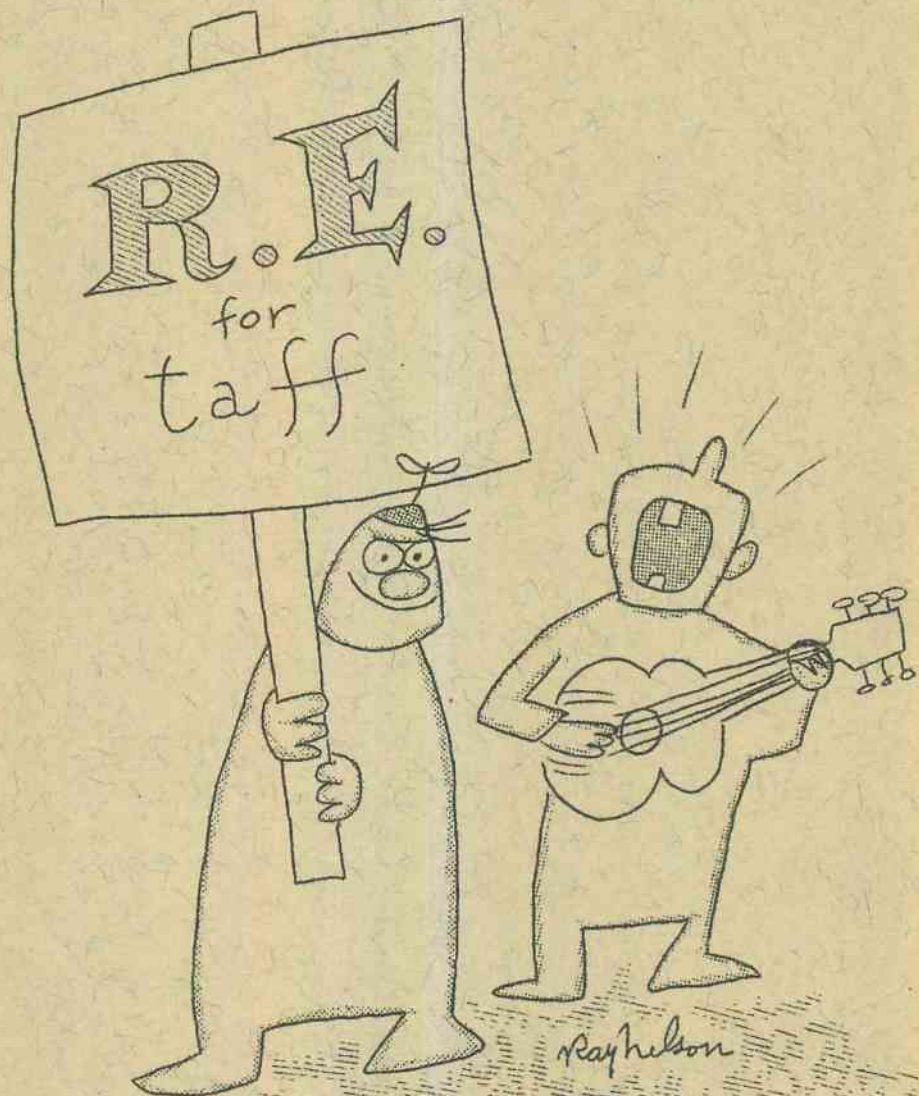


lighthouse No 2



"Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?"

lighthouse

Hydra Country.....Ted White
The Graham Fan Survey.....Dr. Longdog
The Hieronymus Fan.....Terry Carr
You Don't Look Like a Graham To Me....Ron Ellik
Looking Backward.....mailing comments

LIGHTHOUSE is published for FAPA, trade, letters of comments, and a few friends (you too, Jack Stuart), by Pete Graham, 235 W. 13 st., New York 11, New York. This issue is put out for the February, 1961 FAPA mailing, the 94th, and future issues will likely come out not more than every six months. Interior art this time by Bjo, Rotsler, and Rike; the cover is by Ray Nelson and stencilled by Terry Carr. The other illos were stencilled by the kindly hand of Ted White, whose kindly mimeo was used to run the issue off: i.e., the Qwertyuiopress.

The dummied edges are for Fred Meier, who likes that sort of thing

I want all of you people to know you're getting a famous fanzine. The reason I'm particularly hipped on letting you know this is that I only just found it out myself, and my enthusiasms, while they may be short-lived, are always extreme. Just about three weeks before this FAPA mailing Ted White, who is a co-editor of mine on Void, got a letter from Bob Lichtman. Bob said, "Also, please tell Pete to put me down for a copy of Lighthouse. I have considerable doubts that a second issue could ever be as good as that great first one, but I'm willing to read it and see for myself." He went on. Then I got Ellik's piece for this issue, and in it you'll find that the first issue, published slightly over two years ago, was given notoriety by being auctioned off at a LASFS auction. That being the last event I'd ever predicted for any creation of mine, I was croggled, but I have accepted reality. You are reading a famous fanzine, friends. I just wanted you to know.

There was a subhead all planned for that contents listing you see above. It was going to read "Sorry, no exposés this issue", and was going to be placed at the top of the page underneath the title. I hadn't reckoned with Ted White, however, who had promised me an article for this issue (not a little because he needs something printed to fulfill activity requirements). He read it to me--he really did--and stood back to perceive my reaction. "Well", I said, "It's got zip. It really does. But..." I paused. "...Ted", I said, "Ted, it's too strong." He replied, "You're right, by damn, it is too strong. But it's in the great tradition of the magazine." He said it; I didn't. I frowned, but I finally acceded. "But I've got the title to it", I said. He looked at me. "I think I'll call it Hydra Country." He looked at me out of the side of his face and gurgled some Pepsi. "OK", he said, "I know. It's in the great tradition." I allowed as that was what I had in mind.

The piece Terry sent me is reprinted from his SAPSzine, Ragnarok. Ronel fulfilled his task admirably, I must say. The only problem is that in the article, he

Report Obscene Postmasters To Your Mailmen

I'm Johnny Marijuana-seed!...

claims I wrote in the first issue of Lighthouse that there were "no more than" a triumvir of homosexuals in the LASFS at the time. To set the record straight in the best gossipcolumn style, I quote what I actually wrote: "...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 Rike if the LASFS was still queer. 'Well', said Ron Ellik, 'not all of the LASFS is homosexual.' That's the sum of what I wrote on the subject. I leave for the readers and Ronel to follow up the contradiction (if they and he are so inclined). Maybe Bob Lichtman will clear the whole matter up in an article next issue. I will be looking forward to Ronel's next column in FANAC.

You may remember my friend who had the Adventures with the Cat People. This person, who so clearly has a tender heart, was quite moved by the earthquake in Agadir last year; so she called up the CARE agency here in New York in order to send food and clothing to the homeless victims. She was greeted by the same flat "Yeh" that so markedly distinguished the Cat People she had dealt with before. She explained her desire, but the female Brooklyn voice just answered, "We don't send no Keer peckages to Morocco." But people are starving there, said my friend. You could see the phone shrug. "We don't send no Keer peckages to Morocco." Confused, my friend hung up. In the course of her investigation, she found that the nature of CARE packages has changed from the plan's inception; fewer things are sent, the contents have changed, and certain items such as woollens, for example, are excluded from certain areas. Then an earthquake hit Chile. My friend made the phone call; she got the answer. "We don't send no Keer peckages to Chily." My friend's tender heart is undergoing deterioration.

There are those of you who are curious why there should be a FAPazine appearing from me six months before my membership becomes due, particularly one of such size. Well, you can remain curious, because I don't know why either. My fanac in general has increased; I am now a co-editor of Void, with TEW and Greg Benford, and I have been attending New York Fanoclast meetings recently with a fair degree of regularity. I would like to put out Lighthouse for every FAPA mailing and for general circulation as well, but it remains to be seen how long my fannish enthusiasm keeps up. This issue is being sent to about 40 people outside of FAPA; letters of comment will be welcomed and used in the next issue. Needless to say, so will material of a fairly fannish nature; no comic book or sercon articles need apply. I'll stick to the sercon stuff in my mailing comments. Fandom needs more sheer fannishness these days; it is, after all, just a goddam hobby.

...and I'm spreading my seed all over the Lower East Side...

WANTED: (I'll pay cash if necessary, but I'd rather make some other arrangements)

Innuendo #10

Void #19 (with the Barrington Bull editorials in it)

All postmailings to FAPA 25 (November, 1953) and particularly

The Fapal Bull (editorials from the Barrington Bull)

HYDRA COUNTRY

THEODORE
W.
EDWARDS

Dialogue in F

"It's like being enshrined", Harlan Ellison once said to me. "It creates Status and it ensures Status. They worship it."

He was referring to New York's Hydra Club. The Hydra Club is, supposedly, restricted in membership to successful science fiction pros. Here come the gods to sup and exchange shop-talk. No runny-nosed fans to clutter the place up with their adolescent adoration; strictly a meeting-place for seasoned pros to make it off by themselves for restive conversation.

This is a sample of typical dialogue from the first meeting I attended (due to the fact that I still occasionally go to Hydra Club meetings, I'm changing the names--strictly for self-protection):

Pro #1: "Well, Jim, it's sure good to see you here in New York City again."

Pro #2: "It really is good to be here again. We're passing through, you know."

Pro #1: "Yes. Haha."

Pro #2: "Haha."

Pro #1: "Read one of your stories in Astounding, Jim. Really liked it. You know, the one about a robot who..."

Pro #2: "Oh, yes! That one. Haha. Well. I read one of your stories, Clive, in the very same issue. It was marvelous, the way you made the characterization so vivid. Why, I almost felt I knew that character, Clive."

Pro #1: "Haha, thank you. Haha. I really like the, ah, vivid way your stories move, Jim; really, ah, do."

Pro #2: "Well. Thank you, Clive. Uhhhm...have anything coming up soon?"

Pro #1: "Well..."

At which point I stopped eavesdropping. It certainly is wonderful, the way pros can dispense with adolescent adoration and talk shop.

But how, you might ask, is it that I ever became able to attend one of these meetings? I've never sold a word of science fiction in my life, and my only tenuous claim to stfish fame is the fact that I sold two miniscule articles to Hans Santesson

for FU. But I hadn't actually even done that when I attended my first Hydra meeting.

I don't like to puncture the bubble of Status so completely (I'm sure Judy Merrill will lose all incentive to live) but I accomplished this major feat simply by being a fan who moved to New York City and was invited by Hans Santesson. That first meeting (held just before the Detention) I attended out of curiosity (the reason I tried to attend the meetings of all New York's myriad scattered fangroups at first) and because at least the Shaws would also be there for familiar faces.

Protest and Peace

It was a fairly typical evening. At one point dignified pro Randy Garrett tried to choke A. J. Budrys with a neck lock from behind. Ajjay, who had been quietly talking to me, drink in hand, set his drink down, calmly reached behind him, and flipped Garrett over his head and onto the carpet. Kneeling with his knee in the small of Garrett's back, Ajjay asked quietly, "Are you through, Randy?" Randy avowed that he was indeed through for the evening, and proved it with a quietly speedy exit shortly thereafter.

You will notice the polish and decorum which was maintained throughout this episode. If fans (more than me, I mean) had been present, why, who knows what might have happened? Ajjay might have spilt his drink.

Well, shortly after this meeting I began receiving regular invitations through the mail to attend meetings. I wasn't quite sure why, but put it down to Hans' liking for me. There was certainly no valid reason for my membership in the Hydra Club.

Meetings, I found, were simply parties. No business, just a small collection for beer. "Bigolly", I marvelled to myself, "fans could never have accomplished this!" The primary attraction of these parties, which was indeed the only factor offsetting their general dullness, was for me the presence of a few people I genuinely wanted to see and found it hard to do elsewhere. This minority consisted in large part only of Bob and Barbara Silverberg, and Ajjay Budrys. However, Ajjay can't make it in to New York often on weeknights, and Silverberg, though the President of the club, very rarely attends meetings. Once in a while someone like Avram Davidson will show up, and various other kindly individuals, but the usual meeting consists of two or three recognizable Names, and a host of parasites who have grown up around the club.

I remember one meeting last summer which I attended dressed extremely casually. This was not merely a custom for me in hot weather; at that time I didn't have that many clothes. It was a fairly large meeting, peopled mostly by individuals whom I did not recognize. One of these accosted me in the kitchen as I exhumed a Pepsi from the refrigerator. "Hello there", he beamed at me, hand outstretched. I slowly transferred my Pepsi from my right hand to my left, and took his hand. "I'm Marvin Blah", said my accoster, whose name I report as Marvin Blah only because I managed to forget his real one in the record time of fifteen seconds. "Who are you?" he asked, peering closely at me. I gave him my name. "Oh", he said. "You're a writer." I allowed that I was. "I'm in television", he said. I said that was fine, disengaged my hand from his--he was still pumping it--said that I would see him around, and returned to the livingroom.

Big Boy

Within an hour I'd totally forgotten him. Then, while I was in the middle of an interesting conversation with Avram, the man I have christened Marvin Blah came up to me and tugged lightly at my shirt. "Oh, Mr. White...could I see you for a moment?"

I allowed him to drag me off about two feet. "A group of us are going to be having a party uptown next Friday night, and I wondered if you and your wife could possibly..." You get the pitch. This fellow, nattily decked out in the latest Ivy League styles, crew cut, all of that, inviting a rather sloppily dressed buy with a beard, a guy who he does not know and has never met before, to a party.

During the weeks which followed (and which also followed our failure to attend his party) Blah called up an average of once every five days to invite us somewhere. We resolutely refused or ignored him.

Marvin Blah is only a typical case. For him, anyone who could attend a Hydra Club meeting as casually as I had, such a person must have Status. Inasmuch as Marvin sought status, he curried favor to me. It was amusing at first, and then depressing.

Of course this Status seeking is not restricted to the parasites. A number of science fiction writers whose names are thoroughly established in the field still feel rather insecure--probably with a fair degree of justification. These people are successes only in our tiny microcosm; in the outside world they are often partial or complete failures. Their home lives are unhappy, their financial stability is even less so than mine, and in "every day life" they may work at menial or prosaic jobs such as hash-slinging in a diner.

Minor Intrusion

These people need their egos stroked lovingly by others like themselves. The most flagrant example is Judy Merrill, who has admitted in print that for years before she sold her first story she longed to be a Science Fiction Writer, because to her this symbolized some great peak of Beingness and the Ultimate Status. She has, to her own satisfaction, achieved this great goal, and now she sneers at those less fortunate than herself, and allows herself elaborate brushoffs and putdowns for those beneath her. Of course...a few secret doubts may linger... She is a one-story author, and she may be now suspect this, as the failure of her The Tomorrow People becomes obvious to the world at large. She is also a pompous posturing fool, and she knows this too. But where does it lead her? Only to be this even more; a Hydra Club meeting is a place for her to hold forth as on a stage, to strut and show her stuff. Here among her own kind, among those she has acclaimed as Gods, she must be acknowledged for her Status, if this can be gained nowhere else. She must snub those less than herself (by self-estimation) and toady to those still greater than she (but perhaps a knife in each of their backs might hasten the process...).

At another meeting last summer, Willy Ley showed up, and as the evening wore on he allowed himself to be plied with drink and to open up and give forth with many magnificent stories. As any reader of Ley's columns knows, Ley for all his knowledge is not a lecturer. He is a storyteller.

It was a small meeting and we were all clustered around "Papa Villy" when the door opened, and Judy Merrill made her Late Dramatic Entrance. "Hello, everybody!" she screamed. "Ooooooh! I see by the way you are all clustered around him that Papa Villy must be telling a story! Oooooohhhh..." and she managed to babble on until the entire party was disrupted. We split off by twos and threes and in a remarkably short time (I said it was a small meeting) there was Willy Ley, being talked at by La Merrill. He got up, excused himself politely, and retired in the direction of the bathroom.

Gin and Catatonic

There's one other kind of person at the Hydra meetings: fans more or less like myself. I once, for instance, found myself spending an entire meeting talking to Belle Dietz, who was undoubtedly the person I most preferred to talk to at that meeting. Then there's Sam Moskowitz, who has I suppose by virtue of his biographical articles in prozine print now elevated himself to "pro" status. Sam usually brings along Christine. At my first meeting, Christine began telling me about the Ellingtons.

"Do you know", she asked me, "how much Dick Ellington makes?" I said something noncommittal. I knew he made in the neighborhood of \$100 a week, maybe more, as a draughtsman. "Have you seen their apartment?" Chris asked insistently, closing in for the kill. "Why, it's terrible! You know they could afford better." Then her voice grew close and confidential. "But, you see, they drink all the time...!"

The Ellingtons are good friends of ours. Sylvia, who was with me, turned her back on Christine in disgust. I thought I knew though why Christine has so disliked the Ellingtons that she's attacked their baby and just about anything else she could think of about them. I think she resents Dick.

You see, it is a sad fact that Sam Moskowitz cannot write. Oh, I'm sure he is capable of doing what little he languishes upon FAPA all by himself, but the man cannot spell and his grammar is totally lacking. I discovered this for myself the first time when I used a manuscript of his from the DIMENSIONS file in STELLAR. He required heavy editing. His mistakes were nearly as childish as those of his semi-literate friend, Taurasi the Senior. Sam, at least, should know better. Well, at any rate, Sam employed Dick Ellington to "type his manuscripts". What this actually meant was that Dick edited them into professional prose (and for articles, nearly anything grammatically correct will go, as I've found out through experience), corrected the spelling, and typed neat manuscripts. These Moskowitz sold. I don't think Sam begrudged Dick the fact that he needed him. But Christine sure did. Here was her cleanliving Sam, dependant upon dirty, bohemian old Dick Ellington. It sure must have hurt.

I've made it a policy to ignore Christine since that first contact. It hasn't been hard.

In fact, now that I think of it, I haven't actually attended a Hydra Club meeting in five months. That hasn't been hard either.

--tew

You look twice as good as two people as one.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

BUREAU OF

APPLIED SOCIAL RESEARCH

BUREAU OF APPLIED SOCIAL RESEARCH

Columbia University

605 West 115th Street

New York 25, N. Y.

The research carried out by the Bureau is supported by foundation grants and by contracts with government, business, educational, religious, social welfare and other organizations. A bibliography of Bureau books, monographs, articles in scholarly journals, and unpublished research reports may be obtained from the Bureau's Librarian.

Academicians and Deep Thinkers, familiar with the work of the Bureau of Applied Social Research, will remember a survey begun four years ago by one of our more promising student interns, Mr. P. Scott Graham, under the supervision of the director of the Bureau, Dr. Longdog, P.U.D. Due to numerous inquiries from members of faculties which are engaged in research to which this project is highly germane, and from certain pizayune directors of foundations giving us grants, we are releasing the information gathered in the far-reaching and mind-wrenching

SECTION 1. The Project		YPO NO
THE	GRAHAM	1
FAN	SURVEY	2
--Dr. Longdog, P.U.D. The Project Director		3
		4
		5
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		10

SECTION 1. The Project

Here we have one of the most remarkable studies done in the Bureau's history. Before work was even begun, inquiries on progress had come in from institutions in far-flung places all over the world---Tuktoyuktuk, Karachi, Wabash---and the Bureau itself was in a state of excited anticipation. Late in 1956 (or was it early in 1957? No matter---that's sociology for you) the opinionnaires were mailed out with INNUENDO and Mr. Graham, Participating Research Associate T.

Gene Carr and myself shook hands and waited in anticipatory excitement.

In the course of the next seven months we received eight replies. For lack of anything else to do (a familiar refrain for you sociologists out there, eh?) we considered this a reasonable and sufficient sample for us to work with on our High Level Research. After a lengthy, tedious job of coding the opinionnaires, getting them punched on cards and removing all the inconsistencies (heh heh, and you boys out there know what that means), we were finally ready for the analytic stage. We consulted with several firms: IBM said no, UNIVAC couldn't handle it and RAMAC said rammit. After some consultation with an encyclopedia in which we found that one hour of computer time was worth approximately 200,000 manhours of time we proceeded accordingly and continued the analysis. It must be said that our hearts go out to the Rockefeller Foundation for their assistance.

SECTION 2. Introduction to the Survey

It will be noted when inspecting the survey results that the sum of the figures for each question will not always equal the total return. This is because on a number of questions various respondents did not answer at all or checked both columns. For the hell of it these answers were left as is.

SECTION 3. The Survey Results

a. marginals

YES NO

<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	Sometimes I think my mimeo is alive.
<u>5</u>	<u>3</u>	My fanzines are usually well-received.
<u>7</u>	<u>1</u>	Peculiar fanzines come to me at times.
<u>2</u>	<u>4</u>	I have been inspired to a program of life based on duty to the Welcomm- ittee of the N.F.F.F. which I have since carefully followed.
<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	Fandom doesn't concern itself enough with stf.
<u>5</u>	<u>3</u>	Some of the things that fans have done have frightened me. [1]
<u>1</u>	<u>8</u>	My fanac is satisfactory.
<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	I am a BNF. [2]
<u>5</u>	<u>2</u>	The Post Office has it in for me. [3]
<u>7</u>	<u>1</u>	When I go to a strange city, I visit faaaans. [4]

-
1. Particularly when they tried to throw me off the Liverpool ferry [RE].
Fans are slans, and what I don't understand I accept in Faith [RE].
 2. Not yet [TJ].
 3. But I have it in for the Post Office [RBr].
 4. I go to a strange city to visit fans [RE].

YES NO

- 5 2 Somehow, I don't like George Wetzel.^[5]
- 2 5 I'm not going to join an APA until I'm ready to quit fandom.
- 2 5 Sometimes I think my subzine is too sercon.
- 3 4 I enjoy the poems of N. G. Wansborough.
- 5 3 Some people think I'm a Seventh Fandomite.
- 5 3 I do not read every article in Horizons every issue.
- 3 4 People are no damn good.
- 4 3 I think that the passing of Captain Future from Startling Stories was the worst thing to happen to fandom since John W. Campbell, Jr. took over Astounding Stories.
- 2 5 I am in love with G. M. Carr.^[6]
- 2 5 Dean Grennell is not a good man.
- 2 6 I think my one-shots turn out better than most.
- 3 4 Willis isn't so funny.
- 3 2 For my taste, Wilfried Myers writes pretty well.^[7]
- 4 4 I don't like jazz, popular, classical, folk, western, or rhythm and blues music and I will ignore any attempts to change my opinion.
- 4 2 Wire wheels do not a sports car make.
- 4 2 The BNF's don't pay enough attention to us neofans.^[8]
- 4 4 I have a cosmic mind and I don't know what to do.^[9]
- 4 2 The Cult doesn't really exist, no matter what they tell you.
- 2 4 I have vicarious dreams about Gerald C. Fitzgerald.^[10]
- 3 5 I can't seem to understand Lee Hoffman's interlineations.

5. Who's George Wetzel? ^[TJ]

Did you know that in 1837 a lady swallowed an angel? ^[RBR]

6. Who is G. M. Carr? ^[TJ]

Marked no; However, I felt sorry for her when Tucker pushed her into the pool. ^[GAS]

Who is Wilfried Myers ^[TJ]?

8. We neofans don't pay enough attention to them BNF's ^[RB].

9. I had one once, but the wheels fell off ^[RBR].

10. Who is Gerald C. Fitzgerald ^[TJ]?

YES NO

<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	I don't really know why people dislike George Wetzel so; after all, he hasn't done anything to hurt me.
<u>6</u>	<u>2</u>	My repro is readable if you try hard enough.
<u>5</u>	<u>1</u>	Some day it will probably be shown that Degler was right.
<u>2</u>	<u>4</u>	Publishing a fanzine isn't just a matter of buying whatever materials are handy; you gotta get up off your butt and go looking for the bargains.
<u>4</u>	<u>2</u>	There's no use in writing good material for fanzines any more; the editors just cut them to death anyhow.
<u>4</u>	<u>4</u>	I like to read Muzzy, Alice, and other fanzines where there are lots of naked women.

b. analysis

Eight fans can't agree on a goddam thing.

Appendix 1: Respondents

<u>Name</u>	<u>Initials used in footnotes</u>
Ron Bennett	RB
Gerald A. Steward	GAS
Ted Johnstone	TJ
Richard Eney	RE
Rich Brown	RBr
"Linard: France"	
Anonymous	
Chester A. Polk (yes, the Very Same Chester A. Polk Who)	

Appendix 2: Statement Sent With Original Questionnaire

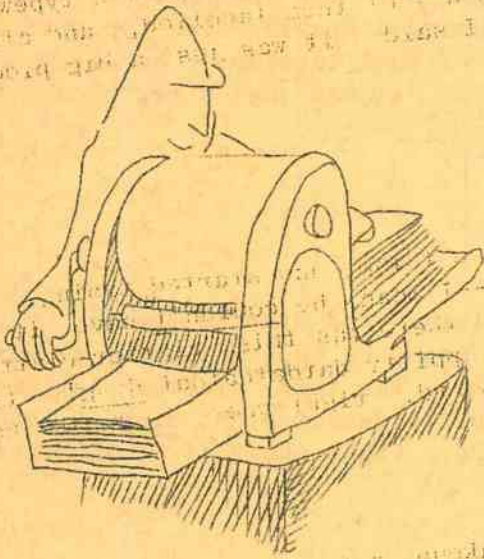
Dear Faaan:

Because of your potential contribution to fandom in the future and your already known past contributions, certain of fandom's sponsors are keenly interested in the normal personality characteristics of the fans of today, the BNF's of tomorrow. Therefore, this questionnaire has been created for a select few of this magazine's readers---the type of fan mentioned---in order to determine just what are the personality and interest factors that are related to the various decisions that the BNF makes in regard to his fannish career. In return for your co-operation we shall, on your request, convey the results of this test to your Proxyboo, Ltd. representative so that he may help guide you in your future brilliant, it is hoped, fannish career.

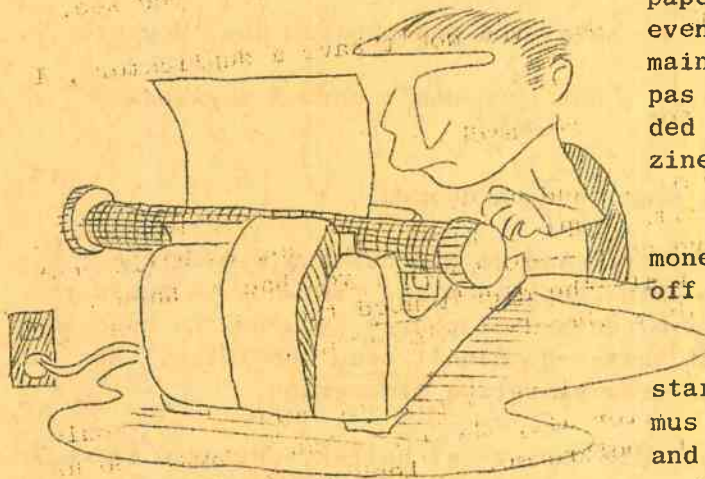
Thank you,

Pete Graham
for Dr. Longdog, P.U.D.
The Project Director

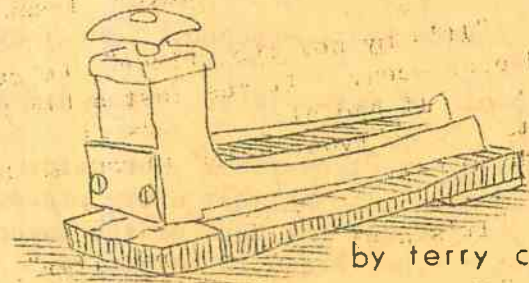
the



hieronymus



fan



by terry carr

"I was looking through some old fanzines today," said Evan Saxton to me, "and I came across a zine published by one of my old fan-friends. It brought back memories, by ghod."

"How so?" I said.

"Well, he was sort of a fabulous fellow, you might say. Sometimes he called himself the Hieronymus Fan."

"The Hieronymus Fan?"

"Yes. You see, he was in sort of peculiar circumstances--an actifan who didn't have a penny to his name. He couldn't buy paper, stencils, duplicating equipment, or even a typewriter for himself. Yet he maintained memberships in two different apas for a couple of years, and corresponded with fans and wrote for several fanzines."

"That sounds impossible, without any money at all," I said. "Did he freeload off other fans?"

"No, no, nothing like that. It all started when Campbell went on his Hieronymus Kick--listen, sit down and have a beer and I'll tell you all about it."

I opened a can of beer and settled comfortably into a chair. "Tell me all," I said.

Well, (said Evan Saxton) like I say, it started with Campbell. Before the Hieronymus stuff broke in ASF this fellow was always wanting to be active in fandom, but the best he could do was attend an occasional club meeting and sometimes write something for somebody else's fanzine on a borrowed typewriter. But I remember the night he discovered the Hieronymus theories.

He came dashing into the clubroom, excited as hell. "Look!" he said, waving a copy of ASF around. "Read this!" A few of us raised eyebrows, some of us yawned; to tell the truth, we were getting used to fans dashing in hollering about Campbell's editorials, and we weren't much interested any longer. But he explained the gimmick to us---about machines that didn't need moving parts, and psi powers and all that. Seems he'd been doing quite a bit of outside reading too, and correlating his data. He said he thought there was something in it. We told him to go ahead and try it out

and let us know what happened. But I don't think any of us took him very seriously.

A couple of weeks later I saw him again. He said he had something to show me.

"It's my new typewriter", he said. And he brought out the goddamnedest thing I'd ever seen. It was just a big piece of cardboard, with a drawing of a typewriter on it. It had all the keys of the keyboard, and all of them labelled, and all the parts of the typer drawn in carefully. But like I said, it was just a big piece of cardboard.

"It's a Hieronymus typewriter", he said.

"I'll be damned", I said.

"Let me show you." He sat down in front of the thing and started typing. He didn't even roll a piece of paper into the machine---I mean, he couldn't have, it was just a goddam piece of cardboard. But as he typed there was this clatter-clatter, just like a typewriter, rattatattatattatattatattawhappitty datdatdatdat ding! Like that. And a piece of paper emerged from the cardboard, right where it would have come out if that damn thing had been a real machine.

"I'll be damned", I said. "How do you do it?"

"There's some mysterious mutant strain in my makeup which makes me different", he told me. "I have very strong psi powers, so I can make it work."

"Well I'll be damned", I said.

"I've applied for membership in FAPA", he said. "I can publish now, you see."

I thought about that for just a moment. "But you don't have a duplicator", I said.

"I'll build one", he said. "I'll get some more cardboard."

Well, he did get into FAPA some time later. And he did build a mimeograph. You know, Martin Alger once put out a FAPAZine with complete plans for how to build your own mimeo for three dollars and seventy-five cents---of course, you had to have your own lathe. But this guy didn't worry about that---he didn't need the lathe. Nor the \$3.75. He got a big piece of cardboard and drew himself a mimeograph.

When he offered to show it to me I couldn't resist---I halfway believed it would work before he ever demonstrated it for me. After all, the typer had worked. So he brought out this cardboard mimeo and set it before me. "Look at it closely", he said. "All the parts are drawn in, to scale."

I did look closely...and there was something missing. I mean, besides metal, and rubber for the roller and a felt pad and all. His mimeo didn't have any crank.

"How do you expect to run this, even if it will work?" I said. "There's no crank."

"It doesn't need one", he said. "It's electric. And he set the counter, jabbed the place on the cardboard marked ON-OFF, and all of a sudden the thing started to hum, and there was a swish-click, swish-click, swish-click---and pages began to pile up right where he'd drawn a paper-tray.

"I'll be double-damned", I said.

I picked up one of the run-off pages and read through it. It was a page of mailing comments, and they were duplicated as well as most any fanzine I've ever seen. Oh, nothing spectacular and Boggs-like---I guess even psi powers have their limitations---but a pretty good job of mimeography all the same.

"Did you type these stencils on, ah, your own typewriter?" I asked.

"What stencils?" he said. I let that pass.

"I'm going to finish up the zine tonight", he told me. "Why don't you stay and keep me company while I type?"

Ghod help me, I stayed. I watched him sit down with the mailing next to him and type mailing comments. He'd pick up a zine and flip through the pages, waving a dowsing rod over them. When the rod dipped he'd stop and read that section, then type out a comment or two.

"What in the name of all that's holy are you doing with that damned dowsing rod?" I shouted all of a sudden. I'll admit it, my nerves were getting a bit shot by that time.

But he wasn't offended. He just looked at me calmly and said, "I'm looking for hooks for comment. I don't like to use checkmarks, you know--it messes up the zines. So I've adapted another psionic principle."

"You and your goddam mysterious mutant strain", I muttered.

Well, I spent that whole evening watching him first type his mailing comments, then run them off on that fantastic thing he called a mimeograph. When he'd finished he talked me into helping him assemble the zine.

We were just finishing up and stapling the last copies--I don't have to tell you what kind of stapler he had, do I?--when it occurred to me to ask him why he didn't make himself an automatic assembler.

"Well, I tried it", he told me, "but it was just too complicated. I couldn't figure out how all the parts worked, and I just got a big mess when I tried the thing out. So I burned it."

I told him that was the first sensible thing he'd said all evening---which, come to think of it, just shows how far gone I was by that time.

Anyhow, he put out another fanzine or two during the following months, but eventually, as with so many fans, he gafiated. I guess even psi powers are no guarantee against the scourge of gafia. He just sort of faded off the scene, and the rest of us in the local group tried to cover up as best we could. And I guess that's the whole story, actually.

Evan Saxton sat back in his chair (he'd been leaning forward intently during his monologue) and sighed. I opened a can of beer and handed it to him to cool his overworked throat.

"That's quite a story", I said. "But even granting that it's true, it still puzzles me."

"Puzzles you?" he said, smacking his lips after a long swallow of beer. "Why's

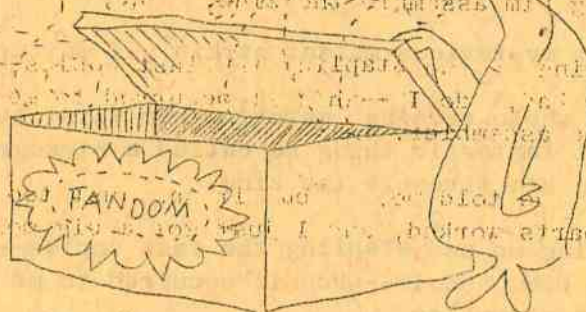
that?"

"Well, I don't know", I said. "But you said something about trying to 'cover up' when he gafiated. And frankly, Evan, I've never heard of this guy anyhow--you must have done a mighty good job of 'covering up'. Who was he, anyhow?"

Oh, you've probably heard of him", Evan said. "I told you, he was the Hieronymus fan---Carl Brandon."

--tgc

Send a bushy-tailed bundle to Britain



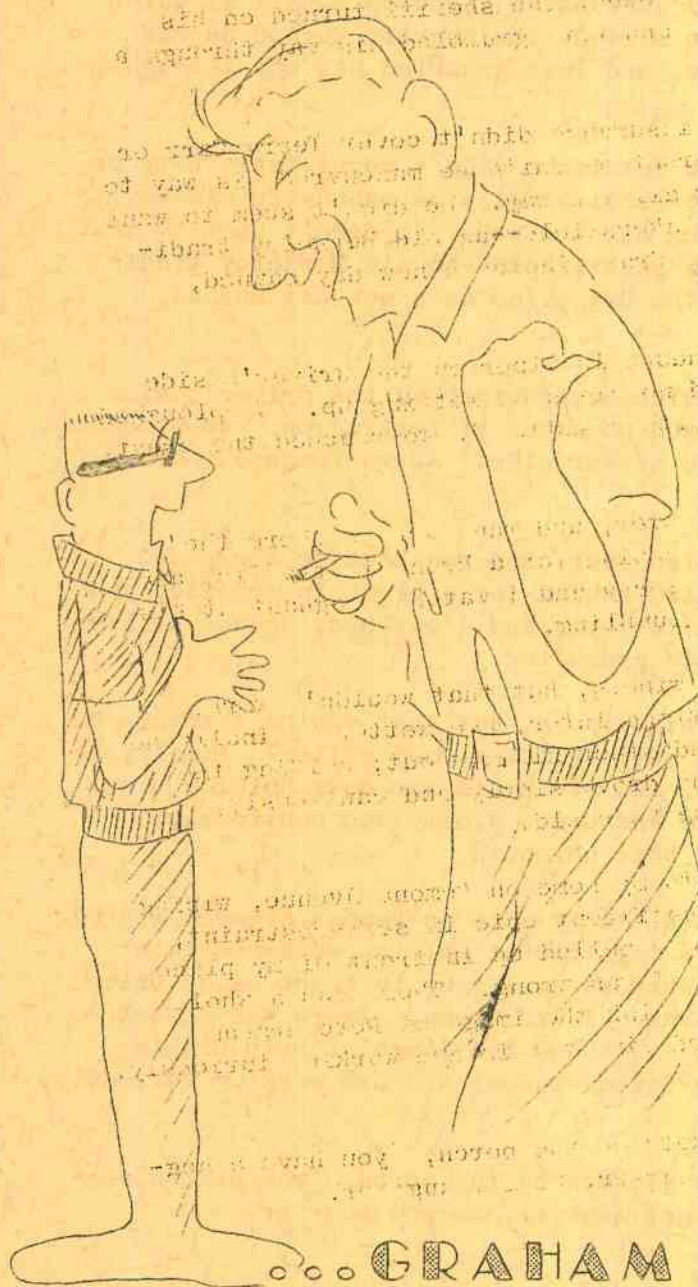
Nuts to Europe--Ellik for TAFF

If Sociologists Had Written the Novel: (I found these at work on a bulletin board; the two best ones are left for you to answer)

- Severe International Tensions and Cross-National Reintegration (War and Peace)
- Gerontology of the Single Male in a Marine Environment (Old Man and the Sea)
- Two Metropolitan Areas: A Comparative Case-Analysis (Tale of Two Cities)
- Leadership Under Stress in the New England Fishing Industry (Captains Courageous)
- Dostoevsky's Deviant Behavior and Sanctions (...)
- Anticipatory Socialization Toward Royalty (The Man Who Would Be King)
- Recent Developments in Balkan Penology (The Prisoner of Zenda)
- Effects of Decreasing Illumination on Artistic Output (The Light That Failed)
- Task Orientation in the 19th Century Whaling Industry (...)

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE

A...



GRAHAM
TO ME

by Ron Ellik

Another Saga In a Continuing Series on
The Berkeley Mythos

I got a letter from Pete Graham the other day, full of camaraderie and good cheer, back-slapping and all like that. And when I read the appeal for material I looked up at a wall-size map of the US I have, at the black pin sticking in New York City, and I laughed this scornful laugh. As one Berkeley fan to another (that's why there's a black pin there, to mark an itinerant Berkeleyan), Pete wanted me to write something for him--but the letter opened and closed wrong. It opened with "Always one to think ahead--my outstanding trait, you may well remember...." and it closed with "Some day I'll see you again and we'll polish off a root beer together."

Wrong, Pete Graham. Wrong on two counts: You should know I'd never let you near my root beer; and your outstanding trait is not forethought, but a Negative Attitude.

The first time I saw Peter Scott Graham after my move to Berkeley was when he knocked on my door and asked if he could take a bath. We'd met before, several times---but this was my welcome to Berkeley. He had just returned from New York in his Volkswagen, the one that had rolled. Don't tell me you can't roll a VW--I know it. It had, though.

The next time a trip brought us together, it was the famous drive to Los Angeles over Easter vacation, 1958, when Pete's negative attitude first became noticeable. It grew out of little things, like driving rain and policemen.

We left Berkeley for LA in Pete's Jaguar (this was after he'd sold the VW) in one of the worst downpours in the history of California. We argued over whether to go by the coast route or inland. "Ellik", he told me, "If we go by the inland route, these storms and floods will make driving impossible. We'd better go by 101."

"Nonsense", I countered. "With the weather this way, 101 will be innaviga-

ble because of high winds and rain. 99 will be calmer, at least."

"If we go inland," he muttered, "I bet it doesn't stop raining from Barrington Hall to your place in Long Beach." But we went inland.

We took off Wednesday night in the Jag, which was falling apart and needed a major overhaul badly. It was raining when we left, and we ripped along the Eastshore Freeway in inches of water and driving wind; we topped a small mountain east of Oakland, and sped downhill to find ourselves in a veritable lake at sixty miles an hour. Pete slammed on his brakes just as we threw up a wall of water and narrowly missed a sheriff's car; as we slowed, the sheriff turned on his blinker, a local cop appeared from nowhere, and Pete grumbled his way through a ticket. We went on.

Pete did all the driving, because his insurance didn't cover Terry Carr or me. The two of us carried on a jolly conversation while he maneuvered his way to Highway 99, and down it, in rain, grumbling all the way. He didn't seem to want to join the banter. We stopped at Cy's in Bakersfield--an old Berkeley tradition--and headed for the Ridge Route and the Grapevine as a new day dawned, raining.

Pete was mad even then, because the windshield wiper on the driver's side was working erratically, and the rain showed no signs of letting up. We ploughed up the mountain on wet roads, with snow on either side. As we reached the crest, Pete's wiper fell off.

We all leaped from the car as he pulled over, and ran back to where the wiper had fallen. We hesitated in the rain, hoping for a break in traffic, and finally Pete made a dash for the wiper while Terry and I watched, aghast at his bravery. We ran back to the car, with Pete grumbling.

He tried driving without turning on his wipers, but that wouldn't work. He grew angrier, and angrier, because it was getting later, and wetter. Finally he opened the small front window on his side, and stuck his arm out; holding the broken wiper-blade, he bent his arm around and drove slowly and cautiously, sweeping the water from his windshield as best he could.

He drove the fifty miles to Long Beach, to my home on Pomona Avenue, wiping his windshield with his left arm; it was a magnificent epic in self-restraint, because he only swore in two languages. When we pulled up in front of my place late Thursday morning, all he said to me was, "I was wrong. There was a whole hour in San Fernando when it didn't rain." I think the image of Pete Graham scowling into a muddy sky through a badly-wiped window, his arm working furiously, will live in my memory forever.

"Pete", I gasped, as we shed our wet jackets on the porch, "you have a negative attitude." If it were possible to get angrier, he got angrier.

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That trip inspired the first issue of this fanzine, published for the 83rd FAPA mailing; that was the mailing when we hit our collective and individual strides as Publishing Giants, and had ninety-eight pounds of fanzines in the mailing, some two hundred pages out of six hundred total. That first Lighthouse was mainly about our trip, and Pete's contribution to it was a daring, ripsnorting expose of Los Angeles fandom (LASFS in particular); billed that way, that first issue recently sold for 95¢ on open auction at a LASFS meeting.

Under the byline of "Peter G. Scott" Pete tore apart the pseudonymity of

several Lozangelenos, notably George W. Fields and Ted Johnstone, neither of whom uses his real name in fandom. Also therein, he reassured readers that no more than three LASFS members were queer as far as he could see. I doubt he calls this thinking ahead--his name was mud in LA after that, a perfect topper to his even worse reputation in the DC area after his article "Clayfeet Country" in Innuendo #7.

But the real Pete Graham, the subtle, patient, ingenious, scathing Pete Graham we all know and love and wouldn't trust near our root beer, didn't come into his own until August of that year. We were both at a small party at the home of Joe and Roberta Gibson one day just before the SolaCon, and Terry Carr and Rog and Honey Graham were there, too. A lull came into the conversation, and Roger Graham turned to Peter Graham and said: "You don't look like a Graham."

Pete snapped upright as if shot.

Startled, he hesitated and asked back, "What do you mean, I don't look like a Graham?"

Rog dropped some cigarette ash on the Gibsons' carpet and began talking and waving his hands. He had obviously been watching Pete for some time, and storing up what then came forth.

"I've been a Graham all my life," he said, "and all my immediate relatives are Grahams. We're all big and heavy, pale-skinned and ugly. We all look alike, and every Graham I've ever seen looks just like me." He paused for dramatic effect, and Honey Graham, who is maybe five feet tall and dark-complexioned, nodded agreement.

"His sister looks just like him", she said. We all looked quizzically at Rog, and raised an eyebrow. Honey nodded emphatically, and Rog continued.

"I was in a railroad station once, in Chicago. I spotted this woman, standing by a door in a big coat, waiting for somebody, and I told myself I had found another one. You can imagine how I felt--" we all thought about how we would have felt "--but I walked right up to her, smiled so she could see I was friendly, and told her her name was Graham."

"She was startled, but said her name was MacDonald and her maiden name was Graham. She wanted to know how I knew, and I grinned even broader--" he illustrated with the internationally-known Rog Phillips Graham grin "--and told her my name was Graham, and I could always tell another one. I walked off smiling, and as I looked back she was still giving me a queer look, like she couldn't understand how I knew. When the man she was waiting for her came, she told him all about it, and he stared at me for a minute, and then took her away." He sipped at his drink.

At this point, Pete tried to say something, but he didn't have time.

"But you", Rog continued, pointing at Pete with his cigarette, "you don't look like a Graham. I've been noticing you ever since I met you; I was looking at you tonight, and I can't believe that you are a Graham."

"Well", Pete began. But Rog went off again into another story about how you could always tell a Graham. Pete kept trying to edge in a word or two, but Rog is sort of a forceful story-teller, you see. Finally Pete leaned back in his chair and said very loudly, "All right! I'm not a Graham."

Everybody looked at him inquisitively, because he'd been a Graham as long as we'd known him. Even Terry was puzzled, and he's known Pete longer than anyone else there.

"My name is Graham", he said. "But my father's real name was Seyffert. Then my mother married someone named Greenberg who couldn't get a job because he was Jewish and he changed his name to Graham. I was very young then, and it was the only last name I really knew. I've kept it ever since."

"I knew it", Rog beamed triumphantly, dropping more ashes on the carpet. "I knew it. You can always tell a Graham. You just don't look like a Graham", he said, over and over again. He told another story about a time when he had spotted a Graham two city blocks away, while he (Rog) was dead drunk. At least I think that's how the story went--I wasn't listening, because I was watching Pete out of the corner of my eye.

He was just sitting there, fuming quietly. He was scowling, and this meant anything could happen. He waited while Rog told another story or two, and the subject changed. Rog was finishing up the story about the inexperienced tomcat, I think, when Pete reached over and tapped him on the knee.

Rog stopped, and looked at him. Pete met his gaze sternly, and said very decisively, "You don't look like a Seyffert."

"Huh?" exclaimed Rog. Graham, startled. "What--what do you mean?"

"I mean, you just don't look like a Seyffert. I've been watching you all night, and I just can't believe you're a Seyffert." He looked around at all of us, who were controlling laughter with difficulty. "I can tell one a mile off", he said, "because I've been spotting them all my life."

"I was in a train station near San Rafael once, and I saw this little old man driving a 1932 Snit along the tracks, rubbing his nose. I ran up to him and told him he was a Seyffert and he turned and ran." Rog was staring in fascination all this time, speechless. "I can spot them every time", Pete continued, "and you just don't look like a Seyffert."

Rog never did recover from that, and to this day he quivers when somebody tells him he doesn't look like a Seyffert.

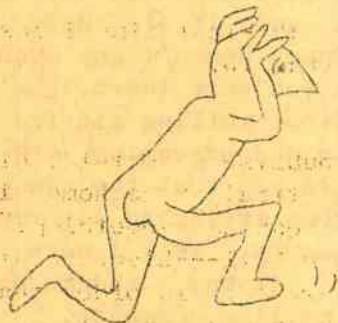
What the Third Programme needs is chitter-chatter

(From Max Eastman's Portrait of a Youth, a biography of Leon Trotsky)

"By the time that you might have learned to make letters with a pen, Trotsky had lost interest in the letters and was making a pen. At the age of eight he was printing with his pen a little magazine--although this with the help of a cousin two years older, a great artist who made the cover design."

Good grief. I can see it now. Burblings c/w Pravda, Vol. 1, No. 1, First Issue. Whole Number One. Not a Reprint.

LOOKING BACKWARD



Mailing comments on the 93rd FAPA mailing

Under the Whithering Wollheim Tree

FANTASY AMATEUR: Bradley; Out of curiosity I checked the last two and a half years and found that only three FAPAns have resorted to the petition, one of them unsuccessful. In mailing 83 Nancy Share failed to get enough signatures, but since then we've been fortunate in retaining Sally Kidd and Elmer Perdue that way. It's interesting to note, too, that Nancy just entered the organization again, showing that at this point in time our new members have been in fandom a minimum of three years. ## The mailing was sent from Texas on Wednesday and reached me on Monday; fast enough, I think; certainly better than the coast-to-coast service I was used to up until I moved East. ## Let me make clear again that I didn't vote only because someone else at that FAPAcon got my copy of the FA with ballot and held it until well past the deadline. ## I would say I read the entire constitution at least two or three times a year. Doesn't everyone?

DIFFERENT: Moskowitz; I have some doubts about the eligibility of this stuff. Six pages, of course, I assume are reprints of pages sent out with SF Times; of the rest, all but three pages---cover, first and Chris' page---are reviews by authors who were originally paid for their work on the assumption it was going to go into a prozine (SF+), thus conflicting with the amateur status of the organization as specified in the constitution preamble. I wouldn't raise a fuss myself due to my past tenuous status and the ambiguity of the question of amateur status, but if someone else wants to push it I'll join them. ## Chris Moskowitz uses the last page to say she doesn't like the "gossip column" nature of FAPazines, nor the humor, nor our feuds, but she can go to hell. "Have all of you lost your ability to create some individual writings?" No; where's your sample? You've been around two years (you say in the first paragraph) and I don't see a god damned thing more than a page long by either of you in this issue of Different.

LARK: Danner; Methylene blue may or may not be used as medicine, I don't know; but in my high school days it was used in powder form on food to make the victim piss blue. Usually, suitable stories were fed to the victim for a couple of days beforehand about the sad, fatal diseases occasionally contracted which had that particular symptom. There was a rumor that such urine would stain the porcelain of a toilet, but I find that hard to believe. Can anything stain porcelain?

RICHARD E NIXON, MAN OF DESTINY: Silverberg; Rockefeller said Richard D, didn't he? ## Come again, please.

SERCON'S BANE: F.M. Busby; Michelob beer, that you got in Chicago, is excellent draft beer, yes. I haven't seen it elsewhere, but it's about the best I've ever had. ## It's true Art Rapp "doesn't say much without a load on", and it's a pity he didn't load up while you were there. He's one of my very pleasant SFCon memories, sitting on the floor telling stories of the Michifen and how they cut up the hecto jelly, laughing and screaming. ## "Somebody down there in farooof exotic LA" ought to explain to you that the reason LA is so exotic is because it is so distant; they've been trying to get rid of the farooof for years but people still burn in daylight hours. ## I have "breathless report" noted at the end of your con-report. It was, though enjoyable, but I think your theory is correct. Next time do mailing comments.

MELANGE: Trimble; EdCo's piece is fun. The last time I was approached by a drunken married woman in a bar I was 13.

HORIZONS: Warner; When were six issues published outside of FAPA?---## "It might be nice if....all those on trial wore some kind of uniform in court to prevent good or bad clothing from meaning something." What about a good white paint for Negroes? (Or what the hell---black paint for whites?) I think some more farreaching court reforms are more in order than that idea. ## "Once (politicians) get the office, the good ones get nearly as bad as the worst ones." Gee...Something Probably Causes It. ## You're going at the question in reverse; the right to possess guns is hooked up with freedom. I think it is true, as you say, that Cubans have guns, and I am not happy with the Cuban government. But guns are only necessary, not sufficient. A gunless population will not be a free one. ## For the purpose of street-cleaning many streets in New York City allow parking on one side Tue-Thu-Sat and the other Mon-Wed-Fri, and either side Sunday. ## What more could fandom ask than that one of its best, popular, most conscientious and responsible writers should take up a history of fandom. I really look forward to this, particularly the outstanding idea of the LP record. ## You've brightened my day, Harry Warner. I didn't notice when I first read the piece on record discount houses that there was none named Dietrich Fischer, but when I ran across Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau the other day in a record store I chortled loudly and left, as I couldn't look any more. You brightened my day, Harry Warner.

VANDY: Coulsons; Robert first. "Anyone who thinks liquor tastes bad and still drinks it is...a victim of a mild mental disorder." I agree; I am neurotic. So are most people. ## If someone stalls right in front of you and you have to stop you shouldn't follow so closely, even in the snow. Particularly in the snow, as a matter of fact. ## Garth P. Coogan sells Heroes in the village which are huge, or at least big: 10" roll, salami, bologni, mustard, lettuce, onions, provolone cheese. Yesterday I discovered the price went from 45¢ to 55¢ which makes this comment out of date, since I was commenting that cheap

sandwiches could be got here as well as in your Italian place. ## Surely you are not serious about the most efficacious means of changing another person's mind. I choose for argument, not "bribery or brainwashing." You can't be serious. No.

TARGET: FAPA: Eney; Nancy's con-report started out terribly, and I have difficulty swallowing her goshwow style, but I still ended up reading a good deal of it. It's a different viewpoint, anyhow. ## She says "zorch". How did this term spread; and more, how did it live? Far as I know it originated with Red Blanchard on his show in San Fran 7 or 8 years ago, and died with it. For that matter, what Ever Happened to Red Blanchard? ## I frankly doubt that "millions of Americans sleep sweeter now they know Chessman is frying in hell." The whole fracas was just another event to most people; the lack of feeling one way or the other, as a matter of fact, is an indication of the tremendous malaise affecting Americans these years. ## If, as you say, when prisoners are given work to support their upkeep, free workers start to gripe, that could only be because prisoners are depriving free workers of jobs, and what sort of society is it that does that? Besides, I've never heard of any such outcry though I've heard of many prisons that have farms, cotton mills, and the like. Have you?

A FANZINE FOR JIM CAUGHRAN: Evans; 02 y3 x9 y5 06 08 x6 04 y2 x6 03 y8 y38

LAUNDRY-MARK: Hevelin; I find it hard to believe that your historifying is for real--Ted White moved in 1946? Was it any less catastrophic than when he did it in 1958? And who was Boob¹⁹⁴⁶? Wetzel was around that early, I suppose, but I was surprised to hear of Theodore, the monologist who's been playing the Village lately (midnight show on Friday only). Has he always been around or is this a revival? ## This chatter going on for mailings now about how some FAPAns can stand second-hand smoke but not directly-inhaled cigarette smoke prompts me to wonder when lung-tipped cigarettes will start coming out; clearly it's the ultimate filter.

PAPER TRAPEZE: Bradley; Yes, some people like kids--me. ## You touch lightly on what I've seen many fans walk all over where you make a fuzzy dichotomy between "intellectuals" and "the lower classes". Where I've been seeing the distortion is in a discussion which says that because all the poor people are having more children than the rich (read: intellectual) people, the human race's collective IQ is going to hell, so we intellectuals ought to breed more. Educating the great unwashed seems to be incompatible with intellectualism, I note. ## You're right; there's a hell of a lot of things I'd do for a hundred grand. Fortunately for my peace of mind it's an academic question.

PHLOTSAM: Economou; Is John Berry a button-collector like I'm a button-collector? By which I mean does he collect pin-buttons or shirt-buttons? The former is my particular mania;--my field of concentration is radicalism, as you might guess. I've not determined yet whether to concentrate only on buttons of affairs I get personally involved with or just all leftish buttons in general. Ed Cox is a delightful writer. Every couple of years I rediscover him. ## I like that---"Ego-boo-boo". ## Oh, here it is; it's you. Read my comments to Marion Bradley about "desirable gene" reproduction. ## My mundane neighbors gawp at my bookcase, too; maybe that's because along with my dictionary, Picasso biography and Fancyclopedia are my copies of Revolution Betrayed and First Five Years of the Comintern. ## Watch it; I you're doing to the Jew what many people

do to the Negro, and with the Negro it's called "crow-jim". Jews are a sub-culture, and so are Negroes. Both have distinct cultural attributes which do set them apart as a group from other groups (they are not at all similar to each other, let me make clear). Chances are that I would not have too much difficulty singling out people who have had a Jewish background from a group if I really tried hard; I'm helped by having lived in New York for a while, though. ## If Jews and Catholics telling "their" jokes disturbs you but Irish do not, it must be you...not them. They are not necessarily being "ostentatiously Jewish". The funniest Jewish jokes I know I heard from Jews; likewise Negro jokes are much funnier when Negroes tell them (at least they know what they're talking about). ## I don't think that was the UN building on the first-FAPA envelope that McPhail reproduced. The drawing seemed to be roughly in scale---I recognized the Empire State and Chrysler buildings in the right places---so I suspect it's just another large downtown building; it certainly wasn't in the right place for the UN. ## What I meant to get across in "Jazz On a Summer's Night" was that an awful lot of people like stuff simply because it is supposed to be good. Since it was a vignette and not an article I overstated my case. I know that there are many beatniks, "beatniks", radicals, white-collar and working class types who are just as snobbish in their own way; nobody's perfect. ## I'm not particularly anti-TV; I'd like to have one. I think I'd watch it about 5 or 6 hours a week when special news summaries and certain plays come on. Here in New York we're fortunate, of course, in having a fair amount of the latter being broadcast by local stations; out in the sticks, I admit, it wouldn't be so good. ## Yes, MAD by Dick Ryan and Lippincott was a fine fanzine. What Ever Happened to Dick Lippincott? ## Why do women keep their age a secret? Why does it matter for me to know that you are 30, 45 or 60? ## I can't sympathize much with DAG's playing cop against those kids. If he says he never had signs in his bedroom I'll bet it's only because the moment was never propitious or his parents too watchful. ## That stuff about the woman and the boys who found her "prostate on the sidewalk" reminds me of good old DUCKSPEAK (What Ever Happened To..) and it's famous line, "She slipped and fell prostitute on the hardwood floor."

ILL-ADVISED PORTFOLIO: Harness; Well, OK. They're nice, though.

ICE AGE: Shaws; Didn't the Jehovah's Witnesses congregate out in Yankee Stadium in the last couple of years? I'm not sure they've stopped meeting.

Another TV snob...e'mon, wouldn't you keep it if someone gave it to you? ## \$1.80 per movie? Good grief, you do go to the uptown shows, don't you...you can go for 99¢ to \$1.15 if you wait a month. ## I think there is something to this business of the number of lines on the brain indicating quantity of intelligence though not the way you have it. The lines are actually folds in the surface of the brain, and the way I get it the more surface area (and the more folds, the more surface) the more intelligence; it's pretty much a constant from birth, tho. Anyone know for sure? ## You're right, Shahnakhiroglu was at the SFCon; pleasant type.

SALUD: Elinor Busby; Radical women---and men---are similar in characteristics that you like about fannish women, that is in lack of taboos on subjects for discussion. I don't understand, on the other hand, why you don't feel you could tell someone---a close friend, of course---how often you and your husband had intercourse. The only thing I might not discuss would be who my partner was (if it could be embarrassing--I'm not married) or how she was. Once or twice by telephone I've interrupted some friends of mine making love. Have you ever talked on the phone after screwing? ## I always notice what women wear, and I like to compliment if one is deserved. I don't have the guts usually to say

something is awful, though, so one evening recently I had to put up with a passion purple dress. ## One reason the British health service has a shortage of time and space (if it does; you said it) is that it is treating so many people. You're absolutely right, the American health "service" is not about to have that particular problem. ## OK, OK, I've been convinced on Eichmann. He should not be killed. I note Israel is building a bullet-proof witness stand for him. ## I agree; I am a Berkeley-type fan. Thanks. And thanks for saying I should stay in even if I only hit the minimum requirements. So should you (no matter how much you put in the mailings). ## You've attended nine different churches, but no synagogue. I would have assumed that the Jewish population in the Northwest is nil, and this seems to prove it. ## On the contrary I think to be a Unitarian

Paul Goldfarb, Giant of the Lumberjacks, and his Great Ox Bubi

you do have to believe in some kind of God, but it could be a three-personed form. ## I know Laney thought about having himself sterilized (cf. Stormy Petrel, Warner's article), but did he actually do it? ## "The right to buy weapons is the right to be free" would make a fine revolutionary socialist slogan. I wonder if G.M. Carr has ever had any doubts about van Vogt's loyalty.

S-F TIMES DAILY: Taurasi; It's so terribly sercon; but I have to admit that I was interested enough to read it through. For having published this for so many years it's surprisingly illiterate. ## The day Sam Moskowitz is the "outstanding fan of the year" in my book is far off. And calling the E. E. Evans citation the "Big Heart Award" is just too much. I know somebody who's spinning in his grave, and it isn't E. E. Evans.

LEE HOFFMAN PRESERVATION ISSUE: Hoffman; You made a heavier axle for your go-kart, and on the bearings you put adaptor adaptors. Are those thing things or adaptor things? ## Fun. Do it again.

FOTHPATLAW: Versins; Delightful little piece. At first glance I thought ecch, more fan fiction. But now I think it's, you'll pardon the expression, cute. I like your fillers.

KLEIN BOTTLE: Carrs; Ah, my favorite FAPazine. ## The ATom cover has everything, I note, including the kitchen sink. He's washing stardust off the screen, mebbe? ## You do, Terry Carr; you have Impeccable Color Taste. ## "If Burbee Had Tried To Put It On the Market In 1927" is a delightfully Burbee-esque title; who put it on? ## What did the UofC Bindery have to do with KB? The gold lettering? ## Tactically, I would rather not argue for abolishment of capital punishment from the point of view of, for example, the guilt or innocence of Caryl Chessman. One result of this is my ignorance about the concrete facts in his case, and I was glad to see a resume of them here. Nice job, even if it was rushed, and I agree; things don't look altogether kosher. If someone else is guilty of the crimes Chessman was murdered for I will be delighted the day he is caught. I have a feeling capital punishment in California won't last very long after that. ## I remember seeing Rotsler's breast-tweaking anecdote some years ago in much shorter, and better, form. But Rotsler as a whole was better this time than last. ## I can remember three out of those 18 last lines, but only one of the titles comes to mind--Born of Man and Woman. It seems I ought to know the Sevagram one, but I don't. ## What's with this The Very Same Joe Kschnutz Who bit? I smell an anecdote. ## Does "adult" mean "sexy" in terms of reading? I told you, I could tell you wrote that story years ago. And no, your style of past years was much inferior to today's. ## Good

grief---those guns of your father's were "always loaded"? I remember the many times, when I was a high school ROTC redhot, that I was playing around doing various "fancy drill" routines with one of those rifles. There's one particular Queen Anne drill that involved twirling the rifle by the trigger-guard on your finger....why do I still have my big toe? ## There's a Chas. Addams quality to your writing of the toy cars on the hillside in your childhood. I saw some past Klein Bottles the other day and figured out this is the third time you've written about these cars, but the best. What Next? ## Dammit, I like E. E. Smith. ## God Lives. ## Mir's description of Dave Rike "dressed as a beatnik" is one of the more superfluous descriptions I've ever heard. ## I like your vocabulary, Mir..."big chiz" and "weedy things" are delightful.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?: Rike; And after all that talk you didn't tell us how much you had to pay for the Gestetner.

LIMBO: Rike; Wish there was more of you in this, Dave. ## Yeah, Bill, I like the Kingston Trio too. I even bought a record of theirs when the "M.T. A." song came out. ## I have heard Odetta's Ballad For Americans and it's very badly done. Avoid it. ## Seems to me from what you say that the last thing your first cousin needed was couch discipline. ## You're right, when the stands start heckling their own team things get rouch; the last year of Pappy Waldorf's career at Berkeley was like that. I think he won two games that year. ## The phrase "liberal" isn't totally meaningless. To me it connotes some consciousness of the desirability of some program of social welfare, but, as you say, the eventual outcome of a "liberal" line of thinking is some form of totalitarianism. ## The argument on labor unions would take a long discussion over beer or at least some essaywriting which I don't want to do this mailing, but I wish you would define what you mean by "bad" when you compare unions with corporations. More corrupt? No. More powerful? Hardly. Screw their own membership? No. Hoffa is a crook; we all know that, as well as we all know he has the absolute support of most of his membership. I am for Hoffa, however, when he is opposed by and attacked by big business and the government, because I am aware that their aim is not simply to bust up the corruption but to reduce his trade union power vis-a-vis business. Since I regard that power as quite legitimate, the only time I will side against Hoffa these days is when there is an honest rank-and-file movement within the labor movement against him. Unfortunately there isn't one, and that's an indication of the "temper of the times", as it were. ## If you didn't like the "noisy demonstration" aspect of the HUAC affair, just what would you have preferred? Of course it irritated the Committee---what in God's name wouldn't have? And the participants ended up looking anything but

Columns I never finish reading...

"Egad, a column all my own! ..." Ruth Berman in last mailing's Melange.

"GEE! I've been to a Sfcon!(My, isn't this a clever way to begin a conreport. ..." Nancy Share in last mailing's Target: EAPA.

You say it's the Moiseyev Folk Dancers, but I say it's Li'l Abner in drag.

like spoiled kids (except for a number who were spoiled by billyclubs). ## The idea that Russia and the US will align against China in World War III is surface thinking, wishful to boot. As long as the Western economic system survives, Russia and China will present to it a common front. ## The essay on Edgar Rice Burroughs I found in the Subtreasury of American Humor, E. B. and K. S. White, Modern Library, 1941. ## I like Handel too, though I only know the Messiah at all well. As opposed to some other long pieces I know fairly well---Bach's Mass in b and his Christmas Oratorio---it is seldom dull throughout. ## The very fact that a uniformed cop can be King of the Hill and feel self-important means there is a process of natural selection among recruits. A guy can't be a cop unless he wants to be in a position of power over other people; cops are bad. ## If you were in FAPA I'd have voted you high on the Poll. Next year.

PHANTASY PRESS: McPhail; This is an Old-style Carr cover; the signature betrays it. The head also lacks a left ear. ## A neat definition of FAPA, I must say. ## Your zine is still homey, Dan, and I don't mean homely. Clearly, too, you don't read the mailings. There were half a dozen comments in the last mailing relating to the "changed" constitution not being changed at all and you didn't see one of them. ## What I meant about Burroughs being an incompetent clod is that he failed at everything before he started writing, and it wasn't as though he was just working to make a living so he could write; he never got to writing until he failed at everything else. ## Your saying that my "Jazz On A Summer's Night" didn't "send you" is the most negative comment you've ever made. That's what I mean by homey, I guess; you're wishy-washy.

SAMBO: Martinez; This is one of the cruddiest, most puerile zines in the mailing. That cover is almost disgusting, besides being one of the oldest "jokes" in stf history (I'm sure you've used it before, as a matter of fact). ## I can't believe Kent Corey is for real in denouncing Gregg Calkins for egotism...and good grief, Walt Willis didn't put out the 1956 Fan directory--Ron Bennett is responsible for that. I wish there was a category for worst FAPazine in the poll; this would be it.



DIS: Speer; I remember wearing a Confederate cap in the early '50's. There was, in addition to its connection with the rising race issue, simply a connotation of rebellion about it, which is why I wore it I'm sure. ## How large a group relative to stfandom is the Civil War buffdom? ## "Medication" may sound more efficacious than medicine, as you say, but its outstanding virtue may simply be that it does not sound like medicine. ## If women would only yell when attacked they'd be OK. ## The

but the tendency is for woemn to totally freeze up in such a situation. ## The two stories are clever, and very nice.

VINEGAR WORM: Leman; You remind me very much of a guy who was in FAPA six or

seven years ago. I think he was from Boston--he wrote about Forever Amber being banned once---and he was a bank vice-president or something. He was also FAPA secretary-treasurer for a year. Anybody remember him? Your styles are very similar, and very enjoyable. ## Again, to adequately discuss my differences with you on the "fight-the-Russians" question would take lots of beers (which I'll be happy to have with you at some convention). Lemme make clear though that I ain't on Reynolds side, near as I can tell from what you say about his writing. To say that Castro is an "agent" of Khrushchov is to disastrously oversimplify the problem, though. What has happened is that this country has treated him as though he were a Russian agent and this has had the singular effect of making him more sympathetic to the Russians than he ever was. We could have made hay out of the Cuban revolution; instead the US has probably irrevocably lost the faith of most South American people (if we hadn't lost it before). ## Hoohaw. "It is impossible to conceive of any power other than brute force that could induce them to abandon their drive toward a wholly communist world." If I'm facing a strong man across the room I'd rather upset him by jerking the rug out from underneath him than by fighting him and getting hurt, perhaps fatally. The way you jerk the rug out from under Khrushchov is to satisfy the demands of the people in the world who have demands before they turn to Russia to get them satisfied. ## "Aggressive gaffia" is the best new fannish phrase of the year. ## Would Alcoholics Anonymous meet so publicly as in the mezzanine of a hotel? ## I defy you to find a statement that says socialism's premise is that the "function of the individual is to serve the state." And don't quote me any Russian after Lenin or Trotsky, either. You too, FMBuz, since you raised this statement to begin with.

FANTASY ARMATURE: Bradley; Seems to me the last FAR was one Coswal put out having to do with the Great Election Screwup of about 1950. We finally have it; fandom's leading decennial. Which reminds me, Leeh's SF--FIVE-YEARLY is due out this year.

EGOBOO POLL: Eney; not only weren't the artist listings provided for, but there was no deadline that I could find; hope you accepted "late" entries.

DESCANT: Clarkes; Pleasant postmailing, especially "Keep Christ Out Of Christ-mas", but I have little to say except that it broke off at page 4; should I have gotten more?

And here the dummied narrative breaks off. A number of my first-draft comments need rewriting, and I refuse to dummy a second draft; also, there are some zines (including shadow-zines and postmailings) that I haven't written any comments on yet, so I'll do them now on stencil.

BOBOLINGS: Pavlat; You sure can generalize about driving habits. I'm convinced that drivers become worse as you progress toward the East Coast. A friend of mine once advanced the theory that this was because of the more habitual and longer distance travelling by car required in the West simply because places are farther apart, whereas in the East more travelling is done by public conveyance of one kind or another. As a result, fewer people are used to driving, though there certainly are more cars on the road. ## To me, Marlene Dietrich is not sexy; she's an old woman. Most of my friends disagree. ## Several people have commented on the nature of mailing comments, including you. I

feel them to be a necessity in FAPA, for one of the qualities of the organization that I like is the group friendliness. Without mailing comments I find it hard to get to know people, as, except with a writer like Harry Warner, revealing comments about the writer won't be found except in the personal interchange involved in the mailing conversations. ## One of the reasons people like to be in company of solely the same sex occasionally is because of our neuroses, it seems to me. The feeling of competitiveness is removed in a sexually homogenous crowd, and thus also missing is the tenseness that goes with it. ## Mea culpa, mea culpa. You caught me on my capital punishment statistics. I am quite convinced that the number of Negroes killed for death-penalty crimes is far higher than the number of whites killed in proportion to the number of each race convicted for such crimes, but I don't have the statistics handy to quote chapter and verse. Can you accept that statement and take the argument from there? What do you think about capital punishment? ## I was going to go on about how all liquor really does taste bad to me, but I have a sneaking suspicion that I really do like Jack Daniels. ## You, like Silverberg, should be around more often. I'll always sign your petition. Since you won the Unsung Fapar award last year, the question arises--can you rest on your, um, unsung laurels?

LE MOINDRE: Raeburn; Just what would the formal charge be of "looking for a rumble" that you were picked up in Harlem on? ## You had a classmate named Ngairé, I had one named E'Anne. I don't know either. ## Come now. Dave Rike--and I--can be quite aware that press reports on Cuba are distortions and lies without knowing enough facts to counteract them. One of the problems is that a good deal of the information from Cuba from any point of view is distorted; the American press' poor coverage is matched qualitatively if not quantitatively by the whitewash job the "Fair Play For Cuba Committee" is giving the situation. But we can know by deduction and observation certain simple things: that Cuba can never be as much of a Russian satellite as Tito is, no matter how hard the US pushes Cuba nor how much the US press likes to say Castro is already Moscow's puppet. Also, and more important, the American press is not interested in presenting a correct picture of the Cuban situation, because 1) a democratic social revolution is absolutely counter to the prejudices of both the press and the American people and 2) to present an accurate picture would be to quite strongly indict US policy toward Cuba, which has been stupid and conservative to the point of being reactionary. That latter can be seen from what the papers say. You may not agree with our conclusions, but the point is we can see enough to know that all is not well with the state of the North American press. (Parenthetically, while as I say above the Cuban revolution was by and large, I think, a democratic social revolution at the start, it has deteriorated considerably in the last two years, due partially to Russian influences but mostly to United States pressures and influences.)

LEFTOVER: Bradley; Maybe the satellite was going faster than light. Several minutes after you went out to look at it at 10:34 p.m., you say Brad verified the time at 10:32. Just another service at no extra charge. Don't thank me.

DANDWAGON: Ryan; I have no objection to a fraternity refusing on an individual basis membership to anyone it chooses. I do object to its setting up a class of persons on an arbitrary basis which is excluded. Further, you establish this criterion: "Where membership is open to the majority, it should be open to all" but not the converse. Is your conception of democracy one that is only concerned with majority rights? Why, I thought that was what so many people have against us atheistcommunistsocialists. ## More comments are crowded out on Ryans' as well as other zines. I feel particularly bad about not reaching Evans' material and some of the Shadowzines, but space, tired bones and deadlines...

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