turn too early and ended up in Greece instead. At first they did not realize their mistake, since Greece is also a land of sea, sun, sand and matriarchal culture, but they soon became aware of their error when they could not find the Fontainebleu Hotel. Alas, by this time the season was over, so they settled in Greece anyway, and built the Parthenon to make up for their disappointment.



Erased Rotsler
(after Rauschenberg)

THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SHORTS: "There goes one now," said Terry Carr, peering intently at my scrotum. "It's definite. You have the crabs."

This was in Aosta, in the Italian Alps. For several weeks my groin had been itching something awful, but I had assumed that it was merely prickly heat, an effect of combined hot weather and inefficient laundering of my underwear. However, that morning I had noticed numerous tiny blood spots on my Jockey shorts, and a dread suspicion had formed in my mind. Thus, as soon as the Carrs and I had checked into our hotel, I asked Terry if he would mind coming to my room and inspecting my crotch. (First explaining my plight, of course.)

"Crabs!" I cried. "How can I have crabs? I'm straight!"

"Well," said Terry, with his famous sophisticated smirk, "you can get them from toilet seats."

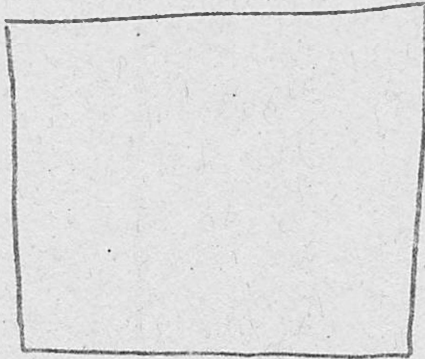
"But what can I do?"

"Well, when I had crabs in college, I was so embarrassed that I wouldn't even tell a doctor, so I picked them off one by one. That took

around three months. If I were you I'd go to a pharmacy; I think they have a medicine that gets rid of them right away."

That night was restless. The shock was a terrible one to a boy with a nice Jewish upbringing. I seemed to hear ancestral voices crying, "Unclean! Unclean!", and I imagined the God of my fathers saying in a voice like thunder, "You have eaten crustaceans, and so you will be eaten by crustaceans."

Early the next morning I went to the pharmacist, who, I discovered, had only a few words of English. In desperation, I tried to explain my troubles in Italian, but the only sentence I could frame was "Small animals eat my prick." This got me nowhere. I resorted to graphic sign language, which seemed to be more effective: The pharmacist produced a tube of ointment, which, she assured me in broken English, was just what I needed.



Erased Rotsler
(after previous Erased Rotsler)

I took the medicine back to the hotel and pieced out the meaning of the leaflet that came with it. It seemed to be a poultice for bee stings. I applied it anyway. Like the bombing of the North, it served only to infuriate the enemy, who attacked with redoubled force throughout the day.

That afternoon, we arrived in Chamonix, a big tourist center, where we found an English-speaking pharmacist. Between giggles, she sold me a container of patent flea-and-lice powder. While not eliminating the animals totally, this seemed to keep them in check.

As soon as I returned to America, I visited my neighborhood druggist. As we were exchanging pleasantries about my European summer, two large armed men entered the drugstore and cleaned out the cash register. (In case you were wondering, they were Nixon people: non-black, non-young.) "Welcome back to America," the druggist said, and sold me a bottle of something called Kvell, or something like that.

It seemed to work. At any rate, I haven't been fingering my groin for several months now, which is more than I can say for some.

(Dear Bob Silverberg: Can I really make Big Money writing stuff for prozines just like I write for fanzines? I have several other stories about my medical experiences, including How I Undressed for Nine Women in Four Days in the Soviet Union and Never Deliver Yourself into the Hands of a Turkish Urologist. I will tell them to you next time I see you, and you can give me pointers about putting them into shape for Roger Elwood.)

YOU CAN'T GET EGG ON YOUR FACE WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS: Etymologically, first bishop of Paris. St. Denis was a roman soldier, and his name was really Dion, or Dionysius.

Why did my Jewish parents give me such a Gentile name? Because Gentile names do not sound Jewish. Jewish parents are like those deluded blacks who move into a white neighborhood in an attempt to better themselves, not realizing, the poor suckers, that as soon as they move in, it ceases to be a white neighborhood. Thus, within this century, such once-impregnable WASP enclaves as Irving and Sheldon have become hopelessly ghettoized.

The process continues. My cousin Sharon has named her two children Brian and Maureen. "Brian!" I cried when my mother informed me of this. "What sort of name is that for a Jewish boy?" "Well," she replied, "they wanted a name that didn't sound Jewish." "Why not Booker T.?"

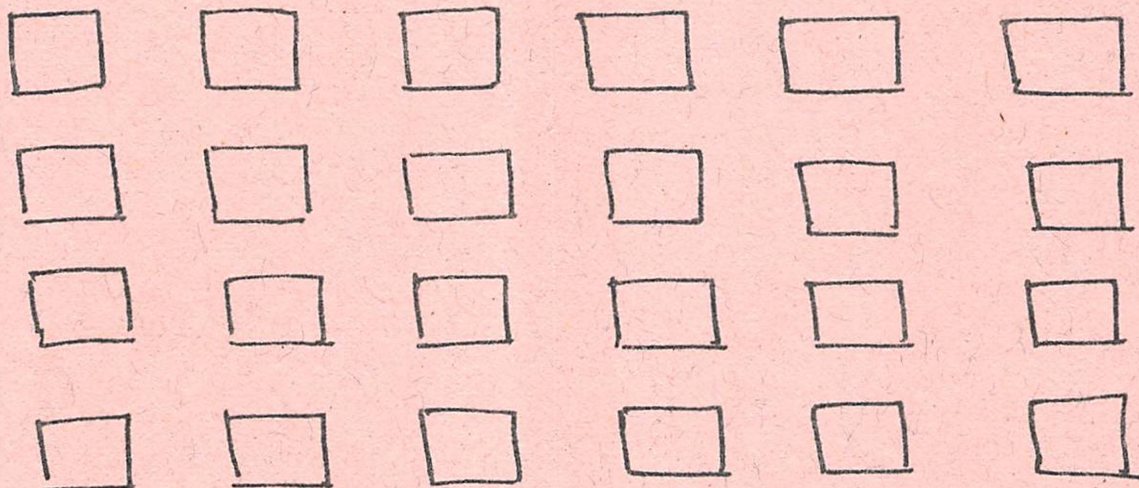
Coleman is also a cop-out. The family name was originally Cohen. The story my father liked to tell was that the change occurred during the Depression, when he and my Uncle Dave were in business together. One day the phone rang and my father answered. The voice at the other end said, "Is this Coleman Brothers?" "No," my father said, "this is Cohen Brothers." "Sorry, wrong number," said the voice, and hung up. My father turned to my Uncle Dave and said, "You know, if we were Coleman Brothers, we might have got that order."

The real Colemans (or Colmans) are Irish. There are 209 saints named Colman in the Book of Leinster, but none of them was ever Bishop of Paris. They all derive their names from St. Columba, about whom you can read in The Improbable Irish. Columba is a latin word meaning dove.

It is a fine thing to be walking about the world named Dionysius Dove, and no one knowing.

INFORMATION RELEVANT TO TWO LINES BY W. B. YEATS: To get to the Rosa Spier Huis, you take the train from platform 6b, every half hour, two minutes before the half hour. From Hilversum, you take a taxi to Laren, instructing the driver to take the second left turn after entering the town. The Rosa Spier Huis is at the end of the road.

To return to Amsterdam, you ask the nurse in the front office to phone for a taxi, which will take you back to Hilversum. The train for Amsterdam



25 Erased Rotslers, silk-screen by Andy Warhol (detail)

leaves from platform 3, every half hour, twelve minutes after the half hour.

Impressions of the Rosa Spier Huis: Pleasant, rambling, modern, low. Bleached wood, large windows, sunlight, gardens. Handrails along the corridors. Easy to get lost. He is in studio 20.

He looks much like the self-portraits: perhaps a bit thinner. There, on the cabinet, is the crystal ball. Next to it, the carved sphere. On a shelf, the brass bird from Persia whose images populate "Another World." Deja vu.

He explains that the Rosa Spier Huis is an old age home for artists and writers. To become a resident, you must be still productive at the time of your admission. The residents range in age from the mid-60's to 92 or 93. He is 72. He speaks English well, but slowly; sometimes he has trouble finding the word he wants. "Of course, when you stop working, they do not throw you out. You die here." He is very cheerful.

No, he has never studied science or mathematics. Sometimes a mathematician friend will try to explain something to him, but he usually finds it too difficult to understand. "It is all visual. I just put things together, make patterns." Yes, others have remarked on the parallelism with Borges. "I have tried to read him, but he is too complicated, too literary."

We should not feel that it is necessary to buy anything. "They are too expensive." He sets the prices high to keep the demand down. "If you just want them to look at, buy the book. The reproductions in the book are very good."

He thinks his great recent popularity is due to the hippies. "I am very popular in California." I speak of seeing slides of his work flashed on the walls during the light show in the Paradiso the night before. He opens a drawer and shows us a large collection of pirated posters of his work, dazzling in day-glo, sent to him by American friends. He pauses over one extremely garish poster. "Look at those colors. They didn't understand what I was doing at all, not at all." He also has a t-shirt from America, with "Another World" stenciled blurrily on the front. He seems happier about the t-shirt.

I ask about the dragon. No, no copies are left, except the one he has kept for himself. He takes it out for us. "You see, he is flat, but he has stuck his head through the slit here, trying to become three-dimensional. But he remains flat." He runs his hand over the print. "See, he is still quite flat." I: "But he is also still trying."

Craft, technique, is central. When the paper is on the stone, he smooths it with the bowl of an old bone spoon. Nothing else seems to work as well. No, he does not have much interest in the young people; he thinks their technique is poor.

At the center is always the refractory technical problem. He talks of that great design of two vortices, tiny red fish swirling out of one, swelling in size as they travel, and swirling diminishing into the other, blue fish spiraling the other way, the blue fish filling perfectly the spaces between the red fish; and it is clear that what he is proud of is that the red fish and the blue were pressed from the same block, inked once with red, rotated through half a circle, inked again with blue, that the two

complex interlocking spiral patterns are in fact the same pattern, seen in two different ways.

I purchase the woodblock of the train of red ants, crawling endlessly around a latticework Moebius strip. He tells me that the hardest part was drawing the ants. He kept a red ant under a glass dome, and studied it with a magnifying glass while he sketched. "An ant is very complicated, very hard to draw right."

And later, about the impossible objects, "You have to make it very real, as real as you can. Otherwise they will not notice that it is impossible."

Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

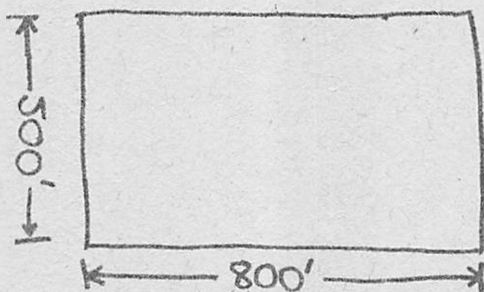
-- W. B. Yeats, "Lapis Lazuli"

ANNALS OF MEDICINE (cont'd): In Geneva this summer I noticed that I had an itchy rash on the inside of my thigh, so I hied myself off to a dermatologist. The one that was recommended to me turned out to be a very old man, covered with liver spots (at least the visible portions), and with a pronounced tremble in his hands. I took off my pants and got onto his examining table. "Hmm," he said, "we must take a sample for the microscope." He then produced a scalpel and brought it, trembling, close to my groin. And then the most remarkable thing happened: When his hand was around an inch from my skin, it suddenly became absolutely steady, with no tremble at all. He removed a tiny sliver of skin with great precision and delicacy, removed the scalpel, and then began to vibrate again. It was something like Thomas Mitchell sobering up in Stagecoach.

He looked in the microscope for around half a minute and then turned back to me. "It is very clear. You have...champignons." "Champignons?" "Yes, champignons. How do you say in English...mushrooms, fungus..." "Oh. It's a fungus." "Yes, champignons."

What a life. Last summer crabs, this summer champignons. My private parts are becoming a gourmet paradise. What next -- truffles?

Anyway, he prescribed an anti-champignon medicine. It was a pill; apparently they don't use salves anymore. This stuff sneaks up on the little bastards via your bloodstream and cuts them off at the mycelia. Fascinating.



Project for Large Erased Rotsler

ALL OUR EGGPLANTS: I wouldn't characterize Noreascon as "bland." "Diffuse," perhaps, but that's probably all to the good in a con of that size. Also, "well-organized," and I do not mean that in any pejorative sense. I think that one reason we had none of the usual nightmares-with-the-hotel is that the con committee seems to have devoted a lot of time to thinking of all possible disasters and countering them, when possible, in advance. During the con, I had a flash fantasy in which an underling approaches Tony Lewis with word of some totally unlikely catastrophe -- in my fantasy, it was Cliff Simak being busted for molesting little girls in Boston Common. Tony calmly turns to a very large filing cabinet, opens a drawer, pulls out a folder labeled "Guest of Honor Arrested," extracts from that a sub-folder labeled "Sex Crimes" and coolly sets the appropriate contingency plan into motion.

I guess that what I am saying is that you might not like the Noreascon Committee, but you must admit they made the trains run on time.

AH, SWEET CULTURE SHOCK: The last time I visited Shlomo's home he played a record of an Israeli torch singer belting out what seemed to be a Hebrew version of Hey, Jude. "It's not really the same song," he said; "they've changed the lyrics." He translated: "Hey, Ruth/ Don't be so sad/ You're grown-up now/ You're in the army."

In the same line, last week Johnny Schrecker played for me a record from China (formerly known as Godless Red China). It was titled "Eternal Life to Chairman Mao/ Minority Peoples of the Chinese People's Republic Sing in Praise of Chairman Mao." I was especially taken by band three, side one, "The Turkomanian People's Chorus sings 'Longing for Chairman Mao.'" Catchy little chanty.

Actually, the most interesting record I ever heard was played for me sometime in the mid-fifties. It was a Folkways demonstration record. It had tracks like the dawn chorus (whistlings from the ionosphere) and one labeled "Pakistani Cow Ceremony" (mooings, bells, and occasional almost-subliminal Urdu). The most impressive track was the last one on the record, "Eskimo Doing Animal Imitations." That Eskimo was good. His final turn, "Fight between Bear and Two Dogs," was especially sensational.

Can't get stuff like that from the Rubber Dubber, no sir!

MOSKOWITZ

(In homage to Calvin Demmon and Gregory Benford,
authors, An Inquiry into the Theory and Function of Norman J. Clarke)

Moskowitz's public refusal of the Big Heart Award was an international sensation. It received forty-two column inches in the Neue Zurichcher Zeitung alone. To avoid newspaper photographers, Moskowitz had to spend a month in seclusion at a villa in the Poconos.

He has been seen disguised as a little girl playing jacks on Riverside Drive.

Shortly after the first Nycon, Moskowitz began to be followed by three Oriental seamen. One, a lascar, was taller than the others, and had only

one eye. They disappeared the day of the signing of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Moskowitz is at a loss to explain this episode, but thinks it may be connected in some way with the machinations of the Futurians.

When he was young, Moskowitz would collect magazines by the "month" system. He would begin by acquiring all the January issues of a given magazine. Only after this task was completed would he buy February issues, etc. In this way he built his file of Weird Tales.

Later, he found this method puerile, and turned to the "page" system. First he would accumulate, in mint condition, all the covers of a given magazine, ruthlessly discarding the rest of the issue. Only after a complete set of covers had been acquired would he begin searching for contents pages. At the end of the process, the individual pages would be painstakingly rebound to form complete issues. Moskowitz's famous collection of Argosy was formed in this way. So skillful was the matching and re-binding that only infrared photography can show that it was not gathered in the conventional manner.

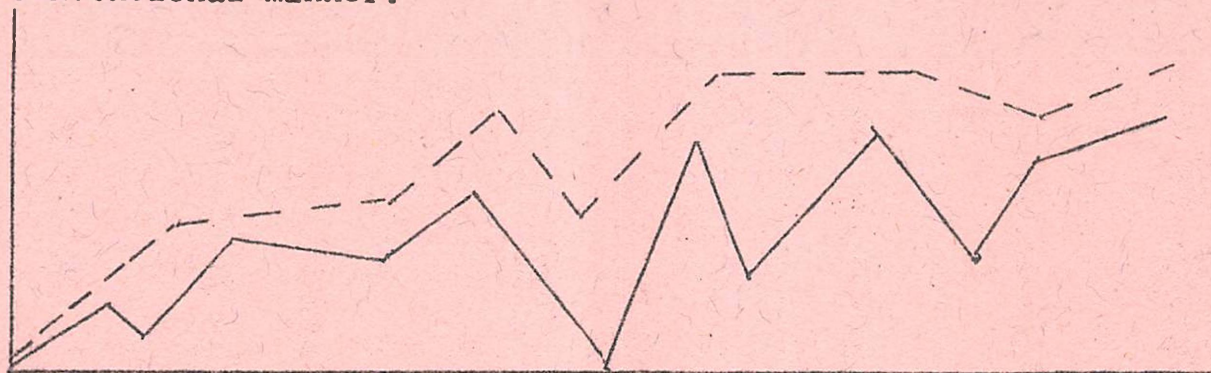


Fig. 1. Appearance of Moskowitz's name on washroom walls in four selected Middle-Atlantic states. Solid line: Correctly spelled. Dashed line: Including misspellings.

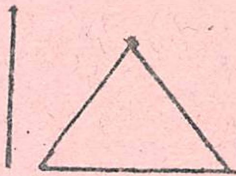
In his teens, Moskowitz aspired to be a heldentenor, and studied voice fourteen hours a day. Those who knew him then still speak with awe of his remarkable promise. Moskowitz refuses to discuss this period, and grows angry whenever music is mentioned.

Moskowitz awakens his wife at four in the morning to announce his intention to start a new life as a kosher butcher. The next day, he denies the incident.

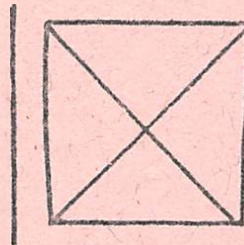
Moskowitz feels himself in the avant-garde of rhetoric. At the Nyccon banquet in 1967, he introduced techniques later to be made famous by Jim Morrison. The audience was unappreciative: it hissed and booed and threw small pieces of decaying vegetable matter in the direction of the podium. Moskowitz was not daunted. "Everything I do," he told a confidante, "is for an audience of one man." When asked to name the man, he smiled inscrutably and strummed his samisen.

Moskowitz's fame grows. He receives numerous honorary degrees. His name appears in obscene limericks of great popularity. It is announced that a giant balloon in his image is being prepared for Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. At the great square in Marrakesh, dervishes recite verses cataloguing his attributes. Strangely, Moskowitz t-shirts continue to sell slowly. He remains modest and shy.

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY: I am currently launched on a new self-improvement program: I am doing the Canadian Air Force Exercises. After a month of conscientious bending, twisting, and bounding, I can detect no physical change, but the psychic effects are astounding; I have developed a completely new fantasy life. In this one, I arrive next September at the Los Angeles convention, having successfully worked my way through seventy-two levels of increasingly difficult exertion to reach the top of Chart 6. ("Physical capacities in this chart are usually found only in champion athletes.") Throughout the lobby of the convention hotel, young girls and old LAFS members turn to stare. "Who is that gorgeous hunk of muscle?" they cry. "Don't you know?" replies Charlie Brown, ever aware of fannish events. "That's Sidney Coleman, the world's most perfectly developed field theorist."



Side



Top

Two Views of a Project to Erect a Large Erased Rotsler in Front of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh

REAL SNAKES IN ARTIFICIAL PARADISES: Roses: When I was very young, a man came to our school to give a lecture on the wonders of science. His first demonstration was to take a rose, plunge it for a moment into liquid air, and then crumble it to pieces in his hand.

This experiment may be performed at room temperature; of course, you must start with a plastic rose.

Hell: The fathers of the Church teach that the damned in hell are without free will. For, if they had free will, they would surely repent of their sins, and, repenting, be saved; yet scripture tells us that their punishment is eternal.

I hold otherwise: I believe the damned in hell possess free will, but refuse to repent, for they will not admit that they are not in heaven.

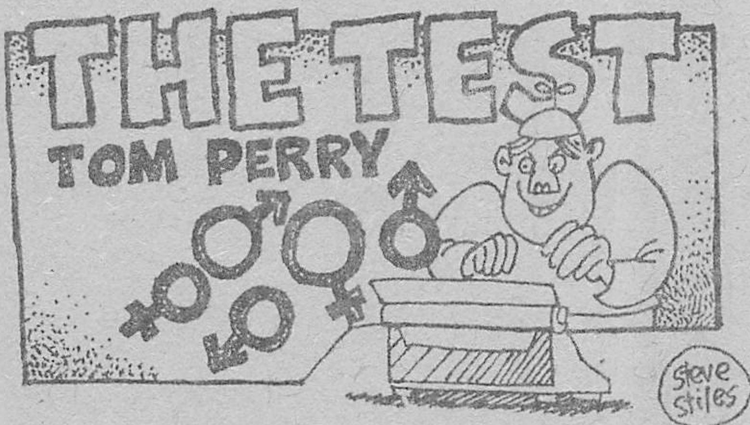
Heaven: In heaven, there is no justice. Of what use could it be to them?

This is why heaven is better than earth.

Fandom is a goddam lifestyle.

Few science fiction fans ever condemned stf as a literature so lustily as did Milton Kaletsky. Yet the same Milton Kaletsky showed up at "The First National Science Fiction Convention." When asked why he came, he replied, "I really can't say, except that a criminal always returns to the scene of his crimes."

-- Sam Moskowitz, in FANTASY DIGEST #6,
Aug.-Sept. 1939



Once at a party at the Lupoffs', Terry Carr introduced me to Bob Silverberg. "Hi, I met you about ten years ago," I said, "though I'm sure you won't remember it."

"Oh yes I do," he said, an evil smile showing through his beard. "But it was twelve years ago and you were going under the name Jan Sadler at the time."

"Oh ghod." My own smile disappeared.

"I was just telling some people across the room about it," he added, still smiling.

Drat the man! He'd remembered what I'd managed to forget about my visit to Harlan Ellison in New York City in 1955, when Harlan and Bob were starting out as professional writers. Jan Sadler was then a beautiful teenage femmefan from Mississippi; she wrote poetry and was studying writing under Eudora Welty and Katharine Bellamann. I was madly in love with her, though I'd never met her. She wasn't widely known in fandom, and her bisexual given name had caused Sam Mines, editor of Startling Stories, to address her as a boy when he ran a letter of hers (which took issue with one by Norm Clarke). All this had inspired my Clever Idea of using her name on a trip east from my home in Nebraska. She assented rather wearily: "Impersonate Jan Sadler to your little heart's content," I think she said. I took this for wild enthusiasm and proceeded to make an ass of myself to a (limited, thank ghod) number of fans besides Harlan and Bob. After getting home I realized the stupidity of the whole thing and apologized to Harlan -- but never to Silverberg, whom I'd met only briefly at Harlan's.

So twelve years later I mumbled something contrite to Bob Silverberg and slunk away. Such a memory the man has, I thought; what a pity he can't use it for the good of society.

But he had turned my own thoughts back, back, and soon I was recalling the details, never before told, of what was known to nobody as the Great Virginia Perry Hoax.

* * * * * * * * *

The year was 1954; I was 14, and my family had planned a summer vacation that included a visit to relatives on Lake Winnebago in

Wisconsin. Forming a triangle around this lake are the towns of Oshkosh (where the relatives lived), Appleton, and Fond du Lac, and I was looking forward to meeting the well known fan who lived in the area.

I refer of course to John Courtois, of Appleton. I had never heard of Dean Grennell.

Courtois was a letterhack for Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories. There he had created a hoax sister named Jean Courtois, a hoax that was to achieve the immortality of a punning footnote in HYPHEN. (Not that I knew about HYPHEN at the time, either; I knew fanzines existed, but I scorned them because of a slighting reference to them by L. Sprague deCamp in Science Fiction Handbook. To me, fandom was the prozines' letter columns.) Jean made jokes that fascinated me though I couldn't understand them; I recall one in particular about a red light. (I didn't know about red lights, either.)

When I got to Appleton and called Courtois, he said he was busy, so I went on over. I recall him as a tall thin boy of about 17 who lived in a poor section of town. He was polite. Apparently under the impression that I put out a fanzine, he gave me a one-page contribution titled J'accuse! I didn't understand the title then, and now that I do I no longer remember whom he was accusing of what or why. (Feeling guilty about keeping this article from fandom, I passed it on to a friend who did put out a fanzine, but he didn't run it either.)

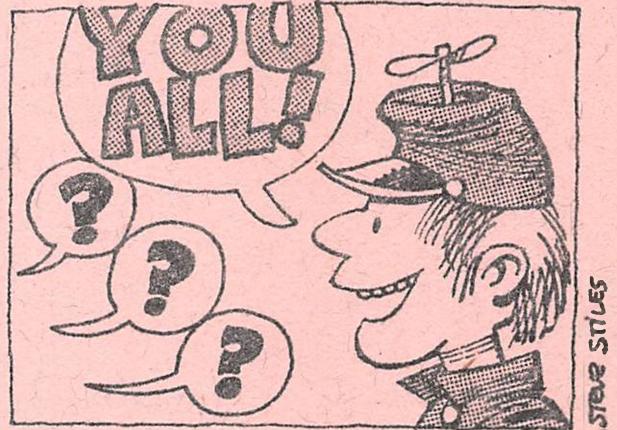
Shortly after that visit I too became possessed of an imaginary younger sister. She was named Virginia, or Ginny, or Jimmy, or Linda, and soon she was so widely known that all my correspondents, numbering perhaps ten, had heard from her. I was careful to build her a whole separate personality: she didn't type as well as I did, and she wrote "anyhow" where I wrote "anyway," "anybody" and "nobody" where I wrote "anyone" and "no one."

When Jan Sadler's letter appeared in Startling Stories and Sam Mines assumed she was a boy, I wrote to Jan as Virginia Perry, thinking I guess that femininity would give me some sort of advantage over this fellow. When her reply included a photo of a lovely girl my own age, I immediately wrote back that I was in fact a BOY and how about that. Soon after I was running up huge long-distance phone bills to declare my love to her.

But although I confessed the hoax to her, I kept it going with others. I sent out a picture of a pretty cousin of mine to her correspondents, and wrote a series of ghodawful stories, supposedly funny, for a fanzine put out by Ray Thompson of Norfolk, Nebraska, under her name. (I had at last discovered fanzines were worth reading, after farting around on the fringes of fandom for over a year.) Once Jim Caughran, who lived a few blocks from me in Lincoln, Nebraska, got fed up with all the nonsense and exposed the hoax to one of our mutual correspondents. But I outfoxed him; after he told me what he'd done, I intercepted that fan's next letter to Jim and answered it on my typewriter, telling the guy that actually Jim Caughran

was the hoax. How's that for intrigue? Really kept 'em guessing, yessir.

By summer of 1955 I had pretty much tired of the whole thing. I'd told Ray Thompson to stop running the "Superfan" stories after a loc by Terry Carr had made me realize how bad they were, and I was trying to convince my correspondents that it was me, Tom Perry, who was really real. (A couple of the teenage boys among them resisted the truth, and one wrote to Virginia a year or two later, apparently enamoured of her, begging her to write to him. That was sobering.) Impersonating Jan Sadler on the trip east that summer was a last effort at that sort of hoax, and I felt bad about that before I got home. In Cleveland, Bill Dignin and Sally Dunn were so hospitable and friendly to a strange young boy that I wished I'd told them my right name so we could really be friends. But Sally wrote me a letter of introduction to carry to Harlan Ellison mentioning the name I'd given, and by the time I got to NYC I'd talked myself into giving it another go. Thus I met Dave Mason, Ellison and Silverberg under a phony name and doing a ludicrous imitation of a Mississippi accent.



By the time I got to Washington, D.C., where there was a fan Jan and I both wrote to, I was through with that hoax. And just in time. I called him up and said, "Hi, this is Tom Perry." "Tom Perry?" he said. "Jan told me you were going to introduce yourself as her, and I should play you along for a while and then laugh in your face." "She told you that? How ridiculous."

By that fall I'd sworn off hoaxes; I considered them childish and thought of myself as a totally different person from the neo who'd committed them. I submitted to Dean Grennell for GRUE a little essay citing some of the shortcomings I found in fandom and condemning various idiocies I thought fans guilty of, but concluding that, in spite of all this, I found enough good in fandom to consider it worthwhile, la la.

Dean's answer was restrained. He couldn't use the piece for GRUE, he explained, because its letter column wasn't built to stand the blasts and counterblasts that would no doubt reverberate. He thought it was well written and was sure I could find a fanzine suitable for it. Oh, and by the way, there was one kind of fannish fugghead I'd overlooked.

"I mean the sort that switch sex swiftly and steadily like some kind of advanced amoeboid until their correspondents, figuring that someone who lies about his/her gender is unlikely to be an accurate source of other information, give up on them. Most of these are inspired by Lee Hoffman and announce, as soon as they hear of her, that whatever they

were before they're the other thing now and isn't this the most delicious joke ever? Answer: '(yawn) No.'"

Being bright for only 15, I got Dean's subtle message and tore up the essay. I wrote him a profuse apology (I seem to have done a lot of that) and bewailed the fact that I'd ruined my life at such an early age. His kind reply said there there, he'd done the same thing himself and he hadn't been mad, just trying to do me the favor someone had done him once.

What lesson may we derive from all this? Well, for a long time I thought -- as I suppose many do yet -- that such hoaxing was infantile behavior by neos. Carl Brandon and Joan Carr were on a different scale, impressive hoaxes for sheer size, almost works of art; the misapprehension over the sex of Lee Hoffman was both amusing and spontaneous, not a hoax at all really; and even Jean Courtois was more than your run-of-the-mill imaginary-kid-sister hoax, if only because it was funny.

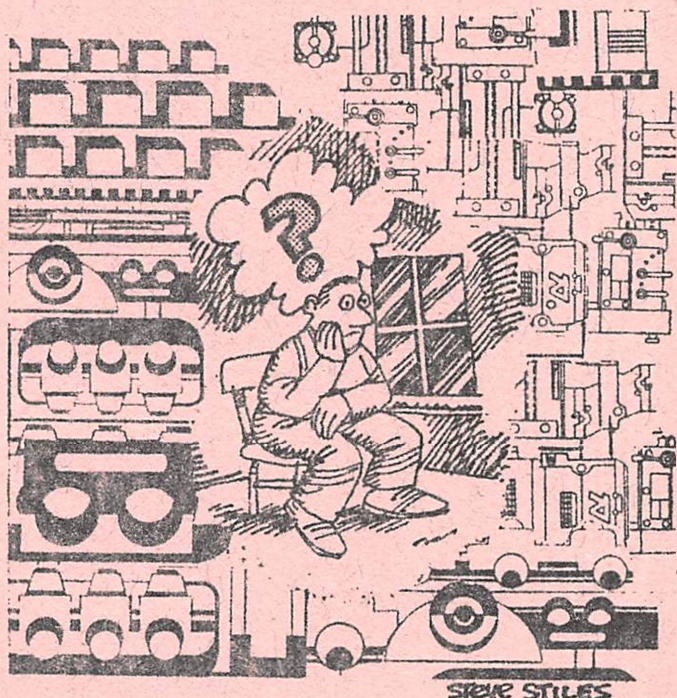
Why did I do it? Why did others? To get attention? To emulate LeeH? Because of latent homosexuality? I gave each of these answers some validity until I read an article by A. M. Turing, Can a Machine Think? He finds the word "think" too vague and tries to find a more scientific approach:

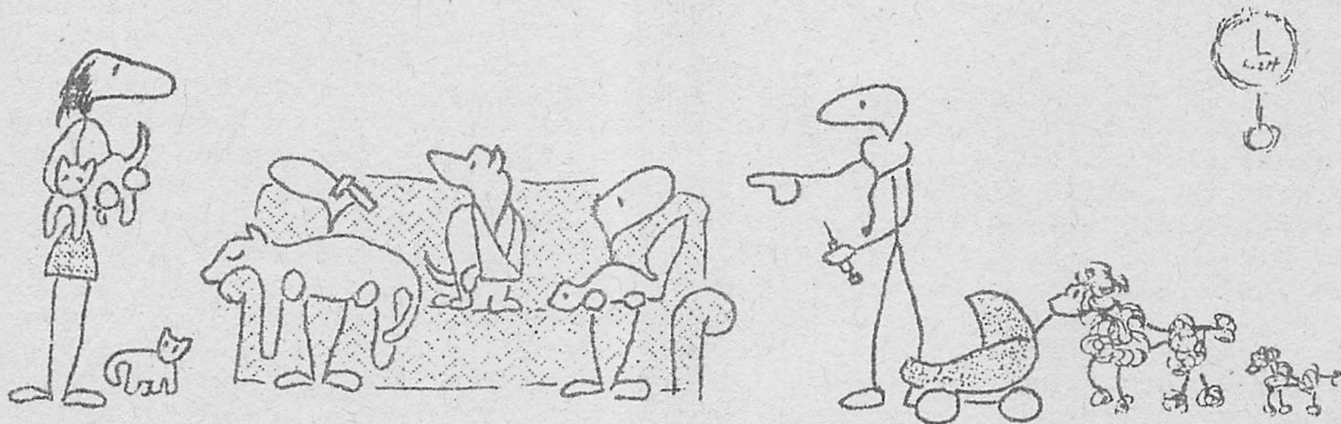
"The new form of the problem can be described in terms of a game which we call the 'imitation game.' It is played with three people, a man (A), a woman (B), and an interrogator (C)The interrogator stays in a room apart from the other two. The object is for the interrogator to determine which of the other two is the man and which is the woman....It is A's object to try and cause C to make the wrong identification....In order that tones of voice may not help the interrogator the answers should be written, or better still, type-written...."

Turing predicts that a similar game, played with a computer imitating a human being, will someday answer the question of whether machines can think.

Now obviously this game is not going to displace golf or bridge or even ghoddminton; in the 17 years since Turing's article first appeared, hardly anyone has taken it up. It has been left to us few who can imitate the other sex by typewriter to find our own opposition and force matches where we could, so that when computers start trying to imitate human beings, there will be some standards set by which to judge their performance in this game.

A small thing, perhaps, but a contribution to the world of tomorrow, no denying it. I'm glad Bob Silverberg reminded me of the part I played.





STUFF

BY CAROL CARR

The best hospital waiting room I ever waited in was for cats and dogs. There were only a few people waiting and they called us within five minutes and the clerks were nice and the vet was nice and after examining George (cat), he said that George had caught Scroojies, a bothersome but unfatal infection, and he gave him an anti-Scroojie shot. When George got worse the next day, we brought him to our neighborhood vet. He said, "Hmummm, George has the temperature of a low oven." George rolled his eyes and drooled. The vet continued, "George is not at all well and I can tell from his symptoms that I have absolutely no idea what's causing it, so I will give him a massive injection of anti-everything and we'll see what happens." George said "Aaauuurrgrghhh." The vet said, "Leave George here, 5¢ please, don't forget your receipt." In spite of the warm, personal attention he got from the vet, George did recover, and at this very moment he is chewing a 1938 copy of Thrilling Wonder Stories.

I think that while humans may not develop a t*l*r*nce for p*t, cats do for catnip. The first time ours tried it they completely lost control (freaked out, I believe one calls it), chased each other in ever-diminishing circles, licked the windows clean, and killed a bunch of flying spiders. The second time they had it, they sat and thought a lot. The third time, Gilgamesh yawned and George took a short walk, then got undressed and went to bed.

There's gossip and there's gossip, as my grandmother used to say. I love to hear things like so-and-so left so-and-so for so-and-so but don't get really involved unless I know the characters well enough to at least speculate about why. It's like somebody you hardly know telling you about a dream he/she had. Unless you believe strongly in universal symbols, there's not much to react to except the surface weirdness or beauty or whatever. But when you do know the person, it becomes fascinating. Example -- there's a girl in my office who is extremely controlled, overly polite, inarticulate (actually stammers over words), fairly intelligent. She's been involved for some time in Japanese dance, Zen retreats, had a picture of the Maharishi on her wall five years before he was discovered by the entertainment world. She told me about a dream she had in which she was trying, with the help of her Japanese teacher, to blow one long sustained note on a clarinet. But she couldn't do it -- she kept breaking out into

melody; it was so frustrating, she kept saying. I mumbled something about melody being free, spontaneous, good (and I said it very mildly, because she's sensitive about being contradicted). She looked suddenly very tense and said, "No, it was frustrating." This year she is studying Japanese calligraphy. She tells me how much she likes it -- how the object (at the beginning) is to draw one long perfect line. These are the things that boggle me.

I think she draws an equation between spontaneity and ugly chaos. Some people dam themselves up inside very early, and the reasons are up for debate. Some are afraid of their own feelings of aggression -- you know, to think murderous thoughts is still associated, in an infantile way, with acting on them. Some are afraid to succeed -- to be open is to be open to attack. I discovered an interesting fact the other day -- it all depends on how you look at it. But however you look at it, you just want to slap this girl hard when she says things like: "I was really annoyed with Gwendolyn yesterday." And you say, "Oh, how come?" And she says, "Well, not really annoyed." And you know she was really annoyed because you were there and you saw her face close up tight, with real hostility. And why not? But she can't accept it.

Sure, I remember mixed vegetables: square orange pieces of overcooked carrot, round green pieces of overcooked carrot, long green pieces of overcooked carrot, and yellow kernels of overcooked carrot.

The other night I settled down to watch The Chapman Report on TV. Terry had fled from the room muttering insults about my taste and I had the whole bed to myself except for the cats and a chocolate bar. The Chapman Report is a terrible movie -- I'd seen it before and was dying to see it again. It has four running soap-plots:

- (1) The frigid wife of a dead hero (Jane Fonda before she got her Jane Fonda Look);
- (2) The dissipated nymphomaniac (Claire Bloom, looking virginal);
- (3) The bubble-brained intellectual (Glynis Johns) who wants to try brawn, being married to brain;
- (4) The misguided "good" wife (Shelley Winters) who falls in love with a rascal played by Ray Danton.

The network censored every reference to (1)'s frigidity and also cut the love scene that shows she's overcome it. At the beginning she's gloomy and you don't know why; at the end she's happy and you don't know why. They cut the gang-rape scene (which had really been only hinted at, but broadly, in the original movie) that explains (on its own level) (2)'s suicide, which somebody mentions at the end, in passing. They cut the scene with (3) and brawn. She's talking to him and the next thing you know she's back home, appreciating her husband like crazy. Why? (Because brawn was short on technique, but they'll never tell.) They didn't cut (4). I guess they liked (4) okay.

Which reminds me of Toys in the Attic on TV. There's this key scene where Sister #1 is about to tell Sister #2 the reason why she's hated her for 83 years.

Sister #1: "...and the reason why I've hated you for 83 years is..."

CUT

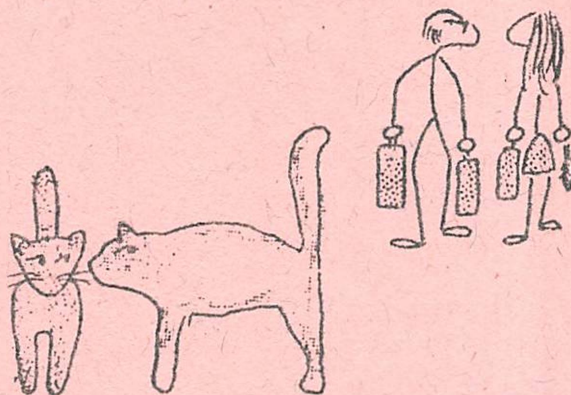
Sister #2: "I didn't know that!"

My dentist is a gum-freak, but he's a good dentist. He uses audio analgesia (stereo earphones and white sound) and splices his tapes with commercials on dental hygiene. He does marvelous Vip-like cartoons for dental journals. He looks like Arnold Stang. He sends his patients literature on gums all the time and once a 45 EP on brushing in the right direction. He's too expensive. He made me get an electric toothbrush and a water pik and tries to make me use Stimudents (fency toothpicks) and a horrible purple dye that stains your teeth if they're dirty, and one of those cute bent mirrors that look so professional in a medicine cabinet. He's an Orthodox Freudian of dentists: his office contains nothing but tooth and gum literature; he wants you to Think Gums every minute of every day. He recently married for I think the second time and "re-did his wife's whole mouth" before he married her. It must be true -- his nurse told me.

We had a fireplace in our last apartment -- a mantlepice, really. The fireplace was boarded up and when we asked about it the landlord said that they were all boarded up in Brooklyn Heights -- some nonsense about the strong wind off the river and danger of fire, etc. It sounded fishy then, and later we saw dozens of firepli burning away. You can't gather around a mantlepice -- it just doesn't work.

Do you suppose plantation owners used to make mint juleps with 1 1/2 figras of gin?

When we came back from the Baycon in 1969, as soon as we flew over New York I sensed something was wrong. We were home. The plane seemed to take on the characteristics of the IRT at rush hour -- we stalled over Kennedy and it was getting warmer and people were glazing over. The stewardess told us that once we were on the ground we were



not to disembark. Had American Airlines started a new policy of sending out survival types only? No, it was just a drug bust. Four FBI types came on, looking like cereal boxes, and surrounded a young person with long hair in the back of the plane. No fuss. We all got off at the front end. Our luggage was last off the rack, the weather was as we remembered it and the cab driver didn't know Brooklyn. The cats leaped on us

with glad cries -- it wasn't until later that I realized they'd been talking to each other in our absence:

George: I've got this fantastic idea. While they're gone let's use the floor instead of the box. Dig?

Gil: Gee, George, I don't know. They'll be awfully mad when they come back and see it.

George: No they won't. I'll purr a lot. Anyway, they'll feel guilty for leaving us alone for so long.

Gil: Well, they didn't exactly abandon us. Ruth came in every day.

George: Oh, sure, Ruth. But they know how sensitive we are to change, especially me. Come on, Gil. We can do it in every room in the house.

And so it came to pass that they did do it in every room in the house and there was huge cleanup to be done at place of Carr. But

George is still purring a lot.

Last Sunday was my birthday and I wrote the following poem in honor of it:

Thirty-one.
Three one.
Forty minus nine.
The reverse of thirteen.
Today, in the car,
I wondered whether
I should continue
To think linearly.

Terry has an ethnic blind-spot. Like he'll have lunch with someone and tell me, in passing, that the man used the word "tsimis," for instance. I say, "Oh, is he Jewish?" Terry: "I don't know." Me: "What does he look like?" Terry: "Oh, he has close-set beady eyes, a hooked nose and kept talking about how all his employees cheat him." Me: "What's his name?" Terry: "Hymie Kleinberg. You think he's Jewish?"

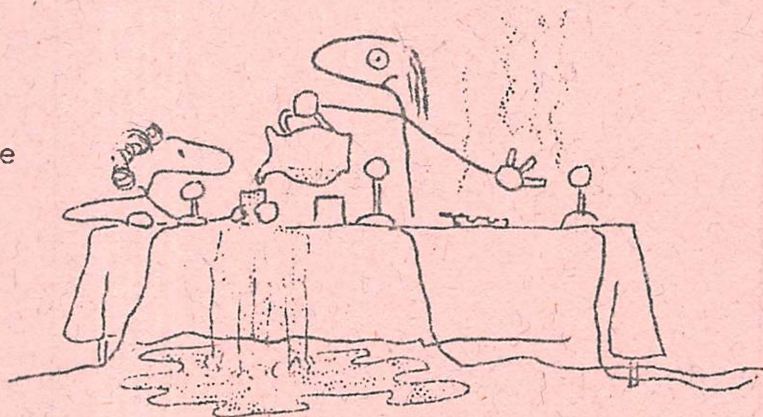
At the Lunacon last month I moderated a panel called "Women in Science Fiction." Anne McCaffrey was on it, and Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen, who substituted for Joanna Russ at the last minute because Joanna couldn't get a flight out of Ithaca.

The panel began with Ted White introducing me and listing my credits, which took no time at all. He also (by my special request) introduced Marion and Anne, since I couldn't remember whether it was Anne who had won the Nebula and Marion who'd been nominated for the Hugo, or vice versa or whatever. Because I don't read very much science fiction, another fact which made me a highly subtle choice for moderator.

Anyhow, so I sat down behind a nice big table (the sequence is screwed up -- make believe Anne isn't up at the table yet) and since Anne was missing and we had some time to kill, I poured water in Marion's and my glass and soaked the tablecloth due to a sudden attack of palsy.

Fear always hits me at the point of no return, and it wasn't until that moment that I felt nervous. I lit one cigarette, puffed, put it in the ashtray, lit another, and instructed my voice to behave. Then I grabbed the microphone and said, "I had this fantasy. I would pick up the microphone and say 'Can everyone hear me?' and everyone would stand up and shout 'Yes!' and walk out." And they actually laughed, and it was good and true and beautiful, and I lit a third cigarette and relaxed a tiny bit.

I asked Anne what she wore when she wrote science fiction, explaining that I wanted the questions to follow close to the topic. She said, "A thoughtful expression." The rest of the hour or so is a little hazy but I do remember Marion suggesting that any woman with an IQ over 130 who doesn't have children should go out and hang herself. Anne said women should have a career, Marion said they should



exercise their age-old prerogative to be decorative; Anne said go out and fulfill yourself this way, Marion said stay home and fulfill yourself that way. It was a jolly panel; nobody got really mad.

At a prearranged signal from Ted -- he came up to me and said it was time to close -- I closed. The parts of me that weren't trembling enjoyed it a lot. Nobody thought I sounded nervous and we went home and I passed out. In the next Installment of Carol Carr Meets Life in the Raw I'll tell you all about our strange adventures on WBAI.

Somewhere over the rainbow a groupie exists who is a Victorian-type hippie. She takes plaster casts of her lovers and presses them between the jackets of their record albums. I can imagine Tiny Tim's wife, Miss Vickie, in this role.

There's a lady at work whose personality gave rise to a great line. She's extremely bright, very quick but totally weird, unable to communicate linear stuff in a linear way, jumps into complicated concepts in the middle of her own sentences, feet first, and the best minds of our generation have trouble understanding what she's talking about even when she's slowing down and trying to be organized. All this for something said in passing by one of her colleagues: "She has a mind like a steel trap designed by Rube Goldberg."

WBAI, "New York's Listener Sponsored Station," was holding a fund-raising marathon and Tom Disch knows some of the people there and he asked Terry and me and Marc Haefele from Doubleday to join him in sitting around in front of a microphone for a couple of hours and talking ("bullshitting" was the word I think he used). I debated for the second time in two months whether I should do it, for much the same reasons I was hesitant about chairing the Lunacon panel, but my lack of expertise didn't seem to have hurt then, and it wouldn't be too scary because nobody could see me, etc. etc., so okay. Arnie Katz suggested I say "Oxford 7-2288" whenever I was stuck for something more pithy, because that was the phone number of the station and at fund-raising marathons that's what you repeat a whole lot. Oh his prophetic soul.

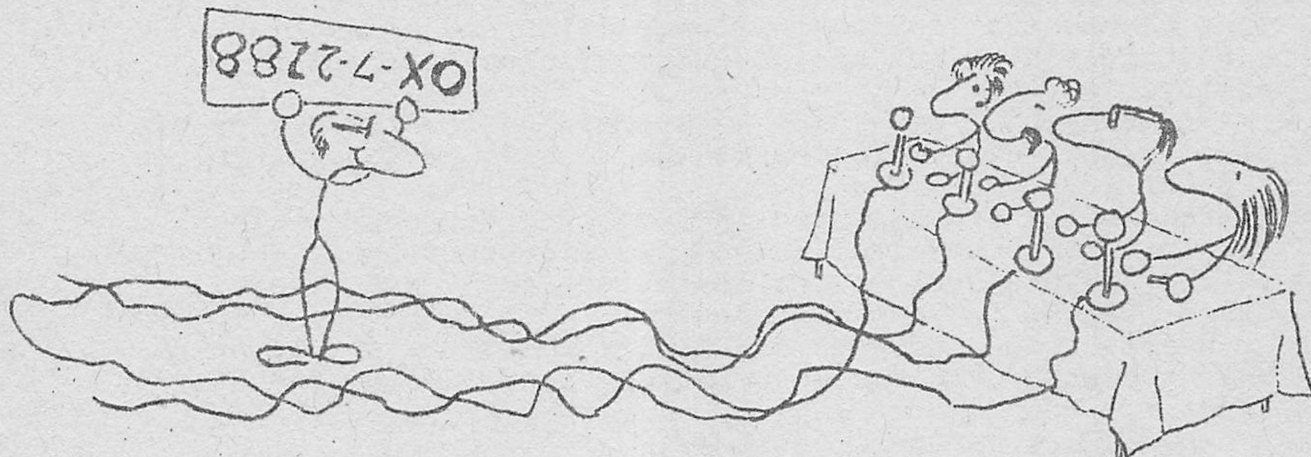
Marc: What we're trying to do at Doubleday is...

Neil (the host): OX 7-2288. We have ten lines open and only one call coming in.

Terry: Let's talk about...

Carol: Guilt. How about Guilt in Science Fiction?

Neil: Speaking of guilt, call OX 7-2288. Come onnn, out there. Only \$78 to reach the \$40,000 mark.



Tom: What Specials do you have coming up, Terry?

Neil: OX 7-2288. OX 7-2288.

Later I discovered I'd lost my sunglasses that day and thought I'd call WBAI and see if I'd left them there. "Hello, Information? I'd like the number of WBAI, 30 West 39th Street." "The number is Oxford 7-2288." "Ohmygod."

Did I ever tell you about when I worked for the State Committee on TB and Public Health? I overheard a conversation between our fund raiser (the one who came in every morning in the winter complaining that his birdbath had frozen over during the night) and somebody. He was saying, quite heatedly for him, "What if the Federal government starts providing funds for TB? What will happen to the joy of giving?" He was seriously more interested in the pleasures of the doner than in doing away with TB. He was appalled. So was I and I quit soon after -- for other reasons, I must add, in case you think I have integrity or something.

Since you ask, herewith an off-the-cuff explanation of "anal." Anal is a Freudian description of a personality type which becomes fixated (hung up) at the anal or toilet-training stage of development. One uses "anal" in a sentence thusly: "Boy, is he anal."

The theory behind it is something like this: During toilet-training the child can either please his mother by giving up something of himself at her command, or he can show his resentment of her demands by either doing it everywhere, whenever the mood takes him, or holding it back practically forever. If he chooses the latter, he is called Anal Retentive and grows up to be a perverse kind of adult, the kind who, when you call him on the phone to say you've just won the Nobel Prize, says, "That's nice; what else is new?" Since the anal period is the one that ushers in the development of the superego, or conscience, it becomes rather important (to Freudians at least) because it is connected and confused with Goodness, Cleanliness, etc. etc. It's the hardest period for a child to go through -- it's being pushed out of Eden by the backside. It's the child's first realization that society has a claim on his own body and the products of his body.

The "Ideal" anal personality has the following characteristics:

A strong superego which gives him a lot of guilt if he doesn't listen to it; his expectations of others are likewise unrealistically high and he is often disappointed in people, who eventually in one way or another fail to live up to his standards of moral and ethical behavior.

A passion for collection, completion and perfection.

Authoritarian tendencies; conservative to fascist politics.

Preoccupation with time -- promptness, or the saving of time or the fear of losing it, wasting it, not being in control of it.

Physically tight-lipped (see Patrick McGoochan on The Prisoner, or Norman Mailer, who is also constantly dwelling on the scatological in his books, speeches, everywhere); stiff, tight, uptight appearance.

Overly concerned with own bodily functions and if he has psychosomatic problems they usually occur in the intestinal tract.

Meticulous personal habits.

Constipation.

Dread of homosexuality (fear of being penetrated by communists).

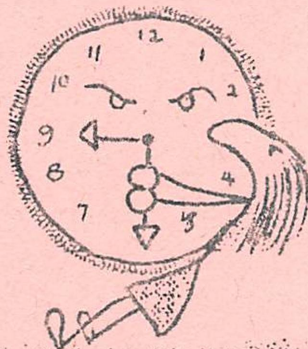
If an anal personality is in really bad shape, the psychosis he will feel most comfortable with will be paranoia, where he can indulge in systems, plots and split-second timing; another favorite is the obsessive-compulsive (e.g., handwashing) bit, but it's connected to paranoia in that it involves paying dues to some omnipotent figure.

He detests hippies because they are his antithesis, the repressed part that wants to make a horsey and a ducky out of his doodoo rather than show it to mommy and win a prize. On the other hand, he may be an Anal Reaction Formation: he looks at himself, says feh, and proceeds briskly in the opposite direction and becomes a socialist, a hippie, etc.

The main thing to remember about all this is Who Cares. There are maybe two people I've ever thought of as anal types because they have most or all of the characteristics described, but you might as well call it the Uptight Personality or what have you -- it's just another label.

If anybody comments "Yeah? Well, I have all 57 symptoms and I'm not anal," I will refuse to reply.

The Silverbergs and Sid Coleman were over one night recently. We have old-fashioned french doors separating the living room from the kitchen and I'd pasted some decals (butterflies and mushrooms and such like) on the panes. Bob said, "Gee your restaurant accepts strange credit cards."



Immortality does appeal to me; it has a nice sound to it. I know it isn't Nature's Way and wouldn't work well for the birds in the air and the beasts and the fowl, but I wouldn't mind making a few exceptions for me and my friends.

I have an ex-mother-in-law who is one of the two people I mentioned as being unmistakably anal -- if she had a fantasy it would be to be reincarnated into a cake of soap. Anyway, we saw Albee's American Dream with her, which has some very funny lines, some anal ones which sometimes were and sometimes weren't funny. She didn't laugh at anything except the peepee-doodoo jokes, and then she roared.

You should see Charly and judge it for yourself, but meanwhile, let me prejudice you a little bit. Cliff Robertson played him with a combination of restrained drool and reticent shuffle. There are two scientists -- one male and one female (shades of Johnson & Masters) -- who give him the drug. The male doctor is interested in Charly's cognitive development and the female doctor is concerned with Charly's emotional development. And they yell at each other all the way through:

He: Ha, his IQ has risen 12 points today. He is doing well.

She: But Herr Finkelhoff, his emotions -- have they caught up?

CUT to Charly raping Claire Bloom.

I find Julia mostly pure ick, but why should a show about Negroes be any better than a show about white people? No reason, but it would have been nice. I like to think that the Black revolution, if there's to be one, will (and if we live through it) cut away some of the more blatant nonsense we deal with now, instead of dealing itself a slice of it. (But then again, who wants a less-corruptible-than-thou black man...struttin' around, puttin' on airs...) Now that I think of it, that's what's going to represent the civil war within that revolution. (What revolution? Oh, just any old revolution.) (What does "that's what's" mean? There's no such word as "that's what's.") Anyway, what I meant was, the clash between those who want to get into society and those who want out.

Negro: Gimme that.

Hippie: Give you what, my brother?

Negro: Man, that Giant Safety Deposit box you just threw in the garbage can.

Hippie: Ohhh, that.

Negro: Yeah, that. What's in it?

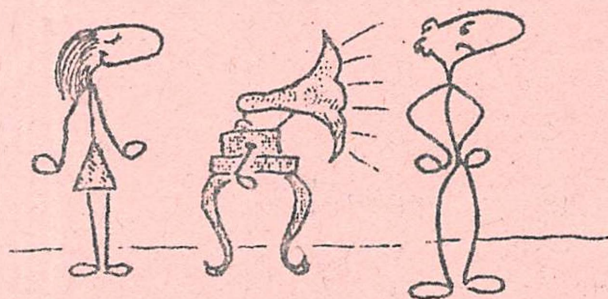
Hippie: My scholarship to Syracuse U., my two parents -- count them, I have two; we all do. The keys to my Triumph and the social security card I got in order to get a part-time job in order to feel I was contributing to society while learning what to contribute. Nu? It's all lies, you know.

Negro: You don't know a thing. Gimme that box.

I was on an overnight train trip for the first time when we went to the Marcon and it still amazes me that some weirdo anal personality managed to squeeze a three-room apartment into a 1 x 2 foot area. Otherwise, the food was awful and everytime I tried to go to sleep the train seemed to start moving sideways.

The younger crowd in New York watch the stop lights flash too. Does yours watch them for amusement or insight?

N.B. This is my first comment on (blush) rock. I like Joe Cocker. Thank you. (Today I was having lunch with friends Ruth and John. John said he saw Joe Cocker on television and Joe Cocker was spastic and couldn't sing and distorted everything. I said to John, "You're crazy, John, and what's more you have no taste." Ruth said she hated Joe Cocker, he was spastic and what's more he distorted everything he sang. I said, "You're crazy, Ruth," and she said, "You have no taste because you liked 2001," and I said, "You might have liked it too if you hadn't slept through it because you were in an alcoholic stupor again," and she said, "Joe Cocker is spastic and he can't sing worth a damn and he distorts everything he sings." It all hangs out at lunch.)



Paul Ehrlich, in a Playboy interview, says that black overpopulation is the least of our worries; blacks aren't the consumers and therefore not the polluters. Great. Now I know why Negroes should be kept in their place.

I once had a crush on a boy who was really named Morton Fink. Morton Fink was the first hippie I ever knew (now you know what my New Year's resolutions are like), although I didn't know it then. He impressed the hell out of me. When he got his test papers back he would put them face down on his desk and not look at the mark. He read paperbacks hidden behind his textbooks. He read all the time. Once the class tromped next door to see a film on TB or something (high school equivalent of army movies) and Morton Fink sat down and started reading his book. When the lights were put out he loudly mumbled, "I can't see!" I wrote a poem in his honor called Sestina for Finkela (Finkela being the diminutive of Fink). A sestina is a type of poetic form where the last words of each line are repeated throughout but alternated in a way I don't remember now. Anyway, the poem didn't stick to the form. It started:

Come with me where no eyes may see
Your languid look of complacency;
Where friend nor foe will need to strain
For pronunciation of your stupid name.
We will of the cool waters drink,
Fink, Fink, Fink, Fink.

It ended:

But wait, I know this cannot be;
For I to wish it is insanity.
Thou art creative, I do think,
And though I know your art may stink,
'Tis in my heart you've cut a chink,
Fink, Fink, Fink, Fink.

When I'm gone I hope they say of me, "Carol...ye-es, I remember Carol Carr. Wasn't she the person who knew more about anal personalities than the rest of the kids?" How well I remember myself as a child, sneaking behind the barn and whispering Freudian fairy tales into innocent little ears: "...and then the little girl saw that her brother had one, so what could possibly have happened to her own? My gracious she was bothered."



Kvelling is the opposite of kvetching. Kvelling is what you do when your daughter marries a professional. Kvelling is sort of a Jewish beaming and weaving but directed towards someone who brings honor down around your head. I kvell, he kvells, you kvell, they kvell, the Lord kvelleth.

How do I cook a horse, you ask me? Well, first I get him to trust me by offering him a carrot. Then I offer him a potato. Then I offer him, in rapid order, celery, onions, garlic, parsley, beef broth, salt and pepper and mushrooms. Then I hold a sugar cube under his nose and lead him to the oven, where I ask him to get in. 8 1/2 hours at 325° -- keep basting.

"I made a poem, man."

"Say it."

"Whee."

My mother once bought me a bunch of plastic purple grapes in a red bowl-thing that looked like a chariot-driver's helmet. She said, as she gave it to me:

I'm not at all sure you'll like it.

No, I'm sure you won't like it.

I think you'll hate it.

It's really not the kind of thing you like.

I'll exchange it; don't even open it.

I opened it and admitted that it wasn't the kind of thing I like, thinking she had convinced herself of that anyway and would be only mildly disappointed. I was wrong. She was hurt. You can't win.

Here's a joke about Jewish mothers and once you understand this joke you will know everything:

It's Marvin's birthday and his mother says to him: "It's your birthday soon, Marvin. What do you want?"

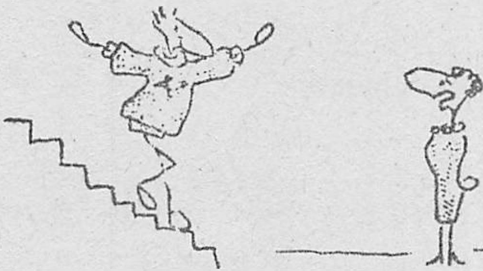
Marvin: "Oh, I can't think of anything special. Whatever you decide."

Mrs. Mother: "No, you tell me. If you don't tell me, I'll get the wrong thing and you won't like it. So tell me."

Marvin: "How about a sweater?"

So Mrs. Mother gets Marvin two sweaters. On the day of his birthday Marvin unwraps the package, runs upstairs, puts on one of the sweaters and comes down wearing it, all happy and smiling.

Mrs. Mother: "What's the matter -- you don't like the other one?"



I love typewriters; the best ones have more gadgets than I know what to do with. But I can't type on manuals anymore. As we in the business put it -- I've lost my pinkie.

Listen, can I ask you a personal question? What would you do if you had a cat and you took him to the vet to be altered and he was, and a year later he developed an uncontrollable lurch for your quilt? If we leave the quilt on the bed he finds or makes a hunched-up area, straddles it and makes all the appropriate motions. Which wouldn't bother me, because I was the one who told him to loosen up in the first place, but he bites the material clear through and the entire thing is covered with puncture marks from his various sexual congresses. Actually I've been meaning to bring him back to the vet for a refund, or give Gilgamesh the damn quilt for a birthday present.

"Motherfucker is a personal insult, shithead is not," you claim. I just had this image of Patrick McGoochan, our resident Anal Personality symbol, hitting you over the head with both fists, screaming. "It may not be personal to you, buddy!"

No more on hippies. Yesterday the word lost its meaning forever. My mother was over for turkey and she said to my aunt, who had just commented that the length of Terry's hair made him look like a hippie, "Everybody's a hippie except Julie Nixon. I'm getting to be a hippie." It's true she now thinks kissing goodnight on the first date is okay, but her remark destroyed all future thoughts on hippieness for me. Later she said, sort of sadly, that without his beard Terry looks like Robert Goulet. ROBERT GOULET!

Do your newspapers have a lot of typos? The New York Post is riddled with them. Your New York Post article would look like this:

POSSIBLY LIFE ON
MRSA SAYS SCEINTIST

A Scientist said today zvyk therem ay be life on Mars.

A scientist adresing a womensc'club todl them that there may be life in Wisconsin. Dr. Andrew Young, a gastrointestinal expert said that since peas and carrots do not ordinarily contain cyclamates and fchzytylmgr aeiouzzzzzzzz

Sometimes I think the Post is a set-up for the New Yorker.

Penis envy: Feelings of acquisitiveness on the part of the female for members of the opposite sex.

"Are all women incapable of distinguishing left from right?" I doubt it, but I am. To wit, a recent conversation, only slightly unserious:

Terry: Show me your right hand.

Me (quick as a wink conjuring up the arm I leaned against the side of the wall near the table I sat at at the time I was taught right from left): This one!

Terry: Terrific. Now show me your left hand.

Me: Let me think for a second.

I was cleaning out the desk of six years' accumulation and found a list of selected article titles from when I worked for the psychiatrist (the one who edited the Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association). What surprises me is that I couldn't have been as deeply impressed by Freudianism as I remembered being at that period, or I wouldn't have found the following funny. Not that I don't still think it's valid -- just not necessarily helpful. Anyway:

"On Being Seated During the First Interview and Changes in Seating During the Course of Treatment"

"Antigone: A Pre-Oedipal Old Maid"

"A Psychoanalytic Review of Music"

"Notes on Problems of Technique in the Psychoanalytic Treatment of Adolescents: With Some Remarks on Perversions"

"Progressive and Regressive Determinants of the Keeping of Promises"

"Wife and Mistress in Counterphobic Phobia"

"Kafka's Libido Organization"

"Psychoanalytic Aspects of that Type of Communication Termed 'Small Talk'"

"The Boy Who Hated God -- Prejudice in an Eight Year Old"

"On Play and the Psychopathology of Gold"

"A Finger-Licking, Finger-Flicking Habit"

"Songs of the Transference"

If someone said goodbye to me with the parting reminder "...and don't forget to smash the state" I'm afraid I'd answer just as good humoredly, "Fuck off." Not that I'm against state smashing -- I just hate to be nagged.

FAN FLESH, FAN BONES

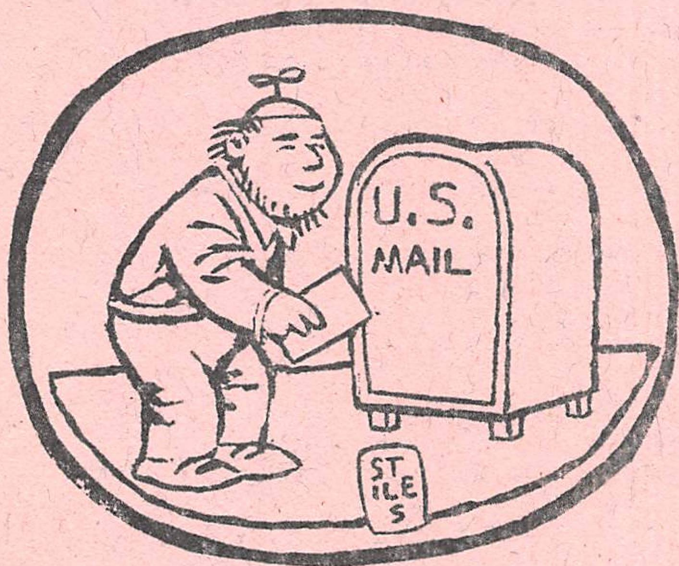
FAN KOANS TRANSLATED BY
CARL BRANDON

The master Hoypong was asked by a neofan, "What is the Way of Fandom?"

"What a fine issue of Analog this is," said Hoypong.

"I am not asking you about Analog, but about the Way of Fandom," the neofan protested.

"So long as you cannot go beyond Analog, you cannot learn the Way," replied the master.



A neofan came up to the master Sifan. "I have just read an issue of BOONFARK and I am anxious to learn the first principle of fannishness," he said. "Will you please teach it to me?"

Sifan asked, "Have you written a letter of comment?"

The neofan answered, "I have."

Sifan said, "Now mail it."

At a convention party Boshaw was speaking quietly with friends when he was interrupted by a comix fan who said, "In the comix I read, I learn how to naralyze opponents with a kick or behead them with one stroke of a sword. Do your fanzines teach you as much?"

"No," confessed Boshaw. "I have learned only small powers. Like: when I read Willis I laugh; when I join an apa I publish; when someone says 'sci-fi' I forget."

When Hariworner was a brash young fan, he was visited by the master Akkasan. Wishing to impress the master, he said:

"Egoboo is not a real thing; neither is the sense of wonder real. There is no difference between good writing and bad, for there are no such things as words. Everything in the half-world of fandom is truly nothing."

Akkasan picked up Hariworner's copy of The Outsider and gave him such a terrible whack with it that the book's spine was broken and pages cascaded to the floor.

Hariworner cried in anger, "You have destroyed the prize of my collection!"

"Then I have destroyed nothing," said Akkasan.



Two fans were discussing the Way of Fandom. One said: "If Ghu is Foo-foo, and if Foo-foo is Roscoe, then what is Roscoe?"

The other fan said, "Roscoe is 'if.'"

A passing SNOF struck them both over the head with his cane. "Roscoe is a dead cat!" he shouted.



An old fan said to the master Nelsan, "I remember that in 'The Harp Stateside' Willis told of a party where he smoked and flicked his ashes out the window. A neofan offered him an ashtray but he said, 'No thanks, I haven't filled this one yet.' Was he not enlightened?"

"Your memory is incorrect," said Nelsan. "Willis did not write that."

At this moment, the old fan was himself enlightened.

A neofan said to Djo-Nikko, "I have memorized the Fancyclopedia and meditated on The Neofan's Guide. I understood Dhalgren and have renounced Heinlein. Yet I cannot fan. Why is this?"

Djo-Nikko said, "You are not a fan."

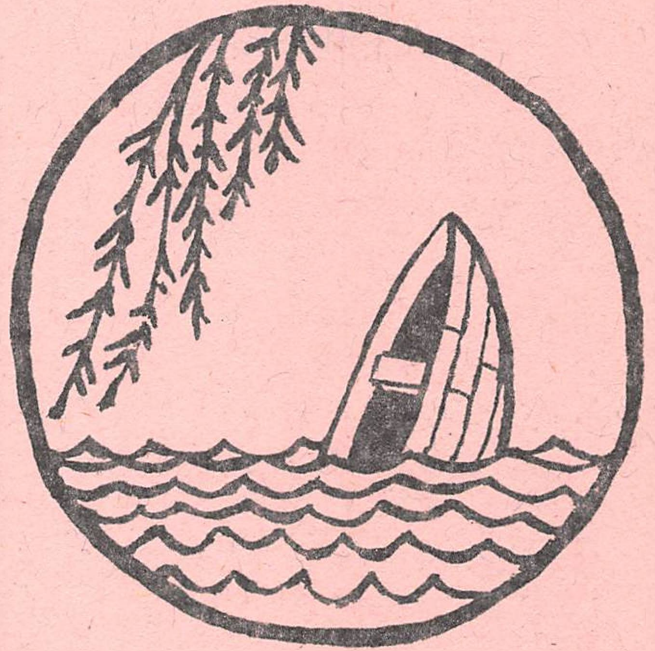
Bijo asked a neofan, "Who is at the handle of the Enchanted Duplicator?"

"A trufan," came the answer.

"Wrong," said Bijo. "No one is at the handle of the Enchanted Duplicator."

"How can this be?" asked the neofan.

"It cannot."



Elikone asked the Venerable Lihof, "Who sawed Courtney's Boat?"

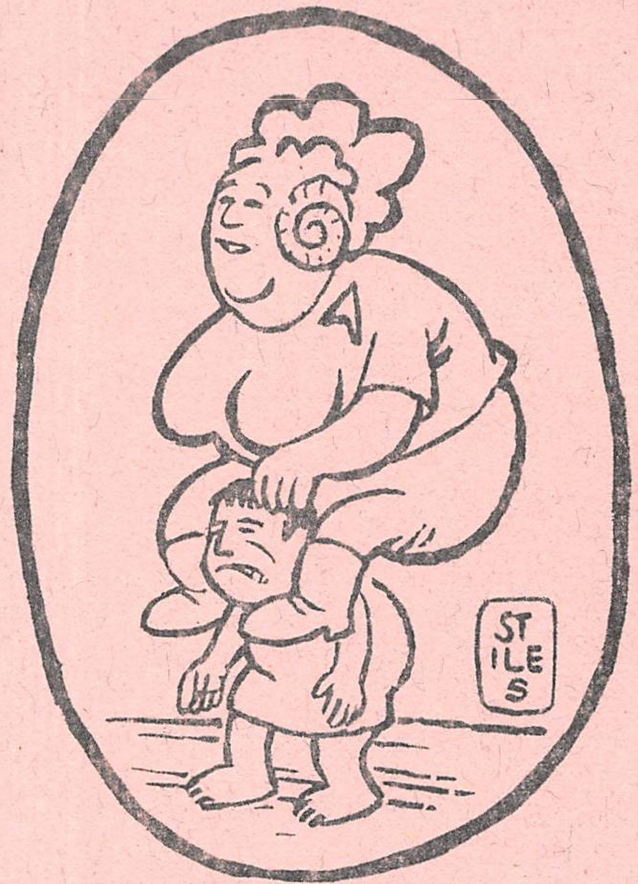
Lihof replied, "I had one grunch, but the eggplant over there."

Instantly enlightened, Elikone cried, "Nu!"

At a convention, the master Glikсан was approached by a heavily proportioned young woman wearing a Star Trek tee-shirt and with her hair coiled around her ears like Danish rolls. "How may I find the film room?" she asked.

Without a word Glikсан led her to the film room. Then he and his disciple Taral went to meditate in Jerijak's room. But Taral was unable to maintain silence. "Trufans shun media fans," he told Glikсан. "Why did you help her?"

"I left her in the film room," said Glikсан. "Is she still with you?"



Involved by chance in a game of Assassin, Jonsing was trapped at the end of a hallway. He fled down the stairwell, where he was accosted by five Dorsai Irregulars, weapons drawn. Turning to flee up the stairs, he saw his Assassin come through the door -- when down the stairs came two uniformed policemen, who saw the various real-seeming weapons and reached for their guns. Jonsing knew that he would be caught in the crossfire.

At that moment he saw on the wall an illustrated announcement of the Fan Artists' Meeting. "How splendidly Rotsler draws!" he exclaimed happily.

There were two fanclubs in one city, each following a Masterfan who taught the art of Fansmanship. One young fan met another from the other club and asked, "Where are you going?"

"Wherever the best stencils are sold," was the reply.

Unable to think of a confounding response, the young fan went to his teacher for help. "Next time," the teacher told him, "when he says that, ask him, 'Suppose stencils are all equally bad; then where are you going?'"

The fans met again the following day. "Where are you going?" asked the first.

"Wherever John Norman books are not sold," answered the other.

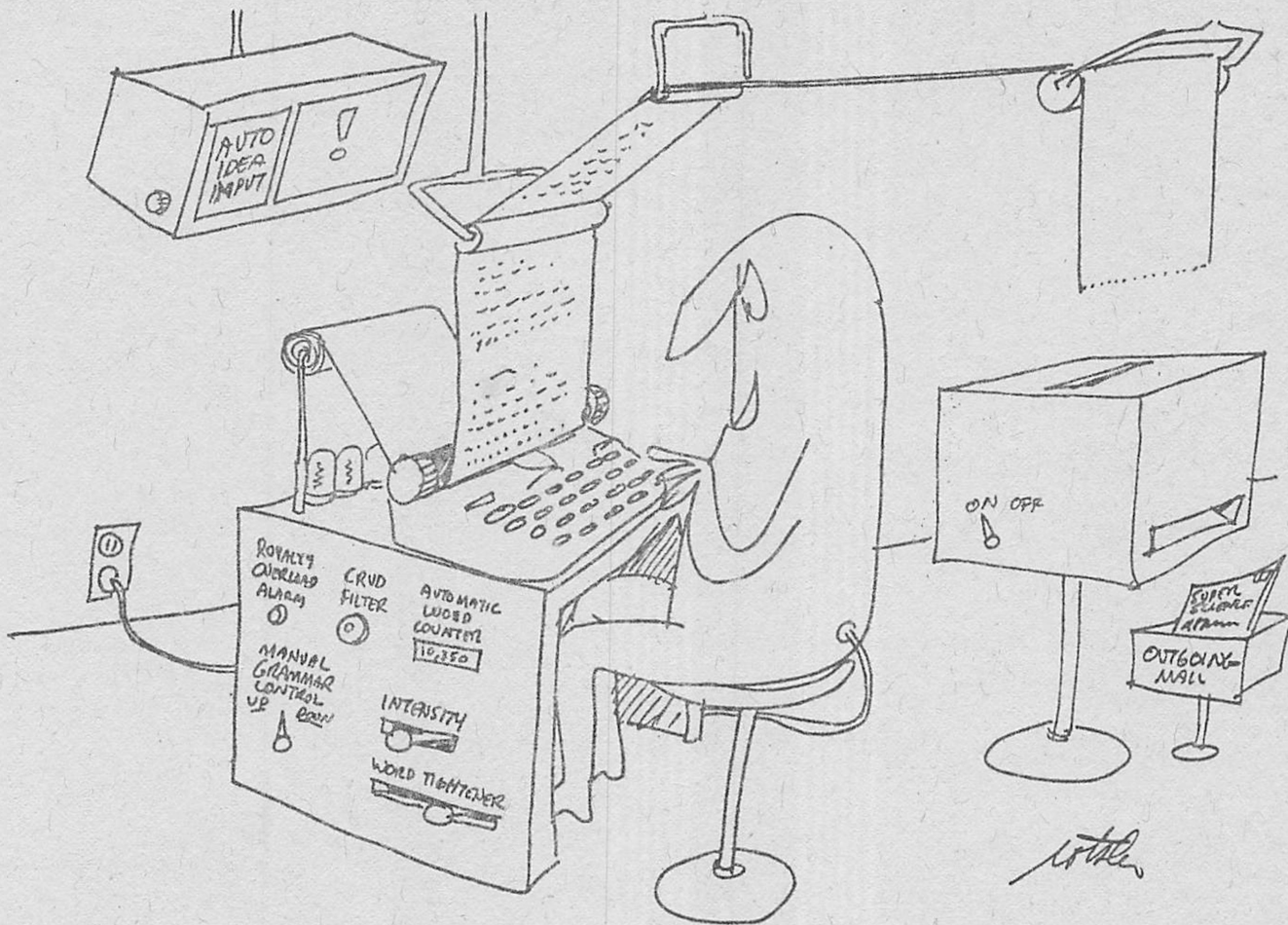
This again nonplussed the first fan, who again went to his teacher.

"Ask him where he is going if John Norman books are sold everywhere," suggested the teacher.

The next day the two fans met again. "Where are you going?" the first asked confidently.

"To the bathroom," said the other.





INWIECTIVE

BOB TUCKER: By one of those strange coincidences known to man, beast, and the Post Office Department, the Fapa mailing arrived today -- my birthday -- and provided me with much egoboo as well as a long, quiet evening of entertainment. I want to thank you for your part in providing me with the third of three cherished gifts (so to speak) to mark this glorious day. LIGHTHOUSE and the two Entropy Booklets were a fitting nightcap.

Being fiercely loyal to family and all, I must admit that I most enjoyed a gift given me by my grandson. The little tyke had no money to buy a conventional memento (his parents are notoriously stingy) and so he thoughtfully gave me a currycomb he'd found in the barn, nicely wrapped in Easter paper and tied with a green ribbon left over from the last Yule season. I was quite taken by his thoughtfulness, and spent nearly an hour combing my beard, to demonstrate for him the uses of the currycomb. Near the end of the hour my granddaughter entered (not my

Innvective, 2 -- at home with Bob Tucker

granddaughter who lives on East 7th Street, but the other one) and tossed a hefty bundle into my lap.

"Here's your damned old fanzines, grandpa," she said, winningly. It was the Fapa bundle, and I was pleased, but the child's mother washed out her mouth with soap because she had uttered that naughty word f--z---s.

Ripping open the bundle with senile cries of glee, I raced through the contents hunting my name in print, as Truefans are wont to do, and at last came to a full stop at your three magazines. You had sprinkled egoboo all over, and my day was made.

Mulling over these treasures, I finally went back to the one which arrived first because it came via first class mail: a pretty little birthday card from a woman in Chicago who was a stranger to me. She wrote a thoughtful note, signed her name, and below the signature added the words: "an NFFF Service."

I was touched.

PHILIP K. DICK: The illos in LIGHTHOUSE #15 are superb. And as usual Carol's Stuff is the best part of it all. Let's have more Carol Carr and less about Norman Piddlefrank, the fan who threw the beer can out the window of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in 1954.

However, although as I say I like Carol's Stuff, I am worried by her description of your two cats. I have beside me T. S. Eliot's Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, and I fail to find either type of cat mentioned. This is not a good situation. Perhaps you should return your cats as being defective (did any kind of warranty come with them? And can they be said to be broken? If broken, then they should be fixed; that's what people mean when they say, "I'm going to have my cat fixed"). Take, as an example of what troubles you can run into when buying a cat, our new cat Willis. He is, in fact, not new at all; he is a used cat. We purchased him from a used cat lot for \$2.00 and certain assertions were made by the salesman (in addition to his general "save this much money" spiel). We were told that Willis was a high type cat -- proved by the fact that he wore a jeweled collar (the jewels turned out to be fake, like everything else about him). He -- Willis -- was asserted to be a clean cat, friendly, gentle; that in fact he could not even go outdoors, so humble and gentle and inexperienced was he. And then, there in his little cage at the pound, Willis did his Act; he lay on his back -- as well as conditions permitted -- and smiled at us. "Better act now," the used cat dealer said. "Tomorrow he'll undoubtedly be gone," and by "gone" we knew exactly what he meant. So we paid the two dollars and signed a long contract and brought Willis home. Well, boys and girls, Willis was a lemon. We found out right away why his previous owners had junked him. When we opened the box, Willis leaped out and at once beat up our already cat. And in a lowclass way, I mean really dirty fighting, like pounding her (Zen) on the head fifty times in two seconds, like a triphammer. Then he tore off his jeweled collar. Then he forced his way outside and engaged in nine successive cat fights, all of which he won. I need not say the rest, except to mention that

Innvective, 3 -- Phil Dick's Willis

(a) he never washes himself, and (b) he eats everything in sight, including candy bars and raw carrots -- plus everything in between. Also, he bites guests.

Should you and Carol wish to trade cats, though, my feelings are that with proper discipline Willis would become -- aw the hell with it. Willis is rotten to the core, and not even you and Carol could make something respectable out of him. He steals, he lies, he can't be trusted with any responsibility. (I've heard that pets come to resemble their masters. Hmm. Oh well.)

CARL J. BRANDON, JR.: I tried to get hold of you when I was in New York, since you were one of the people I really wanted to get a chance to talk to for a while. I walked to your home address once, and nobody was in. I walked to your office, and nobody was in. But while I was standing in that marble lobby with the ACE BOOKS, INC. sign on the door right in front of me, knowing that you were one of the powerful men in there, deciding the fates of writer after writer, manu-

script after manuscript, I finally understood how you manage to get so much good material for LIGHTHOUSE. I got to thinking of the enormous possibilities in being both a fan editor and an Ace Books editor. And I think I figured out your secret -- like that time when Chip Delany must have walked into your office and put a ms. down on your table and said,

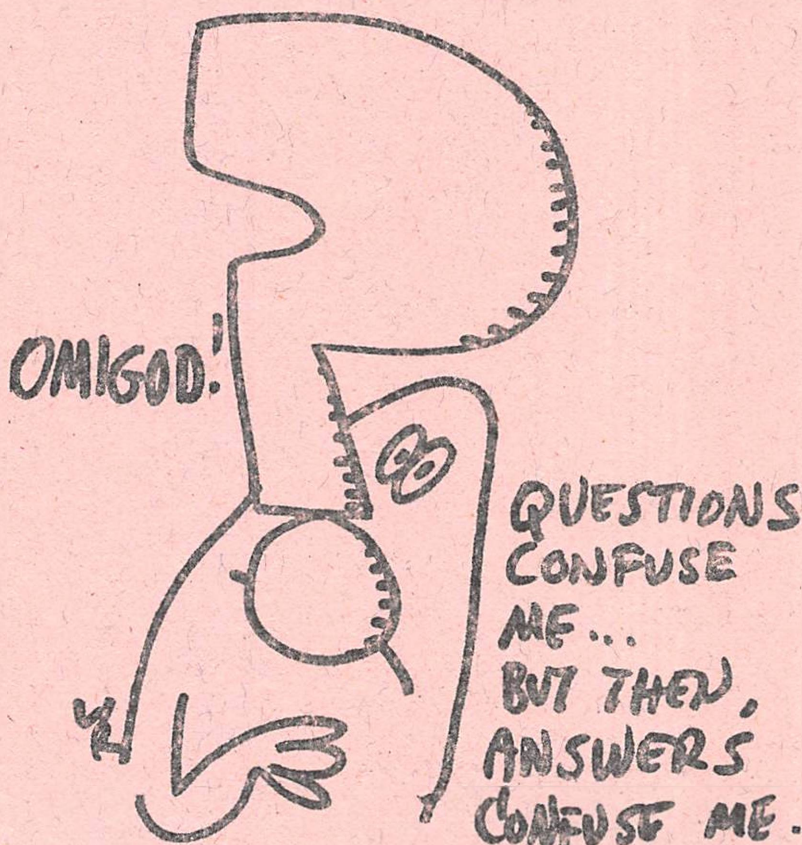
"Well, Carr, this is finally it. You know that book I was doing, Einstein Intersection? Well, it's finished, and Don said you'd definitely take it, so here it is."

And you'd smile devilishly and leaf through the ms., and then you'd raise your head and look Delany in the eyes and say,

"Well, this looks like a pretty good book, Chip. Pretty good. But you know, these diary quotes kind of intrigue me. I'd like to have a look at your diary before I okay the publishing of your novel -- you know, just to sort of read the rest of it."

And he'd say,

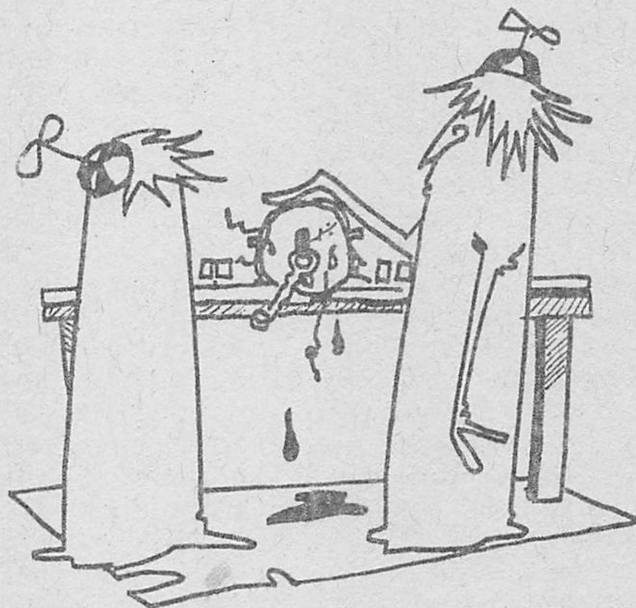
"It's not that I want to be unfriendly, but I think that'll be hard to manage, because the thing is pretty private, and I really don't want to let other people read it --"



Innvective, 4 -- Carl Brandon, Jr.'s power fantasy

"Look, Chip," you'd say, "let's be straight. You see, there's this little amateur magazine called LIGHTHOUSE which I publish in my spare time, and I'm a little hard up for material for it, and your diary would be just what I'm looking for. And you know we here at Ace've got an option on your books, and I'll tell you frankly that this here Einstein thing, it just might not fit our line of novels at all, not at all. And wouldn't it be a pity if this book was left in a drawer. But, you know, a favor gets another favor, and if you'd just let me have that diary, I might try to get this book out for you, since I think it does have some merit. Yes sir, I'd really try my best, I can promise you that."

And then you publish the diary in LIGHTHOUSE and everybody raves about what a great fanzine you manage to put out. You're a ghoddamn bastard, Carr, and I envy you like hell. Why, the only pressure I can put on the people who write for my fanzine is to threaten not to publish their latest book reviews, or at the very most, not to mention them in the next ten issues of FANAC.



WITH MY MAGNIFICANT MACHINE AND
YOUR MONEY - WE WILL PRODUCE
A FANZINE UNRIVALLED IN THE FIELD

[Actually the way Chip came to write A Fictional Architecture for Lths is even weirder than that. I was trying to convince Chip to write another book for Ace after Einstein Intersection but he wanted a better publisher. "I'd really like to write for LIGHTHOUSE, though," he said, and he stuck to his guns even when I admitted what the LIGHTHOUSE word rates were.]

RAY NELSON: Under acid, I have a tendency to actually become a Jungian archetype of the sort mentioned in Fritz Leiber's The Anima Archetype in Science Fantasy. From the acid viewpoint, this archetype is my real self and "Ray Nelson" is just a part I'm playing. ("All the world's a stage.") I see myself as being an immortal spirit that puts on various bodies in order to play certain roles in different historical periods. I have memories now of three other lives, one lived as a witch girl in the Germany of the Middle Ages (the Anima), one as an Irish boy killed by a lance in my early teens (the Child) and one as a Catholic priest (the Wise Old Man). I've gotten scared now that I might be really flipping, and have stopped taking acid.

Innvective, 5 -- Warner likes Delany anyway

HARRY WARNER: Samuel Delany's contribution has embedded itself more firmly in my memory than anything else in this issue. I normally don't like this particular style of writing. It seems mannered, when the writer omits most details which he is quite sure his readers won't be able to fill in for themselves, and nobody ever does anything predictable or utters a remark that could possibly be mistaken for a cliché. Besides, this sparseness of narration reminds me more and more of the scenarios that must be created to serve as a basis for television commercials, which demand just the same amount of rapid, to-the-point succession of events. Nevertheless, in this particular instance, it works.

I feel more at home in the more human sort of writing in Carol's column, which sounds as if it had come from a nearly normal person with an I.Q. not much above 180, and doesn't leave me angry for myself because I know I've failed to grasp the three highest levels of symbolism in each paragraph. One of the misfortunes of small town life is the deprivation of the entire race of building people. In the past few years, a couple of apartment complexes have gone up in the Hagerstown area that are probably big enough to have resident superintendents. But for the most part, the tenants are left on their own in multi-family buildings, calling the landlord or his agent only when something goes wrong, and this might have quite significant influence on the self-reliance of the small town Americans, perhaps even a perceptible action on their subconscious, if the concierge as a father image is something important that escaped Freud.

Fritz Leiber doesn't quite succeed in making me understand why the girls he lists are anima figures and those in the Merritt novels, the Ray Cummings atom stories, and Alas, All Thinking, to take three rather disparate examples, may not be. Mercy, I think I may have spotted one tonight in Lost in Space. The alien youth who served as the focal point of the plot caused the Earth people to imagine they saw things that they feared very much, a lion for most of them, but a beautiful girl for Jonathan Smith, and the explanation of how he did it was so far separated in the program from his tentative courtship with the lovely girl that I didn't realize what was going on until it was all over. I feel some slight sense of triumph when, after realizing my inability to gain the finer overtones of Samuel Delany's narrative, I find a subtlety in Lost in Space.

Dick Lupoff's contribution was superbly told; I doubt that any other fan in the world could have maintained the deadpan approach over such an extensive span of words. Of course, I felt superior as all get-out, reading these excerpts and knowing how patently outrageous the science must have seemed to a moderately intelligent person around the turn of the century and wondering how ignorant the reading audience must have been to put up with this sort of explanations of technology. And yet I can't help envying the people of the era, and forgetting my condescending sneer because of the envy I feel for their privilege of living through the decades when science really transformed normal everyday activities. The people who bought those 13 stories fresh from the presses were the ones who saw electricity become available to almost any home, the automobile replace the horse, the first heavier than air flights, tremendous changes in preventive medicine and surgery. Science has gone ahead at an accelerating rate ever since but it hasn't caused quite the same sort of radical revolutions in the ordinary person's field of observation since World War One. After all, the voice you hear over a telephone has exactly the same low quality as it had in 1900, and the only contact we have with orbital flights consists of shadows on a television picture tube. So maybe the readers of grandfather's day were apt to be a little less attentive to the

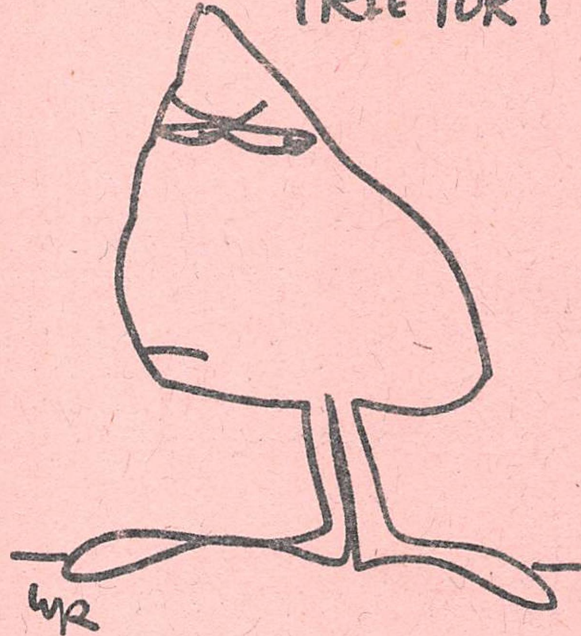
Innvective, 6 -- Warner on the good old days

sense that the science made in the stories, simply because they'd seen apparently impossible things come into their homes and roll past their front porches.

I'm willing to take Ted White's word for it, about Bok's ability as a writer of fiction. But is the low quality of the original Blue Flamingo such a surprising shocker, after all? Should we expect from Bok superb fiction, simply because we know he was a superior artist? Or shouldn't we assume that he would have at least as much trouble as the average intelligent person when he sat down to write a novel, probably more trouble, since most artists are sight-oriented and may attempt to put into words all the things they would include in their paintings.

The artwork is uniformly magnificent. Someone should start keeping track of the Jack Gaughan sketches in fanzines, as they appear. Right now there's a terrible and losing struggle to compile a listing of all Bok's fanzine art. I imagine that a couple of decades from now, people will be much more anxious to know where they can find more Gaughan than they're now hopeful of tracing all the Boks.

THAT'S IT?
THAT'S A LETTER
WORTH KILLING A
TREE FOR?



BOB SILVERBERG: I have been reading that LIGHTHOUSE with awe. It may be the best single fanzine issue ever published. It is certainly the best fanzine I've seen all week, at least. The finest and funniest thing in it is Carol's stuff, especially Carol on cats. But don't tell her I said so. It might spoil her, or something.

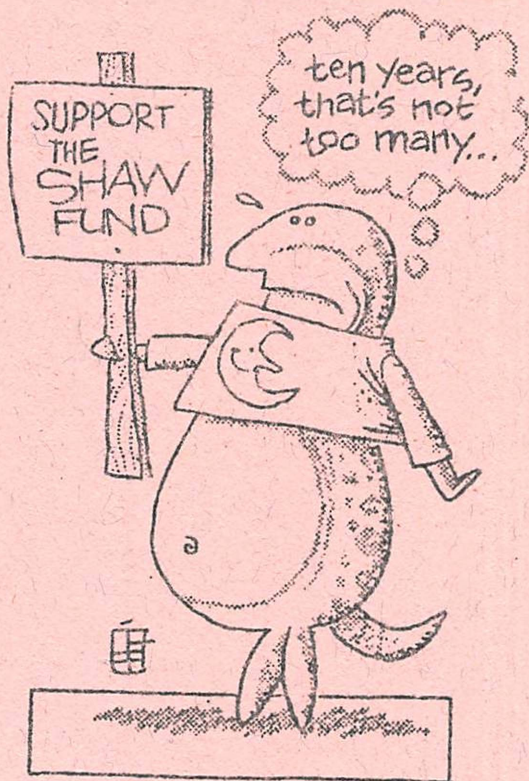
MARTY HELGESEN: LIGHTHOUSE has so much good stuff that it inhibits comment. While thinking about this problem I was reminded of Willis' statement that he started fanpubbing when he read several crudzines and said to himself, "I could do better than this." This lead me to conceive of a Great Project for the Good of Fandom. Obviously fandom needs

Innvective, 7 -- Helgesen on the importance of crudzines

crudzines to encourage neos to write letters and to begin publishing. If crudzines do not exist, fans will have to invent them! Talented fans will have to do some of their fanac under assumed names. Under these names they will publish deliberately bad material with deliberately sloppy reproduction. Neos will be encouraged to participate, talent will have a chance to develop, and we will enter into a Glorious Golden Age of Fandom, and Won't that be nice. All this Movement needs to get started is publicity and a slogan. How about "Crudzines are indispensable"?

[You may be right. If you see any awful stuff under my byline from now on please assume that I'm working for the good of fandom in the manner you've suggested. (Critics who claim that large chunks of my fan output have always shown such consideration for fandom's wellbeing will be derided as sercon oldpharts.)]

TOM DISCH: I think I told you my plan to settle in Munich, and you may have noticed that I didn't. Acute of you. You may suspect that in some way Germany was a disappointment. You may force me to admit it, if you keep on this way. In truth, John Sladek likes it even less, since John has a beard, and there is no place in Germany these days for anyone with a beard, not since the Final Solution. All the young people look as though they're on furlough from a military academy. Fashion is dictated by the needs of the 25-40-year-old generation not to appear quite as fat as they



are. To have come these many thousand miles only to end up right back in the mid-West.

Tell Philip K. Dick that he never needs to come to Germany; he can imagine it far better.

Which reminds me of a Germany anecdote. My second day in Munich, Saturday morning, I visited a small town lying just outside Munich to look for cheap rooms: Dachau. It seemed, theoretically, a fine address to have. We could write letters to our friends and relatives assuring them that we were having a splendid time in Dachau and that our happiness was marred only because they weren't there with us. We were expecting it to be, in fact, quaint, picturesque, pretty (at the turn of the century it was an artists' colony). Alas, the joke backfired. Dachau is hideous. Square stucco boxes. I enquired after rooms at two agencies that advertised apart-

ments to rent, and was told each time that there were none, none. A certain xenophobia is, I suppose, understandable. The only foreign tourists they would see in Dachau must come with no other intention than seeing the camp. After a few years that would become depressing. There was a souvenir shop

Innvective, 8 -- Tom Disch in Germany, 1966

on a sidestreet that sold jolly souvenir drinking mugs with a view of the town as it used to be and the name lettered beneath. I wanted to get one, but the place was on the other side of town from the railway station. I wanted to leave more.

ROBERT BLOCH: If I can't go to the Convention I can at least read LIGHTHOUSE #15 -- and I'm not entirely sure that this isn't a preferable alternative, what with the all-star lineup in this issue. Leiber's article on the anima was brilliant and told me much I didn't know; here all these years I thought an anima was something you take for constipation.

Another brilliant and unusual contribution was Gahan Wilson's Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn in Cartoonland. I'm surprised that the nostalgiacs haven't sniffed out this rich area yet. I can remember many of Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn's contemporaries and the world they lived in when I was a boy. There was, for example, the Tramp. Not today's panhandler, who still haunts the streets of Cartoonland asking donations for audacious or improbable needs, but the actual Tramp -- the hobo, the bindlestiff with his possessions wrapped in a bandana tied to a stick. He used to appear at Mrs. Badlydrawn's kitchen door with great regularity. Once in a while you see him today, seated on a park bench and making a snidely-philosophic observation on or to the Idle Rich, but he no longer hops freights or behaves like the traditional bum. We also seem to have lost his more enterprising companion, the Burglar -- who, complete with cloth cap and mask, used to show up in the Badlydrawns' parlor at night. And the Hold-Up Man, with the handkerchief over his mouth, is seldom lurking in the alleyway to accost Mr. Badlydrawn on his way home. We have also lost the Card-Party Scene, the Picnic, the Dinner Dance and the Pool Hall, to say nothing of the straw-hatted Farmer commenting on the City Feller in his Fancy Auto-mobeel.

Of course, we have our own cartoon-cliches in abundance today. For horrible example, that damned Desert Island -- approximately twelve feet long and fifteen feet wide, with a single palm tree sprouting from its sandy navel. It usually holds one bewhiskered Castaway, but can accomodate up to three. A Desert Island capable of sleeping four or more is apparently unheard of, or at least undrawn.

And all of us, I'm sure, are in a position to comment on the Science Fiction Cartoon -- its alien landscape and alien denizens haven't shown any sign of change or improvement since the days of Herbert G. Wells. On second thought, I take that back; there is sometimes one alteration: a space-craft landing no longer necessarily involves burying the nose of the vessel in the surface of the planet. And when the Little Green Men are shown, conversely, on a visit to Earth they do, I must admit, behave in the cartoons very much as I'm accustomed to seeing them behave in real life.

Hoping you are the same,

[But any of those stock scenes can be made the occasion for a brilliant cartoon. Apropos the Desert Island Cartoon, I remember one that Arthur Thomson did for HYPHEN: two tattered castaway fans were collating their fanzine and stuffing copies into bottles to be cast out to the waves, one of them remarking, "Sometimes I wonder why we bother." It struck me as a marvelous comment on fandom.]

WALT WILLIS: The reason I left road safety was that I got promoted to this fascinating job I've got now. Treagus and Rainbird are a firm of law publishers, and the job I have is law reform. It means that I virtually decide what the law should be in a lot of fields which are neutral so far as party politics are concerned, writing memoranda to the Cabinet and speeches for the Minister, and sitting in the little prompt box in Parliament to advise on awkward questions, and eventually seeing my very words bound in big books for posterity and affecting the lives of thousand of people. It's a strange sort of anonymous egoboo. One of my Bills deals with debts -- we're setting up a Government office to enforce court orders for the recovery of debts, to save people the antiquated and inefficient procedure of bailiffs etc. and the fees the lawyers charge for employing them; it'll be able to do all sorts of things like attach earnings and we figure it can collect about half a million pounds more every year at less than half the cost -- and in it the Draftsman is repealing over a hundred old Acts covering nearly a thousand years. I was looking over this Repeal Schedule and I noticed he had an entry "The Great Charter, 1215." "My Ghod, Barney," I said, "you're not repealing Magna Charta!" "Only Article 8, Walter," he vouchsafed soothingly. "King John promised the Barons he wouldn't use his armies to collect tribute, and you'll remember we made provision about Crown debts in Clause 57." So there you are, now: the fan who repealed Magna Charta. Do you think I'll overshadow Dave Kyle?

Oh, surely I must have told you about the new way of making money invented by Bob Shaw and myself? I put a fannish-type pun into a speech by the Minister. I don't know if he noticed it, and it was certainly too subtle for the House, but when it was published in Hansard I sent a copy to Bob and he quoted it in his column. Observe the beauty of this arrangement. Bob gets pre-written material for his column, I get ten shillings from the paper for the tip-off, and the Minister gets publicity. It is now my secret ambition to write a speech for the Minister containing the phrase "Yngvi is a louse."

[But Good Lord, if you can repeal Magna Charta, who knows what else you can do? Perhaps chip away at the foundations of the Throne itself, or discover an obscure statute against the publication of fanciful and unwholesome stories about electrick, magic-powered, steam-powered or otherwise-propelled vehicles or vessels for travel through the aether. In which case honest science fictioneers like Brian Aldiss would have to turn to writing mundane novels about how boys discover sex.]

JOHN D. BERRY: Well, Tom Purdom, if stf and sword& sorcery stories leave out the economic backgrounds of their societies, how about faan stories? A fannish farce such as the GDA or Carl Brandon fiction never worries about economics in their satirical societies; the only time I've



Innvective, 10 -- fandom and economics

ever seen a writer of faan fiction tackle what it would really be like if fandom took over the world was John Kusske, in his SAPS gen-apazine, and he didn't produce a very good story. Such a story might be interesting if a really masterful fanwriter tackled it, but I doubt it. In a related point, I have noticed a number of times recently that fans make predictions or speculations on what fandom will be like a few years from now without any reference to the outside world. The atmosphere of a society that could produce something like fandom and amateur publishing societies and worldcons is a very tenuous and unusual happening in history; despite your comments, for instance, Terry, there could never have been a fandom or anything approaching it in colonial America. Now take into account statements such as Greg Benford's speculation at Little Men recently that he fully expected this country to be thrown into revolutionary chaos in another twenty years, and where does that leave fandom? Well, just what would the fannish bonds and traditions be worth in such a world? I remember reading a story quite a while ago about a hip, individualist fan trying to run a small colony of refugees After The Bomb, but I don't remember where I read it. He had a duplicator so he introduced the Survivors' Amateur Press Society (SAPS) to keep up interest -- his own and that of the other survivors -- but in the end he took off on his motorcycle and told them all to go to hell. When I was in St. Louis before Christmas, Ray Fisher and I discussed an idea for a story set in a world all but killed off by some sort of chemical or biological warfare, leaving all the buildings and things intact. If you were the Lone Survivor, and a fan, how would you go about acquiring all the collections left ownerless? It's an inviting prospect, if you don't mind having the rest of humanity killed off around you.

BOB SHAW: I would like to say how very much I enjoyed reading LIGHTHOUSE.

In fact, if you search around in the envelope in which this letter came you will find your copy of an award which has been won by only one other fanzine. It might look like nothing more than a Belfast bus ticket (in fact it is nothing more than a Belfast bus ticket) but there is a story behind it....

Having lately moved house to a place which is only 100 yards from a main bus route, I have quit driving to work and have rediscovered the ancient pleasure of reading fanzines and prozines on the bus. I say ancient because it was about 18 years ago that I got so engrossed in a copy of FANSCIENT that I went a mile or so beyond my stop and had to walk back. And a couple of weeks ago I did the same thing with LIGHTHOUSE. You, sir, are in exalted company. I doubt if these bus ticket awards will ever become as prestigious as Hugos, but they have a real personal meaning.

[They have indeed, and I've propped mind up on the shelf next to the FANAC Hugo. People see the two of them and they look with interest at the Hugo, then ask, "Er...is that one anything?" "Yes, another award," I say proudly. "Oh? Ah...what award is it?" "It's the Belfast Bus Ticket Award," I say, and they say, "Oh."]

Innvective, 11 -- featuring fandom's favorite column:

WE ALSO HEARD FROM many, many others, but since that last issue of LIGHTHOUSE came out five years ago you can see that the letters on it are a bit old by now. MIKE MOORCOCK, for instance, said, "You are also producing fanzines for people who don't like fanzines, you clever devil," referring to a then-recent anthology of mine called Science Fiction for People Who Hate Science Fiction, and would you have understood that if I hadn't reminded you? JOE HALDEMAN said, "Harlan's story was cute, but you could have run it as an interlineation." JOHN BRUNNER liked the articles by Dick Lupoff and Chip Delany (which he termed "delightful despite being hideously self-indulgent") and added, "You did so have a fandom running things in colonial America -- Declaration of Independence Fandom -- and look how things turned out!" Well, there were a couple of good conventions, but too much wrangling over the by-laws.

GENE DE WEESE thought LIGHTHOUSE was "sort of like a giant YANDRO." SAM MOSKOWITZ said, "I'd be willing to pay a buck a copy to get something like this on a regular basis." F. M. BUSBY wrote, "Do I 'like' Lths? Well, not in the sense that I want to cuddle it and rumple its furry little ears. But I enjoy the material and the way you present it; how's that?" Not good enough; Lths always had a yen to have its furry little ears rumped. TOM DRAHEIM said, "Pat Lupoff is the Sam Moskowitz of the Old West, or isn't that much of a compliment?" I asked Pat what she thought, but she fell pensive for the rest of the evening. EVELYN DEL REY thought Carol's section on Black Trivia was funny "until I realized I knew all the answers except one." Sometimes WAHF columns become black trivia themselves.

And there were more letters, so many more: Joe Pilati, Boyd Raeburn, Thomas Burnett Swann, George Metzger, Vaughn Bode, Pete Weston, Jerry Kaufman, Brian Aldiss, Doug Lovenstein, Archie Mercer, Maggie Thompson, James Wright, Jeremy A. Barry, Don Martin, Willem Van den Broek, Vern Bennett, Richard Flinchbaugh, Jay Kay Klein, Ed R. Smith, Don Franson, Richard Delap, David C. Piper, Tom Purdom, John Foyster and ghod knows how many others. Enormous thanks to one and all; I only hope I get half as many comments on this INNUENDO.

Oscar Wilde was just a mnemonic hook on which to hang Aubrey Beardsley.

I'd been looking forward to seeing the new, revitalized London Circle. After reading in FEMIZINE about "a certain laxity of language which has been in evidence lately" I could hardly wait to get there and look all shocked and horrified along with the rest of them. I had a wild, wild hope that somebody had been using Oaths and Swear Words and perhaps even Blasphemy, but if I know my Elsie Horde it will probably turn out to be nothing more than Burgess splitting his infinitives again.

-- Chuck Harris, in SWAN SONG #2, 1959

Just about then our Ambitious Poet had to return to darkest Simpshire. He has since told me that he was sorry to leave so early because of a question he wanted to lay before the Committee. The question is: "Can worms ride bicycles?" Strange as it may seem, there are people who hold that worms can not ride bicycles -- these being the inevitable opponents to science and progress. They argue from the point that since no worm bicycles have been invented, worms cannot ride them. I will not point out the obvious fallacy.

-- "Fantacynic" (John F. Burke?)
in THE SATELLITE, June 1939