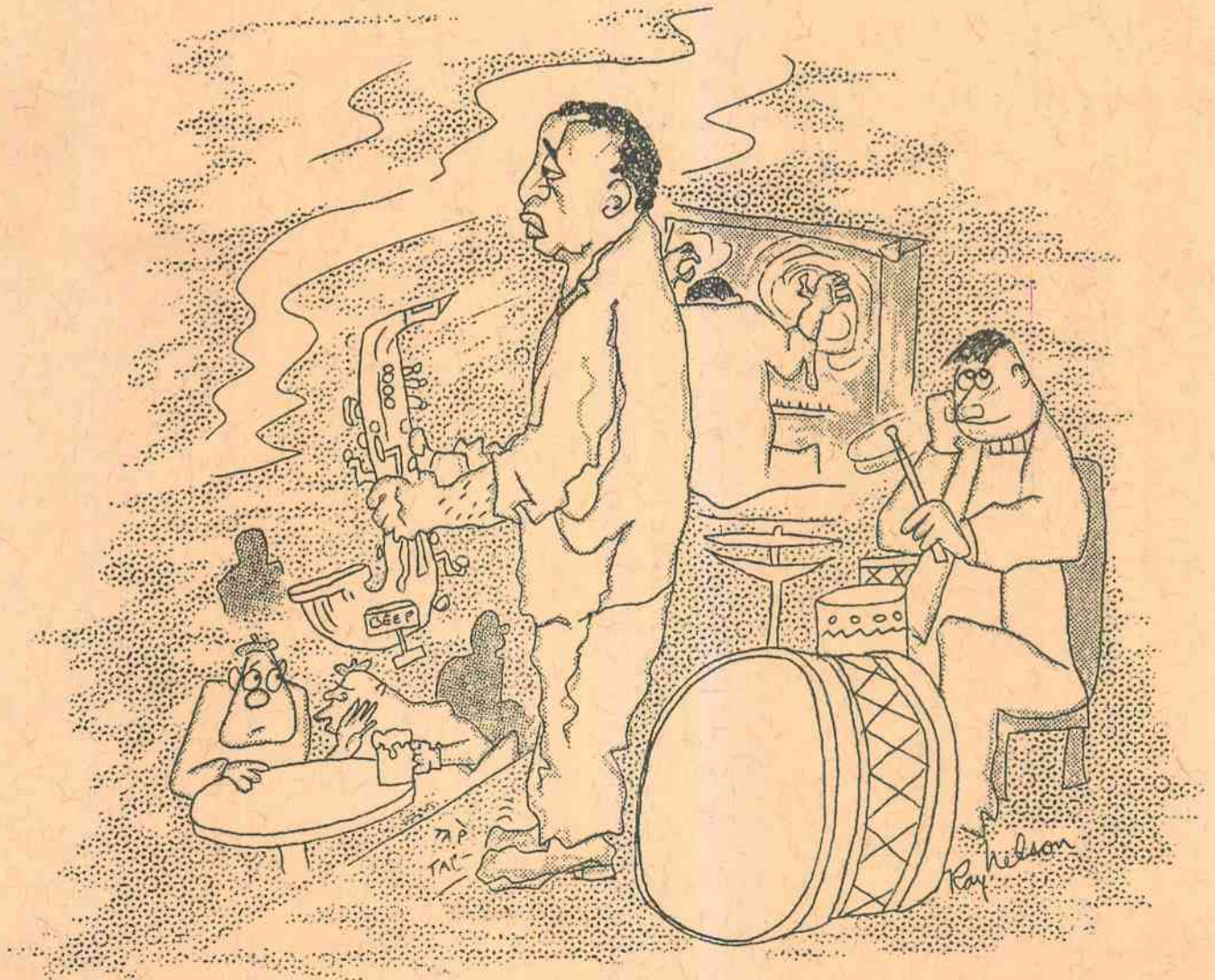


lighthouse

no. 3, august 1961



"Nothing commercial about these cats. They don't actually play the jazz. They just sit there and, like, think it!"

lighthouse

number three . august 1961

LIGHTHOUSE #3, August 1961, is a Berkeley Fanzine put out by Pete Graham and Terry Carr, both at this point at apt. 8, 635 E. Fifth Street, New York 9, New York.

Mimeoing and production at the redoubtable QWERTYUIOPress, which is a little more doubttable than usual this issue because of an inferior grade of ink; other than that, Ted White has done his usual excellent, helpful job. We may allow him to be an assistant editor some day.

The cover is by Ray Nelson; interior illos by Rotsler, Larry Ivie, Lee Hoffman, and Reiss.

Larry Ivie cut how own illo on stencil, which was a nice idea, and Ted also did lots of stencil-patching, an even better idea which the editorial bureaucracy can't stomach doing.

CONTENTS:

Minor Drag

editorial by Graham

Ben Singer, Pride of the DSFL
article by Ray Nelson

Brother Gregory

great art by Andy Reiss

Sometimes I'm Happy

fiction by Graham

FAPA On Wry

column by Ted White

Tailgate Ramble

editorial by Carr

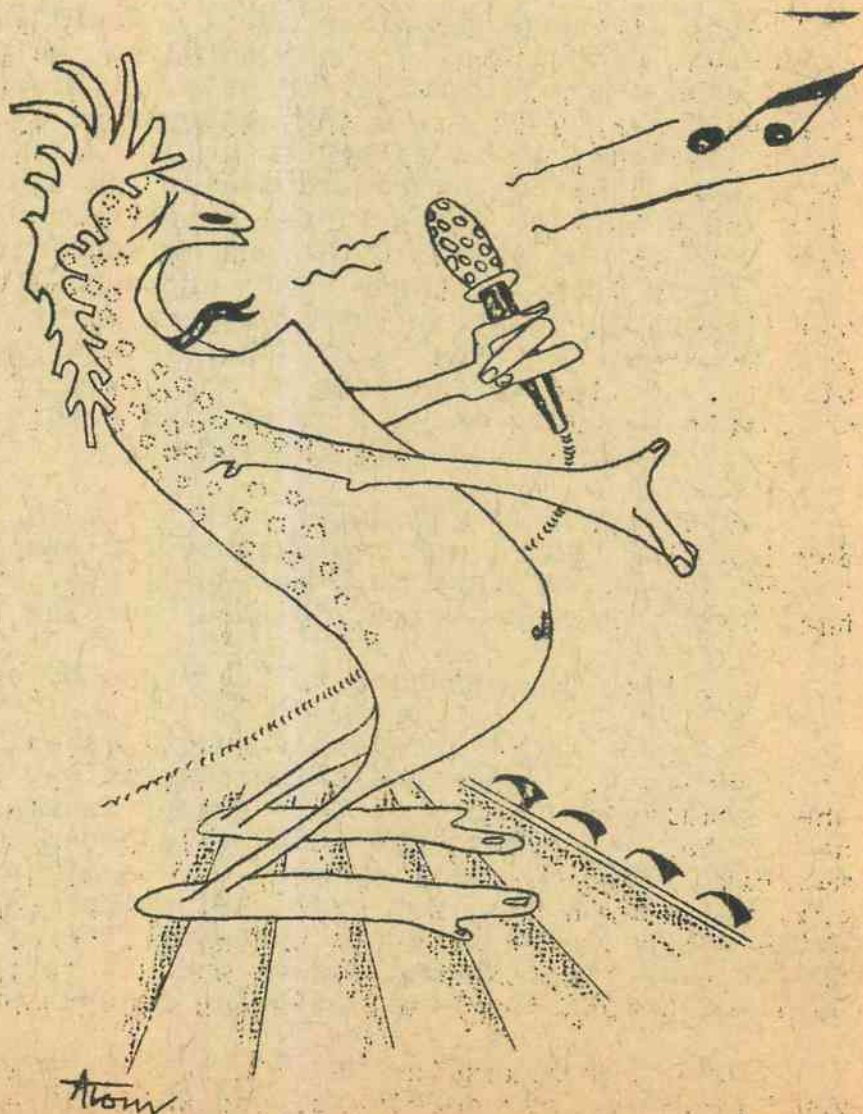
On The Beat

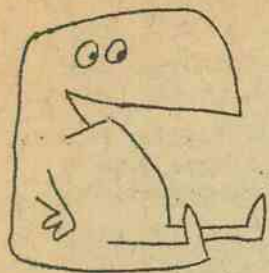
greater art by Ray Nelson

Klein Comment

Lighthouse Letters

in a word, letters





PETE
GRAHAM

MINOR DRAG

One of the more interesting developments in fandom for me in the past few months, to say nothing of the past couple of years, has been the advent on the New York scene of Terry Carr. He arrived here about a month before you'll get this mailing; by now, he may be gone. Lighthouse, FAPA, and fanac in general is not the place to develop this event as far as I am concerned much further than from the strictly fannish point of view; so, with this prologue, I will go on to chitter-chatter about how Terry has come to New York.

It was all sort of prosaic, actually. We missed connections, of course. Ted and I found him at the airport after he'd been there for an hour and a half. The first thing I said was "hello", and he said something similar, and the next thing I said was in the car and it was "What's new?" He turned his head and started laughing in his hand and I knew he was thinking "It's that good old stupid Pete Graham again" so I relaxed.

He's living at my place now. I would say we were living there but sometimes...sometimes, I'm not so sure. We're not there very much these days; when I'm not working and he's not sleeping we're over at Ted's office, salvaging Void and doing whatever it is fans do whenever they're not doing anything, which is pretty dull. Whenever we walk into my place Terry goes over to the record player and says "By damn, I want to play this Teddy Buckner piece I just bought" or "Let's hear the Condon you just got" and he stands by it and my education in traditional jazz picks up where it left off three years ago and he puts on records while I sit and listen and identify the alto-horn parts. Then in the morning Terry goes down and gets the mail. There's always lots of mail, which is sort of nice. I like to get lots of mail. Terry gets it all, and he tells me what's going on and who is writing to him and sometimes I read the fanzines which come to him care of me.

Actually, I do get mail. Terry's milk company wrote me the other day implying that I was responsible for some quantity of milk and light cream; and Ronel wrote me a postcard, too. He said I should tell Terry that he'll see what he can do about getting Terry's art file out to him.

I think I'm beginning to learn how Sylvia feels.

It was a matter of course that I asked Terry to become a coeditor of Lighthouse. You might think that it was because I wanted to increase the Berkeleyish nature of this famous fanzine which E. Busby and others have noted. Or you might think it's because I wanted only to guarantee material from TCarr for my mag; or you might even be more pragmatically oriented and think I was graciously offering to save Terry's membership which comes up for grabs in the near future. It's none of these, of course (why else the buildup?); what it is involves the Great New York Coeditor Cooptation Plan which has been snowballing around here.

What this means is that I'm competing with Void, I say. Void, as you know, has four coeditors; Ted White, Greg Benford, myself and my junior editor, Terry Carr. Xero has two coeditors, the Lupoff Family. I

hear stories about Mary Lupoff and maybe Uncle Lupoff joining the staff, but so far they've only snapped up Bbob Stewart as art editor. Fanfaronade has just grabbed Tew to be a columnist, which can only be a harbinger of greater conquests to follow. So I've jumped into the ring: I'll get them all, every one.

Actually I have a vision of the whole business operating like, say, the stock market--or better yet, a game we could call Musical Fanzines. One of these days someone will snatch away one of the magazines and we can all watch the mad scramble by all the editors to climb onto one of the remaining zines.

AND THEN I WROTE I've been noticing the Los Angeles Syndrome, as we refer to it around here; that is that penchant for listing in detail, if not in micro-elite, every publication that the given fan has ever had anything to do with.

We've all heard how Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon has put out his twelve issues of Skoan. Bruce Pelz listed a whole page of fanzines, by damn. And Bob Lichtman had to dig "all the way back in 1959" to unearth his yellowed, moldering fannish beginnings.

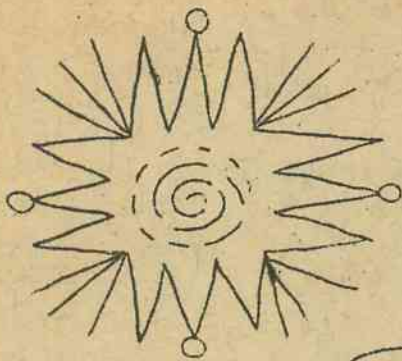
Well, I just think I'll tell everyone out there in fanzineland about all the things with which I've had to do. I really began in fandom, you know, way back when I was only two years old and I was smearing feces on the bars of my crib. This may not seem like much to you, but believe me it was creative as all get-out and I'm sure I enjoyed doing it just as much as Bruce Pelz enjoyed putting out Profanity #1, or whatever it was.

The next thing I did doesn't really compare as well. In the first grade we had sort of a school paper; mostly it consisted of Miss Kschnut writing up clever bits about the first graders and posting it on a bulletin board (that's great for tightening up style, as you'd know if you'd ever typed several bits of business on one piece of paper in Double Pica type). I posted them on the board some of the time and boy it sure felt fannish.

In 1950 I entered organized fandom and a year later I'd already acquired a coeditor (he's now a coeditor of Void, too, which confuses me, since the years and coeditors have flashed quickly by and I can't quite remember which one he is). Vulcan was one of those highlight focalpoint magazines of Fifth Fandom which you'll see Warner writing about real soon now. After we put out Vulcan Number One we put out Vulcan number two, which was a real gas. Then we put out number three, which was even more of a gas. Boy, was it fun. But I digress. Somewhere around this time I began writing my column for Spaceship and Oopsla (it would have been in Quandry but Gregg asked first). Funny thing happened around that time...I remember Burb calling me long distance. "Pete", he said, "Towner's gone gafia." "I'll be damned", I said.

"We need your help, Pete. Why don't you come down to LA and save Francis Towner Laney for fandom?" What a fantastic phone call. Anyway, I went and I did and I'm very glad I did; I think Fran's work as one of the coeditors of Void is some of the finest stuff he's done. I wish when people look back at my activity in this period they wouldn't drag up just the dirty linen. There's a positive side to things.

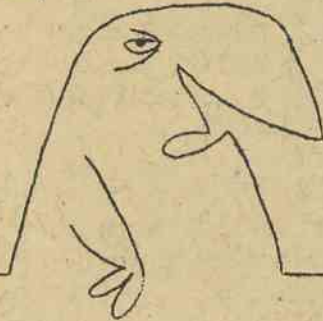
High school was a good time, too. I remember once in 1956 when
(continued on back cover)



BEN SINGER

PRIDE OF THE DSFL

by ray nelson



Terry has been after me for quite some time now to write something about the Detroit Science Fiction League or maybe about the fans I knew in France. I've been putting it off and putting it off for a long time now, without really knowing why.

I think it all boils down into an old, old problem of ethics. These fans that I have known for years, some of them my oldest friends, have, of course, told me a lot of things in confidence and done a lot of things that they would just as soon not have written up in a fanzine for all to see at this late date. I'd like to write about them, and there is certainly plenty of juicy stuff to be written on each and every one, but do I really have the right to bring up all that stuff now? I know these people just a little too well, that's the trouble. I know all their nasty little secrets and all the crimes they have (some of them) committed. I know which ones are or have been communists and which ones are or have been homosexuals. I know a lot of wonderful side-splitting stories about the good times they had with wives and girl friends other than the ones they have now. I know which ones have been boozers and dope fiends and which ones have cheated on their exams or dodged the draft. If I were to leave this stuff out, it would present a distorted and even rather colorless picture of them.

That has always been quite a problem with me. I don't mind exposing anything about myself to the enquiring gaze of the world, but I just can't bring myself to be as free and high-handed with the biographical garbage of other people.

I'd really like to write about Ben Singer, for instance, but I just can't bring myself to do it. When he visited me in Paris a few years back he had this real nice wife and this real profitable public relations business and when I offered to let him stay at my place in Vesoul and just write, he turned me down cold. It's clear that he has turned his back once and for all on the "gooey trap of fandom" and the somewhat creative and bohemian life we all used to lead in Detroit. (Of all places.)

I'll give you a few examples. He wanted to see a little of the

"real left bank," the places where the tourists didn't go. I actually took him and his Elinor to this crazy jazz place on the Rue Hutchette called Storyville, intending to go on from there to the Caves and the student places. The first thing that happened was they asked him, through me (Ben didn't speak French), what he would have.

"Coca Cola!" he said.

You see what I mean? That was the end of the pub crawl right there. Now, Ben has always been a light drinker. When he said "bar" even in the old days, he usually meant a fruit juice bar, but he was willing to bend a little, so to speak. I mean, he wasn't what you'd call a party pooper.

Another thing happened while we were in Paris. This wife of his, see, she wanted to buy some paints. It seemed that she felt kind of out-of-it there in Paris with no artistic pretensions, tho I hear that in her younger days, she was kind of an artsy-craftsy girl.

Nothing but the best would do for the wife of Ben Singer, successful head of an up-and-coming advertising and public relations agency, so we had to go to the best paint supplies place in town, where the professionals got their art supplies.

Well, first Ben demanded to see the best of the best they had, and the shopkeeper was only too happy to oblige. Ben asked the price, and the shopkeeper was only too happy to tell him.

"Too much!" said Ben. "Haven't you got anything for a more decent price?"

The shopkeeper showed him something else.

"How much?" asked Ben.

I translated the answer.

"Too much!" said Ben. "Show us something else."

To make a very long story short, we spent the whole afternoon working our way down thru the entire inventory of that store. At last we left, on the pretext that we were going to compare his prices with a few other places. It turned out to be no pretext. We actually did give a few more places the once-over before going back to the first place (cross my heart and hope to die) and buying a set of kid's water-color paints for the equivalent of about twenty-five cents American.

Now I ask you, does a man like that really want the sordid past thrown up in his face? What would the boys at the office think if they knew that Ben used to be a pamphlet-waving atheist, a science fiction writer, and even a blinking blooming song writer? How do you think that would go down with some of the big accounts Ben is handling these days?

How do you think some of these ultra-conservative businessmen would react to the knowledge that Ben once kept a Shiksa mistress right in his mother's apartment, downstairs from a distinguished rabbi? What if they found out Ben used to be a rabid strip-tease fan? That he once ran (or ran into the ground) a downtown Detroit bookstore specializing in science fiction and pornography? That after that he ran into

the ground a movie theatre specializing in monster flicks?

How would it seem to these bigwigs Ben runs around with these days to know Ben used to solve the problem of finding a seat in the bus by getting an obliging pal of his named Gor to kneel down on hands and knees while Ben sat on his back?

Ben really looks good these days. Success forms an aura around him that completely masks the aura of armpits and stale blintzes and matso balls that identified him in the old days. For one thing, he is a lot thinner than he used to be. He looks about as slim and suave as a latter day Rudolph Valentino now, but he used to be so fat and effeminate he could have played Oscar Wilde with ease. He would have played with gusto, too, back then, because he was crazy about anything homo. He liked homo writers, homo composers, homo milk even. All you had to do was tell him some classical artist or dancer or something was gay, and he went into giggling ecstasy over him. Nowadays he can't even do a very good limp-wrist routine. Like, he used to bring down the house by simply flapping his limp wrist and squealing, "Gee, fellas!"

To my knowledge he never actually made any gay scenes, but he was certainly a big homo fan, anyway. He never made it as a pro, even tho he seemed to have a lot of talent in that direction.

He had a lot of real talent, too, by the way. He actually said some of his stf stories to the prozines. (One of them was called, strange to say, "Rejection Slip".) He even got some band to play one of his songs. This song was called, "I Think I'll Write A Song".

Ben composed it on a toy magnus organ, the only instrument he ever showed much inclination for. He was a great one-finger improviser, if you know what I mean. Well, this song, "I Think I'll Write A Song," wasn't bad. I still remember some of the words:

"I think I'll write a song, dear,
and send it off to you;
and that song will be yours, dear,
to prove that I've been true.
Its haunting melody, its lilting harmony,
its brilliant counterpoint
will make you understand
I love you."

Or something like that. I've still got a copy of it around here somewhere. Big hearted Ben even gave me a part interest in the song... he had a legal paper drawn up to that effect. I've been listening to some of the latest song hits and at last I realize that Ben's song didn't make it because it was too far ahead of its time. If he wants to plug it now, he's got a sure hit on his hands...that is, if he can get a young enough singer to sing it and work in the words "teen-age" somewhere.

There are a few things about Ben that haven't changed. He is still full of love for all mankind one moment and as thorny as a porcupine the next. He still has a bent goosing finger (he claims he caught it in a screen door), but nicotine stains have rendered it almost obscene. He still has a broad, toothy, nervous grin and big, bulging, soulful Jewish eyes. He still worships Success, only it just isn't the same kind of Success anymore. Before, he wanted some sort of fairly artistic success. Now he has given up all that immature nonsense and is

only interested in \$u¢¢e\$. He has become a well-adjusted organization man instead of a mere seedy would-be writer and composer.

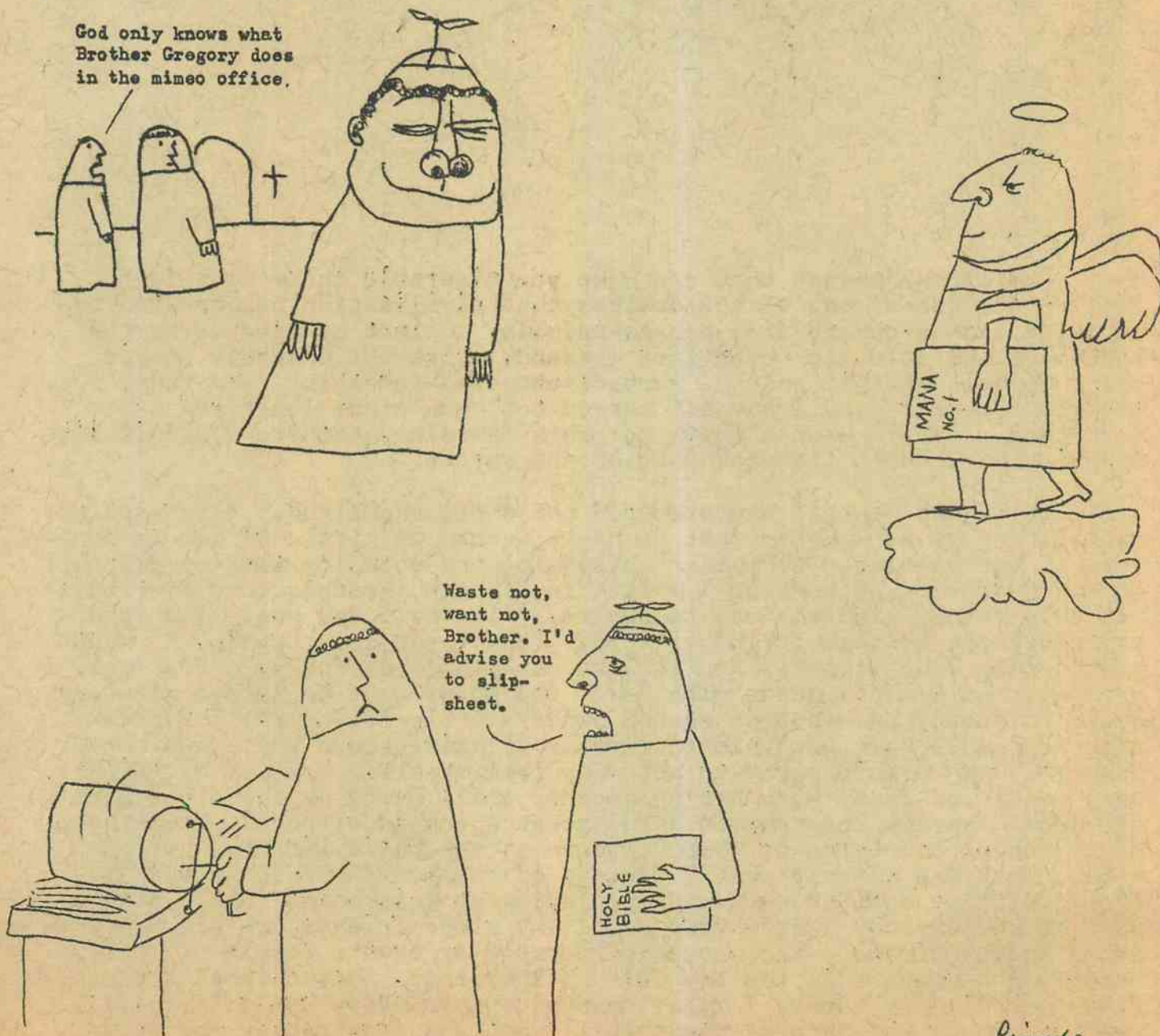
That's why I can't write about Ben, much as I'd like to. Now that he's Made It, I wouldn't want to, like, bug him, way up there on that cloud of airwick.

--rfn

"God is dead! God is dead!"

Brother Gregory

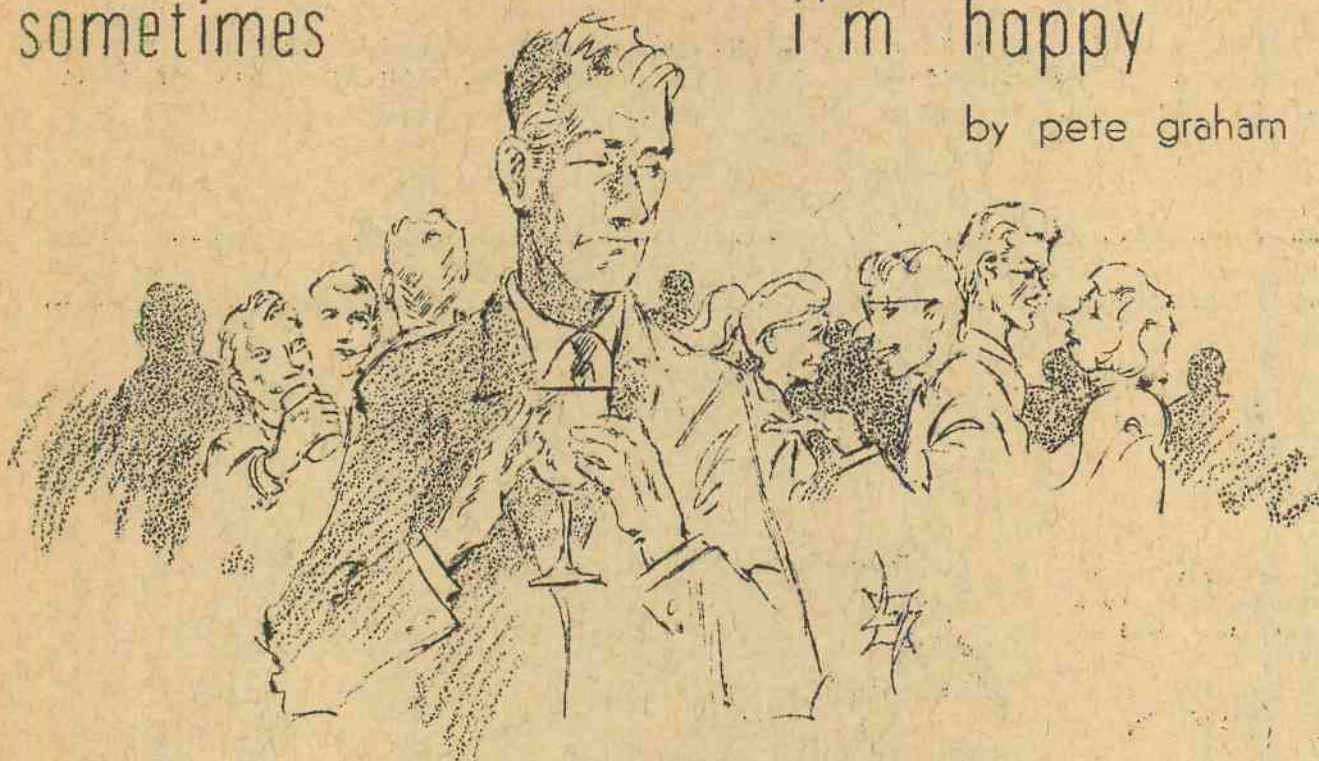
BY ANDREW REISS



sometimes

i'm happy

by pete graham



One of the things that can make you miserable these days is the failure or loss of one of the devices that civilization has created to separate men-as-humans from men-as-animals. I left my glasses at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean last weekend, which was a pretty stupid thing to do. At this point I sort of expected something like that, though. New York and I haven't agreed too much since I arrived last Christmas. And it wasn't about to start agreeing, either; I didn't like Cynthia and I don't like the parties she throws.

It wasn't Cynthia who answered the door, thank god. After seeing her all day at work I was just as happy to see as little of her as possible at her parties. A "butler" hired for the occasion took my coat off to the bedroom. As soon as I walked in, though, Cynthia came over to me and told me how glad she was to see me. Like hell she was. Then she introduced me to some friend of hers. "Max", she said to him, "I want you to meet Paul Tanner. You'll like Paul, he's so funny." Fuck you, I thought, and I shook hands with Max. God knows what he looked like--my eyes are pretty bad--but he seemed nondescriptly friendly. I was exchanging small talk with him but mostly thinking about why I was here. Mostly I was at this party to get away from myself. Most of my friends, as a matter of fact, were having another small party on the other side of town; I hardly knew anyone here except a couple of people from the Music school and three or four regulars at the Music Library where I work. That was exactly what I wanted, of course; I was so damned disgusted with my serious work and my playing at this point that I didn't want to see anybody I knew very well. My close friends are all professional music writers, small-scale performers or even a couple of well-established players in the New York Philharmonic. Established and satisfied in their own terms, I mean; what made them happy couldn't fulfill me, but simply the fact of their fulfilment was frustrating for me to be around.

And the others are all obviously going to be more or less successful, too; Jim's getting an opera produced on television, Robbie's got several pieces in the works for publication, Jared is going to London in a month for the violin competition finals. My own composing has been hung up for over a year now. I came to New York from San Francisco to try and get out of the bind, but it didn't really help--of course. Through a friend I got a job at the Donnell music library, and I had hoped to run into some new friends there. No, though; all I had met had been some rather superficially jazz-oriented types. I like jazz; I like it very much. With a couple of my friends I even try playing it sometimes; it doesn't come off very well because we're not too good at it, but we admire people who can do it. But these types, like Cynthia Spaulding and her crowd, were all terribly "hip" types, always up on the latest in jazz movements and "new sounds" but none of them able to play very well at it. I mean among those who tried, of course.

I've been around music and involved with music since I was five, but for the last three years I couldn't see my connection to it. Writing? I wasn't composing, I was piddling around every now and then and had managed only so far as to get the Louisville Symphony to consider--negatively--the possibility of performing a piece. I wasn't married, I wasn't about to be, I wasn't involved with a woman, and hadn't gotten into bed with one six times in as many years. There weren't three people I could call close friends, mostly because all my friends were musical and I didn't feel I could be close to them unless I felt I could compete with them musically...how can you love someone when you do the work you both love doing in every way inferior to him?

And it was a symbolic cap on my mood to lose my glasses. This made me completely impotent. I couldn't work, certainly not on my own compositions nor of course at the Library. I couldn't read. I could barely see enough to figure out what was a good looking woman and what was not. All I could do was walk through the world and hope I didn't run into anything.

"What do you play?" said Max.

Thank god he didn't say blow, I thought, and squinted at him. "I blow piano", I said.

"Yeah?" he said.

"Yeah."

He slipped into it and I was almost sorry I'd started it; he didn't deserve to be put on.

"You blowing with anyone?" he asked. "I mean, you got a regular gig going or what?"

"Pretty much", I said. "I swing out now and then at a midtown joint. Nothing regular, 'cause Lenny doesn't need me all the time."

"Tristano?" He was awed. Cynthia didn't really know that many pros.

"Bernstein", I said, and went to get a drink. I looked back over my shoulder and I think he was sort of glaring at me. "Cynthia told you", I said, "I'm a funny man." Which was why I was invited in the first

place. I'd come to one of her parties before, and she'd seen me at somebody else's place several times. Naturally I'd only come to this kind of party when I'm pretty depressed, and I'd get pretty bitter and cutting, particularly when I've had about three beers. In a way it's funny to listen to, as long as you're not the butt of it, and Cynthia enjoyed having me at parties as sort of a court jester; if she were a little different kind of person she'd rent a beatnik. I was someone she could dissociate herself from and yet use as a showpiece. This was fine by me; it let me be as angry or hostile as I wanted, and right now I was pretty mad. Mostly at myself, it's true, but that didn't stop me from venting it at other people.

There were about six people in the upstairs kitchen near the ice-box. The kitchenette they were sitting in was an enclave set off from the rest of the party, which occupied two floors of Cynthia's Sutton Place duplex. They all stopped talking as I came in and looked for beer. Most of the people at the party drank shots or martinis, but Cynthia kept beer upstairs for the few who wanted it. The three couples didn't look too familiar, though I wasn't sure; they watched silently as I poured a large pilsner of Budweiser. I looked at one of the girls over the head of my beer as it rose; they started talking again. She couldn't tell I couldn't really see her, and we stared at each other for a moment. Then she took her escort's hand and started talking to one of the other girls about a play they'd just seen. I sipped about half the glass, filled it again and pulled a fresh quart bottle out of the icebox and went back downstairs. Shit, I thought. Shit, shit, shit. The stairs were an enclave where I could be alone and think and be myself for a moment as I walked down. As soon as I walked down into that crowd of 40 or 50 people downstairs I would go back to playing my role. I hated the role in a way, yet I enjoyed it too. I could only get away with it because I was different; no better, no worse than any of them, but I would hate myself for putting across the image of superiority and hate myself for enjoying that feeling of superiority at the same time.

I stepped into the living room and punched somebody on the shoulder. "Tell me", I said sweetly, "What do you do?"

He looked quite uncomfortable. "I'm an accountant", he said. "I didn't get the name." He held out his hand.

"I'm Paul Tanner", I said.

"Vic Dinker here", he said, and we shook hands.

"Hello", I said, and smiled at him. I was toying with the idea of playing homosexual, but then I took a look at the girl he was talking to and gave up that idea. I'm six feet two, and her head came up to my mouth, which has always seemed a nice height to me. She had a long narrow face, with straight hair coming down the sides and curling up a little at the ends. I couldn't tell if it curled in or out, because it was a little unkempt since she had just been jitterbugging. She brushed a group of strands away from her eye as I looked at her, and said "All right, what do you do? Fair's fair."

"I'm a composer of sorts", I said, and grinned. "I didn't get the name." She was Jean Terry, and she had soft, bony hands which I shook. "Dink", I said, "Where did you find your wife?"

They didn't look married; the question caught Vic off guard. Jean was amused. "We're not married", Vic said. "We met at Cynthia's last party, a week ago, and we came tonight. And it's 'Vic'."

"You're not married", I repeated. "Good. Then I won't have to be adulterous tonight." I sort of leered at Jean, but I couldn't carry it off because I was feeling better already. She sort of broke up laughing and I collapsed completely, so I walked away. She and Vic went off toward the front room again and joined about a dozen other couples dancing to some slow music from the record player. I'd set my beer down behind Cynthia's bedroom door and I needed to fill my glass again, so I headed for it. Cynthia was in the bed room with some guy just standing talking; I leaned around the door and pulled up the bottle. I'd picked up an opener from the kitchen so I opened it in front of the two of them, who had stopped talking, and the beer, now slightly warm, spurted just a little bit over all of us. "Sorry", I grinned.

"That's all right", said Cynthia.

"No it isn't", I said. "You're mad."

"A little".

"Tough. Hello, Max. That is you, isn't it?"

"Yes", he said testily. "Why shouldn't it be?"

"I lost my glasses", I said. Ordinarily I wouldn't have bothered answering--it was a sort of apology, after all--but my depression was lifting a bit. But I couldn't work up much enthusiasm for Cynthia any way I cut it. She was looking more exasperated as I continued talking to Max. I think she was a little drunk.

I was telling Max about the fine Staten Island beach I'd lost my glasses at. He wasn't interested--I wasn't either--and he wanted to get away. Cynthia was upset at being ignored. "Max", she said, "Be a dear and see if that couple from Metronome magazine I told you about have anyone to talk to, will you?" Be a dear my ass, I thought. It's get lost, you creep. I took another glass of beer. I needed it to argue with Cynthia.

"Who are the two from Metronome?" I asked her. She looked a little blank, then a little irritated. I smiled with some malice and said "That's all right, I probably don't know them anyway." I'd called her on a bluff, though I hadn't known it, and she didn't like it.

"You don't know much of anyone here, Paul", she said. "I don't really see why you come."

"You know that it's to see your sweet face", I said. "I hardly catch sight of you at work." We see each other all the time.

"We see enough of each other, I think", Cynthia said coldly.

I was getting a little high. "You know, you're something of a bitch", I said.

"What do you mean?" She cocked her head to one side and looked at me waspishly.

"The way you just dismissed Max, for example. What were you talking about that was so unimportant? You do it at work, too. You're sweet as sugar the way you put off all those men." God, I hated her.

"You're afraid of me." She grinned a little maliciously herself, leaned against the bureau, picked up her drink and took a sip.

"Yeah, I suppose so. I have a right to be, I think. What in hell do you invite me here for, anyhow? To be another toy of yours."

"You play, don't you?" She waved her drink under my nose. "If you don't want to play, you could leave. What's it to me?"

I knocked her drink across the room. She was still grinning. "You're a phony. A phony. Why do you throw these parties? To learn about jazz? Hell, no. You never talk to the two musicians who come. To exchange any other ideas?" I was getting madder than I should have. "Why do you have all these people up here? You never talk to them; you just use them, make them build you up as a great social type. What does it get you?"

"Why do you come?" she asked. "Who do you talk to? And about what?"

I pushed her away from the bureau and all the way across the room against the wall. When I got her there I didn't know quite what to do with her so I stood with my left hand pushing on her chin and sort of half leaning against her. She had a rocky expression on her face and we stared at each other for a minute. I got more and more conscious of my left elbow on her breast. Then she put her left hand on my chest; I thought she was going to push me away, but she just rested it there. I let my hand move down to her neck and put my other arm around her, at which point she sidestepped around me, twisting her heel into my toe, and walked rather more than purposefully out of the room.

I picked up Cynthia's glass, sat down on the bed and thought about how I couldn't handle that kind of woman. After a couple of minutes I threw the glass against the opposite wall. It didn't break. I sat there some more.

* * *

I pushed my way through people--the later it got, the more people came--and went into the master kitchen. I turned to the professional bartender Cynthia always had at these parties. He was always the same one, and was okay at everything except martinis. A martini, as the saying goes, is not a hooker of gin; but this guy was convinced it was. As I came up to the bar someone else also asked for a martini. "Have you learned how to make a martini yet?" I asked the bartender.

He looked aggrieved, but forcedly polite. "I assume I can."

"I assume you can't", I said; he wasn't busy so I took the shaker from him. "Bring the vermouth out from under the bar so I can put some in."

At this point Vic came in, noticed me and ordered two martinis himself. The bartender pointed at me and leaned on the bar until I finished. While he chatted with Vic, I slipped the strainer into my coat pocket so he would have to find another one, said "excuse me" to the guy waiting for his martini, and walked by him into the front room with

the two glasses.

It took a minute of squinting to find Jean sitting by the balcony window. "You ordered, mademoiselle", I said, and served.

She smiled and took the drink gratefully. "Where's my escort?"

"In the kitchen. It was a hard search, finding you without my glasses. I almost tripped over the hostess, I think." It got a laugh, so I asked where she had met Cynthia.

"Oh, I hardly know her", said Jean. "A friend of mine who's a musician brought me here last week as a joke--he doesn't like to come to these things too much--and I came this time with him--" she thumbed the kitchen--"for the free liquor. I guess I'm slumming, in a way."

"Do you like jazz?" I asked.

"Absolutely. But I'm afraid I'm kind of out of place here. I think I'm something of a moldy fig."

"No kidding! Me, I'm convinced there's been no good jazz played since Beiderbecke."

She smiled again; she had absolutely straight white teeth. "You sure you don't mean Buddy Bolden?"

"Who's Buddy Bolden?" We looked up. Vic was standing there with the two martinis. "How did you get that drink?" he asked.

"Why, Paul brought it for me", said Jean. "I thought it was rather nice of him, don't you?"

"If I were to tickle you", I said to him, "Which drink would you drop first?"

He stepped back half a step and Jean and I laughed. "I brought you your martini", he said to Jean.

"I have one", she said.

"Dink", I said, "Why don't you find a place to set those down and make yourself comfortable while we dance. Okay?" This guy didn't like me at all at this point. We took our drinks with us to the record-player and started to dance.

"You said you were a composer of sorts", she said. "What sort of sorts?"

"Mostly classical sorts, I guess you'd say", I replied. "At the moment, I'm working on an opera."

"An opera! My, my. And I thought maybe I'd met a good traditional composer. Why, I thought to myself, perhaps I've met the original composer of Memphis Blues."

I stepped back as we danced. "Good grief", I grinned. "And I thought you knew something about Dixieland jazz. Don't you know", I held her closer, "Don't you know that Memphis Blues, like all tradi-

tional songs, was written by Jelly Roll Morton under his pseudonym of W. C. Handy?"

"Oh, I forgot. That was after jazz came up the river from New Orleans to Chicago, wasn't it." I stepped on her toe. "Ouch! Okay, okay. What kind of opera is it?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. I think my conception of it is changing, and I haven't been able to work on it recently." The record ended and we picked up our drinks. "Let's go out on the patio", I said. We leaned on the railing and looked down about 20 stories.

"Is it because of your glasses?" she asked.

"I wish that was all", I said. "Mostly it's because I feel so god-dam incompetent at doing anything at all with music that I think I'm discouraging myself."

"That's bad", she said. "Are you really incompetent?"

I looked at the blur of the lights across the East River in Queens. "Not really", I said. "But I can give myself enough doubts just by thinking about the possibility." I stared at her for a moment, not really seeing her. "Actually", I said, "it's a vicious circle. I haven't done anything yet, so I sort of assume I can't do anything, even though I know--when I really think about it--that I'm not that bad."

"That seems silly", she said. "I see what you mean; I mean, I know what you feel, but I wish you wouldn't do that to yourself."

"Why not?" I asked.

She looked away. "Oh", she said, "Oh, well...it just seems pointless, that's all." She was silent, and we looked at the blurs.

"Anyway", I said, "I'm completely depressed in general at this point, that much I know."

"Then what are you doing here?" she asked. "This is the most depressing situation I can think of."

"I guess I want to be unhappy, then", I grinned. She just continued to look at me and my grin faded. "Why don't you have another drink?"

"You have something there, you know", she said. "I mean about wanting to be unhappy. What would happen if you were to write that opera and sell it, or whatever one does with operas? What would you feel like, say, if you were not only competent at music, but pretty good?"

"God knows that's what I want to be. Of course I do. I mean, I'd feel great." I was confused, suddenly. I shook my head. "You know, I've never really thought about that. But it's sort of ridiculous to think that I would want to make myself unhappy." I was getting irritated, as much at myself for drinking too much as at her for probing.

"Oh, I don't know." She didn't mean to sound flip, but she did. "You know, if you were to be pretty good at music, think of all the responsibilities you'd have...you wouldn't be able to be the struggling young artis with potential any more. In a way, it would make you or

break you. You'd have to stand on your accomplishments, not on what you might do."

Her voice trailed off. Then, "How many really close friends do you have, Paul? I mean true-blue types in your circle of musical friends."

"Why, sev--lots", I said. "What are you trying to say, that I can't really write music after all or something? I know, not everybody can be a Bartok or Beethoven, but you don't even know me--"

"That's not what I meant at all!" She was a little peeved by my peevishness. "Can't you look at yourself? All I'm saying is that you've got to take the chance of not being the greatest thing in the world. Of course you'll be depressed if part of you thinks that you can't really make it and you're really only competent. But what's wrong with that?" She was losing the track of her argument and was standing straight up now. "Then again, on the other hand, maybe you will be pretty good. I don't know."

I didn't like the way she put that last. It was too much like an afterthought, and I couldn't take it. "That sounded too much like you were brushing off any possibility of my having talent", I said.

"Good grief no, not at all", she said, and stalked back into the front room. I was stunned. Me and my ego, I thought, it always gets me into trouble. I began to get angry with myself again.

The party was beginning to thin out, but Jean wasn't anywhere in sight; I couldn't see more than a few people anyway, so I had to cover each room on the floor by walking all through it. I checked Cynthia's bedroom last; she wasn't there. As I started to turn out of the room I turned into Cynthia, who was already two steps in. She was a good deal more drunk than the last time I saw her.

"You don't look so happy, my boy," she said.

"What do you know about it?" I snapped.

"Not much", she grinned, "except that you don't seem to be able to finish things that you start. How's your toe?"

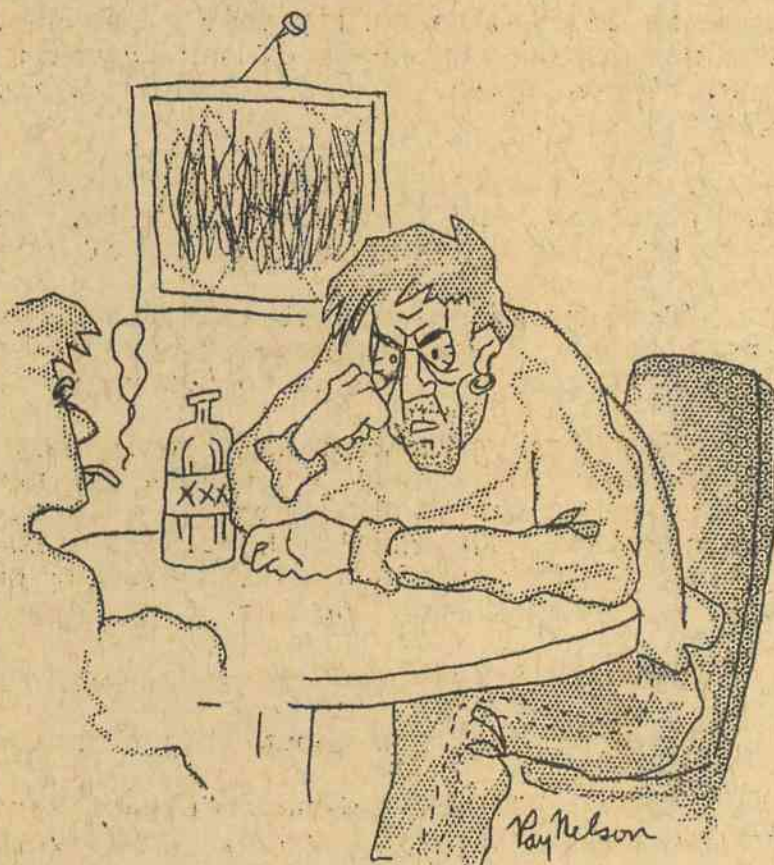
I grabbed her again, whirled her around and pushed her down on the bed and fell half on top of her. I pinned her arms as I kissed her, but there was no resistance. Her mouth opened a little and her arms moved up mine. I had just moved my hand to her breast when I realized someone else was in the room. Vic was grinning as he walked by me; he carried two coats to the door and helped the figure then put one on. "Jean!" I shouted. "Jean! Jean!"

I charged toward the door but Vic shut it just as I reached it and I slammed into it hard with my head. I'd had too much to drink; I fell to the floor and felt like puking. I couldn't move for a minute. Then I got up, looked at Cynthia passed out on the bed, and went out, but the elevator had already gone down. I went out to the balcony and watched some yellow blurs drive off from the front entrance of the building. There weren't many people left by then, and after a while I went home.

MORE

on the beat

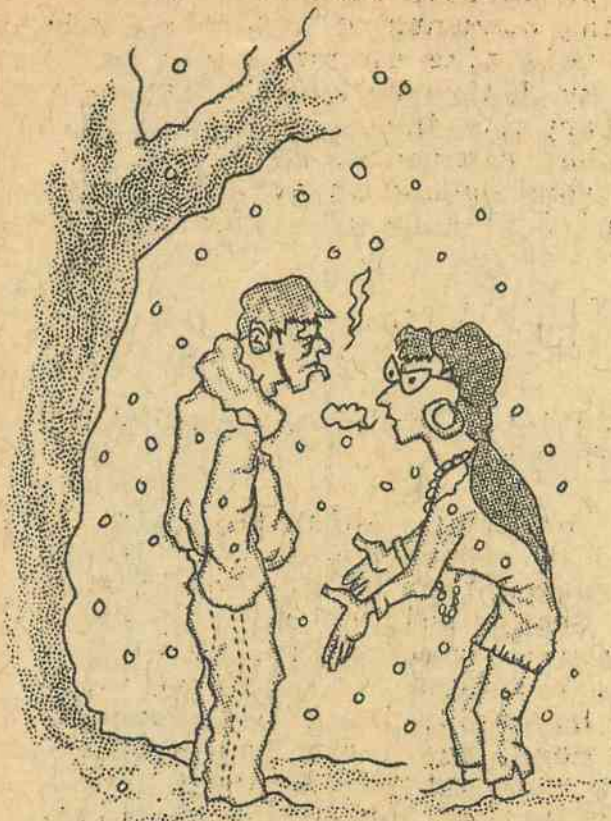
BY RAY NELSON



"Birth, copulation and death.
Birth, copulation and death.
Birth, copulation and death.
Where is it all leading to?--That's
what I want to know."



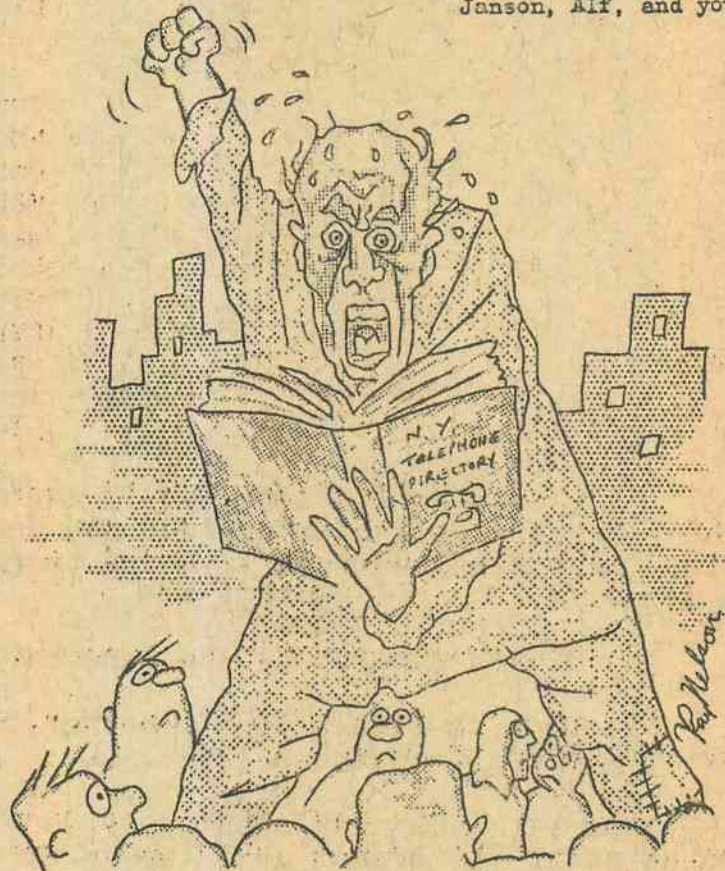
"You haven't-- You haven't-- But my
ghod, you HAVE! You've cut your hair!"



Ray Nelson

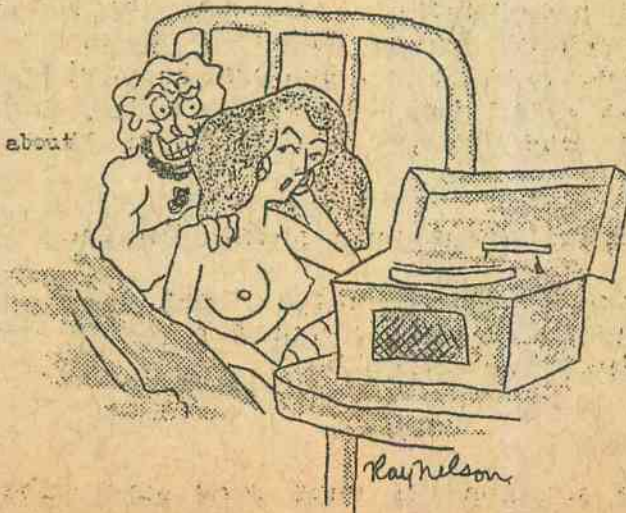
"Joe, I know human struggle is meaningless, but, like it's snowing, man, you dig? SNOWING!"

"...and the curse of God on
you, Jenner, Anne, and you,
Janns, J. B., and you,
Jansberg, Nils, and you,
Janson, Alf, and you..."

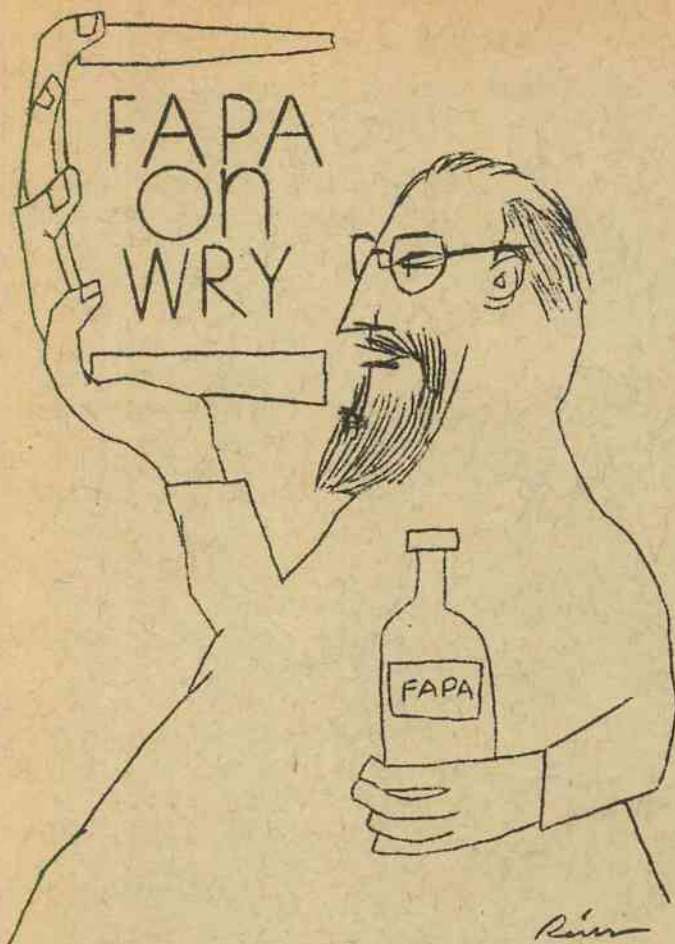


Ray Nelson

"How can you talk about
'love' when I'm
digging BIRD?"



Ray Nelson



No exposés this time; no mailing comments or separate FAPA-zine this time either. In line with my desire to have something in every mailing again (which is somewhat related to my desire to have some egoboo in every mailing again) I allowed myself to be

BY TED WHITE

talked into writing a column for LIGHTHOUSE.

The way in which this happened is rather amusing... It was the second time in six months that Pete Graham said to me, "Why don't you write something for my FAPA-zine, Ted White?" The first time this happened, I was in an expansive mood, and I sat down at the typer and rattled off about four pages in the LIGHTHOUSE tradition, and All New York Fandom was re-plunged into war.

Why, even Belle Dietz, who'd sworn life-long friendship to me only a half a year earlier, renounced and denounced me. I was confidentially warned that Randy Garrett intended to rend me limb from limb at the Lunacon.

He didn't show up at the Lunacon.

In fact, I almost didn't bother, myself, since I had been summarily removed from the program.

However, this has nothing to do with the second time in six months that Pete Graham asked me to write something for this fanzine of his. He, Terry Carr and I were sitting in a small booth in The Cube Steak House, a Greek greasy spoon with great 85¢ dinners, on Sixth Avenue. We were discussing the various fanzines we were all co-editing (I think we've formed a committee on this, but I'm not sure; I'll have to take it up with the others on the Board of Directors...independent action could be expensive), and the conversation drifted around to the FAPA deadline, which was about two weeks away then, and is not much less than that now, and Pete said, "Well, I guess it's time to start work on LIGHTHOUSE."

We're very methodical about publishing fanzines around here.

And then Terry asked, nonchalantly, "What have we got for material, Pete?" and Pete turned to me and asked me, "Why don't you write something for my FAPAZine, Ted White?"

* * *

At that very same session, in that very same Cube Steak House, still right there on the madly gay Sixth Avenue, not so very long after

I'd opened my mouth and answered Pete Graham's question, Terry Carr turned to me and asked me, "Can you write anything worthwhile, Ted?"

It kind of stunned me for a moment. I mean, if you had told me **only** a month ago that this very evening I would be sitting there in the **Cube** Steak House with Terry Carr, and Terry was going to ask me that very question, why, I'd have punched you right in the nose.

To some of you it may still be news as you read this that Terry Carr is living in New York. He arrived in late July (in the midst of a heat wave), and started looking around town with an eye towards Carving A Career out of the granite facade that is this great Metropolis, if you know what I mean. He's thinking of becoming a Writer. We talk about Writing, and how to Sell Writing quite a lot. Terry's working on a Novel, and the first several chapters are pretty damned good. (I say "several chapters" because there are two chapter one's and two chapter two's, and at this rate Terry may get two novels written instead of one.) Anyway, if things pan out, he expects to stay, and it looks like they will, somehow, because he's become a co-editor of VOID, and Miri is planning to rejoin him here in a week or so--maybe by the time you read this.

Terry's arrival has created quite an impact on me. Terry was, as some of you probably know, an early influence on me (I had my first feud in fandom with Terry Carr, in 1952), and has been responsible for warping my sense of humor to its present proportions.

As I say, his arrival shook me a good bit, because here in the flesh was this Living Legend of mine, available for close observation, scrutiny, analysis, and one-upping. I hadn't seen Terry since 1958, and then only too briefly, so it was really very sense-of-wonderish, in the way Bhob Stewart speaks of, about meeting last year people who'd been only names on paper to him for eight or so years. (Until last year, when he attended the Pittcon and then came to New York, Bhob had met only two--2--fans.) In my nine years of fanning, I've met most of the people I've come to know on paper--mostly at cons--and only a few (like Grennell) still carry for me this sense of wonder which is, I guess, essentially a neoish trait.

But Terry really upset me, because he is often a challenge. I mean, here I am, friendly, a little loud, a fairly normal New York fan ...but basically I am a stodge. I am not a constant fount of witty lines, nor is my timing so perfect that even the only vaguely droll ones draw laughs. Now up to now this has not been a noticeable liability. Most of the rest of New York fandom is equally stodgy, in a sort of quiet way. I mean, we all have fairly well developed senses of humor, but with most of us this is a receptive thing. We appreciate great wit; we rarely create it.

Terry Carr has about him an aura of wit and humor so great that when he is in a blue funk, he will utter a plaintive "*sigh*" and break up a roomful of fans. I'm not sure how much of this is merely the weight of legend (for after all, he has become, to those of us spawned in late Sixth Fandom, a Living Legend, One Who Rose Up From Among Us, as it were), how much is unconscious control of timing, and how much is neatly calculated polish. But the results are devastating.

Have you ever been around people whose natural wit made you feel stupid and cloddish? I'm sure most of you have, and I hope you sympathize with my problem. My problem was aggravated by the fact that Pete

Graham, a normally stodgy guy himself, also shines, if only by inspiration, from Terry's presence. The two of them throw back and forth lines whose antecedents are often buried in Berkeley and San Francisco fandom's esoteric past, and I sit there feeling very stodgy.

In reaction to all this, I've started picking up the mannerisms, and I've started writing a lot more chitter-chatter-type stuff. Even so, it was a bit of a surprise when Terry asked me that question, back at the beginning of this topic. However, it was but the work of a moment for him to extricate the bloody knife from my back and explain that this was, indeed, merely another Old Berkeley Joke, which he then explained in detail.

I'm not sure: am I being assimilated into Berkeley Fandom, or is Berkeley Fandom becoming New York Fandom? Boy, there's a Worthwhile point to be considered.

* * *

Current doings: Well, I've slacked off writing for Metronome. At one point I was doing fourteen and more record reviews a month, in hopes that at \$5.00 a review I might make up a nice sum when the magazine paid (on publication). However, all that happened was that I piled up a huge backlog which became outdated, and with seven or eight reviews not yet printed, I found myself without an item in the August Metronome--something which hadn't happened before since the mag was revived in June, 1960.

Record reviewing is quite a bit like fanzine reviewing, I've found. I like to be able to write long reviews, in which I can more or less create a minor essay, tying together this record with the traditions it embodies and give a background to my opinions of it. I also believe that both should be readable and reasonably entertaining to those who haven't seen or heard the item being reviewed.

It took about a year for me to cool off as a fanzine reviewer. I established a reputation in DISJECTA MEMBRA and VOID as a Damn Fine Good fanzine reviewer, by often spending several pages on one zine, and rarely less than half a page--and then, once everyone had Ted White Fmz Reviews on their lips, I quit dead. I haven't written a fanzine review in nearly two years.

I wrote record reviews--sometimes brief ones, but often lengthy ones (which, I blushingly admit, paid double sometimes)--for four or five months, listening to a fantastic amount of slush and bad jazz, and when I was forced to slow down a bit because I'd built too large a backlog, I found I didn't mind; that indeed I was glad to stop reviewing for a bit.

Recently I picked up a couple of records at Metronome to review, and found I couldn't write a word about them. I had nothing to say; as a reviewer I was simply disinterested.

I suppose this will eventually affect the much shorter reviews I'm now writing for 33 Guide. This magazine is circulated only to record stores, and reviews 100 records an issue, replete with a small picture of each album cover next to the review. The publisher is my old buddy, Tom Wilson, formerly of Jazz Guide, the magazine for which I did the shorter version of the Newport "conreport" which appeared in

NULL-F last August. (Three subordinate clauses; that's not too many...) Harlan Ellison is also writing reviews for the mag; in fact once in awhile we both hand in reviews of the same records. Invariably, Harlan liked it, and I didn't. Right now the word limit for reviews is 90 words, which is pretty damn short. My usual method of reviewing is to listen to snatches of the 20-odd records Tom will bring down the night before, as I review each one, usually turning out about twenty pages of copy in an afternoon. I can't pretend the stuff sparkles.

Most of my major work is for Rogue these days. I am now turning out material for it on commission on a roughly monthly schedule (I send in one or two pieces every two or three months). After selling the "Riot at Newport" piece last August (an article which should not be confused with the version which appeared in Jazz Guide, which was written separately), I let things lie fallow until I visited the Rogue offices in Evanston last December. Frank Robinson and I discussed several topics, and last spring I wrote "New Sounds in Saxes," which I had barely finished when I got a phone call from Rogue and an order for a rush piece on the folksingers' "riot" in Washington Square this May. I did a piece editorially titled "Balladeers and Billy Clubs" which is in the August Rogue. It wasn't quite what Frank had had in mind, but he preferred it to his own original idea. The issue may still be on the stands as you read this, and I'd recommend you read it for a bit of an eye-opener about "exotic" Greenwich Village... The "...Saxes" piece will be in the September or October issue, and probably in the December issue I'll have a piece on Electronic Music, which I'd like (modestly) to recommend to the music lovers among you. Following that will be a piece on Third Stream Music, a new synthesis of jazz and classical music. Most of my Rogue pieces will be on musical subjects, by the way.

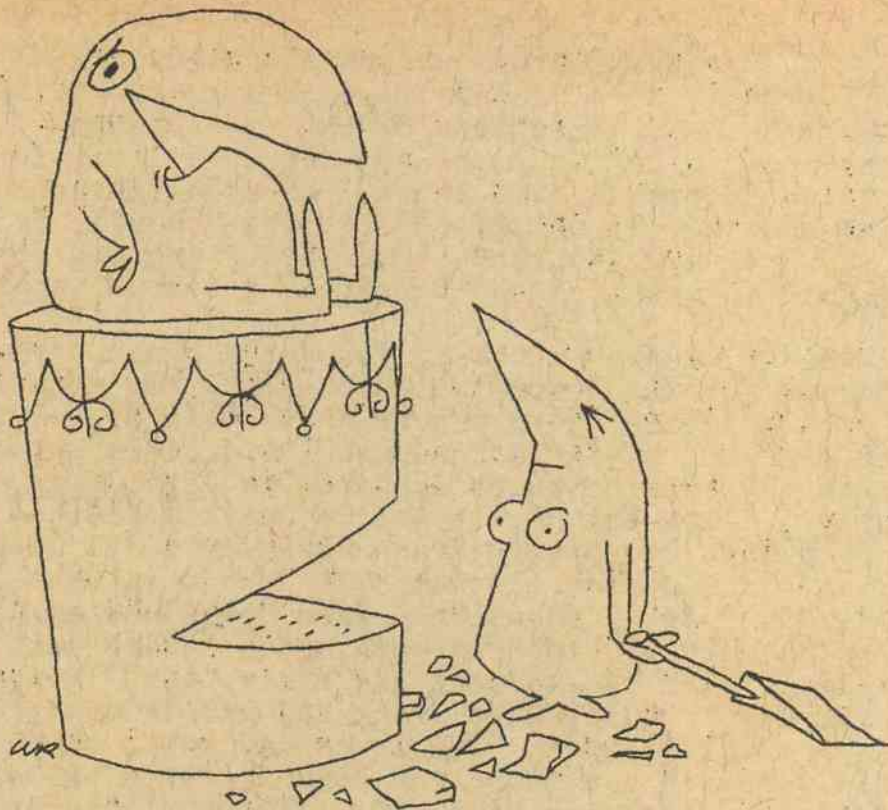
Since Bob Shea (New York fan, publisher of the pseudo-fanzine THE SCENE, and Good Man) became managing editor of The Dude and The Gent, I've been working on some ideas for those magazines as well, but with no definite sales as yet. I don't suppose I'll ever match Agberg for prolificity, but for me this has been a pretty good record of success.

* * *

Apologies: My profound apologies to Sam Moskowitz for the aspersions cast upon his professional ability in the last issue of LIGHTHOUSE. The letter in thish by Dick Ellington amplifies matters a bit--I was relying upon a story then in current circulation in New York fandom (and apparently somewhat distorted) and a manuscript of Sam's which I'd used from the DIMENSIONS file. The ms. was written in 1954, and while it was quite poorly written and did need a lot of editing, the ideas were sound and no doubt Sam did not have the patience for a quickie item knocked out for Harlan (probably with a rushrushrush order, if I know Harlan) that he has for his professional work. As a matter of side-lighting, the spelling errors I was referring to were of less importance than the grammatical ones (lord knows I know my own deficiencies)--but still and all, "thier," consistently?

I understand Sam is readying a reply to me which will be in this mailing. I'm faunching to see if it is another of the "in 1938 you were a Commie-sympathizer" ilk (I was born in 1938), or whether Sam is going to attempt humor in a ploy to one-up me. Ah weel, anything is preferable to another \$35,000.00 whing-ding...

- ted white



TAILGATE RAMBLE

by terry carr

IN HIS OWN STERLING SECTION of this rag, Pete said a few words about the sterling material in this issue. I'd like to say a few words about some of the material, myself. Mainly, I want to say a few words about the piece of material which I just finished stencilling, and which is still fresh in my mind. I want to make a few sage comments on the item by your friend and mine, Ted White.

I think it's a great column. I really do. I want to get this straight, right here at the outset. I loved it all, every bit of it. I especially loved the second section, which is shot through with my name and some kind words about me. It is an excellent character-sketch; it captures the essence of the man Terry Carr for all time, etching it cleanly into stencil-wax. (You won't notice this, since it will, I hope, be run off by the time you read this. I certainly hope it will be run off, because I hate to envision myself running from fan's home to fan's home, Ellisonlike, showing everyone the stencils for the piece.) It is an incisive insight into the living presence of, ah, me--and what's more, it is well-written. The whole piece (well, that second section, anyway) flows; it is smoothly written and carries the reader along on the swell. Once having started, it will be difficult for anyone to stop reading the piece. At least, I found that this was true for me.

As a matter of fact, while I was stencilling it I got so interested that I typed down way below the bottom of the allowed area on the stencil. I turned to Ted, who was sitting behind me doing something esoteric with a stencil (Sylvia wasn't here), and said,

"Ted," I said, "I got so interested in typing your column that I typed down to line 75 before I noticed."

"Gee," he said. He thought for a moment. "Well," he said. "Line 75--that's not too far."

"Actually," I said, "I was lying about that. I didn't really type down to line 75. I only typed down to line 67."

He mumbled something and went back to his esoteric activities.

But the fact remains, line 67 or whatever, that Ted's column is a superb example of the writer's craft. It captures Life, Existence, and me so adroitly that I stand openmouthed in admiration. It is filled with quotes from and allusions to Berkeley fans, and it is witty as all hell, I tell you. It's certainly the high-point of this issue of LIGHTHOUSE, and will probably go down in fanhistory as the high-point of 1961's fanpublishing. I think it deserves wider distribution than just here in FAPA. (Especially that superbly conceived second section.) I envision that piece being reprinted in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, and then picked up by Rogue for a still wider audience. From there it would go into some best-of-the-year anthology. It certainly deserves the honor. Eventually, it would reach permanence in a high school or college English textbook.

Of course, I don't want you to get the idea that I am starry-eyed and naive in my admiration for Ted's piece. I am certainly overwhelmed by it, but I use the term figuratively; I have not allowed my head to be turned, so to speak. My feet are still on the ground; I can still think in realistic terms about that sparkling gem of brilliance. I realize, for instance, that though it is quite conceivable it might be reprinted in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, still it is going a bit far to suggest that Rogue would pick it up. After all, to fully appreciate the piece the reader should have some knowledge of me, should at least know my name. The readers and staff of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES know me quite well, but I am comparatively unknown at Rogue.

So before Ted's little masterpiece, his magnum opus in which he reaches the final distillation of his literary and critical pursuits, can reach the wide audience for which it seems destined, the man Terry Carr must become well-known at large. Greater exposure must be given to my personality; my name must become a household word. A household legend, actually. I think perhaps a nationally televised tv show would serve the purpose.

I think it should be set up around the format of, say, The Bob Hope Show. I think that will do. It will be called The Terry Carr Show--my name, of course, must become well-known--and on it I will perform in the role of a stand-up comic. I will open with a monologue direct to the massive studio audience. (We will need a massive studio.) After the opening credits, my announcer--perhaps Sam Moskowitz would do--will smile winningly and say, "And here he is now--TERRY CARR!" (My name, as I say, must become well-known.)

I will stride onto the stage, supreme in my confidence. I will

bow once or twice (I hope three bows won't be necessary--it might slightly upset my delicately-balanced timing) and say something that will lay them in the aisles right at the outset.

"Well," I will say, "fifty pianos--that's not too many."

When they have almost got their second wind I will hit them again with "If you had told me six months ago that at nine o'clock tonight I would be standing here on the stage of this massive studio, speaking to all you people out there...why, I would have hit you over the head!"

It'll really kill them. And of course I have many more lines like this. I will haul someone posing as a script-writer into camera range and say casually, "Can you write anything worthwhile?" And right after a beautiful and incredibly sexy wench finishes delivering a commercial for an under-arm deoderant, I will stare musingly after her and murmur, "Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing."

Of course, it will be best to display versatility too, so perhaps I will make it a regular feature of my show to do one serious bit of acting each time. Perhaps something from Tennessee Williams, or even Shakespeare. I don't feel that Shakespeare is beyond me--not after reading Ted's article about me. I think perhaps I would like to play King Lear.

But I must not lose my Image before the American public. I must remain at all times a naturally witty and sidesplitting person. So I think that during the scene where Lear is holding his beloved but dead daughter, overcome by grief, weeping bitter tears and delivering one of the truly great speeches of the stage...I think that during that scene I will Puckishly look up at the camera and say, in the way I have, "*sigh*". I think I will do that.

Eventually, I will become well-known enough that Ted's article will just naturally be picked up by the wide-circulation publications. He will get his piece into Rogue, and into that best-of-the-year anthology, and at length (this may take some years) into a high school or college English textbook. Ted will have the success which he so richly deserves.

That, of course, is the end I have in view. Do not think for a moment that I am engaging in grandiose dreams of glory for myself. I have higher ideals, higher goals. My purpose is simply to give Ted White what he deserves.

I certainly hope he will someday get what he deserves, all right.

* * *

If you haven't already read Ted's piece, you should do so now.

* * *

I was hoping to get around to some pseudo-mailing-comments this time, but it doesn't seem likely at this point. I do have a few things to say about the last mailing, though; despite trials and tribulations and moving three thousand miles and writing a Novel (or perhaps two novels--I've lost count) and running wild in the streets of New York ...well, despite all these things, thoughts of FAPA and fandom occasionally bubble around in my head.

I think it's a goddam shame that Ger Steward got the axe. I know that certain hard-hearted members are glad, and I've no doubt that our cutthroat waitinglisters are overjoyed, but I really think we've lost a little bit of the essence of FAPA in losing Ger. For me, anyway, FAPA is not a lot of regular, fat publications from the hardcore quantity producers. The big publishers come and go (said he from personal experience), and they are greatly appreciated while at their peak. But what gives FAPA its over-the-years continuity, its lasting flavor, is the fact that it is loaded with brilliant deadwood.

Deadwoodism is a fine old tradition in FAPA, and I think that's as it should be. SAPS may sneer at us occasionally, but for all their hyperactivity they've yet to touch FAPA's quality. And a significant percentage of FAPA's quality is contributed by the deadwoodists. Elmer Perdue, Helen Wesson, Chas. Burbee, Mal Ashworth, Lee Hoffman, Sally Kidd...and quite a few others, at various times. One or two or three of the Brilliant Deadwoodists turn up each mailing, like old friends unexpectedly dropping us a letter. Where the hell would we be without them? What the hell would FAPA be like?

I'll tell you what it would be like. It would be a slightly higher-grade SAPS.

We need the deadwoodists not only because so many of them are talented people, but also because they give FAPA its flavor of casualness. FAPA is a fanclub dreaming softly in the passage of the years. Fandoms come and go, feuds rage without and within FAPA itself, BNF's shoot up and blare loudly, and then disappear...but FAPA, somehow, remains about the same. It is still the club where you find the highest percentage of intelligent and talented people writing in a relaxed manner about themselves and about the world. You get some of that in other apas and in general-circulation fanzines too--but you get most of the best of it in FAPA.

The deadwoodists keep FAPA from ever becoming so FIAWOL-oriented that everything bogs down in incredibly minute ploys and counterploys and arguments over the most obscure (and unimportant, even in the microcosm) points. I am thinking of the rather dreadful fate that is even now overtaking SAPS, which went through a very fine upsurge of talent and enthusiasm a few years ago and is now, apparently, falling into the doldrums, precisely because the big producers have followed their spiralling FIAWOLness to the point where their fanzines are damn near unreadable. There are exceptions, of course (though even Bergeron gets pretty far out at times on this score). But I know of at least five SAPS members who were in last year's SAPS Top Ten who are simply so turned off that they are either dropping out of SAPS or rechannelling the bulk of their serious fanac into FAPA or general fandom.

Frankly, I think what SAPS needs is a Gerald Steward or an Elmer Perdue or a Sally Kidd. Really. I think SAPS would get a tremendous shot in the arm from some well-chosen deadwood.

That probably reads like pure balderdash, and a lot of you may be thinking, There goes ole Terry Carr, getting ridiculous and chitter-chatterish again. But I'm serious. I doubt that many FAPAns have ever realized the tremendous debt we owe to the guys who sit on the sidelines and ignore us nine months out of the year. These are people

who just can't get worked up about the intricacies of an argument over what fandom we're in or what brand of stencils is best for cross-hatch work. Instead, they write about what's been happening in their own corners of the world.

Like Ashworth writing about mountain-climbing, or LeeH writing about her current hobby, or Ger Steward writing on rallying. It's things like this that make FAPA worthwhile for me--almost all of FAPA's other attractions can be found in fair quantity elsewhere, but only in FAPA can we find the casually personal ramblings and articles of which I speak.

So Steward missed his deadline--okay, so it's perfectly sensible that he should get dropped from the roster. I'm not complaining, but I'm certainly sorry about it. You know who we're getting in his place? I just checked the waitinglist, and it looks to me like we'll get Bruce Pelz in his place.

* * *

Of course, it's a two-headed coin (as are most coins, Walter Breen informs me). An apa can go too far in the other direction, to the point where nobody pays any attention to anyone else and everybody is deadwood. When you get to that point, you're probably in OMPA.

But there are compensations even there. A couple of mailings ago in OMPA, Bruce Burn published the first part of a trip report telling of his adventures in moving from New Zealand to London; in about 15 pages he got as far as the Orient. Now, Burn is not by a damn sight a great fanwriter, but he has the ability to put sentences together in clear English. I thought his trip report was one of the best fan pieces I'd read in months.

And I got to thinking about trip reports--especially TAFFtrip reports. Do you realize that, for all the talk that goes on during TAFF elections about the writing skills of the candidates, still we have had only one really decent TAFFtrip report to date? Bennett's, I mean. It was a good report--not great, but interesting throughout. Bennett is not an outstanding writer, and he'd be the first to admit it. Yet out of what is presumably at least some of the cream of fandom's talent, only he turned out a decent TAFFtrip report.

Bulmer's, of course, was thoroughly ruined by coming out too late, and too little. He's been writing a series of disconnected impressions--and not very damn well, either. I think I'm most disappointed in Bulmer's report. Madle's report had its moments, but it was on the whole a dull, pedestrian bit of drawn-out blather. Ford's report, which is still in the works, is so far so bad that I'm amazed every time I hear of someone who got beyond page 10. And even Eric Bentcliffe's report, superbly produced and carefully-written as it is, is a bit unreadable--it's just more of the same old stuff about coming to America and being met by the Kyles, replete with details which are supposed to lend an air of verisimilitude but which actually only make me hope that Eric (who is a Good Man) had a better time than the dullness of his report would suggest.

I'm beginning to think that the tradition of requiring TAFFtrip reports may be a bad one. They sound too much alike; they pall. What we need is either to elect a writer who can rise above his material (a Willis or Berry), or perhaps simply elect one from far oof exotic New Zealand, so that he'll have an interesting trip to write up.

--tgc



Well, one is a
Chesterfield, I think.

The cartoon on the left has about as much to do with the letters below as the letters below have to do with Light-house. But the letters below comment on a previous issue of a fanzine Terry put out--Klein Bottle, of course--and he had them dummied and handy and all so we decided to use them. The interspersed comments are, of course, by Terry; the cartoon at left is of course by Lee Hoffman. The two of us met

her for the first time just a couple of weeks ago at the Fanoclasts, which was sort of nice but doesn't have much to do with any of this either.

klein comment

JACK SPEER
Snoqualmie
Washington

Re "The Case for Caryl Chessman": If by transcripts of the official court records you mean merely copies of the documents, Chessman should have had no great problem. But if you mean a transcript of the shorthand reporter's notes of the testimony, this is something that cost\$ money. Reporters have to sit up half the night batting it out, and they don't do that for peanuts. 'I don't know about a jury cringing away from a prisoner who argues to them, but there are scenes in "Advise and Consent" which, to me, seem to show rather clearly how much an argument is weakened if it has to be made in the first person. 'Your article was very interesting, telling a great deal that i didn't know (i don't care to follow the repetitive reports in the daily papers). However, my conclusion about the justice of the matter is based on the observation that it is possible to make a mistake in the trial of a lawsuit which will result in a miscarriage of justice, and this will be irremediable, except by a pardon from the governor (and i understand there was some difficulty on this in California. Such a mistake was probably made by Caryl Chessman when he chose to try to be his own attorney. There may be blame to be placed on the judge and others in the trial court, but i don't think this reflects any great defect in our system of justice. The appellate courts exist only to correct errors, which ordinarily means a wrong ruling on a motion made at the trial. If things have been so badly handled below that these errors cannot be shown, the higher court can't try the case over again. I assume that the matter of the substitute transcribing the reporter's notes was argued in the appellate court and decided against Chessman for valid reasons, although the reasons may not have gone to the merits of the matter.

If Chessman had given out with a commercial as his last words they might have thought him crazy and delayed things for a while.

Another fan who was very interested in extreme ancient history was Phil Barker, Nameless One. It's a funny thing; at the time, i felt a slightly hostile as well as supercilious reaction when he'd draw up some concept about the Akkadians coming whooping down on Ur. Later, for reasons of my own, i took an active interest in eohistory, and liked it to the extent that i have several half-read archeological books around where i'll stumble over them. Is it not likely that the sense of fantasy, or an inclination to whatever is far from the mundane, predisposes the fannish type toward such subjects? I think it's quite probable. I know that I discovered ancient history one day when I was thumbing through a set of history books and came upon a long section on

ancient Egypt, and it struck me that it was strange I'd never gone in for the stuff before. I knew I'd be fascinated before I ever started reading on the subject.)

Your library men's room graffiti are higher-class than ours, which consist mostly of homos trying to make dates. (I simply didn't quote any of those--there were plenty of them.) In areas where the Southwestern culture is strong, including eastern Washington and, no doubt, California, they are more colorful, but seldom run to theology.

It's interesting that Cynthia Goldstone should have been fretting over the fate of Dickens' characters. I've heard that's the way the original readers reacted when his stories were being pulished serially in magazines (and often the last instalments were unwritten when the first ones were published.).

WALTER BREEN

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Berkeley 6, California

The Chessman case, I think, has finally shown up the court system for what it is. Heinlein has long insisted that the term "justice" is without meaning (and it certainly does not

have a clear meaning even to philosophers; from Plato to the present day no book on ethics has yet been able to give a successful definition!). Anarchists have insisted that the court system is no more than institutionalized sadism, a ceremonial way of putting fear into the populace at large. And they have a point. Part of the American mythology is that if you are genuinely innocent, a jury of Twelve Good Men and True will by the grace of God and their own God-given brains and God-given Sense of Fair Play perceive the fact and bring in the Right and Just Verdict. It took the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and now the Chessman case, to start at least some intellectuals questioning the competence of lay juries (swayed, as Jerry Giesler or Clarence Darrow could tell you, more by emotion and propaganda than by reason. But even that is not enough. Do you seriously think that a person in Chessman's position could have staved off death for twelve years without a tremendous amount of money for legal fees? Not every mistaken identity case can write a best-seller to raise funds for his appeals. The secret ingredient in a successful court defense is--usually--spelled m-o-n-e-y.

I got off the subject of the competence of lay juries. Juries are often asked to decide questions of fact even where acknowledged experts --medical, psychiatric, and many other kinds--disagree. This of course is stupid on the very face of it; and yet it happens every day. It was a lay jury that threw out the blood test evidence and decided, in the very teeth of the facts, that Charlie Chaplin was the father of some wench's illegitimate child.

What I am driving at is that the whole court system is exactly as fallible as the judgment of common people without benefit of legal training. And in cases like Chessman, we see that the "Lynch 'em!" mentality is not confined to Southerners. The author of "That Share Of Glory" made the excellent point that somewhere in every subculture and almost every individual there are murderous impulses, and certain epithets or phrases can trigger them off. What Chessman was (I believe erroneously) accused of doing fell into that class, just as "nigger raping your daughter" can in the South. In TSOG this knowledge was usable in contact with alien cultures, since a person so inflamed is automatically less than competent in handling his own affairs. In present-day USA this knowledge in the hands of a prosecuting attorney has many times been used to insure a conviction. And this is by itself reason enough to doubt the validity of the court system; as a decision procedure, it is not much of an improvement (if any) over "frontier justice".

I suggest that nothing less than the most radical solution of all is the only way: abolish the court system altogether. Better an alert citizenry than a police state (as van Vogt would be the first to agree).

Under the circumstances, after a perhaps brief period of violence, I would venture to predict that robberies, armed and otherwise, along with burglaries, thefts, etc., would decrease.

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

About judo: I have recently learned that a person can be (and some have been) prosecuted in NY for possessing concealed weapons on the ground that they knew judo. Preposterous, perhaps, but true.

Bhob Stewart swears up and down that the other Texas Bob Stewart was not he; that the fellow once sent him a batch of second-rate artwork. He doesn't pretend to know who it was, whether a hoax or no.

Graffiti on walls of johns have been made the subject of at least one Ph.D. thesis. "Lexical Evidence from Folk Epigraphy in Western North America: a Glossorial Study of the Low Element in the English Vocabulary" by A. W. Read; the NYU library impounded all five copies, but Read had others privately printed in Paris in 1935. I have been looking for a copy for many years. I know that there is one in the library of the Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington, Indiana, but though I have a standing invitation to go through their stuff, I haven't been able to get out to Bloomington yet.

RAY NELSON Best men's room inscription I ever read was over a
333 Ramona Ave. urinal in North Beach, way over to the left in real
El Cerrito, Calif. tiny print and at a steep angle; if you leaned over
 and looked real close you could just make out what
it said: "You are pissing on your shoe."

Tell me: Do girls write on the walls in the ladies' room?

I think if they do, there's a master's thesis in it for someone, comparing the two. We might even find out enough to be able to tell the girls apart from the boys without asking Burbee.

(Miri says there is a certain amount of bad language and such on women's johns' walls, but not as much as there is on men's. In high schools, the writings are usually of the "Sally Chavez and Carlos Rivera, True Love Forever" sort; where the age-group is an older one, the inscriptions are more often concerned with bitter or cynical comments on marriage and/or men. The walls in North Beach are usually more interesting: one chick had filled most of a bathroom wall with a list of her favorite writers. And H. G. Wells was one of them, by the way.)

ALVIN FICK Miriam's article stands out like a--well, it looms large
Fort Johnson and lifelike. I don't think your emotional feeling about
New York Chessman was particularly reflected in the article. Al-
 though I have not followed the case closely, I have read
enough in such mags as Life, Time, etc. to feel that there must have been
a lot of sub-rosa manipulation of related evidence and information. I
guess there's not much doubt that Chessman was snowed in many respects.
(The latest I've heard is that there's currently a charge that the prosecution suppressed a part of the original police report on one of the attacks--it was made quite clear in the police report that one of those famous attacks was never completed; a car drove up before anything was accomplished, and the Red Light Bandit fled.) My objection to his execution stems from a disapproval of capital punishment rather than a personally-felt logic on the merits of his argument of his own case.

I hope I can withstand the assault of FAPA-brand cliches which crop up everywhere like crabgrass. It won't be easy, especially since many of them seem infinitely more expressive than the relatively mundane-seeming ones compiled by Mr. Webster. How many years will it be until "gasser", "faunch", "like", "croggle", and "blast" are as stylish and meaning-

(MINOR DRAG continued from pg. 5)

Mique Rossman and Bob Ross and I took a dislike to a neighbor of Tony Gromme's and we threw a coffeecan of, I believe, potassium permanganate into the guy's swimming pool. It was purple for a couple of days and then they drained it. Not very fannish; but plenty fun, hey gang?

I could go on for hours, but there's no point, really. Actually Ted White is already one up on me, which makes me feel real bad. In the next FAPA mailing, he tells me, there's going to be his 96-page magazine in several colors which is all about his jazz writings and will be called "And Then I Reviewed." I guess that'll put an end to all this. I sure hope it does.

--pg

I said "Cheerio, you son of a bitch", and DNQed it.

You are getting this Lighthouse #3 because, most likely, you are a FAPA member. If not, here's why:

_____ Trade	_____ One of us owes you a letter.
_____ Contributor	_____ Other reasons you are prob-
_____ LOC required for further	_____ ably aware of
_____ copies	_____ You send Shadowmailings
_____ Simple obsequiousness on	_____ NA, DK, and AO
_____ our part	

"Well, God knows that's true", said Rosebud Nosegay.

In my editorial above, I forgot to comment on a couple of pieces in this issue. Nelson's On The Beat was transferred to us by Ted White, as was the Gregory piece by Reiss. Klein Comment is of course the letters of comment on Klein Bottle #6; the letters on Lighthouse would be more abundant if I didn't have about 20 copies of the 2nd issue still waiting to be mailed. A number of you--particularly the British types--will get both issues at once...sorry; nasty break. (I might mention that Lthse is primarily for FAPA, but other copies are sent out for the hell of it). My story, Sometimes I'm Happy, is a fairly serious effort, and I wish the writing types in FAPA and out would comment on that particularly. Before, as in Isomer a couple of years ago, I've written bits which were attempts at capturing a style; but here I've attempted a real mood, a characterization, as well. Personally I think the piece is essentially shallow, but it's a beginning.

By the way, even though it doesn't say so
in the artwork credits on the contents page,
Atom did a couple of our illos too.

