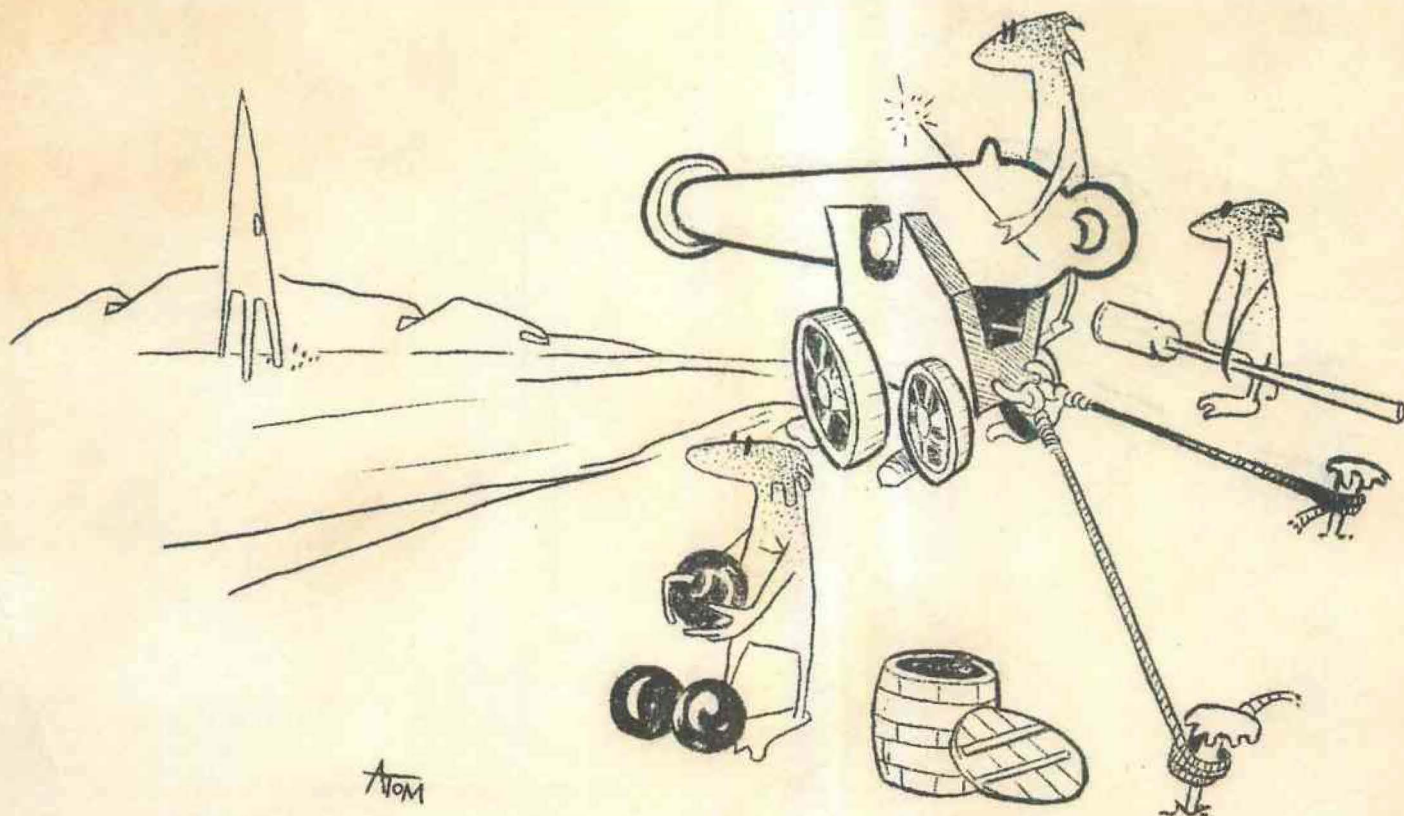


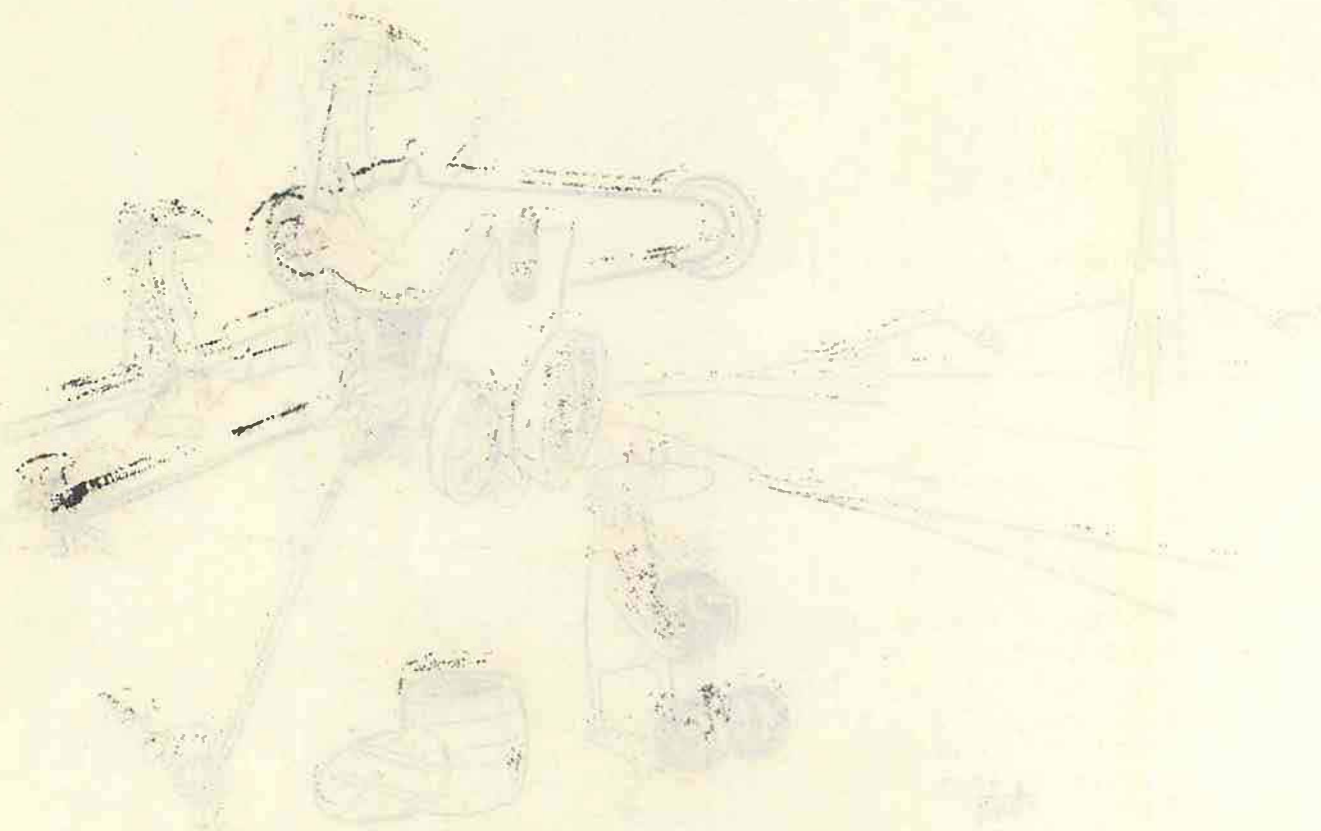
# lighthouse

NUMBER FIVE • FEBRUARY 1962



Lightfoot

NUMBER FIVE • FEBRUARY 1965



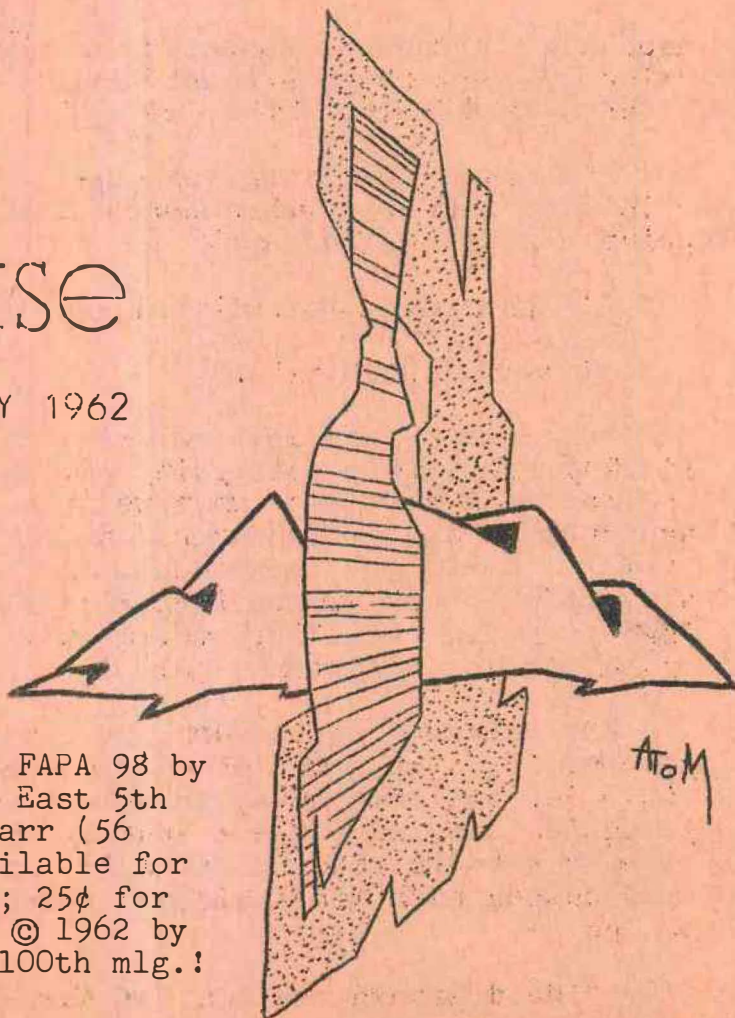
Minor Drag . . . . .	Pete Graham
One Summer With Elinor . . . . .	Terry Carr
The Loves of Yesteryear . . . . .	Richard Bergeron
FAPA On Wry . . . . .	Ted White
Out Berkeley Way . . . . .	Dave Rike
Darkhouse . . . . .	Alva Rogers
A Fable for FAPA . . . . .	Bill Donaho
The Perforated Finger . . . . .	Walt Willis
The Kookie Jar . . . . .	Bill Rotsler
Comments on Comments on Comments on . . . . .	Terry Carr
Big Dorf's Special . . . . .	Gary Deindorfer
Looking Backward . . . . .	Pete Graham
Tailgate Ramble . . . . .	Terry Carr
Letter Litter . . . . .	you
Re: the Graham Petition . . . . .	faps

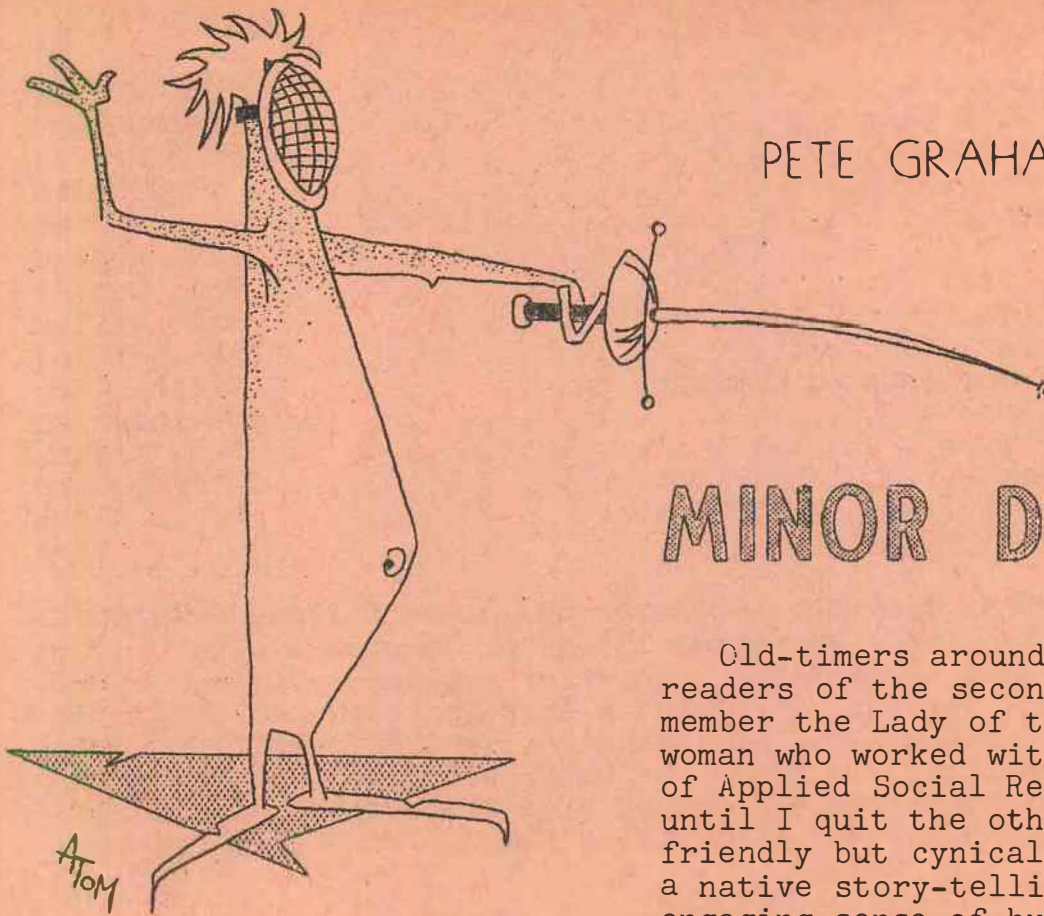
Cover by Arthur Thomson. Bacover by Steve Stiles, who stencilled it himself; the misspelling of Imhotep's name on the bacover is also by Stiles. Interior art and cartoons by Dan Adkins, Atom, Sylvia White (who also stencilled her own), Ray Nelson, George Metzger, david english, and Bill Rotsler. The fine reproduction is again by QWERTYUIOPress and Ted White, who deserves an incredible amount of egoboo for much additional help and advice. Dave Rike also stencilled his own pages.

# lighthouse

NUMBER FIVE • FEBRUARY 1962

Edited and published for FAPA 98 by Pete Graham (apt. 8, 635 East 5th St., N.Y. 9) and Terry Carr (56 Jane St., N.Y. 14). Available for comment, review or trade; 25¢ for a sample copy. Contents © 1962 by Terry Carr. Excelsior! 100th mlg.!





PETE GRAHAM :

## MINOR DRAG

Old-timers around this fanzine-- readers of the second issue--may remember the Lady of the Cat People, a woman who worked with me at the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia until I quit the other day. She's a friendly but cynical girl of 26 with a native story-telling ability and an engaging sense of humor (she borrowed Zorba the Greek from me a few weeks

ago; she can't pronounce Kazantzakis' name and insists on calling him "Nick the Greek"). Just a short while before I left Columbia she told me about the high point of her life.

She came over to me as I was percentaging a table with a slide rule, sat down and said, chuckling, "Did I ever tell you about the high point of my life?" I said no.

"Well," she said, "it was the time I was on television."

"Do go on," I said.

"It was a few years ago when the big Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds-Liz Taylor business was going on. My boyfriend Richard and I were walking up the street here when we saw a lot of these TV cameras and trucks and cables and a lot of Barnard College girls all over the street. We stood behind one of the cameras and watched for a while. They were doing a lot of interviewing. Then Richard turned to me and said, sort of mocking the TV people, 'Tell me, ma'am, what do you think of the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds business?' And I said, 'It's a lot of humbug.'

"So the cameraman turned around real fast and looked at me and he yelled, 'Hey, Joe, we got a live one.' He really said it: 'We've got a live one.' A live what, I asked myself--I wasn't sure I liked the implications of that remark--but by then it was too late. A lot of guys came over to me with their plaid sport jackets and bright mufflers and caps pushed back like this and dark glasses and finally they had me all set up.

"'Good afternoon,' one of them said to me with a microphone in my

face, 'could we have your name?' 'I'm Irene Grczekowski,' I said. 'Um-hm,' he said. 'And are you a Barnard college student?' 'No,' I said. 'Oh. Well, then, what is your connection with Barnard College?' 'I work for Columbia University,' I said. 'I see, and did you graduate here?' 'No, I graduated from the University of Michigan.' I could see they were beginning to think this was a bad job.

"Now, could you tell us what you think of this Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds business?" 'Well, I think it's a lot of humbug,' I said. 'Did I hear you correctly?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I think it's a lot of humbug.'

"Well, thanks a lot, Miss Grezh-ah-zsa-zsa..um-hm.' And he went away. All of my friends saw it on the Mike Wallace show, but I didn't. I had a class that night that I couldn't miss, but everybody here at work at the time saw it and I got a couple of letters from friends in Ann Arbor who thanked me for mentioning the University and even some people I know in Kew Gardens called me up, but I didn't see it."

"Irene," I said, "You're kidding me."

"No, no," she said, chuckling. "It all really happened. It was the highpoint of my life." She walked over to a sorter and started feeding some cards. "It's been downhill all the way ever since," she said, shaking her head.

\* \* \*

Some of you will remember that I was out at Pennsylvania State University a few months ago in order to do research at their library. While I was there, I ran across a reference to one book by Kazantzakis I hadn't been aware was in existence. Hurriedly I looked up the work (The Saviors of God) but it wasn't listed in their catalogue. Disappointed, I turned away, only to see before me the omnipresent small box with the stack of cards beside it. The sign behind them asked me if there were any books I wished the library to acquire.

Damn considerate of them, I thought, and filled one out for the missing Kazantzakis book, carefully explaining how it would fill a gap in their collection of modern Greek literature. I wrote my name and used the Bureau as the address on the reply side of the card and filled it out with the information needed. The next day I left University Park, Pennsylvania, and I doubt if I will ever be there again.

A month later I got my return section of the card. "The Book Committee," it said, "has decided to take the action checked: ...(x) purchase the book."

It makes me feel humble, and sort of powerful.

There is a sense of awe in knowing that I have moved a major institution to do something; these feelings come rare enough in modern times that they are worth savoring. In addition, I'm sure, there is the more personal feeling of satisfaction in having been involved in genuine academic work and in having academically influenced the purchasing policies of the Pennsylvania State University library. The book is an early one by Kazantzakis, and it was no idle phrase for me to indicate that lacking this one book rendered their otherwise complete collection insuffi-

cient. And there is the feeling, forever unverifiable, that some day someone else is going to go through that card catalogue looking for their Kazantzakis collection.

He's going to find a listing for The Saviors of God.

\* \* \*

This personifies the feeling of a happy group  
which works on this zine; I feel I would like  
to be there some night when they are turning  
out VOID. --Ethel Lindsay, HAVERINGS #8

Ted looked up as Pete walked into the office. "It's about time you got here," he said, "I thought you were going to be here last night."

"Sorry," said Pete. "I had a YPSL meeting to go to."

"That stupid bunch," muttered Walter.

Ted pointed to the collating rack in the back of the room. "Listen," he said. "Why don't you get it over and assemble VOID? It's December 15 and the October issue is still there."

"I don't really feel like it," said Pete, sitting indecisively on the bench and looking at a PLAYBOY he'd moved aside. Ted just sat and looked at him for a moment and then went back to typing some record reviews. A few minutes passed, with the only sounds the typing and a folkmusic record Andy Main was playing in the back room. Then Pete got up and took off his coat, then wandered into Andy's room.

"Oh, hello, Pete Graham, you old Pete Graham," said Andy. "I didn't hear you come in." Pete nodded a curt hello and went over to the record shelf. Seeing no new records, he went back into the shop and stood leaning on the wall near the door between the rooms.

"I'll tell you what," he said to Ted. "I'll start assembling VOID if you'll start addressing them right away."

The typewriter kept on for half a line. Then Ted turned around and sat for a moment staring at his hands. "All right," he said finally. He got up and went around the desk to the filing cabinet with the mailing labels in it. Pete pulled a swivel chair over to the collating shelves and took off his shirt. His greyed undershirt looked darker in the dimness of the shop's rear. Ted came over and they worked silently for several minutes clearing other fanzines out of the shelves. At one point Ted swore.

"What now?" asked Pete.

Ted held out a paper bag filled with fanzines. They were the British copies of FANAC 76 and 77 that Walter had never mailed. "Here, Walter," he said. "I thought these were lost in the mail. Why the hell didn't you ever mail them in the first place?"

"I thought I had," said Walter, "I mailed all the rest of them." He took the stack and flipped through them. "Well, now I won't have to run them off again, anyhow." He returned to cataloguing coins as he set the pile of FANACs down on the accumulated papers on the table.

By half an hour later, when Terry and Carol walked in, it was dark outside and about 50 VOIDS were stapled and being addressed.

"Hello, Pete Graham," said Terry brightly. "Hello, Ted White, hello Walter."

"Hi," said Carol. They stamped their feet free of slush and took off their coats.

Andy Main came out from his room. "Oh, hello, TCarr. What's new, hey, what's new?"

"Not much," said Terry. "I got a letter of comment on VOID today, Ted." Ted, who had stopped addressing and had turned to face them, screwed up his face.

"Why in hell did you get it?" he said. "First Pete got one a couple of weeks ago and now you. Jeezus, people are stupid sometimes." He stood up and came over to Terry, who was going through the day's mail in the letter box. "Listen," he went on, changing the subject, "would you get those headings done for the next VOID? Then you can write your editorial. When that's done I can stencil it and then mine and then Pete's. Yours is holding up the whole works." He took the letter of comment from Terry's hand and opened it.

Terry looked up from the mail. "I think you'll have to do the headings, Ted. I've been busy working and don't know if I'll be able to get to it; besides, I've got to work on the outline for the book, too. You've just been working on your FAPA<sup>z</sup>ine for the last month anyway."

"Well," said Ted, "I thought this mailing I'd get NULL-F out of the way before the mailing. Remember how long you guys worked on LIGHTHOUSE last time--"

"You've already got about 35 pages hanging on the wall, Ted. Besides, my editorial for VOID was done a month ago. I put it in the file folder and told you about it."

"Well, I can't find it."

"I put it right in there, I remember; right behind the story by--"

"No, I mean I can't find the file. It's not in the cabinet."

Terry walked to the cabinet. "Here it is, here." He handed it to Ted.

"That's the wrong one; it's the other one. This is the old one."

"Shit!" said Terry. "I'm going to dinner."

Pete came up with a stack of VOIDS and handed them to Ted, who set them on top of the FANACs. "Wait, Terry," said Pete. "I want to talk to you for a minute." He led Terry back into Andy's room, past Andy who had been standing in the doorway watching. Carol wandered back to the easy chair and sat down with a sigh, picked up an old comic book from the floor and desultorily began reading it. Ted took the VOIDS and began sticking address labels on them.

After a minute he said musingly, "I'm getting a little tired of that," to nobody in particular.

Walter looked up. "Tired of what?" he asked, holding the coin he was listing in his hand.

"Those two going off together like that," said Ted. "It seems sort of impolite." He licked a label and stuck it on. Carol flicked her eyes up at him, then went back to the comic book.

Walter typed out a coin listing on an envelope as Ted kept on sticking labels. "I don't know Pete that well," said Walter, "but Terry was a little standoffish in Berkeley, too." He turned his head as Pete and Terry came out of Andy's room.

"I'll finish these VOIDS later," said Pete, "I'm going to go eat dinner with Terry and Carol." He put three more assembled copies in Ted's hands.

As the three of them put on their coats, Andy went back into his room and came out with a sign he had made: "TED, PETE, TERRY," it said, "REMEMBER THAT MATERIAL FOR BHISMI'LLAH! (Deadline 1 Jan '62)."

"Lookit that there, hey," he said as he stood back. "Remember that!"

"Sure," said Pete.

"Yeah, sure," said Terry. They went out the door.

Ted watched them go out and put the address stickers onto the desk. "I'm going too," he said, "If Sylvia comes by tell her I went to the store and then I'm going home. If she wants to come up she can." He put on his heavy parka and walked out, slamming the door.

Andy sat down in front of Ted's typewriter and looked at the review he'd been writing. "Wonder why Ted got so mad," he said.

"What's that?" said Walter, lifting his head.

"I said, I wonder why Ted got so mad. Hey, this is an interesting record he's reviewing here. Looks wild. I think I'll go play it, hey."

A few minutes later a ballet suite by Brubeck was coming from Andy's room. Walter got up, shut the door, and came back and put another envelope into the typewriter.

\* \* \*

So much for Ethel's fantasies about life in these United States. Actually, as my confreres around here want me to make clear, the above isn't really a typical scene around here at all. Neither, of course, is the boff-loaded idyll we more commonly project. All elements in both approaches are common; and Ethel's comment just struck me as needing something.

\* \* \*

A sense of wonder is almost anywhere you look for it, I'm convinced.

All this Greek stuff I've been reading is just piled full of it,

you know. I don't mean all the stuff about how the Persian Wars decided the fate of Western civilization and all like that; or even the magnificent art, which fills me with an entirely different set of feelings; I mean the much more minute aspects, the kind of stuff that makes you feel like crying aloud, "Good god, this is the way someone lived two thousand and five hundred years ago!" Sort of like hearing an early shellac of Bix when he was in the Goldkette band.

Many years ago--seven--Terry began to get interested in Egyptian civilization; he began writing bits about it in the Clique as it casually interested the others of us. When we were both at Cal I even went so far as to audit half a dozen of his classes in Egyptian history; I still have the notes with me. During our sporadic correspondence after I left Berkeley in 1958 I would usually ask what had happened lately in Egypt; and he'd tell me how he'd finally found the third volume of Carter's "Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen" may never actually have been published. I would reply something like "very sensible" and ask him whether the Upper Nile was the south or the north end.

But we were discussing sense of wonder just the other day as we looked at a set of pictures on Egypt; one of them was of a stela, a large stone marker, which had been erected in the second or third dynasty (I don't know when that was but it was a hell of a long time before I was born). All it said was that Pharaoh Ankh-Schnutz had passed by here going to a particular place; the magazine pointedly referred to the nonexistence of any stela marking his return. Terry said it gave him a great sense of wonder; and it did me, too.

In my ploughing through Hellenobilia I've come across some of this stuff myself. Like the ostraka, for example.

Ostraka are broken pieces of pottery. They're rather special, though; after they were busted lots of names were scratched on them. A guy named Cleisthenes, I believe, who was running Athens just before the Persian Wars began, instituted the system. It seems that in those times of peril, unlike today, certain individuals were deemed dangerous to the society, and a means was needed to dispose of them. The technique was simple: the citizenry--a small percentage of the whole population, of course--gathered and inscribed on potsherds the names of anyone they considered an undesirable. Anyone getting over something like 6,000 votes was exiled from the city for ten years. This represented a great advance (I guess) over previous societies where they simply would have thrown the pots at him.

Anyway, the sense-of-wonder-stimulating part of this is to see the pictures of the potsherds that have been exhumed, with the names scratched on them: Hippocrates, Demosthenes, Pericles, Cimon, Bloch. That's a little bit of what I mean.

Or take the case of Themistocles. He was the commander of the Greek fleet at the battle of Salamis (a small island off Athens which created a natural bay in which the battle was fought), the battle in which the Persians were finally defeated and Greek society was left free to develop into its finest stages.

The historians all agree that this was a battle between democracy and autocracy, freedom and oppression, good and evil; they also all agree that Themistocles was a backhanded, untrustworthy, thoroughly scurrilous opportunist. There's a contradiction in there somewhere but I guess I'm just

one of those dreamy utopians. One of the big reasons the battle was a success for the Greeks, as a matter of fact, was because Xerxes was tricked into maneuvering his fleet into the best position for slaughter only because he believed Themistocles when the Greek commander sent a messenger saying he was prepared to sell out the Greek fleet. I find that simply uproarious, and it gives my sense of wonder a real boot in the ass.

At the end of the battle all the fleet admirals were called together and they voted to determine who was the most skilled and valorous of them all. Each of the admirals got a first-place vote and Themistocles got all the second-place votes.

On this next couple of pieces I have an argument with Terry Carr; I claim they are both early examples of the chitter-chatter form, and he says no. Referring back to his definition in the last LIGHTHOUSE, however, I find he includes the simple humorous insult as a "lower form" of chitter-chatter, so I feel vindicated in demonstrating the visible extent of Greek fannishness. This, for example, is fine polemic stuff, worthy of Laney, but it's by Lucilius: "Epicurus wrote that all the world consisted of atoms, thinking that an atom was the most minute thing. But if Diophantus had existed then he would have written that it consisted of Diophantus, who is much more minute than the atoms."

In the very fine Lattimore translations of the Greek tragedies, he footnotes a quote from Aristophanes' Frogs which refers to the habit of Aeschylus, the tragedian, of including characters who said very little or nothing throughout the plays. The scene is the underworld, where the ghost of Euripides, another of the great Greek tragedians, is challenging that of Aeschylus. Dionysus, who has come to bring one of them back to the real world, is to choose between them.

Euripides: First of all, he (Aeschylus) would cover a character's face and make him sit on the stage there--Achilles, maybe, or Niobe--but never show their features.

They made his tragedy look fine, but didn't mutter a syllable

Dionysus: By god, you know, they didn't at that.

Eur: The chorus would pound out long chains of poetry, four one after another. The characters said nothing.

Dion: You know, I liked them quiet that way. They gave me as much pleasure as the ones that babble at us now.

Eur: Of course. You were a half-wit and that's a fact.

Dion: I know, I know. Tell me then, why did he do it?

Eur: To lead you on, and keep the audience in suspense. They were waiting for Niobe to speak. Meanwhile his play was getting over.

Dion: The dirty rat! So all that time he was cheating us out of our drama.

(To Aeschylus) Why are you frowning and looking so cross?

Eur: I'm exposing him. He doesn't like it.

It's an insult exchange, but in the friendly context that fans are certainly familiar with: the Burbee writings on Ashley, the squirrel insults, the VOID-boys routines. I won't dwell on the fan-nish similarities to the not-so-friendly exchanges between, say, Hippocrates and the upstart lute-critic who maligned his knowledge of various herbs. Maybe, in this stuff, there aren't high-type puns or word-twisting, but the essence is there. This is the way they did it 2,500 years ago.

I say it's chitter-chatter and I say the hell with it.

And I can't resist telling you of another anecdote about the Lady of the Cat People. It cracks me up every time I think of it, though it does not have the same effect on anybody else around here. I was reading an article in the Times about the trouble Britain is now having on the colour question: that is, an immigration law is being proposed which would apply to the Commonwealth, and everyone knows it would work mostly against the Negroes now entering Britain in great quantities from the British West Indies and Africa. I smiled ruefully and commented that Britain was now directly experiencing the race problem for itself.

She agreed and thought about this for several minutes, conjuring up the interesting image of a group of Cockney rednecks standing around on a street corner watching Negroes go by. "I can see it now," she said, "some Negro looks the wrong way at a white woman and they all go crazy.

"'Cor blimey!'" she mimicked, "'String 'im op!'"

\* \* \*

Some people have asked about KIPPLE 21, Fake Edition, which I put out a month ago with the help of the New York crew. I've got several more copies and I sent Pauls some extras, so write to one of us. If you've got a copy of THE BARRINGTON BULL (Fapa Edition) to trade, I'd be delighted; to sell or give me, just as good (and in addition I'd like any of the other postmailings to FAPA 85). Letters-of-comment on KIPPLE 21 may or may not be printed in the next LIGHTHOUSE, depending. On the other hand.

\* \* \*

A number of you are well aware that I petitioned my way back into FAPA since the last mailing (in which I was not officially represented). I appreciate the fact that all of the people who signed did so; a measure of my appreciation, unfortunately, is the 45 copies of the form letter thanking all of them which I have mimeo'd and which have been sitting in the file cabinet since December 9th.

Since I was officially dropped two mailings ago--I think this is the way it worked; I'm going by what I remember Trimble telling me--I only needed 22 signatures to make it back in. I surpassed that and got 33, a clear majority of all FAPA memberships.

When I was aware that I was nearing this quantity, new vistas opened before me and I took immediate steps. As I sent off the main bulk of the petition to the Trimbles--and future petitioners might note my convenient method of using individual postcards for each signature--I enclosed a note informing them that upon receipt of the 33rd signature I would append all of them to a decree announcing my election as Dictator of FAPA. About a week later I got the fateful card--you did it, juffus, you ol' Democrat you--and I again wrote to the Trimbles. It isn't constitutionally required that the incoming Autocrat report the fact to any of the officers, but I thought it would be nice. Noblesse oblige, if you know what I mean.

I also told him to forward to me the membership records and all the organizational funds; and I would appreciate it if in the future all of you members would pay your dues to me directly. As a matter of convenience, you know, I will probably discontinue the functioning of the organization and simply require you to pay dues to me. Then again, I

may not.

If you get the next mailing, it's because I've changed my mind.

\* \* \*

In the last LIGHTHOUSE I wrote about my discovery of ancient Greek society through Kazantzakis, Hamilton and Dassin; since then I've done more reading in the field and have even gone so far as to write a paper for the YPSL on the class relations in ancient Greece. I wouldn't dream of doing such a serious thing for FAPA, but there's one aspect of Greece I dwelled on that I would like to discuss here (and I couldn't quote that paper if I wanted to; it's hard enough for me to even think about writing something that serious, much less do it; and my reaction to writing it a few weeks ago has been not to even look at it since each sheet came out of the typer; god knows what I'll do with the thing actually).

What I wanted to talk about here is the phoniness of supposed ancient Greek democracy. Greece is the darling of most historians who profess to admire democracy; it is true that for its time it reached levels of parliamentary diffuseness of political control that were quite high and hardly matched until the rise of the modern industrial nations. Athenian upper-class opposition to autocratic rule and generally even oligarchic rule is well demonstrated, but unfortunately for the historians so is their opposition to a number of qualities of real democracy, as evidenced in their support of slavery. I feel almost ashamed pointing that out since it is so well-known, but it is necessary in view of the panegyrics expended on Athens by all the reputable Hellenophiles of modern times.

Gilbert Murray, a dean of modern Greek historians, favorably compares Athenian Greece with England through the first half of the 20th century (and I might be convinced to agree with much of that comparison but only in a fashion which Murray would find uncomplimentary to both states). Edith Hamilton, whose love for Athens is a pleasantly readable sophisticated hysteria, skims over politics in The Greek Way but her eulogization of the other outstanding products of the society leave little doubt about her feelings toward that golden age of free thought; and the few comments she does make on the political structure of the time support that conclusion. Two historians whom I have been reading--NGL Hammond and HN Couch--both seem to have reputations in the field and both show little concern for the social inequities within Greek society.

A good beginning of a definition of a democracy might be: a society within which all actions of the society on its inhabitants are subject to total control by all the inhabitants. This wouldn't exclude either popular political figures or representational systems, but it does exclude tyrannies of all kinds (individual or oligarchic, oppressive or benevolent) and, similarly, all societies presently in existence. The class nature of monarchies, dictatorships, fascist regimes, feudal societies, Oriental despotisms, and bureaucratic collectivisms are familiar; less obvious, particularly to this readership, is the class power in the Western countries. But it is there, and it prevents total political expression by its subjects, and I am working for its change for the same reasons that I cannot agree that Greek society was anywhere near a pinnacle of human political perfection.

Let me bring up again that embarrassing phenomenon known as slavery. The raw figures indicate that at its prime fully half of the Athenian population of around 400,000 were slaves. It makes no difference, I assume

you'll agree, that these slaves were "well-treated and happy" as Couch says; slaves are slaves whether they are singing in cotton or olive fields. But I remember being troubled by this paradox for as long as I've had experience with history or history courses: slaves would be mentioned as part of a society, and the story of that society would be told in terms of its actions, accomplishments, conquests, and the like as though the whole society were involved in it and not just the rulers or the smaller bodies of intellectuals or freemen. The Arabians discovered a reasonable number system, we are told; the Phoenicians cooked up a decent alphabet; the Greeks were the first tragedians. And the slaves are not again mentioned. The conditions of life of the freeman were often extensively examined; I remember, and I am sure you do too, the stories we read in conjunction with formal history classes, all from the viewpoint of the Egyptian prince's son or the Greek warrior or the Elizabethan nobleman. When did we ever read stories about the child of one of Amenophis IV's slaves or of a Roman road-builder, or about a serf in Richard II's time? In literature, perhaps, but not in our school history classes. This is a reflection of past educator's and educated's feeling that the common human condition is not so bad--as long as it is the condition of someone else. It is not an attitude that leads to a complete understanding of past societies, which is what history as a discipline presumes to attempt.

In Athens during the Pentacontaetia--the "50-year-period" between the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars which is generally recognized to be the period of the flowering of Greek culture--the population approached, as I said above, 400,000. Fully 200,000 of these were slaves; of the remainder, 30,000 were aliens and about 130,000 were wives, children, or other dependents of citizens. The voting population of the Greek democracy was somewhere around 40,000; of course, suffrage was granted only to males. It is not usual for these days for anyone to speak of democracy (except concerning the Southern United States) as being noted for excluding 9/10 of its population from voting power.

But let's assume we knew nothing of what I have already written about the mechanics of Athenian society. Let's start from the beginning again with only the assumption that Greece was an excellent example of democracy in action, of people freely determining their own destiny. If we do that, then what do we do with this discussion of Pericles, who ruled Athens during the Pentacontaetia?

Pericles was an avowed imperialist. He loved Athens and believed in her destiny, and, with single-minded devotion in which scruples over the rights of other states were never allowed to interfere, he set out to make Athens the strongest, the most beautiful, and the most cultured city of the ancient world. He succeeded completely in his mission, and, in doing so, took so largely into his own hands all the details of administration that he became indispensable to the city. Athens, though nominally a democracy, was in reality governed absolutely by her most distinguished son. Yet it would be incorrect to conclude that democracy had yielded to dictatorship, for so long as the Athenian people could, and on one occasion at least did, remove Pericles from power, they maintained their title to self-government. --Couch, Classical Civilizations: Greece; p. 241

Meanwhile extraneous and unpredictable events modified the fortunes of (the Peloponnesian) war. ... Public fury turned on Pericles, and he was cast out of office; but he had held in his own hands all the departments of government--army, navy, treasury, and public works--for so long a time that the city could not dispense with his services, and he was quickly restored to power. --Couch, p. 396

Democracy is not a passive activity. People, contrary to popular opinion, are not in existence to be governed. They wish to govern themselves--that is, to enjoy their own lives in fashions which they freely choose--and, insofar as actions of the society as a whole affect them, to have a

voice and effect in determining those actions which is no more nor less than anyone else's. This means that people in a free society, a genuinely democratic society, will not leave rule to the hands of others (more, they will not allow the concept of "rule" to exist). Where the handling of the affairs of society are managed by one man, as Pericles, or even by many, as in modern states, the state becomes an entity apart from the people of the whole society and, no matter how many juridical statutes exist to the contrary, becomes an instrument against the people as a whole on the part of those running the state.

One of the fruits of such a system at its best--that is, where it is least materially oppressive--seem indicated in the second paragraph I quoted. A democracy wherein one individual (or many) is indispensable to the running of the society's affairs is an inconsistency of conception, a paradoxical collection of words, and no more. The Athenian citizenry--let us forget for a moment that it is 10% of the population--was not, as a whole, involved in the mechanism of society; it was an instrument apart from them and not theirs. Pericles could be voted out but had to be brought back, and that is only an indication of the divorce of the state from the life of the citizen, to say nothing of the population, at that time. And to say something of the population: The capability of the Athenian people to "remove Pericles from power" was no more real than the capability the Mississippian people possess to remove James Eastland from the Senate: remember the composition of the population and the distribution of suffrage in each case. In Mississippi, parenthetically, 49% of the population is Negro, of whom virtually none are franchised, giving the state a still wider distribution of the voting right than had ancient Athens.

Two other points, one minor and one not so minor.

One man at least in Athens realized the situation. This was Theremenes, a moderate oligarch, who had been active in Athens during the time of Alcibiades' restoration of 411 BC. Theremenes believed sincerely in a form of government in which elements of oligarchy and democracy should be judiciously mixed, but for his moderation he earned in the end the hatred and distrust of the extremists of both parties.

--Couch, p. 404

Historians are not alone these days in enjoying the pleasure of condemning "democratic extremists". Would anyone care to describe such a phenomenon?

When Mytilene, on the island of Lesbos, revolted from the Athenian Empire, Cleon succeeded in having a measure passed in the Assembly providing that the men of the revolting city should be put to death and the women and children sold into slavery. The measure was revoked when the Assembly took calmer counsel on the following day, but the incident is indicative of the declining morality and the proportionately rising barbarity of the Greeks during the war.

---Couch, p. 397

Declining morality! It makes me want to gag! The putting to death of an entire city's men is, to be sentimental about describing it, a hideous act. Such a conception is not common in a free, democratic society and if found would be examined under conditions of seclusion not significantly resembling a legislative hall. The parallel comes to mind of the destruction by the Nazis of an entire French village, the shooting of all its men and the separation of the children from the women to the extent that most of them do not today know where their babies, now grown up, are living. Anyone who chooses to describe that procedure in terms remotely resembling "declining morality" belongs well out of range of hearing...perhaps in a history department.

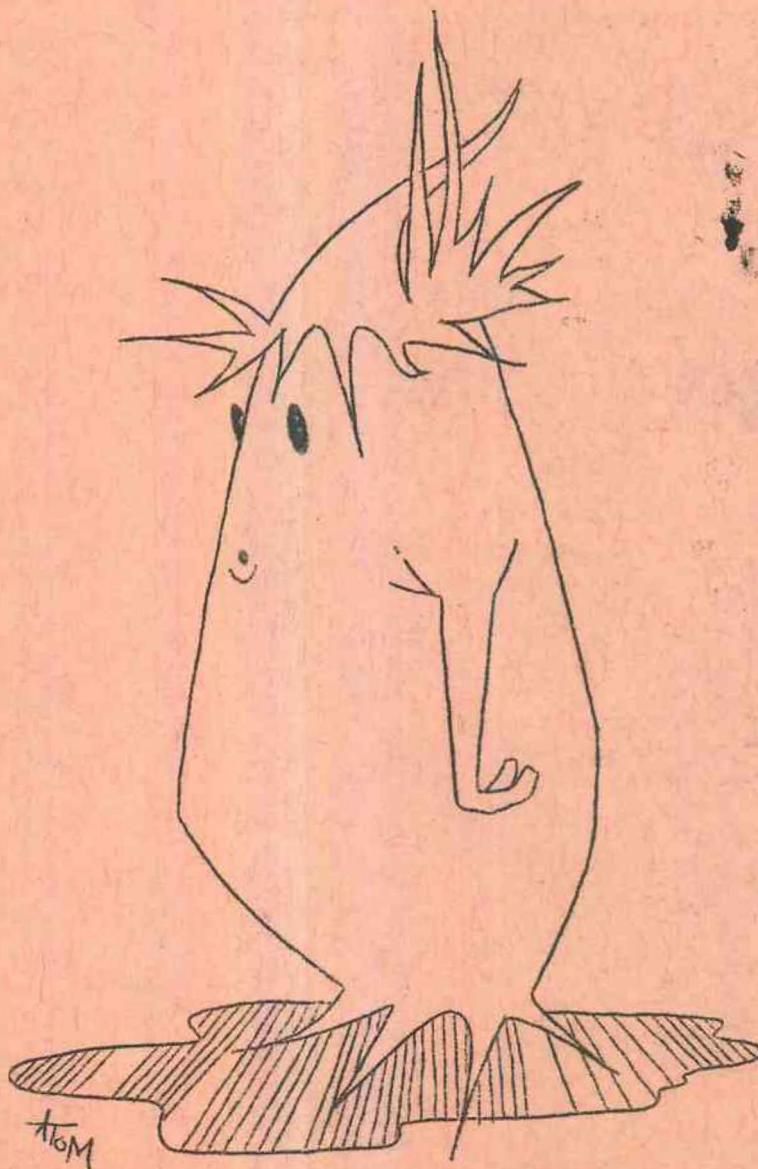
I'm really discussing two things here; the real extent of Athenian democracy, and modern attitudes toward what it was and was not. There were a lot of pressures on Greek society which make a perceptive reader aware of why it was unable to develop an extension of the democratic forms it had. It was, essentially, a poor society, living off the produce of its slaves which produced little more than that required to keep the society going on a subsistence basis. In addition, there were a multitude of geographic factors and the problem of competing powers (all of whom, to be sure, were in similar circumstances). Anyone who exhorts Greece to be more than it was is simply displaying ignorance. There is every reason in the world for ancient Greece to have existed as it did; but there is none at all for anyone to call it democratic.

--Pete Graham

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Snulnbug

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"One Summer With Elinor" is a novel on which I worked sporadically during most of last year, completing two chapters and part of a third. I'm printing the first chapter here because it seems to make a reasonably coherent whole; further chapters may or may not appear in future LIGHTHICE, depending. Despite the occasional fan-references, everything in it is fiction. -tgc

FROM A NOVEL IN PROGRESS

# one summer with elinor

by terry carr

Someday I am going to write my thesis on Young American Womanhood as a Symbol of our Cultural Decline. I have most of it written in my head already, complete with chapter-titles and all. There will be chapters on "Female Dominance and the Soapstud Morality," "Intelligence vs. Intuition," "The Double Standard: Woman's Greatest Weapon," and "Does She or Doesn't She?--She Probably Doesn't Know Herself". It will be liberally sprinkled with impressive quotes from Freud, Krafft-Ebing, Sacher-Masoch, and Ashley Montagu, but the meat of the thesis will be in detailed examples and analyses from my own energetic field-studies. Oh, I have it all figured out in advance.

The only thing I haven't decided yet is what I am going to say about Elinor.

Elinor was just twenty years old that summer when I met her, a stranger whose eyes darted here and there around the room with a fantastic quickness and anxiety for life. Her eyes were too large, her neck was too long, and her body moved with a grace unnoticed by herself and in fact by almost everyone but me.

I met her at a self-conscious college party in Berkeley where we all moved from room to room with our cans of beer and toasted the end of another semester, now and then pausing to psychoanalyze our instructors in a searching manner. Bob Alexander, one of five seniors who shared the six-room apartment, was telling us in ringing tones that his Physics prof. had downgraded his A on the final and so he'd gone to visit him at his home to talk the matter over. "He lives with his mother," said Alexander, "and she doesn't look more than five years older than him. Of course, he's prematurely balding, but nevertheless. She wasn't bad looking, either. He's a very devoted son."

"What in God's name does that have to do with you messing up your final?" I said. "Excuse me, I mean with him downgrading you."

Alexander bent forward from the waist and stared intently at me under his eyebrows. Then he gestured briefly with his beer can and

said, "It has everything to do with it, old Stan. You see, he loves his mother."

"Nasty break," said Eric Margolis. Eric Margolis had been saying Nasty Break at least ten times a day since his senior year in high school.

"He loves his mother," Alexander said again. "He loves her like no other. And, if my analysis is correct, it could be proven that on the day before my Physics final she started her goddam period."

"Indeed," I said. "I think this should be reported to the Administration. What a hard, callous thing to do!"

Alexander glared at me.

"Monday morning," I said, "I'm going to Sproul Hall and report her. 'Look here,' I shall say, 'there's something I feel you should know about the mother of one of the instructors at this--'"

"All right, can it," said Alexander. "So how many finals did you screw up?"

"Two," I said. "But I expected to take gas on one of them. The damned T.A. was a fairy, you see, and...well, you wouldn't be interested." As a matter of fact, Alexander was reaching for a beer can opener just then and I wasn't sure whether he was going to open another beer or do something clever and collegiate with it. "But that course in Scandinavian Literature," I said, "that one I really crammed for. I was up till six that morning sopping up Ibsen. Then I slept right through the final." I paused and drank my beer, looking at Eric Margolis over the rim of the can.

"Nasty break," he said.

"Nasty indeed," I said. "But I may be able to take the test next week." I finished my beer and set it down and then, since neither of them seemed to have anything more to say, I went off down the hall to another room and sat in a chair in the corner.

This was the larger of two bedrooms, with two beds, bamboo curtains, and a hi-fi set. Somebody was playing a Louis Armstrong record-- "Say I got the heebie, I mean the jeebies...talkin' about...I done forgot the words...oh skit dat, eeh, ah, rop dee dah..." I found another can of beer in a cooler on the floor, and opened it.

It was almost midnight and the room was filled with smoke and people. A young man with enormous black-rimmed glasses was explaining with gestures why Armstrong had been the greatest jazzman in history until he'd gone commercial. He was quite possibly right but I wished he'd quit flinging his arms around.

Frowning, I sat and listened to him, and thought about Bix Beiderbecke. Bix was my favorite jazzman, mainly because at least he didn't sing. I got to thinking about that, and didn't even notice Elinor when she came in.

She was with a girl I knew, Marty Samuels. Marty laid her long coat on the floor and they sat on it; a table-lamp beside Elinor threw

her face into half-shadow, and I found myself staring at her. She had an air of persistent childhood about her--in the way she sat, her hands almost folded on her knees, in the liveliness of her mouth, seemingly ready to laugh at any moment...in all her gestures, quick, darting, her hands moving the instant a thought came to her. She brushed her long brown hair back from her face with that kind of motion, as I watched.

She apparently didn't know anyone in the room but Marty. Marty was always bringing people we didn't know--usually boyfriends. She seemed to have a new boyfriend every month, and it was never anyone the rest of us knew; that was sort of a standing joke. Freeman, another of the apartment's residents, had been trying to date her for six months, with no success. "The whole trouble is," he said once, "that some bastard introduced us one time, and ever since then she hasn't been interested in me. She doesn't find men attractive when she knows their names."

The fact that Marty had brought a girl with her instead of some new boyfriend surprised Freeman, at any rate. I looked up and saw him standing in the doorway from the kitchen, staring at them silently. Then he raised one eyebrow in a quick I'll-be-damned motion and went back into the kitchen.

Reflecting briefly on the way Freeman's face betrayed every thought going through his head, I got up and made my way across the room. As I passed the fellow with the black-rimmed glasses I leaned over and muttered, "Bix lives," then went on. He seemed irritated.

"What do you drink?" I asked the two girls.

They hadn't noticed me coming; the girl with Marty was startled. "Oh! Is there any rum and coke?"

"Hi, Stan," Marty said. "Her name is Elinor."

"Hi," I said to both of them. "I think Freeman's getting you something, Marty." I looked down at Elinor, noticing briefly that the shadows cut a line across her nose and her nostrils flared pleasantly. I like noses. "There's no rum," I said, "but I suppose there's coke. How about bourbon with it?"

"Fine."

"You were right," said Marty. "Here he comes with some beer."

Freeman was struggling to get through a group standing in front of the doorway, holding two cans of beer over his head and swearing. I went and took them from him and brought them back while Freeman stooped and burrowed under everybody's elbows. "Hold on; I'll get the bourbon," I said, and headed for the kitchen. I went around through the hall.

Alexander was in the kitchen, spreading cheese on some crackers. As I was mixing the drink he looked up and said, "What was that guy's name?--your Scandinavian Lit instructor."

"I've never taken Scandinavian Literature," I said, dropping in two ice-cubes.

He looked disgusted. "Then why'd you tell us that crap about sleeping through the final?"

"Oh, I just like to be part of the group," I said, and went out again. I didn't like Alexander very much.

Back in the other room, I found Freeman, Marty and Elinor happily discussing sex. Freeman was doing most of the talking, of course, and Marty was silently and calmly watching his adamsapple. Elinor was leaning forward, frequently nodding or frowning and throwing in a word or two.

"Here's your drink," I said.

She looked up and then suddenly laughed, shortly but softly. "Oh, God," she said. "You know, I don't usually get to talking about sex till I've had at least two drinks."

I leaned against a bedside table and picked up my beer. "What do you think I sex?" I asked her.

She frowned. "I approve of it. I think it's a great thing."

"It's the friendliest thing two people can do," I said.

"Yes, and it's sexy. You know?"

I didn't feel I could deny that, so I nodded and took a swallow or two of beer.

"God damn!" said Freeman, "I get into the damnedest conversations at these parties!"

Marty looked at him quizzically. "What do you mean? We've been talking about either sex or art at every party I've been at since the age of twelve. There's nothing else worth talking about."

"Everything's worth talking about," said Elinor. "But especially sex, though: you're right. I only discuss art with men who smoke pipes or have beards."

I rubbed my chin and discovered I should have shaved again before coming to the party. "I seem to have some stubble," I said. "Will you discuss art with me?"

"With you, my good man, I will discuss comic books," she said, waving her index finger at me. "What do you think of 'Little Luli'? Do you think she's really having an affair with Iggy?"

She was an enigma. I stared at her, and was amazed to see that she really expected an answer.

"I thought we were discussing art, not sex," I said.

"Speaking of sex," she said, "can we dance at this party? I mean, does one do that sort of thing here?"

I put my beer down. "One does," I said. "Come on."

So we danced. It wasn't easy, with the room as crowded as it was. And I've yet to see anyone who could dance to Armstrong's "Potato Head Blues" anyway. But neither of us was really trying very hard anyway; it

wasn't a very earnest kind of party.

"I was getting cramped, sitting on the floor," she said. "Who's the boy who brought the beer? He's very rude."

"That's Freeman--Ken Freeman, but nobody calls him Ken. He probably didn't mean to be rude. But he's got this thing about Marty."

"It seemed like it," she nodded. "What kind of thing does he have? I mean, does he love her, or hate her? Or does he maybe just want to go to bed with her?"

"Maybe all three. That seems to be the kind of thing he has about her."

"He must be very sad."

"No, he's just sick," I said, and we danced in silence for awhile.

Armstrong finished off with a great final chorus that was ruined when somebody went over to the hi-fi and turned it down. The music disappeared, and the babble of conversation rose over it and drowned it out. I hadn't noticed how loudly everybody was talking; we stopped dancing and looked around the room at them all. Five guys and a girl were sitting in the middle of the floor shouting the punchlines of dirty jokes at each other. Another group was in a corner admiring someone's pipe; the fellow who apparently owned it was hollering every now and then, "It's the wood! Damn fine pipe. It's the wood!" The black-rimmed glasses type had found a Bessie Smith blues album and was continuing his lecture on the artistic aspects of Soul in jazz, at the same time moving his hand back and forth over the hips and buttocks of the fascinated girl who was with him; she didn't seem to be listening to what he was saying.

Across the room from us Freeman and Marty were toasting each other like long-lost buddies; from this distance it was obvious that Freeman was trying to get her drunk, and she was trying just as hard to drink him under the table so that he'd shut up. Out in the hall there was a sudden commotion as two of Alexander's roommates carried him into the bathroom; Alexander was kicking and laughing and singing at the top of his voice and one of the guys kept saying, "It's the shower for you, boy! It's a cold shower for you!" Alexander was roaring drunk, of course.

"Let's go outside," I said to Elinor, and when she nodded I led her out to the patio in the rear of the apartment, overlooking all the back yards on the block. I leaned against the railing and lit a cigaret while she sat down in a lawn-chair that Freeman had lugged up from the basement. We could still hear all the noise from inside, but at least it was cool out here.

"How long have you known Marty?" I asked her after a few moments. She was staring motionlessly into the black night sky.

"Mmm? Oh...several years. We went to high school together in San Francisco, but I hadn't seen her for quite awhile until tonight. We were at another party earlier."

"What do you think of her?"

Elinor sat forward in her seat and looked at me for several seconds before she answered. "Why do you ask that? Do you have a thing about her too?"

"No; as a matter of fact, I'm curious about you. One way to find out about someone is to ask them what they think about somebody you already know pretty well."

She sat back. "Well, in the first place her nose is too long. And when she gets excited her eyes get crossed. Did you know that?"

"I'll be damned," I said.

"She has excellent taste in clothes. She's a good cook, too. But she has a nasty temper--just awful. And a lot of times nobody can figure out why she gets mad; she's kind of funny. One time she got mad at her boyfriend and went home and cut her hair real short. She was miserable for months afterward, until it grew out again. And another time she came over and stayed the night at my house, because she'd had a fight with her parents--she didn't sleep all night, she just sat up reading a whole bunch of Reader's Digests."

"She's pretty strange, all right," I said.

"And for days after that she was quoting to me all these things from 'Toward More Picturesque Speech' and all. She was just unbearable."

"You must have been pretty good friends if you put up with her."

"Well, that was the summer we were both fat, and nobody wanted to take us out or anything. We used to go to the movies together every Saturday night; it was awful. We weren't really friends, see; we were just sort of thrown together by a cruel, unyielding world that didn't love us, and all that. It's sure funny, seeing her again tonight."

"She isn't really part of this crowd."

"I'm not surprised. And I'll bet you're not either," she said. "I mean, you were sitting alone when we came in."

"I join the party when I feel like it," I said shortly. Her remark irritated me a bit; I hadn't expected anything like that from her.

There was a silence on the patio, filled only partly by muffled rolls of laughter from inside and traffic noises from the night around us. I leaned back against the railing and carefully blew a smoke-ring which drifted up for two feet and was blown apart by a vagrant breeze. Suddenly I was sorry that we'd stopped talking.

"For instance," I said, ignoring the break, "that's why I wanted to come out here. Sometimes too many people bother me; I want to pick one that I like and go off around a corner somewhere. Do you see what I mean?"

She nodded. "I do that too, but I don't like it. When I do that it's because I don't like myself."

"I get so disgusted with myself sometimes that nobody can convince me I'm worth a damn," I said. "I just don't care what anybody else

thinks of me then, you know?" She didn't answer; she was staring at her hands, which were very still in her lap. "I'm just a little tired and cynical tonight, though; I get that way after taking too many finals."

"You've got to care about what other people think, always," she said softly. "When you don't, you're alone."

"And then you may as well go off around a corner somewhere," I said. Then for some reason it struck me how ridiculous it was for us to have come out into the cool dark to depress each other, and I laughed. "Life sure is absolutely lousy, isn't it?" I said.

She looked up and saw me grinning, and smiled back. "It's terrible, when you think about it. That's why I usually talk about sex or art or something. Why haven't we been talking about sex, by the way? We're all alone out here--I think I've been insulted."

I shook my head. "Let me tell you a secret from my vast store of knowledge about men and women: no matter what a male and a female may think they're talking about, it's usually sex. People are ingenious, underneath; they have to be, to fool themselves so much."

Elinor frowned ruefully. "Oh come on, you're going to depress me again."

I found myself still smiling, and that too amused me. I liked her. "Let's go back inside," I said. "I get like this in the dark; sometimes the sky seems to press down on me. Don't let it bother you."

As I helped her up she was smiling quizzically. "You're very strange," she said.

"It's the secret of my boyish charm," I said quietly; she may not even have heard me. We went back into the hall.

"Now what did you learn about me from all that?" she said.

"Well, mainly I found that you have a nice voice. I like listening to you talk. Really."

She tossed her head, brushing her hair back in that gesture she had. We went in through the hall to the front bedroom, and ran into a commotion. Everybody was standing up and staring at the door to the front room, and there was a babble of noise. "For Chrissake!" somebody said in front of me. "What a stupid bastard!" Even the fellow with the black-rimmed glasses had stood up and was looking around with a wondering face; the girl who'd been with him was still sitting on the floor with her hair mussed, looking slightly bored.

I craned my neck and couldn't see much of anything happening in the other room, just more people looking surprised. "What's going on?" I asked the guy in front of me.

"Alexander came out of the bathroom naked. He got halfway across the front room before they grabbed him and dragged him back into the shower." I noticed then that there was singing and cursing coming from the bathroom door.

"Isn't he one of the ones that live here?" said Elinor beside me.

"Yeah," I said. "He's the life of any party. You see what I mean about how sometimes I don't feel like joining the group?"

"He seemed like he'd been drinking quite a bit."

"The hell with him." I spied Freeman and Marty over by the door and waved to them. "Our drinks are probably getting warm; let's retrieve them."

I pushed a path through people's shoulders and we joined Freeman and Marty. The rest of the people there were going back to their conversations, sitting back onto the floor, wandering back into the kitchen and the hall. I leaned against the wall and debated whether to be disgusted with Alexander or concentrate on Elinor. She was standing next to me with her hair brushing against my arm, and I decided I liked thinking of her better than (face it, old Stan) just feeling superior to Alexander.

"Oh well; if anybody pushed me into a cold shower, I might revolt too," I finally said.

"He'll be out again in a minute or two," said Marty. "I don't know whether I'll be able to resist his manly brawn next time."

"He probably will come out again," Freeman agreed. "Why don't we go somewhere else before he does?"

"It's still awfully hot in here," Elinor said. "Could we go for a drive?"

I looked down at the top of her head. "But Alexander wants to discuss art and literature with you," I said. "You wouldn't want to pass up such an opportunity, would you?"

"Listen, let's go for a ride like she said," Freeman persisted.

"Well now, you're Alexander's roommate," I said. I never paid any attention to Freeman. "It's obvious that he doesn't have a beard, but do you know whether or not he ever smokes his pipe while he's in the shower? We might all be missing a great opportunity to communicate with a great mind in the altogether, so to speak."

"Alexander doesn't smoke anything but Newports," Freeman said shortly. "I've got a tankful of gas; why don't we drive across the bridge to the city?"

Marty seemed dubious, but she turned to Elinor. "What do you think?"

"I like the bridge at night," Elinor said. "You can see the lights of the city and all, and the bay seems so calm. Sometimes you can hear the foghorns, too."

Just then the bathroom door opened with a bang, and Alexander came running out, dripping water and laughing madly. "It ain't gonna rain no more, no more!" he sang at the top of his voice, and as one of his roommates came out the door after him he turned the corner from the

front hall to the livingroom and his feet slid out from under him. He landed with a hundred and seventy pounds of noise, the fall shaking a spray of water from his hair. He lay there laughing while his room-mates again came up behind him and grabbed him under the arms.

When they began to lift him he struggled, and shouted, "No, damn it! It's raining in there, you god damned idiots!" Heads were popping around the door from the kitchen again and there was a sudden babble of voices.

"You sons of bitches, I live here!" Alexander shouted. "Get your grimy hands off me!"

Freeman left us and went toward the struggle with an angry expression on his face. "Straighten up, buddy!" he said sharply.

"You go to hell, you blackheaded son of a bitch!" Alexander yelled. He elbowed one of the guys holding him in the stomach and stood up by himself, swaying and dripping in the doorway. "You and your lying bastard friend there." He was looking at me.

"Take it easy, man," said Freeman, more quietly. He walked up to Alexander calmly and then, so quickly that it surprised us all, he threw a right that caught him square on the point of the jaw with a sickening splat. Alexander went over backwards, and one of his roommates caught him just in time to keep his head from cracking against the hardwood floor in the hall; the roommate was knocked to his knees himself. Alexander was out cold.

"Put him to bed," Freeman said coldly, and stood staring for several seconds as they carried Alexander off to the other bedroom. The whole apartment, abruptly, was completely quiet, and as I stood there trying to figure out the expression on Freeman's face Elinor suddenly put her arms around me and buried her face in the small of my shoulder.

"Hold me, please," she said in a small voice. I put my arms around her awkwardly; she was shaking.

Freeman looked up and seemed to remember where he was. He shook his head and strode angrily into the kitchen, and I heard the faucet running in there. Everybody in the room with us seemed embarrassed.

"It's all right," I whispered to Elinor, patting the top of her head lightly. She had wonderfully soft hair. "Look at me; come on, look up now."

She looked up, and I touched the side of her face with the tips of my fingers. "Don't worry about either one of them," I said. She smiled tentatively, and I kissed the tip of her nose. "Did you know that I like noses more than anything, and that I like your nose more than anybody else's in the world?" I said.

There were tears in her eyes, but she had stopped shaking and now she smiled completely. "Couldn't we go for that ride?" she said.

"Right. Off to the city we go." I looked at Marty, who hadn't said a word during the whole business, and she nodded. She picked up her coat from the floor beside us and went into the kitchen to get Freeman.

"It wasn't that bad a fight," I said to Elinor. "Alexander was too drunk to do anything, really."

She shook her head. "It wasn't that. It wasn't that at all."

"Then what?" I said.

"I'll tell you later."

Marty came back a minute later with Freeman, who had a wet handkerchief wrapped around his hand. He didn't say anything, just nodded brusquely and led us straight out the door. I had Elinor's sweater over my arm.

"Is your hand all right?" I asked him.

"It'll be okay, but Marty's going to drive. We'll go out to the beach over there."

Freeman's car, a '58 Buick, was parked right across the street. We all got in, Elinor and I in the back, and Marty pulled out. No one said anything for several minutes. Berkeley is a very quiet town after midnight, even on the main streets, and the quiet all around us was too much to ignore.

Finally Marty pointed at Freeman and said, "Either say something funny or let's all sing dirty songs." Freeman looked at her and shrugged.

I sat back in the seat and put my arm around Elinor. She leaned against me and I noticed that she was shaking again, just a little. "Hey, come on now," I said quietly. "Forget it."

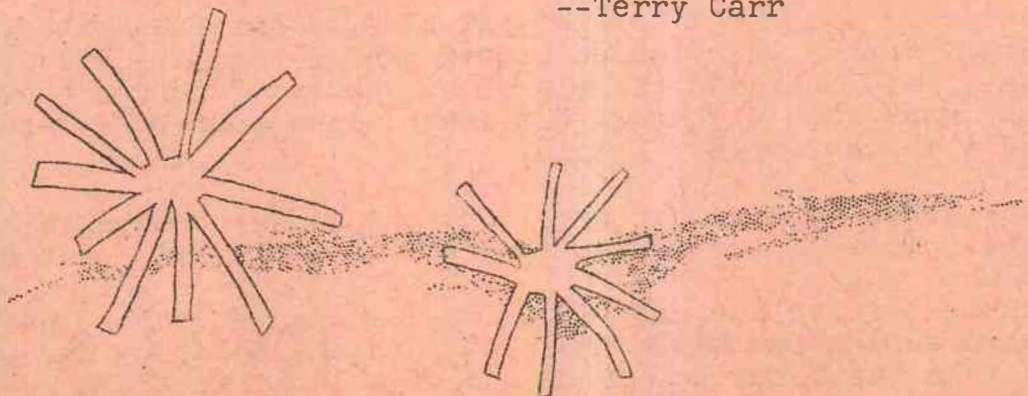
She didn't look up at me, but she said, "Don't you realize that he hated you? He stood right there looking at you, and there was such a-- Didn't you see the look in his eyes?"

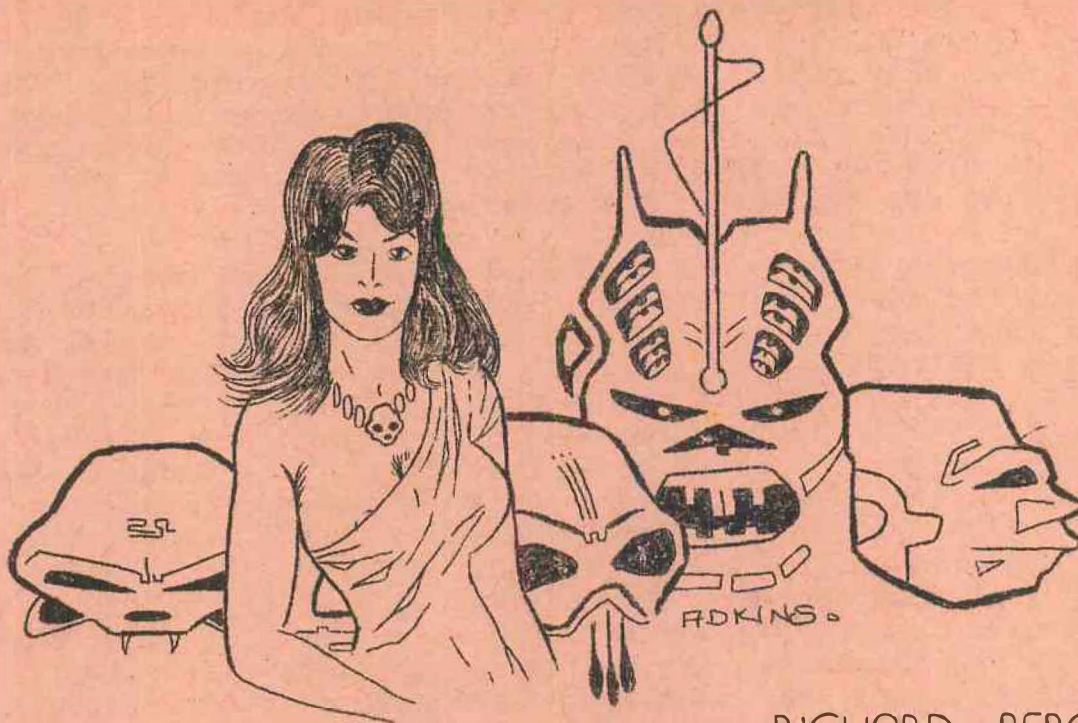
I didn't say anything.

"He hated you," she said again. "I've never seen that before."

I sat in the darkness of the back seat and still didn't say anything. My arm was around her very tight, and it seemed that a million streetlights and neon signs flashed by in the windows.

--Terry Carr





RICHARD BERGERON

## THE LOVES OF YESTERYEAR

Reprinted, with permission, from WARHOON #14, January 1962

Hell hath no fury like an apa scorned.

If I needed more justification for that statement than the scarred beauties Christine Moskowitz and GMCarr, I might collect a brief from the FAPA mailing comments on OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS. I might if the intent of this inquest were to restate some elementary principles of group psychology rather than to heal broken valentines in the halls of the apas. My rule is more that of Mr. Anthony than Marc Antony; I want to resurrect Caesar, not bury him.

The bill of estrangement at hand is the continued disenchantment between one Redd Boggs and the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. My motive in attempting to excise this cancer is, as usual, a selfish one. Terry Carr, dispenser of lovely lines and deadly barbs, stated the case as aptly as anyone when he bet that most "waiting-listers would rather you were still in FAPA when they get in." If Redd does leave, and he's set himself a deadline of four mailings to make up his mind, I don't expect to get into FAPA until long after he has been completely forgotten, but I hardly look forward to finding an organization where one's voice echoes. This may seem an odd stance from an admittedly selfish waiting-lister, but I have no wish to see FAPA's value as a respected audience reduced by so conspicuous an absence.

In order to diminish by 64 members my problems in this essayed reconciliation and perhaps help eliminate some of the commotion mentioned in the first paragraph, I suggest that the fault is not on FAPA's shelves but may rather be the effects of Redd's attempts to rationalize a fifteenth year itch. If this is the trouble, the prob-

lem of reviving ardor could be solved by a one-year exile to N'APA... but what N'APA would do with the influx of 64 members is beyond me. Essentially I feel that most of Redd's rationalizations against FAPA are just that and perhaps the product of too much ruminating through the fannish albums: the bloom may have faded from FAPA's cheeks since the time she was plied with SKYHOOK, but the voice is sweeter than ever for those who can see beyond the wrinkles.

When I first saw Redd's OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS (the monster in this case being the FAPA constitution), I didn't recognize it for what it surely is: the disgruntlement of the man who, after 40 years, suddenly discovers that his wife has a great wart on the end of her nose. Perhaps the wart had grown a bit in the ensuing years but the core of it was there from the inception. In this publication, Redd offered an 18 word surgery designed to replace the functions of the present constitution: "The official editor, elected by the 65 members, sends out quarterly mailings containing material published by the members." "All else is pure distilled piffle", Redd claimed. But Redd is not an unfair man. Surely, even with the wart, the present FAPA is preferable to a fragile group that no members ever leave short of death (because there are no activity requirements), that no waiting listers ever enter (if there is a waiting list), and no mailings are ever sent out (because there are no requirements for dues). Even a slightly bemused lover like Boggs would flee the alabaster touch of such a body. So you see, Redd, old FAPA in her worn gingham may be the most serviceable mate after all. But surely she's not incompatible on this count: when I first read OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS I experienced some surprise that Boggs would find distasteful a document whose aim, with a minimum of arbitrariness, is reasonable regulation of the activities of 65 fans. Surely it was the same desire for consistency, fairness, regularity, standardization, and simplification (within the limits of countless contingency--given the varieties of fans and language) that inspired both the belabored constitutions and the GAFIA PRESS STYLE BOOK. After only seven days searching through the file cabinets, I found my copy of the Gafia Press leaflet and battled my way through the perils of its winding labyrinth. Here we have a guide for the activity of one (1) person. A guide that runs a length of 14 typed pages or 7 pages of elite (I must confess) text. Doubtless this style book is of great use to the person it was designed for; resolving as it does literally thousands of editorial make-up decisions. But I'm puzzled that the inspiration of sanity that produced it lacks affection for a much shorter attempt (the FAPA constitution runs 4 pages in pica) to introduce essential regularity into the activities of 65 people. The desire for regulation is the same. Granted that the discussions revolving around the constitution are often a pain (I get so many of the FAPAZines that I sometimes think that I'm a member and occasionally absent minded check the FANTASY AMATEUR to see when my activity is due; forgive me) and in many cases only of interest to the member whose membership is at stake and the waiting-listers, but there's no reason one has to force himself to read about them. We don't have to listen to our wives' conversations with the milkman (for the best of reasons); All FAPA's goodies aren't in the FANTASY AMATEUR.

THE NEHWON REVIEW, Redd's latest FAPAZine, contains more curious riddles. Redd complains that "The air is loaded with chatter and knives." This is surely distilled piffle coming from an old sword swallower like Boggs. An era he harks back to nostalgically when "Burbee and Laney rescued us from the disaster caused by a 'dilatory and malfeasant' administration in 1947" was marked by one of the most vicious reports in

all fandom, Burbee's "Half-Length Article" and dominated by Francis T. Laney--a time not only of knives, but poisoned envelope flaps, innuendos of homosexuality, molotov cocktails, and thumbscrews. And mention should be made of Redd's recent praise for KIP LE #19 ("a great issue...volcanic."), which was filled with the cutlass strokes of Ted White, Dick Lupoff and Marion Bradley and overtones of legal complications! It's unfair to lecture your wife for characteristics you don't count as faults in other women.

Most of Redd's other remarks are of a similar nature. He says, "if mailing comments were frowned upon, people would have to be creative again"--as though it's impossible to produce creative mailing comments; a proposition Redd and Bob Leman and many others have disproved. (In this context, since he cites that period as one of rosey glow, his remark in the Autumn 1949 SKYHOOK has a strange contrast: "'Who gives a damn about year-old FAPA reviews?' wonders Alpaugh. I for one enjoy reviews that're far older than one year, whether or not I've got the mailing reviewed.")

One might wonder what fair young outlet has caught Redd's eye. As creative a fan as Boggs has to have an outlet for his activity and if not FAPA, what more glorious creature? Well, there seems to be a corresponding rise in his estimation of general fandom: Redd wrote in WAR-HOON #12: "We live, indeed, in the best of all possible fandoms; never have there been so many eager and talented fans and so many top-quality and engrossing fanzines. The best fans and the best fanzines of the past have never been surpassed (though sometimes equalled) but never before has there been such a bumper crop." Of course, we have DISCORD, a fine publication, and an occasional column or letter in a miscellaneous fanzine and it might be a mistake to point out that these last two appearances are made on scenes that can't compare with a HORIZONS or VINEGAR WORM. This attempt at reinvigoration may be a mistake, ultimately, because a final parting may lift those last obligations to FAPA and leave Redd with the free spirit to re-establish SKYHOOK. It may or it may not be for FAPA has long served as the final link with fandom for fans pushing off into the great unknown.

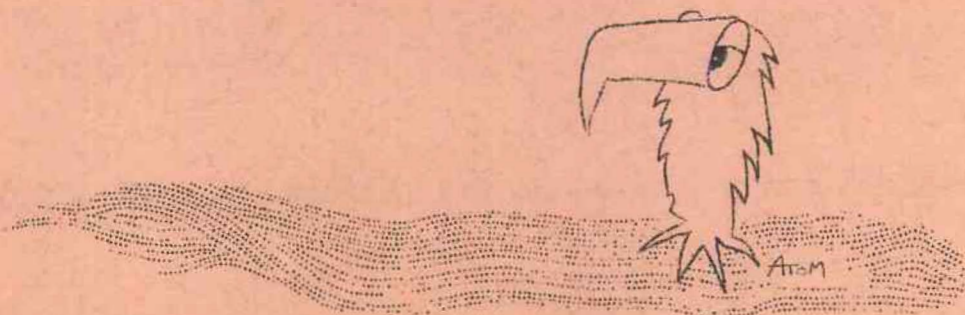
Given Redd's enthusiasm for non-apadom it may not serve so in this case. But it augurs ill that the approaching separation is based on misunderstanding. Perhaps the problem is as simple and as irremediable as Redd's fatigue with the notion of having his fanac distributed, and buried, with that of 64 other people.

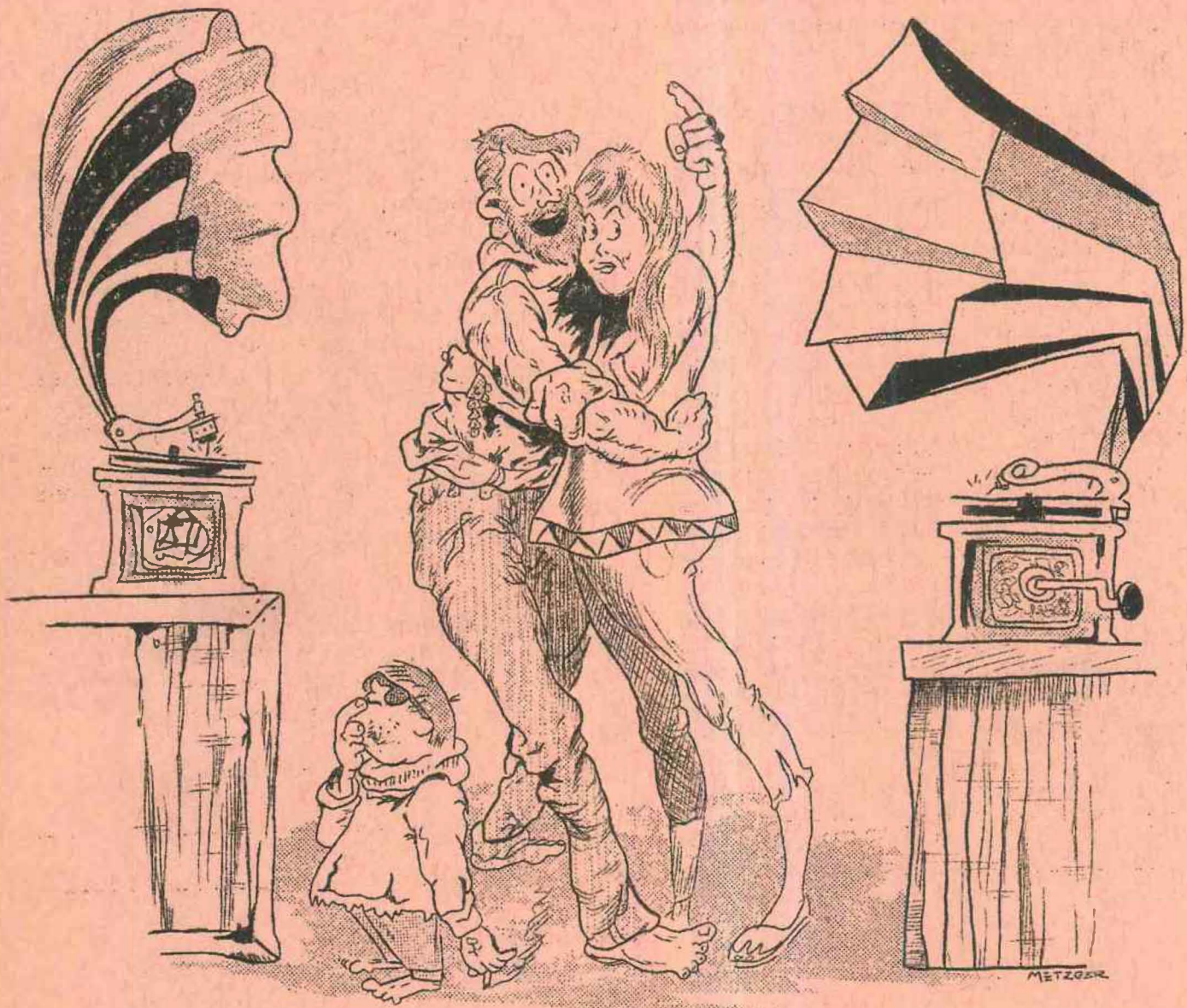
--Richard Bergeron

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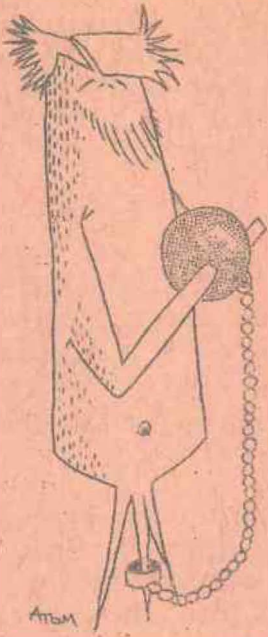
Lo, The Poor Indian

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Like wow! We've discovered a new sound--and it's almost as good as KDKA-FM!



ted white:

## FAPA ON WRY

I've had a difficult assignment for this column. "Be funny," said Pete. "Don't be serious," said Terry. That pretty well brackets me. I'm tempted to talk about the weather; that's wonderfully un-serious, and besides you can't be sued for it. But the weather lately hasn't been very humorous.

I've been observing a strange and interesting phenomenon, weatherwise. Every time it gets cold--by which I mean from xero to just below freezing--it gets dry and sunny. Every time it clouds up and I begin to think that at last we'll have some snow, it warms up to about 35 or 45 and we have a couple of miserable days of rain and drizzle.

It works out like this every time. We've had snows forecast for months, and the only snow we've gotten hasn't lasted half a day. Why, my parents down in Virginia have had more snow than we have up here. It's disgusting.

However, we've made up for the snow with the cold. The last few days it's hovered between 5 degrees and 25 degrees, and it has been cold.

I think it's all a dirty plot by the frozen foods industry.

A BRIEF VISIT WITH MISS GOLDSMITH: Somebody in the audience asked me why I mentioned last issue my visiting editors with my art folio when I wrote only of John W. Campbell. Well, the reason was that I got carried away with the flowering of my prose, and pretty soon I had not only written about Campbell at greater length than had been my intention, but I'd also written myself out on the whole subject.

But Frank Wilimczyk has said a few kind words about the notion of writing up visitations upon editors, so I guess for the sake of completeness I should mention the other editors I saw.

As a matter of fact, the only other editor I saw with the intention of peddling illustrations was Cele Goldsmith. If you sit down and reason things through for a moment, you'll see the issues with the same burning clarity that I did: There are four editors in the sf magazine field now, one of whom edits a magazine without interior illustrations, which lets him out. Of the remaining three, one doesn't handle his own art, and at any rate his magazines (both of them) are so poorly edited in the art department that it didn't seem worthwhile to waste time on him. That left John and Cele. I visited Cele a few days after I saw Campbell.

I have visited Cele or seen her on other occasions. Once, during the summer of 1960, I accompanied Harlan Ellison to see her, and spent a mildly enjoyable fifteen minutes or so hovering in the background and probably not noticed by her at all. This was about the time Amazing was changing cover formats, which pleased her no end, so she had plenty to show off to Harlan.

As we left, Harlan said thoughtfully, "You know, Cele was secretary to Howard Browne and Paul Fairman for years...in fact when Fairman left she took over being editor because she knew more about the magazine than anyone else. At heart, she's a fan." That seemed to me a remarkably good summation of her orientation, and I suspect that's one reason for the enthusiasm she has been visibly putting into her magazines, along with any number of improvements in appearance and material.

Then, later on when the Amazing Stories Thirty-Fifth Anniversary meeting was held at the ESFA in Newark, I rode out to Newark with Cele on the Hudson Tubes, without realizing it. "There's something familiar about that woman," I said to Sylvia and Bob Stewart, who were with me. "I wonder if she could be Cele Goldsmith?"

"Don't be silly," said Sylvia, and it wasn't till Cele rose to speak at the meeting that I realized my flagging memory hadn't been off after all.

On the day when we visited her, though, about selling art, both Andy Reiss and I went together. We planned to visit the Metronome offices at the same time, since they were right across the street, so I could introduce Andy to Jerry Smokeler, the art director there. So when we rode up to the Ziff-Davis floor at 1 Park Ave., we had no appointments.

We exited the elevator into a lobby. At one end sat a receptionist behind a desk. We announced ourselves to her and said we wanted to see Miss Goldsmith about selling some art. She took our names and told us to be seated.

In short order Cele came out, and instead of showing us to her office down the corridor and around the corner, she said she'd look at our stuff there in the lobby. This didn't sound too good, but it left us no alternatives, so we opened our portfolios and exhibited our samples.

It would be difficult to know how impressed she was. Considering the fact that at the time she was printing the extremely amateurish work of West and Douglas, I would have thought our stuff might ring one or two bells. But she was noncommittal. "We're overstocked right now, but I'll take your names and addresses and let you know when we have work," she said. I bought this, because it had been what she'd told Adkins and Ivie, after buying up huge amounts of their stuff. I made the assumption that she meant it, and was not giving us a polite brushoff.

But I don't know, because she never made any further effort to contact us.

This past fall we brought back to the east coast Ed Emsh's Hugo from the Seacon. About the same time he left for us with our neighbor Dick Francis (the same who illustrates for Galaxy) the F&SF painting he'd done of Sylvia, which had appeared on the February 1960 cover. It was very easy for Sylvia to write a short thank-you letter and to mention

at the same time that we had this Hugo, see, and...and to hint that we'd like to visit the Emshwillers.

I hadn't known about that part of it until Ed phoned one day to invite us out for a Saturday afternoon.

The Emshwillers live in Levittown on Long Island, which is to say in the suburbs. We got our car from the Shaws and drove out, following Ed's explicit directions, and getting lost only twice, due to bad road-signs. It was an education, though, and I enjoyed all two and a half hours of it.

We were an hour or two late, but nevertheless we had a marvellous time with the Emshwillers and their children. Much of the time we spent admiring Ed's paintings, looking over his studio (where he has fixed up the rig he uses for his movie-paintings), and talking with Ed and Carol.

I told Ed about my experience with John Campbell and asked him why he'd done so little for Astounding.

"Well," Ed said, thoughtfully, slowly, "I guess it was because I couldn't stand Dianetics.

"Every time I would call on John, back when I was making the rounds to all the editors, he'd never talk about my stuff, or whether he could use me or had anything for me. Instead he'd start asking me questions about philosophy, or telling me about this marvelous new discovery of his, Dianetics. I'd usually end up wasting an hour or so being polite, and never getting any work, so I just stopped going up there."

It's a small world, gang.

AVRAM DAVIDSON is the new editor of F&SF. I mention this because Avram is also a regular at Towner Hall here, and is an honorary VOID-boy. Avram's many hats (or maybe I should say his many yarmulkas) may create a problem for him, though. We have this thing, see, called the New York Fan Syndrome. Its usual manifestation is that of co-editorship; surely you've noticed that most of the fanzines emanating from this area are co-edited. When Avram joined our happy little group (this was before he became a Rich Successful Prozone Editor, back in the days when he was a Poor and Needy Freelance Writer), we immediately clutched him to us and vied for his co-editorship. The dust had not yet begun to thin, though, when Joseph Ferman outbid us for his services.

But now Avram has a problem. What is he going to do with Andy, Terry, Pete and me as co-editors of F&SF?

Terry had a partial solution. "Why don't you dump Spring Byington from the bacover?" he suggested. "Why not put in an ad saying, 'The VOID Boys read F&SF'? I'm sure it would do wonders for your circulation."

That's the sort of thing Avram has had to put up with every time he's come down here in the last several weeks. "Say Avram," we chorus, "how about--"

"How about indicating the word-length of each story, like Amazing and Other Worlds used to do?" I asked.

"How about putting in a letter-column? You could call it 'The Reader Speaks'," suggested Pete.

"How about some inside illos?" Andy requested.

"How about an editorial? That's very important in establishing your own personality," Terry said.

"While you're at it," I added, "how about changing the type style of the story titles?"

"Oh hell," said Terry. "Why don't you change the name to Astounding Stories of Super Science?"

Having our own tame prozine editor to badger certainly is a wonderful thing.

DIRTY PRO: "Why, I'd be glad to type stencils for you, Ted White," said Terry Carr. "...At my usual rate of \$1.40 a page..."

I'm not really sure how all this started. Or maybe I mean I wish I couldn't remember how it all started. It all started with Terry typing some stencils for me, you see, at \$1.40 a stencil..

Larry Harris, who is many things to some fen, and one thing--a hack writer--to quite a few, directs plays for an East Side coffee house, and one day a month or two ago he came by the shop (it was daytime, so it was still just "the shop" instead of Towner Hall), and said, "I've got a job for you, Ted." Larry Harris is the only man I know who can one-up me with a simple statement like "I've got a job for you, Ted." And he did. As usual.

"Oh, fine," I said, squelched, but eager for some income. "What is it?"

"Well, I've got to have twenty copies of two one-act plays. Shouldn't be more than twenty pages each. I've got have one of them by tonight, but the other one I won't need till tomorrow. And, oh, could you collate and staple them?" There it was again, the superior touch.

Think about that for a moment: twenty pages to be stencilled, run off, and collated in about six hours. And with other stuff in the shop to be done.

"Okay," I said. "I'll try."

"I'll be here at six," said Larry Harris, cinching the kill.

In the next hour I typed two stencils.

About then Terry came in. "Ah! Terry Carr!" I expostulated. "Just the very man I've been seeking! Want to make some money?"

Terry bobbed his head. "What can I do?"

"I'll give you \$1.40 a stencil, which is what I'm making, to type up this ~~\$1.40~~\* one-act play by Thornton Wilder in time enough for me to have it run off and assembled by six o'clock," I declaimed.

Terry did that. He also typed the stencils for the other play, and I ran them off, and collated 20 copies, and stapled them, and Larry Harris gave me a check, and I paid Terry around \$30.00, and we'll forget what Larry Harris' check did.

Since then, whenever I get jobs which require stencils to be typed, Terry has been eager to help me type them. "Just think," he is wont to exclaim, "at better than three stencils an hour, that's over \$4.00 an hour!"

Terry went out and got a job, at which he was probably making more money than I, and certainly with much greater regularity, but he assured me that if I had any stencil-typing jobs he would make it a point to come over after work and type them for me. "Why, I'd work all night at those rates, Ted," he assured me.

Then I got swamped with work, and I had about ten pages of stuff to be copied and typed for NULL-F (The Fanzine with a Deadline), and no time for typing it up. "Hey, Terry," I asked Terry Carr over the roar of fanac down here in Towner Hall, "can you stencil some stuff for me?"

"Why, certainly, Ted White," Terry replied. "I'll be glad to type stencils for you at my usual rate of \$1.40 a page."

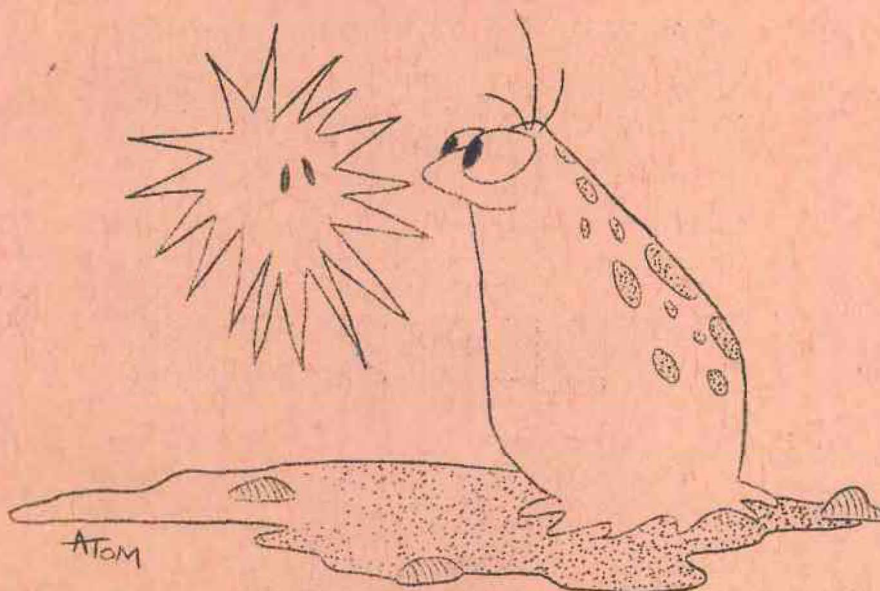
"Hey, Terry," said Pete, a silent witness to all this. "Here's two bits. Run out and mail this envelope for me, willya?"

--Ted White

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There are three reality levels to Coventry.

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DAVE RIKE :

OUT BERKELEY WAY

I hope you hurry up, I have an issue of Habakkuk almost ready, besides the next Viper, & my mailing comments in Limbo.

It's too bad your Gestetner doesn't work. What're you going to use for a dupe now?

I guess I'll have to take these Fanac stencils with me to New York for Ted White to run them off when I fly back tomorrow.

Maybe if it was plugged in...

It should work, perhaps if I adjust this here, otherwise I'll have to dis-mantle it...

No, no, do you want to electrocute the guy?

That's an idea, then he'd be the first electric fan...

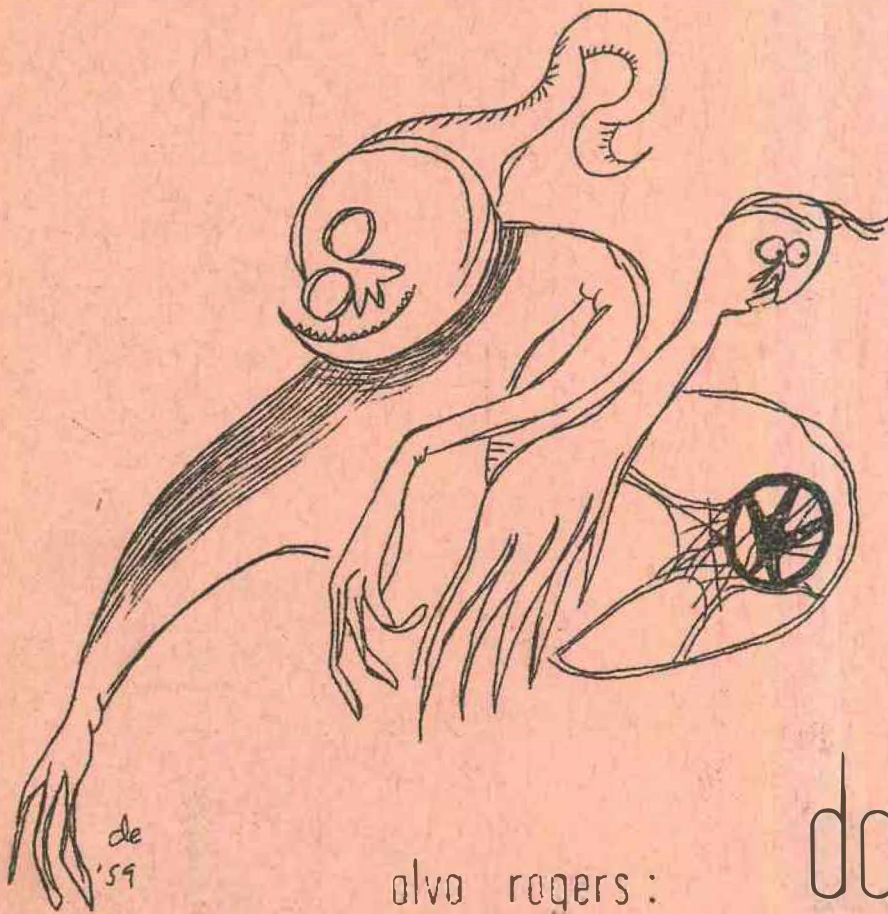
Well, I'll be dittoing my Cultzine.

I'll say hello to him for you the next time I'm in Hong Kong.

Where's the root beer?



PUBLISHING SESSION



alvo rogers:

## darkhouse

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

This hedonistic injunction formed the basic creed of an obscure occult organization referred to by its members as the "O.T.O.," which were the initials of the French name for "The Order of Oriental Templars". The O.T.O. professed to believe in and practice black magic and claimed descent from ancient Egypt. Actually, it was organized by the notorious and brilliant occultist, Aleister Crowley, around the time of the First World War. I was amused to read in Daniel P. Mannix's short biography of Crowley, The Beast (Ballantine Books No. 302K, 1959. 35¢), that Crowley "tried to organize another society called 'The Order of Oriental Templars' more or less in imitation of the Shriners. That also failed." My amusement was caused by the fact that some thirty years after its supposed failure a very active chapter of the society was operating as a black magic cult in Pasadena, a wealthy and staidly respectable suburb of Los Angeles. To give Mannix his due, however, the Pasadena chapter of the O.T.O. was the only one in existence, as far as I know.

I became acquainted with the O.T.O. (but not a member) in the summer of 1945 when Lou Goldstone arranged for a few LA fans to spend a pleasant Sunday afternoon and evening visiting Jack Parsons at his home in Pasadena. Few of us had ever heard of Parsons until Lou, who had been going with a girl who lived there, started regaling us with intriguing stories of the goings-on out in the suburbs. Parsons, it seemed, was a fringe fan, friend of a number of well known science fiction authors, holder of a graduate degree in chemistry, an avowed believer in black magic, and a devoted disciple of "The Great Beast,"

Aleister Crowley. Parsons lived in a magnificent old three story mansion on Orange Grove Avenue, one of the better streets in Pasadena, which he had inherited from his mother and promptly turned into a co-operative rooming house in order to hold on to it. In the ads placed in the local paper Jack specified that only bohemians, artists, musicians, athiests, anarchists, or other exotic types need apply for rooms--any mundane soul would be unceremoniously rejected. This ad, needless to say, created quite a flap in Pasadena when it appeared. In addition to his girl, Betty, who had been living with him for several years (to the constant distress of her socially prominent Pasadena parents), there was a fine selection of hand picked tenants, characters all. A few examples: The professional fortune teller and seer who always wore appropriate dresses and decorated her apartment with symbols and artifacts of arcane lore; a lady, well past middle age but still strikingly beautiful, who claimed to have been at various times the mistress of half the famous men of France; a man who had been a renowned organist for most of the great movie palaces of the silent era; and a young girl artist named Margo (not her real name, which isn't important, although she was).

As a result of this evening spent at Parsons' I became intimately acquainted with Margo and soon became a frequent visitor--and eventually a semi-permanent resident. It was during these months subsequent to the first visit that I got to know Jack and Betty quite well, and became an interested observer to certain aspects of the O.T.O.--and a fascinated observer as well to an interesting bit of human drama.

Although the actual proceedings of the society were restricted to the members, one couldn't help being aware of its influence on the lives of Jack and Betty. Jack's library (a large wood paneled room graced with a comfortable leather covered couch and a couple of leather chairs) was lined with books devoted almost exclusively to the occult, and to the published works of Aleister Crowley. Dominating the room was a large photo-portrait of Crowley affectionately inscribed to Jack. He also had a voluminous correspondence with Crowley in the library, some of which he showed to me. I remember in particular one letter from Crowley which praised and encouraged him for the fine work he was doing in America, and also casually thanked him for his latest donation and intimated that more would shortly be needed. Jack admitted that he was one of Crowley's main sources of money in America. Jack was not wealthy (although his parents had been at one time), and his income was largely derived from his work as a chemical engineer specializing in explosives; his other major sources were the rent from his tenants and money contributed to the O.T.O. by its members, many of whom seemed to me to be fairly well off.

Some of the books used by the O.T.O., particularly The Book of the Law, were to be found lying around the house and provided several hours of entertaining reading. (A good, concise description of The Book of the Law is to be found in the Mannix biography, pp. 55-58.) Jack, always faunching for acolytes, was quite willing to explain the beliefs and laws of the cult to me, and did so with apparent sincerity and seriousness. They believed, he said, in the actual powers of black magic, in the existence of Satan, in their ability to conjure up demons, evil spirits, etc., and in the efficacy of spells in dealing with enemies, love, business, and so on. Supplementing The Book of the Law, which was of course their main "bible," there was a set of lesser laws--some ten or twelve, as I remember--which they were expected to observe religiously. One of these is peculiarly significant and an important factor in the events which were soon to transpire. This was the law which enjoined

the disciplined Crowleyite from expressing jealousy under any circumstance. This was an emotion fit only for peasants, not for the enlightened. This law was diligently observed by Jack and Betty in their own relationship; and Jack, in particular, was serene in the belief that he was incapable of experiencing this base emotion, no matter what the provocation.

Jack was the antithesis of the common image of the Black Magician one encounters in history or fiction; in fact, he bore little resemblance to his revered Master, Aleister Crowley, either in looks or in his personal conduct. He was a good looking man in his early or mid thirties, urbane and sophisticated, and possessed a fine sense of humor. He never, as far as I ever saw, indulged in any of the public scatological crudities which characterized Crowley; nor did he make a career of fathering countless bastards as "The Great Beast" is reputed to have done. He did have the Crowley-approved attitude toward sex, which was really a fine old fannish one, although he didn't realize it. Seriously, though, the O.T.O. was obsessed with sex to the same degree that most demonological cults of this nature were; whether or not they actually practiced orgiastic sex during their Black Masses is another matter entirely--I never attended one. I always found Jack's insistence that he believed in and practiced magic hard to reconcile with his educational and cultural background. At first I thought it was all fun and games, a kick he was on for its shock value to his respectable friends; but after seeing his correspondence with Crowley, and the evidence of his frequent remittances to Crowley, I had to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Betty, who had been living with Jack for a number of years, complemented him admirably. She was young, blonde, very attractive, full of joie de vivre, thoughtful, humorous, generous, and all that. She assisted Jack in the O.T.O. and seemed to possess the same devotion to it and to Crowley as did Jack. At least that was the impression she gave. The rapport between Jack and Betty, the strong affection, if not love, they had for each other despite their frequent separate sextracurricular activities (wholely in keeping with the teachings of the Master), seemed pretty permanent and shatterproof. However, this tranquil relationship was soon to be exposed to pressures, from a most surprising source, that would lead to its disintegration; and additionally, this would in turn cause the break-up of the O.T.O. and disillusion Jack in his faith in the powers of black magic to deal effectively with his personal problems.

It all began on an otherwise undistinguished day in the late fall of 1945 when we got word that L. Ron Hubbard was planning to wait out his terminal leave from the Navy at "The Parsonage". I was, perhaps, more excited (being a true fan) by this news than anyone else around the house. Short visits by such pro authors as Jack Williamson, Edmond Hamilton, Tony Boucher, and others were fairly frequent; but Ron was planning on an extended stay.

Ron arrived on a Sunday, driving an oldish Packard and hauling a house trailer which he parked on the grounds behind the house. He originally intended staying in the trailer, but within a few days someone moved out of the house and he moved in.

I liked Ron from the first. He was of medium build, red headed, wore horn-rimmed glasses, and had a tremendously engaging personality. For several weeks he dominated the scene with his wit and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. About the only thing he seemed to take seriously and

be prideful of was his membership in the Explorers Club (of which he was the youngest member) which he had received after leading an expedition into the wilds of South America, or some such godforsaken place. Ron showed us several scars on his body which he claimed were made by aboriginal arrows on this expedition, from which, according to him, he was lucky to have returned alive. Unfortunately, Ron's reputation for spinning tall tales (both off and on the printed page) made for a certain degree of skepticism in the minds of his audience. At any rate, he told one hell of a good story.

One of the less frequently evident facets of this multi-faceted character was his kindness and thoughtfulness. On two well-remembered occasions he demonstrated these rare qualities for me.

One night before dinner Margo and I were in the fortune teller's room, stretched out on the floor listening to Debussy's "La Mer" and "The Engulfed Cathedral" on her phonograph--real romantic; while Madam \_\_\_\_\_ was trying to prepare my ephemeris on reluctantly given information by me. All of a sudden Betty burst into the room, shattering the romantic mood Margo and I had been wafted into by the melodic strains of Debussy's fantasies, and announced that dinner was ready. Laughingly impatient with my lack of interest in eating at this time, she grabbed me by the hand and started running down the hall with me in tow. She headed for the back stairway (formerly used by the servants to get from the pantry to the upper stories) and plunged straight down this dark well without slowing--still holding on to my hand. About halfway down I missed a step and went the rest of the way, ass-over-appetite, without any further assistance from Betty. I hit the bottom with a godawful crash and a horribly painful ankle that I was sure had been broken. As I lay there moaning manfully, with Betty standing helplessly over me, crying and blaming herself for crippling me, Ron, Jack and the rest came pouring in from the dining room. Ron, sizing up the situation at a glance, knelt down and with professional aplomb diagnosed my painfully broken ankle as a mere sprain. He then half-carried me into the dining room, placed me carefully in my chair, went into the kitchen and filled a large pot with scalding water, and then gently placed my throbbing and swollen ankle into this seething cauldron. After dinner, which was punctuated with much hilarity at my expense, he bandaged my ankle with the skill of a doctor, and for several days thereafter he checked it regularly and changed the bandage when needed--he couldn't have been more considerate if he had been my personal physician.

The second incident occurred on the night Margo and I were to leave the LA area for good to return to San Diego (which was also Margo's home town) to attend San Diego State College. It was a miserable night with heavy rain and vicious gusts of wind. We were a little depressed at leaving and kept putting off the inter-urban train ride from Pasadena to the Union Depot in LA until the last possible moment. In spite of the tensions existing in the house by this time, Ron put on a virtuoso performance in an attempt to keep our spirits up. Then, looking at the hour and the steady rain, he insisted that he drive us to the depot.

What a ride! Personally I couldn't see much beyond the hood of the car, the rain was coming down in such wind-driven sheets; but Ron drove like an amiable madman, apparently oblivious to the storm he was driving through at a terrifying 60 miles an hour or so. Margo and I sat there petrified, saying silent prayers to our personal gods, as Ron continued to favor us with a steady stream of funny anecdotes and light chitter-chatter.

The last I saw of him was as we dashed for the protection of the depot and glanced back to see this grinning redhead wave and shout something at us which was caught up and smothered by the howling wind, wave again and drive off into the stormy night.

Ron was a persuasive and unscrupulous charmer not only in a social group, but with the ladies. He was so persuasive and charmingly unscrupulous that within a matter of a few weeks he brought the entire House of Parsons down around poor Jack's ears. He did this by the simple expedient of taking over Jack's girl for extended periods of time; Jack had never boggled at any of Betty's previous amorous adventurings, but this time it seemed somehow different to him inasmuch as Ron was supposedly his best friend, and this was more than Jack was willing to tolerate. Jack was unable to disguise the fact that Betty and Ron's betrayal of him was deeply felt, and although the three of them continued to maintain a surface show of unchanged amicability, it was obvious that Jack was feeling the pangs of a hitherto unfelt passion, jealousy.

As events progressed Jack found it increasingly difficult to keep his mind on anything but the torrid affair going on between Ron and Betty and the atmosphere around the house became supercharged with tension; Jack began to show more and more strain, and the effort to disguise his metamorphosis from an emotionless Crowleyite "superman" to a jealousy-ridden human being became hopeless. In the end Jack reacted as any ordinary man would under similar circumstances.

The final, desperate act on Jack's part to reverse events and salvage something of the past from the ruin that stared him in the face occurred in the still, early hours of a bleak morning in December. Our room was just across the hall from Jack's apartment, the largest in the house, which also doubled as the temple, or whatever, of the O.T.O. We were brought out of a sound sleep by some weird and disturbing noises seemingly coming from Jack's room which sounded for all the world as though someone were dying or at the very least were deathly ill. We went out into the hall to investigate the source of the noises and found that they came from Jack's partially open door. Perhaps we should have turned around and gone back to bed at this point, but we didn't. The noise--which, by this time, we could tell was a sort of chant--drew us inexorably to the door which we pushed open a little further in order to better see what was going on. What we saw I'll never forget, although I find it hard to describe in any detail. The room, in which I had been before, was decorated in a manner typical to an occultist's lair, with all the symbols and appurtenances essential to the proper practice of black magic. It was dimly lit and smoky from a pungent incense; Jack was draped in a black robe and stood with his back to us, his arms outstretched, in the center of a pentagram before some sort of an altar affair on which several indistinguishable items stood. His voice--which was actually not very loud--rose and fell in a rhythmic chant of gibberish which was delivered with such passionate intensity that its meaning was frighteningly obvious. After this brief and uninvited glimpse into the blackest and most secret center of a tortured man's soul, we quietly withdrew and returned to our room where we spent the balance of the night discussing in whispers what we had just witnessed.

The failure of Jack's desperate resort to the black magician's seldom-attempted conjuring up of a demon to dispatch his rival was bitterly disillusioning and seemed to sour him on Crowley, black magic, and the O.T.O. With Jack's diminishing interest in the O.T.O. that organization soon folded, and as far as I know is as dead today as its founder

and spiritual mentor, Aleister Crowley.

It was shortly after this that Margo and I left for San Diego, with the situation still in a condition of stasis, and I never saw any of the principals again.

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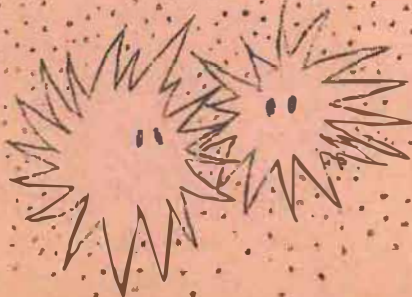
A few months later (I believe it was during the Pacificon) when I was back in LA for a brief visit I had occasion to call the Parsonage to check with Betty about a bookplate I had drawn for her; I wanted to find out if she had received them from the printers, and also to see if it would be all right to stop by for a quick visit. The phone was answered by Jack who, with obviously false casualness, informed me that Betty wasn't there--she and Ron had gone to Yosemite for a short vacation. I didn't press for any details, and after a few moments of friendly but strained conversation we hung up. I learned later that Ron and Betty went instead to the east coast where they bought a boat with money that had belonged jointly to Jack and Betty, with the intention of cruising around the world. How far they got on this venture, I don't recall; but they did get married and maintained this conjugal relationship until some time after Ron flipped into Dianetics, and Betty got fed up with him and precipitated a messy divorce case that made a splash on the front pages of the LA papers.

In 1947 I was again in LA and drove out to Pasadena with a friend to pay a short call on Jack. I had been extolling the architectural grandeur of this fine Victorian house as we drove out there, and as we drove down Orange Grove Avenue I eagerly awaited my first glimpse of this house which, in spite of everything, still held many pleasant memories for me. We finally reached the address and stopped. I sat there stunned. Where once had stood an elegant and prideful reminder of the Victorian Age of leisure and graceful living, a reminder as well of dark goings-on that would have been paralyzingly shocking to its original residents, there remained only a vacant lot with the usual bits of depressing debris scattered over it, and a leaning real estate agent's sign offering this fine lot for sale.

The final curtain was drawn some time later when Jack was found dead under mysterious circumstances. I don't have all the details, but it seems that at first there was some question as to whether he was dead of natural causes, suicide, or whether he might indeed have been murdered. I believe it was finally settled that his death had been due to natural causes, but I can imagine that Jack would have been amusedly appreciative of the final mystery surrounding his departure into whatever hereafter he still might have believed in.

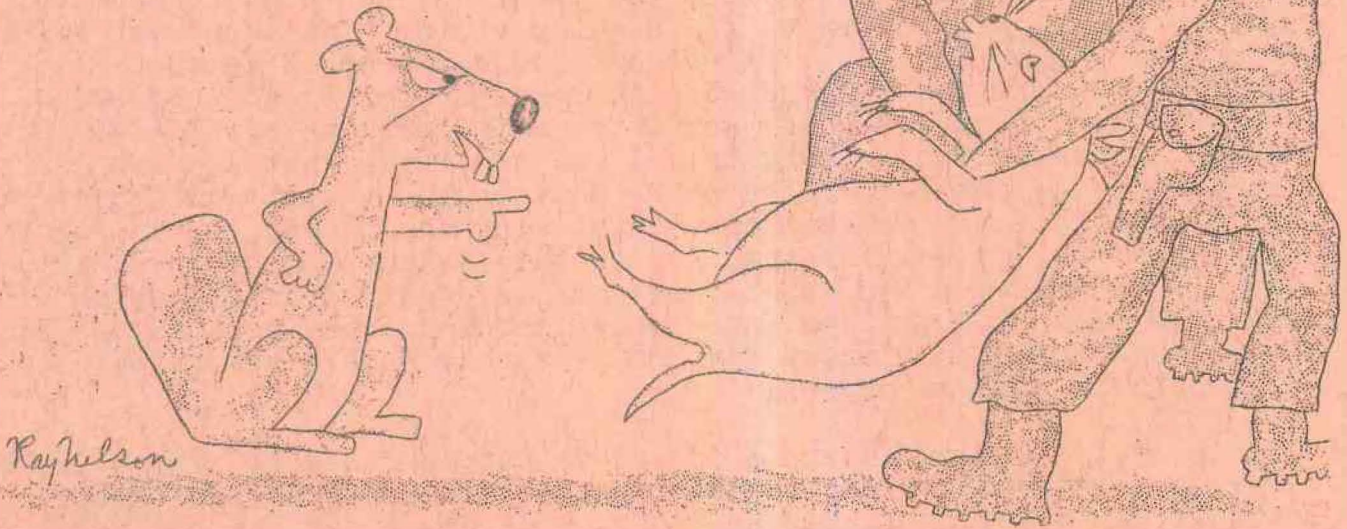
--Alva Rogers

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Whappitytattattatwhomptattattattatthockwhappitytatwhomptattattat6DAMN!  
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# A Fable for Japan

by Bill Donahoe



Once upon a time there was a hard working, but successful, Female Beaver Tree Cutter. But she hadn't always been successful--once she had been a hard working, but poor, Female Beaver Tree Cutter. She came from a poor but hardworking Beaver family, ordinary type, and when she was just a little Beaver she resolved that when she grew up and became Big and Strong, she would be a successful Tree Cutter.

It took her a lot of work to become a Tree Cutter. It takes anyone a lot of work to become a qualified Tree Cutter and people were prejudiced against Female Tree Cutters, so it was especially hard for her. But she stuck to it and worked hard, and finally became a Tree Cutter, one of the best in the business. And she played hard too. She went in for all sorts of strenuous sports, like swimming the four minute mile--underwater.

But unfortunately all this hard work and hard play took all the Female Beaver Tree Cutter's time and energy. She never learned how to relax. She never learned anything about people, what makes them tick and how to get along with them. She never learned anything about herself and her own subjective reactions.

And since she was such a successful, but good, Female Beaver Tree Cutter, she not only thought she knew everything worth knowing about Tree Cutting--and trees--but also about the Whole Forest. She didn't realize that there were people who were not Tree Cutters who knew more than she did about the birds and the bees and the way the sap rises in the springtime. And her pronouncements about grass and cactus were just repetitions of Old Wives' Tales.

And then one day she married Sam Mudhen and came to live in the

FAPA pond. For a long time she ignored the other creatures in the pond, but then she started telling them to tear out the old dam and build a new one--according to her specifications--and that she didn't like the landscaping around the pond anyway. When the other creatures told her to go soak her head, she got in a huff, because, as she said, she hadn't gotten personal, so there was no reason for them to.

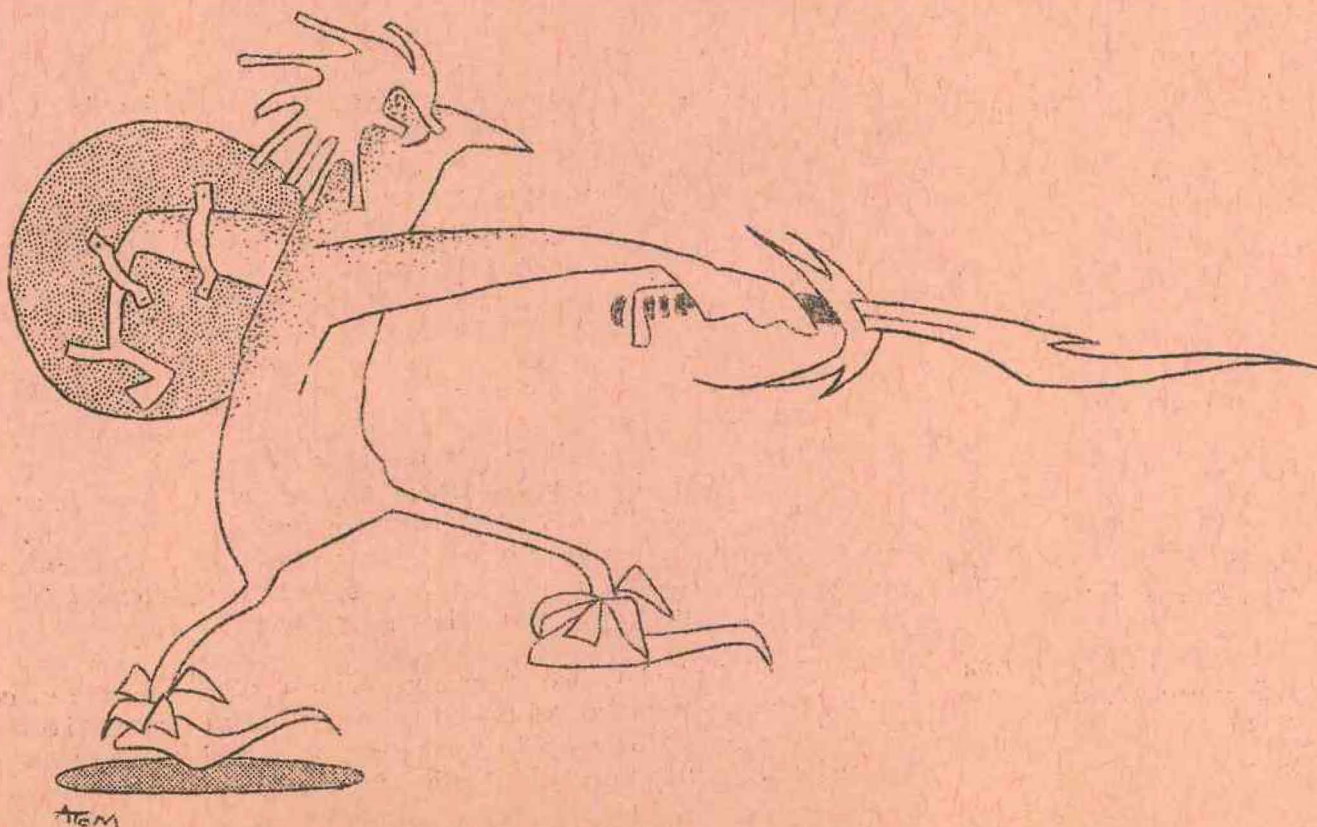
Even before this she had been fighting with the White muskrat. She was real mad at him, possibly because he hit just as hard as she did. You see when she or Sam called the White muskrat the White Rat, and said that he was unprincipled and an incompetent clod, they were just being factual and speaking their mind, but when the White muskrat called her the Meager Beaver with the ratty fur, and said that her folksey articles on forest lore were factually incorrect, he was a liar, and defaming her character, impugning her reputation, and so on.

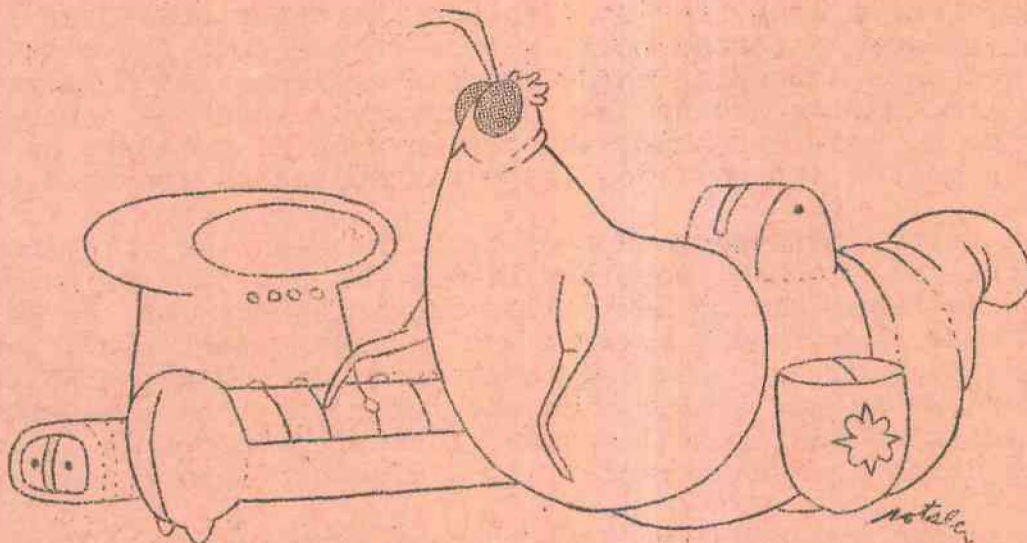
And so she told the trappers to come take the White muskrat away.

It certainly is a wonderful thing to be a hard working, but successful, Female Beaver Tree Cutter... but sometimes it must get kind of lonely.

--Bill Donaho

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Yepper, si muove.  
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## THE PERFORATED FINGER

walt willis

In my testy fannish old age I'm inclined to look askance with a glazed expression on my wrinkled brown features--an old tan, and fired --at these cleverobscure titles for columns. So I'll explain this one and kill all the speculation stone dead. Like the cinema manager did to the tv serial recently in West Germany, incidentally. It was a BBC thriller called "The Scarf" (not Bloch's) and apparently people were staying at home in hordes to watch it. So in desperation this cinema manager published a large advertisement saying THE DOCTOR DID IT. NOW COME TO THE MOVIES.

Well, as I was saying, about fifteen years ago when we were looking for a title for our fanzine, we tried to pick one by sticking a pin in a dictionary, blindfolded. SLANT was the result of the second attempt. The first one had produced PAMPHREY, and in a belated attempt to propitiate the gods of chance I later allocated this title to my FAPazine. Apparently the offer wasn't acceptable, for this title-picking method never worked again, and the title of this column (which is also carried over from my previous FAPA incarnation) was meant to indicate this.

OK? Oh well, maybe not: I see another obscure allusion right there in that first paragraph. I thought I'd forgotten that old catchphrase of Ted Tubb's until my subconscious made a dash for it. I haven't used it since one hot day in Ken Bulmer's garden I came across an old tyre off his van and promptly shook my handkerchief over it. It was one of those times you don't even have to say the gag, because it was only recently that Ted Tubb had written all those faanfiction stories beginning, "He was an old fan, and tired."

I suppose someone will criticize me for explaining these obscure references, but if we don't as it were kill off our old obscurities at the same speed with which we give birth to new ones we'll eventually be knee deep in esoterica. Not that FAPA is as obscure as SAPS,

I'm glad to say. Through the kindness of my editor and favourite obituary writer Peter Graham I have seen the last two mailings and I'm relieved to see that FAPA preserves its Olympian reputation for thoughtful profundity: when I left you you were discussing friction belt buckles and now you have progressed majestically to ear-wiggling. But having spent so much time in the howling wilderness which is fandom outside FAPA, I feel unfitted yet even to tell Bill Morse to clean his typer keys, so I've been looking round for something else to talk about.

One thing that amused me was the account of the San Francisco beatniks hiring bus to go and gawk at the squares, and it occurred to me that it might be a fruitful source of material to write articles explaining non-fandom to fans. Which reminded me I had already done something like this many years ago, when I wrote an account of the wedding of James and Peggy White which was never published, for reasons which I hope are not too obvious. (And I'm afraid that last sentence makes it only too obvious that for once this is all first draft stuff; or forced draft, you might say, since I've left it until so near the deadline.) The reception was a reasonably fannish affair, as these things go; there was a spaceship from Rick Sneary on the cake, Bob Shaw made a speech, and the couple were secretly presented by the fannish element with a lewd oneshot cartoon portfolio by Arthur Thomson and Chuck Harris called HYMEN; but I chose to describe the church ceremony because it was the first time I had ever been to a Roman Catholic wedding and because Chuck was at the time, incredible as it may sound, thinking of becoming a Catholic, having fallen for a Catholic girl fan from Milwaukee who had been at the last London Convention. Which helps to explain why I reported the affair like this: ...

Such a nice afternoon today that I decided to sit out in the front garden and write to you. The only snag is that there's a breeze blowing and one is inclined to type an occasional character on the back of the sheet. There should be some provision for this by typewriter manufacturers. Ah well, any portable in a storm.

Wanted to add something to Madeleine's letter about The Wedding, but she had it mailed before I could get my cortico-thalamic paws on it. While it wasn't really what you would call a fannish wedding (I mean no veiled beanie or anything--as a matter of fact, the only things veiled were the references) it had great fannish potentialities. For instance there's a little filling station for zapguns right beside the door and rows of lighted candles for targets. Also in the foyer there was a little newsstand full of books and magazines, presumably for reading during the intervals of the official programme. Bob gave them a cursory inspection and announced mournfull "no sf." After we'd all been waiting for a while and felt like starting a slow "Amen", a member of Seventh Fandom entered in an abbreviated nightshirt and began to fuss about in a sercon manner. Then the priest came in wearing a fancy dress worthy of the Liverpool Group and motioned James and Peggy up to the rail. They all went into a huddle there, for all the world like one of those consultations the referee has with boxers before a fight. "I want a nice clean wedding now, no butting in the clinches. Shake hands, and come out plighting." Then James and Peggy retired to their corners and the official programme swung into action.

I must say I've seen better, even by the Medway Group. It seemed to consist entirely of a perfunctory cross-talk act between the priest and the Seventh Fandomer. Their timing was bad and all their gags fell

completely flat. In any case there must have been something wrong with the PA system and they talked so low it might all have been in a foreign language. I thought of shouting "Speak up!" but I am sensitive to atmosphere and felt somehow it wouldn't be the correct thing to do. Audience participation throughout the entire affair was at a low level. Admittedly at intervals during the proceedings people got up, knelt down and did forward bends but apart from this desultory PT the audience's crifanac was negligible.

Towards the end of the performance refreshments were served. Everyone who was hungry went up and knelt at a sort of low bar...which I saw no reason couldn't have been raised to let them lounge in comfort...and the Seventh Fandomer tore along flinging table cloths over it, knocking people's glasses off and tossing their hair. The table cloths were fixed to the bar at his side so that people wouldn't steal them or try and tuck them inside their collars. Apparently they haven't a very high class clientele. Then the priest went to a sort of meat-safe covered by muslin at the back of the stage and got a lot of little flat round pieces of white bread. Without even buttering them he went along the bar popping them into people's mouths like someone trying a row of slot machines. He didn't even say "Excuse fingers". I noticed that nobody waited for a second helping and I don't blame them. All in all it was the poorest example of catering arrangements since the running buffet at the London Convention of 1951.

The service was very poor and I noticed no one left a tip (or even a quotecard). Obviously these people are way behind the times. Their best plan would be to cut out the priest and re-organise the whole business on the cafeteria system. It was clear also that the menu needs improvement. Sadie confided in me that in her church they served shortbread, and if the body of Christ can consist of shortbread, I see no reason why it couldn't just as well be composed of gingerbread or doughnuts, or even beetroot sandwiches. The latter would be much more satisfyingly anthropophagous.

All in all I felt the show was poorly done, badly scripted and carelessly produced. I know it was a matinee performance, but I understand it has been running for some time and the company should at least have improved their technique. In its present form I see no chance of its catching on. It all ended even more aimlessly than an ordinary convention without even an auction, though there was plenty of artwork about and at least one book.

--Walt Willis

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"I had one grunch but the eggplant over there," he hissed.  
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BILL ROTSLEER

# THE KOOKIE JAR

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THE LADY OR THE LION: Monday, 7 August witnessed an unusual sight here at Ye Olde Venus Organization. A fullgrown lion sized lion named Zomba was brought in from Nature's Haven (a movie-animal place near Newhall) by the owner, a friend of Paul's. We had Frances Lee aka Leigh Sands and had fabricated a rather grand living room set. We did first some full nudes with Frances on the couch and the lion on the rug...then we moved out to the parking lot where we had spread rented movie grass mats in and around the grove of bamboo that is at the back of the lot, at the end of the parking lot. Fran had on a "leopardskin" cave girl costume and although we were in full view of Fairfax Avenue we had her do some bare bust things. We had oiled her body (Jesus, what a jungle girl!) and they told her not to let the lion lick her. He did--and his tongue is like the roughest sandpaper. But Zom is a great good old lion.

We only worked 35 minutes from the time he arrived until he left... with Zomba lying comfortably in the back of a station wagon and a mountain lion in a cage in a VW Microbus. I bet his long drive back to Newhall must have been a lulu...with the great shaggy head looming up out of the rear.

LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG AND HAVE A GOOD-LOOKING CORPSE: Last night, 25 August, Paul worked an invitation to Hugh PLAYBOY Hefner's opening party for his new mag SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED. There, Hefner introduced him to a famous bullfighter and the bullfighter is letting us shoot him tomorrow from getting-up-time to his getting gored (that's the least he can do!). More later.

(Later) It was a ball. Dan, Erin and I got up at what seemed like dawn and drove like crazy all the way to Tijuana, which is about 140 miles from Hollywood. We stopped first at the San Diego airport and were met by a woman named Jan Woods, who writes for bullfight magazines and is a sort of promoter and press agent. Finally we got to TJ (TeeJay is to Tijuana like LA is to Los Angeles...we're very informal here in the West), stashed the car and got into Jan's station wagon. She took us seven miles out of town to the new bullring.

The new ring is a concrete beauty done with taste and a certain amount of color. It sits almost in the sea and a stone's throw--literally--from the US-Mexican border. In a few years, with greenery and a few finishing touches, it will look fine. Jan introduced us to the Major (a Mexican who started shining shoes, worked up through the mili-

tary into much money, and has built and owns the ring, or plaza de toros) and others.

We were just too late to see the selection of the bulls, a sort of lottery in which each matador draws lots on the bulls he will get. Each matador fights two bulls and there are usually three matadors. The senior matador is boss and runs the show; his seniority depends on when he was confirmed as a matador de toros. You start as a matador de novillero and after certain things you can be confirmed as a matador de toros. There are only two rings in which you can be confirmed--Mexico City and Madrid--and then only after being sponsored by another matador.

This whole business is very serious and heavy with tradition, style, concern and what the Spanish call cojones, which means balls to you. Regardless of your feelings on bullfights I think you would have respect for the care and tradition, danger and style, manners and graciousness, art and thought of everyone concerned.

Later in the day we asked "our" matador what difference there was between, say, sports and bullfighting, between art and corrida. He said, "In fighting bulls you bet your life."

Jan introduced us to 29-year-old Juan Zaniga, known as Joseillo de Columbia, who is slight but extremely handsome, very proud but not bullying or braggish at all, and who possesses a beautiful male body, very graceful, muscular and sleek. A motion picture version of a matador in real life.

Joseillo does not speak English (only a few words) and several people translated for us during the day, notably Jan and an LA photographer named Constantine. Dan, Erin and I, with Con, followed Jose around during various bits of business at the Ring, then he rode with us back to town. We interviewed him on the way, asking all sorts of questions, with Jan translating and Erin transcribing.

Jose was most gracious--he is the rising young matador, very good and very popular and you know how matadors are treated...like the biggest movie star/baseball hero combined. He said he put himself completely in our hands and whatever we wanted to do was okay. You see, they all thought--because of the introduction at the SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED party--that we were from SBI. We did not disillusion anyone and shot like crazy all day.

While Jose took a short nap we ate, then joined him as he dressed in a crowded, dimly-lit motel room. (Every day he runs the seven miles to the plaza and often swims and "fights" bulls in the surf.) Then I got into the car with him for the ride back to the ring and took one of the memorable rides of my life.

We were packed into the car. A doctor friend of Jose's was driving, with Constantine in the middle and Jose in front in his brilliant, elaborate "suit of lights". In back was a famous matador in civvies (I can't remember his name but he was tall with a very Indian face), another doctor, your humble reporter, and Jose's small, charming, good-looking banderillo whom I kept squashing as we dipped, started and turned.

I shot tight head shots as we rode and Con kept him busy so I had many fine expressions. (One nice shot shows the suit of lights reflect-

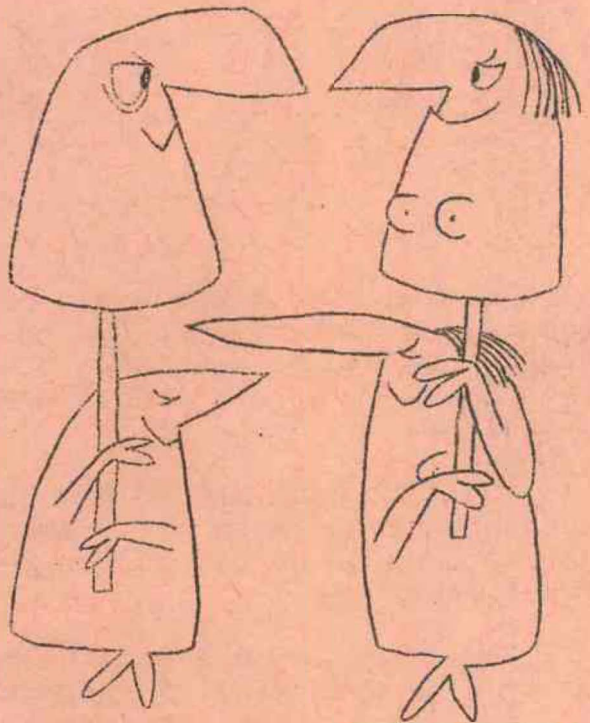
ing all across the car ceiling.) We wove through the frantic, thick, confused traffic. Coming in Jan had conned traffic cops into letting us turn twice left against NO LEFT TURN signs--though the suddenly oncoming traffic had no hint of our authorized illegal turns. But going out of town was murder!

The traffic going out to the ring was terrible--seven miles of bumper to bumper cars on a two-lane road. We made two or three illegal turns by waving to fat cops (they also have what I could only call teenage cops) and shouting something unintelligible about a matador. Then the doctor driving spied a motorcycle cop and waved to him. Con said, "This is the part I like best."

The cop pulled into the left lane, against the oncoming traffic, and started waving them to the shoulder; we followed. Jan, Dan, Erin, John Meredith and others followed in Jan's car and later I looked back to find a dozen cars had taken advantage of the deal and dealt themselves in.

In the straightaways it wasn't bad. The drivers could see you coming--we were going 40 to 50 mph--and get over. But on the corners it was kind of interesting. You could see them react, ask themselves whatin-hell, then try to make a decision, then (always, thank god) pull over. But sometimes it was quite a debate between knuckling under to the law, and death.

The owner of the Plaza had given us passes to get into the ring, behind the fence that guards the matadors. Constantine gave us all the instructions for operating there. John Meredith was to be allowed in the restricted and hard-to-get-into area and Dan and I were to trade places, with one of us spending half the time in the box seats that are located like gun emplacements just above the head of people in the ring and just below the open air seats.



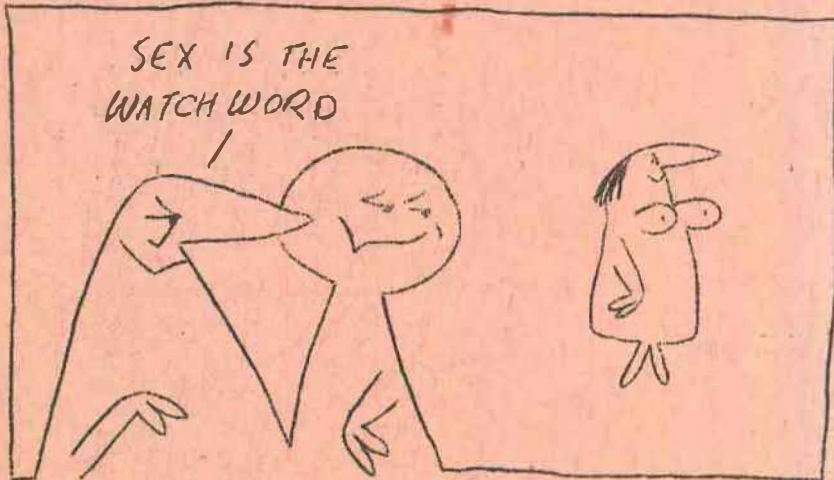
But John took one look at the whole thing and decided to sit in the box with Jan and Erin "to get a better angle for pictures." This left it open for both Dan and I to get into the ring.

It's the only way to shoot. We really shot up a storm with both straight corrida shots and personality stuff.

A couple of interesting things happened. Bulls can jump that sturdy, chest-high fence without too much trouble. So naturally one did. Over he went, about 40 or 50 feet away. It seemed like no time lapse at all before I was sitting on the fence waiting to see which way he was going. He came my way. I jumped into the ring, tried to get properly set to shoot (I had to reset for shadows and couldn't remember what

it was), but by that time he had thundered past, plowing a path of leaping matadors and sundry souls. They opened the gate right in front of Dan, who unfortunately was reloading and couldn't get to another camera because of the somewhat panicky press of the crowd. The bull veered out into the ring and I hopped the fence again.

Later another bull jumped the fence three times and failed on a fourth but each time he turned away from me. Then he walked over and looked at me.



Erin, who was just behind me in the gun-emplacement-like box, swears to it. There was no one within twenty feet on each side. I didn't care to be caught in the press of the mob trying to get over the fence or behind the tiny, tiny barriers that are within the fence and the concrete ring wall. So there was no one else for him to look at.

I stood looking at him, four feet away and 1,100 pounds big and bloody, and looked him in the eye. I wasn't trying to be brave; I just wanted to see what he intended to do. Everyone was quiet. Part of me wanted to run but my own image of myself wouldn't let me run. Besides, I figured not to move. I didn't and after a while he went away, much to my relief.

I wouldn't have minded him jumping the fence--fear lends wings and a chest-high fence even with cameras hanging all over me is no problem --just as long as he did it ten feet away so I would have room to get over the other way.

I found out later I did the right thing--just don't move--and that there is a certain kind of snort that they give before they decide to jump. But I was a bit apprehensive the rest of the day. I wasn't scared, but there was plenty to be scared about. Those are big, mean, tough, fast animals. I was apprehensive, I'll tell you that!

After the fight--and Jose was great, getting one ear from his first bull, two ears and a tail from his second, a great triumph, as they call it--we stayed around and talked and drank beer. Then we drove back to town when the traffic cleared and got involved in the traditional mob-like party in a restaurant where I drew some cartoons about bullfighting that broke the matador up--after proper translation.

We had a ball, left at midnight and got home about 3:30 a.m.

THE LION'S SHARE: Ralph Helfer came into the studio the other day (early September) with big, wonderful Zomba, the movie lion. He wanted some straight publicity pictures of the beastie and of the two of them. Zomba is being sent to Africa to do "The Lion"--as fine a bit of type casting as I've ever seen.

Then Paul had the idea of getting some publicity for Susan Hart out of it. So we shot the lion with Sue and in the Mercedes with her and the like. But the funniest thing happened during the "straight" shooting of the lion.

Now this is a remarkable beast--docile, more-or-less obedient, quiet, etc. But he is still a lion and if on a chain and you want to stop him--and him just as easy-going as anything--and he doesn't want to stop...well, his several hundred pounds just pull you along.

But Ralph told the girls (Carol Bailey, Susan, Zsu Zsa--a Hungarian girl who says Zsa Zsa is a sort of nickname for Zsu Zsa--our secretary Joan; also publicist Shelly Davis, Joan's boyfriend who is assisting Shelly, plus Paul, Dan, Erin, Ralph, Ralph's assistant and me) that if the lion were to do something just sit there...don't move.

Several times he got up and just wandered around and nothing you could do would stop him. I just stood there and he brushed past me. No danger...but just don't go out of your way to bug him.

Then one time he backed up too far and hit the seamless paper backing...it shuddered and crackled and moved...and the lion got up in a vast hurry and started forward.

Well, Shelly, Carol and Zsu Zsa were out the narrow double doors so fast you wouldn't believe it. ZIP! and they were gone. This sudden movement aroused the lion more and he shouldered his way over to the door and growled lowly at it, hit his shoulder and head against it and clawed at it. Then Ralph got him away. I went over to go through, pausing a moment to calm Susan who thought she was going to faint, then found Shelly was full against the door, shoving with all his might in a rather hysterical way. Even with me saying it was me and everything was A-OK he still was pushing. So I heaved and shoved him back far enough so he could see it was all right.

It was fun. We shot Erin, Carol and Joanie with the lion's head lying in their respective laps like a cocker spaniel. Also Susan. We have combed-out lion hair all over the place now.

And a lot of lion pictures.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS FOR THIS? People often ask me to teach them how to draw...even phrasing it sometimes as "draw like you". Sure, I say, just get a pen and paper and draw everything you see for twenty-five years. People get insulted at this but I am quite serious about it.

People are always looking for shortcuts, for formulas, for the mysterious magic that will get them there quicker and faster. I am not immune to this lust, but in certain areas, areas that I know, I know there is no "easy way".

Well, dammit, I have drawn everything for twenty-five years. More than that, actually. As long as I can remember I've been drawing; that means over 30 years of solid drawing. When I was wee and was always running out of paper (and my unthinking parents did not have the brains to supply me with an endless supply of one of the cheapest things around) I drew on butcher paper, envelopes, white areas in the ads and the blank pages that used to be so plentiful in the fronts and backs of

hardcover books. I'd tear out the thick, rather pulpy pages and just draw like crazy. Once my father, who was on the school board, went to the school on a Saturday for some reason and I talked him into stealing for me a ream (jesus, a ream) of manila colored paper, the kind the first and second grades use. I loved it, even if he only dealt them out to me a sheet or two at a time.

I drew on everything, I guess, though I don't remember too many walls or destructive-type actions. I drew airplanes with many engines and guns (much like the beautiful Saul Steinberg planes) and ships with many decks, guns, and gadgets. I started drawing involved and intricate underground hideaways similar to the "hard pad" bases we now have for missiles. (Do you think I was a prophet?)

Later on, as Sex reared its lovely head, I drew girls and rockets and monsters and bems and cities and such. I remember, in 1938 and 1939 and probably 1940 (I was 14 in '40) I drew many lovely, intricate plans for islands and lagoons covered with marvelous cities and "complexes" and airfields and streets and gun emplacements and the like. (If you look askance at the emphasis upon planes, guns, tanks, etc. you must remember that like most of you I grew up with war, rumors of war or war someplace all the time. I knew every rank and emblem and insignia long, long before I was drafted. It was part of the knowledge necessary to a youth in the youth of the Twentieth Century.)

My island fantasies culminated in a giant sheet of paper (each one outgrew the previous drawing) with carefully laid-out streets, each named for a friend, a hero, a movie star, with a few authors and madeup names thrown in. There were parks, lagoons, citadels, fortresses, secret factories, underground entrances, etc.

About that time I also constructed an involved clay, glass, plastic and gimmicky 3-D version. Glass tubes connected atolls and plastic and steel domes were constructed from bits and pieces of "things". This involved blending of South Seas fantasies with science-fiction, adventure, "the world of the future," Flash Gordon, Paul illustrations and

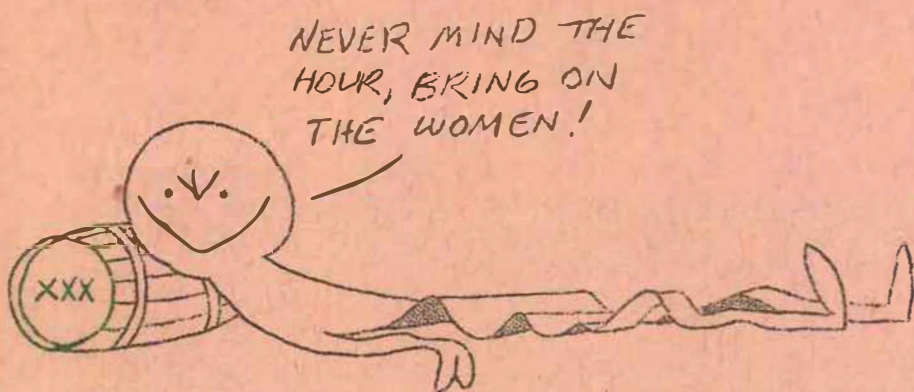
Fantasia was pure delight to me. The best of all possible worlds.

You see what a pen, end-papers and thirty years of drawing can do to you?

GIFT OF THE MAGI: Once I gave Tom Newman a girl. Here, I said to Tom, here's a girl. A good sturdy, respon-

sive broad. Taker her. He looked at me with his big cow-eyes. What will I do with her, his eyes seemed to say. (He thought I was putting him on but, like GCF, I never kid about liquor or women.) So I told him. Tom, I said, here's what you do. How do you know, his big darks seemed to sak. Because before I would give a girl to a friend I'd test her out and see that she was okay. A sort of trial run or road test, I said.

You didn't wear her out, he asked somewhat apprehensively. Only on



occasion, I said; usually it was the other way around. I did extensive testing, I continued. If you'll pardon the phrase I left no stone unturned.

Take her, Tom, I urged. You'll be better for it. You've been looking a bit peaked lately. So he took her. I threw in my apartment.

The next time I saw Tom he was so peaked he came to a point.

Tom, I said, what happened. You know that girl you gave me, he said, his voice weak and forced. Yes, I said, a reliable, well-functioning girl with a wide range of interests and a good appreciation for the bed. What about her?

Bill, he said, I admire a man that can give a broad to a friend. It shows real humanity. Breadth. Social consciousness. Like that.

Yes, yes, I muttered. Go on.

But that girl...he faltered and pressed his palm to his forehead. You created a Frankenstein, he said. A girl-type Frankenstein with a big bust, he said.

But Thomas, I cried, you only spent one night with her! And not even all of it. I know, I came home and you were still there making noises and I went back and sat in the car for an hour.

Yes, true, he said softly. His eyes stared into subspace, then drifted vaguely in my direction. Willie, he said, you are a true friend. You gave me a girl when I needed a girl.

No, Tom, I said, I gave you a woman when you needed a girl. I closed his lids and left softly, closing the door behind me.

MISCELLANY-UNDER-GLASS: Saturday, 9 September, Carol Bailey and I went to the party at the Burbees' for Phyllis Economou. (Carol Bailey is the girl I've sold to PLAYBOY as a Playmate.) Lee Jacobs, Ed Cox and his mint wife, Ron Ellick and Peggy Rae McKnight were there. Isabel and Elmer Perdue, wild tie and wife were there. Ellick's mother, Eddie and Johnny Burbee, and a quiet Boswell-to-Burbee named Don Fitch were there. Don got some good Burbee lines, I think. Burbee told the story of the little boy defecating from the derrick ("He had two of them turning in the air at once!") and Don was shouted at to record "If I could only keep from laughing I could rule the world!"

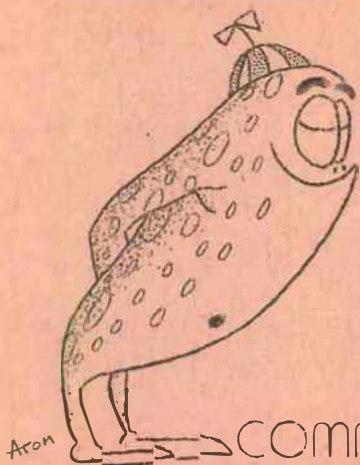
Gloria Saunders' book is progressing very nicely. Local editor is considered by many to be the #2 editor in the country and she is very enthused over it. Guess what character she likes best (after "Mother" and "Lexy", the leads): Moss Erikson, the naked-lady photographer, who is about 90% me. I'm lovable, I find.

Amusing to me is that they don't know the true people these characters are based on. I suggested to Gloria throwing a party, inviting the editor and the boss man and all the people in the book and see if the book people catch on.

Lisa, my almost-seven-year-old daughter, was showing a painting of hers to her mother. "And that's a tree...and grass, and that's the sky." She pointed to a black blob under the tree. "And that's dog-do."

"That isn't a very nice thing for a painting," her mother said.

"Well," shrugged the artist, "it's real life."



mailing comments on fapa 97 by terry carr

## COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON

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### SERCON'S BANE 8: F. M. BUSBY

Well, let's see...since moving to New York I've met four more FAPA members (Eney, Hoffman, Larry Shaw, and Alan J. Lewis), bring the total number of those I've met up to 40, counting me. I've met 30 of the waitinglisters--eight of them since coming east: Sarill, Deckinger, Gerber, Bergeron, Wanshel, Dick & Pat Lupoff, and Ella Parker. It's a bit surprising to me that I haven't met a larger number of previously-unmet FAPA types since being in the east, but the fact is that I lead a sheltered existence...hell, I didn't even go to the Philcon.

Your remarks about the necessity of a 35-member apa such as SAPS having fairly strict activity requirements are to the point indeed. Still, I think SAPS could use more members like, say, Larry Anderson, who publishes good stuff in medium quantity. And I'm absolutely appalled at the short shrift given Dave Rike in his last sortie in SAPS; Dave was producing very amusing stuff there and got thrown out on what seemed to me a technicality. I don't dispute the power of the OE to be blackhearted if he so wishes, but I certainly question the advisability in that case.

You had some lovely lines herein, Buz...notably "Old FAPA Joke--we almost blackball you!" and "...what a tale that house could tell--if only anything had ever happened there..."

### EOS: JACK SPEER

Thanks for the review of the 'al atrocity; I've accordingly stayed away from it.

Yes, you can see the Statue of Liberty from the southernmost tip of Manhattan. First time I saw it was just after the Staten Island ferry pulled out from Manhattan and I happened to glance to my right and found myself looking square at it. It surprised hell out of me and I stood there staring for several seconds with a surprised grin on my face.

The "Dan McPhail disagreed with me!" cartoon is a gem.

### PHLOTSAM 18: PHYLLIS ECONOMOU

Yes, isn't Dunsmuir a pleasantly sleepy little town? I've been through there countless times, mostly when I was a kid and used to go with my parents on vacations in Oregon. I've always remembered it as a snowy place, despite the fact that in 1959 I had a layover there while transferring from train to bus on a trip to Oregon for my father's funeral, and the temperature was over 100°. But the last time I went

through was in February of 1960, on a trip to Seattle, when we drove through at 15 mph in a snowstorm. Didn't see much of the town on that go-through.

Yes, bound volumes of nineteenth century magazines are a delight. In early 1960 I was doing a special cataloguing job for the University of California Library, down in the vaults, and during lunch I used to wander back to the old magazine section and read early issues of The Atlantic, The Southern Review and so forth. They were fascinating-- particularly the ladies' magazines of around 1860-70, with their roto-gravure sections of the latest fashions from Paris, pseudo-Hawthorne short stories, and reviews of things like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the author's own exegesis of the book. I also ran across some goddam magazine published in London and at least nominally edited by Charles Dickens...there was an amusing science fiction serial (utopian political tract stuff) which I was thinking of quoting in part or in full in some apazine, but never got around to it. The serial itself wasn't by Dickens, no.

These remarks about monarchy which have been floating around bring to mind the idea of having a King of FAPA. Certainly if SAPS can have a dictator then FAPA, as a more conservative organization, can have a king. I don't know offhand just who it should be--Warner, probably--but the idea has possibilities. Members who fail to get their activity credit in on time would not simply be dropped--the King would wave a hand and bellow, "Off with their heads!" Such a procedure would certainly make unnecessary our present rules on reinstatement petitions. In the case of valuable members like Boggs coming down with gafia, I imagine the King could cure them by the laying on of hands. Oh, the possibilities are endless, and if there weren't a dozen people in the room chattering at once I might be able to organize my thoughts a bit better and go on and on about it. (Pete Graham, Ted and Sylvia White, Avram Davidson, Andy Main, Gregg Trendeine, Fred von Bernewitz, Les Gerber, Walter Breen and others are here; it's Sunday afternoon at Towner Hall.)

"The Great SF Crisis" was lost enroute from me to Bob Bloch. Ron Ellik had just written the penultimate chapter and it only remained for Bloch to wind it up. The sheaf of ms. was sent first-class about the time Bloch moved, and it never got to him, nor was it returned to me. Bob checked his former address and couldn't find it there either. A few of the writers made carbon copies, I hear, but on the whole it was disastrous. I'll bet not more than three or four fans read all the chapters that were written, and it was a lovely thing. \*sigh\*

## HORIZONS 88: HARRY WARNER

I can't quite understand why so many people got upset about Sam Moskowitz's reply to your review of "The Immortal Storm". Granted, from anyone else Sam's reply would have been an intemperate blast with overtones of character assassination, but from Sam it was just "making conversation".

Is that long verisimilitudinous introduction to "Whatever Happened to Charlotte?" inspired by Speer's "A Rambling Tale and a Reprint"? In any case, the story was quite interesting, though I was bothered by the line, "He gafiated in one hell of a big hurry." It seemed out of character for Charlotte, and certainly the term "to gafiate" was not in usage when Charlotte was last in fandom. Seems to me that term came into usage only late in the fifties.

Seeing HORIZONS without a cover again was somehow pleasant. There's a nice comfortable feeling of no-nonsense reliability about the 24-page illoless HORIZONS. "No Premiums, Just Good Meaty Flavor."

## SALUD 8: ELINOR BUSBY

You shouldn't blame Walter Breen for the fact that his article in DAY\*STAR and his letter in LIGHTHOUSE were so similar. The article grew out of the letter, which was written in comment on the Chessman article in KLEIN BOTTLE. I edited Walter's original letter heavily, and showed him the proposed version for print to make sure I hadn't edited it down to incomprehensibility; he said at the time that he might expand it into an article for someone, but I didn't expect the final article to appear in the same mailing as the letter. Sob.

That seems to be my only comment on SALUD this time, except to say that I found the following quote absolutely delightful and Elinorish: "You are afraid of widows, for fear they murdered their firsts? Is that what you are hinting? Oh, I'll bet they didn't. I'll bet they were perfectly nice to them."

## THETA: JACK HARNESS

Most of the funny bits in "Pal Jesus" were in the original outline by the New Yorkers, and your additions are mostly just plain bad. I thought the "Are you first-born?" gag was by far the best of the added material, but it's more than counterbalanced by such barfisms as Jesus tapdancing to "I'll Build A Stairway to Paradise" and old jokes like "Who ever heard of being raped by a Holy Ghost?" All in all, I wish you'd left the whole thing alone.

## THE RAMBLING FAP 28: GREGG CALKINS

"During excavations in 1911, a large round jug was found hidden under the cellar stairs of a house built about the year 300 AD. During the destruction and burning of the town, the jug remained intact, its contents sealed. An archaeologist proved through analysis that the dark brown mass was the oldest beer on record..." Yeah, but I'll bet it was flat.

The guess that you might be WHY IS A FAN?'s "Anonymous #1" was made on the basis of such internal evidence as the fact that all the fans mentioned as having been met in person were West Coast fans and the stfnal and fannish references were mostly of the period around the beginning of the 1950's--pointing to a Sixth Fandomite in the western U.S. A process of elimination seemed to point to you. There was no thought given so much to the content, on the assumption that since the letter was being published anonymously it was unlikely that the writer would have expressed such views publicly before, either.

Finishing a book that you don't like, simply because you've already put so much effort into it, has an element of compulsiveness that reminds me of the Collector Syndrome. As Carol said awhile ago, can you imagine having all but three of Shakespeare's plays? The thought causes my soul to itch.

## CATCH TRAP 96 & DAY\*STAR: MARION BRADLEY

Yee Gods, I cried, thinking furiously. No, let's not have a maximum page allowance for FAPA. The organization gets so many major publications (INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, NEOFAN'S GUIDE, THE BIG THREE, OLE! CHAVELA, etc.) largely because distribution through FAPA save a good deal of money on postage. Remove the monetary incentive and you'll undoubtedly remove some of those major publications which FAPAns delight in.

The poem "Elsa" would probably have been more intelligible if you'd corrected the multitudinous typos.

I've been getting a bit irritated during all this chatter about who

would fill various occupation-positions in a mythical FAPAtown, and I think your remarks gave me a clue as to why. It's paper-world FIAWOLism again. Consider your statement, "Lee Hoffman knows enough about cars ...to be in charge of mechanical operations." Now frankly, I don't know whether she does or not, but certainly your statement isn't supportable on the basis of her published comments in FAPA. As far as I can tell, Leeh is interested in racing and go-karts and sportscars and the like; the jump implicit in your notion that she would automatically also know enough mechanics to be able to handle repair jobs is a big one, and one that is possible only under conditions of fast, fuzzy thinking or the type of FIAWOLness which is closely interconnected with a paper-reality approach. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if there were fifteen or twenty fans in FAPA who could repair a motor breakdown much more easily than could Leeh, simply because they own their own cars and have made it a point to find out the mechanics involved in their operation. (If I underestimate you, Leeh, forgive me; in any case, my point here is not how much knowledge of mechanics you may actually have, but how much knowledge on your part may be logically assumed from what you've written in FAPA.)

### MELANGE 3: BJO & JOHN TRIMBLE

"A Bucket of Plaid" is a fine title; I love nonsensicalities like that. Anybody else remember Denis Moreen's one-time FAPA title, THE PLAID DRAINPIPE?

Ruth Berman's first fable is lovely, lovely, but I'm afraid the second one escapes me.

Ed Cox: If Chester Gould ever dropped the little notes labelling Tracy's "2-way wrist-radio" I'd miss them dreadfully. I find them very whimsical.

I'm opposed automatically to FAPA using any of its treasury for non-FAPA purposes, but my objection to the proposal for FAPA to sponsor a Fantasy Art award goes further than that. There's this curious quote here: "Fantasy Art is a natural for FAPA as an award." Mighod, why? Because the F in FAPA stands for Fantasy? That's mere word-reality again. In the first place, the "Fantasy" in the name of the organization refers to the entire s-f and fantasy field ("fantasy" being the best all-inclusive term for it, it was for a long time in wide usage as such); in the second, even that original meaning has comparatively little to do with present-day FAPA, as anyone can see.

If FAPA were to sponsor a trophy, the field of "fanzine art" would be far more apropos, and I'm glad you suggested it. But I remain opposed to any award from FAPA whatsoever.

### SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY 3: LEE HOFFMAN

Lovely, lovely, lovely. The Bloch reprints were fine, Tucker's succinct compilation of Sixth Fandom history was Sense of Wonderish, the color was lovely, and I even liked the typos. There's a lovely typo in the Budrys article: "...the second quarter of the Twentieth Century..." Mighod yes, this century is twentier than any other I can recall.

Koning's story is pretty well-done; he's working up a nice interconnected series.

### WRAITH 15: WRAL BALLARD

Having my INDEX OF FANZINES PUBLISHED BY ME handy, I checked to see if I'd yet published more than a thousand pages for the apas, and found that I have. The current total is 1288 pages--786 of them in collaboration with others, 502 singly. Those 1288 pages are out of an over-

all total of 2718--making apa publishing about 45% of my output. I hadn't realized it was anywhere near that high until I checked the figures.

The Dorcas Bagby mythos must have provided more fun than any other nonexistent book in fanhistory, not excluding Burbee's "Skirmisher From Hell".

Has anybody else read Bagby's "Exegesis of The Necronomicon"? I think someday I will drive you nuts, Wrai.

### ALIF 13: KAREN ANDERSON

I have no comment on the conreport or for that matter on anything in this issue, Karen, though I suppose thanks are in order for reproducing the "Miss Peach" strip, which I loved. This comment is just to mention that my current reading-spree is true-crime stuff again, and to see if you or any of the others out there could fill in a couple of information-holes in the book I'm reading.

It's "Crimes That Shocked America," edited by Brant House; I imagine you're familiar with it, since Tony Boucher did the introduction and Miriam Allen deFord's piece on the Leopold and Loeb case is reprinted in it. Anyway, the Leopold and Loeb piece mentions that Nathan Leopold was the youngest graduate in the history of the University of Chicago and that likewise Dickie Loeb was the youngest graduate of the University of Michigan. Does anyone know if those records still stand? I rather have the feeling that either university might well have leaned over a bit backward to assist any student who might challenge such records, considering who held them.

The Lizzie Borden case is fascinating. I knew virtually nothing about it till I read the account in this book, and was surprised to find that she was acquitted. A quick check of the fans around here discloses that none of them (Ted, Pete, Walter, nor Andy Main) was aware of it, either--the weight of a simple verse like "Lizzie Borden took an axe..." seems to be much heavier historically than the actual decision in a major court case. And by the way, the author of the article mentions that he can think of only one other American murder which gave rise to such a verse--does anyone know what case he's referring to?

A few questions rise in retrospect. Did Lizzie Borden inherit half her father's estate?--it isn't mentioned in the article. If so, why was she involved in a shoplifting case just a few years later?

### THE LURKING SHADOW v.2 N.2: CHUCK HANSEN

Yes, of course the first person you met at the Seacon was Forry Ackerman. Wherever two fans father in the name of sci-fi, he's there.

I'm croggled by your statement, "FAPA just wouldn't be the same without Busbys, Calkins, Economou, Ellik, Eney, Evans, Pavlat, Pelz, Perdue, Warner..." Bruce Pelz just got into FAPA two mailings ago, Chuck; while he has been a fairly valuable member so far, I hardly think he's become indispensable to the organization quite yet.

### FAP 3: LES GEREER

"Actually, there's nothing wrong with knowing your IQ; it makes about as much sense as knowing your own hight." You mean it makes as much sense as knowing your own name?

Taping one's 78 rpm collection can be fun. When I had access to a taper in Berkeley, I was taping collections of jazz 78's. A compilation of early blues records and ODJB stuff was titled "Jazz To Be A Moldy Fig By;" a collection of dixieland bands from Los Angeles and San Francisco was called "Jazz Came Up The San Joaquin River". Projected

collections included a set of sides made in the late thirties by Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison and that crowd, to be titled "Big Noise From Chicago". But come to think of it, you neither care for nor know much about traditional jazz, so I suppose all this is rather meaningless to you.

### LARK : BILL DANNER

Egad but that mention of Porter's Chemcraft brought back memories! Yeah, in my day the Porter product was the set too. I got one one Christmas--the cheapest set--and had burned all the magnesium by night-fall. Most of the "experiments" described in the brochure were dull and about all that really fascinated me after I'd used up the magnesium was burning sulphur. Unfortunately, sulphur stinks. Since my room was downstairs it didn't bother anybody else if I burned sulphur, but it sure did drive me out of my room on a lot of occasions. When I ran out of sulphur I went to a chemical supply house and bought some more directly; unfortunately the smallest quantity they sold was a pound or so, and I never managed to use all of it up.

Oh yes, dropping powdered metal into flames produced a nice spray of sparkles, and I promptly used up that supply too. Thereafter I tried using iron filings from my father's workshop, but they weren't fine enough and were on the whole disappointing.

I decided to get a larger set, and noticed that the Popsicle products were at the time offering the \$15 set for a sufficient quantity of bags from Popsicles and like that. However, I did not spend eight months gobbling Popsicles; rather, I developed a habit of watching the sidewalk, curbside and such wherever I walked, and usually picked up five or six discarded bags on any six-block walk. On occasions I and a friend of mine who had also decided to save Popsicle bags would purposely walk home from a baseball game or something, thus to find more bags. I had a huge collection before I finished, but it all came to naught. Popsicle Pete discontinued the offer of the \$15 set and was only offering the cheap set, which I seem to recall cost \$3. I wasn't interested, and lost all enthusiasm for the collection. About that time, anyhow, we took up collecting tinfoil from discarded cigarette packs, and continued watching the sidewalks while walking. (I still tend to walk with my head down, eyetracking the sidewalk, and I suppose I picked up the habit in this period.) This second bout with the collectingbug came to a quite natural end when the Ultimate happened--instead of another empty pack of cigarettes, I found a \$10 bill. After that, what more could collecting hold for me?

### TARGET : FAPA : DICK ENEY

"The Death of Science Fiction" was a ridiculous serial from the start, and I remember how Dave Rike and I laughed and laughed when it was appearing. The syndrome seems to be hanging on, though; in the last KIPPLE Ted Pauls said that because he was a fan he would be in for particularly rough treatment should the Russians occupy this country.

### VANDY 13 : BUCK & JUANITA COULSON

"We Are Friends of old Pete Seeger" is quite amusing.

And yes, "Peter Fan" would be a perfect Carl Brandon opus. Unfortunately I doubt that I'll have time to devote to any major brandonizations for quite awhile (and "Peter Fan" would have to be one of the longer works--the theme cries out for extended treatment), so why doesn't somebody else do it? It requires, of course, a Laneylike cynicism.

And speaking of cynicism, I'm amused at your antipathy toward Dave

Rike. I have sort of a feeling that you're appalled by Dave because you've finally run into someone who is more cynical than you, Buck.

Cheers, Buck, for your observation that Hell for you would be a place of pure physical torture. Say what they will about the subtler forms, I still maintain that physical torture is far more painful--and when supposing conditions of Hell one naturally supposes that one does not pass out from pain, or grow numb or anything like that.

Because the weakest point of the standard keyboard is the letter "a," I've developed the habit of typing that with the second smallest finger rather than the smallest, when stencilling. And I've done so much stencilling that most of the time when doing straight typing I still find myself typing the "a" with the second finger. Doesn't particularly slow me down, either.

No comments for Juanita, except that I liked both her articles very much. Good cover drawing, too.

## ANKUS 2: BRUCE PELZ

"...do you who are in favor of the amendment (to raise the number of blackballs needed to eject a waiting-lister from 10 to 22) really have so little regard for the rest of the members as to think that they'll use the blackball--10 of them--out of pettiness?" Yes. I think it came rather close to happening quite recently.

"Woodford's suggestion that a writer make his characters realistic by basing them on people the writer knows is likely to break down when the people the writer knows are quite unbelievable themselves--like, for instance, fans." This is another example of, you should pardon the expression, Creeping FIAWOLism. Fans are nowhere near so fabulous and unbelievable as the popular self-image they have paints them to be. And speaking as one who has spent years writing about Fabulous Fannish Characters, I can tell you that they become fabulous by concentration on their more amusing or nutty sides and ignoring their duller natures. I've known (and know) a lot of Fabulous Fannish Characters, and the better I know each of them the less Fabulous they become. A good piece of fiction would present such "unbelievable" characters in the round, definitely including their more prosaic sides and the motivation that leads them to do such nutty things--which motivation is usually not very Fabulous either, ranging from a dread fear of boredom to a very sick need for attention and adulation.

Do you think "Who Goes There?" will survive in the English (Blitzstein), or the original German for the longer time?

A reasonably good issue, Bruce; you're turning out to be a better FAPAn than I'd feared. "Duperman" is amusing, and I hope it continues.

## SPINNAKER REACH: RUSSELL CHALJVENET

No particular comments here either, but I do want to be sure you know that I appreciate the zine. Was interested in the reprinted article on Russian experiments with telepathy (for real?), and loved the farce of the regatta where "we sailed under the same bridge three times (twice going north, once drifting back when the wind died!)"

## NULL-F: TED WHITE

"I suspect the alltime record (for number of fanzine pages published) would not be much higher" than the less-than-3,000 pages counted by one Terry Carr? Actually, I suspect it is. Forry probably can't match it (he published 50 issues of VOM, but they averaged around 12 or 14 pages), but Taurasi should have a much higher total. So should Harry Warner, probably Tucker, maybe the Busbys, maybe Ted White, etc. You shouldn't oughtta overestimate me, Walter; I'm just a modest and unassuming type guy.

Yes, I remember that daring Girl on the White Rock; it was a shock recently to note that her breasts have now been covered. I think that's obscene.

I liked your (Ted's) referring to Buz's "mental agility". That's the mot juste for Buz.

"One Ordinary Day, With Popcorn" wasn't written for publication, merely as a minor joke to leave lying around at Towner Hall. Fortunately, I talked Ted out of printing it in VOID.

Credit Should Go Where Credit Is Due Dept.: the "I Am A Grand Piano" costume was stolen direct from Art Castillo, who originated it at the GGFS/Little Men Halloween Party over a year ago. Art damn near won a prize for that costume, and probably would have if Dick Ellington hadn't donned army fatigues and come looking like a dead ringer for Castro.

## STOP!: TRIMBLES AND OPEN LETTER: MARTIN

With these two publications at hand, I must say I don't think much of the Trimble brand of secy-treasing. The foulup covered in STOP! is a fairly minor one which could have happened to anybody, but I'm a bit turned off by the atmosphere of gay mad abandon which John seems to feel is appropriate (judging from his writeup of the mess) to the administration of FAPA. Gosh, gang, ain't they wild, fun-type people out there? --incompetent, but fun people.

That impression is the result of your treatment of the goof, John, not so much the goof itself. Better you should have simply corrected it with a short note and let it go at that; as it is, I had to read the "correction" twice and refer to the last FA before I knew what you were talking about.

But that case was relatively easy to take and I wouldn't have said anything about it if the Martin case hadn't come up. In my opinion this ruling by Trimble is absolutely indefensible; it's the sort of thing which would be frowned upon even in SAPS, where the OE is constitutionally designated dictator--but in FAPA it is highhandedness of the first degree.

John, you should remember that laws such as those in the FAPA Constitution are made not for the sole purpose of regulating what the members can get away with, but also to place restrictions on the powers of the officials. The sections you quote are designed as much to tell the members what they can get by with as what they can't. And I think it's undeniable that, since Martin was responsible for the writing of the hoary old jokes in question, that material did "represent to a substantial extent the work of the member who (sent) them in." And even more undeniable, if such is possible, is the fact that the material represented "substantial work in re-writing or compiling the material..."

I certainly hold no brief for Martin, whom I consider one of the most worthless members of FAPA during the last decade, and I thought the FAPazine in question was thoroughly worthless. If I remember correctly, I blackballed Martin last year just before he got back into FAPA; however, not enough others (if any) did, so he did get back in. What your ruling does in effect is blackball Martin from FAPA strictly on your own prejudices . . and one blackball, even from the secy-treas, just isn't enough to satisfy me.

For ghodsake, John (and Bjo, I suppose), come back down to earth. You publish a nice FAPazine, you're interesting and pleasant people to know...was this evidence of apparent egomania and the dictator syndrome really necessary? Surely this isn't what you were referring to when you said recently that "being Secretary Treasurer of FAPA is fun"? I wish you hadn't done this; it lowers my opinion of you considerably.

## DESCANT: NORM & GINA CLARKE

A fine, fine issue; I like the strange drawings in particular. Gina's ramblings about nature make an interesting contrast with Dan McPhail's dittos in this mailing, and underscore the point that whether you're primarily interested in apazines for writing or communication the better writer can communicate more effectively damn near every time.

Norm's troubles with the smoking habit were vastly amusing. I bought a pipe recently, but almost never smoke it; I find that I can't be bothered. Whenever I do smoke a pipefull I just end up knocking it out and lighting a cigarette, because I want a smoke and a pipe doesn't fill the bill. This is the third pipe I've had; I always pick one up on an impulse and am then disappointed. Foosh.

## CELEPHAIS: BILL EVANS

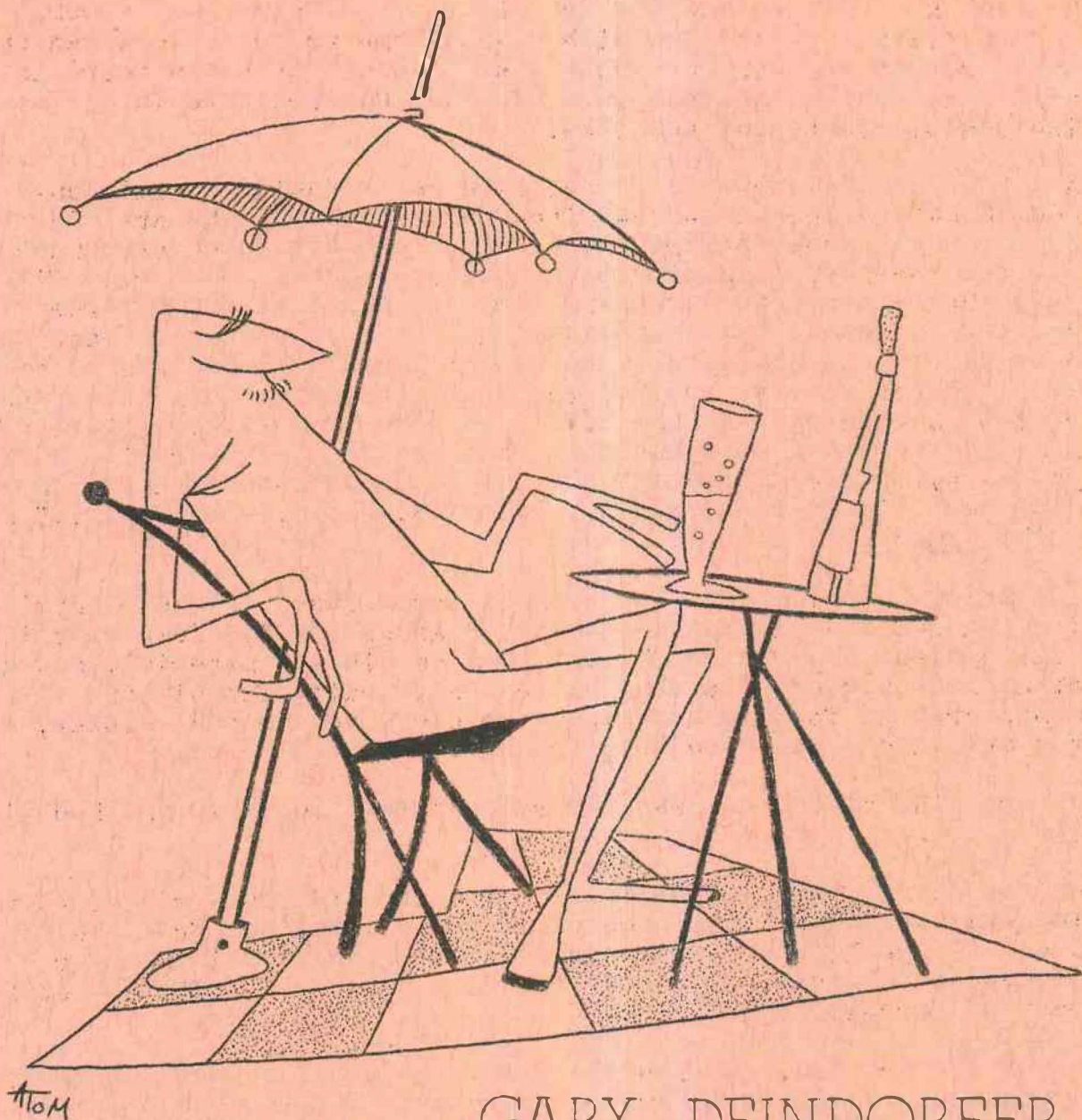
The trip report was interesting in spots. I liked very much the description of the Ashland Shakespearean Festival. I've been wanting to take that in for years. Of course, the whole southern Oregon area is full of senseofwonder for me, since I was born and lived my first five years there and usually spent a week's vacation in the area every year till I was twelve or so. Going through there in early '60 rather shocked me: Grants Pass is not a clean little town like it used to be, but a somewhat dirty small city. And there are tv ariels all over the mountains where I used to live; when I went up there for my father's funeral in mid-'59 I found that my relatives were no longer sitting around woodstoves listening to Bob Hope on the radio and reading The Gumps by lamplight, but instead sitting next to the portable electric heater watching detective shows on tv with the lights turned off. I got up and walked outside to stand in the night smelling the pinebreeze and contemplating the dark silhouette of the mountain across the dry, boulder-strewn riverbed against the sky which was full of pinpoint stars. I scuffed my feet in the dust and gravel of the road and listened for an owl, but instead I heard canned gunshots from the tv set inside. So much for nostalgia, I thought, and went inside to check the tv listings for an old movie.

## UNABASHED EGOBOO

This section is a direct steal from Dick Bergeron, who has inaugurated a section at the end of his SAPS mc's in WARHOON listing his favorite items from the mailing. It's such a good idea I wish I'd thought of it years ago: not only can everyone else get a clearer idea of what I liked than from rambling mc's, but it'll give me a handy checklist at the end of the year to use when voting on the Egoboo Poll. These were my favorite items in FAPA 97, in order of preference:

- 1) The Kennedy satire in Pete Graham's editorial in LIGHTHOUSE
- 2) "Inside Rock 'n' Roll," by Norm Clarke, in DESCANT
- 3) "Whatever Happened to Charlotte?" by Harry Warner, in HORIZONS
- 4) "On The Road, Almost," by Norm Clarke, in DESCANT
- 5) "Bloch Denies/Confesses All," reprinted in S-F FIVE-YEARLY
- 6) "A Column for Wiseguys, etc.," by Pete Graham, in NULL-F
- 7) The first fable in "Raising Cain with Fable," by Ruth Berman, in MELANGE
- 8) "A Succinct History of Sixth Fandom," Tucker's compilation of lino and gaglines in S-F FIVE-YEARLY
- 9) F. M. Busby's Seacon fake-quotecover on SERCON'S BANE
- 10) Gina Clarke's adventures with the photostatted bill, in DESCANT

Best zine in the mailing was DESCANT. Best mc's by Buck Coulson.



GARY DEINDORFER

# BIG DORF'S SPECIAL

THE ART KID: There's one in every public school. He comes with the school along with the football stadium and the cafeteria and the chalk dust and the sweat in the locker rooms. At our school, anyway, he was known as The Art Kid.

He was a smooth faced lad with long stringy mud-colored hair sprinkled liberally with flakes of dandruff. He always wore the same funny outfit-- corduroy pants, old scuffed brown shoes, a plastic Howdy Doody belt, and either a yellow T-shirt with "Cap'n Strong" emblazoned on the front in red script letters, or a green T-shirt with "Dale Evans" emblazoned on the front in black script letters. He had a fat rear-end, this Art Kid, and he lisped. He did well in English and art and was rather bad in every other subject. He was miserable in physical education.

The reason he was called The Art Kid was that every day after school, when everybody else had either gone home to roll old women on residential streets or was out practicing football or baton twirling in the stadium, he went to the art room and Made Constructive Things to publicize school events and the like.

When the Parent-Teacher's Association was planning a Fall-Fun-Frolic-Come-In-Your-Bermudas-and-White-Socks-Whee-Hop, The Art Kid could be found for three weeks before the event in the art room surrounded by paste and colored paper and crayons and water paints. He worked five hours every day after school cutting large silhouettes out of green paper and red paper and black paper--silhouettes of teenagers dancing in bermuda shorts and socks, silhouettes of laughing adolescents, silhouettes of record players and records, cut-outs of musical notes and quarter rests and saxophones and such. He also drew large posters of laughing youngsters and more musical notes and "Fall-Fun-Frolic, etc." in large, happy multi-colored letters, with little happy indigo men holding up neat little signs saying, "Time: 8:00 p.m.--10:30 p.m.," and "Place: The Gym."

And during school hours, The Art Kid was excused from his physical education classes and his plane geometry classes and his Democracy in Our U.S.A. classes to work in the art room on his art material, and all sorts of girls would crowd around him and stir paint for him and sharpen his crayons for him and wiggle up close to him and whisper, "Ooh, you are such a talented boy, Art Kid."

The Art Kid, of course, was never interested in girls; he had his Talent.

And the day before a major frolic, The Art Kid would walk into the gymnasium and hang crepe paper and cardboard chandeliers from the gym rafters and set up his happy silhouettes while the kids in gym for a physical education class all stood around in their gym suits and stared at him out of narrowed eyes.

He was The Art Kid, our school's own, and the last week of every school year there would be an Awards Assembly. The football players would get their certificates and school letters, the cheer leaders would get their certificates and school letters, and everybody would clap hard and whistle and be very happy.

And finally, as a climax to the proceedings, the Principal would clear his throat a few times and say in his School Principal, cultured-watery voice, "And now, boys and girls of Amelia Earhart High School, I would like to present a special award to a young lad who has probably worked harder for our school this year than all the rest of you combined. I would like to call onstage...The Art Kid."

And The Art Kid would walk up onstage, looking very happy but none too surprised (for he was presented every year with a special award). He always wore his best T-shirt on Awards Day (the "Cap'n Strong" shirt) and his shoes were dabbed up a bit so that they appeared merely a dull brown, not a scuffed brown.

There he would stand onstage, looking well-groomed (as Art Kids go) and very happy, and the Principal would say, "Art Kid, on behalf of the students and faculty of Amelia Earhart High School, I, being the Principal of said school, would like to present you with this token of our

esteem for you--a beautiful rubber plaque."

The Art Kid would smile and take the plaque and say, "Thankth, Mithter Quimby, faculty, and thtudenth, I thall remember thith moment all of my natural-born dayth." Then there would be scattered applause and a few boo's.

The Assistant Principal, who looked like a praying mantis, would then walk onstage and say, "Before this Assembly is adjourned, it is my unpleasant duty to read a list of the names of those students who have failed three or more subjects their final semester and will thus have to repeat this grade next year: Addison, Althea; Anderwitzonski, Kevin; Art Kid..."

It would happen like that every year, and The Art Kid would put in another year of service for his school with his paper cut-outs and clever signs and cardboard chandeliers and win another rubber plaque and flunk for never attending his classes in physical education and plane geometry and Democracy in Our U.S.A.

"WHAT IS POPE JOHN LIKE?" Honest, that's the blurb on the cover of the latest issue of The Ladies' Home Journal. I'm not Catholic (or much of anything, religiously), but this blurb strikes me as some sort of incredible new low. Other recent covers of the same magazine have sported similar blurbs ("The Low-down on the Queen Mother: Inside," "Our Man Nehru: The Lovable Old Pandit"), but I never thought the Journal would go so far. I should think that devout-type Catholics would be repelled/indignant/p.o.ed at this sort of thing, but I suppose the Journal thinks differently.

If Jesus H. Christ were alive today, and much the same sort of fellow he was Back Then, can you imagine how the Journal (and similar magazines) would handle him? "What Is Jesus H. Christ Really Like?"

For that matter, if Christ were alive today, such a blurb on the cover of the Journal would be the least of his troubles. I can just see him holding an early-morning rally in Central Park in New York, standing up on a soap-box in flowing robes, breaking bread and performing various minor miracles, the police standing by with a riot squad should things get out of hand.

Then, of course, as he attracted followers, there would be Jiant Rallies in places like Yankee Stadium and Madison Square Garden, appearances on The Jack Paar Show, testimonials for Wheaties cereal, and all the rest of it.

And, of course, fans would flock after him the way they do after all the newest fads.

A WONDERFULWONDERFULWONDERFUL CONVENTION: "Well," said Dean Ford, "here we are at Fuggvention I."

"Yes," I said. "We should have a glorious time, with all of the wonderful fuggheads in attendance to jolly around with."

We drove down Stiles Street in beautiful Vaux Hall, New Jersey until we came to "339," the address of Seth A. Johnson, at whose house the first Fuggvention was being held.

"Yes," said Dean Ford, "this is it. There's Old Seth's ice-cream wagon parked out front."

"Gee," I said. "The Fabulous Seth Johnson ice-cream wagon. I should get it on film; I can sell prints later to Boyd Raeburn and Walter Breen and all of Seth's other fawning admirers at a dollar each."

After I had taken snapshots from various angles of Seth Johnson's ice-cream wagon, Dean and I walked up and knocked on the picturesquely unpainted front door of "339".

A chubby middle-aged man with a ready smile opened the door and bade us to enter. There we stood in the living room of Seth A. Johnson, and the chubby man said, "I am Seth Johnson; welcome to the Fugg-vention I!!!"

Ten or so other people who had been sitting over in a corner of the room huddled in front of a phonograph playing Lawrence Welk records came over to us and shook our hands before we could do anything.

"I'm Ed Wood. Here, fellows, have a drink," said one man. He gave us each tall glasses full of Kool-Aid.

"Be careful of that stuff, boys," said a man with a badge reading "Raycee Higgs". "It can really knock you under the table."

"Especially that grape-aid flavor," said Seth A. Johnson.

Another middle-aged man was hitting the coffee table with a spoon. "Hmm," said Seth. "Our con chairman is gavelling for order; it's time for the official program to begin."

"Hey, people," said the gaveller. "Come over here; we are going to talk about the Wondrous World Which Science Fiction Will Someday Build." On the lapel of the gaveller was a badge reading "William E. Neumann".

We all sat on the living room floor around William E. Neumann ("beatnik style," as Belle Deitz said) and listened as he extrapolated brilliantly into the future. "I imagine a world of thirty years from now which will have...satellites whirling it made out of Resistant Materials!" (Applause.) "I also envision a world where the American Indian has made a wonderful come-back and is a...Useful and Productive Member of Society!" (Riotous applause.) "I see a world where everyone goes around dressed in...Expensive Clothes!" (Thundering applause.)

There followed a "give and take" period (as Janie Lamb called it) in which various attendees offered their own visions of the Future World. Seth Johnson said, "I see as a definite possibility a world run by a hierarchy of ice-cream men, with a priesthood of science fiction fans."

"Very likely," said Ed Wood. "After all, the Destiny of Fandom is the Destiny of Man."

"Let's toast to that," said Art Hayes, as he raised his mug of Kool-Aid high.

"It certainly is turning out to be a glorious convention, this

first conclave of fuggheads," said George Willick, nudging me.

"Yes," I agreed. "A wildly swinging affair."

After the Neumann speech and the give and take period we all got up off the floor ("After all, you can only sit beatnik style for so long," said Belle Deitz) and sat on orange crates and watched Spring Byington ("A real swinger," as Raycee put it) go through her hilarious paces in "December Bride".

After this wonderful half-hour of televised jollity was over, Seth Johnson passed out free Uncle Seth Bars (strawberry and vanilla with nuts and a tasty chocolate coating) and said, "And now, attendees of the Fabulous Fuggvention I--our Guest of Honor, the fantastically talented author of 'A Small Miracle of Fishhooks and Straight Pins' and 'The Problem Was Lubrication'--David Bunch!!"

About this time Dean Ford said that he had just remembered that he was due at a PTA meeting at home that very moment and had better leave right away, otherwise he would miss the farewell speech of the retiring Miss Dreg, a beloved former teacher of his.

"Err, I somehow forgot all about my job. I'm supposed to be working today, people. Goodbye," said I, sweating profusely.

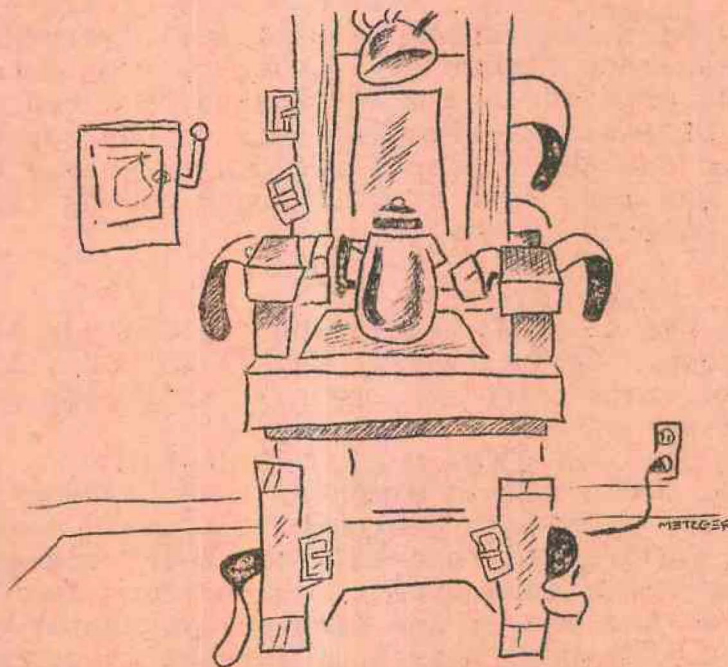
Dean Ford and I stumbled into his car and ripped away, taking premature leave of the Fuggvention I. If you are reading this, Seth, or you, William, or you, Raycee, or you, David, I'd like to apologize for leaving so abruptly. I would very much have liked to stay for the rest of the proceedings.

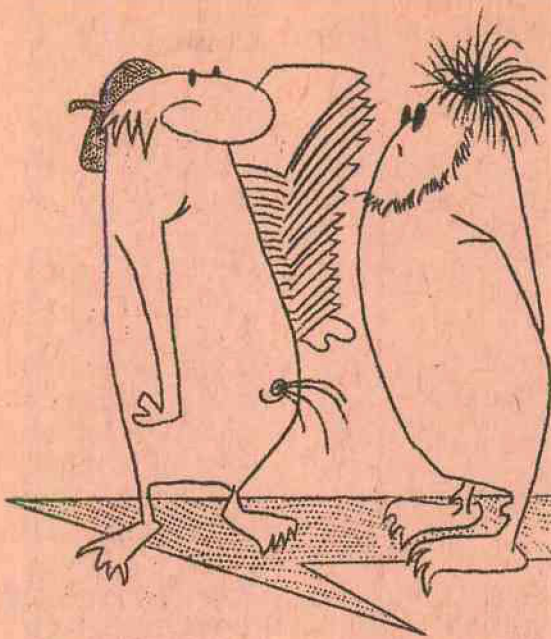
--Gary Deindorfer

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"How can I write sensitive, moving prose when I have the hiccups?"

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# LOOKING BACKWARD

mailing comments by pete graham

## WRAITH 15: *wrai ballard*

You mention Tarzan; I'm going to make an educated guess that not less than seven FAPAns mention the recent incident of Tarzan books being banned from a California public library. ## Your telling of working and living in the frozen prairie weather is sense-of-wonderish; it's beyond my experience, though slightly familiar from fictional treatment. Other people than I live different lives. ## And here's another similar section: raiding melon patches under shot-gun fire. ## The North Dakota state pen you describe sounds fairly modern. The jail I was in almost two years ago (for violating the state civil defense law) was also well-built, clean and modern. It was called the Brooklyn Boys House of Detention, to my everlasting disgrace, and from the outside--an outside I only saw after my several days' residence--it was a clean-cut glass-bricked high steel building. On the inside each floor was divided into 2 cell tiers, all the cells separated from each other on the sides by half-inch steel partitions. Everything was painted green except the concrete floors of each tier. The gates of each cell were closed by the prisoner and masterlocked by a cop turning a wheel at the end of each tier-block. From my cell on the top tier on about the sixth floor I could see the roofs of buildings several blocks away through a window that was kept open a small crack during the day. Sometimes there was laundry blowing in the wind.

## THETA: *jack harness*

"It's corny, but the MAD-reading public demands it." So nu? If it's crap, it's crap. So is lots of what's in MAD. All you're saying is that you like corn. Why not say so? It's your privilege.

## MELANGE 3: *john and bjo trimble*

After reading God's column a mental image sprang into mind of a street-car funeral for a Chicago gangster. It would make a lovely picture: a blackdraped, wood-sided funereal street-car clanging down a street busy with long low black automobiles, all holding four men with Thompsons at the ready. At the end of the line--a pregnantly apt phrase for such a man on such a ride--the streetcar lurches into the cemetery, cigarette-drooping armed men are posted as guards and a nervous preacher reads a few last words over the departed soulless. Finally the dirt is hurriedly

shovelled onto the coffin, the hoods disappear in all directions and the streetcar heads back to the barn to pick up the little old lady from Hermosa Beach who wanted to be buried in Forest Lawn. ## Somehow Ron's Coward's Song doesn't mean a thing to me. ## Bjohn's peroration on Breen is repellingly saccharine--depressingly reminiscent of TEW's paroxysms over Terry Carr when he was running for TAFF--except for the "faded trousers with a gold key of some sort" line which effectively brings down the whole house of cards in a tumble. ## "Project Art Show needs all the enthusiasm and support it can get." No kidding. And your claiming that no question is too silly or basic to ask is dreadfully condescending, you know. Or don't you.

### LE MOINDRE 24: *boyd raeburn*

An incorrect usage does not become sanctified by the eminence of the user, you say, referring specifically to the loose use of "ANZAC". You are right in that case, but the last couple of Presidents' use of "finalize" has pretty well established that one; I've seen newspaper comment to the effect that it is their usage that has definitely inserted it into common argot. ## I have never bought any custom-made clothing and see no reason, outside of Deindorfer's, to do so. ## Your "kiwi" definition--a blind bird squeaking about New Zealand's high standard of living--is one of the best lines of the mailing. ## I see time in my mind in terms of a line, or ribbon, which fades off in each direction after about a dozen of the unit--months or years--in question. I have nothing in common, I will tell you proudly, with Deindorfer's grey balls.

### FANTASY AMATEUR v.25 n.1: *burbee's frank*

There's a rather silly rewriting of history displayed here in my name's being included on the third page as a co-signer of a proposed amendment and it's being omitted on the ballot page. Did I sign it when I was a member or didn't I? C'mon. ## With a wry smile I note my absence, once again and tiring again, from the membership listing. First the Brandon period, now this, with god knows what else as well. Sorry, people. ## This FA has about as much Burbee influence on it as it has for the past ten years. ## I would be for a ruling on future phony names, particularly where their holder is an ambivalent question. I'm not sure what the ruling should be--were it retroactive and of a certain nature god knows I could suffer from it--but I think there should be one.

### OPEN LETTER: *ed martin*

On the basis of this I would say he shouldn't have been booted.

### S-F FIVE-YEARLY 3: *lee hoffman*

What happened to the FAPA map this time around? ## That eagle symbol turning the mimeo crank is jes fine; but where's the "We Do Our Part"? ## The Bloch in here is the Bloch we know and love of yesteryear--the cornball Bloch, the delightful Bloch. I saw a Marx Brothers picture the other week; it was "Night at the Opera", and it was great. They had a similar approach, in a way. Their jokes were often outrageously obvious (Groucho: "\$9.87 for a dinner like that? Why, that's unheard of. If I were you I wouldn't pay it.") but perfectly hilarious; partially because you and they both knew they were good old stupid jokes. There was also a sophistication, which, to drag in the parallel by its heels, Bloch has also though in a quite different way: Groucho waving his hands from his ears and going "woogie-woogie" gutturally into the camera in a flash from the scene from the opera stage is high comedy. ## The simile of some-

one's writing standing out "like Dave Rike at a John Birch Society meeting" is a poor one. Dave's presence would probably not be noticed unless someone were to find him lying down in the back of the room. ## The Koning piece is just like the ones Terry and I used to do for you, Leah. The extrapolation of fandom as some kind of paperworld, I mean, with absolutely crazy things happening. Nothing in common with assuming it to be any kind of reality, though; more in line with some of Bloch's and Tucker's things, as I remember. That was when we were occasionally Peter Carraham. You accepted one of them, finally, for Q; then you folded Q. Good thing, too, probably; both of us remember the piece as being just awful.

**SALUD 8:** *elinor busby* (latin. lemon and raeburn)

Well, here's a hot one (I'm not being hostile, Elinor, just anticipating a long discussion on this zine). ## "an American who betrays the USA ...does a completely foul thing." Now, define betray. I am opposed to the present government of the United States; its form, not just its present administration. I have no intention of betraying it, in almost any definition of the word I can think of, simply because there's nothing around to betray it to. If there were a genuinely socialist country around, which there is not nor anything approaching it in the slightest degree, I would have no principled qualms about "betraying" the government of the US in any number of ways. The concept, on the other hand, of betraying people is a very real one to me, and I have a whole body of disgust for the idea; such betrayers, in a rough definition, are those who use public--popular--confidence as steps to perform actions inimical to that populace. Khrushchev; Kennedy (the former, of course, possessing this confidence only passively. The level of dissatisfaction is not presently strong enough for a popular revolt, the only means of removing him from power). ## You are really attempting to malign the Washington-to-Moscow Peace March to Nancy Rapp, Elinor. In the first place, the leader was not "terribly astonished and hurt" because he and they could not make speeches in the public square there; any indication of that you might have seen in the papers would be the reportage of what seems to me perfectly understandable disagreement and outrage at the policies of the Russian government. You don't have to not expect to be turned down on a request for a free act to be outraged at its denial. The more important point is that they marched in Moscow, dammit. It was a demonstration of their opposition to Russian war policy. They are opposed to the actions of both sides (as I am, though not in the same way) yet you interpret their opposition to US war policy as being pro-Russian. Were they legalistically minded you have committed a libel; I say that not because there is any danger of such a silly thing as a lawsuit but to impress on you that you are greatly distorting their convictions and their actions. ## I can't understand people who like martinis (I drink them whenever appropriate). They taste bad (and particularly after any bit of food has been taken, have you noticed? They're strictly a pre-dinner drink) except, of course, for the olive. I love martini olives. ## A juror is, I'm afraid, in many cases obligated to condemn people to death if he finds them guilty; which means that the exclusion from juries, in capital cases, of persons who are opposed to capital punishment is a juridical slanting of the case in a direction opposed to the interests of the person on trial. ## I don't know what it costs to run an execution, but you reminded me of a point. One of the good minor arguments against capital punishment is that it forces someone to be a killer: someone has to pull the switch, and a humane society should not do that to any man. ## Everyone may "know" that abortions are lots more dangerous than childbirth, but that doesn't make it so. Under correct condi-

tions--which are not the case often, I agree--an abortion is a very simple operation, quite unlike the complex process of birth. It is society's condemnation of this proceeding that has made it dangerous. "She was (and is) a pretty nice girl, and is still"--I'll finish the quote, chuckling as I go--"a dear friend of mine." What in god's name could make you assume otherwise because she had an abortion? ## Perhaps Nancy won't remember the attitudes of American newspapers toward Castro immediately after he took power--I do, and there was little better than a wait-and-see attitude from the best of them--but you don't remember Castro's attitude toward the US, either. That is, roughly: "We need help; we would rather have it from you. We must do something about the living standard and the lives of Cubans. If you will not help us, we will get it where we can." That was not a threat, but a statement of fact, and it was repeated last year in the Congo--Lumumba came to the US for help first, you probably won't remember. In both cases we refused it and they went elsewhere, to the tragedy of both of them. "Wait and see" was not enough to help them; it was their death-blow ("they" being the entire population). I remember Leman or somebody being upset, in this connection, with my saying something to the effect that underdeveloped countries were making "demands" in terms of aid of the US. Again: it's not a matter that they can be talked out of, it is a fact of life that the underdeveloped countries want to live decent lives. If the US does not help them, and it does not, the leadership of these countries (which has power one way or the other because it promises to satisfy the wants of the people--one way or the other) will turn to where it thinks it can get help. The Communists promise help, and pretend to be anti-imperialist. God knows they are opposed to capitalist imperialism, but their own imperialist forms are less familiar to the underdeveloped countries which have been exploited by Europe and the US for as long as centuries. The Communists play like they are against this sort of thing--and there is no question that they are opposed to capitalism. It takes a while for a population to understand precisely what Communist totalitarianism means (for all they know of it is what they are told by a) the Communists and b) the capitalist world whom they don't trust anyway). And by that time it is too late. That's why the world is at this point going Communist; the US is doing nothing to stop it. ## This has been an essay on mother love. ## It usually sounds saccharine but dammit, even tho I disagree with you as much as I do I like your zine, Elinor. You have at least the visage of being open, which is important.

## SERCON'S BANE: f. m. pusby

Damfine linos here and there. ## So that's what "Snulbug" was. I always wondered--well, I always used to--where Elsberry got the title for his FAPazine. ## Disintegration of a personality is a crisis-point in the individual's life (we're discussing your comments on my story wherein you don't know why realistic fiction is considered realistic "only if the protagonist disintegrates"). A sudden point of integration, on the other hand, would be as well, but they happen far less seldom and are much trickier to write about. As a matter of fact--you just clarified this for me--that's exactly what I've been toying with in the idea that's been rumbling around in the back of my head for my next story in Lthse (that is, a sudden integration of a personality). Perhaps "realistic fiction" as a collectivity (and I'm not sure what that means; I'm sort of accepting your terminology at some face value or other) tends toward disaster or unpleasant situations; but then, these days, doesn't life itself? It's the commonplace. ## Shucks. You got me. If I go on a demonstration, you're going to think it looks Communist and say it is pointless right off; not because I am a Communist, but because it looks

like and is the same old jazz the Communists use. It's too much to ask that you listen to what the demonstration has to say. Less sarcastically, what would you have protesters do? Write letters to government officials? It is done, believe me. (That they do no good is a separate argument.) Elect people of our point of view? Occasionally done (peaceniks have elected Wm. Meyer of Vermont) but very difficult, particularly when you have a body of people which is perhaps significant in itself but too thinly spread over election districts. What else? In addition, why do you object to the demonstration technique simply because Communists use it also? Is form more important than substance to you? Communists also, by the way, elect/elected people, write letters to Congressmen, print newspapers, work in big-party clubs and the like. Should others shun all these? The difference is, Buz, that both we and the Communists do not accept the status quo; you do. That demarcation means that to you the difference between I and a Communist is not significantly great. Right? ## I think you expected me to say something about how undemocratic FAPA is (p. 7). Well, it isn't. It has no arbitrary rules for membership which exclude people from membership on a basis which has nothing to do with the reason the organization exists.

NULL-F 22: *ted white*

A combination of some impeccable layout and some thrown-together stuff; the latter takes precedence in such a blending. ## Walter: your mailing comments are peculiar. They are erudite, clear, concise; they flow. And they are completely uncommentable. Save for politics, which I am avoiding at the moment because some of it was dealt with above and I don't want to overload these comments politically, I can do nothing but either nod my head in agreement or, more usually, say to myself "Oh, is that so? I didn't know that." Strange. ## Oh, yes, there was one thing: your page and a half on the Moskowitz case stand as a fine example to Ted on how to handle this kind of dispute. All the facts are there and all the arguments are settled. Perhaps Ted realizes some of this and it caused his Very Sensible removal of some invective in his comments and the substitution of the Reiss cartoon. ## Ted: it isn't your sense of "fair play" that requires you to correct Eney's misstatements before the audience at large; it is your ego. I leave all kinds of FAPA calumnies against me untouched; so do lots of people. It's okay to have a wounded ego, Ted, it's all right; just call it by its right name. "Fair play" focie. Hit him again, but call it your ego. ## I'm not as open-minded as you. You disagree with FM's politics but admire his mental agility; me, on the other hand, if I disagree with someone it's because they are, on my terms, wrong (whereas I am right). Their mental agility therefore can't be too good if it doesn't perceive the right. (This sounds like a fugghead to many of you, I'm sure; but to prove me a fugghead you'd have to attack my inability to see the right when it is presented to me, not simply that I think I am right. After all, if you aren't convinced you're right when you argue a position, you shouldn't argue it.) ## "Cap-a-pie" means head-to-toe, which I found out by looking in a dictionary as Redd told me to. ## I used to read the "Dave Dawson" series, a collection of potboilers timed during WWII. Dave was a doughty young pilot involved on every scene on the European front; just great for my young fantasy-life. ## "We're doing what we can to provide (Moskowitz) with some brand new, up to date feuding material." --Ted White, NULL-F 22, p. 30.

DESCANT 6: *norm and gina clark*

I missed it. I know it wasn't in the mailing; I just wanted to say that I didn't get the postmailing and I missed it.

## HORIZONS 88: *harry warner*

That you've been "cut back" to only about five books per month makes me shake my head wriily. Over the past year I've read about 35 books--ranging from short plays by Albee to full textbooks on Greece--and regard myself with a touch of pride at finally approaching some sort of reasonable quantity of reading. Then, I do spend time most mornings on the subway with the New York Times. ## I don't know. You hear all about cold, wet beers; here in New York it's Rheingold, the dry beer. "Buy Equine beer, the cold dry beer with the deliciously warm wet flavor." ## Your comments on my story--and that you reread it immediately--are heady egoboo. ## All of us around here have had a ball picking out anomalies in your story; not so much as to criticize but to nitpick, as we--at least I--am impressed with how well it hangs together as it does. A few points: finding a payphone with a seat these days is a rare occurrence; someone as hostile to fandom as Charlotte probably would not even use the word "oneshot" to describe what she wouldn't want to do; nobody ever calls the Grand Central station the 42nd street stop; and Ted and I don't believe Grant's Tomb is a visible landmark that you would use to note your being on the wrong train, though it is true that between 116th and 125th at that point the train is an elevated; and you misspelled "extroverted". Fie. ## Your mailing comments are very Warnerish this time.

## THE RAMBLING FAP 28: *gregg calkins*

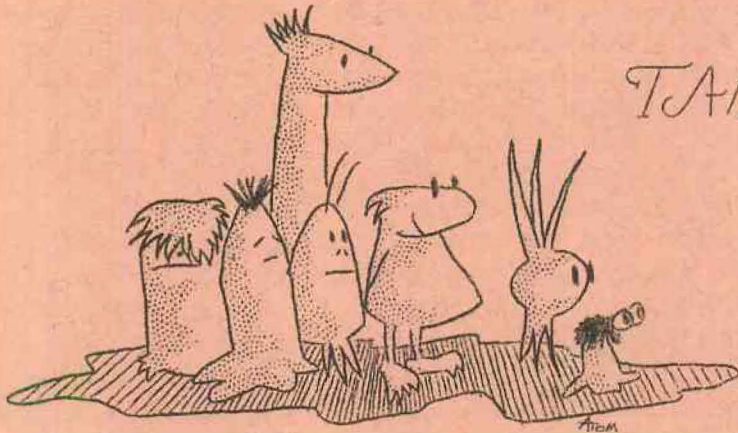
We fulfilled the official requirements to the letter, Gregg, when we filed. The constitution requires two separate acts; filing with the secretary-treasurer, which we did by telegram since Evans wasn't home that night, and ballot-printing by the OE, which we facilitated by calling her (Marion). The constitution says nothing about the necessity of the secy-treas having to conduct the formality of notifying the OE. It is a strained interpretation taking advantage of loose construction, but it's within the letter. ## I wonder how Redd indexes his mailings; by name of zine, name of member, or both. ## I think beer is an acquired taste too. But on thinking about it, I've decided that probably many other of our tastes are acquired as well; very likely a large proportion of our physical taste sensations, as so many other sensations, are very strongly socially influenced. I'm sure it's the case with beer. ## You call a Negro a black bastard as opposed to simply a bastard and you are touching a rather sensitive--and for you, dangerous--nerve. Being black, he--no matter what kind of background--has grown up with a strong component of hatred for whites. Another Negro calling him a black bastard, or even a n-----, both of which are relatively common, means little more than most epithets; but for you to do it calls up for him a whole personal history of racial oppression which he is daily aware of and you are not. People are not always too rational; just because you think you are liberated on the race question doesn't mean he knows it; and until he sees you doing something that proves it--and I mean real action, not just talk--he has no reason to think you mean it. His daily experience tells him otherwise. ## "Even cons still have a sense of right or wrong." What a sense of feeling for humanity you have! What a noble creature you are! You are a well of human understanding.

## ALIF 13: *karen anderson*

I wish I had more room. ## Don't play games with sex; if you're not going to screw, don't kiss ("snog"). If you're willing to kiss, be willing to carry it out; otherwise you are insulting and attempting to emasculate the man you are playing with. It has nothing in common with card games. (I don't mean to restrict this to you as much as it sounds, Karen; I'm commenting on the practice as a whole.)

# TAILGATE RAMBLE

terry carr



Since the last issue of this furlong stanzine things have been happening for me on the writing front. Some of you know that one reason I came to New York was to see what I could do in the way of professional writing; even to those who had heard nothing of this it was probably obvious that last issue's "Blind Clarinet" was intended for professional publication. I'm happy to say that things have been breaking nicely in the past three months.

"Blind Clarinet" was written for submission to Ted White's forthcoming Regency jazz anthology, The Soul of Jazz, a market which explains its jazz ingroup orientation. The version which appeared in LIGHTHOUSE was the second draft, and on the basis of it Ted decided he wanted it for the book and made some suggestions for the final rewrite. It seems ironic that my first payment for a story should have been a personal check from a friend, but that's life.

About the same time, I had on submission a rewritten version of the story of mine which appeared a couple of years ago in KLEIN BOTTLE, "Some Words With The Devil". It got bounced a few times, usually with a rueful note to the effect that it was nice, but just a shaggy dog story, and finally when the humormag Ad Lib turned it down on those grounds I decided to do the obvious thing and change the ending. I called the editor and outlined an alternate ending which he liked; unfortunately, the magazine was in a state of limbo, waiting for the returns on the first issue to see if there would even be a second issue, so he said to call him in a couple of weeks. Meantime Avram Davidson was appointed literary editor of F&SF, and one Saturday he dropped by here at the office and asked me if I had anything to submit to him. I showed him the carbon of the story, which happened to be handy, and mentioned the alternate ending; he said he wanted it, so when I turned in that rewrite I had another sale.

I had a talk with Don Wollheim about doing a novel for Ace, and outlined an idea which he seemed to like. It took a while to get ready two chapters and an outline to submit, because during this period I was working here and there, but late in December I sent it in. It bounced early in January, with a letter from Wollheim riding along saying that he thought the outline was too weak and I should give it a going-over. That time I sat down immediately and replotted the piece in the morning, called and made an appointment with Wollheim for the afternoon, then came by the office to type up the new outline before going up to Ace. Wollheim read the new one as soon as I handed it to him, and okayed it. I went back to work while the package ran the gauntlet of A. A. Wynn, Ace's publisher, and a few days ago I got the final okay and yesterday signed the contract. Cheers cheers, gang.

This business of writing for money is still pretty new to me, so I'm going to spare you the ordeal of much starryeyedness on my part and confine myself to the remark that it seems strange indeed to consider 2,000 words from my typewriter in terms of financing new glasses or paying dental bills.

There are certainly little sidelights which are also gratifying, though. Like yesterday when I went to the post office to send off another manuscript and the fellow there, noticing the fact that I was buying stamps for return postage, said gruffly, "You sell any of this stuff?"

"Sold a book yesterday," I muttered back at him, and he grinned and wished me luck with this manuscript.

Now that was fun.

Of course, the post office isn't completely staffed with interested bystanders to the writing profession. Today I went over to mail another one (I don't mess around, boy), and I asked for two sets of stamps totalling 32 cents each; when the clerk (a different one this time) handed them to me I ordered some extra 4¢ stamps for some other letters and started putting the stamps he'd already given me on the envelopes.

"What the hell're you doing?" he snapped. "You haven't paid for those yet!"

I stopped and stared at him, thunderstruck, the stamps hanging from my tongue. I didn't know how he could possibly be serious, but he sure sounded like it.

"Well, it happens," he said. "People put 'em on and don't pay for 'em."

I pulled out my wallet and disgustedly flung a bill on the counter. "You know, some post office workers are polite and civil, too," I said. "It happens." I took my stamps and my change and went over to mail the stuff.

On the way from the mailchute to the door I detoured past the counter and snapped, "And furthermore, from now on I'm taking my business to your competitors."

Then I stalked to the door and noticed that my shoelace was untied, so I had to stoop and retie it. It thoroughly ruined my exit line.

\* \* \*

Pete has been writing so much about Greece in these pages that it strikes me Egypt is being lost in the shuffle. As a fascinated Egyptophilic dilettante for about seven years, I feel honorbound to point out that while ancient Greece may be quite interesting and at times sense-of-wonderish, it can't touch Egypt in either particular as far as I'm concerned.

In the first place there's the matter of familiarity. The fact is that in our public school system children are not taught a single thing about ancient Egypt except for the common fallacy that it was the first civilization on record. I'm not by any means claiming that children

should have to study the culture and history of ancient Egypt instead of or in addition to that of the Greeks and Romans--the fact is that Greece and Rome are in a direct line of influence on our own civilization and are therefore important to it, while ancient Egypt, an insular and secretive land during most of its history, contributed practically nothing in any but an indirect manner to our way of life. (Did I hear a cynic in the audience say that civilization is more a goddam hobby with us than a way of life? Well, no matter.) But it is precisely because Egypt was so ingrown and essentially dead-end, and because we therefore do not learn much if anything about it ordinarily, that I think it's a fascinating object of study and rumination. The lure of the different and the unknown is a basic part of the sense of wonder.

(I am, of course, ignoring the fact that many children learn something about ancient Egypt through studying the Old Testament. This seems comparatively unimportant to me since I don't believe most children get much if any instruction in the Bible--this is not a Christian nation to that extent--and at any rate the Old Testament doesn't tell all that much about the history and culture of ancient Egypt.)

Of course, the fascination of the unknown is not all of the sense of wonder. The cultures of ancient India and China are as completely bypassed as that of Egypt by our schools, but I don't think they hold the same fascination. Egypt is a very special case in several ways. In the first place, there is so much of its history--over 3,000 years of it (well over three times the lifespan of the Holy Roman Empire), stretching from some time before 3,000 B.C. to just before the birth of Christ. (This is the period I call "ancient Egypt"; after it Egypt was overrun in succession by the Christians, Moslems, and Turks, all of whom insisted--as the Greek Ptolemies of the last three centuries of ancient Egypt had not--on remolding Egypt to suit their own cultures.) Again, the Egyptian civilization remained essentially static throughout most of those 3,000 years plus, due to its peculiar geographic isolation in a narrow cliff-guarded riverstrip in the desert and the hierarchic and formalistic religious orientation of its people, and this fact makes the high-points and exceptions in its history stand out in bold relief.

There are quite a few such points of particular interest in Egypt's history. To begin with, the unification of Egypt by Menes, a king of Lower Egypt who conquered and annexed Upper Egypt somewhere around 3,200 B.C., shortly after civilization in Mesopotamia--the real first civilization--had formed. (We may as well get one thing clear here and now: despite what the map seems to tell you, Lower Egypt is in the north, up around the delta, and Upper Egypt is in the south, stretching down to the cataracts of the Nile--it's higher ground in the south, of course, as you can see by the fact that the Nile flows northward. All this has confused hell out of people ever since the Greeks --hah! Pete Graham--thought the Egyptians must stand on their heads, but to people who can understand the FAPA constitution well enough to figure out how to vote on amendments every year it should be comparatively easy to assimilate.) Then there were the Pyramid Builders, Khufu (Cheops), Khafre, etc.--the Sphinx was also built during the latter's reign and is a portrait of him. Or Hatshepsut, the only woman who ever reigned in Egypt prior to the Ptolemies--of course, even she had to reign as pharaoh rather than as queen, adopting a traditional false beard and all. Or, for that matter, Cleopatra herself, the last ruler of ancient Egypt, who tried, first with Caesar and later with Antony, to re-establish Egypt as the center of a world empire and lost the whole shooting-match. ("All For Love" indeed, Mr. Dryden!)

But the very best period of Egyptian history is that of the 18th and 19th Dynasties, which were not only the days of Egypt's greatest empire but also of her most fascinating individuals. The others I've mentioned pale beside them. Menes is little more than a mythical figure, lacking even a name we can be sure of: he was listed as Menes when the Ptolemaic historian Manetho codified the then-existing annals of the kings, but the only direct record we have of him, a stela, seems to call him Narmer. Hatshepsut may have been a woman but, being in a man's office, she apparently acted pretty much as a man would have and so her importance as a pharaonic exception is reduced to that of a simple statistic. Cleopatra was at best only half-Egyptian in outlook and the story of her life and ambitions has more to do with Rome than with Egypt. And much etc.

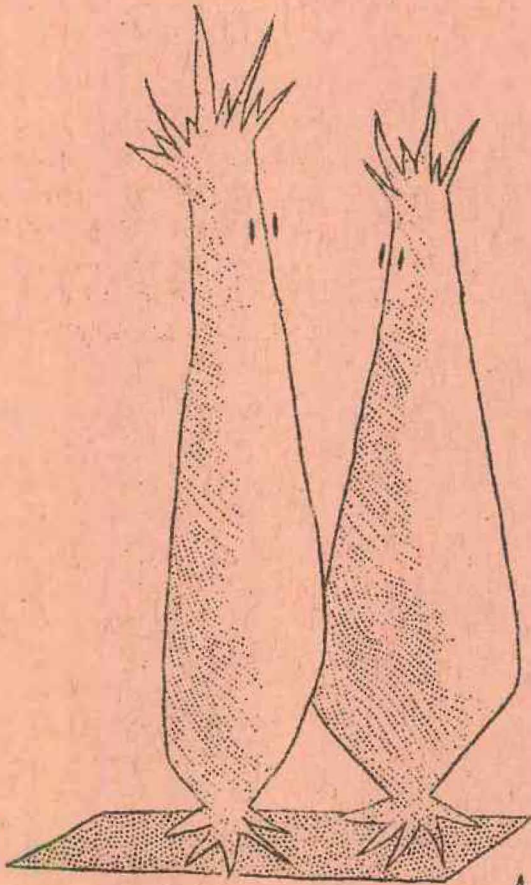
During the 18th Dynasty Egypt under Amenhotep (Amenophis) II and III expanded Egypt's sway up the Nile to the Third Cataract, deep in the heartland of Africa, westward to include most of the north coast of the continent, and far into Asia: all of Palestine and Syria (including Babylon) paid tribute to Egypt, and even the princes of India considered it wise to send gifts to the pharaoh. Quite aside from the spoils of war and empire, it was a golden age economically for Egypt because of the trade that was thus opened up.

But, as in all such cases, the trade was not only in monetary values--the meeting of cultures brought new ideas into Egypt. Apparently it hasn't been definitely established on any documentary evidence that Amenhotep III's wife was a Syrian, but it seems likely, and it's equally likely that Nefertiti herself, wife of Amenhotep IV (Akhenaton) and the subject of one of the most famous busts in anybody's history, was of Syrian background. At any rate, the theory goes that Amenhotep III was influenced so heavily by his wife's religion that he began undermining the power of the priesthood of Amon, the semi-official religion in the polytheistic state of Egypt, and tentatively introduced a new religion owing its lineage as much to hers as to any native Egyptian creeds. This was the worship of the Aton, the disk of the sun, and his heir was fully indoctrinated in this new religion. In fact he was so taken with it that shortly after his father's death and his ascension to the throne Amenhotep IV changed his name from that (which meant something on the order of "Follower of Amon," as I recall--I'm writing all this with no reference works handy) to Akhenaton ("The Aton is pleased"), closed down all of the temples of Amon, and had his father's name chiselled off of every structure on which it had appeared, simply because it contained a de facto tribute to the deposed god. But that's piety for you.

The Aton religion, in its final form under Akhenaton, was an absolutely astounding departure in Egyptian thought and for that matter was pretty far out for any of the major religions of that millenium (bear in mind that this was 1,350 B.C.): it was for the most part a monotheism, pure and simple. It was so far ahead of the regular progress of human religious thought that even the absolute dictator of the major power in the world could not establish it. Akhenaton ran into powerful opposition from the disenfranchised but still wealthy priesthood of Amon, and had little success in making converts among the masses, who simply did not understand it and in any case, being Egyptian and therefore religiously reactionary, resented and distrusted it. It's not within the purview of this article to go into many of the ramifications of that religion; it will be sufficient to note that it was a religion not only for the Egyptians but for all men, and that it fostered

and was patron to a naturalistic revolution in Egyptian art. In fact, the reaction against the traditional style's overwhelming accent on formalism and dignity was so great that it actually gave birth to caricature--the paintings of Akhenaton in his tomb and the statues of him which we have are so distorted that for some time historians thought the man must have been misshapen by some horrible disease. (Come to think of it, those caricatures of Akhenaton look remarkably like something Andy Reiss might have done.)

Well, the upshot of the whole thing was that Akhenaton got disgusted or discouraged or both, built a new city some distance down the Nile from the existing capitol at Thebes, and moved his court there.



The new site was called Akhetaton, "The Horizon of Aton," and there Akhenaton buried himself in acting as high priest of Aton among a coterie of disciples and court-followers. He was thoroughly disenchanted with the whole sordid business of politics, and steadfastly ignored the growing deluge of pleading letters from his vassal-kings in the Near East who were being besieged and annexed by the growing empire of the Hittites working out of what is today Turkey. The result of all this was a complete circle: Egypt had expanded into an empire under his grandfather and father, her vassals had sent a new religion into Egypt, and that religion's effect brought about the complete dissolution of the empire under Akhenaton. What's more, his wife left him.

But that's another story, and one that isn't within the purview of this article either. My point right around here is simply that this is a fascinating period in history, loaded with interesting people. Akhenaton is the most interesting (I think he was a tragic figure, but he may have been just a fugghead), but there was also

Are you an expert or just someone who knows?

Nefertiti, the enigmatic figure of Eye, the priest of Aton, the short-lived Tutankhamon (who was Akhenaton's son-in-law and who had originally been named Tutankhaton but had to change his name to get the throne--this is, by the way, the famous King Tut), the usurping general Haremhab who became pharaoh-for-a-day (Eye was apparently pharaoh for awhile, too--everybody wanted a piece), and of course Rameses the Great, who was in point of fact a blowhard. He got his reputation by continuing the reconquest of the Near East begun by his father (also a Rameses), making an advantageous cease-fire treaty with the Hittites, and then chiselling off the names of several of his pharaonic predecessors and replacing them with his own as the builder of as many temples and such as he could shake a sceptre at. What's more, he had his tomb decorated with paintings telling the whole story of the final battle of his Near Eastern campaign and claiming it as a great victory even though anyone who reads between the legs can see that what happened was that Rameses got himself all alone and surrounded by the Hittite army and promptly

panicked and ran off in the wrong direction, thereby luckily fooling everybody and getting away.

As for a sense of wonder, ancient Egypt has a lot to offer. For one thing, there's the question of the date of the Exodus of the Hebrews from their bondage in Egypt; most historians place it during the reign of Rameses the Great, but there's still enough doubt that I can't resist idle speculations on the fascinating theory one historian has put forth that it happened during Akhenaton's reign. The very idea that Akhenaton and Moses might have met face-to-face and that the woman who hardened pharaoh's heart against the Hebrews could have been Nefertiti is so fascinating that I'm almost tempted to believe the theory simply on the basis of that. Unfortunately, there isn't much real basis for it. However, it does seem clear that there must have been some connection between the religions of Aton and Judaism, because (as is well-known in Egyptological circles) the parallels between Akhenaton's "Hymn to Aton" and the 23rd Psalm are just too great to ignore.

There was a considerable to-do back in the twenties when the tomb of Tutankhamon was discovered and the fantastic treasure, both in precious metals and art objects 3,500 years old, were exposed to the modern eye. Most people have the idea that this tomb was a typical example of the wealth of the ancient Egyptian pharaoh, but they're wrong: Tutankhamon was a young king who reigned briefly and weakly and whose tomb is considerably smaller than those of his more well-established confreres (an apt word, considering the Egyptian custom of royal inbreeding), so the treasure recovered there was almost certainly a pittance compared to the standard. The amazing thing about that tomb is that it did manage to last 3,500 years without being burglarized; tomb-robbery has been a serious problem in Egypt since the days of the first dynasties, and Tutankhamon's seems to be the only one to have escaped it.

The Pyramid Builders made a bad mistake in their choice of homes for their souls; those massive piles of stone were supposed to prevent access to their burial chambers so that their bodies (which were important even in the afterlife) would be undisturbed, but what they actually did was stick out in the desert like a sore thumb, tacit evidence that somebody had gone to a lot of trouble and expense to bury himself, so there had to be a rich hoard awaiting within. Those pyramids were rifled early, but it was a thousand years before Hatshepsut (The Very Same Hatshepsut Who) came up with the idea of digging her tomb in the cliffs to the west of Thebes, where it would be hidden. Her successors followed her plan and the Valley of Kings was established, but unfortunately the stone roof of Hatshepsut's tomb caved in after a rain-storm, exposing it to the eyes of the world, and the game was up. Nevertheless, the pharaohs kept digging their tombs there, concealing them as best they could, and Tutankhamon's remained undiscovered. Actually, it was raided once--the contents of the outer room were in disarray when the archaeologists found it and the outer door showed signs of having been forced open by the robbers and resealed by one of the succeeding pharaohs, so the obvious theory is that the robbers were caught in the act. At any rate, undoubtedly due to Tutankhamon's short reign and relative lack of importance, the tomb was soon forgotten by everybody--when one of the Rameses built his tomb less than a century later he chose a site directly above it and almost dug into the older tomb without realizing it. And that was how Old King Tut got his modern reputation: by being obscure and unknown in his own time.

I could go on at some length, I suppose, considering the question of whether or not ancient Egypt was really a democratic state in any sense which we would today find acceptable, but I assure you such a dialectic most definitely ain't within the purview of this article now. All I wanted to do here was say a few words to tell you that I think ancient Egypt is a fascinating subject of study, but I suppose you can tell that by now.

\* \* \*

You might be amazed (I hope) if you knew the confusion and tearing of hair that is going on in Towner Hall here at the moment. As usual, this LIGHTHOUSE is being pieced together in its final form right at the deadline--a week ago we couldn't have told you much about what was going to be in the issue, what the covers would be, how the issue would balance out, or any of that; about half of our contributors came through at the last minute. It's caused great consternation to the editorial staff: Pete sits down every ten minutes to recount pages of items and juggle them around in the issue, Ted runs alternate pages and leans long-sufferingly against the wall when he comes to a page on which I haven't yet cut a filler-drawing, and I sit at the typewriter going through my notes and pre-written material wondering if this will be a left- or right-hand page. Oh, we pay attention to such matters. When you come to the blank page that may end up somewhere in the middle of the issue you may not believe me, but we devote a great deal of thought to the whole thing.

Despite the hecticcy of deadlinitis, we're both quite pleased with the number of people who made it a point to sit down and turn out material for us in time for our deadline, several of them resorting to airmail and special-delivery postage to make it. The localites like Ted and Sylvia and Steve Stiles were handy to be nagged and were good-humored and cooperative about the whole thing; fans at greater removal from the local scene--like Dave Rike and Alva Rogers and Arthur Thomson and Walt Willis--spared us the necessity of nagging them unduly. Many thanks to them; the deluge of material that came in during the past week was certainly gratifying.

Dave Rike, of course, stencilled his own cartoons, and did a fine job of it. He sent a letter along with them which mentioned in part:

"I found, using the guides for the lettering, that I could squeeze in legibly more lines per inch, so I was able to extend the side gag about plugging in the machine to that old electric fan gag that I read in Q back around 1950...I think it was #4 or 5. It's such a bad gag that I don't believe it has been repeated since--why, I have probably introduced it to the new generation of fans busying themselves around nowadays. Imagine: it will appear as something fresh and original, albeit a little corny. Of course, it originally went something about a guy who came into contact with the current while reading Planet, and becoming the first electric fan, which definitely dates it."

This is merely another example of the way in which LIGHTHOUSE, a Berkeley fanzine, timebinds our fandom. Oh yes, LIGHTHOUSE is a Berkeley fanzine, all right. We may hobnob with types like the Whites and Stiles and Reiss, even at the risk of being called fellow-travellers with them,

but by God nobody has yet accused us of being water-brothers with them. LIGHTHOUSE is a Berkeley fanzine, I say, and the spirit of noblesse oblige which this fact instills in us even leads us to open our pages to such neo-Berkeleyites as Bill Donaho and Alva Rogers.

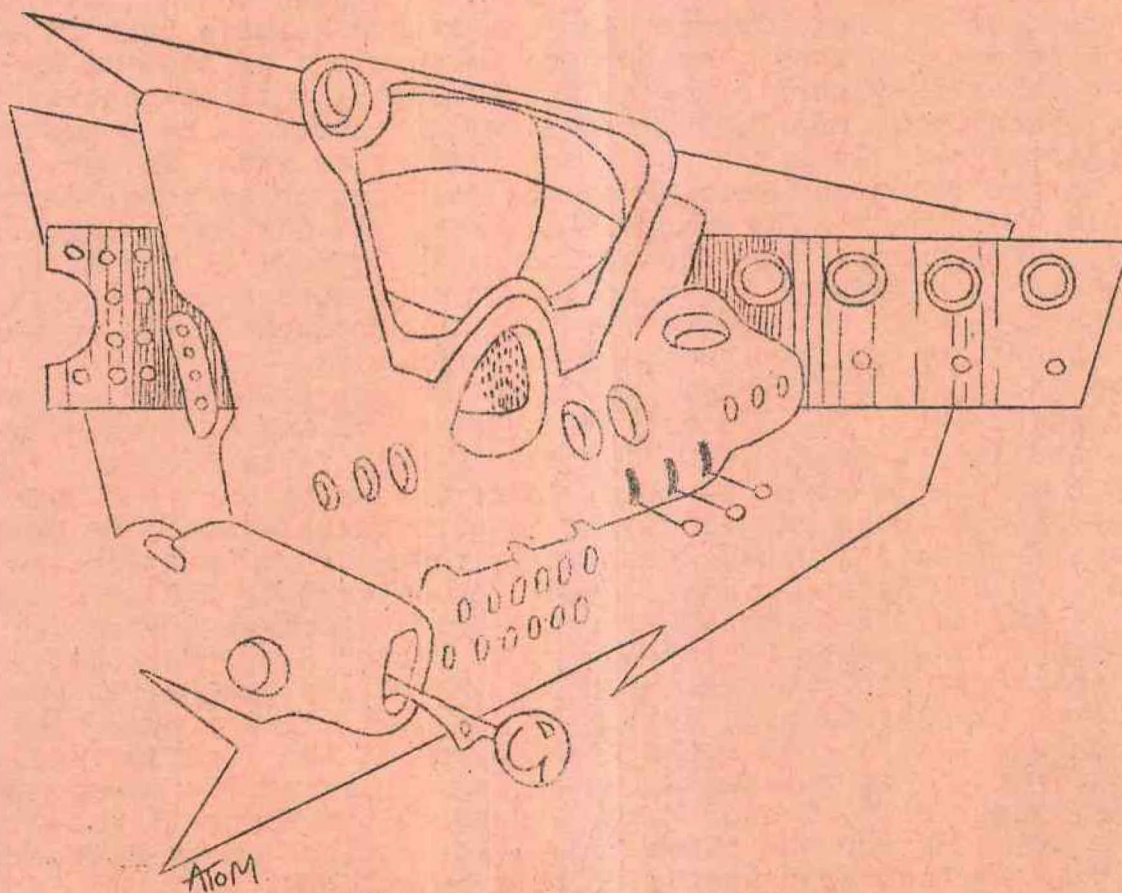
Considering that the latest estimate on the number of pages of this issue is somewhere around 90 pages, this had better be a Berkeley fanzine.

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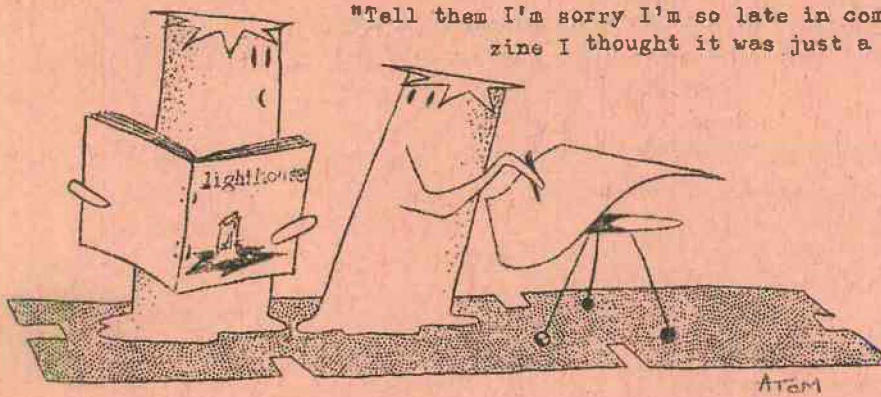
Avram Davidson just called to say he loves the second story I sent him, "Brown Robert," and he'll use that too. Cheers again.

--Terry Carr

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What time did you say it was? --Bob Shaw  
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"Tell them I'm sorry I'm so late in commenting, but when I first got the zine I thought it was just a copy of THE WATCHTOWER..."



## LETTER LITTER

avram davidson

As far as Pete Graham's "Minor Drag" goes, it goes well, but it doesn't go far enough. To his want-to-knows about fans he should add a query about ethnic background, religious affiliation--actual and/or recently ancestral. †(Of course. I skimmed over this sort of thing, that's all. -pg)† My impression is that most fans are Anglo-Saxon (in the broader, American sense, including all British but the Catholic Irish). This may seem of no remark, and perhaps it is of no remark; after all, most of the country is. But to me Anglo-Saxons are still a little exotic. I grew up in Yonkers, N.Y., a town which, like NYC, wasn't founded by Anglo-Saxons, and where they haven't been in a majority since who-knows-when. My boyhood impressions of them in my hometown were that they were clannish and (except for first-generation Scotch, Tynesiders, and Yorkshiremen) almost never to be found working with their hands. It was quite a surprise to me when, in the Navy, and living in the South and West, I had my hair cut or my shoes mended (etc.) by people who didn't have European accents, and saw Anglo-Saxon bakers, tailors, garbagemen, etc. And of course I met more in the Navy than in my whole life before. They no longer seem more than a little exotic, and I can't join in the frequently (all too frequently, in my opinion) voiced opposition to them and their alleged ways.

Ted White got off lucky. My "trip to Analog Country" was even less to the point. Oh, I'd met JWC a few times and he'd asked me to submit--stories, I mean. But I'd never really talked to him. At the Pittcon his amiable wife Peg said, "Avram, come to our room when you have the chance; John has something he particularly wants to talk to you about." I said I would, but, well, those of you who were at the Pittcon know how it was...Joni Cornell bouncing into Harlan's lap with the merry cry of, "I just came for the orgy!"--bringing from Ike Asimov the comment, "She wants a micro-orgy!"...Robert Silverberg telling people that Paleontology Curator Smith, he of the vast white beard, was my father...panels, drinks, asking Doc Barrett if he'd ever heard of the obscurest sci-fi item you'd ever heard of, and finding that he not only had heard of it but owned two copies...parties, et merry cetera, like all cons. Well, I didn't get around to the Campbell room. But when Peg asked me for the third time I got curious as to what, exactly, her husband particularly wanted to talk to me about...

Could it be that he wanted to commission a novel? for example.

"Glad to see you, Avram!" he said cheerfully. "Like a drink?" And then he launched into a lecture on why slavery wasn't such a bad thing after all, etc etc--he really did, the same old stuff--which lasted 35 minutes by my icecube. "Well--" I began. And he then launched into a lecture on the properties and processing of cobalt. I left before he finished that. And I still don't know what it was that he particularly wanted to talk to me about. And that was my trip to Analog Country.

On Salinger. I quote: "You know there's something very grand about them--there really is, you know. I mean there's something sort of epic about it, if you know what I mean. I mean that...they really are, you know." Sound familiar? Yes, but I'm not quoting Salinger as Holden Caulfield, I'm quoting a letter from Thomas Wolfe to Henry Volkening (from an article by HV in "The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe"). Wolfe "quotes" this as "the usual horrible gaff from the Moderns, who are supposed to be talking about the Marx Brothers." "...the stink of a horrible weariness is upon it," he says. "I am tired of these weary \*\*\*\*\*: they hate life, but they won't die." The NY Times's Sunday review of "Franny and Zooie" said all, I think, that needs to be said of J.D.'s unauthentic and integrity-lacking (artistically speaking) Zen-and-Jesus kick. ‡(Hmmp. -tgc)‡

(410 West 110th St., New York 25, N. Y.)

ted pauls

My navel has superb fidelity and rifling. What do I do now?

Pete's comments on fan intelligence interested me, of course. I have always believed that fans as a whole were more intelligent than the rest of the world as a whole, for a very important reason: while there are probably thousands of people outside of fandom more intelligent than our "best," there are also illiterates and morons (I mean "morons" in the proper definition, not as a term of derogation). I don't think you could find any of the latter in fandom. This isn't necessarily an egotistical opinion; I state it as a fact. As long as who-is-a-fan is determined by wide reading in the field of science fiction this will be true. People who read aren't (obviously) illiterate, and people who read stf aren't morons. ‡(\*croggle\* In lieu of incisive deductive and inductive logic, let us quote from a comment by Archie Mercer on "The Hieronymous Fan" in Lths #2: "A fan without either typer or duper--and semi-illiterate to boot--kept up simultaneous membership in SAPS, OMPA and the Cult for a couple of years. I'm talking about Norman G. Wansborough." All generalizations are false, and generalizations like "people who read stf aren't morons" are particularly questionable. -tgc)‡

I could probably argue your statement that "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," but I won't. Neither of us can prove the point either way, because there is no way to measure the intelligence of fans "as a group" and there is no way to measure the intelligence of "the middle class" as a group. You may be right, of course, or you may not; I won't argue it. But the point is, fans are different from the "middle class". I don't think you'll deny that too strenuously. If this difference isn't in average or "group" intelligence, then what is it? If you asked the average fan how he differed from the mundane world, he'd probably answer, humorously, "I have broad mental horizons."

This cliché has been worked to death by fan humorists, but it is true and all it actually means is that fans generally have more imagination. This isn't necessarily something to brag about; from the viewpoint of the average person, it's a useless talent. Or say it another way: fans are more broadminded. We have cosmic minds. Fans are able to grasp far-out concepts more easily, which of course is why they read science

fiction or fantasy in the first place.

Again, this doesn't make us "better" or anything of the sort; just "different". Flying saucer fandom, which is more of a lunatic fringe than our fandom ever was, has approximately the same qualities: curiosity and imagination.

But there is one generalization (and here I think I've got you stumped) that will hold true for fans more than any other group of people I've ever had any contact with: fans read more. All fans that I've ever had any contact with read a tremendous volume of material when compared with the mundane average. I think I recall reading that the average middle-class adult reads only three or four books per year purely for enjoyment (as opposed to books which he or she would read in the line of work). I can't remember a single week in the last five years when I haven't read more than three or four books (or the equivalent).

To sum up these comments: fans probably aren't more intelligent than the average middle-class person, but they are more imaginative, more broadminded, and more individualistic. You, Dr. Graham, may argue this proposal at your convenience. {(Hmmp. -pg)}

Before I go on to other sections of LIGHTHOUSE, I have one further comment on this section. You're using a bit of a gimmick here when you say that the best fandom can offer really aren't that great, then quote as examples Boggs, Warner, Laney, Willis, Burbee. By whose standards are these venerable fans the best fandom has to offer? They may be the best writers, but this isn't what you were talking about. You are discussing intelligence; very well, you take Redd, Harry, F.T., Walt, and Burbee, and give me Walter Breen and Dick Bergeron. The fans you mentioned are undoubtedly of considerable intelligence, but Breen is the most intelligent person I've ever met. If anyone in fandom is a genius, it would be Walter Breen.

Now I want to say a few words about my seriousness, apropos the remarks by Terry.

Quite a few fans have commented on how Ted Pauls takes himself so seriously and all, and I've tried to partially counteract this impression by writing some light material for "Quotes & Notes" and attempting some (I hope) humorous comments in among the serious material. It hasn't worked out very well, I'm afraid; the lighter KIPPLE pieces have generally been the worst from almost any standpoint. In #20, for example, I wrote about the contents of my desk-top; it was a pointless, non-serious piece. And it fell flat. When I thumbed through my file copy of that issue, I wished nothing so much as that I might expunge that particular section from those pages. It wasn't funny, it wasn't interesting, and it wasn't well-written by any stretch of the imagination.

I am, by nature, a serious person. However, I'm not all that serious--some fans call me humorless. As you both know, I am by no means so serious in person. But in print, it seems that no matter what I say, it comes out very serious.

But I'm not really that way at all, damn it, and goddamn it Carr you'd better watch it or I'll drum you out of fandom. You tell everybody I'm so goddamn serious, and that's a dirty, mean lie, planted by an element which desires to run me out of fandom. So, I mean you'd better stop it or I'll report you to Racy Higgs!

(1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland)

{(You miss the point completely concerning my remarks on intelligence. If you're in fandom to discover intelligence then you may have Breen, with my blessings, but the point was that that isn't why I, or

most people, am/are in fandom. ## The question has come up--I think TEW is commenting on this line in the current mailing--of just what I meant by the middle class. I would include professionals of all types, most college graduates, executives below top level, white collar jobs where the worker identifies with the rest of the middle class, and the like; I would definitely not include the industrial working class (salary-scale, no matter how high, is not the question here), menial white-collar workers, many civil service positions, most farm workers, career military NCO's, and so on. ## Fans may read more than the mundane average (and nu?) but I'm not sure they do more than most other groups you might abstract out of the middle class; most criteria of selectivity would probably at root involve reading propensity. ## Fans aren't "able to grasp far-out concepts more easily" (than who?); they just want to, which is another matter again. ## If you mean what you say about "broadness" and intelligence not making a person "better," just "different," then the argument is settled. But I don't think that's the basis behind the IQ test business nor behind the approach of a number of fans toward IQ and intelligence (viz., Mensa). -pg)↓

↓(I don't think I've ever said you had no sense of humor; such is obviously not the case. But there's a difference between having a sense of humor and being able to apply it in all cases where it is appropriate, and I think your failing is in the latter category; it is not your serious tone which bothers me (has anyone accused Bergeron of being consistently over-serious?), but the fervent note that too often seems to creep in. But then over-seriousness concerning one's self-image is a failing to which most of us fall prey at times, and in any case it seems to me that a long, serious discussion is not exactly the proper method of combating it. -tgc)↓

*george metzger*

Since receiving yer & Pete's LIGHTHOUSE I've been thinking up all kinds of swinging ways to open this letter...but as the time went by I forgot all of them. But today I feel wonderfully like writing you at least a partial letter.

Today it snowed in the Bay Area.

Oh yes, I know that right at the moment I'm writing this you are no doubt marvelling NY peoples with a whole new flood of Berkeley jokes related to this...but by Ghu I've just got to write you and tell you. Chee...snow in San Francisco...I couldn't believe it.

San Jose State went mad, of course. Many of the kids were from down south and had never seen a real snow. It was fabulous.

I was over in our new pad swabbing down the walls when we noticed that it'd begun to snow. It was light...barely little points of snow, but we were digging it. Then it came down in a flurry...big muffy flakes with patterns in them. Kids were running in the street yelling and shouting and dancing and snatching at melting flakes. Sorority chicks were dashing up and down the streets in convertibles...bedlam. We gave up working and dashed out to the street too. My roommates, Big John and Ken, grabbed their cycles (we are a bike gang) and we took off. We picked up one chick and lit out for the hills. Next thing we knew we were racing straight on into a wild snow flurry...snow and ice piled up on their helmets and on my cowboy hat and it iced up the fronts of the bikes and the fronts of jackets bared to the blast were a solid sheet of WHITE. It was cold; I didn't have gloves and before I knew it I couldn't feel a damned thing in my hands. We pushed on. It was beautiful...the hills were all white and houses were topped with white; whole fields were rolling plains of white. Fantastic. We goddamn near

froze (it was around 28°) but we dug it like mad. We tried to imitate people piling ice on the hoods of their cars by piling ice on the headlights, but it would fall off from the vibrations.

When we came back to San Jose it had stopped snowing, but cars in town were topped with it and as we came down frat row we literally found ourselves "running the gauntlet". It must be a real kick to throw snowballs at motorcycles. I dunno about that, but it sure is fun to lob snowballs from motorcycles at people. I couldn't hit a damn thing, tho. But I sure got it. Ever run head-on into a snowball at 15 mph? Whoobhoy, that smarts.

It was a truly great day, tho. Nobody could get any studying done; it was all snowball fights. I'd better hurry up and finish this letter, because I must tuck myself warmly into bed and nurse my hideous new cold. I feel like I am going to die.

(4435 Nova Drive, Santa Cruz, California)  
P.S.: I wear a cowboy-like hat because I am a member of a newly-forming bluegrass band called The Fort Mudge Ramblers.

4(It's been a pretty mild winter in New York; to date (Jan. 25) it has snowed only four times, each time lightly. The first snow was the occasion for a running snowball-fight between Pete, me, Ted and Sylvia, Andy Reiss, Les Gerber, and Andy Main. I escaped unscathed through the whole melee save for a shot from Sylvia from five feet away which caught me square in the ear. ## During the second snow Andy Main and I tasted the delights of skiing in the snow on the streets of Greenwich Village at 2:00 in the morning--much fun. ## Of course, winter isn't over yet (tho it's in the 40's today and predicted to go into the 50's), and maybe by the time this sees print I won't be so delighted with the concept of snow. -tgc)

*greg benford*

Pete's "Minor Drag" is well done. Loved the casually Burbeeish humor and Daugherty-like complexity of your survey of fandom. And the Kennedy speech--! I predict it will provoke a hearty reaction throughout fandom, for I found the words of ill-confidence on the part of JFK, White Knight, damn funny.

Must disagree with you, tho, on the general IQ of fandom. Of course, the way you phrased it--"no more...intelligent than the rest of the middle class of which they are a part"--leads one to wonder just what portion of the mc you think fandom belongs to. It's my opinion that the lower- and middle- middle class comprise most of fandom, and I think the intelligence of most fans is greater than the norm for this group. The Chicon will have to settle this difference, of course. Perhaps not, tho, on second thot. I know I'm not going to bother taking the test when I can talk to people I like, and probably most fans feel the same way. I don't really care what my IQ is, since I believe this doesn't actually relate too much to achievement or understanding (like, Newton supposedly had an IQ of 125 as approximated by certain methods).

TEW Meets JWC the most croggling thing of the issue. I didn't know JWGod was an engineering fan; I'd always thot he was on the side of Science and Truth (these are synonymous). Come to think of it, I have noticed some slide-rule mentality creeping in, but put this down to translation difficulties. No matter what anyone tells you, he got a degree in physics (BS only) and not engineering at MIT. Strange to see him whoring after false gods and all, but then I guess that's the way it is over there in Fantasy Land.

Nelson was interesting, but the primary reaction it brings forth

is a wondering at just why so many women are drawn to beats. I wonder if this is true of the most intelligent women, for I don't consider beats to be particularly intelligent (better than average, but not so much better)--just sensitive.

LIGHTHOUSE is the best FAPazine I've seen in quite some time. Keep it up.

(204 Foreman Ave., Norman, Oklahoma)

{(Some of you other FAPAns should send him your FAPazines; he comments punctually. -pg)}  
\_\_\_\_\_

*george willick* \_\_\_\_\_

Ted White seems croggled to learn of military "hurry up and wait" policies. I remember when I went through that six years ago. For an ear test the guy told us to walk to the end of the room. When we got there he said, "Turn around." Anyone who did passed the hearing tests. And until my dying day I'll never forget that urine sample bit. Five of us were lined up near respective toilets and given a flask apiece. After receiving instructions one guy just had to ask, "How much?" The soldier looked at him and said, "Half a pint." Now I could imagine this guy gearing his kidneys and bladder for exactly half a pint. Anyway, one guy in the group was semi-nervous and semi-ashamed and couldn't do nothing. He came back out with an empty flask. He shook his head and handed back the empty flask. "What's your name, buddy?" "Ricketts." The soldier yelled, "RICKETTS CAN'T URINATE." It was then that I discovered what blushing from head to toe meant.

(c/o Avram Davidson, 410 West 110th St., New York 25, N. Y.)

*alva rogers* \_\_\_\_\_

It's real nice to come home tired and mentally drug out from a hard day at work to find a fanzine waiting for one--and when it's a nice thick INNUENDO-sized LIGHTHOUSE, it's doubly so. The fine hand of the former-Berkeley publishing giant is very evident this time, or am I just being nostalgically wishful-thinkingish?

We missed you, Terry, at the Little Men's Christmas party, which was at our house this year. Let me tell you about it.

To begin with, Sid's neuro dermatitis (which she has been blessedly free of for several years) flared up on her hands and sort of dampened her enthusiasm for hostessing a bunch of Little Men. On top of that Adey and Bill were pretty wracked up with colds, Adey's being suspected chicken pox. To really put the capper on it our garbage disposal went on the fritz the Sunday preceding the party and had to be taken out and carted to the shop for repairs. This not only left us with no garbage disposal, but there was no pipe connecting the sink with the main pipe and water had to be caught in a bucket and lugged upstairs to be emptied in the toilet.

One thing and another delayed the return of the disposer until 5:00 p.m. Friday evening--the night of the party. Finally, at six o'clock the kooky repair man proudly threw the switch--and promptly burned the damn thing out again. "See you Tuesday," he says and leaves us still with no disposer, but at least we had the drain hooked up. However, it was six o'clock, the party was due to start at eight, the kids hadn't had their dinner yet, the refreshments hadn't been prepared, we had two cases of beer on the floor, two big sacks of ice cubes on the counter and the refrigerator and freezer both full. Chaos. While Sid tried to straighten out the kitchen and throw together dinner, I busied myself in the living room getting it ready for the party. While I was pushing the sweeper across the carpet I gradually became

aware of strange chortlings emanating from the kitchen: "Oh, Sid, you are a genius--you are a true genius," this accompanied by a lot of banging and clattering.

"What in hell's going on in there?" I bellowed from the living room. "I'm putting the beer in the washing machine," Sid replied. I went in the kitchen to see what my unpredictable wife was up to, and sure enough, she'd dumped all the ice cubes in the tumbler of the Westinghouse and had almost two cases of beer cans stuffed in with them. Sheer genius, in truth; but all I could say was, "Be sure to unplug the damn thing before someone accidentally turns it on and causes a panic." Actually, it worked real great--there was still a lot of ice left the next morning.

(5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California)

‡(I hope Sid has sent in her household-hint to Good Housekeeping.  
## Apropos of nothing in particular, I wonder if anyone can explain such terms as "on the fritz" and "jerry-built" being applied to things which break down or are of shoddy workmanship, considering the high standard of craftsmanship usually imputed to the Germans. Were these phrases originated during the first or second World Wars? -tgc)‡

*sid rogers* -----

Things are improving around here, as only the coffee pot and washing machine are broken--mayhap there is a stray can of Schlitz caught in the trap.

‡(From an earlier letter:)‡ I am an editor of the nursery school newspaper (two page mimeo), name of (hold on to your gorge) PITTER PATER. I'm not power mad as yet, but the ladies of the nursery school, where Adey is a student, are in for a rude shock.

We are in our usual shambles, getting ready for the Great Birthday. ‡(Christmas.)‡ Alva is madly searching for "little balls with their doohickies in them."

Hoping you are not the same...

(5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California)

*sid birchby* -----

I've received in the same envelope VOID 26 and LIGHTHOUSE 2 and 3, along with various threatening remarks such as "This is your last issue unless you do something fast."

My dear young man, don't you threaten me with your turnip ghosts. It makes no difference to me whether you ever send me your publications again, seeing that you never sent them before and that the ones you have now sent were unsolicited.

Do what you will. I enjoyed your offerings and I thank you for them, but during the past twenty-five years or so of fanning I have been threatened by experts, I would have you know.

(1 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester, 19, England)

‡(We wouldn't dream of threatening you again. But do keep writing, hmm? -tgc)‡

*ed meskys* -----

I wonder just how facetious Pete's bit on surveying fandom is, and to what extent he would really like to do it. ‡(Me too. -pg)‡. You seem to have quite a few details worked out, Pete, which would indicate that you spent a fair amount of time thinking about the whole mess. Perhaps daydreaming as you punched out that stuff you find so boring at work? Anyway, it makes for fascinating reading and I am sure I would

find the results of any such survey (if it were ever completed) even more interesting.

On the other hand there are those "intelligence" tests which the TriChiCon is planning to give come September. The results might be of some interest, but these things are so limited and tell so little that I wonder just how significant any results could be. And then too, since few will be interested in spending all day taking a battery of them, only a small part of the tests could be given, again diluting any possible significance.

All of the artwork was highly enjoyable. I normally don't care for much of the stuff in VOID (hi Buck, Seth!), but there was not one piece in this of LIGHTHOUSE which I didn't like. Sylvia's pic for Terry's story and the portrait of Terry were particularly good. But I imagine that the former could have been improved a bit if it had been possible to deepen some of the blacks--or was the washed out effect intentional, to sort of go along with the mood of the story?

..... (723A 45th St., Brooklyn 20, New York)

+(Yes, we were all proud of Sylvia's full-pager, which caught the mood beautifully. And incidentally, I forgot when typing the artwork credits and such last issue to mention that Suzanne stencilled that sketch of me herself. -tgc)+

*frank wilimczyk* \_\_\_\_\_

Pete: Your inverse reductio ad absurdum on fan surveys is great entertainment, especially since it's enhanced by a number of observations which are worth taking seriously. For instance, your comment on "paper relationships," while mildly censorious, is one which I recognized as applying to myself. As a matter of fact, after re-reading this issue, I was led to the answer to a question which I hadn't quite verbalized before. At your Christmas party (sorry you weren't there) Les Gerber asked me why I'd decided to re-enter fandom, and I couldn't come up with any more sensible reply than, "I've become neurotic again." I just hadn't felt impelled to examine or justify my motivation. However, you've hit the nail on the head. After tossing around the question of re-entry for awhile, I discovered what initiated it. Over a year ago, I found myself in a personality clash with an old friend, a very close friend, with whom I'd corresponded at great length years ago when we were both fans. It occurred to me that we could still exchange views and information in an impersonal way if we resumed our correspondence--and that the paper relationship would mitigate whatever personal differences we had. I never did get around to carrying out this idea, but it got me to thinking about "the good old days" with a bit of nostalgia, and finally led to at least sampling the current crop of fan-zines.

On relationship to the real world, naturally it's your own axe you're going to grind. Now, me, I'd be interested in devoting a survey to something like the following: how many of these names does the average fan identify?: Doug Harvey, Maurice Richard, Dick Tiger, Sonny Liston, Orestes Miroso, Don Drysdale, Carl Braun, Elgin Baylor, Jack Levine, Karl Zerbe, Charles Connerly, "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, itd. A high score might not indicate a close touch with reality but then again it might. Anyway, it would be valuable information (data?) and would cost a lot less than \$5,000. +(I can get 5 of the 12; how about: Konnie Zilliacus, Willy Brandt, Paul Axelrod, Richard Crosland, Michael Foote, Guy Mollet, Alan Dodd, Leon Bronstein and William Meyer? -pg)+ +(I can recognize only five of them too--all of them from the sports world. So anyway, since we seem to have the makings of a Jiant Contest here, can

you identify Sir James Henry Breasted, V. Gordon Childe, Heinrich Schliemann, Howard Carter, and Sam Moskowitz? Answers Next Issue, if we remember. -tgc)†

I wonder if you noticed an item in the Sunday Times a few weeks ago, about psychological testing in industry? A psychologist was quoted as saying that people in the field generally don't think much of the whole thing, even though they continue administering the tests to job applicants. GE ran a check on its records for the past ten years to determine what validity the results of the tests have, and came up with the discovery that of the interviewees, only one out of three who were stamped for executive potentiality made it, and a surprising percentage of the "black sheep" filled top management positions. One thing these prognostic tests overlook, I think, is that quite often people succeed because of personality defects. How, I wonder, would A. Hitler have scored on leadership ability, for instance? †(Probably rather well, I suspect. -pg)†

Getting back to paper fandom, there is I think a kind of contradictory factor that should be considered. The written word (or mimeo'd or ditto'd), while impersonal, supplies a concreteness to what otherwise would be transient or impermanent relationships or conversations. Personally, I find that while putting something down on paper lacks the warmth of personal contact, conversely it supplies a physical thing that face-to-face contact lacks. Terry indicates this in his reminiscing about the number of pages he's published. Now, who in his right mind would start cataloging (and alphabetizing, maybe) all the people he's met or talked to in the past ten years? †(A very large number of apa members often catalogue the number of members of the apa's they've met personally. -tgc)† I imagine it would be possible to put up an argument for paper fandom as a form of closer contact with reality in that it supplements the fleetingness of "real" relationships with things that can be touched, or readily referred to, long after the ephemeral "reality" has vanished. On the other hand, one might argue that...oh well, me and the radical middle. †(On paper vs. personal contact: I don't see what is less "real" about personally conducted emotional contact when compared with the more concrete paper relationships. These contacts exist just as strongly (more strongly, I would say) in the mind of the person experiencing them and are not less simply because of their lack of concreteness. I'm a materialist, but certainly I recognize an emotion, or an emotional relationship, a contact, as a real fact of existence and part of the real universe. What virtue do you find in paper relationships over real ones other than their value as a defense, a protection? -pg)†

Your comments on intelligence I generally agree with. I was ready to start arguing when it looked as though you were going to make a plea for low-browism, but you qualified your stand enough to placate me. I certainly wouldn't want to be surrounded by walking encyclopedias †(How about walking encyclopedias with bushy beards? -tgc)†, but they are entertaining people in small doses--and while none of my close friends have been high-IQ types, neither are they dopes. I think it's not so much intelligence as far-ranging interests that unify fandom, even though in some areas fans seem to be generally deficient. I'm thinking particularly of the rather vulgar (I mean common, not obscene) taste of most fans in art. Most of the fans I've known have pretty much the same interests as I do, with, of course, SF a primary one, whereas guys I can talk to about baseball or something like that--there don't seem to be interested in much else other than their wives and kids and mortgages and crabgrass. These last four I can nicely do without, thank you. †(Yes, if they published checklists of all the crops of crabgrass they've grown they'd be much more interesting. -tgc&pg)†

Terry: As you know, I thought "Blind Clarinet" was a terrific story, and my private consultant on le jazz hot tells me that the jazz

background rings true, which is nice to know, even though I liked the story whether or not. While the jazz element is an integral part of "Clarinet," you've avoided the bathos of most jazz fiction; you were more interested in putting over personal conflict than dreamy mood, and it came over beautifully.

"FAPA On Wry"'s Art Dept. was jes' fine. It brings back memories of times when it was almost a matter of course for fans to drop in on editors and then write articles about what was said.

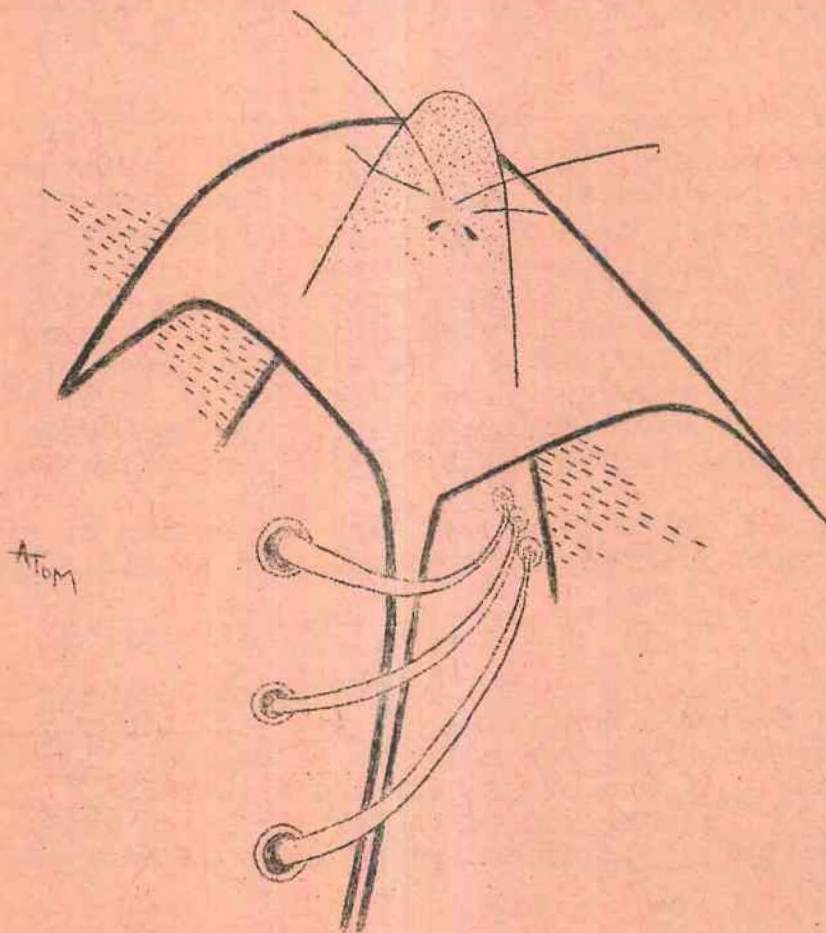
(447 10th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.)

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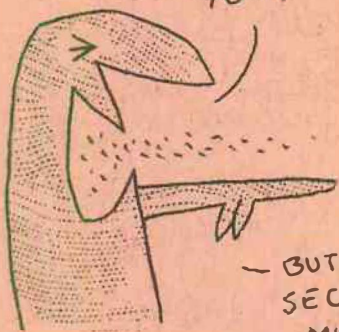
WE ALSO HEARD FROM Arthur Thomson, Lenny Kaye, Larry Williams, Bill Bowers, Len Moffatt, Archie Mercer, Richard Bergeron, Gary Deindorfer, Martin Helgesen, and Howard DeVore, not to mention Dick Lupoff, who sent a fine long letter which we'd love to have printed (and argued with), but unfortunately it went down for the third time in the Quick-sands of QWERTYUIOP and will nevermore be seen by the eyes of man.

Thanks to all, and please write again.

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Seeded shoulders  
-----



DEATH WILL  
NOT RELEASE  
YOU!



- BUT THE  
SECY/TREAS  
MIGHT!

Jennie Lee, the Bazoom girl." Norm Clarke said "22 signatures? That's not too many," and Bob Tucker said "This will raise eyebrows." In addition.

boyd raeburn

While your yearnings for tyranny plus a lower standard of living tend to give me the cold creeps, I'd miss you in FAPA, considering your recent activity. So, I'm pleased to sign your petition. Just don't ever run for secretary-treasurer. If you can't keep your own finances in order, I'd hate to see what you could do to the FAPA treasury. Those two bounced checks sound as though your Government has been setting you a bad example.

redd boggs

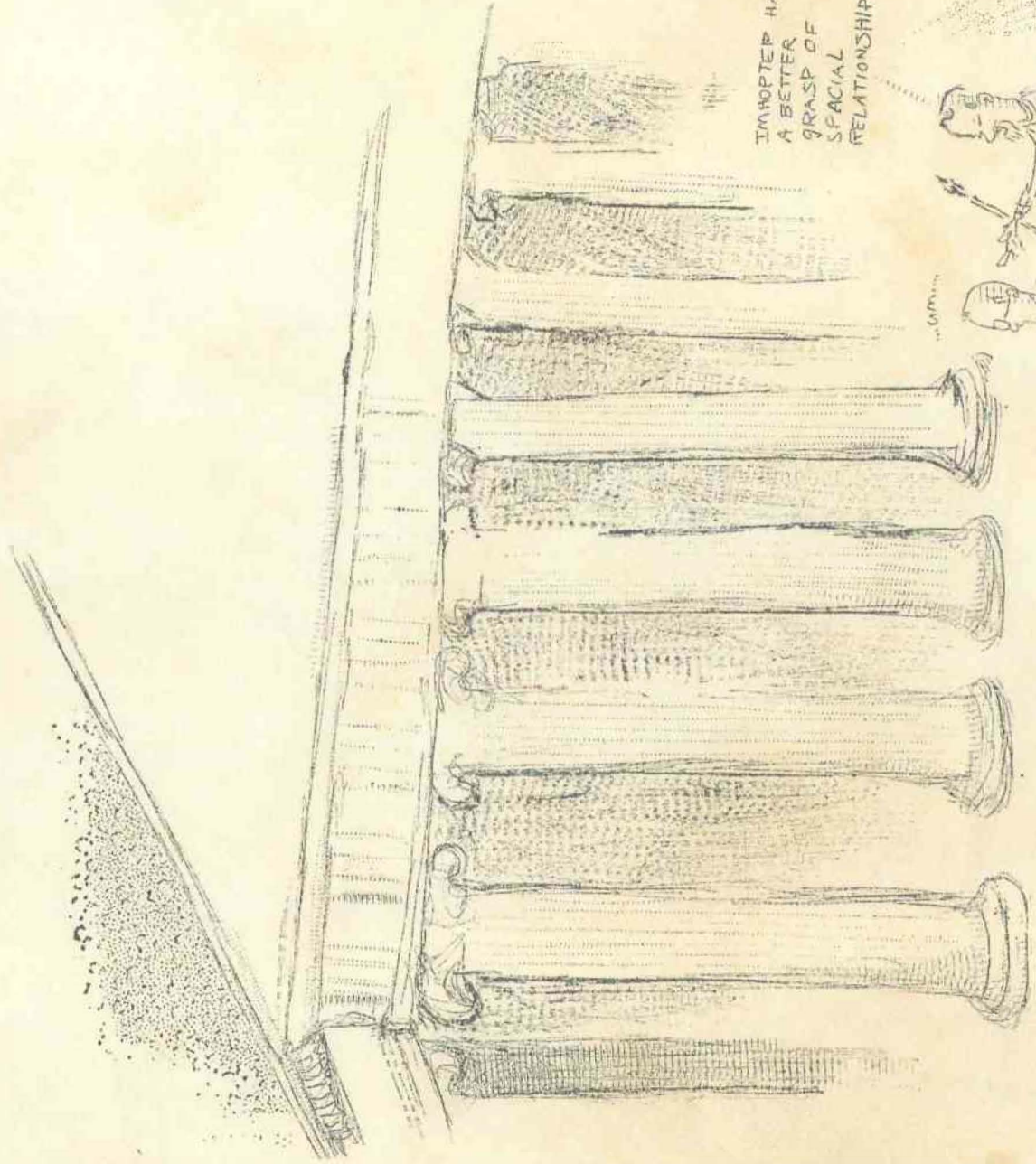
To whom it may concern: Although Mr. Graham is demonstrably a rogue, a poltroon and a scoundrel, being, I am told, a co-editor of the infamous VOID magazine, I have decided, after much prayer and due consideration to sign this petition--even though it is not a petition, as I hoped it was at first, to commit him to a state asylum. I hasten to add that I will not be held responsible for prolonging whatever villainy he is up to in FAPA for, as Mr. White has observed, I do not read the FAPA mailings till they are five years old. I sign this petition largely because of my intense admiration for Mr. Graham's professional writings, particularly "So Shall Ye Reap" and "High Ears,"

((All in all, I'm quite impressed with the number of signatures; it's several more than I expected. Thanks again to all of you. -pg))

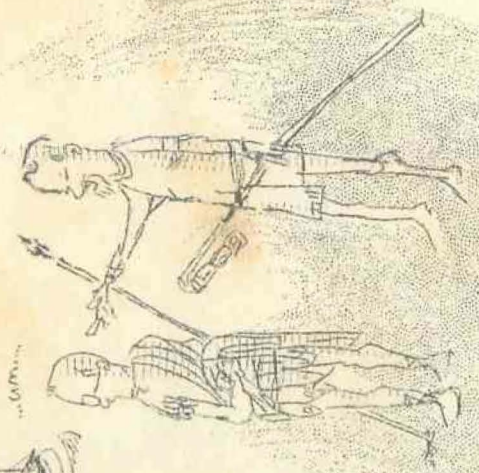
If you're not in FAPA, you get LIGHTHOUSE #5 because: \_\_\_\_ We trade all for all; \_\_\_\_ You're a contributor; \_\_\_\_ You sent a quarter, but future issues will require from you a letter of comment \_\_\_\_ which you sent on the last issue; \_\_\_\_ One of us owes you a letter; \_\_\_\_ You get everything we put out; \_\_\_\_ We want you to review it, which you'll have to do or LOC to get #6; or \_\_\_\_ another reason which we hope you're as well aware of as we are.

In general, we prefer you to get future LIGHTHICE by loc'ing rather than reviews; reviews over trades; and anything over cash.





IMHOPTER HAD  
A BETTER  
GRASP OF  
SPACIAL  
RELATIONSHIPS



STEVE STILES