

# lighthouse NO. 1



So like how'd you know I'm a jazz fan?

# HAPPY TOWN

BY PETER G. SCOTT

## Out Of Somewhere

"Well," I said to Terry, "if you and Ron are driving down in Ron's car you will have to split the gas money, right?"

"Right," said Carr.

"Well," I said, "since I couldn't otherwise afford to go, if you two will still split the gas just between you two, I will go with you. OK?"

"OK," said Carr.

And that is how I got out of paying for food for four days.

We left Berkeley at 9:30, each of us confidently predicting estimated time of arrival at Los Angeles with only about 1 to 3 hours variance between us. Rain slowed us down for most of the way. The worst part of it was that the left windshield, the one in front of me while I was driving, was being smeared by the wiper. We stopped three times and washed the window with scouring powder. Finally, after scrubbing to no avail, I exchanged the two wipers. Ellick didn't need to see out, it just would have been scaring him. But it still smeared. Finally, in the space of half an hour, it stopped raining, the sun came up, the windshield wiper fell off, and we were going down the Grapevine into LA. Then it started raining again. The droplets would cling together on the window in front of me in helpless fear of my left arm which would periodically twist through the side window while holding the dislocated wiper and make stabs at clearing the pane. Meanwhile Ron would help to guide me by viewing through his side of the window, which had not been smeared by the wiper exchange. In this manner we crossed the greater part of Los Angeles to Long Beach, discomfiting no end of drivers going in the opposite direction, who saw only a wet arm holding a very wet wiper over an even wetter windshield.

We arrived in Long Beach somewhere around 8:30 a.m. We discovered that Minnie, who had been having sex in the street, was not actually pregnant. That's nice, we said, and went to bed. It took three days to get back on schedule.

I woke up at 4:30 and went into the living room. "Who's that in the dining room?" I asked Terry. "Why, that's Alex Bratmon," said Terry. I'd never met Alex before. I walked in and stretched out my hand and said, "Hello, Alex. I'm Pete Graham." Alex, who had been obliviously typing something, looked up, flustered. "Oh..." he said. "Oh...he--hello. I'm..." he had difficulty, "I'm Alex Bratmon," he finished weakly. Then he brightened up, and said bravely, "How did you know who I was?" We cleared this problem up and became fast friends. I turned around and somebody I'd never seen before walked up to me and said, "Hi, Pete! I'm John Trimble."

## The Big Top

That evening we visited the LASFS, yes we did, actually and literally. Fortunately we arrived late. As we entered we were each handed small lollipops. As we gazed at the suckers I noticed only two obvious-looking homosexuals, but I have since been informed that the particular ones I had in mind were not queer. Ron was asked a while ago by "like if the Lasfs was still queer. "Well," said Ron Ellick, "not all of the Lasfs is homosexual." At any rate, a substantial number of the members now seem to be as normal as a Lasfs member can be, which would seem to indicate that the club is finally out of what Laney called "that good groove." We sat down in whatever seats we could find. There was a young 13-year-old looking



person between me and Terry who wore a yellow vest-sweater and a red tie and a brown sport jacket. The minutes were passed around instead of read, a startlingly sensible idea. The sign-up list for the meeting was likewise rotated. I am expecting a card any day now announcing the next meeting. We attended the 1075th meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. That's the 1075th consecutive meeting. The person next to me had the past years' record book with him; I looked at it. For every list in it was inscribed "Forrest J Ackerman, 915 S Sherbourne Drive...." Every list. 1075 meetings.

I asked the guy next to me to exchange seats with me so I could talk to Terry. "Who," I asked Terry in my best questioning manner, "is he?" "Why," Terry replied, "that's George W. Fields." "Zat so?" I said. "Why, I spotted him for a fugghead as soon as I walked in." There were 29 people at that meeting; due to the crowd someone had felt called upon to stand up and count. Among those present were Lsj, Betty Jo, John Champion, Gin Faine (who proposed Santa Catalina for the '55 Westercon at the SFCon and came as Toffee to the Ball) and Ted Johnstone. Plus our group of Ellik, Carr, Trimble, Bratmon and me. George W. Fields is the one Burbee spoke of when he called Carr two nights later and said "George W. Fields called me on the phone tonight." "Oh?" said Terry, "What did he say?" "Oh, nothing. You know. It was George W. Fields."

George W. Fields and Ted Johnstone are the ones who cleverly entered fandom under assumed names. You see, their real names are George Fields Williamson and David McDonald.

Isn't that clever?

Both of them are eighteen. Why, Williamson is three weeks older than I am.

The meeting itself was bad, bad, very similar to our local club meetings a few years ago. They even had some of the same cliches. "You're out of order." "I third it." "Why is there always a silence when I say something?"

When the official part of the meeting was over, which really didn't take too long after we got there, the fun began. Terry and Ron enjoyed themselves as being Big Name Fans in a foreign fangroup for the first time, while I wandered around being nobody and got all the fuggheads to reveal themselves. There were some pips. There was the guy who sat off in the corner and read Life all evening long. There was the guy who ran around like an impolite Wally Weber taking pictures of everybody and especially George Fields Williamson, which I couldn't understand. I mean why he was taking pictures of George; I can understand Fields. I mean Williamson.

There was a good-looking girl at the meeting, amazingly enough. Her name was Miriam, she said. "Actually, it's Nora," she told Forry, "but I like Miriam better than that or Clarice or Veronica, my middle names." "Well then," said the ex-number one fan, "I shall call you Miriam. I believe in calling people by the names they vibrate to best." And he told her all about Weaver Wright and all.

Yes, years from now I will be telling my grandchildren about the day Terry Carr won a girl away from Forrest J Ackerman.

And me.

Why, that evening Forrie asked her to go to some cocktail party or other with him; and later that evening I asked her to go with me to the Lighthouse to listen to Modern Jazz with me, and she said yes; and the next night Terry took her to the Lighthouse and they listened to Modern Jazz.

Anyhow, she told us all about this party. It seems she had had a date to go to a party that night but had broken it to go to the Lasfs meeting. Now, right there is where the story becomes fantastic and I know you're sitting there unbelieving and thinking I should quit right now, but I won't. All I can tell you is that it's true. This good-looking girl broke a date to come to a Lasfs meeting.

So she said to us, the group that had come from Ellik's, "come to the party," she said, "they won't mind." Sure they won't, I'm sure each of us said in our minds, and fuggit, I'm sure each of our minds answered. So we went to the party, in South Pasadena or "South Pass" according to Miriam/Nora, and in the process stopped in and woke up the roommate of Nora's former date and bought some wine, of all things, since that's what the people at the party were drinking, and we bought some beer. Now, I don't ordinarily like beer, but if you'll just turn the page, I'll tell you how beer and I got along that night.



### Luau

Roland was the guy who was Nora's erstwhile date; Roger was with a girl from Nicaragua who had a French accent and was named something like Lolita or something. They were the sum total of the party. We burst in on them and it must be said that they were much more friendly to us than we would have been to similar invaders. Then again, we had brought some potables, so I don't know. The beer was in half-quart cans. I had three of them in the course of the evening and got inexcusably high. Not that I was obnoxious, but my god, three cans of beer. That's ridiculous. Champion was also sort of mellow, and he and I had several friendly arguments about why he should come to Cal and what was wrong with CalTech and whether Terry would make it with Nora, I mean after all, they were all on the couch with Roger at one end and Terry at the other. We all amused ourselves with watching and Terry amused himself in his own particular way and Nora amused herself thoroughly and I don't think Roger was too happy at all.

### Big Girl

Now, I don't want to embarrass anybody in print as I am wont to do, or shall I say as I am wanting to do. I shall only say that there were four girls and two men at that party who had known each other for a goodly length of time, and that the relationships between them were so involved and intertwined that it took five minutes for Ron Ellick and I to collaborate on committing them to paper. This piece of paper, the facts on which were compiled with the unwitting aid of one of the girls, is now in a good deal of demand around Berkeley fandom, to say nothing of certain segments of the Los Angeles population. For the purposes of this article I need only say that after a good deal of embarrassing, and sometimes bordering on the Sodomistic in the best IASFS tradition, activity Nora was taken home in Trimble's car accompanied by the most willing arms of one T. Carr.

They were also accompanied by Trimble, Champion, Ron Ellick and myself. They were a bit discomfited by this but I am proud to say in defense of these stalwart friends of mine that they continued their activity with unabated enthusiasm, if not modesty, during the ride to Nora's house, and home.

When we dropped Champion off at CalTech the two of them stayed in the car while the rest of us ran merrily through the crabgrass-covered halls. I left Terry with some trepidation in mind for his pristinity, but reassured myself with the thought that his was the hyper mind that had refused a ride once with two whores in a cab at the Oakland Westercon in 1956, and a mind such as that could have no difficulty subverting the crassly sexual aims of the girl with him. We raced through the halls and up the stairs to Champion's room, where he opened the door and turned on the light to reveal Roommate John Trenholm blissfully holding intercourse--on a high moral plane, of course--with the Sister of Death, sweet Morpheus. It seemed to be thing to do. Maybe it's that Los Angeles smog that does it. In the Bay Area it's rain that aphrodisiacally converts Berkeley Fandom's yearning for fanac into a craving for the sex act.

Enough of that. Back to the plot.

Trenholm looked up and said something like "meuh" and then fell back. We pranced about reminding him of the singular honor of being visited by so many BNF's--so we told him, we really did--and of Bowart's words on the subject and then left. He told John Champion the next morning that he remembered none of it.

Arriving first back at the car, I quietly approached it from the rear and hopped on the bumper, rocking up and down and causing quite a commotion to the occupants. Two heads popped up in frowning consternation as I clambered into the car again. "Old Fairfax joke," I said, "I foul you up."

They returned to their activity. I shall call it that in order to avoid embarrassing the two concerned as they would be if I told you what they were doing. I once ventured so far as to say to the audience at large (we were all discussing the phenomenon; my mind does not spontaneously run in these tracks, I assure you. Never.) that they were "making out." Nora at this point stopped making out and hit me a hard one across the face. I hit her back. I stand up for my rights.



The two of us then held an enlightening intellectual discussion in the course of which it was determined that certain colloquialisms have different meanings in different areas. It seems that to Nora I had just announced to the world at large (being those of us in the car) that she and Terry were having sexual intercourse in the back seat of that car. Now that's silly. Anyone who knows me at all will tell you that I would never have announced that to the world at large.

### Blues After Dark

Nora then occupied herself again and Trimble drove on. That ishe drove on until he realized he needed directions to reach Nora's home. "Nora," he said, "where do I go from here?" Nora looked up cursorily and said "Turn left." John Trimble turned left and drove on. "Nora," he said later. "Where do I go from here?" Nora once again looked up and with an even shorter glance at the surroundings said "Turn right." After a while of this it became more or less obvious to all of us that Nora, for reasons best known only to herself and the readers of this high-class mag, was in no particular hurry to get home. Finally we got her attention long enough at a street corner, rather bleak by nature, to get her to look around and give us a significant direction. She peered out of the car. " ", she said. While I pondered over the significance of this remark she looked at the street signs, coincided the map with the territory in her fine mind, and told Trimble the directions. "Turn left, go about three miles, turn right on ----, and don't bother me until you get there," she said.

A few moments later I unfortunately happened to use a declension of a particularly objectionable Anglo-Saxon word. Nora took the trouble to disengage herself again and hit me another one across the face. Being basically a coward I did not hit her back this time. Besides, she was right. I should never have used this word in the presence of a lady. I carried this line of thought on further and even discussed it openly with Nora and by the time we parted company there was a substantial breach created between certain segments of Berkeley and L.A. fandom.

### Whither Wollheim

I was here going to write all about the Lighthouse, that citadel of southern California modern jazz, and how we all went there along with McDaniel and Bjo Wells. But instead of waxing enthusiastic about that evening and describing "feather" and "hamster" to you all, and keeping you all in gales of laughter, no doubt, while I alternately slip in points of deep philosophic content which you would have nodded sagely over, I will merely mention a couple of the people that I met in LA that I think deserve special mention. One of them was John Trimble, who was uncomplainingly our main mode of transportation while we were down there, a quiet type; not too fannish, though. And let me hasten to add that I think that an accolade of sorts. Another of them was Betty-Jo, better known to us all as Bjo. Charming. Good fun. Fannish. Non-fannish. Humorous. She had fun at the Lighthouse; and when she has fun, that is to say in a liquid sort of way, she lapses into her original drawl, which is nothing else than--I detest the word--cute. We all loved it. When we first noticed the drawl somebody asked her, "Bjo, did you know you're drawling?" She looked up, smiled and said, "Shuah." Great. Later she told us of how she was once sung to sleep by a Choctaw Indian chief named Joe. The third was John Champion, whom I anticipate with great pleasure getting to know better at various sessions in the future. He's 17 and a freshman studying Chemistry at California Institute of Technology. If that means anything to you it will mean a lot.

I realized suddenly and happily after I got back from LA that Easter weekend, four years to the day that Carr and I had gone to visit Vorzimmer in Hollywood, that this had been one of the few times I had had to do with strange fans and had found a good number of really likeable people among them. The only other instance I can think of was the SFCon, and that's to be expected because of the large number of people attending; I couldn't help but meet nice people there.

This last section has become rather rambling and mandlin and probably uninteresting to everybody except the three mentioned. That's too bad. Oh well--it's only a one-shot.



### Just One More Time

Terry spoke to me a minute ago about the last few pages. "Pete," he said to me, "Pete, it's too strong."

I went over them again. By damn, they are too strong. I should have mentioned, for example, rather magnificent pun George Fields Williamson made at the LASFS meeting. The puns were flying thick, fast and bad, when someone out of a clear blue sky said, "Go ahead, somebody! Make a pun on chandelier!" There was silence for a moment. "Oh, c'mon," said George. "That's pretty chicken."

And then there's this bit about Forrest J Ackerman. That doesn't look too good, does it? Well, seems that getting the story of his asking Nora out third-hand as I did, I simply Did It Again and neglected to mention that the function he'd invited this girl to was a--hold on to your hats--talk on leprechauns that he'd been asked to bring people to or something. Ghod did I botch that.

Now all that's over with.

I seem to have started this stencil. ## Remember Roland? He's the guy Nora was originally to have gone to that party with. Anyhow (he's a nonfan), Nora reports that he and she were talking at one point in the evening after we all had arrived and he said "You know, you're not the only girl in the world I can go out with," a neat opening gambit if ever I heard one. Well, as Nora put it, "I said, 'I know, and you're not the only guy I have to go out with, either,' and he said, 'Yeah, well, I can take other girls out, you know,' and I said, 'Well, go ahead,' and he said 'jackass' and I said 'fugghead.'"

### Takin' Care of Business

Somewhere else in this best of all possible rags you will note two stencils by Bob Tucker and one by Don Wegars. Some of you will remember my hyper FAPazine Isomer, the 2nd issue of which consisted of stencils I'd sent out to be cut by various people with whatever they wanted on them. I'd given up on Tucker long ago, of course, and then one day they came to Terry. And here they are. If any of it looks familiar it's because TGC excerpted parts for the letter column in Innuendo #7. Innuendo is Terry's hyper fanzine. We all have hyper fanzines. Wegars, now, had more energy than Tucker; for a while. He did the first stencil right away, but never did do the second one. So a couple of months ago when Terry and Ron visited him they picked up the one stencil and here it is. And John Champion (who is a good man) was asked via letter a few days ago to send a couple of typed stencils--we didn't provide them this time, we've grown cautious with age--if he cared to have anything in this fabulous one-shot here. If they ever come before this is run off they may be attached. Also, this is being sent through a) FAPA and b) the Cult. It will go in Fapa mailing 83 and will be F/R # ~~44~~  $\sqrt{1981}$ . It may come out after Champion's FR in which case it would be a  $\frac{45}{4}$  fractional, but don't let that bother you; this is F/R # ~~44~~  $\sqrt{1981}$ . It's all semantics.

Activity credits? We want none. We're doing this for fandom.

But just for the record: Bjo did the illos. That is to say, on second thought, she did the cover. She also did some other illos that we didn't use after all. People who worked on this thing are Carl Brandon, Terry Carr, Ron Ellick (running it off at the marathon session where the Burbee collectionx, all 150 copies of it, was run off and assembled along with this) and myself.

Copies of the Incomplete Burbee, over 100 pages of Burbiana, are available at 50¢ a copy from the Ron Ellick/Terry Carr cartel in room 104, Barrington Hall, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California (which is as good a place as any to direct your comments on this mag). Incomplete Burbee is being sent thru FAPA 83 also.

Lighthouse is not to be confused with Watchtower.

# CHARLES BURBEE:

## The Compleat Machiavelli

*an expose by Terry Carr*

Charles Burbee put one over on us.

Ron Ellik and I have been making periodic trips down to the Los Angeles area during the past several months, making it a point to drop in on Burbee each time. The first time we went to Burbee's I brought along a copy of The Innish to give to him, the issue having been just completed. Burbee saw the 84 pages of the zine (85, if you count the page I ran twice), and he shook his head in amazement at all the energy it must have taken. "Why, that's fantastic," he said. "Eighty-four pages. That's fantastic." He was astounded, as they say.

We told him that in addition to this we were editing and publishing a weekly newspaper for Barrington Hall, the co-op boarding and rooming house where we live. We mentioned that we were also in FAPA, and had magazines to do therein. We told him that eighty-four pages really wasn't so much. But he just shook his head.

I think he was scheming even then.

The next time we visited Burbee was a few months later, coincidentally right after I published the seventh issue of INNUENDO. Of course we took a copy to give to him. It ran to a little more than 40 pages.

"Forty pages," said Burbee. "Why, you were just here a month or so ago with a fanzine that was almost a hundred pages. How do you do it?"

We just grinned, pleased at his amazement, and said that it was really nothing. Then we came back to Berkeley and published the Barrington newspaper the night we got back, dated it prominently, and mailed it to Burbee the next day. He wrote to us and said we were publishing giants.

That was when Burbee really had us going. He had a tag-line now, and he played it for all it was worth. "publishing giants," he called us in postcards and letters for the next few weeks. "How do you do it?" he marvelled.

Well, he called us publishing giants so much that we began to fall for it. "After all," said Ron to me, "look at all the stuff we publish. Wouldn't Burbee be surprised to find that one month after you published The Innish you produced your Cultzine, which was 56 pages!" I grinned and said, "Yes, I should have sent him a copy of that. I would have liked to have seen his reaction to that."

Our phenomenal feats began to obsess us. We even made plans specially calculated to astonish Burbee. With the next issue of INNUENDO, for instance, we planned to run off about 75 copies of one page (preferably one with no illustrations on it, just type)--run off 75 extra copies of that page, that is. We were going to staple them



in with a regular copy of the issue, to pad it out. Burbee wouldn't have noticed for awhile that it was a fake, and we were sure he would be amazed.

We made another trip to L. A., and again saw Burbee. While there we mentioned that we had just got the idea for a weekly news fanzine, and would possibly start it up soon. Then we came home and published the first issue as soon as we arrived back, and mailed it to Burbee. He responded as we'd hoped, again calling us publishing giants and making typos in his amazement.

About that time Isabel Burbee wrote to us and told us that there would be a surprise birthday party for Burbee again this year, and she wondered if we would publish a collection of Burbee's writings to be distributed at this party. Now that I think of it, she had obviously been in on this whole thing with her husband right from the start.

Anyway, her suggestion fell on fertile ground. Why, we're publishing giants, we said to each other. Of course we'll do this Burbee anthology!

And we wrote back to Isabel affirmatively, meanwhile gloating to ourselves at how surprised Burbee would be when we came to the birthday party with a 50-page collection of his writings.

We didn't realize quite what we were getting into, of course, or we probably wouldn't have accepted Isabel's suggestion. And of course we didn't realize until later that it was all a plot on the part of the Burbees. First, they gave us all that egoboo about what energetic and amazing fellows we were, publishing reams and reams of fanzines effortlessly. Then Isabel wrote and suggested the Burbee collection, telling us to keep the party and the collection very secret. And we fell for the secrecy part too.

We should have used our heads. You see, Burbee wrote to a friend of Ron's, John Trimble, and asked him for some information about a LASFS member, and when John replied, he said that Ellick knew more about the individual than John did, and suggested that Burbee collar Ron at his birthday party and ask him then. Burbee didn't seem surprised at this. But we didn't suspect the great secrecy of the party yet.

Then, the last time we were in L. A., we went over to Burbee's with Trimble, among others, and John forgot to pick up his camera tripod when we were leaving. Burbee phoned us up at Len Moffatt's that night to tell John of this, and John said, "Well, I can't come over tomorrow to get it--tell you what, I'll pick it up at your birthday party." Burbee didn't make any questioning comment even at this second reference to what was presumably a deep dark secret--and still we didn't suspect.

But now, after days and days of typing stencils for the Burbee collection, we see the whole plot. A man's mind becomes sharp under pressure, and believe me the work we've put into this collection and the work which remains has put us all under a great strain. So we have figured out the whole scheme, as you can see. And at last we realize that Charles Burbee told us we were publishing giants so that we would be duped into taking on the task of doing a collection of his writings.

If this article reads like pseudo-Burbee, I apologize. You see, I've been typing Burbee articles for the last five days.



(The following article was sent to us for the Burbee collection, THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE. Since we have subsequently decided to print only Burbee material in the Burbee collection, we present here Bob Bloch's tribute to Burbee on his birthday.)

# UMBRAGE À BURBEE

Well, I see by the almanac that it is getting close to Burbee's birthday again.

I don't know how Burbee manages to get his name in the almanac, because they do not even bother to list the birthdays of Giles de Retz or Jack the Ripper or lots of other people who have done almost as much as Burbee.

But then, he is always getting this free publicity. I mean, his name keeps popping up in FAPA mailings and even legitimate fanzines, and in lists of the Ten Best-Dressed Men, or Men I Would Most Like To Be Marooned On Marilyn Monroe With.

On the other hand, maybe he deserves it. What he has done for the watermelon industry is only one of his many cultural contributions. His work as Al Ashley's Boswell is certainly enough to establish him alongside such other literary titans as Gene Stratton Porter, Mickey Spillane, and Victor Rousseau. And anyone who has ever heard him rip off Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor on a player piano (and substitute, in its place, Blind Watermelon Jefferson playing Gut-Bucket's Got A Hole In It) will never trade the experience for a new hearing-aid.

Yes, there is a lot to be said for Burbee, but not in a family magazine.

Perhaps the most apt comparison which springs to mind is Albert Schweitzer. Physically, the two men are not unlike. And when it comes to sheer versatility in the field of the humanities, the resemblance is still more marked. Schweitzer's work among the lepers of Africa is definitely similar to Burbee's labors amongst the primitive fans of Southern California. Indeed, while Schweitzer has risked his life, Burbee has risked his sanity.

And even so small a consideration is worth praising.

So it is that I am happy to lend my voice to the chorus of admiration which greets Charles Burbee on this, his birthday.

Men of Burbee's calibre do not come our way every day, and for this we should all be grateful.

--Robert Bloch

FUGGIT!

...a bit of nonsense by Don Vegars...

Some wise old fan once remarked that a decentralized fandom has its advantages. To this I give a hearty, "Yea, man!" We here in the good old Bay Area sometimes tend to forget that we are one of but a few fannish areas that are truly decentralized... And yet there still exist in fandom many fans who have been active for years and years—but who haven't met another fellow fan. Now this is a fine fettle of kish. It is also unfannish.

But in the Bay Area our motto is "One for all and all for one." Take, for instance, today. Pete Graham stopped by my house to drop this stencil off. In retaliation I forced him to help me run off a one shot which we called, prosaically enough, Five-Pound Note. Another example could be cited in the person of one Dave Rike, Rodeo fan. He always pops up in odd, unexpected police stations around here.

All in all, Frisco fandom can't be beat unless your one of those horrid serious constructive fans I've gotten wind of.

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"I have a five pound note, but nothing to wipe it on..."

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Speaking of decentralized fandoms, and even more specifically, Frisco Fandom, leave me ramble on a bit about one of the most famous sessions around here. It is called an interlineation session, and usually starts out with somebody saying something utterly nonsensical, like: 'It looked like a maltese catipillar with the piles.' Things go on from there. Perhaps somebody will note that we should get a pencil and piece of paper to keep a record of the things that happen to transpire.

When everything is finished, and the crowd is ready to leave, the sheets (and I mean sheets!) are produced by the scribe and everybody gives them his scrutiny. Sometimes they are divided up in packs of ten or twenty so that each fanned in the crowd may publish them in his zine. Somebody always gets gyped, though.

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Personally, I'd rather have "Big Sister" watching me

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And as you've noticed, I've succeeded in using two interlineations already. I'm becoming fascinated by them. They give a printed page that extra 'something' that isn't found in most plainly printed pages. Perhaps I'm pushing it too far, though. After all, enough is enough, especially when there's only one or two pages.

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"He turned 'Always demand the best in bread' into a whopping spoonerism." — Sky Hook 14

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Of course it's easier to say something than actually do it! You can rest assured however, that there will be no more of these little things on this page... After all, the little line denoting the end of this stencil is right down below me, and I'd want to be the last to be accused of pushing it too far!



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Whatever happened to Pete Graham?

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Dear Mr. Carr:

F.O. Box 702  
Bloomington-by-the-Sea  
11 December 57

(Not the Mister Carr of Seattle, of course.)

Tonight is my faaan night --- Tonight Is Fanac Night! Mark the date on your new girly calendar. It doesn't occur often. In fact, this is the first Fanac Night since shortly before March 12, 1955. My wife allows me only one Fanac Night every few years, a sort of release to all my pent-up frustrations and, of course, a sort of reward for being good. I have been very good for the past two years and so I am allowed to Fanac until midnight tonight.

My last Fanac Night was March 7, 1955 --- shortly before the fateful date of March 12th. You can readily imagine that I have a flock of pent-ups to release. I am releasing them on you because I have just read THE INNISH, wherein you so kindly me of Old Times. I gleeed at that.

But let me tell you about the fateful date of March 12, 1955.

A few days after that date (alas, too longe after my Fanac Night for 1955) I received a letter and two virgin stencils from a fellow named Peter Graham. As a point of interest, these two stencils I am typing on now. Isn't that a queer coincidence? Well, anyway, Peter sent the two stencils and a very nice letter, asking me to contribute (and stencil) something for his magazine, ISOMER. The date of his letter was March 12, 1955. Do you perceive the tragedy? Yes, of course. I couldn't contribute anything nor stencil anything because my Fanac Night was past! I could only sit and frustrate, sit and ponder, sit and weep because my Fanac Night was gone and my wife would not permit another one so soon. Therefore his letter went unanswered and his stencils gathered dust on the shelf.

Until tonight. Tonight, December 11, 1957, my gracious wife allowed me ANOTHER FANAC NIGHT! And so posthaste I ran to the closet and pulled out Pete's letter and these two stencils. (Mice had chewed the hole you see in the paragraph next above.) (And the stencils developed a slight weakness under the spaces where I place the letter O. ) (But all that is due to age, no doubt.)

So here I am, Fanacking my little heart out, as they say in the better movies.

Is it true that you know Pete Graham? Is it true that he is living in Berkeley, only four blocks uphill from you across the campus? Is it true that you and him danced with a little man at a fraternity ball? If all this is true, then I am sure you will explain to him these unusual circumstances. I am sure, during your next dance, you will show him these stencils (or these pages, in the event you publish them yourself) and tell him about my wife and my infrequent Fanac Nights. I am sure you will soothe his feelings because his letter of March 12, 1955, hasn't been answered until now.

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Whatever happened to Terry Carr?

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I am sure that you will reimburse him for the loss of these two stencils. I am sure you will publish them, and let him see his name in print. And finally, I am sure that you will be as surprised as I was to discover that this second stencil is working out better than the first. As yet, I have discovered no mice holes in it, nor have I found any soft places under the positions where I choose to place an O. (I suspect this is because I am not using a backing-plate on this stencil, a plate demanded by Grennell when gestetnering work.)

If Mr. Graham becomes really angry over this matter, please remind him that he has no legitimate complaint. In evidence, I offer an exact quote from his letter of March 12, 1955:

"These (the stencils) are for you to do anything you like with."

So I did.

And tell him to quit complaining about their non-return, in his old fanzines. He should realize the handicap under which I labor. Just wait until he gets married, and his wife confines him to one Fanac Night every couple of years. Just wait.

We turn now, gleefully, to THE INTISH.

Despite the ever-growing number of con reports on every big and little con in creation, I muchly enjoyed the two you published, because of your choice of reporters. Truly, they spun marvelous tales having the right amount of reportage and the right amount of extrapolation. I was filled with a Sense of Wonder. (I think this is about the fifteenth or twentieth time I have read an account of the Oklacon, and this is also the fifteenth or twentieth version of what happened there -- all versions different, some contradictory.) (Look, another O popped out. More degenerated spots on this stencil. Mr. Graham must be using an economy grade.) (Tsk, and there went another mousehole. Right on top of my prose, too.)

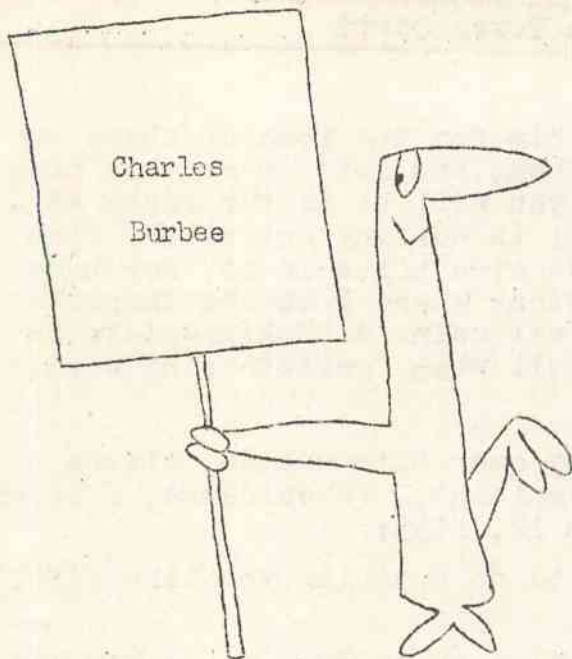
After the con reports, the second most enjoyable features were the large and small fillers lifted from ancient fanzines. They did indeed remind me of old times when Laney was in flower. Those were the great days, son. As Willis has pointed out, Laney loved to bring up the rear.

Next, your quartet for beanieprops in a. a what, I don't know, but the four props turned in sparkling pieces of work.

I intend to stop here and let you doodle on the page. Look for me on my next Fanac Night, sometime in 1958 or 59. If some kind fan will furnish a couple of stencils between then and now.

- Bob Tucker





THE  
MIND  
OF  
CHOW

Directly at the head of Francis T Laney the mallet came flying.

This is the same Laney who edited the #1 fanzine ACOLYTE, the #1 FAPAazine FANDANGO, who was a one-time dignitary in the NFFF, and besides being an officeholder in FAPA a couple of times, was more than once the Director of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

If I could remember the exact chronology of this affair, I might even discover that he was Director of the LASFS at the very moment that the mallet came flying at his head. Can you imagine anyone throwing a mallet at the head of the Director of the LASFS?

This happened back in 1946 or 1947 when Laney and I worked in the same shop and each working day was like a protracted meeting of a fan club.

A fan club with only two members. For about a year it had three members. Gus Willmorth, founder of the adzine FANTASY ADVERTISER, worked there for a while.

Laney, in response to a loud warning shout, looked up just in time to see the mallet and to duck. The mallet whizzed over his head and crashed into a partition.

Chow, the Chinese machinist who had thrown the mallet at Laney and shouted the warning at him also, came up to him laughing. "Old Chinese joke," he said. "I almost kill you."

Laney, shaking his head, laughed too. It was an incredulous, wry laugh, the laugh of a man who, not quite understanding, was trying to be a good sport. Chow demonstrated his sense of humor in peculiar ways at times, Laney knew. And so he laughed, without much humor in his laugh, because he could scarcely believe that this thing had happened.

I could hardly believe it myself and I had just witnessed the entire sequence. Chow had picked up the mallet, and standing a dozen feet away, had swung it underhand at FTL's head shouting "Hey, Laney!" as the missile left his hand.

For a long time afterward that was a standard shop joke among the three of

us. Nobody else could see anything humorous about it. In fact, several people said that they hated having Chow tell them jokes because they could never tell when it was time to laugh. On the other hand, when they told him jokes they never could tell whether he would look at them blankly or laugh uproariously. There seemed to be no pattern.

Laney claimed it was the fault of us inscrutable Occidentals.

One day Chow came to work fairly bursting with a story to tell us. He could scarcely wait to tell us what had happened the night before.

It seems that Chow and his sister lived with their father. Every night the old man came home around eleven o'clock after closing up his little grocery store, and he entered the house by the back way in total darkness. He had a system for finding the dangling light cord on the back porch. From the door he reached for the washtub, followed along the washtub so many paces, and having reached a certain spot would reach up into the blackness and grasp the light cord without a miss. He was very fond of telling people how he could do this every time.

One day Chow noticed, in changing the light bulb, that the outside metal shell was electrically live--he got a shock from it. So he attached a wire to it and ran the bare wire down in place of the switch cord. That night his father came home late as usual, felt his way along the washtub as usual, reached the locating point, reached up and grasped the light cord...Chow said his father's yelp of fright and pain could be heard most of the way down the block.

"My golly," I said when he told me the story. "He was grounded to the washtub! He must have gotten a terrific shock. You might have killed him."

"Only old Chinese joke," laughed Chow. "I almost kill him."

"Did he find out you'd rigged the light switch?"

"Sure, I tell him. I say, 'Oh boy, old Chinese joke. I almost kill you.' So he laugh too."

I guess the old man saw the point.

The other day in the shop the foreman started feeding a piece of material through one of the table saws with the direction of rotation. This is not common practice and this foreman has been running these saws for more than twenty years, but there he was, feeding the strip the wrong way. Of course the saw seized up and shot the piece through the air at a speed we later estimated to be 100 mph. It screamed past six inches away from the ear of Chow as he sat operating a drill press. It struck the wall with a sound like the crack of a rifle.

The foreman went over to Chow. "I'm not hurt. Are you?" he said.

Chow said, "I didn't even have to turn around to know who did that. Only one man in the shop stupid enough."

The rest of the day Chow would come over to me at intervals, usually announcing himself by throwing something sharply against my machine or the wall, then coming up and saying quietly to me, "I'm not hurt. Are you?" Then he'd tell me the story all over again.

About the fourth time he told me the story, I said to him, "What are you so annoyed about, anyway? Old Chinese joke. He almost kill you."

To Chow's eternal credit it must be admitted that he laughed. It was a laugh that reminded me of Laney's laugh, so long ago. A sort of wry laugh, without much humor in it at all.



# MUSKRAT RAMBLE

C. Joshua Brandon

DON'T BE THAT WAY: These people here in Berkeley are too fannish. I know that Boyd Raeburn will disagree with me, but I will say it again: These people are too fannish. They really are. Why, just this evening I was sitting in my room, not doing anything at all connected with fandom, nor even thinking of fannish subjects, when I received this phone call from Terry, who said, "Let's put out a one-shot."

Now, I submit that it certainly is a horrible thing to be dragged from nonfannish pursuits to the phone, and then have some damn fan say, "Let's put out a one-shot." It is, in fact, disconcerting.

Ordinarily, whenever anyone around here suggests such a thing, he is immediately ignored. For all intents and purposes he ceases to exist until such time as he stops talking about his wonderful idea or at least changes the subject, preferably to something like, "Let's go get some Champale."

I was tempted to hang up on old Carr, but that would have been impolite. I tried to think of some excuse to use so that I could decline politely--something like, "Sorry, but I'm leaving for Sacramento in a few minutes," or "I can't right now, because I'm right in the middle of a brilliant parody of 50,000 words which will create fannish history," or "Who did you want? This is Hank's Bar & Grill."

While I was trying to think of something more convincing than any of the above, Terry said, "Great, we'll pick you up in a few minutes," and hung up.

So in awhile they did come by and drag me away from my room down here to Pete's place, and they sat me down at a typewriter and told me to get busy and create my share of material for the one-shot. Everyone at a one-shot session, they said, had an obligation to do his part. They harped on this for so long that they eventually got me to believing it. In fact, I fully believed it until I just typed it, and saw how thoroughly ridiculous it looked in cold type.

But they are too fannish, all of them. Terry Carr, who publishes a fanzine called Innuendo, and spends half his life taking notes on the happenings in the group which can be written up as material for his long editorials therein. Pete Graham, who claims to be a fakefan, but who has just finished a Fapazine even though he is number 40 or so on the waiting list. Ron Ellik, who used to be Fapa OE and therefore hates small-sized Fapazines, but who is toying with the idea of a half-sized Fafhrd because he wants to use the paper-cutter he brought all the way up from Long Beach recently.

All three of these people are crazy goddam fans. Only Dave had sense enough to refuse to participate in this one-shot. He gave some sort of weak excuse about going to a political speech in San Francisco tonight. But I'll bet even he would have been here, one-shotting away like mad, if his excuse hadn't been true.

I'm the only sane one here. The only one. Unique. Only I am sane. Even if I have been here for only a half hour and already have a full page typed.

MAILINGBAG JOYS: On the last page I was writing about how Ron used to be Fapa OE, and it reminded me of Ron telling me that when he held that office he used to have a rough time getting the completed bundles down to the post office. The mailings during his tenure in office were huge ones, sometimes totalling over 700 pages, including postmailings.

"When I took them down to the p.o.," said Ron, "I was always astounded at the sheer bulk of the things. I added it up once, and it turned out that the mailings were averaging something like eleven feet high, when the bundles were all piled up. When I put them into the car, they'd fill all of the back seat and floor, and the trunk too."

"What kind of a car were you using?" I asked.

"A '56 Ford sedan."

I thought about that for a long time. Here was Ron Ellik, a legendary fan who had been OE of Fapa at 17, thereby no doubt creating fannish history--as I say, here was this legendary fellow Ron Ellik, who had been reading Fapa mailings for years and who surely must have known better than to have anything to do with a Detroit Bathtub. And he had been driving a '56 Ford sedan.

"A '56 Ford sedan," I said.

He must have seen the look on my face then, because he frowned and added, "When you're Fapa OE, you need a Big, Safe, Heavy car."

TROUBLE IN MIND: I am very glad that my name is Brandon, rather than something like Woolsey or Young or Zilch. Brandon is right up there near the beginning of the alphabet, and I've always had good results from that position. In any list I've been near the top: in registration lists for signing up for classes, in employment lists--and on fanzine mailing lists.

I've noticed, since moving into the same house as Dave Rike, that my copies of fanzines are always more neatly-addressed than his. I can only attribute this phenomenon to the supposition that most faneds file their mailing lists alphabetically, and that by the time they work their way down through the list addressing copies and get to the end, they've got writer's cramp, are tired, and in general do a more sloppy job of writing the addresses.

It must be horrible to be named Zytztz. I'll bet that people with that name miss getting a lot of fanzines simply because their name and addresses are written illegibly, and the fmz are undeliverable.

Why, sure, I must be right. After all, how many people do you know named Zytztz who get more than one or two fanzines a year?

I'M GONNA STOMP MR. RON ELLIK: In JOSHINGS #1 I told you how Ron Ellik read books of mine in 45 minutes that I'd been trying to get around to reading for months. Well, he has done it again, damn him.

Awhile back Ron and I were in a bookstore having a 19¢ hamburger and talking, and meanwhile wandering around looking at the pocket-books and so forth. We came upon a section devoted to the works of George Bernard Shaw, and I picked up "Caesar and Cleopatra" to show to him, enthusing over it. "I've read it," I told him, "and take my word for it, it's a very fine piece. Why don't you read it?"

He made dubious sounds deep in his throat.

Then I started riding him about his little world of science fiction. This is a standing joke in Berkeley fandom--all of us kid Ron about being a science fiction fan (well, he reads Astounding



every month, anyway), and about knowing nothing of Literature and Art and Real Life. We really lay it on, misquoting Shakespeare to him eruditely, making references to fictitious authors and books which we claim to have read and analyzed for their literary content. We never talk about science fiction to him, except to deride it. We don't read science fiction anymore, you see. (To tell the truth, we're so lazy that we don't read much of anything, except the fanzines we publish.)

Anyway, I was riding him about how he was lost in his little world of science fiction, and reprimanding him for not reading anything of literary value. "Why not read just this one decent piece of literature?" I said, sneering at him. "It will do you good."

Finally he gave in, mumbling something about always wanting to read some Shaw, and he bought the book. Then he went home, as did I.

I saw him a few days later. Following up my advantage, I said, "Well, Squirrel, have you read that Shaw play yet? Have you at last had some contact with worthwhile reading?"

"Yes," he said. "I read it. I liked it, too."

I was a bit surprised that he'd actually followed through, but I saw a chance to go on and discuss the play with him, meanwhile throwing in all sorts of allusions to other plays by Shaw which I would say I had read (though "Caesar and Cleopatra" was the only one I had read), and of course ultimately winning whatever argument we would get into on Shaw, simply by making up reams of quotations from eminent critics.

But then Ron said, "In fact, I liked it so much that I've since read 'Pygmalion,' 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' 'The Devil's Disciple,' 'Candida,' and two or three more of Shaw's plays. Have you read them?"

I couldn't say yes, for fear that he had actually read all those plays and would catch me. I mean, what could I do but admit I'd only read one of Shaw's plays?

I thought of a clever counter-plot. I would divert his attention to a subject near and dear to his heart. "What did you think of the latest astounding?" I asked.

"You and your little world of science fiction," he sneered.

ORIGINAL DIXIELAND ONE-SHOT: These people here at the session are all titling and subtitling their pieces from modern jazz tunes. Fie on them. I don't know why I even condescend to let my work appear in a fanzine titled LIGHTHOUSE. After all, has Kid Ory ever appeared at the Lighthouse? Has he? Well, then what good is the place?

Anyway, I'm titling my stuff with traditional jazz titles. This is done in the spirit of a protest.

Bah.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN: We were talking this evening about this class that Terry has and which Pete audits every now and then--it's a course in ancient history, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Assyria, and so forth. They told me that the other day the instructor mentioned that much of the history of Palestine and related areas was lost because they started using papyrus instead of clay tablets, and in the climate of that area the papyrus scrolls wouldn't last long, whereas in the dry climate of Egypt papyrii could last and have lasted to the present day. Well, this set us off onto another, more fannish, line of thought. It was pointed out that we are making fannish history here in

Berkeley. I mean, no less a personage than Boyd Raeburn, fan four-square, has said this; and in print, too, which means it must be true. So we decided that it was a crime that we were putting out all our fanzines on paper, which will not last for millenia in this damp oceanside climate.

We decided, that is, to publish our fanzines on clay tablets in the future.

"It's absolutely necessary," said Terry, "if we are to pass on to future fan generations our heritage of wit and fannish history."

We sat and pondered the enormity and magnificence of the decision we had just made. At length, Ron pointed out that, since no other fanzines that we know of have ever been printed on clay tablets, then in future centuries when the fans of Seven Hundredth Fandom excavate the great fan centers of this pioneer century, the only fannish artifacts they'll find will be our clay fanzines.

And thus, said Ron, for the mere trouble of printing our fmz on clay rather than perishable paper, we will assure ourselves of immortalization when the great roll is called up yonder.

-- Carl Brandon



"Jazz gives one such freedom of expression!"