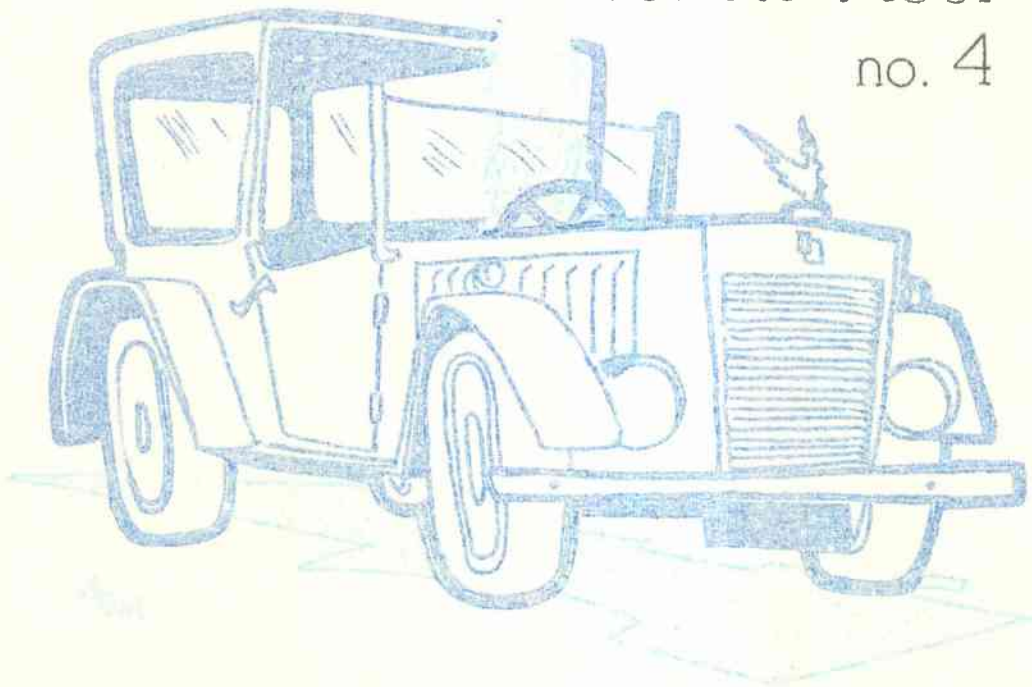


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no. 4



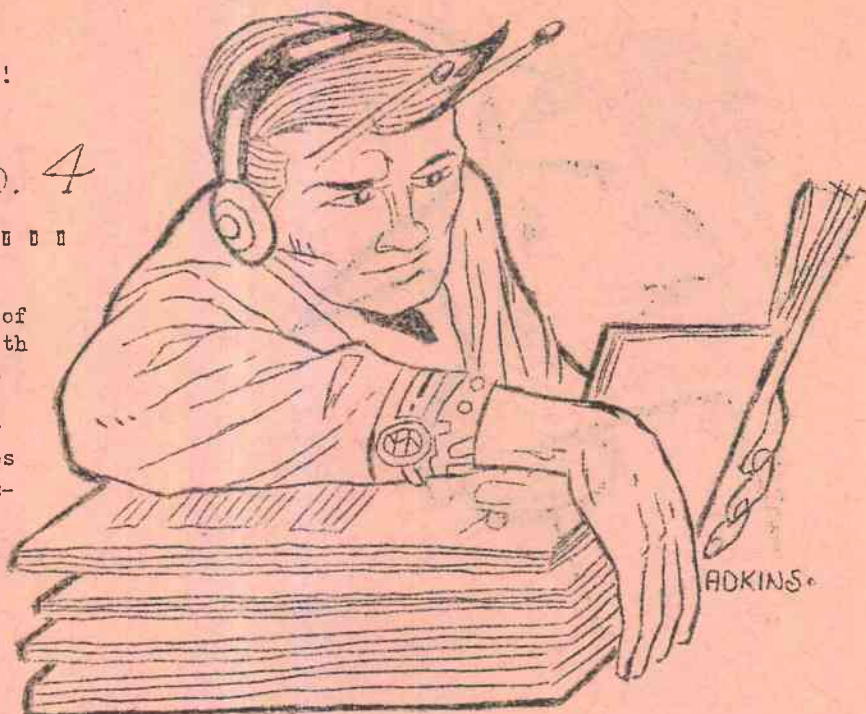
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First Unannish!

Lighthouse no. 4

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This is the November 1961 issue of LIGHTHOUSE, published for the 97th FAPA mailing by Pete Graham (635 East 5th St., New York 9, N. Y.) and Terry Carr (56 Jane St., New York 14, N. Y.). Non-FAPA copies are available for letters of comment, trades, and suchlike; if you insist on subscribing the rate is 25¢ per, or four for \$1.00. The schedule is supposed to be quarterly, and has been for two whole issues now. Mimeography, of course, by QWERTYUIOPress. Selah!

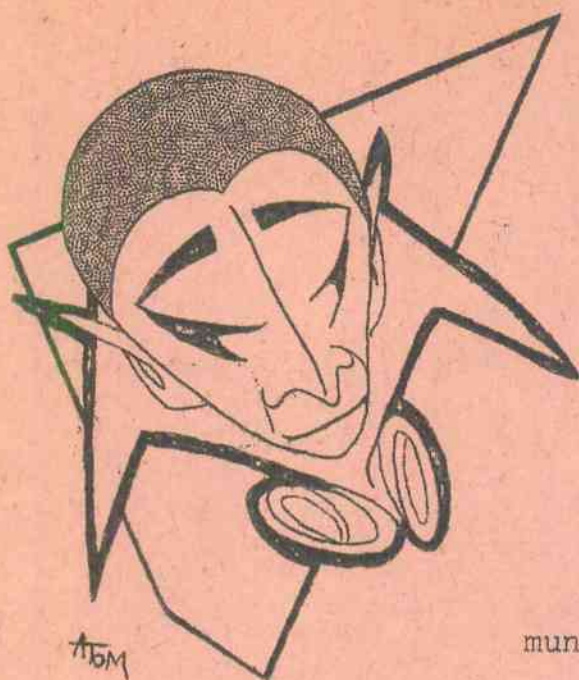


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We have great art by Dan Adkins, ATom, Ray Nelson, Rotsler, Suzanne Phillips, and Sylvia White, who did such a masterful job of cutting her full-page illo for Blind Clarinet; and more art by Andy Reiss. Interlandi's cartoon is stolen without kind permission of THE REALIST, 225 Lafayette Street, New York. Backover is by George Metzger; cover is by ATom, layout by Adkins-Carr, mastered by Carr...at 68 pages the loudest noise we hear is the clock ticking away to the deadline. ©1961.

[illegible]



Pete Graham

MINOR DRAG

"Jophan's median score on a fandom vs. mundane barometer of 0-100 is 24.5"

"Of the 965 fans responding, 45% describe their home life as 'happy', 38% say 'unhappy', and the remainder can't say."

I want to see that.

I want a survey for fandom.

And I've got it all figured out, too. Run properly, it would cost about \$5,000--exclusive of most personnel salaries which aren't counted since I would be running it on my own time--and would take about two years from the mailing of the first questionnaire to the first main report.

There've been a lot of surveys in fandom, god knows, from simple "market-research" stuff like the FANAC poll to loosely-structured but more depth-oriented projects like WHY IS A FAN? None of them, though, have been thoroughly engineered from start to finish in consonance with current presumably sound sociological premises for the purpose of getting a real picture of fandom from a certain viewpoint or to establish a particular generality.

This may be a good thing.

But for the past several years I've been working in a sociological atmosphere, presently at Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research, and it's gone to my head. I am no sociologist; aside from the fact that I don't feel it a respectable discipline to begin with, I have had no training in the field other than carrying out a number of the mechanical operations involved. These include virtually all phases from start to finish of a study: stencilling the questionnaire, mailing it, talking to respondents, collecting the questionnaire, coding it, punching it on cards, manipulating the cards through the machines (my "formal" occupation), and working up statistical tables from the raw results and typing the manuscripts. In other words, all the mechanical but little of the substantive work. Some day I'll write a ser-

ious, dull and stodgy article on what these procedures all involve and why I don't like sociology.

But at the moment I've got a grandiose scheme on my mind--I like grandiose schemes--and I want to talk about it. I've worked this idea up over the past six months while I've sat at desks at work writing red numbers on blotchy mimeo'd sheets and while I've sat in Ted's office reading blotchy mimeo'd sheets. It's the kind of thing that will never come off, but it's fun to sit around and talk about and maybe put in your fanzine for other people to blast as a useless project.

First of all, I have an axe to grind. To do a good study you have to have an axe to grind. If you're just taking a survey, for descriptive purposes, such as THE TUCKER FAN SURVEY of seven and sixteen years ago, you get a fine collection of data--but that's all you've got (assuming you've got a representative sample, which I'm not positive is the case in the Tucker survey). If you're trying to find out fandom's attitude toward a given subject, or what kind of social, sociological or psychological makeup is involved, you've got to have your instruments (jargon for questionnaire or interview-form) tailored to fit your job.

The axe I want to grind involves fans' relationships to the real world. Some day when I'm feeling sercon as all hell I'm going to do a big monograph and reprint all the old theories by Laney and Speer and all that--it'll be a ZXCVBMonograph, Ted and I have decided--and make a big deal out of it and all, but right now I'll just describe my intended approach briefly, since it isn't really germane here. Roughly, it is that the part of fans that makes them become fans is their alienation from real human relationships, which makes distant, impersonal, paper relationships with other people more safe and more bearable for them.

To develop the approach to this, unfortunately, requires more sociological sophistication than I am capable of--this is the substantive section which I am, as I say, unfamiliar with. It is the heart of the questionnaire. It is the heart of the study. I know nothing about it. We will skip it.

It would involve, though, questions probing at personal relationships; possibly some stuff cribbed from the Minnesota Multiphasic personality inventory, or the Strong aptitude tests, or some other stuff I don't know about. I would also, after consultation, work up some questions relating directly to fandom involving, say, the amount of time spent fannishly as opposed to that spent in the mundane world and factual questions on fan activity: what clubs, apas, are you in? how many pages have you pubbed in the past year? six months? what cons have you attended?

I'd want to know a good deal about each fan's family background, such as his father's income, how many siblings the fan had and where he was in the hierarchy, and how much education he's had. Were his parents divorced? I want to know. As well as what he does for a living now and how long he's been doing it where he is now.

How many "close" friends would he say he's got (the looseness of the definition doesn't matter, it's what he thinks is close that counts). Is he a member of any social or political organizations in his community, like a bridge club, the local block Republican organization or his trade

union bowling team? I want to know, Earl Kemp, I want to know. Does he like his job? I want to know that, too, as well as the number of other employees there he's ever had at his home. Is he married? How many times? How many times has he had couples of his own age group over to the house in the past month? Has Alan Dodd ever visited him? This is all the kind of stuff a good sociologist has to have in order to do his study. You may think it will tell him nothing and you may be right. But that's sociology.

One of the interesting and enjoyable parts of the study would be comparison between the various subgroups in fandom: the clearest breakdowns being between American fanzine fandom, American convention fandom and British fandom as a whole (it being essentially undifferentiated as compared to American fandom). I haven't decided whether to slant the different questionnaires to each of these subgroups or not; I suspect not.

Here is where painstaking technique comes in, and expense. The first job would be the mailing out of all the questionnaires. My mailing list would be culled from all the fanzines, club and apa lists, and convention rolls for the last five years. One of the first questions would be "Do you consider yourself now to be a fan?--(if no) When was the last time you would consider yourself to have been a fan?" and on the basis of the answers to that question and examination of the remainder of the questionnaire we would have to do some picking out of people who really are no longer good for a contemporary sample.

One of the major expenses, aside from the questionnaire which would be about 20 pages long, would be the mailing; business reply envelopes would be used, but a second and third wave to non-respondents would have to go out, and possibly even a fourth. In this survey I would value complete response, so I would not provide for anonymity. Since the survey is not too terribly personally oriented (much as you and I would like to ask some good sexual questions, there really isn't any need) I wouldn't expect too much holding back or unintentional slanting of answers because of the respondent's knowledge that his name will be on the questionnaire. I am aided, too, by the natural narcissus-instinct of fandom that we all know about: fans love to tell about themselves.

I'd need a British agent for the British fans, though I could run it from here if I wanted since most con fans have their names in print somewhere within reach. Naturally, that isn't the case in this country, and I'd have to have a squad of people working with me at a convention. We wouldn't see much of the program or have much free time, but it would be good for science. This is one reason why it'll never be done.

We'd have copies of the questionnaire, numbered differently to distinguish from the mailed copies, and hand them out indiscriminately to everybody who could conceivably not have gotten one by mail. Primarily, I would be aiming at getting the types who just wander in off the street and never register at conventions. This would, of course, be a good time to put the squeeze on mail non-respondents who might be attending. To do a thorough job, too, I would run a series of interviews, probing more fully and in more depth; these wouldn't be used as determinants in the study, but only as indicators and, in the published book (by Free Press of Glencoe, of course), as good examples of certain cases.

After the collection of the questionnaires begins real drudgery: coding them. This means going through and translating the free-answer

question responses into arbitrary numbers of categories and assigning a number to each, and also cleaning up the various checkmarks that various fans have misplaced or placed between given categories of the original question. Here is where I'd hire a couple of non-fans to do all this, so little or no interpretation would be involved (other than What A Bunch Of Nuts), and because I can't stand doing this sort of thing.

Then it's all punched onto cards; from here the cards--probably about three per questionnaire--are counted, recounted, broken down in various categories and recounted again and again, in an interminable process that gives correlations on everything possible within the limits of the questionnaire and the budget. This is also one of the expensive parts of the study, because machine costs--running from \$2.50 to \$8.50 an hour at the Bureau depending on which one is being used--are high. Except for your study, which is free, because I'll do it myself at night. Anyway, the complexities of that operation are for another article. At this point all the data is examined and the conclusions are drawn for the final publication; of course, all of fandom will dispute every word of it. But that's sociology.

I figure on attempting to get as complete a sample of the entire fannish universe as possible; I suspect out of the 1500 or so people who could be classed as having some relationship to fandom I could get about a 65% response--fairly standard or a little high for studies of this sort --with the weakest area being in the local-club-fan, the hardest one to get to and possibly even a fourth major breakdown. This would mean sending out and handing out a total of at least 3000 questionnaires.

That's not too many. Has anybody got \$5000?

* * *

Headline in New York Daily Mirror, Friday, October 13, 1961:

'DESTINED TO
LIVE OUR LIVES
IN PERIL'--JFK

BRINKLEY: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is David Brinkley.

In about a minute you will be hearing the voice of the President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, speaking to the nation on the general question of foreign policy. Latest reports indicate that yesterday's crisis in the Outer Hebrides has precipitated a new major foreign policy stand by the State Department under the direction of the President. At the moment all that is known is that it will be the newer, tougher line; the toughest yet. It is assumed that the President will make clear its general direction and effects tonight. Of course, there is little doubt what is meant.

I might add that I am proud to be the CBS commentator tonight; I feel that this penultimate appearance--I will be seeing you once again after the President's talk--is a fitting pinnacle to my career in television. I am proud, too, to be announcing for President Kennedy, a plain-speaking, honest man. You may remember the criticisms made of President Eisenhower during his administration--that he was inarticulate, a confusing speaker, unclear, an unintentional double-talker. Well, I'm sure you will agree that we can have no complaints on that score about President Kennedy. He is one of the most outspoken, direct, honest Presidents this country has ever--but here he is now, walking onto the stage in the State Department auditorium. Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the

United States, John F. Kennedy.

.....

The President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, zipped his fly as he walked out of the State Department toilet. God, this was the third time in the last hour, he thought to himself. I can't take this much longer--I won't have to, he suddenly corrected himself. He ran his fingers through his already mussed hair and walked toward the rear entrance of the auditorium. I have to tell them, he thought. A secret service agent tapped him on the shoulder. "Sir, the door is back here." He retraced his steps and walked through onto the stage, hardly noticing the hundreds of reporters. He stood at the podium and stared at one corner of it and mumbled something to himself. "All right, Mr. President; you're on in five seconds," came a whisper from behind him. Kennedy reached out his thumbnail and dug a groove into the corner of the podium that was away from him and to his right. Funny he should be able to dig into it like that, he thought; good walnut shouldn't be that easy to--"Mr. President, you're on," came the whisper.

Kennedy stood bolt upright and shoved his right hand into his jacket pocket in that gesture so familiar to millions. He jutted his chin forward, rested his left hand firmly on the podium, and opened his mouth.

Then he shut it, his shoulders sagged, and he leaned forward on the podium, resting his head in his hands. "Oh, God, it's bad," he said.

He looked up at the television camera and stared at it. "I don't know how we're going to make it through the weekend," he said. "Tomorrow's Thursday, and anything could happen." He leaned forward on one elbow, with his other hand back in his jacket pocket, and looked confidentially into the camera. Way back in the lens was a bright light, almost imperceptible. Funny, I've never seen that before, he thought.

"The Russians sort of have us over a barrel, folks," he said. He leaned forward a little bit more and the podium teetered a little. He leaned back. "I mean, you know how it is--we send them a note saying we'll bomb hell out of them if they do this or this or that, and then they go ahead and do this or that, and, well, you know how it is... We sent them this note about these Hebrides the other day, saying--Pierre, what did that...Pierre?" He turned around. "Pierre, where in the hell are you?" He ran his hand through his hair again.

Salinger came hesitantly on camera with some papers and handed them to Kennedy. He looked at the camera as he went off. Kennedy stood looking at the top sheet and scratching his nose. "Hm," he said; "No kidding." He dropped it in the wastebasket and read the next one. "Here it is," he said. "Essentially, we told them hands off or we push the button." He shrugged. "You know--that's how it is. Politics." He shook his head. "So, you all know now what they did; the United Peasants and Woodchoppers Party of the Outer Hebrides has taken complete control of the whole island system and another bastion of democracy has fallen."

His voice grew firmer. "As you know, we have firmly stated to the Soviet Union that we can't tolerate further encroachments upon the freedom of the Western world; we made clear that the Outer Hebrides was the final point beyond which our firm stance in negotiations would be definitively reinforced by decisive nuclear action. There can be no

question but that the dignity of the United States and the remaining freedom of the world's peoples was at stake in the Outer Hebrides." He waved his arms. "By the callous disregard the Soviets have shown for world safety and human dignity, they have shown that they are calling the United States in what they must believe to be a bluff. Ladies and gentlemen--citizens of America--the time has come to show the world that we are not bluffing!" The left hand chopped on the podium in that gesture familiar to millions; the reporters broke out into applause.

"Of course," he said, "this means the end of the world." He wiped his forehead with his sleeve and thought a second. Almost got carried away there with that speech, he thought; God, that kind of stuff used to be a ball. I sure as hell wish I didn't have to do this.

He leaned on the podium again and stared down at the groove his thumbnail had made. "I mean, what do you do?" he said to the groove. He rubbed the thick of his thumb over it as he mused into the mike. "I tried. I did what I could, after all. I mean, it's a lot of work."

He looked up and stared hard into the camera. "But I feel like I pooped out, and I know it." There was no response from the camera. "You know, it's a hell of a thing; you work your fingers to the bone for years and then what do you get for it? Blooie." He shrugged his shoulders and looked appealingly into the camera's eye.

Jackie walked onto the stage and came up and pulled his sleeve. She was holding Caroline on her arm; Caroline was very solemn and Mrs. Kennedy was weeping quietly.

Kennedy turned. "Oh, sure, baby," he said, and put his arm around his wife. He looked back at the camera and managed a half-smile. "I didn't expect...I mean...this is my wife," he stammered.

Jackie buried her face on his shoulder as Caroline wrapped her arms around his neck. He twisted and turned a little to get the girl's head out of his line of vision. "Anyway," he said, "I wanted to thank you for the privilege of serving you and being able to do what I've been doing for the last period--and...and..." His eyes began to tear. "I don't know," he said; "I just don't know."

He lifted his hand in a sort of half-wave as Brinkley's voice came on again.

"You have been listening to the President of the United States, John F. Kennedy," said Brinkley. "Due to circumstances beyond our control, this program will not be heard as regularly scheduled next week."

The camera's red light snapped off and Kennedy sighed with relief. Jesus Christ, he said to himself, the world is coming to an end and I have to piss again.

* * *

"Fandom is made up, according to an impersonal opinion of mine, of people much more intelligent and with much more varied interests than the Average. That is to say, Fans are no damn good." --Calvin Demmon, in KIPPLE #18

The news has seeped through fandom's grapevine and into the editorial offices of LIGHTHOUSE that the staff of the coming Chicago convention is planning on conducting an IQ test at the convention itself. Nothing

is known about what variety of test it is, or who will administer it--professionals or not--but that information isn't really necessary. It couldn't change my opinion that the conception is embarrassingly ludicrous and a painful distortion of human values.

I am struck mostly by the aspect of mental masturbation involved here; fans have somehow convinced themselves that there is an abstract positive quality associated with high intelligence and, having convinced themselves also that they possess at least this single virtue, they take pleasure in reciprocally exchanging confirmations of their assumption. It's a touchy question to deal with; in the first place I don't want to sound like I'm plumping for low intelligence as any kind of virtue, and in the second place I don't want to knock those legitimate displays of intelligence which so often make the world a little more pleasant to live in.

All I want to question is the assumption that intelligence, in and of itself, should be a positive factor in personal relationships between people--in this case, fans. Instead of this, there is a far more fruitful approach, that of only examining, and relating to, the use to which the person in question puts his intelligence potential. More concretely: who relates to Walt Willis and finds him a great guy because he is a genius, which he is not? Who in fandom likes Charles Burbee because of his high IQ? Who dislikes G. M. Carr because she is stupid, which she is not? These people have put their intelligence to certain ends in certain ways which have caused people to like and admire them or to dislike and avoid them.

Walt Breen said in his Seacon-report, "When a second-rate piece of religious propaganda ('Canticle for Leibowitz') can win out over 'Rogue Moon,' I begin to lose confidence in the intelligence of fandom..." There are two assumptions involved here. Explicitly Walter is saying that fandom is intelligent; I assume he also means that it is more intelligent than the average population (whether or not he implies it here, I know he thinks this). I don't agree. I find the best that fandom can offer--Boggs, Warner, Laney, Willis, Burbee--far from being geniuses. They are fine, likeable people (some of my best friends are fans), but they are different from most fans only in being more articulate or in having a somewhat finer sense of humor. Fans themselves as a group are generally no more articulate or intelligent than the rest of the middle class of which they are a part.

Implicitly, and more important, Walt is saying that he likes fandom because it is intelligent. He shouldn't and I don't. I like fandom because it has in it people like Boggs, Warner, Laney, Willis and Burbee, who use the intelligence they have to productive, enjoyable, emotionally appealing ends. I would say to Walt that if he finds intelligent people enjoyable simply for themselves he should go find some organization based on that principle--except that he has. Several fans seem to be members of this society. I wonder at their wisdom, if I am not able to wonder at their IQ; at any rate it's clear that joining such a group is a logical extension of their approach to fandom.

Why join an organization, after all, solely on the basis that it will have within it other hi-Q types? And why relate to other people in fandom on the basis of their high intelligence? One does not relate to another on an intellectual basis, but on an emotional one--that is, one can be interested in someone on purely intellectual grounds, but to be friendly requires an emotional connection. In Mensa (the hi-Q so-

ciety) presumably the dialogues do not revolve around intelligence ("I upped my IQ one last week!" "God, no!" "Say, have you heard about the new neurological surgeon who claims he can raise...") nor do they in fandom. More likely subjects of discussion are arts, literature, fandom, food, politics, sex... And there are thousands of organizations or groups around dealing with each facet of each of these topics, most containing high proportions of literate and sophisticated intelligent people conversant with that particular field (and, no doubt, with many others)--and still Mensa exists.

If we assume we can't take our chances and find people we like and can relate to just by following our aesthetic noses, which I'll grant for the sake of the argument, then I'd find far more sense in the Chicon distributing Rorschach tests, say, or Minnesota Multiphasics, or some other emotionally determining tests. Then at least you might have some basis for deciding to like fandom or not, as a group. As it is now, jeez cri--so you have a cosmic mind? Now what do I do?

The Chicon III committee should call off its plans for this IQ test business if it wants to conduct the convention wholly in compliance with the generally human, friendly aims of fandom. If they do not and I go I will not participate in the test proceedings, and I urge that other fans do the same as a means of registering an objection to this approach to fandom.

At the end here I suppose I should add that I sure am glad that I am so brite so fandom will be sure and like me.

* * *

I registered to vote the other day. Being 22, I could have registered last year except that I had moved to New York within the one-year residency limit. Therefore, of course, I wasn't able to not-vote in the Presidential election last year; if I had been able to vote, actually, I would have left most slots blank except for a couple of Negroes running for judgeships for the first time and possibly a particular reform Democratic congressman, though I doubt it.

The mayoralty campaign in New York this year is interesting only in its dullness, on the surface, though beneath the surface some interesting small currents are in motion. Superficially, there are three major candidates for mayor, a couple of minor candidates, and several insignificant ones, totalling eleven. This in itself is a problem, as the voting machines in the city are capable of handling only 10 lines; the Board of Elections has been working without success for some time now to either get somebody disqualified or get two minor parties to share a line. One of the greatest efforts they made in this direction was to disqualify Vito Battista for not having his acceptance of nomination form properly notarized. The decision was reversed by a court a few days later after Battista stormed swearing out of a city council meeting. Battista, a strong minority-party contender running on the United Tax-payers ticket, is a peppery, acidic-seeming Negro who has at least added a little excitement to the campaign. He is running primarily from an East Harlem district and most of his posters simply say "Vote for Vito," a double-barrelled slogan attempting to minimize the associations of his last name in his Spanish-speaking area and to capitalize on the reputation in the area of Vito Marcantonio, a popular CP sympathizer from the district who was elected to Congress several times in the middle '40's.

Incumbent Mayor Wagner, the Democratic candidate, and State Attorney-General Louis Lefkowitz, the Republican, have been slashing and blasting away in the fine old tradition. Though I've heard of the traditional mud-slinging campaign before, this is the first I've seen. Day by day new charges of "irresponsibility, incompetence, graft, corruption and wanton disregard for the people of New York" come out from each campaign headquarters. Wagner's victory is something of a foregone conclusion; the Democratic machine, while weakened by the bitter, explosive primary campaign, is still in control of the city.

The primary campaign was fought between, essentially, the new reform democratic movement and the old-line machine bosses. The issue was considerably confused, however, by Robert Wagner, the Mayor, who suddenly left the corrupt machine for the reformers. A complete product himself of the machine, and its willing candidate in the past, he transformed himself into "Fighting Bob" Wagner, enemy of the machine, the old line, the bosses, and Carmine de Sapio, the machine's nationally-known leader and spokesman. De Sapio was completely defeated--both in his party district leader contest and in the fact that the machine candidate for mayor was overwhelmed--and the interesting part of this election, as I mentioned above, is the extent to which the reform movement can gain constructive headway into the still entrenched machine structure while it has saddled itself with one of its most famous products.

Though this is one of the most effective reform movements the New York Democratic party has, I don't expect an essential, basic change in Gotham's politics. (Of course not! says Juffus. You Socialists are all alike! says Silverberg.) The reform clubs in general seem to be, with one possible exception, composed of standard New Frontier liberal types; young lawyers, professionals, enthusiastic liberals whose main concern is with breaking the ossified structure of city politics so that they may gain entrance. I can hardly be opposed to that, but I don't think that a great deal can then happen to city politics and procedures given simply a new liberal machine. In addition, the liberality of Kennedy's New Frontier leaves a good deal to be desired even on its own terms; a city government on such a foundation would not be the most forward step possible under the circumstances.

The possible exception I mentioned above is an East Harlem reform club, headed by state assemblyman Mark Lane. From what little I know at this time, the guy looks very interesting and even good. He has consistently involved his district population in his campaigns; since his district is primarily Negro and Puerto Rican, mostly the latter, this is a phenomenal step in New York City politics. He has campaigned openly for several years for stricter rent control laws, anti-discrimination laws in housing, against the English literacy test for voting for literate Spanish-speaking citizens, and has been opposed to New York's bossism for quite some time in a much more effective way than most of the New York reform clubs. It is expected he will get formally involved on the national scene next year when he runs for Congress (in my Assembly district). He has already spoken for effective anti-bomb-testing approaches and he has gone on a Freedom Ride in Mississippi. Most important, I understand that he has occasionally made public his known private views on political party structure in this country. That is, he is for furthering effective liberalism in the only way possible: realigning the Democratic party in such a way as to remove all influence of the South and the big city machines, and increase the liberal strength of the party by infusing it more fully with trade union activity and involving it in the Southern Negro racial equality fight. This guy Lane interests me; if I

find he is as good as he sounds, I may become involved in his campaign for Congress. Then again, knowing me, I may not.

I started out simply writing about how I registered the other day. A placard in Spanish over my mailboxes notified me of where my place of registration was. Being on what Bhub Stewart calls "East Filth Street," I was to register in P. S. 41 a few blocks away. I walked in on a rainy Saturday, the last day of the four day registration period. If I keep voting, I stay registered; otherwise I will have to reregister every two years.

The large lunchroom seemed cavernous, occupied as it was only by three tables. Then I looked closer at the tables and saw a swarm of middleaged women around each one. Everyone was playing cards. No other registrants were there; all the women looked up as I came in and one at the nearest table asked my address. She waved me on to the proper table and yelled, "Here's one for you, girls. 635 East Fifth Street." The women at the last table down finished out their hand. A couple of on-lookers moved several large bags of candy and cookies down to the end of the table as another woman pulled over a chair to sit on since she'd given me hers. I dropped my coat on a bench and sat down. "Up two cents, Shirley," said one, and threw out two pennies. "See that," said Shirley; two more pennies went out, and a lot of cards were dealt all around. Some more wheeling and dealing went on and several packs of cards were put away, a whole pile of pennies were picked up and great quantities of books, pads, report forms and papers were pulled up from under the chairs. There were eight women around the table, each with a pen in hand, waiting on my every word.

"What's your name, dearie?"

"Wait a minute, Marlene, I'm not ready yet."

We waited.

"What's your name, dearie?" she asked again.

We began. Name, address, birthdate, length of residence, place of occupation... "Columbia University. Bureau of Applied Social Research, I mean." I took a piece of candy.

"Oooh," said Shirley. "My husband works there. Say, do you know a Professor Wheaton--I think that's his name?"

"I'm afraid I don't," I said apologetically. "Is he in the sociology department?"

"No, in the classics department I think. I just thought you'd know him. Gimme a hard-center, Marlene."

At the end they gave me a form to fill out in a closed booth to register my party affiliation on--Democratic, Republican, or Liberal. I mused on Ted White's problem of having checked the Democratic box and subsequently being listed as a Republican as I went into the booth, then got down to business and began wondering what I was doing in the booth anyway. I wrote "none" across it and dropped it in the box on the way out.

I spoke to Terry about it on the phone a little later. "I registered today," I said.

"Did you," he said. "Why I registered to vote over two years ago."

"Well," I said. "I just moved here."

"It just shows how much more political I am than you are," he said.

* * *

I seem to have discovered Greece.

We're going to take a little look at what passes for my intellectual activity these days. Most of you know I am a socialist; I am a realist. That is, I "believe in" things that I can deal with, that are palpable, that are real; I attempt to approach life logically. This makes me an atheist, on the one hand, since I cannot believe in a god that is not palpably existent--and it makes me a radical, on the other hand, not a liberal; I do not believe in the innate "goodness of man. The world--both physical and social--exists, moves, and recreates itself as time passes due to observable phenomena, which interpretation on my part makes me a materialist. Life itself is real, not a metaphysical abstraction, and along with the physical world is a fact of joy in itself.

As near as I can make out, the Greeks discovered this last a number of centuries ago, and I am as excited these days to find that out as I was three years ago to find socialist politics.

First I found Nikos Kazantzakis by having him recommended to me by a good friend; I'd seen He Who Must Die, the Jules Dassin movie made from Kazantzakis' The Greek Passion, and had been extremely impressed, so it wasn't hard to convince me to read some of the author.

I read Zorba the Greek, I became enthused; I bought a history of modern Greece, I read Homer's Odyssey to prepare for Kazantzakis' Modern Sequel, and followed that with Edith Hamilton's The Greek Way, a beautifully-written book which is so exuberant in its treatment of its subject that I am left in doubt that the Greeks were really that good.

Zorba presents the conflict between the ascetic and the hedonist, the flesh and the mind, the spiritual and the rational, the body and the soul. Immediately, as well, he presents the tragic flaw in his writing, the mar which impairs one of the most beautiful, poetic and human writers in the world. I grew as I read the books I listed, and only caught a glimmering of the flaw at the beginning; but the more I read of and about him the plainer it becomes.

Kazantzakis seems to be attempting to resolve the conflict stated above: the problem is, no resolution is necessary nor is it desirable. With my feeling for the humanness of man, I cannot see why one must be sacrificed toward the other. Man is a beautiful creature: he perceives the world around him and thinks about it, and simultaneously he involves himself in emotional relationships, that aspect of man which we call feeling. Integration of the two makes a man full, frees himself for himself. In Zorba an intellectual meets the classic man of action, Zorba himself. The intellectual attempts to feel life, to live it in the active, physical, sometimes fleshly--sexually, gastronomically, athletically--way which epitomizes the frenetic and free-wheeling Greek miner. He never

makes it, and at the end he retires to the academic life he had previously known. But more importantly, the idea is proposed that to achieve Zorba's hedonism, the narrator would have had to give up his own aesthetic sense, his introspection which occasionally creates some of the most moving sections of the book (as well as some of the most idealistic nonsense).

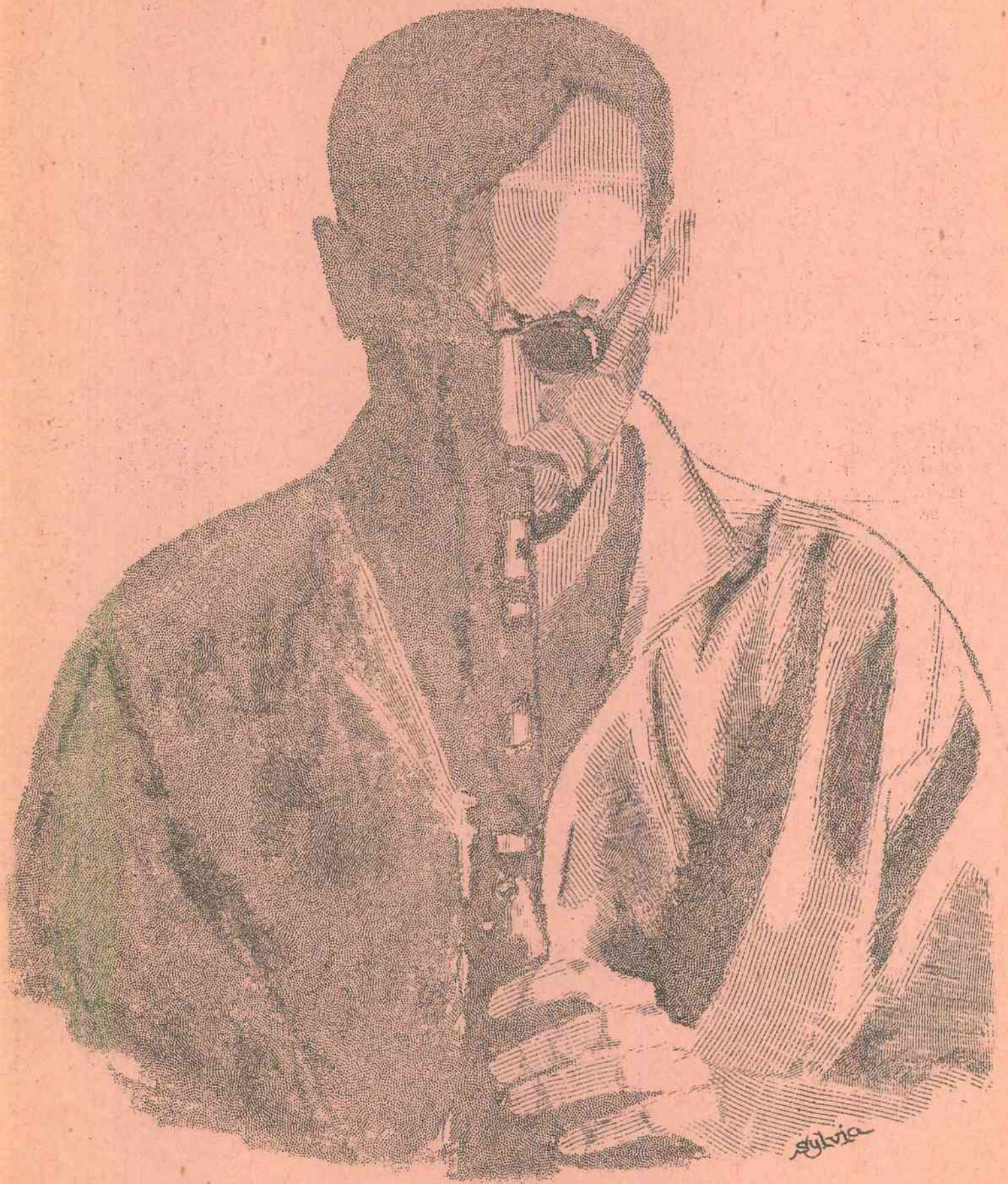
Edith Hamilton presents the ancient Greeks as having attempted to reach the balance I've described. I cannot rid myself of a nagging suspicion that they were overbalanced on the rational side, yet I can be satisfied with the abstract picture she paints of the finest of Greek culture as being something to strive for at any rate. Where Kazantzakis ends being the most human mystic of this century, the Greeks as she presents them have mastered the art of achieving fruitful intellectual activity within a framework of spiritual appreciation of the real world --"To the Greeks, a bird was but a bird...but what a thing of beauty was a bird!"

To me these discoveries are all so tentative, as I have far to go in finding out more both of the Greeks, ancient and modern, and Kazantzakis, who was a growing, changing author throughout his life. There are very attractive stages of his development, I found last week while using Pennsylvania State College's library. "In this progress (Odysseus' in NK's Odyssey: A Modern Sequel) there is still the notion of the Homeric homecoming, but Ithaca is now the hero's own soul, the fulfillment of his own being, a full self-conquest as the supreme gain. What appears as a progress through rejection is really a progress through conquests and affirmations. Life is good and Death is good..." (Decavalles in POETRY. Shorn of the religious overtones and the final phrase, I could not agree more. Kazantzakis is religious; The Greek Passion, the second book of his I am reading, is strikingly so, though hardly orthodox (he has achieved the Catholic Index). Another reviewer, Chad Walsh in the SATURDAY REVIEW, phrased it this way: "K.'s God is not an eternal and perfect reality, but simply the evolving frontier of man's spirituality. God is man's highest creation..." In the same magazine his friend and translator, Kimon Friar, put it in the most persuasive form: "For Kazantzakis God was not an exterior entity toward which man proceeds, but a continuously created and recreated aspect of spirit within man himself."

The next step is to eliminate God, the spiritual abstraction. This requires the interesting dialectic of both ceasing to look outward from the self for one's "purpose" and redoubling the search outside oneself to find one's relationship to the world; the dialectic of looking inside oneself to find one's total reason for existence, and simultaneously deemphasizing the spiritual introspection which is the death of human appreciation of the real world. Hamilton portrays the ancient Greeks as having achieved the realization of the goal if not the goal itself, and that is a great deal for any culture. What remains for humanity is the goal itself; what remains for me is the attempt to see if others have found it, and finally the attempt for myself along with the human world. I remain wholeheartedly with my radicalism--and it's Greek to me.

And I bet someone of you knew I would use that line somewhere.

- pete graham



TERRY CARR

BLIND CLARINET

Last night I spent five hours at Jazz City, wishing almost every minute that I were blind.

I was right up by the bandstand, sitting so close to the piano that I could hear it every time the damned pedals thumped. Earle Lewis was rocking it really low-down, and I could feel the floor and my chair vibrating along with him all evening.

My brother Artie was right next to him, on clarinet, and he was the only one in the band who could really keep up with Earle. Earle used to be big--he played with McKinney and Jay McShann and a lot of the great bands of the 20's and 30's--but he's been out of it for quite a few years now. He just jobs around the waterfront joints in San Francisco these days, and sometimes he's hot and other times he's tired and you can tell. He drinks too much, too, and probably always did. Artie thinks he's great all the time, but he isn't; mostly he's just this greying Negro who used to play very fine but can't quite remember how he did it. You can see it on his face sometimes when he's trying to build his chords, his forehead knotted tight and his huge lower lip sticking out.

Of course, Artie can't see that, because Artie is blind. Artie just sits there next to him with practically no expression at all on his face, blowing the finest, most swinging goddam clarinet since Albert Nicholas died. And when he isn't playing he's listening to Earle's piano and nodding yes, that's right, yes, sort of smiling a little. When he's on the stand he looks like he doesn't care a damn about anything...and he doesn't, which is the main reason I get so mad at him sometimes. He's blind, and he doesn't care.

He won't talk about it, either; I never have found out exactly how it happened. I was only five when he came back from the South Pacific with his discharge papers and his Purple Heart and the whole bit, and nobody in our family said anything to me except that Artie couldn't see anymore and I shouldn't pester him. That was a hell of a thing to tell a kid--your brother is blind, now leave him alone. I tried to, but I couldn't, not really.

The day he came home he walked in the front door and stood there with his head lifted in the way I got used to seeing so much later, while Mom took off his coat. Then he said, "That's right--it does smell like this, doesn't it?"

I remember standing there looking after him while he slowly picked his way to his room in the back of the house. I remember the silence, with Mom in the kitchen and Dad sinking into his chair to look at the day's paper. And then from Artie's room we heard Muggsy Spanier's "Jazz Me Blues". It came quietly at first, but then Artie turned it up full-blast and kicked the door shut. We could still hear it.

He played his way through all his jazz records that night--all the Spanier records, and Armstrong and Ory, Lil's Hot Shots, Red Nichols and the rest. And sometime during the night--I'd got sent to bed early --he took out his clarinet and started playing. I woke up hearing reedy squawks from his room. He couldn't play worth a damn.

That was the thing that always got me about him. I was in the room right next to him when he started learning to play really seriously; I heard him when he stank, and I could tell it even at that age. I heard him practice every single day, getting a little better, playing solos over and over on the phonograph--Dodds, Teschemacher, Goodman--and trying them out himself. I ended up going with him to record stores every month, looking through piles of old 78's and reading off the names to him. After awhile I didn't have to read them for him, because I knew myself what bands we were looking for.

I was with him all that time, all those years, listening to the records and listening to him. In high school I found I couldn't study unless he was in the next room practicing--but he usually practiced several hours a night, so I developed some pretty good study habits in that period. And I got to feeling that I sort of owned Artie, or at least that I was the one who'd discovered him. I'd heard that reedy squawk his first night home.

And later on we started going to the cheap little bars together to hear Lu Watters or the Frisco Jazz Band or whoever was playing around town. They wouldn't serve me because I was too young, but they let me in because I was with Artie and he was blind.

And it was me who brought along his clarinet one night without telling him, and I leaned it against the table on his side. He'd been muttering for weeks how he'd like to sit in; every time we heard a really good band he'd sit there nodding and smiling with his eyes closed, saying he wished he had his horn. But he never brought it, so one night I brought it for him without telling him, and between sets I said I was going to the john but instead I asked one of the musicians if he could sit in. It was a weeknight, very slow, so they said yes.

It scared hell out of Artie. "I can't play with them," he said, shaking his head. "I've never played with anybody, only with records. Christ, Eddie, all I know is the arrangements on my records."

I took his elbow firmly and got him up out of the chair. "Quit shaking your head," I said, "or they'll think you're punchy. Go on up and improvise, you idiot--and if you can't improvise, then fake it. There's only you, me, and the bartender listening--everybody else is too busy drinking to notice."

He stopped shaking his head and let me lead him to a chair on the stand, not saying anything. I went back and sat down and sipped his beer. The trumpet man talked to him for a minute and then turned around and stomped his heel three times and they went into "Salty Dog". Artie sort of noodled along with them, hiding in the ensemble, and they went along for three choruses that way. I finished the glass of beer and refilled the glass from the pitcher, watching Artie. The trumpet man leaned over and said something to him while the piano soloed, and Artie nodded. When the piano finished Artie took off on a solo himself.

He copied it from George Lewis, but Lewis had never done it with the bite in his tone that Artie had. There was nothing sweet about that solo--it was rough around the edges, and Artie missed a few notes, too. The trumpet and trombone riffed quietly behind him, and when he'd come to the end of Lewis's solo they gave two little blasts to kick him into another chorus. He'd thought he was through; they surprised him. He dropped two beats and then came in again, starting the solo over.

My hand on the beer glass was sweaty; I took a long swallow this time.

The two brass horns went back to riffing with Artie, only louder this time; they were trying to push him. Finally he took off from the Lewis solo and went his own way. He held his notes longer, rasped them, flatted them--he was swinging. He went into an extra chorus without even being asked, because he'd started building late and he was only halfway to wherever he was going. He kept on building, higher and louder, and at the end he threw in a coda from a 1929 Goodman record and let the drums take it. The drummer kicked into a break and the front line came back in strong for the ride-out, Artie right in there with them this time. I clapped like mad when they finished.

Artie just sat there sweating and looking like he wanted to shake all over, but not there, not on the bandstand with a lot of eyes he couldn't see, looking at him. He stood up and said something to the trumpet man, thanked him I guess, and I helped him back to the table. He took his horn apart and put it back in the case and finished the beer.

"You were great," I said. "Great!"

"Jesus Christ, I'm glad that's over," he said. "I loved it." Then we went home.

It was a full year after that before Artie could really feel at ease playing with a band. Oh, he kept sitting in with various groups, mainly a small band that played Friday and Saturday nights in a bar just south of Market--but he didn't take it too seriously. Playing was just something he did because he liked it; he was living off money from the Army and didn't seem very concerned with making anything out of jazz. I never could understand that. Hell, I knew how good he was. And I knew that he couldn't do anything else, either.

I tried to push him into looking around for a job with some band, but he wouldn't budge. He joined the union, but that was strictly so that he could sit in. It wasn't until he met Earle Lewis that he started taking it at all seriously.

Earle was playing solo piano down on the waterfront, at a place where they served food as well as liquor. It was pretty corny, though:

there was sawdust on the floor and the waitresses--both of them--wore straw hats. Earle just sat there playing the blues all night, with a glass on top of the piano which got refilled every half hour or so.

Artie and I stopped in one night and stayed till the place closed. It was one of Earle's good nights. He seemed to be thinking all the time; he had that kind of expression on his face, like maybe this chord reminded him of something and he'd fool around with it and build on it till he found out what it was. Artie couldn't see the expression, but I could tell by the way he had his head raised that he was listening to what Earle was doing, he was hearing it all.

And Earle noticed him. Or at least he noticed his clarinet case, and he kept looking over at us. Then finally he took a break and came right over and sat down.

"Whose clarinet?" he said.

"It's his," I said. Artie nodded.

"How 'bout joinin' me later on?" Earle said.

"I'd like to," Artie said. "I've been listening to you."

"Huh!" Earle laughed, a quick snort. "Not many guys do, any more. Not many young guys, anyhow."

"Did you ever hear Lil Armstrong?" Artie said. "You play a little like her sometimes--the same sort of beat, I mean. She's one of my favorites."

"I met her a few times," Earle said. "Yeah, she wasn't bad. You've heard her records, huh?"

They talked about Johnny Dodds and Earl Hines and a lot of others. Earle had met some of them, played with some; he told us several stories about jazzmen he'd known in the twenties and thirties. I asked him if he'd met Beiderbecke and he said yes, but he wouldn't say anything about him. "No, there's too many damn stories now. I'm not addin' any more." He was kind of short with me.

But he told us about himself; we spent almost an hour talking before he took his drink back to the piano. Earle had been in Europe when the swing craze started, and by the time he'd come back to this country most of his friends were in big bands. "Section work!" he snorted at us. "They'd sit there in these damn hotel ballrooms, blowin' in the sax section, or the trumpet section, everybody playin' the same lines as the guy next to him, all written down an' pretty. Well, I was thankin' my stars they never got to havin' piana sections, I tell you."

"What did you do?" Artie asked him.

"Oh, they had these concerts. Jazz concerts. A bunch of us guys would be on this damn stage, in suits an' ties, very respectable. Somebody'd get up and say how we were great folk artists an' playin' from our damn souls or somethin'. I was usually backstage with a bottle; I couldn't stand that stuff. Then everybody'd play these standards--Fats' tunes, or 'Someday Sweetheart' or somethin' like that, the usual stuff. Only--God--they weren't playin' with each other, they was tryin' to cut

each other. Look, Ma, here I am, me in Carnegie Hall, listen to this solo... God."

"You played the concerts?" Artie said.

"Yeah, I played some. All they wanted to hear was boogie. 'Honky Tonk Train' or somethin' like that. They didn't want to hear the blues, or no rags or stomps. Just boogie--keep that left hand movin' the same way all the time. I had a fight with a promoter, namin' no names, and I quit the circuit. I hardly played for ten years."

He stopped talking and drank from his glass, one big swallow such as you'll see men take who have been drinking for a lot of years. "I gotta get back to the piano. C'mon and unlimber that horn."

Artie smiled and put together his clarinet. We moved his chair over by the piano and Artie sat down and noodled for a minute. He seemed relaxed.

Earle started playing "Beale St.," and Artie listened for awhile and then came in. They did it slowly, with a nicely relaxed swing, and they played around with it for fifteen minutes. Mostly, I guess, they were listening to each other. When they got done with that Earle took off on "The Pearls," which happened to be one of Artie's favorites.

They played for an hour maybe, and then they took another break. They came back to the table and sat down and Earle said, "Who're you playin' with?"

"Nobody, right now," said Artie. I raised an eyebrow a little at that, but I didn't say anything.

"I could get you in here," Earle said. "Been tryin' to find somebody anyway. Pay ain't much, though. You busy with anything else?"

"No, I'm not busy with anything," Artie said. "When would I start?"

I sat there looking from one to the other while they talked about it, thinking goddam, goddam, I'll be damned. Earle said he'd talk to the owner before he left that night, and he did. Artie started the next night, the first time he'd ever played professionally or even seemed interested in it. Five hours a night, five nights a week, playing for the peanuts on the floor and refills when he got dry.

I went down to listen every night for a week or two. I was just finishing up my senior year in high school, and my grades were already pretty solid, so I let the studying slack off a bit. When Earle was right they played some of the finest stuff I'd ever heard, and when Earle was tired or had been drinking too much again, or just wasn't in the mood, Artie carried it pretty well. And they talked a lot, too, getting to know each other. They talked about women, music, the south, New York, liquor--they just talked like mad. Earle always talked a lot.

"Place in Kansas City we was at, everybody used to come in. Stayed open all night, and business didn't pick up till the middle o' the mornin'. That was when the rest of the guys, them from the other bands, started comin' in. Hell, nobody come in to listen--they all wanted to play. We didn't have any customers, just performers. But they all

drank, same as customers, just like 'em, and they paid for it, so the boss didn't squawk. Huh! Damn bartenders half the time didn't come in themselves till close to midnight--there'd be one or the other there, but not many times both of 'em, not till past midnight."

"Who was around then?" I asked him. "I thought everybody'd gone to New York by then."

"Oh, sure, a lot of 'em had, boy. But there was a lot of 'em still around, guys that didn't give a damn to record. Most of 'em worked ...you know. They'd drag out their horns two, three nights a week and come by. And then, a lot of guys toured a lot. You had to tour then, to make any money."

"They should have recorded," I said. "There was some good jazz in Kansas City around then. They should have recorded more."

"Well, most of 'em, they didn't care that much."

After the first couple of weeks, I stoped going by. The music was great, but I was still too young to get served drinks. Anyway, Artie and Earle did most of the talking, and I usually ended up just listening to them. And actually, I didn't like Earle very much; he gave me a feeling that he resented me, and he never said anything to me unless I asked him a question. Even then he'd just give me a short answer, and then go on talking to Artie. I got a little mad sometimes, but I didn't say anything.

Artie got to drinking a lot more than he usually did, too, and we weren't as close as we had been. Earle was really a bad influence on him; they'd drink and talk all the time till late in the morning, and Earle would bring him home and Dad and I would have to put him to bed. It seemed to me that Artie was floundering; he didn't practice in the afternoons anymore and whenever I tried to talk to him about going further than just a crumby job in a cheap joint he'd shut up and start cleaning his glasses or something like that. He was always cleaning them; he was afraid they'd get coated with dust and dirt and people would notice. I gave up on him. Anyway, that month I started at college, and that kept me pretty busy.

I was still living at home, commuting across the bay to the University. I'd get up at six every morning, be out and on a bus by seven, and reach the camous about quarter to eight; on Thursdays, which was a slack day, my first class was at eleven, but I'd always go over at eight anyway and study in the library.

I got a job nights at a gas station, and that kept me busy too. It was one of those intersections with a station on all four corners, and every one of them busy day and night. Sometimes I'd be able to squeeze in maybe an hour of studying during the evening, but not very often; I usually had to do my studying when I got home.

I kept going so steadily that I didn't think much about Artie. I was all wound up with making plans--I'd make a list of things to do during the week, and then spend half an hour every day carefully revising the list. When I did see Artie, like sometimes at dinner, he was like someone from another world, or another life, to me. Our paths, in the space of a month, had diverged completely. He was never worried, never excited about anything, and I was, if anything, more intense and com-

pulsively busy than ever.

One evening I asked him how long he was going to stay at that job with Earle; it was just a casual question, asked because it occurred to me that I didn't know what plans he had. It seemed to me that everybody always had plans.

"I don't know," he said. "Till he gets fired, or the place closes. Why?"

"Just wondering. Then what? Will you try for a job with some band?"

"I don't know what we'll do. Earle knows more about who's playing where and all than I do. There might not be much going on."

I didn't think much more about it just then.

Earle came over for dinner about a month later; Artie had invited him. He brought with him his wife Rose. It hadn't even occurred to me that he had a wife. She was small and quiet, almost sullen but with a small, slow smile that was always ready to come out. I liked her--as much as you can like someone who doesn't talk--but she was somehow unreal to me. She hadn't existed before that night, and even then she was only on the edge of existence. She always called Earle by his last name.

After dinner we got to talking about the Depression and so forth. It was Mom's fault; she tried to get Mrs. Lewis into a conversation and wasn't successful, so she got to talking with Earle about Artie when he was a boy. That's the sort of conversation that usually interests nobody but the mother who starts it, but Earle listened. He lit a cigaret and let it hang from the corner of his mouth while he looked through the family album.

There was a picture of Mom and Artie on a lawn, and under it "May 1927, Los Angeles".

"I was in L.A. that year," he said. "I was drivin' a big limousine all around town for two months there. I had my own band, too. That was a good year."

"Yeah, he was telling me about it," Artie said. "That was in the twenties, wasn't it. You were telling me about it."

"Twenty-seven," Earle said. "We had money in the bank, too. Huh! Damn near forgot all about it--come 1932, when we needed it, and we'd pawned everything we had before we remembered that ole bank account out in California. Oh, we ate steak for a week!"

"The Depression years were very bad years," Mom said. "For everybody."

"Well, we went to Europe. Played over there for three years. We saw all those cities, Paris, London, Copenhagen and the rest. It was a good time, then, for us. Once we just got out of the country, it was just fine." He looked over at his wife, who smiled at him. "Then we came back, and that was when there was one big damn band after another."

I had to leave to go to the gas station, but before I left I said,

"Earle, how much were you making then? When the bands were so big and popular, I mean."

He smiled and sat back. "Oh, I don't know; never saw it for long. The money just came an' went. We kept alive an' eatin'."

"Was that all? There was a lot of money in jazz then."

"There was? Well, I'll be damned! Huh! I wish somebody'd told me that then. Now what did you do with all that money I must've got then, Rose? You got it packed away somewhere? You never told me about all that money!" He was laughing at me.

"They sold a lot of records," I said, sticking with it. "They played in Carnegie Hall, too. Of course there was money involved!"

"Well, damn me, I never did see it. Woman, when we get home I'm goin' to give you a talkin' to!" He roared again with laughter, and his wife continued to smile back at him, a bit selfconsciously. I got up and grabbed my coat.

"Boy, there's never been much money in it! A few men make a lot, if they're lucky an' they keep playin' steady enough. But I tell you, boy, even that time when I had my own band, right smack in the twenties, even then they was spendin' as much to put my name in lights as they paid me! I never saw a whole lot of money, now I tell you!"

I stood by the door, my face burning. Mom went into the kitchen to put on a pot of coffee, and nobody else said anything.

"Are you sure you didn't just drink it all up?" I said. "Maybe you don't remember so well because you were drinking too much, eh?" Then I stared at him for about four seconds and went out and slammed the door. I didn't come home from work till three in the morning.

It had been the wrong thing to say, of course. Mom told me the next day that Earle had stopp'd talking and soon after he and his wife had left. So that night I told Artie that I was sorry and asked him to apologize to Earle for me.

"It won't do any good," he said. "Listen, kid, Earle's been pretty decent to you, hasn't he? Why didn't you leave it that way? He doesn't especially like you anyway, you know."

"Don't call me 'kid'--you sound like him."

"Well, you are a kid! Look, I don't care if you get in my way--you're my brother and all that, and hell, we've been getting in each other's way for years. But leave Earle alone; you don't know anything about him. I'll bet you didn't even know he was married."

"I know that he plays piano and he's done it all his life, when he wasn't drinking or when he hadn't quit the business to go off and sulk! What else should I know?--he never really talks to me about anything else."

"He's a lot more than a piano player, Eddie. He's a man, and he's been around and seen a lot that he can't tell you about because you don't listen to him when he tries. All you can do is ask him how much money he made or who did he play with or why didn't he make more records."

What the hell kind of question is that?"

I wanted to say that those were the only things that were interesting about Earle, but I didn't. Instead I said, "All right, I'll leave him alone. Just tell him I'm sorry and let's forget it. I've got my own problems, without worrying about his--or yours. Forget it. And change your shirt before you go out--there's some ketchup on it."

So I purposely stayed away from the place they were playing, even when I had some free time. A little later Earle got a job at some other place, and he had a drummer and a banjoist with him, besides Artie. The banjoist sang vaudeville songs; I wouldn't have gone to hear that anyway. They were working a different schedule now, so I hardly saw Artie even at dinnertime.

I was more and more busy with college that entire year; I'd taken on some extra classes in photography and I was spending a lot of time around the lab. My grades that first year were good, I got a raise at the gas station, and things were generally moving right along for me. But I couldn't help worrying about Artie--in an angry manner, of course. I was dead sure that he was going to go the same route as Earle, one cheap job after another, never really trying for anything better.

One Saturday when I was processing some stuff in the lab I got to talking to one of the other students there, a senior who'd sold some of his pictures professionally. He was telling me about an assignment he had to do a record jacket for some new company in the city. He said they were looking around for people to record.

"Are they interested in jazz? Traditional jazz?"

He said he'd ask them; mostly they were doing gay-nineties stuff, nickelodeon music and so forth. But they might be interested.

So I mentioned it to Artie, who had just switched jobs again and was playing with a band fronted by Earle in a small place right on Market Street, called Jazz City. They were getting more money overall, but split six ways it came to less per man.

"If they're interested I could set up an audition or something," I said. "Would you guys be interested in that? Would everybody show up?"

"I guess so," he said. "I don't see why not."

Monday I talked to the senior again and he said yes, they'd like to hear the band but there was no need to set up an audition. They'd have somebody at the club that weekend, probably Friday night. They were thinking of an on-the-spot recording, anyway.

It was Friday night that the fellow showed up. I'd told Artie about him--his name was Reiss--so they knew he was there. Artie didn't seem at all nervous, which I took as a good sign. He and Earle started off with "Tearful Way Blues," which is a good showpiece for the clarinet. The rest of the band didn't do much on that tune, but then the rest of the band wasn't especially worth hearing anyway. Artie and Earle were pretty good.

I was sitting right by the bandstand, where it was difficult to get a look at Reiss without turning completely around and being obvious about it. But I sneaked a few looks, and he seemed fairly interested,

especially when Artie took three slow, mournful choruses.

They did "Muskrat Ramble" next, but that was just sort of pedestrian stuff with a faltering trumpet lead. After that they went into "High Society," which promised to be even more lacklustre. "High Society" has really been played too often; there isn't much you can do with it anymore. At least, that was what I thought until Artie started soloing.

"High Society" is the one that has a clarinet solo which is played just about the same way by every clarinettist in existence. Artie came in with the standard opening while the brass played the melody behind him, but about halfway through it something happened--my mind was wandering and I was looking around again at Reiss--and all of a sudden Artie was taking off on the Goodman clarinet solo from "Sing Sing Sing". And it fit. It was marvellous; Artie was swinging beautifully, building around those Goodman lines and getting more and more wild. Earle picked it up immediately; he started working in "Christopher Columbus" as his bass figure while his right hand kept on with "High Society". Artie went high and higher, rougher and dirtier, parallelling bits of the Goodman solo with the "High Society" one--God, it was fantastic. The rest of the band fell in with it as best they could. Artie built it all the way up to the end, and then the trumpet man came in to solo and he fluffed around trying to play "High Society" like Harry James. I broke up laughing and everybody in the club applauded wildly. I turned right around and looked at Reiss, and he was clapping as loudly as the rest of them.

I sat back and felt good, relaxing a little. There wasn't much doubt now that they'd get that record...and once Artie was recorded there would be no stopping him. He was just great, and anybody with ears could tell that immediately.

They did a lot more things that night, and from that point on they were all great, even the standards that had been done to death. "Clarinet Marmalade," with Artie running through it like he'd written it; "St. Louis Blues," with Earle taking four great choruses and Artie playing in the lower register all the way, flattening his notes blue as hell; "China Boy," on which Artie played right over the rest of the band so that the melody became simply a good strong background riff. And a lot of others, some sweet, some swinging, some dirty. I didn't bother looking around any more; I just sat with my eyes glued on Artie, wondering what the hell he had in him, my own brother raised in the same house with me, that could make him so great. He was blind, and he was great--I decided, watching him sit there with his legs sprawled out in front of him, blowing his music, that they fit together. He had to be so great because he was blind; he had to have something. And nobody could be that good without having something really bad wrong with him. It worked both ways; but God how I envied him that night.

The whole thing wound up at two in the morning when the place closed; the crowd went home and there was just the band and the bartender, a couple of waiters, Reiss and me. Reiss went up and started talking to Earle and Artie, and after a minute I went up too.

"We'll want primarily to feature you," he was saying to Artie, and I found myself grinning. Hell, I'd been grinning all night. "This means that if possible we want to list it as your band--barring any contractual difficulties you may have."

"We don't have any contract," Earle said.

"Fine. We'll set up a recording date for about two weeks from now..."

I went off to the pay phone at one end of the bar and called home, waking everybody up. I jabbered for ten minutes about what had happened, and by the time I'd got them so excited that they were wide awake I said I wanted to get back and see what was happening, and hung up.

I turned around and Reiss was gone. The men in the band were packing their instruments and putting on their coats.

I went up to the bandstand. "Where'd he go?"

"He left. The deal's off," Earle said.

"He what? Why? What do you mean, it's off?"

"It's off," Artie said, and snapped his clarinet case shut. "We aren't doing any record for them, not now, not ever."

"What the hell is this?" I said. "What happened? Who said what?"

"Earle told him to go to hell and I offered to give him directions," Artie said. "That's what happened, that's who said what. It was a stinking deal."

"Are you out of your stupid mind?" I said. All of a sudden I was getting mad. "You let this senile son of a bitch kill a recording contract for you just because he didn't want your name on the album? What the hell kind of a man are you, Earle? Is that the kind of friendship you're after, Artie? Jesus Christ!"

"Now just a minute, boy--"

"And don't call me 'boy' again! I'm man enough to know that nobody gets anywhere in this world if he's afraid to try! And if you don't think turning down a record contract is childish--"

"I said just a minute!" Earle pushed me down onto the piano bench and stood over me. "If you want to know who said what, it was Artie said no first. Then I told him to go to hell. An' what gives you the idea I could give a damn whose name'd be on a record?"

"I think you're jealous as hell of him!" I said. "Because you've never been anybody and you won't ever be anybody. And it's your own--"

"Do you know what he wanted to do with that album?" Earle said.

"What do you mean? What did he want to do?"

"He had it all figured out, boy. He could just see the picture on the cover, even. It would be Artie sittin' here in a dirty white shirt, open at the collar--he could see it all so clear--with dark glasses, playin' his horn and lookin' just so goddamned soulful it'd make you puke. And in big letters it'd say, BLIND CLARINET!"

I leaned back away from Earle, recoiling from the anger in his

words. I tried to think of something to say.

"Oh, he could see it all, boy, just as plain as you please. He didn't say a word about the music, but he could sure see the picture on the cover!"

"The whole idea is stupid," I said.

"Oh, that's just part of it. Now, we didn't let him get to the rest of it. I bet I could wrote those notes on the back myself. You want to hear 'em, boy? They'd be all about how Artie lost his eyes--not just his sight; they'd say he lost his eyes--in the war, fightin' right beside men from all over, bums and colored boys and all, all of 'em like brothers. And how he got some great feeling for humanity, an' they'd say now he pours it out his horn, right from the soul. They always got to write about a man's soul."

"It sounds pretty stupid when you put it like that, but for cryin' out--"

"Stupid? Boy, it's a lie! Artie doesn't play that horn because he's an artist or any such damn thing. He does it because it's the only thing he knows how to do. Now they can try to glorify that, but I'm not listenin' to it, that's bunk! And I sure as hell wouldn't stand for it if somebody tried to spread that kind of crap about me."

Earle stood over me, breathing hard; I could smell the sweat from his chest. For a few moments the only sound in the place was that of his breathing.

"You don't seem to realize that you always run into that kind of junk in this business. There ain't nobody wants to hear this music that much--all those people that were here tonight, they come in here an' listen to us because it's a cheap place to drink. You don't get enough people wantin' to buy a dixieland record, either--you got to sell it to 'em. That man there wasn't stupid, boy, he knows his stuff. You're the one's stupid, if you can't see that."

"Then why are you both so much against it?" I said. I stood up from the bench and looked at Artie. "If you know the ropes so well, why don't you just take advantage of it?--they would have paid you. Or are you too much of an artist?"

"Quit it!" Artie said. "It isn't worth it. I don't know what the hell I am, but I do know I'm not going to be a freak for peanuts, and that's all they offered me. I'd get two cents on every copy of the record they could sell. And they just wouldn't sell many."

"They might sell a lot!"

"Oh, sure," Earle said. "Now, if he was Miles Davis or one of them, they might sell a lot. They might even sell a few if he was just nobody--as long as he was playin' this modern stuff. You can maybe make money if you're playin' what's up to date--even if you're bad. But not dixie. Not dixie."

Earle grabbed his overcoat and put it on, breathing heavily as he

fumbled with the heavy buttons. Artie had already put on his wind-breaker; he zipped it up slowly. I kept looking at him, intently, waiting for him to say something to Earle. Why didn't he say something?

Earle turned to me again. "You got to realize, music isn't a business where you can--"

"Okay! Shut up! Shut up!" I walked quickly back to my chair and grabbed my coat. I didn't want to hear any more. "Let's go home."

Nobody said anything for a minute. I put on my coat and stood looking at them, waiting.

"All right, let's go," Earle said, and Artie picked up his clarinet case. I went over to him and took his arm and for a minute I thought he was going to shrug me away. But then he started walking toward the door with me.

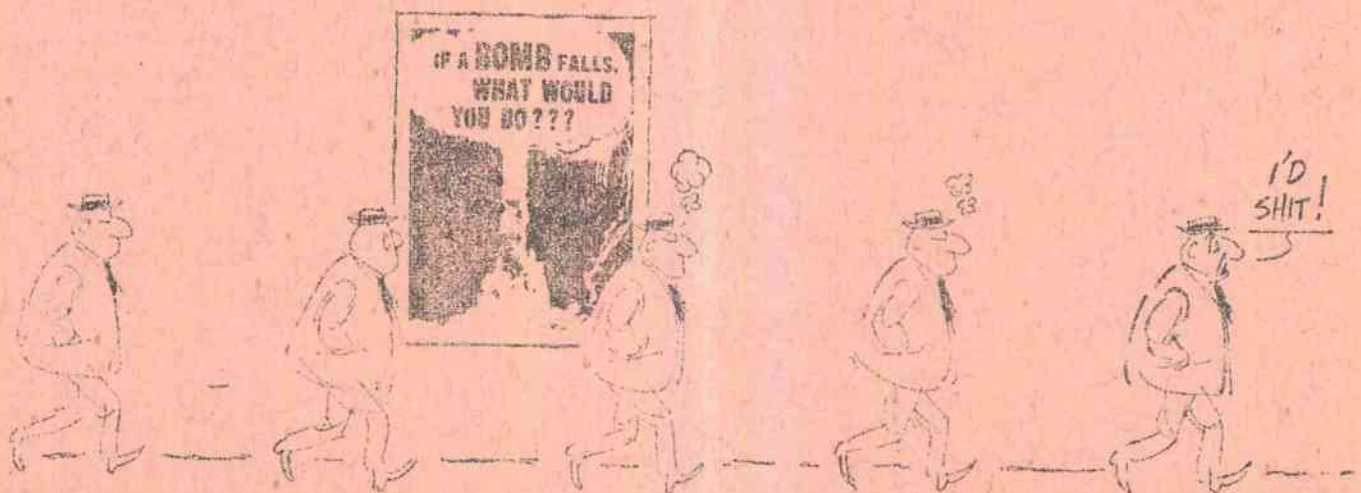
* * *

That was last night. We went home all right, and Artie slept eleven hours straight. When he got up I was busy studying--I've got a midterm exam Monday and it's killing me--and we didn't talk much.

He's down at the club tonight, swinging as usual, I suppose. Playing hot, blue, soft, wild--maybe even as good as he was last night. But I don't want to go and hear him. I don't think I'll want to go and hear him for quite awhile.

- terry carr

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TED WHITE :

FAPA on WRY

ART DEPARTMENT: Ever wonder how a prozine goes about selecting its artwork and artists? About a year ago I did, and I decided to do something about it. So now I am going to Pull An Adkins, and tell you all about my visits to New York's Finest (prozine editors, that is).

It all started when Dan Adkins and Larry Ivie started selling artwork about a year ago. I am, by nature, a frustrated artist. A few of you may even remember that my first claim to fame in fandom was through doing covers for BREVIZINE, DAWN, SPIRAL, VEGA, and such like. On and off through the years I've dabbled at paintings, inks, and the sort. Since my one-time aim was to be a prozine illustrator, I've devoted some time to acquiring technical ability with craftint, zip-a-tone, scratchboard, and a general brush technique. In 1956 I began doing sample-type illos, the first sixteen of which Raymond A. Palmer has salted away somewhere in Amherst. Although my interest is sporadic and often lies dormant for many months, I've "kept my hand in," as it were, and I'm a fairly good renderer, although I'm not much for coming up with original ideas.

At the time when the fires of my ambition flamed anew, about a year ago, as I said, I decided I would try to sell one illo, and thus make a stfish claim to prodom. I knew I wouldn't be able to make it regularly, but if I could land one assignment, then I would be satisfied. So I began preparing a portfolio of samples.

At this very same time, Andy Reiss had similar aspirations, but while his imagination was fertile, he had little finished technique. So we agreed to collaborate. The product was two illoes, neither of which looked like our individual work, and which did not look like each other's, either. One looked like Amazing Stories circa 1947, and the other like Alex Raymond. (I was rather proud of that one.) I did up a bunch of others, myself, including one with a pen which rather resembled Emsh in style.

Well, at any rate, armed with portfolio, I went calling one day.

First I phoned JWC Jr. It wasn't at all difficult. He said to come up about 3:00 that afternoon. About five of three, I entered the building which houses Street & Smith, and rode up to the S&S floor. There I was confronted by an extremely plush reception room, off of which branched a myriad corridors, all thickly carpeted. I gave my name to the girl, and shortly an older woman appeared around the turn of a moebius corridor on my left. It was Miss Tarrant, the Very Same Miss Tarrant Who.

"Won't you follow me, please?" she suggested, and I followed her. I followed her. And I followed her. I am convinced we made the circuit of that building three times, possibly changing floors without my knowledge. We passed office after sumptuous office, all in modern decor and exuding wealth and prestige.

Finally we arrived at Campbell's. It was a crammed cubbyhole with two desks buried in a far off exotic corner of the building. It had one window. Peering at me over a pile of manuscripts was John W. God, Jr.

"Well, hello there young fellow," he said. He seemed very glad to see me. Miss Tarrant retired to the other desk, and burrowed into a stack of papers. I introduced myself, and said I wanted to show him some samples. "I'd like to do some art for Astounding...er, Analog," I said.

"Fine; let's see what you've got," JWC Jr. said.

So I began trotting out samples. One of them was a line drawing of a B-70 type plane launching a space vehicle. I figured a little extrapolation would impress John. Little had I realized.

"That's all very well," he said, "but we're several steps beyond that, now. A fellow over at Westinghouse was telling me about one design in which there is one engine which functions as a jet, a ram-jet, or a rocket! This way a plane takes off from the ground and flies all the way to Mars!" He looked searchingly at me for a few moments.

"Now that's engineering," John W. Campbell, Jr. said to me.

Then he proceeded to tell me about the wonderful engineers at Westinghouse--or wherever it was, maybe IBM or Rand or GE. These certainly were wonderful engineers though.

"One fellow has built himself a home in the suburbs, which has a stream running through it, and he has built a fresh-water swimming pool!"

Our conversation ran along this line for a bit. If I honestly thought he was throwing out ideas for me as an artist to pick up on, well then I guess I should've had a few samples with swimming pools in them. One picture showed a man "flying" in space, from a front-on view. For a model I'd used a photo of a man diving into a pool which had once graced the cover of This Week magazine. (Make no mistake: I work heavily from photos, at least for poses.) "This is anatomically impossible," said JWC Jr. "It's engineered all wrong."

"I took it from a photo," I said.

"It's engineered completely wrong," Campbell said. Then he did an about-face, and began telling me about distortion. "We had one fellow who used to do some work for us...you remember Edd Cartier? Now he could draw a man running, and make one leg twice as long as the other, and it

would look perfect! He knew distortion, young man!"

"I wonder how he engineered it," I muttered into my beard.

"Anyway," said Campbell, giving a final glance at the drawing, "he looks like a chipmunk."

After he'd run his fingers through the remaining samples, John leaned back in his chair, looked at me, and said, "Well, you have a start there. I'd like to see your work again, some time." I stared at him for a moment. It was pretty obvious he wasn't impressed.

"Have you any suggestions?" I asked. It never hurts, and sometimes it works out. This time it didn't, although Campbell did indeed have a suggestion.

"You need to work on characterization," John W. Campbell, Jr. said. "Here's an exercise for you: draw a picture of two men. These men are identical twins--they look exactly alike. One of them, however, is a real mean, unpleasant person. The other, his brother, is basically decent, but hard-biting and practical. Now, they should be outwardly identical, but still to someone looking at their pictures their character should be obvious and distinguishable. Now, of course, I can't promise you anything, if you do this. But this would be for your benefit, of course.

"Now, you work that up, and then come see me again."

I had risen and was about to leave, when I noticed a drawing by Larry Ivie on top of a file. "Oh," I said. "I see you have some stuff by Ivie." I intended this as only a passing comment, but Campbell seized upon it with fervor.

"Yes, we're not too happy with his work," he said. "Miss Tarrant, would you get me the others? They're in the 'indefinite' file." She brought over five or six drawings, all to a story by Avram Davidson and Randall Garrett. The story and illos appeared just a month or so ago. Campbell sorted through them until he found the one of a man and an alien beast.

"Just look at this animal, would you," Campbell said. "Why, those legs are engineered completely wrong. It wouldn't be able to walk. The way bones are put together is just a problem in engineering. 'Given: a specific gravity and the subsequent weight of the animal. Postulate: the best possible support.' It's a matter of engineering design, to find the proper locations for joints, the thicknesses of bones, size of muscles, and so forth. And Ivie's animal here is just not properly engineered. That beast would never get off the ground."

"Ivie told me he did a good deal of research on that animal," I said. "And, after all, he was following a description in the story. He said he researched it all so as to make it look exactly as described by Davidson and Garrett."

"Well..." said JWC Jr., "he just doesn't know engineering."

He dropped the drawings back onto a pile, and sifted about until he came up with a van Dongen drawing. "Now, this man is an Engineer," Campbell said. "Here's a man who is really practical. Why, he's the

only man I know who could take a jeep apart out in the middle of a desert --completely strip that machine down into each component--and then re-assemble it into a vehicle that would run even better!" He looked at the rather poor drawing for a moment and then looked up. "Now there's the kind of artist we want for this magazine!"

This has been about my trip to Analog Country.

QUARTET IN F: I read Larry Shaw's editorials in AXE anent drafts and dodging with something more than academic interest. A couple of days ago, see, I went down to 39 Whitehall St. and spent eight very un-academic hours with the Army, trying to find out whether I was in suitable shape to Do My Bit For Our Society.

I am not at all convinced that the Army is the answer for our obligations to society, but I'll get to that in a minute. First I'd like to tell you about this senseless ordeal we went through which they call "Pre-Induction Physical".

There was no organization. Although the Army has presumably processed thousands of men each day at 39 Whitehall (the building serves all five boroughs of New York City), there has been no system evolved. Time after time we were bottled up, perhaps 200 of us, in a room, only to be passed through the far door singly, and then allowed to stand, milling, in another room full of a like number of men. Instead of stringing us out, you see, and keeping a constant stream of men evenly flowing past the examiners, they sent us through in large groups. For this reason, I'd say that of the eight hours I spent in that building (without food, and after very little sleep the night before), at least five hours were totally wasted, standing in lines. This impairs the Army's efficiency, of course--the clogged rooms and corridors of men slowed down processing, since less men could be accomodated in the building at any given time. If we'd gone through in three instead of eight hours, they could've handled at least twice as many men, and with less sweat.

One reason for the slowness and inefficiency was that while a large number of men were ready to handle very easy tasks, only one or two would be assigned to the time-consuming ones. For instance, at the very beginning, a group of "doctors" sat at six desks and we split into lines to move past them. These stalwarts of Medical Science asked only one question, putting it to about three men at a time (they were very annoyed if, when you reached them, you asked them to repeat the question): "What color are your hair and eyes?" Each of us in turn would hand one of these men our papers, and he would note down our answers without glancing up. Had I said I had blond hair and green eyes, I'm sure he'd have noted it. However, immediately after filling in the little boxes for "hair" and "eyes" each examiner would also scrawl "normal" in a box marked "Color Vision--What Test Used?". At no later point were we checked for actual color-blindness.

Okay, so we stream through this room, past our respective desks, at almost double-time. Immediately beyond we are drawn up short in a large room, which we fill. Beyond it, in the very small next room, is one man, a very slow old codger, looking at ears and throats. I waited in the larger room for forty-five minutes.

Much later in the day, after an examiner had noticed my beard and the fact that I had scored an absolutely perfect paper on the written intelligence test, I was sent to room 303B for psychiatric examination.

When I got there, there were at least three hundred men ahead of me, crowding and milling about in several large rooms just this side of 303B, waiting entrance. Inside: one man, actually replete with a small white goatee and a Viennese accent, who spent an average of five to ten minutes on each man.

Just writing this down cold doesn't really give you much of the feeling of it, I know. For me those eight hours dragged on into an indeterminate Hell: one of the cold, dreary kinds, filled with an aching futility, rather than a red-hot torment. I stood hours in lines, my legs and back aching for relief, the walls of my stomach alternately pressed against each other and then pushed apart by the bloating gas of severe hunger--and all around me I saw countless examples of stupidity and gross inefficiency.

At one point, for instance, I waited in front of a desk five minutes while two "classification officers" argued over what the average IQ was. The average IQ is always 100, because that's the way tests are calibrated. But one of these lunkheads (who insisted, first off, that the men who appeared before him were representative samplings of the whole population) stated dogmatically that the average recruit who appeared before him had an IQ of 61, and that the average spread for this country was 50 to 100. Then he looked at my papers, and my test score, and did a double-take. Good grief.

So much for the Armed Services Classification System, or lack thereof.

IN WHICH I GRIND AN AXE: In AXE #14, Larry Shaw stated, in support of his stand that to avoid the draft (by fair means or foul--and I think it is unfair to attack legitimate 4-F's who are not unhappy with their lot) is baaaad:

"The rest of us all take something from society--and owe it something. And if there is even a little an individual can do to help, he should do it."

I agree. Oh, I agree absolutely. I've never considered myself an island apart from society. I am extremely dependent upon society for most of my pleasures: books, magazines, records, and most of the rest of The Good Life. Thrown out into the frontier life, I might make a go of it, but I wouldn't choose the life of self-sufficiency voluntarily.

But what, I ask you, has any of this to do with the Armed Services? Of what "help" am I to society, cut off from it and serving time with a tax-supported made-work boondoggle?

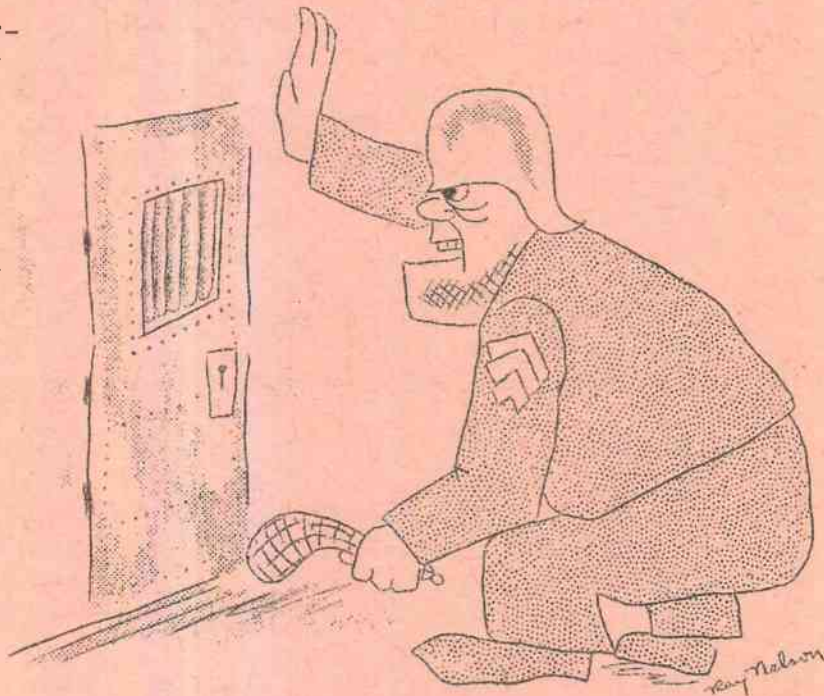
At the present time, despite the increased drive for recruits, the Berlin Crisis, and many such etceteras, there still is no valid reason for a person of any intelligence or talent to spend two years in the Service. He carries out tasks, and does needed work, but most of that work is needed solely because he is there. A large task force has been created to take care of the work it creates. For every man trained for the front lines, five or more must be found to man the desks and typers, to keep those forms in quintuplicate circulating. And each of these men is fed and housed at society's expense.

Why? Not because the Army serves any concrete and present value. It has none. The soldier is fulfilling no function useful to society; he

exists as a stockpile against some possible future need. Like the insurance policies, scrimped and paid for over many years, the army is purely and simply a drain upon the talent and wealth of society. And, like too many insurance policies operative today, if we ever try to cash in, we may find the policy quickly cancelled.

Today our country is simply stockpiling men as it stockpiles atomic weapons, as a threat against the future. And I have a feeling that the atomic stockpile is going to obsolete the footsoldier in one quickly burning moment.

To return to a more personal level, I don't think I would be of any use to the Army unless I were put into a position in which I could act creatively and intelligently, and you don't get there by being drafted; you enlist and try for officer-training. Otherwise, I'm sure the stupidity rampant among the rank-and-file would rankle me to an extreme, and I'd probably end up a definite liability to the Army. (The psychiatrist who examined me seemed to agree, although I don't know yet what my classification will be.) In any GI function I would probably be less useful than my phlegmatic IQ - 90 nextdoor neighbor. I'm clumsy with my hands, woefully uncoordinated muscually, weak, and I'm compulsively nervous. My few talents lie in my head.



And, on the other hand, those talents such as I may possess (down SaM, down boy!) are most useful to society in the fields of arts and letters. Left alone to pursue my career, I might (no guarantee) be a successful and worthwhile author, editor, philosopher, or somesuch. And I can't help preferring to be of such a positive benefit to my society, over the thought of being a professional killer, or one of the men behind such a man.

And this brings us to the ethical question.

We are taught many contradictory beliefs. For example: It is one of the worst of all sins to kill another person. But, it is good to defend oneself, even to the point of killing one's attacker. And it is a short step from the second premise to its corollary: The best defense is offense; one is safer (and just as good) to Get The Other Guy First, before he can attack.

I may be naive, and in some respects my personal philosophy is contradictory (show me one of us who needn't admit this!), but I feel I must basically uphold the first tenet: murder is evil.

And thus for me it thereby follows that any doctrines which condone

murder, encourage it, or ignore it, are in themselves evil. To put it on a less superstitious plane: the advocacy of murder is corrosive to the soul; it belittles the human being, and weakens oneself as a human being.

I am convinced that many of the worst aspects of our society--the general intellectual dishonesty and the flagrant abuse of human dignity now so prevalent which breeds actual crimes, among them civil murder; the lack of respect many hold for their peers (and perhaps for themselves); indeed the entire moral and ethical breakdown now gathering momentum--I am convinced that this is generally owing to the last two great wars and subsequent "policing" which has so bitterly conditioned the humanity out of intrinsically humane men. I think it can be traced to the conflict set up in minds conditioned from birth against the crime of murder when these men are taught murder. (Ever have any experience with bayonet training? Men are taught to scream as they lunge at a dummy. The training is designed to bring out the murder instinct--and an enjoyment of killing and screaming. Once taught, it does not vanish overnight with an honorable discharge, and perhaps a couple of medals for Efficient Application...)

The Army is, indeed, one of the strongest corrupting factors in our society. If society, then, is a word with any meaning, if it stands for anything worth supporting, it does not stand for civil destruction and, if we are to be honest about it, "the little an individual can do to help" should be directly motivated against wars, and Armies.

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK in fandom recently about Frozen Foods. A few of fandom's more uncouth sorts have been writing about frozen food in their publications, and the latest was an entire article by a fan from the bohemian slums of Newark, N. J. about the methods of preparing Frozen Foods and taking them, and the effects of them, which he compared favorably with those of canned foods.

I think this has gone too far. There are a lot of impressionable children in fandom--mere youths of no more than twenty--who from reading this may feel they can simply go out and purchase frozen foods, or, worse, freeze their own. I think such irresponsible talk should be stopped.

Therefore, I've made it a point to find out all about Frozen Foods. I did this by calling up an authority in the field, a crop-picker. He gave me an earfull.

Frozen foods, you know, are still legal because they resemble, when thawed, fresh cooked foods. It is not immediately obvious that these foods have been frozen, and then unfrozen. This is, of course, an obvious danger.

We all know about the freezing process. It's done by slowing down the speed of the molecules of the food. In normal food, the process of decay sets in as the speed of the molecules increases. This creates friction, and from that, heat. Slow heat rots the food.

However, what is forgotten is that this rot is caused by breaking down the fibres of the food until they're all so short that the food loses identity and becomes inedible.

Now: while freezing slows down the molecules, and thus forestalls

normal decay, it also, by individual freezing action, breaks down the fibres of the food, so that while it looks normal, all its fibres are broken.

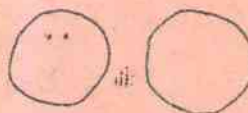
I hope I don't have to spell out for you the inherent danger of this, especially coupled with the practice resorted to by some of the beatnik fans (like that one in Newark) of "getting full" on frozen food. The insidious and widespread promulgation of frozen food, as should be obvious, is breaking down the very fibre of American civilization.

I trust there will be no rebuttals to this decisive article, since, as an M.D., I know just about all there is to know about this subject.

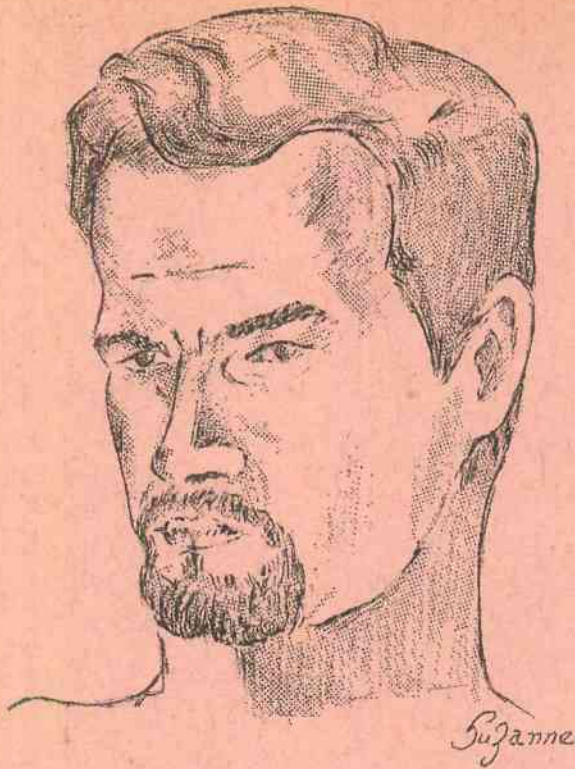
Hell, from the foregoing, that should be obvious.

-ted white

Grok me Daddy, eight to the bar.



JUST
THINK OF IT...
I'VE BEEN
SITTING HERE
ALL EVENING
TALKING TO
AN ORANGE.



"That's a pretty good likeness," said Sandy when Suzanne showed her the original of the sketch of me on the left. "But I've never seen Terry looking so mean and menacing. Bitchy, yes, but never mean and menacing."

"Well," said Suzanne, "he fell asleep before I finished drawing the eyes."

COMMENTS
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SON being mailing common
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g how terribly consistent i am

ANKUS 1: BRUCE PELZ

The exigesis to "Silverlock" is a worthwhile thing (not to mention A Wonderful Thing), and is much appreciated. I was a bit surprised and quite happy to see it appearing in FAPA. I imagine I'll get a bit bored with it after seeing it in SAPS and OMPA too, though.

I've been agitating for years to get those transplanted New Yorkers in Berkeley to finish writing "Pal Jesus," so I'm glad to see your formal challenge. ("Pal Jesus" is a New York fandom project, not one of Berkeley fandom's; it just happens that most of the New Yorkers concerned are now in Berkeley--or, in Trina's case, in L.A.)

I don't recall ever hearing "Stop Me If You've Heard This One," but do you remember "It Pays To Be Ignorant"? Who the hell were the panelists on that one? And how the hell did that theme song go?--"It pays to be ignorant,/To be dumb, be a dope, to be ignorant/...?"

DIFFERENT v.2 n.3: SAM & CHRISTINE MOSKOWITZ

"Several of you ask how come I criticize (FAPA material) without writing. My answer is--do the Broadway critics write plays? Seldom!" Your analogy is invalid, Christine. Broadway critics are not playwrights, but you are a member of FAPA; as such, it behooves you to take an active part in raising the standards of FAPA material if you feel they're too low.

If it's true, as I hear it is, that you intended "A-Case-Of-Character" humorously, then Burbee can rest easy on his laurels. This latest challenge to Burbee's FAPA supremacy as humorist somehow misses. I'd suggest you go read Stephen Leacock again, Sam.

Despite the tone of some of the above, it was nice to see you in a mailing for which it was not necessary for you to publish in order to retain your membership. Come again, like.

THE RUNNING JUMPING AND STANDING STILL MAGAZINE: MAL ASHWORTH

One of the standouts of the mailing. I love the title (but I don't think I'll love it when I try to lettering it in here), and especially dug Sheila's article. Doc Weir was good too and I only wish I could say try to get more from him. Your own article, Mal, was a nice tour-de-force and like that, but I didn't bother to read past the first few paragraphs. Anyhow, it seems to me Tedsyl White have already done this bit. (KLEIN BOTTLE #1.)

Fine mailing comments. You seem a bit off about Wyatt Earp, though. A few years ago he came out with an as-told-to autobiography in which he himself admitted that he shot in the back, premeditatedly, the man who had murdered his brother. You may be right that this was the only way that Justice Would Be Done (but I thought you were against capital punishment?), but in any case shooting in the back seems to qualify as a sufficiently "nefarious activity" that you might better understand those who are down on Earp.

TARGET: FAPA: DICK ENEY

That's fine news, that you're going to do the fapanthology for the 100th mailing. Naturally we won't be expecting a really representative collection of FAPA's best, since after all and despite Boggs some of FAPA's best is among the mailing comments, which just wouldn't fit into an anthology except possibly for occasional excerpts. And anyway, how would you squeeze in such things as Tucker's "Vandals of the Void," Ashworth's "I Dreant I Crept in Marble Crypts," Harris' "Through Darkest Ireland," etc.--all fine pieces which are just too long.

I don't have my FAPA collection here in New York, Ted's is in very little order, and most of Pete's is still back in Berkeley too, so I can't make very many suggestions for reprints. You're right that a large percentage will have to be given over to the Insurgents, but you may be underestimating the percentage of reprintworthy material Warner has turned out by himself--probably more than Burbee, Laney and Rotsler all put together. (Ghod, what a mental image that last phrase brings...)

My only definite reprint-suggestion for now is that goddam poem by Bill Venable or somebody which Venable published several years back and which Willis reprinted in, I believe, HYPHEN. Corny it was, but it was good corn.

The rest of my favorite FAPA pieces which come to mind are so obvious ("Wilde Heir," "Stibbard the Gay," etc.) that I won't bother mentioning them.

Actually, though, a train of thought from several lines back keeps filtering up from my subconscious, and I have an Idea. Since mailing comments are such an integral part of FAPA, perhaps we should have a separate publication devoted to them. Since they make up so much of the total FAPA wordage, I should think the publication would have to be a lengthy one to be at all representative--say, at least 200 pages. And since we should have a neat-looking publication, I think Redd Boggs should be the one to compile and publish it. What say you?

THE NEHWON REVIEW: REDD BOGGS

You may be able to count 50 waitinglisters who'd be delighted to have the empty space on FAPA's roster that would be left by your resignation, but I can count 65 FAPA members who'd be unhappy about that empty space, no matter who filled it. And in any case, betcha most of those waitinglisters would rather you were still in FAPA when they get in.

Your rationalization, carried to its logical conclusion (oh all right:

carried to its reductio ad absurdum), would have us all feeling that it would be peachy if Bradley, Burbee, the Busbys, Calkins, the Clarkes and Coulsons, Danner, Phyllis Economou, Ellik, Eney, Grennell, Lee Hoffman, Leman, Raeburn, Rotsler, Speer, the Trimbles and Whites and Harry Warner all resigned so that we could admit all of the waitinglist down to Mike Deckinger. Indeed, sir!

You may look upon yourself as deadwood, but you know what I think of FAPA deadwood--or at least you do if you read "Tailgate Ramble" in the last issue.

SALUD 7: ELINOR BUSBY

Fine drawing by Bjo. Very fine stencilling, also. # Re: casting for The Presidential Hour. I think Ron Ellik would serve as a delightful John F. Kennedy. He would be very fine. He has the youth and capability that Kennedy affects.

I like your habit of quoting from books. I really love books.

Have you noticed how much Lee Sapiro looks like Burbee? He has the same lean, dark, strongly-cheekboned appearance.

Lee is in his early thirties. There is a wonderful story about him which I will tell you. He used to be, in the late forties, a prozine letterhack. Those were the great days of racists in the lettercols, and one of the worst of them was Edwin Sigler. Lee crossed swords with him once on the subject of Negro inferiority, and Sigler wrote to him privately, saying that he obviously could not see the inferiority of Negroes because he himself was a Jew, as was apparent from his name. (I don't think this is true, by the way.) Lee was absolutely infuriated. Just then he remembered that in the same mail he had received a check from the government--something to do with veterans' compensation, I believe--which was literally found money. So he bought an airplane ticket to Sigler's home town (halfway across country), visited the man and punched him in the nose. Then he got back on the plane and came home. (He was then living in Los Angeles.)

Forry Ackerman told me that story on the way to a GGFS meeting once. Lee was at the meeting, and I said, "Did you really go all that way just to punch him in the nose?" "Well, I hit him several times."

Very sensible.

THE LAREAN 8: RON ELLIK

This is all fine stuff which I enjoyed reading throughout. Especially dug the juffustyle linos.

Fie on you for not recognizing the term "farooof". It was coined in a blaze of artistic and linguistic inspiration one evening by your sometime roommate Jim Caughran, who had a glass of homebrew beside him at the time. In fact, it was coined right on a stencil which was subsequently run off and distributed through FAPA. Don't you memorize every word in every FAPA mailing? Boy, it's a good thing that damning bit of information didn't get around while the TAFF voting was going on!

Come to think of it, I sometimes have the impression that Eney memorizes every mailing backwards.

"...what is your reason for knowing any history at all (except for interesting stories) except to base predictions of the future on it?"

Well, like any branch of knowledge, history aids us in developing a firmer grasp of reality--and moreso than most branches, since it takes the function of telling us where we came from and why, thus giving us a pretty good idea of what we're doing here.

V. Paul Nowell's only other claim to any sort of fame (aside from DIFFUSE and Cult membership) was that he was the brother of Andy Nowell, who "became a BNF overnight" at the SFCon. The Great White Zrov said so himself.

HORIZONS 87: HARRY WARNER

"It is quite possible that more members are inhibited by (GMC's) presence than anyone admits." "Turned off" is the mot juste.

Regarding number of pages published: several months ago, mostly for the hell of it and partly as a ploy on the Los Angeles Syndrome as described last issue by Pete, I worked up an index of all the fanzines I've ever published. The damn thing ran to six pages, with footnotes (making it perhaps my all-time favorite of my fannish ploys: it fulfilled this year's SAPS publishing requirements), and added up to something like 1500 or 1700 pages, as I recall. Most of the zines were published in collaboration with somebody else, of course--even as this very zine you're reading. Lessee...there were 227 zines listed in that report ...that makes this LIGHTHOUSE #233, I think. Foosh.

I like Walt Disney movies. Hell, I like damn near all movies... though I must admit that in the past month I've walked out on no less than two of them. The first one was a dreadful B British movie about WWII in Southeast Asia, and we left about the time the secret British agent hidden in the jungle showed our heroes into his secret cave where he had loads of nice furniture and offered them some vintage wine with the comment, "Even here I try to preserve a modicum of civilization..."

But come to think of it, the second one we walked out on was a Disney production: "The Horse With The Flying Tail".

So you get a sense of wonder contemplating the transcontinental Highway 40. Have you seen George R. Stewart's "U.S. 40"? It consists mostly of photographs of the entire length of the highway. Check your library for it--it was a popular item in the libraries six or seven years ago, and most libraries probably have it.

"The Undermen" was absolutely terrible, but in "One Man's Environment" you were back to your usual fascinating level.

STEFANTASY 47: BILL DANNER

I'm surprised you haven't tried "COLLECTORS' EDITION!" on your cover. Or, for that matter, "OUR PRICE, FREE--cheap". Or am I right in assuming you pay no attention to Famous Monsters of Filmland or Mad?

This was a good issue, despite the lack of dag. Especially liked the Michael Frayn reprint. More?

A PROPOS DE RIEN 7: JIM CAUGHRAN

That's really a classic Nelson cartoon: "I saw the best minds of my generation, starving, hysterical, mad..."

"I'd say that the lack of Spring, lack of much variation in weather, cold summers, etc., and just plain prejudice against, are the things which I don't like about bar area wether." I do believe you're well on your way to taking Max Keasler's place as the person who makes the most delightful typos in fandom. First "farroof," now this classic sentence. Most people's typos are caused by gremlins; yours are caused by a muse.

I'm curious about why so many people make statements like "Children ideally brought up would not need pornography as a secret stimulant, though they might have an interest in serious discussions of sex." There always seems to be a tacit assumption that an interest in being aroused by descriptions of sexual objects and/or acts is unhealthy. Is it?

Anyway, I think kids no matter how "well brought up" will always have an interest in sex--the object is to help them learn what it is and how it works, without "moral" overtones. This, done ideally well,

would give them a healthy attitude toward sex (by definition: a healthy attitude is one which involves a complete awareness of reality)--but I don't think it would make them uninterested in "sexy writing".

LIMBO 7: BILL DONAHO

That's nice introspection in your comments on WHY IS A FAN? Someday you should expand it to twenty or fifty pages of autobiography.

Jazz and comic strips? This country's greatest contributions to world culture are hot dogs and whipped cream in pressurized cans.

THE RAMBLING FAP 26: GREGG CALKINS

There was an FFM/FN novel called "The Slayer of Souls," as I recall --that the one you mean? By Robert W. Chambers, it was, and I think it was in one of those smaller-than-pulp trimmed-edges issues right at the end of the mag's run.

I agree that anti-fraternity feelings are pretty silly. I was in a small frat at S. F. City College, and enjoyed it very much. The usual objections to fraternities include the hazing practices and racial/religious discrimination. Well, it's difficult to stand up for some of the hazing (though at City College this was quite mild), but the prime point in the matter is that nobody is forced to join a fraternity and undergo such treatment--people can always organize a social group which as a matter of policy does not indulge in such things. As for discrimination, that was outlawed at CCSF but practiced tacitly anyway. There was a Negro fraternity and a Negro sorority, and they were both respected by the other groups...but there was little or no socializing between them and the white groups. And there were no Negroes in any of the other groups. On the other hand, in our frat for example we had a couple of Jews and a Moslem who could hardly speak English--the discrimination was almost completely nonexistent on that campus except in the case of Negroes, which is after all the strongest-entrenched area of discrimination in this country. Even so, I'll bet if the administration ever really cracks down and enforces the anti-discrimination rule regarding fraternity/sorority charters, there won't be too much fighting against the crackdown. In our group there were one or two antiNegro types and the rest of us wouldn't have cared; the separation of the races continued primarily on momentum, with no Negroes ever applying for memberships in the white fraternities, or vice-versa.

And yet again on the other hand (I always carry a spare), CCSF is a comparatively low economic status college. In larger universities where fraternities and sororities come complete with permanent houses and fantastic dues and members with Jaguars, racial discrimination is undoubtedly more strongly entrenched. And among such groups, composed as they are of offspring of comparatively wealthy families, mostly spoiled, the more infantile forms of hazing are probably more widespread too.

I don't really know; the only contact I've had with such groups was when I was (briefly) on the staff of the California Pelican, UC's humor magazine. There was a great deal of internal dissension between frat types and non-frat types. I was at one party thrown by the frat faction, and found it a drag--it was thrown for the ostensible purpose of helping new staff members become acquainted with others of the staff, but actually its purpose was to get the new members in the fratboys' camp; none of the older nonfrat staff members had been invited. It proved to be an utter drag because, it being a semi-official Pelican staff conference, there were practically no females there--and believe me, when the real fraternity types gather by themselves it is dull. Females would have brightened up the evening greatly, simply because females are always interesting. Even hardcore sorority girls. Oh well.

CHURN 2: ART & NANCY RAPP

According to a fair amount of research this year (asking a lot of people questions, that is), it seems that almost all males prefer women with long hair, and almost all females simply can't be bothered. This seems strange to me--granted long hair can be a bother, but if women were as all-fired interested in presenting an appearance pleasing to men as they sometimes claim to be, they'd take advantage of the tremendous (ofttimes) advantages in this respect of long hair. I wonder how many women with fashionably short hair realize how terribly one-up is a woman with long hair, from the male standpoint?

Ghod yes--"The March of Time" is skatekey as all hell. It was presented by the editors of Time and Life.

Are those real Rotslers in "The Tattered Dragonette," or was Nancy parodying him?

VANDY 12: BUCK & JUANITA COULSON

My favorite story at the moment of kids' bright sayings concerns an incident a few months ago when Kirsten Nelson was shopping at a supermarket, with 3-year-old Walter Trygve Nelson along. While they were wandering around the aisles, Walter T. spied a plastic rocketship which he wanted desperately, so Kirsten bought it for him. "Oh boy!" Walter T. was hollering, "I've got a spaceship...ZOOOOOM inna outer space!"

The man behind the counter, in that patently patronizing way so many adults have, asked him, "Little boy, where did you ever learn anything about space ships?"

"NASHNUL FANNASY FAN FED'RATION!" said Walter T.

He oughtta be on the Welcommittee.

MOONSHINE 29: RICK SNEARY

Were those "Words on Behalf of the Moskowitz's" intended to be as beautifully deadly as they turned out? Ghod, I wish I'd written that page!

When I was in Berkeley I worked with the Mending Division of the U. C. Library; technically, my title was Mending Assistant, but I didn't do any of the actual mending of books. I checked over their tired, their poor, and decided what was to be done with them--rebinding, mending, or whatever--and kept records and statistics on all the work done. Anyway, partly because it was fairly important to the performance of my duties and partly because the head of the Mending Division liked me, I got to know a fair amount about bookmending even though I never did any of it personally. So you ask how to flatten water-warped books. Elementary, my dear Sneary...you simply wet them thoroughly, page by page, and press them tightly for a day or three. Takes any curl or buckle right out. (Note: for best results, carefully disengage the interior of the book from the board covers--the two boards and spine will come off in one piece--before pressing. Press the boards separately.)

As for the treatment for mold and such, I don't know so much about that. As I recall, it involved treatment with special chemicals and a helluva lot of painstaking work which was usually reserved for only really valuable editions. Otherwise, you scrape the damn mold or whatever off as gently as possible, trying to leave the print on. This may not be possible.

Wetting-and-pressing waterlogged books tends to get rid of a lot of the musty smell of which you complain.

But mainly, to answer your questions collectively: you can't take care of books which have been damaged by water, mold and etc. without a lot of patience and painstaking work. If the things aren't really important to you, just give them the basic wet-and-press treatment.

THE LURKING SHADOW v2 n1: CHUCK HANSEN

I'd be quite fascinated by an article on "witchcraft or sorcery ...branch of applied psychology...the real thing, deadly and vicious". How about working one up for next issue?

I think it was volume 3 of Carter's "Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen" that I had trouble getting when I read the set several years ago. All three volumes were supposed to be in the S. F. Public Library, but no one could locate volume 3. And that was the one I particularly wanted, since it was to go deeply into the actual contents of the inner chamber. I don't think I ever did see that third volume--is it possible that it was planned but never published?

Loved the Walker cartoon on the last page.

PIPSISSEWA 1: CHARLES WELLS & JERRY PAGE

Don't know whatever happened to the Esperanto enthusiasm that one time swept fandom; all I know is that that bastion of Esperantism, Forry Ackerman, still wears his Esperanto button, and says he often runs into people who recognize it and address him in the language.

He also still wears his Science Fiction League button, which is a touch I just love.

The "fable for fapans" was delightful, but a bit inexact as a parable--GMC has never managed to get N'APA to attack FAPA. However, I like your point that her rantings in N'APA (and Higgs', from what Metcalf says) will keep the 102% Neffers off the FAPA waitinglist.

Dug the ploy in the closing notes. I don't know what comments Pete will have on your zine, but at least I know he won't put page numbers at the top of the pages.

IDLE HANDS 5: NORM METCALF

That Z-D story from circa '53 about the guy who beat his enemy to Mars by riding horseback across the plains to the takeoff point while the other guy was going by way of the Panama Canal (have I got that right?) sounds like an absolute delight. Can you give me more definite information on it? Who wrote it, and what issue did it appear in?

Boggs used to do fairly lengthy mailing comments in SKY HOOK, and was for some years among the top two or three Fapans in that category. But I suspect you knew this, and were just trying to ploy ole Redd. Tsk.

mc's are the friendliest thing two people can do

"DESCANT (Clarkes) ... Many of your best friends are Jews? After your darling article on spotting Jews, I can't imagine why. Perhaps I misinterpret your statements or else I am not attuned with your no doubt delightful sense of humor."

--Gregg Calkins, in THE RAMBLING FAP 26

"I remember at a party a student of philosophy said something about how horrible things were in the south and Bob said oh yes, he understood that the north treated the n-----s much better. The sarcasm went over the poor philoscoher's head and he leaped to his feet and asked Bob not to use such a word in his presence, and he ranted on and on about the organizations he belonged to and about how he felt about prejudice. I know that it is in the area of humor that the northern liberal, such as the philosopher, gives himself away."

--Eunice Reardon, in HABAKKUK 6

the 2.3 second minute

by robert linseed



Session One

She entered my office, a frail girl of eighteen.

"My name is Laura Lipton," she said as she brushed an hallucinatory spider from her shoulder.

"Laura Lipton!" The name leapt from my memory. This was the girl who had been on the front pages of every tabloid in the country! Laura Lipton, who only three weeks ago had beheaded six of her neighbors' children with a home-made onion-slicer.

"How do you do?"

She winced, knowing the depth of my seemingly innocent greeting. She realized that soon I would be involved, deeply involved, piecing together the fragments of her shattered ego, here a piece, there a piece. And by helping her, I would be helping myself. Because then I could publish a story about her, make lots of money.

She said, "I have a problem."

At this I grew extremely excited and waved my arms and legs and frothed at the mouth a bit. "You have a problem!" I screamed. "I, I have a problem! Why, I could tell you some stories that would...but never mind. State your case."

"All right, doctor," she said. A spiderweb fell from her hair and I crunched it.

"Laura, describe to me the traumatic origin of your present inability to relate in a non-schizophrenic manner to the beauties and wonders of maturity and adjustment."

She made no response.

"Think, girl, think." I slapped her face for encouragement.

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She grew pale as she sobbed hysterically.

"What is it, Laura? What are you thinking about? Tell me, trust me; I want to help you, care for you, handle your stocks."

She looked up at me, naked, defenseless. "I am thinking that my cheek hurts where you slapped me."

"But the spider! What about the spider?"

She opened her mouth to speak but just then the alarm clock rang, reminding me that the first session with Laura Lipton was concluded.

Session Two

She entered my office, a plump girl of twenty-two.

"Now then, Laura. You seem to be much better today." (I reached around my chair to pat myself on the back--a small token of affection I sometimes indulge in.)

"I ate a hearty breakfast, doctor."

I knew then that hypnosis would be necessary.

"Laura," I said in my most soothing, sexy voice, "I want us to play a game. I want you to close your eyes while I tell you what to do. This won't hurt a bit, but if it does, remember, it hurts me more."

She closed her eyes, but I found it impossible to continue since she was pacing the floor. Fortunately she soon bumped into an article of furniture and decided it would be better to sit this one out.

I began:

"Spit three times and touch the ceiling with your right index thumbnail."

This she did.

"Now, say four bloody marys, holding your left nostril closed with the tip of your latest wisdom tooth."

She complied.

Unfortunately the alarm rang at this point and I was forced to send Laura home in a rather awkward position.

Session Three

Laura Lipton returned, three weeks later, a frail girl of thirteen.

"Dr. Linseed," she begged, "please snap me out of this hypnoneurotic state--it stifles the psychopathology of my everyday life."

At last we were making progress.

She was still licking when the alarm rang.

She entered my office, a frail boy of eighteen.

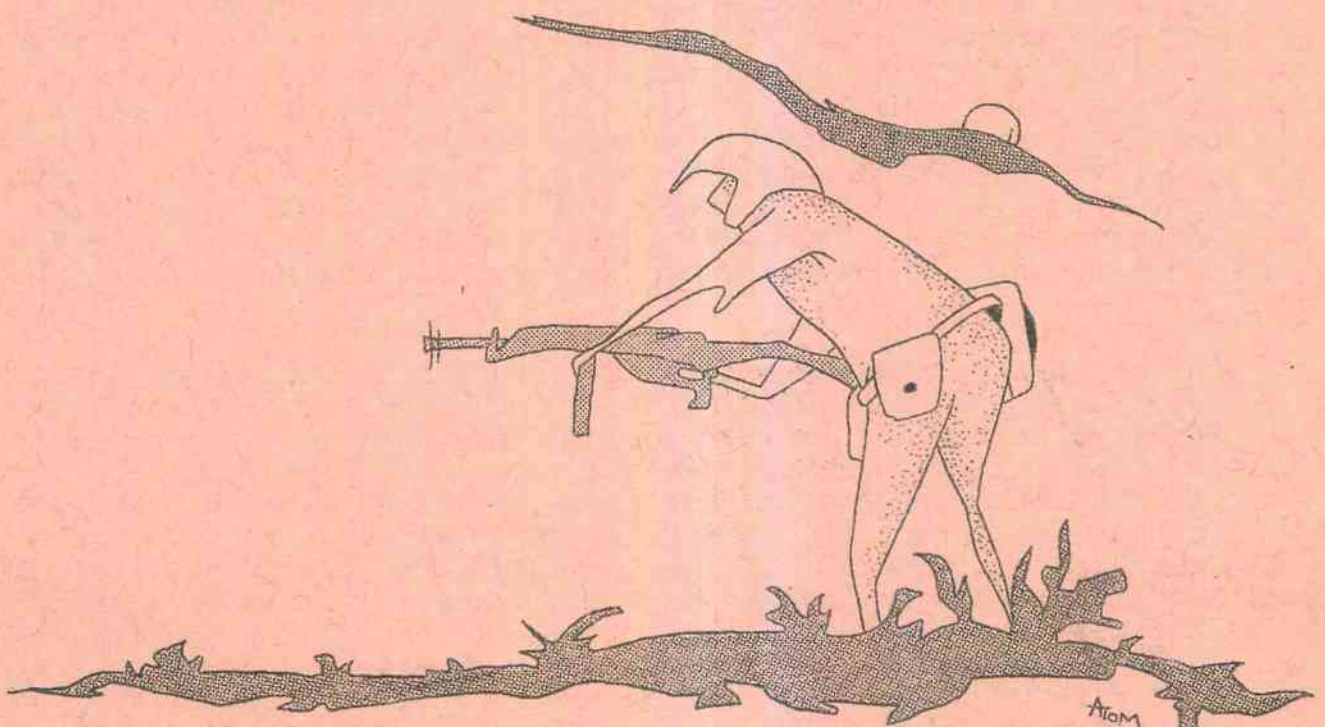
"But where have you been, Laura? I haven't seen you in nearly five thousand dollars!"

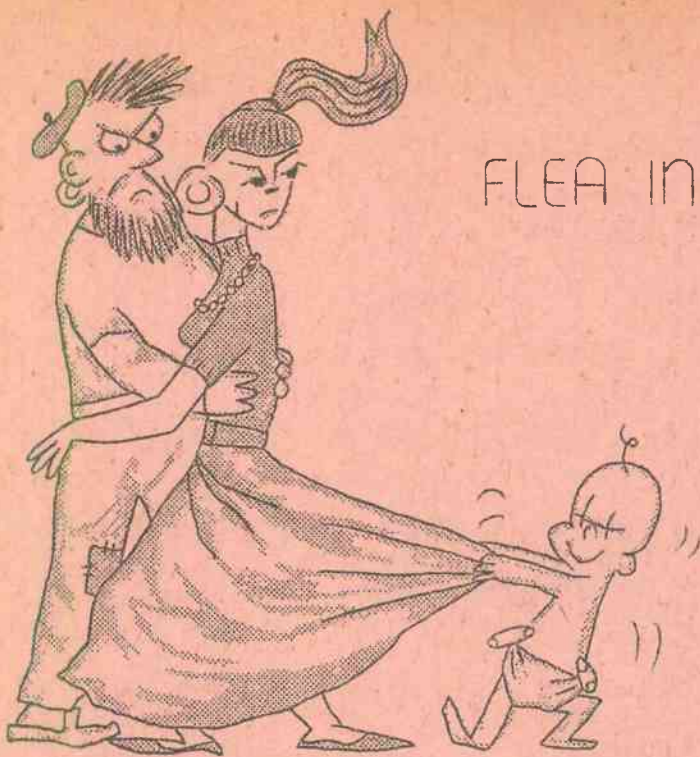
"Amazing. Amazing. Amazing," I repeated endlessly. "I am truly amazing."

I was still admiring myself when the alarm rang.

I attended four years at Brooklyn College, but received my B.A. at the New School, where I majored in Creative Writing. I admit to occasional dizzy spells, a strange ringing in my ears and a sprinkling of blackouts. However, I am in good physical condition. May I hasten to add that these minor ailments have never, in any way, at any time, interfered with my work.

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FLEA IN THE BEAT OINTMENT

by ray nelson

A while back I wrote an article for Bill Donaho's fanzine HABAKKUK called "How To Be A Beatnik". In that article I presented the Beat Life in as rosy a light as possible...I really entertained a wistful hope of recruiting someone.

Pete Graham has, unfortunately, pointed out that it can't be that good. Okay, okay, so I did gloss over a few embarrassing little details...but I think if I now present the drawbacks and problems of the Beat Life, the truth of the matter will be found somewhere in between.

I must admit right off that there are a few horny dilemmas faced by nearly every person who enters the Beat World. The worst of these problems can be summed up in one word: kids.

Whenever some anarchist starts outlining the perfect society where nobody bosses anybody else around, there is always some wise guy in the crowd who asks, "Well, if nobody bosses anybody else around, how are you going to keep the kids from running out in the street and getting run over?" I've heard a lot of answers to this question (one desperate anarchist even suggested the abolition of automobiles), but I have never seen anyone answer it reasonably and consistently. In practice all the anarchists I know, including myself, do push their kids around as much as or in some cases more than the squarest squares. Since I'm being painfully honest, let me admit that sometimes we gentle anarchists give the little angels a good stiff whack or three. It is not without a bad conscience, however. We have a lot of rationalizations and excuses for it, but the truth of the matter is that anarchism is an ideal and thus can never be more than approached in the real world.

Unfortunately, kids present other problems as well which are all but impossible to deal with within the strict bounds of bohemian customs. Marriage in bohemia is even more fragile than in the ordinary world. As often as not, sexual unions are so short-lived it isn't worth the trouble to legalize them. There's no particular harm in this...as long as nobody gets pregnant. When kids enter the picture, free love becomes much more difficult. If the "step-fathers" are changed too often, a child may not be able to adjust to them. I remember a rather painful discussion I had with the five-year-old son of one bohemian girl I lived with briefly. He woke with a nightmare and began calling for all his different "daddies" one by one. "Bill! Pete! Wilson! Max! Where are you?" he wailed. It wasn't easy to calm him down,

either. I mean, what could I say? Most of his fathers I didn't even know. Like so many Beat kids, this little guy is illegitimate, but he doesn't know it. He thinks his father was married to his mother and was killed in the war. The kid has a whole glorious mythology built up around this non-existent "real" father. "My daddy was a hero in the war. He was a fighter pilot and died saving his pal's life," says the kid. Actually the kid's biological father is still alive and a creep, but who would have the heart to tell the kid that? This father actually lives in the same neighborhood with his kid, even sees him in the street now and then, but never even says hello.

It's things like this that make me sometimes think that the first thing to do to become a Beatnik is to get yourself sterilized.

One thing that makes the problem even more acute is that the rebellion of many beats is first and foremost a rebellion against their parents and hence against families in general. When they set themselves "against society," they are really against mom and pop, particularly mom. I leave it to you to picture how these mom and pop haters feel when they become moms and pops themselves. Their frantic efforts not to be like their own parents are like insane shadow dances...they the shadows and their parents the substance.

Then of course there is the problem of child support. When a Beat couple breaks up it is very rare for the man to contribute anything to the support of the child. In fact, the mother rarely even asks for it, knowing that her beat lover simply doesn't have the money. All too often girls who hate the government and their parents find themselves forced to depend on these enemies for financial support, particularly if the child is too young to permit the mother to work. Even if there are several children, the responsibility for them rests on the mother and the mother alone in the event of a breakup. If she is lucky, she may find a new lover quickly. There are always other beats hovering around like vultures whenever a couple is breaking up, hoping to "get their ends in". (In fact, if the breakup isn't moving along fast enough to suit them, these friendly monsters will do anything they can to speed it up.) Also, I guess you know that life can be pretty rough for a kid born out of wedlock. It goes without saying that when his playmates find out he is a "bastard," they won't be backwards in reminding him of it, and their parents may not even allow them to play with him. The kid doesn't even know what "free love" is, but it is he, not his beatnik parents, who suffers for it.

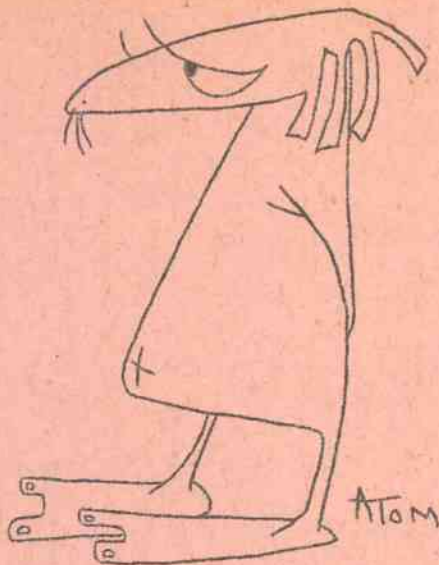
Sometimes I wonder why girls like beatniks at all. Don't they see how likely it is that they will be left holding the bag...or anyway the little bundle of joy? Don't they realize that even if they manage to find and pay for an abortion, it is not one of life's more pleasant experiences? Yet I know for a fact that girls--almost all girls, no matter how square--find beatniks fatally attractive. It is not beats who join lovelorn clubs or write to Ann Landers. Most beats that I know have more trouble keeping away from girls than in getting them. Girls must see something in beatniks, but don't ask me what.

I'm telling you quite honestly that I don't know how to deal with the problem of kids in beat society, and I don't know of anyone else who does. Solution of the problem is hampered by the beats' refusal to face it--they would rather talk about anything else whatsoever. It is the beat world's biggest skeleton in the closet.

--Ray Nelson

LOOKING BACKWARD

comments on fapa 96, by pete graham



CHURN 2: ART & NANCY RAPP

I'll start out by saying that I enjoyed the hell out of reading Elinor Busby's SALUD, but I have nothing to comment on except the fact that both she and you, Art, mention something about Sweden's suicide rate. I sure as hell wish I knew what the fascination is for suicide rates when people talk about countries that are supposed to be socialist; it only sounds morbid to me. I may come in late, but has anyone mentioned yet the outstanding statistical system Sweden is rumored to have which means it will report more suicides than, say, Catholic countries where a suicide is really a shameful business? ## What's this about all publications being required to state their circulation figures in their Statement of Ownership? LIGHTHOUSE has a circulation each issue of 120, is edited and published by P. Graham and T. Carr at its editorial offices at 163A W. 10 st., and nobody else holds any shares. Now we'll be the only FAPAns out of jail at the end of the year.

HORIZONS 87: HARRY WARNER

I feel as sure as I feel about anything that the name Jine has never been used because it sounds too much like vagina. I remember someone somewhere talking in an authoritative way about how the hard vowel sounds in the names of the sexual organs--penis, vagina--are objectionable for some reason or another, and the folk-culture has created the numerous softer euphemisms partially to answer this objection. ## I can't remember Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs apart either except for their physical attributes. ## That story is one of the worst things I've ever read. As we each read it Terry and I turned the page to find nothing but the next article. What happened, Harry? ## On the other hand, your long piece on Hagerstown is worth the rest of the mailing easily.

TARGET: FAPA: DICK ENEY

How on earth could you possibly ask a reviewer-critic "to indicate, percentage-wise, what portion of the significance Tolkein wrote into his story, and what percentage the reviewer read into it." Are you serious? ## Art Rapp's proposed comeback to the Japanese on their riots when Eisenhower was to visit--"We thought you were refined people"--would go over big, yessirree, with its assumed stereotype of the bowing, polite and probably inscrutable Oriental. ## You ground to smithereens one of Shakespeare's best puns; it's "pity 'tis, 'tis true", not "pity it is true." Don't mind me; it's the only line I know. ## Aside from

the fact that your constitution revision is exactly opposite in intention to what Boggs had in mind, you've got several substantive changes in it as well as changes in form, which doesn't seem quite cricket. ## You may have a point about fandom being a better escape route than a number of the ones you mention, but one thing several of them have over fandom is the necessity in them of relating to people in their physical presence. The thing that disturbs me most about fandom whenever I get up the energy to think about it is its obvious use as a substitution for physical relationships (see the stuff I have in this LIGHTHOUSE about surveys and the like). ## I wish you and Ted White would stop feuding. It's all so dull and boring and low-level and all. It's a crappy feud from both ends.

We are nits, picking

THE VENUS ORGANIZATION: BILL ROTSLER

Somehow these don't seem quite sophisticated enough for the market I gather you want to break into. The large photo also seems...sloppy, technically. Interesting idea, tho; hope it works.

LIGHTHOUSE 3: US

We found the Lighthouse Letters, of course; we'd print the relevant portions--good grief, I did mean portions--of Ellington's letter in this issue except that it's been at great trouble and tribulation that we've kept Ted from carrying on the debate in his column in LIGHTHOUSE. We Don't Want To Hear Any More About It. ## You who think it was thrown together are right. Boy.

DRIFTWOOD: SALLY KIDD

I heard the Second City Record, Sally, and am sorry to say I think it pretty second-rate stuff. Contrived, crowded...even corny. My favorite in this genre is the second Nichols-May record. I didn't even care much for Shelley Berman until I heard a recent record of his the other night which is great--"What'll I do with my heeul?" ## What's the matter with cold red wines? Chianti is delicious that way. So is red retcina, but I don't guess you... No. Or has Bob Ross ever taken you to the Hellas, just outside of the Loop? ## Dying of a progressive brain degeneration sounds like one of the 10 worst fates, even if it is only happening to a cat. ## I met you once about 2½ years ago for one evening and came away sort of lukewarm. I think I'd like to meet you again now.

THE LAREAN 8: RON ELLIK

Most of my best friends are Jews. I've almost forgotten what it is to be a meshugina goy. A Jewish acquaintance of mine keeps telling anecdotes to Terry, another goyischerkopf, and she constantly says to me, "Pete, tell him what a mensch is!" "Pete, describe sechl to Terry." (Dean Grennell Is A Mensch. Warner and Willis have sechl.) ## This is one of the best things in the mailing, Ron. Ghod, you natter well.

DESCANT 6: NORM & GINA CLARKE

I missed it. I know it wasn't in the mailing; I'm just saying that I missed it.

PHANTASY PRESS 33: DAN MC PHAIL

Dan, I wish I could help you to see that the attempted American invasion in Cuba was disastrous not because it failed, but because it was attempted at all. I am opposed to Castro-type regimes--I agree, roughly, that he is now cast in the mold of the Russian system--but I am also opposed to Cuba's being a US economic colony as it was. If the United States is truly to defend democracy, it must defend it everywhere in the world: and one of the cardinal points of democracy is the national right of self-determination. Deposing Castro in favor of an American-appointed, or -selected, regime is not democratic, Dan. Considering any political action toward the Russian-bloc countries cannot be considered by this country until it has cleaned up its own back yard; otherwise any measures the US takes will fail. The US's back yard includes the undemocratic government it supports in China and Algeria, for example. Also, it is not enough for me at any rate simply to say that X or Y is against communism and for the West. The truism remains just as true, even though it has become a cliché, to say that Hitler and Tojo were against communism also. Today, the Trujillo family, Juin and Salan in Algeria, Chiang...all are oppressive, totalitarian-styled dictators, all guilty of the most monstrous tortures against their opponents--and the US financially and militarily supports their regimes against their own opposition (or did until a very short time ago; Trujillo finally got boycotted near the end, but we still send arms to the NATO forces in Algeria). ## I suppose this is as good a place as any, since you comment on Busby's comments on me, Dan, to say that I think my comments about telephoning/making love etc. were a bit out of line too. Not as much as you and Buz may think, perhaps, but there was an element of selfconscious smugness there. ## Keep up the statistics; fun. I'm amused at my being involved in a fanzine that for the last two issues has been the largest in its mailing.

MOONSHINE 29: RICK SNEARY

A personal hell? An interesting idea. I would be alone, yet able to see people I know occasionally from afar; there would be no music or books; nor could I write or play anything. Yes, there would be others around: dancing, singing, writing; talking, making love, doing gymnastics. I would be 14. ## Fandom's Unofficial Detailchecker might be a good sobriquet for Metcalfe at that. That's FUD, remember.

VANDY 12: BOB & JUANITA COULSON

Since you ask, Bob, in two different places about the difference between socialism and communism I'll attempt to give you an answer without fear of coming on too strong. Actually, you've hit the nub of it, in your comments to Eney, where you distinguish between "communal (read social -pg) ownership" and "government ownership". To me as a socialist, that is why Russia is nothing like a socialist society: it is a state-owned and controlled society, as distinguished from being under the full political control of its population. In the classic sense, of course, Marx used socialism and communism interchangeably except in the Communist Manifesto where he wanted to distinguish himself from some utopian types (roughly Bellamy-like) which have long since disappeared from the scene; the Oneida Community types you mention, as a matter of fact. I follow Marx, generally speaking, and would deny that the Oneida Community, Russia or Sweden are socialist. Leaves me sort of out in the middle, doesn't it? ## You've got one thing in your favor in terms of longevity: you're not in a big city. New York and Chicago are incredibly filthy towns; the dust just hangs in the air. ## You know, in past issues of VANDY I've been very grotched and dis-

agreeing with you, but here all of a sudden you start saying all kinds of reasonable things: about the HUAC demonstrations, cops, and the like of that. Don't worry, I still realize you're a conservative. ## Generally speaking, I like Juanita's theories on music. I like the mc's, too; good chatter. ## You as a conservative, Juanita, and I as a radical, agree on one point that is very difficult to get across to virtually all liberals: the necessity of "tipping the scales in favor of minority groups" since "they've had the scales tilted the other way for far too long already." The purpose of doing this is not, of course, for the aim of "getting back" for all the past wrongs, but because it is the only way to finally root out the inequalities. So-called "fairness" on this question gives the upper hand to the anti-minority groups, since "fairness" usually means something centered around the status quo. The rest of your comments on the race question I would agree with as well. Some time I'm going to do up an article on The 19th-Century Liberal In Fandom, all about people like you and Ted White and Nan Rapp and a few others, who are for a number of programs labelled commonly as liberal such as anti-HUAC, intelligently anti-segregation, and so forth, but are generally opposed to bigness and bureaucracy in everything--Big Business, Big Labor, Big Government, and the like. It's an interesting syndrome that is not common outside of fandom, but I think may be quite common in fandom. The appellation of "19th Century" is strictly descriptive, and without a value-judgment, I guess you realize. ## Don't lawyers legate? Isn't that a word?

CATCH TRAP 95: MARION BRADLEY

I don't think baby-sitters are as bad as all that, Marion. Seems to me there is the occasional time when a couple might want to do something of a nature which would make it inconvenient to have a baby along. Of course it can be abused, and I'm opposed to the nightly baby-sitting routine. But let's say your child is up to, say, 2 years old and you want to go to a Fancy Expensive Restaurant. Or let's say you want to see a movie. I'm absolutely opposed to babies in theatres; they cry and create disturbances. Have you given up movies while your child grows to the age to appreciate them? I don't know why I went on at length about this.

THE NEWMON REVIEW 1: REDD BOGGS

Well, actually, Redd...I think you're right. I end up forcing myself to read at least half the mailing, and often at least a third simply doesn't get read. In a sense, you know, Christine Moskowitz has a (whisper it) point. Certainly I'm for your approach to FAPA; more genuinely worked-on material and less, far less, aimless rambling. On the other hand, I would hate to see FAPA become discussion-oriented in the manner of some of the more obnoxious discussion-zines of the day. I might add that I think you could help stimulate such a renaissance by something like SKYHOOK, or would that be asking too much?

A PROPOS DE RIEN 7: JIM CAUGHRAN

I have nothing against writing in a book unless it is someone else's; a library's, for example. Does it pain you to write in your own: or dog-ear the pages? I do it all the time; what else is a goddam book for, for crissake? ## On this note, I notice that when I write marginal notes I always address the author as "you"; "you are wrong", &c. Other people's marginal notes, it seems, are in the third person--"he is off his ass", "he makes a mistake in discussing thus-and-such."

LIMBO 7: BILL DONAHO

You express my feelings perfectly in the matter of being read aloud to, Bill. Ted has a penchant for reading things aloud, particularly his own work; I've expressed my displeasure at this often enough that he won't do it around me as a rule; problem is, Terry is an occasional victim himself of Writer's Group Syndrome and now and then likes to lie back for a pleasant hour or two with Ted of Reading Aloud from each others' Works. ## Maybe Washington State politics aren't so different now from most other states', but I think I even doubt that; there was a strong anarchist-libertarian trend there that took the form throughout the Pacific Northwest of a strong IWW movement. I heard once that, unbeknownst to anyone and least of all to each other, there was a period a few decades ago when the state assembly, or legislature, had a clear majority of card-carrying Communist Party members. Anybody know anything about that? ## I don't know about garroting cats, but I had a parakeet once which hung itself on a small string suspending a bell in its cage. ## One Broadway musical which didn't have its songs syruped down when made popular is My Fair Lady, though on reflection I don't think any of its songs became particularly popular. Perhaps On The Street Where You Live did, but it was gooey enough to begin with.

ELECTION RESULTS 1961: CURT JANKE

I guess some sort of explanation is due, though maybe it would be best for us to drop the subject. Up until the last moment we had been convinced the election was in November, and thus hadn't really thought too seriously about the matter. Saturday deadline night we realized the deadline for filing was then, so we took more hasty steps than we otherwise might have. Once we found out our opposition and realized how badly we'd Done It Again, we sort of listlessly gave up the whole idea as sort of pointless at this time. Looked sort of silly, didn't we?

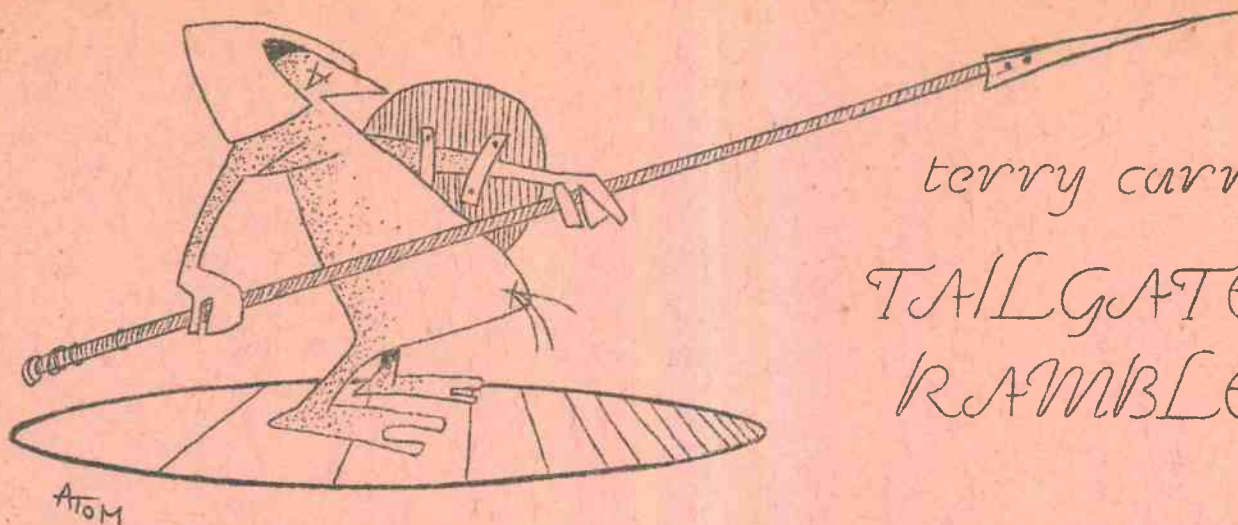
PIPSISSEWA 1: JERRY PAGE & CHARLES WELLS

I'm not really familiar with you, Jerry--weren't you more of an artist type in your previous fannish incarnation?--but dammit, I'm glad as hell for some reason to see you back around, Chuck. You'll remember we corresponded briefly but furiously right after I moved to Fairfax and Lee Hoffman had, with a sigh of relief I'm sure, turned my letters to her over to you and said something like "Why don't you and him write?". Then you sent me this hecto'd zine with sewn edges... ## Don't know what Terry will have to say on PIPSISSEWA, but I know for damn sure he can't screw up on placing the numbers of the pages in the right place.

Stick with me, baby, and I'll wrap your ass in silk.

You're getting LIGHTHOUSE #4 for a very good reason:

<input type="checkbox"/> Trade;	<input type="checkbox"/> You wrote an LOC on the last issue;	<input type="checkbox"/> Other; you know why.
<input type="checkbox"/> Contributor;	<input type="checkbox"/> You get everything we put out;	<input type="checkbox"/> You must write an LOC to get more
<input type="checkbox"/> One of us owes you a letter;	<input type="checkbox"/> You put out;	



terry carr:

TAILGATE RAMBLE

"By the way," I said to Pete, "when is LIGHTHOUSE's annish?"

Pete looked up and frowned in that way he has that shows he's concentrating very seriously. "You misspelled 'discrimination' in your mailing comments," he said.

"I know--I did it three times in one paragraph. I've been around Ted too much. The trouble is, the first LIGHTHOUSE came out in May of '58, and there wasn't a second issue till February of this year. So technically we missed our first and second annishes and last issue was the third annish, even though we didn't say anything about it."

"I do not care to consider," said Pete, "the concept of a fanzine whose third issue is its third annish."

"I bring up the subject of annishes," I persisted, "because this LIGHTHOUSE is getting to be pretty big. If I know you and me, it'll be the biggest issue for some time to come--so if we're ever going to have an annish it should be now."

Pete scowled at me. "The first issue was in May '58. This issue will come out in November '61. Are you out of your mind?"

"Please don't descend to the level of personalities when I'm trying to discuss something serious," I said. "Anyway, I have an idea. We'll call this our first unannish. After all, the annish of a fanzine is equivalent to a person's birthday, so why shouldn't--"

"I don't want to hear about it," Pete said. "I just don't want to hear about it."

"As I see it," I went on, "this is a new concept which has been sorely needed in fandom for years. As long ago as the VEGAnnish, Redd Boggs pointed out that annishes are a plague and cause many fanzines to fold because the editor becomes overworked and disenchanted trying to live up to the tradition. VEGA folded after that annish, of course. And then a few years later in OOPSLA Walt Willis described the disease more fully and coined the term 'annishthesia' for it."

"I wonder where I put my copy of The Greek Way..." Pete muttered.

"But the whole trouble with annishes is that they are supposed to come out on schedule. Here's the poor fanned, trying to publish a

special big issue jam-packed with hyper material, and he has a deadline to meet. Now, that's awful. No wonder so many of them gafiate after they get the monsters out. The concept of unannishes will circumvent all that, because an unannish may come out at any time. Maybe, like us, a faned finds he has an extra-large issue in the making--so he calls it an unannish and that's that; he's satisfied tradition. Or maybe one month he just feels like doing a special issue, so in a burst of enthusiasm he turns it out and makes it his unannish. Faneds don't gafiate just because they got enthusiastic and published one big issue; it's only when they feel committed to the special effort that they get disillusioned and tired."

"I had it here somewhere," Pete said.

So anyway, that's why this is the first unannish of LIGHTHOUSE: Pete and I held an editorial conference and decided to so designate it.

* * *

As I was saying to somebody just the other day, you have to watch out for me because sometimes I go on a kick of thinking about writing and at such times I'm quite capable of chattering on for an hour about the various influences, sources, and inspirations on, of, and for a single line that I have written. As it happened, I issued this warning the night before the latest WARHOON arrived from Dick Bergeron. I always like reading WARHOON, and not the least of my reasons for this is that Dick has a pleasant habit of quoting what he's writing about. And since he sometimes writes about things I've written, he sometimes quotes me. There's nothing I like better (at least in the context of this sentence) than being quoted.

In this WARHOON Dick quotes me quite a bit, but I'll spare you the bulk of the burden and confine my remarks to only two of the lines he quotes. One of them he calls a "lovely line," the other a "deadly barb". The lines in question are, respectively, "Fapa is a fanclub dreaming softly in the passage of the years," and (concerning an overly self-conscious and self-important faned) "hung up in marvelling over the superb fidelity and rifling of his navel".

Goddam; you know, I like those lines too. That's why I stole them in the first place.

Well, they're not complete steals; let me explain a little. (If Willis can get away with two pages in WARHOON on how he writes fanfiction for VOID, then I suppose I can sneak in half a page or so on how I write lovely lines and deadly barbs. After all, ghod knows I'm constantly being stopped by neofans in the street who ask me, "Mr. Carr, how do you go about writing lovely lines and deadly barbs?")

The line about FAPA is from Robert Nathan--from "Portrait of Jenny," as I recall, though it may have been one of his other short novels. The Nathan line went something like, "The city comes up dreaming in the passage of the years." (Go ahead and check it for me, Norm Metcalf, and tell me I'm wrong. I'll bet I am.) The line, and indeed the whole paragraph of which it was a part, has haunted me for years. The fact that I'm not at all sure I can quote it even approximately any more merely proves that what hit me about the passage was not so much its wording as the mood it evoked. It was that slow, dreamlike quality that I wanted to bring out when I wrote the line Bergeron quotes, so I

fell back on the Robert Nathan mood or mode.

The other line, the one where I was castigating Ted Pauls for being, it seemed to me, too self-conscious, was partly stolen from Dave Rike. A few years ago, in INNUENDO #6, Dave wrote a humorous profile of me; in the section subtitled Terry Carr, Patron of the Arts, he had me visiting an art gallery and enthusing over an old piece of burlap which was hanging behind a door: "He marvelled over the color-tone, layout, theme, volumetric efficiency, fidelity and rifling of it." The line just killed me--it had a wonderful touch of the ridiculous. And so I borrowed some of it to convey how silly I considered Pauls' occasional lapses.

Incidentally, Bergeron apparently wasn't the only person who was struck by the superb volumetric efficiency of that line. A couple of months ago, shortly after that review of KIPPLE had appeared in my column in HABAKKUK, several of us visited Ted Pauls in Baltimore, and he asked me to become a coeditor of KIPPLE. We were all sitting there on his bed talking about VOID, and suddenly Ted said, "Terry, does the fact that you're a coeditor of VOID now mean that you won't be reviewing the zine in HABAKKUK anymore?"

"That's right," I said.

"How would you like to become a coeditor of KIPPLE?" he said.

Then the bed collapsed and we changed the subject.

But anyway, that's how I write lovely lines and deadly barbs. I steal from the masters, mainly. (I wonder if this is the first time Dave Rike has ever been categorized with Robert Nathan?)

* * *

Well, 61 lines on that subject. That's not too many.

* * *

I have a sort of a theory that I want to expound here. It has to do with Alister Crowley, the Hollywood Clan, Fabulous Berkeley Fandom, and a few other people of like nature.

You may be surprised to see me lumping those three groups together (perhaps I should throw in Robert Nathan, since Rike gets in as part of Fabulous Berkeley Fandom), but actually that's the whole purpose of this essay. I think I see definite similarities between them, and I'd like to throw out a few ideas on the subject. I may not come to any conclusions (this editorial column is always composed on stencil, with little forethought), but I'd be interested in any corroborations and/or arguments anyone else may care to toss back at me.

I got started on this train of thought several months ago, when I saw "Ocean's Eleven". This is a movie made entirely by the Hollywood Clan, starring several of them (Sinatra, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr., etc.) and with an unheralded guest appearance by another (Shirley MacLaine). It's a well-done movie about a fantastic scheme in which Danny Ocean (Sinatra) gets together with ten of his buddies from the Marines in a 15-years later reunion and they hold up every one of the major gambling houses in Las Vegas simultaneously. However, it wasn't the

plot which started me thinking about Fabulous Berkeley Fandom and all (it's true that Joe Gibson once thoroughly outlined an escape route for robbers of the Telegraph Ave. branch of Wells Fargo/Union Trust, but he is, as always, an exception). Rather, it was the dialog in several of the scenes. They had a habit of completely ignoring the plot for five minutes at a time while the Clan just stood around making witty remarks, running through schticks, showing off their repartee, etc.

They were chitterchattering in the Berkeley manner.

Now, I am an authority on chitterchatter. I did not originate it (no one person in Berkeley did, but Ron Ellick came closest), but it was me who gave it its name. I have studied it closely for years. I can recognize it when I hear it. Why, I can recognize it in my sleep. (And did, once, when Ronel and I were driving to Los Angeles and he chitterchattered for hours, holding a conversation with a radio d-j while I slept fitfully.) I tell you, these people were chitterchattering in that movie.

The essence of chitterchatter is word-play and allusion. The twisting of quotes is very useful, too, particularly when the word-play becomes so intense that a feeling of competition sets in--you can turn someone else's phrase back on him. As a sort of instance, I remember the night we finished running off THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE. This was, of course, in the period when we were all quoting Burbee right and left, since we'd been typing and mimeographing his material for days and days. We looked at the stacks of run-off pages--fifty stacks, 100 pages, and I said, "Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing."

"One hundred pages," said Ronel. "That's not too many."

"How much time do we have to collate and staple copies before we have to leave to go to the Burbdays Party?" I asked Pete, who had a watch.

"Ninety minutes," he said. "You know--that's not too many."

A couple of months ago I finally discovered an adequate all-purpose comeback to someone who hangs you with a variation on your own words. This was during the period when we were vastly expanding our common stock of acceptable quote-sources--not only were Burbee, Bloch and Willis fair material, but we had added Mike Nichols & Elaine May and T. S. Eliot. (We had a ball with Eliot. One night I walked into a Fanoclast meeting and said, "These are the hollow men, the dead men..." I was almost thrown out. And I think it was Suzanne who, squeezing past Walter Breen at a party, sang, "Here we go 'round the prickly pear...") With the addition of Eliot to the canon, it is now possible to turn aside those variations on your own words with, "That is not what I meant. That is not what I meant at all."

Chitterchatter is verbal tennis. In addition to the things mentioned already, it includes puns and scientific sorties. A good pun-battle is essentially the same thing as a battle of quotations. And a good extempore scientific sortie requires the same mental agility as does the quote-battle. By "scientific sortie" I mean the genre typified by the series of "Hemmel's Scientific Sorties" that Burbee did in the '40's, by my own in-print sorties on feedback heredity (MENTAL MARSH-

MALLOW) and esteris cycles of duplicators (RAGNAROK #7), and, in fact, by the last section of Ted's column in this very issue of LIGHTHOUSE. A good scientific sortie takes an absolutely preposterous thesis and explains it so logically and pseudo-scientifically that, in Ronel's words, "If I didn't know it was bullcrap I'd think it made sense!"

One of my favorite scientific sorties was the night Frank McElroy and I spent an hour telling Boob Stewart all about left-handed and right-handed bacteria. We had him believing us.

And, of course, the entire Tower to the Moon of Bheercans mythos is just one great scientific sortie.

So anyway, that's chitterchattering: word-play, punnery, allusion, and scientific sorties. And whatever else seems to fit. Insult-contests are a slightly lower form of chitterchatter, if they are on a sufficiently intellectual and funloving plane.

The Hollywood Clan obviously chitterchatters, and simply decided to throw some of it into "Ocean's Eleven" for the hell of it. And if we can believe W. Somerset Maugham, who wrote a slightly fictionalized book about Alister Crowley ("The Magician"), then Crowley and his buddies chitterchattered too. Maugham sets down on paper some of the conversations of the Crowley circle, and they are undoubtedly chitterchatter. They are bad chitterchatter, but we needn't assume from this that Crowley in fact acted as stupid as he is depicted; Maugham had been snubbed and insulted by Crowley, and he did not like him.

So we have the Clan, the Crowleyites, and Berkeley Fandom, all practitioners of chitterchatter (a Black Art). Are there more? Well, certainly New York fandom, or at least the Towner Hall segment of it, does a lot of chitterchattering these days. And if we can believe what we read in writeups by Willis, Berry and others, Belfast fandom chitterchatters all the time too. When I was first developing this whole idea, I included Belfast fandom almost strictly on the basis of its well-known punnery, but reading Willis's column in the October WARHOON I ran across an account of how Bob Shaw and James White worked up a scientific sortie in plotting out a story on the theme of Boy Meets Rock.

What's the common denominator between all these groups? Why did Crowley chitterchatter? What makes Sammy Davis Jr. chitterchatter? What makes Willis pun?

Why don't they all just turn on the tv set and spend the evening in front of it? Why don't they have an intellectual discussion of sex? There are all sorts of ways of passing an evening; why do these people so often start chitterchattering? I think the answer is pretty simple, actually. I think it's perfectly natural for intelligent, literate people to develop word-play to the status of a fullfledged game. It involves no equipment, no playing area, no effort and no sweat. You can do it in the privacy of your own home.

My idea is simply that where you have a group spirit among fairly intellectual people, chitterchatter of one sort or another will follow. They have to be intelligent or they won't be able to play with words--but given the basics, chitterchatter will be the end result. Do any of

the rest of you have any experience with this sort of thing? Can you bear out my thesis? Think of all the intelligent groups you know where there is a group spirit, and see if they don't chatter. I'll bet you'll agree that chatter is an essential ingredient in such gatherings.

You know, I'll even bet that Belfast fandom's well-known game of ghoominton is just a symbolic release-valve for the tensions built up during bouts of verbal tennis. Someday I'll do a deep psychological paper all about it.

* * *

For the benefit of Bill Donaho and anybody else who might be interested, I'd like to say a few words about J. D. Salinger. Bill wrote me a letter a couple of weeks ago in which he reopened a longstanding argument between us: whether or not Salinger is an important writer. Bill doesn't think so; I do.

Bill quoted the literary director of KPFA as having said that Salinger is not an important novelist because he has nothing to say. Now, this is certainly a strange charge for Bill to quote so approvingly, considering the number of times he has told me that he feels ideas have no place in fiction and that when they're there he thinks they just get in the way of a good story. But by and large, it's a legitimate criticism, if it fits.

I was reading the latest (Sept.-Oct.) Carolina Israelite this morning, and I ran across a review of Salinger's new book, "Franny and Zooey," by Richard Goldhurst. Goldhurst had some harsh words for Salinger, too:

"...for some reason despite the inventive flow of dialogue and intuitive grasp of character, Mr. Salinger's novel remains mildly dissatisfying. I suspect it is in his message, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself'. It is not hard to discover this truth, it is only hard to love thy neighbor since frequently neighbors are wholly without endearing merits and scarcely deserve love. The problem would seem not to discover the message but to find an ethic which will allow one to act upon it. This is, however, the secret of his technique and the paramount reason for his popularity: Mr. Salinger is disputatious without being meaningful."

Well, okay...I haven't read "Franny and Zooey". I want to, and I will as soon as I can find a copy to borrow. But it doesn't matter; being cosmic minded I will argue with these presumably learned gentlemen anyway.

I don't think either of them would recognize a Message or an Idea if it bit them in the leg.

Well, that's that; I've had my say now. Next topic. (I'm only kidding, of course, but it's certainly sorely tempting to let it go at

that. About a year ago I discovered The Ultimate Ploy for winning arguments: you simply sneer, "Bullcrap!" and stalk away. It's really effective on some disputants.)

Just what the hell is a Message in fiction, anyway? I have here beside me Salinger's "Nine Stories," which I reread last month. Let's go down the contents page and see what the stories are. There's "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," about how Seymour Glass, a young man with serious psychological trouble resulting from his hitch in the army during the war, ends up killing himself, despite his obvious love of life, because nobody understands him enough to help him. There's "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," detailing the drabness of middleclass marriage in our time. "Just Before the War with the Eskimos" doesn't seem to say much of anything. "The Laughing Man" tells roundaboutly of how a young man loses his girl and feels bad about it, and I suppose Goldhurst would say its point is that the kid who sees a little of it demonstrates that children are more perceptive than most adults give them credit for. "Down at the Dinghy" shows how antisemitism effects small children. "For Esmé--with Love and Squalor" doesn't seem to make sense, so it must have deep meanings on an allegorical or psychological or sociological level if only we could figure out what they were. "Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes" says that people who commit adultery get guilt-feelings. "De Daumier-Smith's Blue Period," mea culpa, I didn't reread and don't remember very well; I didn't like it much and that's why I didn't reread it. "Teddy" expounds a mystical philosophy and tries to drive home the author's contention that it's correct by showing at the end that the mystical little boy really can see into the future.

Yessiree, that's what the stories say, all right.

And "The Catcher in the Rye" tells of modern youth's inability to cope with a senseless and hypocritical adult world.

And I am Marie of Roumania.

I submit that these stories say a great deal more than the sophomoric Messages I have imputed to them above. They are not stories with a simple idea, or even a single one; each abounds in ideas, small ones tossed off in passing, many of them so diffuse that they could only be expressed in fiction.

If he seems to have nothing in his stories but technique, it's because Salinger is saying that human relationships are mostly technique. We don't say what we mean ("Where is he?" "On the beach." "On the beach? By himself? Does he behave himself on the beach?" "Mother, you talk about him as though he were a raving maniac--" "I said nothing of the kind, Muriel."), we don't think about what we say ("How long did you work there? In the airplane factory." "I don't know, for Chrissake. Thirty-seven months."), and that's because society is full of rituals which save us time in thinking. When you're a kid you haven't yet learned the rituals, so your conversation usually sounds a bit confusing to adults--both because it doesn't follow adult patterns and because it usually says pretty well what it means. You always know what the children in Salinger's stories are thinking, whether or not his adults are capable of communicating. The kids can do it because they haven't learned yet much about hiding themselves...like Ramona, in "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," telling about her imaginary boyfriend:

"Tell Mary Jane how Jimmy looks."
"He has green eyes and black hair."
"What else?"
"No mommy and no daddy."
"What else?"
"No freckles."
"What else?"
"A sword."
"What else?"

"I don't know," said Ramona, and began to scratch herself again.

That's just one of the things you can learn from reading Salinger --and you can only learn it by reading him, or someone who says the same thing as well, because this kind of insight into people can only be taught in a story. I can write it baldly here, with a quote or three, or somebody else can write a book about it replete with explanations of whys and hows, but it gets into you best when a writer like Salinger takes a bit of reality and puts it on paper, still keeping it real, and makes you look at it as you experience it. We learn by doing, and Salinger is, in a sense, writing Do-it-yourself kits.

That was an unnecessarily flip remark. Salinger is actually, if anything, writing Do-it-yourself-and-see kits.

And of course that's only part of what Salinger is doing. It isn't my intention here to try to explain all that he's doing--and not the least of my reasons is that I'm sure I don't understand all of it myself--but only to suggest that Goldhurst is on the wrong track if he insists on judging Salinger's intent in terms of nice little Messages like Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself.

As a matter of fact, it's probably true that most any time a critic analyzes a story in such terms he's off-base. (Migod, the thought just struck me what a brilliant critical paper could be fashioned by considering "Teddy" in terms of a passion drama. Urk.) Let's take this as a truism: the closer a writer comes to creating on paper individuals who are alive and real, the less likelihood there is that he is, or can be, writing in any effective allegorical sense...or needs to. Salinger's characters are not archetypes; they are individuals.

Consider what a dismal book "The Catcher in the Rye" would have been if Holden Caulfield had been a true representative of American youth of the '40's.

Frankly, I think that Salinger is definitely on the right track in deserting the large universal for the small universal. God knows the generalization has its place in our lives and is important--but it's so easy, and such a pitfall. It's an intellectual or emotional panacea; it's the mythical Key to life. It applies in most cases, but not always, and we get to expecting it to apply always.

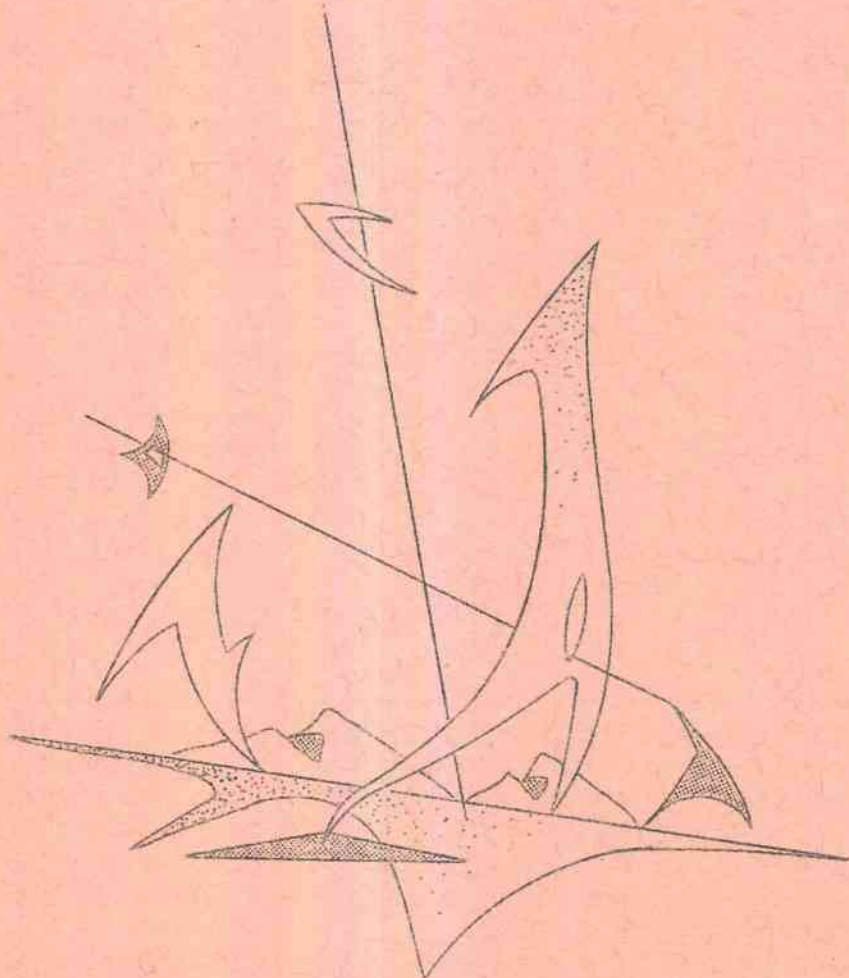
In any case, we need more of the particular universal--the kind of little thing that strikes a chord in the reader. It doesn't tell us about life; it shows us life in such a way that we understand it just a little bit better. Just a little bit better.

* * *

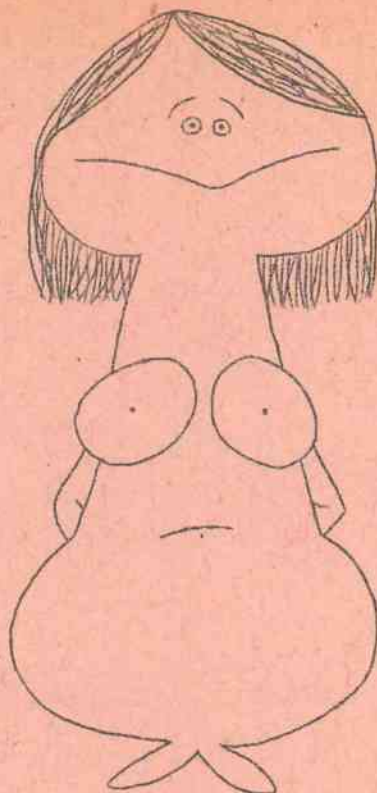
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- terry carr

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LIGHTHOUSE



LETTERS

Steve Stiles

I've been constantly amazed about the way fabulous New York fandom has come to life. Up until a year or two ago it wasn't too fabulous...I can remember way back to 1958 when it seemed to me that the only two acti-fanzine type fans were Gerber & Reiss, the dynamic duo (to coin a phrase). Now, all of a sudden, fannish fans have been springing up around here. First Ted, then Walter...the Lupoffs appear, Pete becomes a new coeditor of VOID, and now Terry shows up (and with his beard I thought he was Silverberg; it's all very confusing). Why, I can remember when Belle Dietz was N.Y.'s BNF...things have changed!

"FAPA On Wry" was a good column--a good title, too. I must remark that Ted has never struck me as a stodge. Maybe it's because I'm a N.Y. fan...

I'll have to agree with Terry about the TAFF reports, although in a limited sense since I've seen only Bentcliffe's and parts of Bennett's. Eric's struck me as very dull, and I was reduced to counting how many times he'd say "whilst," which kind of got on my nerves after a while. I still haven't finished it, and can only limply say, "Well, the Eddie Jones illos were good!"

(1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N. Y.)

Walt Willis

I liked that editorial of yours, Pete, especially the bit at the end of page 5. Haw. By the way, what are you going to have me die of this time? But, of course, I know, that was ten years ago and you have matured a lot since then. Things will be different. This time, you will spell the name of the disease right.

I think Nelson is an all-time genius as a cartoonist, and as a writer he's no slouch either.

That story of yours was very well done and I'm sure I would have liked it more if I hadn't become allergic to characters who go around demonstrating their artistic temperament or independence by being rude to people. I think this all started with Chandler-type private eyes in

Hollywood movies and was epitomised in their habit of tearing pages out of telephone books instead of making a note of the number. I used to wonder if I would ever be able to look up a phone number in the States until I went there and found that generally people are just as considerate as they are anywhere else. Apparently it is just a sort of artistic convention.

I was interested in Terry's comments on the TAFF reports too and admire him for speaking out. There did, I thought, seem to be some sort of tacit agreement on everyone's part not to speak ill of a TAFF report, understandably enough, and it's refreshing to see someone breaking the rules. As it must have been at Roman funerals to see someone breaking the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* rule. Didn't they have a practice of having someone speak up at the funeral amid all the eulogies to point out what a slob the deceased really was, just to put everything in perspective? Or am I thinking of something they did during their Triumphs? What a lot of inaccurate information I have. I read Gibbon last year ...well, about 7/8ths of him...and was impressed by a lot of things, but damned if I can remember accurately a single one of them. Except that the downfall really started in China with millions of refugees pouring East and that I wished Gibbon was better known in fandom so I could Brandonise him. (Which incidentally is a very useful neologism I would suggest.)

..... (170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, North Ireland)

The verb "to brandonize" and the noun "brandonization" are already in fairly common usage; I agree that it's a handy term, and in fact if I remember correctly it was originated among those of us who were writing the Brandon material precisely because we needed an accurate, not-unwieldy term to describe what we were so often talking about. # Apropos TAFF reports: the election of Ellick as TAFF rep virtually insures that we'll have at long last a really first-class TAFF report--which is only one of many reasons why I'm glad he won.

--tgc

George Metzger

I glimpsed thru the copy of LIGHTHOUSE which'd just come to my pad and, with a Dave van Ronk record for background music, thought: "Chee, I think I'll write a letter to Terry Carr." But there's just one thing...what'll I write about? I'm pretty gafia nowadays and San Josie, except for the arsonist's fires, don't swing, and...well, what ought I to write about?

I could write about the weather. Hey, you wanta hear about the weather here, Terry?

The weather is hot. Yeah, really. Really hot. I was just up in the bay area and it was in the 90's and I was running up and down hills and girlchick's fire escape with my rucksack and all that stuff. I didn't much like it. It was pretty hot.

San Jose is very hot too. But it is very cool in Salinas. I don't mean COOOOOOOL, man. I mean like cold. I just got back from there ...but it is Nowhere. It doesn't even have a decent slum. Or even an indecent slum. They have sad looking buildings, but I get the feeling they aren't really trying...

But I didn't go to Salinas for the weather. I went there to buy a cockroach.

Honest. We really meant to. You see I was doing these posters warning people against giant cockroaches and while I was asking my buddy

Mike how to spell "cockroaches" he said, "I have an uncle in Salinas who used to sell cockroaches." I wanted a cockroach, see, to help give vital fact to my poster. Anyway, I said OK, let's go to Salinas. We walked right out of our design class. We were supposed to be doing designed compositions of wine bottles and stools and squashes and stuff...really draggin' when you've been doing it for a week. Cockroaches are much more swinging.

So we went to Salinas. And we couldn't find the slums. Honest. So we pulled into an A&W rootbeerer and asked the carhop where they were. She told us, too. But they weren't really slums. A few Filipino housing centers and a few meagre pawn shops and a Catholic Goodwill store and a chinese laundry. We bought raisins and cheese and french bread and went sketching. We saw a few dilapidated houses and while sketching the back of them we were attacked by a fierce wolfpack of dogs. They howled and swept in and struck. But they weren't very successful: a paper sack full of bread and cheese and six boxes of raisins is a pretty big load for a Mexican Hairless pup. We went on sketching. We went into the Catholic Goodwill store and sketched baby buggies and butcher's scales and gothic lamps and ooold Climax sewing machines (the kind you run by foot power) and coffee machines and candle sticks and stuff like that. More interesting than squash.

And we sketched winoes and dirty children and pregnant wimmen and watched the policewomen on their Cushman three-wheelers going around writing out tickets. We were going to go see a Filipino movie about scantily clad primitive girls. For my sense of wonder, of course. Not sex, of course. Not in this heat.

So much for the weather. And do you know, I didn't really say anything about the weather.

I may wreck my cycle on the freeway next weekend. But meanwhile nothing is happening.

I would tell you about climbing into this chick's pad via the fire escape, very heroic-like, to make her, only a friend of hers in the street that night saw me and came up to talk about climbing mountains. He was much more impressive than me. So after I drank his scotch I snuck out of the room and went out via the fire escape and headed for Berkeley. They never even heard me leave. In Berkeley I found Dave Rike. But that didn't help much.

I feel terrible. You send me nice fanzines and I don't do anything about it. But you still send me fanzines. You are a good man. I guess I'm just a failure. Did you know that, Terry? I really am. I never did buy any cockroaches.

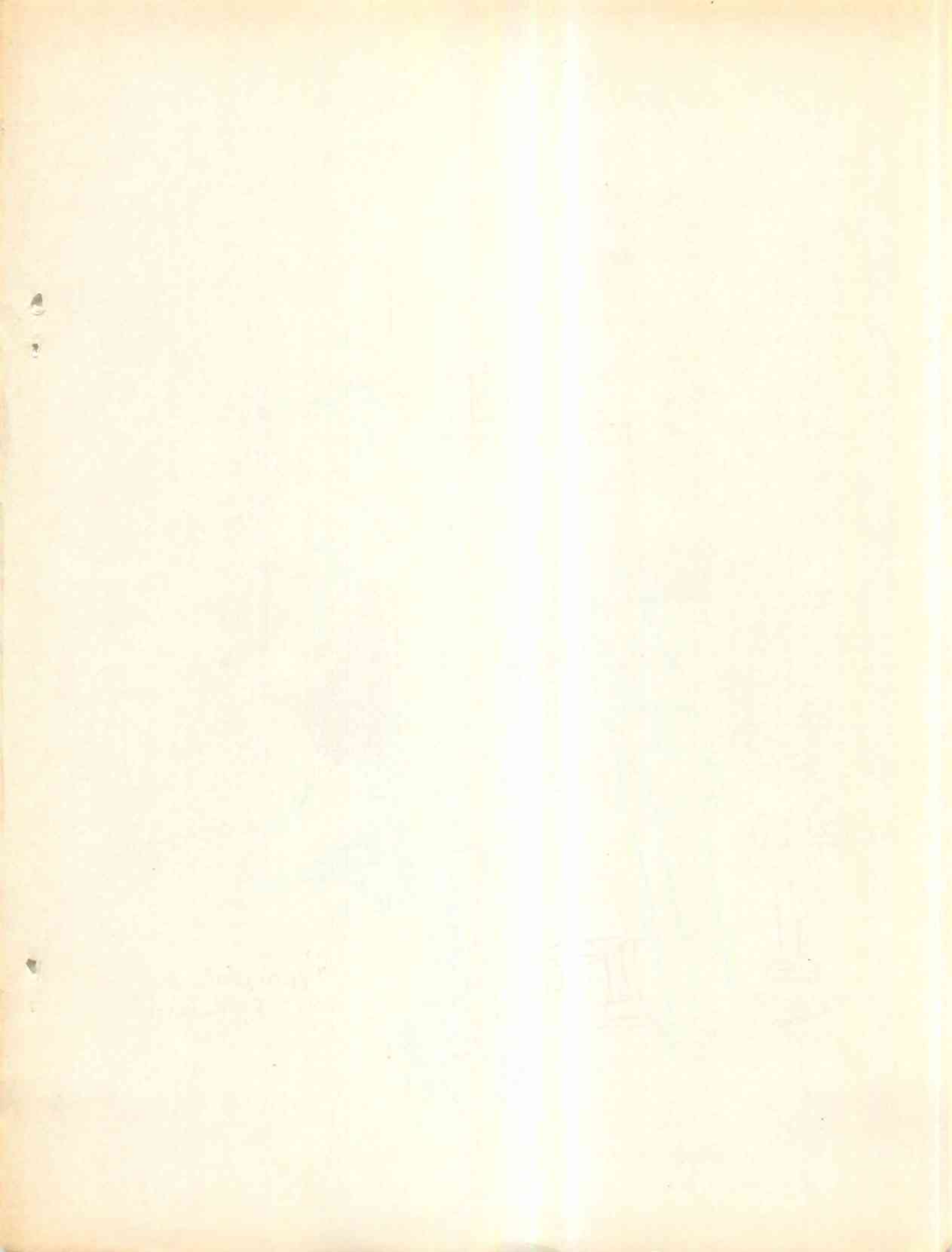
(565 South Sixth St., San Jose, Calif.)

We send you nice fanzines because you send us fine funny letters like this, and sometimes you even send us fine ole drawings which can be stencilled. You didn't send any fine ole drawings which could be stencilled this time, though...you sent a highly complicated work of art. I guess maybe you are a failure, at that. # There are many cockroaches in New York...why don't you hitchhike here some weekend, and we'll hunt up one for you and give it to you free...?

--tgc

Alone in the cabin just before dawn
I think of my bad reputation
and chuckle.

--Ray Nelson





"YEAH, BUT
IT'S EXPRESSIVE!"