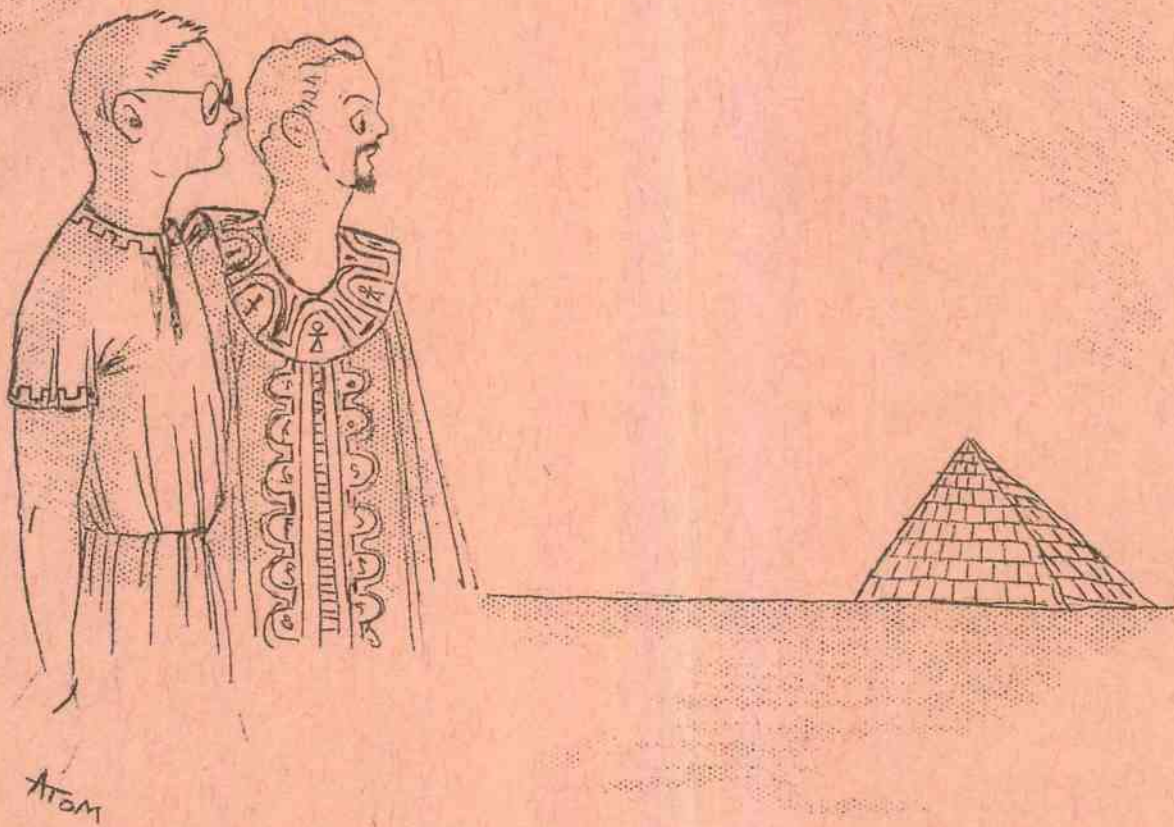
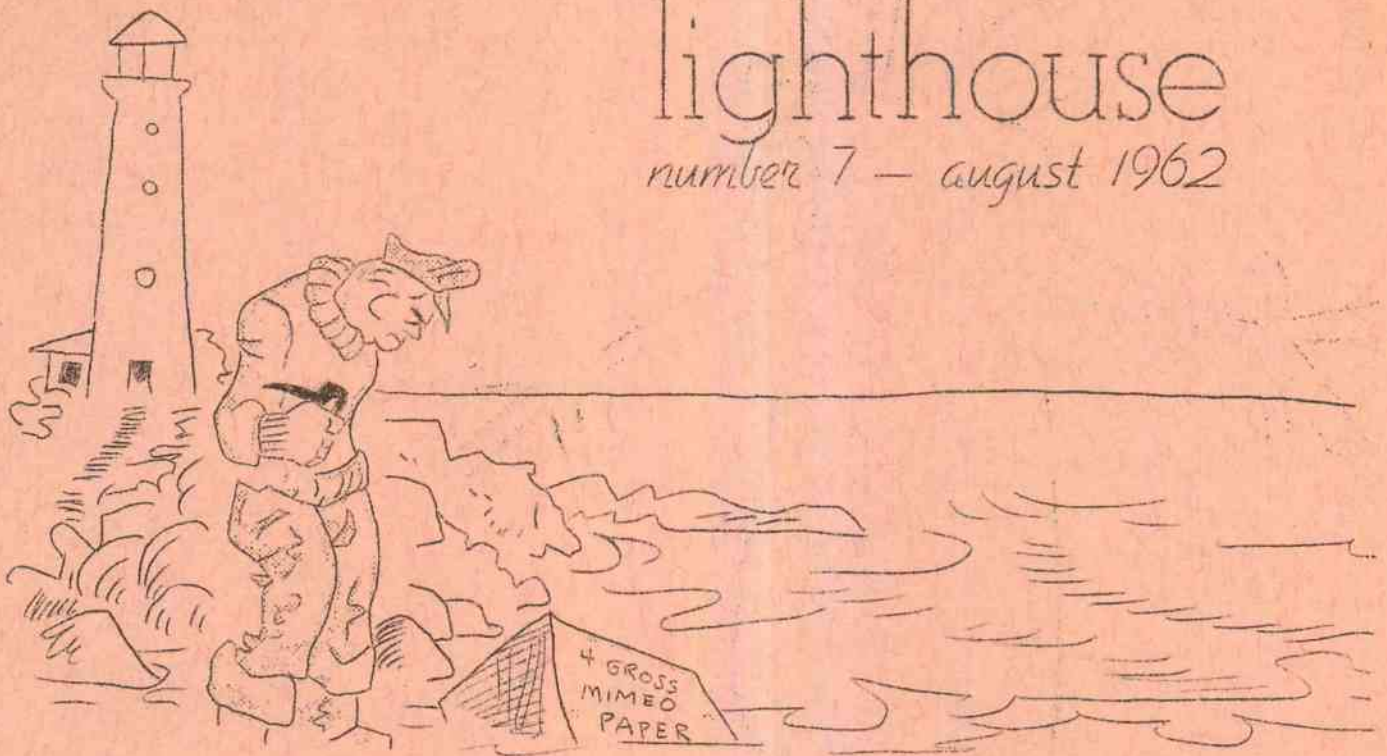


lighthouse



"Looks like the 100th FAPA mailing arrived."



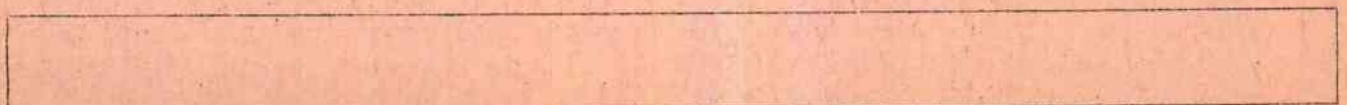
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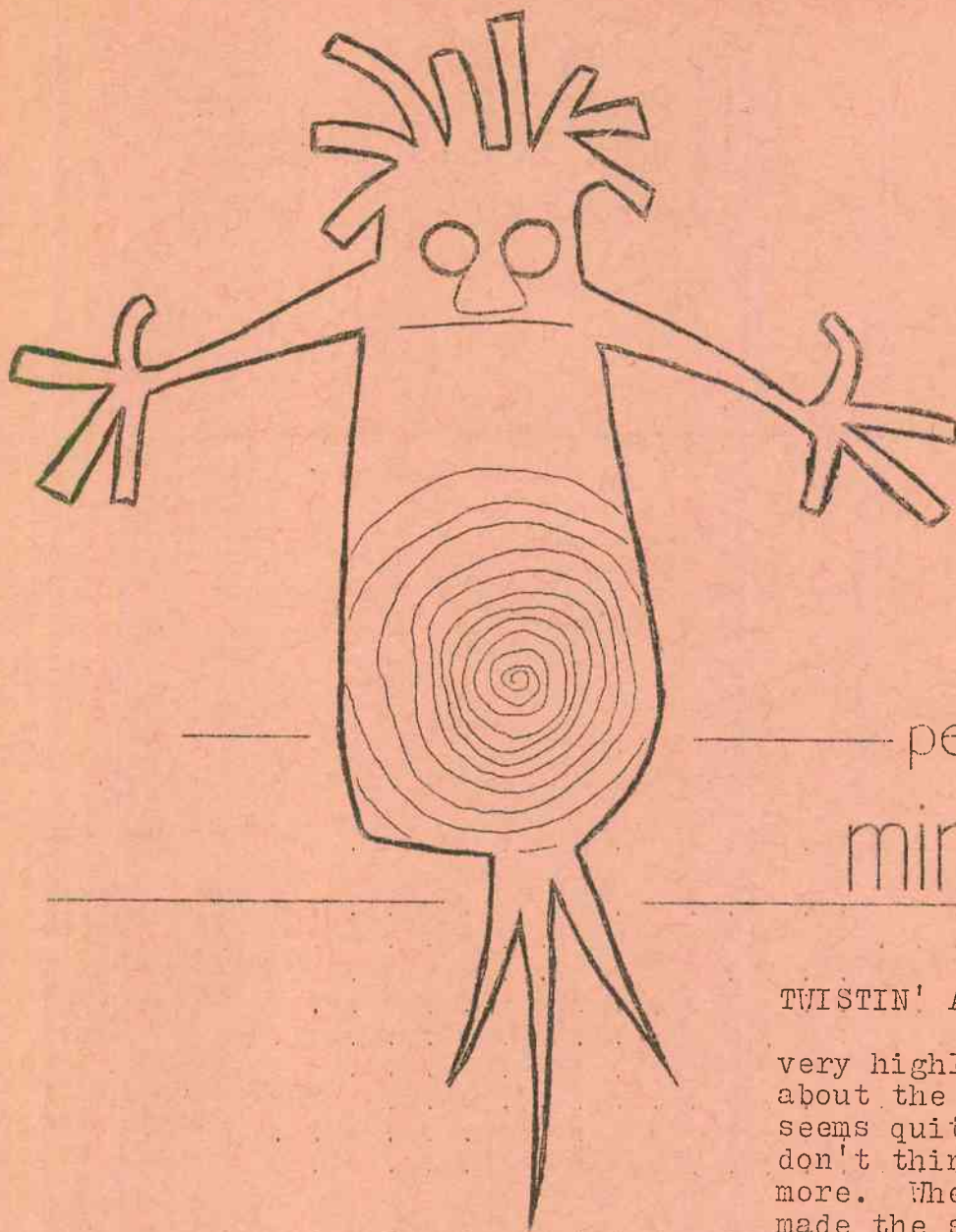
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pete graham
minor drag

TWISTIN' AND FOUTIN': Once I had a very highly developed theory about the Twist which still seems quite reasonable only I don't think about it much anymore. When the Twist first made the scene late last year I was amused as anyone, since

I only saw still photos of various movie stars doing it and various other newspaper shots of people caught in a pose of suspended animation. My theory was developed through conversations with people where I worked at the time, including the Lady of the Cat People, and was a pretty off-the-top-of-the-head construction. I saw a continuing evolution of the dance form from close dances, where partners held each other in their arms; through the jitterbug era, where partners began to leave each other; then through the bop phase of the postwar-early-50's period, when bodily contact was only preserved through holding hands; and I saw the culmination in the Twist, where the two partners avoid touching each other completely. "Another step in the increasing alienation of modern man," I think was the way I put it.

I'm not so sure I was right or wrong, but since I learned how to Twist I haven't thought much about it. I just do it. When done well I think it is a particularly graceful dance, appealing to me in the athletic sense in the way that good modern Broadway musical dancing does. It involves the whole body in a fairly strenuous and rhythmic sequence of movements which are esthetically pleasing as well as physically enjoyable.

I can't sit still while listening to good Twist music any more. I've learned all I know about twisting from watching some Negro friends of mine, and mostly from talking to and watching a young white guy who spent last year at a Negro college in Washington DC. He's the only white man I know who can twist better than I can; he's very good, but he is not as good as the good Negro twisters that I've seen. It's a black man's dance; Negroes are, after all, people with a strong rhythmic background. This dance exploits this background very fully -- Chubby Checker to the contrary.

For Chubby Checker, the popularizer of the Twist, doesn't do it very well. When it's done right it is an extrovert's dance; there are a lot of sexy motions, a lot of hand movement, a whole symphony of techniques and steps that the expert can draw upon. Checker's Twist is a pretty static phenomenon. His dictum to do the Twist as though you were rubbing yourself with a towel is at the same time the most popular conception of the dance and the quality that makes it most passive. Forward-and-back hand-pumping is out, man; it's both fists moving back and forth together that make it swing. From there the expert starts throwing in the "extras". Hand-on-hip and the other one swinging; both together over your head in the champion boxer's pose, then down together fast as though you were poleaxing your partner; or slowly move your hands one over the other as though you were executing a basketball referee's signal...but all the time, keep cool. And if you're a natural, it looks pretty sexy.

Me, I'm not a natural. It's not so much that I'm not black, but that I'm not a particularly sexy guy. To the extent that I can do the dance at all, it looks...learned. Which of course it is. I know this not because I can see myself, of course, but because I feel that it isn't natural; it's too self conscious. But I enjoy it, a good deal because of the extrovert in me and a good deal because I am very sensitive to rhythm and enjoy it very much. I would rather participate in the rhythm than leave it alone, so I dance the Twist.

That theory of mine? I think there's something to it. On the other hand, though, now that I've started doing the Twist I've realized something I should have realized through my many years of semi-jitter-bugging and bopping. The very spectator sport nature of these dances makes them social dances in another way; I can't conceive of anyone alone in an apartment with a girl doing the Twist, or bopping, for very long without moving into a much more personal, un-individually-alienated, form of dancing.

THE LADY OF THE CAT PEOPLE: Someday I will run out of anecdotes to tell about the Lady of the Cat People. When that day comes a lot of people are going to be satisfied, for then there will be nothing left to do but to repeat the story that gave her that name. The other day I remembered one of her monologues to me that will serve to put off again that long-awaited day. She had just come back from vacation and visiting her numerous family in Michigan; she had something to say about each of them:

My uncle Sergei in Ann Arbor...he once said to my mother, "You'd better marry her off quick. If she isn't married by the time she's 19, you're going to have trouble." That was when I was fourteen. I was out there this last Christmas. I lit up a cigarette, and my uncle Sergei nearly went out of his mind. "Women shouldn't smoke," he said, and he talked

about this for a long time. Finally he said, "I wonder what your boy friend thinks about this." That night at dinner I asked Richard for a cigarette, so he gave me one. Then I leaned over and he lit it for me. I looked over at my uncle Sergei and he was looking rather peculiar. He said to my mother in Polish, "I told you you were going to have trouble if she wasn't married." I translated it for Richard and he laughed and laughed.

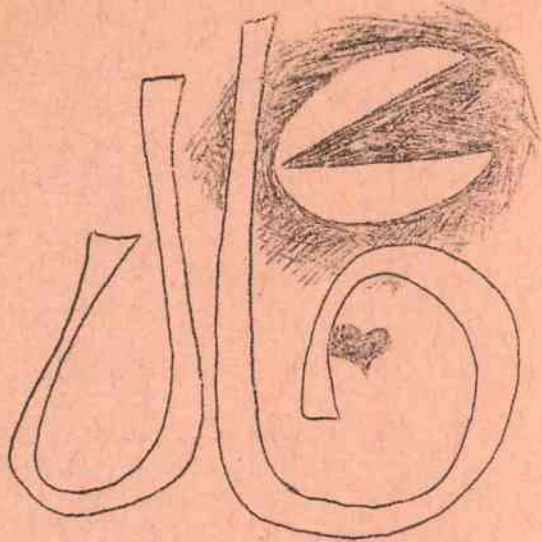
Later on my aunt got up and proposed a toast. "Here's hoping," she said, "that there'll be wedding bells here in the house this next year," and she winked broadly and smiled at me. "Why, my uncle Sergei," I said, "you mean you two are going to get married?" and I smiled back at them. Their expressions were stony, absolutely stony.

My grandfather always maintained he could never understand English. He always spoke in Polish around the house and everywhere he went. Then one day we were out in a field together and a jet plane went by. He was a little way away and he looked up and muttered to himself, "They go pretty goddam fast, don't they?" I said, "What did you say, grandpapa?" "Nyet, net," he said quickly and went on about his business.

AND THEY'RE HARD TO FIND: The first time I met him we spent a dozen or so hours together in the company of several other Los Angeles and Berkeley fans. I know I met him other times, but the only vision of him I have in my mind is of the two of us leaning across a formica-topped kitchen appliance drinking beer in a Los Angeles apartment that first night. He was a little high, and I was too, and in our adolescent ways we were analytically discussing everybody in the room, the relative merits of the schools we were attending, and our common interest in the non-biological sciences. After a while Ron Ellik came over and the three of us continued the same kind of conversation. A lot of strange people were around that I didn't know, and a lot I knew and don't remember; it was an uneventful kind of evening, just a party thrown because a lot of us had come down South from Berkeley. I'm sure I could remember more about that evening if I were to look up what I wrote about it then. But I don't feel like doing that right now.

I'd never met John Champion before, and I didn't see him much after that. But by accident I saw in him something that attracted me very quickly; now that I've gotten years older, and haven't seen him since we were that age, I think of him with a little of the quality with which I might think of a younger brother; friendship, empathy and affection are mixed in too. I shouldn't exaggerate this; I haven't thought about him that much. Now that he's dead I'll keep on thinking of him the same way, I suspect; his static, unaging image in my mind is now undisturbable. We all said he was a good man, and he was. Now there's going to be a lot more said. I haven't yet seen any of the output of the professional mourners, but when it comes out I'd rather none of it was sent to me.

-- Pete Graham



HOST LOVE

WR61

WALTER BREEN

WHEEL OF FUTILITY

Fans have traditionally been music lovers, with classical music (of various degrees and periods) outpolling jazz, showtunes, folkmusic and pops. And though fans have also traditionally been articulate both in person and in print about many things, one of the topics about which they are least articulate is music. What gets said usually amounts to statements of likes and dislikes and not much more, with occasional exceptions such as Ted White's reviews-in-depth, Donaho's anti-jazz ruminations in HABAKKUK #6, and my own in-passing content analysis of Mahler's First Symphony in WARHOON #14. (Judging by the increasing frequency with which music has come into fanzine writing, in and out of the apas, possibly this limitation may cease to hold true. I certainly hope so.)

One possible reason why it has held true up to now is that music -- essentially a nonverbal art -- does not readily lend itself to discussion in words unless on either a primitive "I like" level or a highly technical level. I am of course (pace Gerber and Warner) leaving out such exceptions as comparisons among the different performances of a work, or between original versions and orchestrations or other transcriptions of particular numbers. And often enough even these revert to the "I like" level. But another and possibly even more important reason is that music, while often profoundly moving, is also profoundly ambiguous. Who can say -- and make it stick -- that a particular musical passage represents serenity or confidence or love, or on the other hand sorrow or anger? Different hearers assign different emotional content to the same passages, and sometimes the same hearer will assign different emotions to them on different occasions. (However, there is a partial answer to this problem, and I will return to it below.) In the same way, can one really correlate the emotional content, if any, in a piece of music, with its composer's state of mind at the time of its composition, and are such correlations consistently found? Apparently the answer is at best a cautious "Occasionally." To the evidence linking Mahler's disastrous love affair to his First Symphony (and his brother's suicide to his Second), can be countered the equally convincing evidence that Beethoven was in agony during much of the time when he was composing his last few quartets, and yet the very last piece he completed -- the finale (replacing the Grosse Fuge) appended to the B-flat quartet, op. 130 -- is as unequivocally joyous, delighted and wonder-filled a piece of music as exists anywhere. Listen to it and try to imagine it representing any other

emotions, and you will find that they don't fit themselves to it; try to dance to it, or imagine yourself doing so, performing the motions most strongly suggested by the music, and watch what emotions rise within you. This piece of music is emotionally naked to a degree all but unheard of in Beethoven, though such nakedness is the usual thing with Mahler, and it is known to occur (though rarely, e.g. in the G-minor Quintet) in Mozart as well as in many Schubert songs. And here is part of the reason for the difficulty; music often differs greatly in obviousness of emotional content, just as listeners differ at least equally greatly in their sensitivity, and many have not caught on to the trick of internally imitating the motions of a piece of music.

Even granting all this, there is still much that can be learned from some pieces of music, and there are a few which embody an entire world-view, though to see the latter one may have to step temporarily outside the music and look at its origins (e.g. the Mahler songs reused in particular contexts in the First Symphony) or at the accompanying words. For an outstanding example of what can be validly derived by this method (a method seemingly not in use in professional music criticism, though I cannot understand why not), let us turn to a piece of vocal music much favored by some of the younger fans: Carmina Burana, written (1935-37) by Carl Orff.

Orff gave this name to a "scenic cantate," a collection of medieval Latin, German, French and macaronic secular verses to be sung and danced to Orff's original melodies, by soloists and chorus in costume, with pageantry and pantomime. One would expect, then, that if the work were intended to have any meaning at all over and above the sheer impact of music and pageantry, its intent would be to provide a sort of survey of medieval ways of thinking and feeling. And of course this is true, but only on the most superficial level. What I propose to do here is to give Carmina Burana a closer look and show how one can ascertain Orff's world-view, and how knowing this world-view can in turn increase one's appreciation for the music itself.

The natural way is also the correct way: to read the texts Orff chose, learn what we can about their origin and purpose, their world-view, their social context; investigate why Orff chose these particular verses rather than others and why in this particular order; and which elements are most stressed in the music.

The original Carmina Burana name is that attached to a collection of some 200 lyrics put on ms. sometime in the 13th century, preserved at the Denediktbeuern monastery in the Bavarian Alps, rediscovered (1803) by Christoph von Arétin, and first published (1847) under that name by Johann Andreas Schmeller. The collection was probably put together on behalf of some wealthy connoisseur who recognized the merit of many of the poems and the need to preserve them despite their unchurchly and disreputable origin -- a medieval folknik, in fact. Some of the poems date back to the 11th and 12th centuries, and many were intended to be sung by soloists, others by chorus or antiphonally. The tunes to which they were originally sung have not survived, but the prevalent syllable patterns (usually 7-6-7-6, less often 7-7-7-7 or 8-7-8-7, rhymed, sometimes rhymed with "feminine" or two-syllable endings, and fairly often with refrains of single-line or stanza lengths) suggest that they were predominantly fitted to folktunes or to melodies composed in a folklike idiom. The verses vary from primitive to scholarly (the latter marked by frequent references to classical mythology), from superficial to profound, and over the entire emotional

gamut. Once or twice there is even "the directness of a child's song" (Helen Waddell: The Wandering Scholars, 224), as in No. 138 (Orff, No. 17), "Statit puella":

A girl was standing there,
Her gown was scarlet;
If someone touched her there,
The red gown rustled. Dia!...

A girl was standing there,
Just like a little rose;
Her face was glowing there,
Her lips were blooming. Dia!...

Corny, perhaps; but the perceptive Orff makes it into a tender little vignette sung by a soprano, the somewhat jerky melodic line suggesting a boy whose voice is just beginning to crack, who has therefore only lately reached puberty and is just beginning to notice Girls. And from him it is convincing enough. But usually the lyrics are far more sophisticated, as the other examples to be quoted will show. (The translations are mine, and preserve the original rhythms.) They were for the most part not folk poems at all but productions of educated people, therefore almost certainly clerics in or out of monastery, nonmonastic church or university.

Most people not specializing in medieval history have the general idea that during the Middle Ages practically everyone of any literacy was connected with some monastery or else with the nonmonastic priestly hierarchy. And in a general way this is true; but by the 12th century a great deal of rebellion had begun to develop toward the churchly idea that the world is Evil and our life by right is and must remain a Vale of Tears. This rebellion even went so far as to occasion the growth of a burlesque monastic order, the Ordo Vagorum (Order of Wanderers), sometimes called also the Sect of Decius, Goliards, or Wandering Scholars. These were a sort of prototype of the more or less nomadic beat generation of our present day, and in fact it is possible to trace a historical continuity between the goliards and later restless bohemians and the modern beat and hipster groups. (I have done research on this at Berkeley; the whole story has not yet been published.) The Wandering Scholars, as they are perhaps best known, were people educated for the priesthood but who became unwilling to remain lifelong in their monasteries, who instead went On The Road ostensibly as pilgrims but often enough as people permanently fed up with confinement to the same cell with no novelty in life and no chance of enjoyment of even the simple peasant pleasures of varied diet, drink, gambling and girls; people with enough knowledge of ancient Rome and even Greece through surviving mss. to realize that the world had not always been the dreary place it became under the church; people often enough in the priesthood solely because that was the only way one could then get an education; and sometimes (say after the first signs of intelligence in childhood) held in monasteries willy-nilly until far into adult life. Disaffected, skeptical and often combining an almost childlike simplicity with sophisticated cynicism, they wandered from monastery to monastery, from farm to farm, and (if they could sing, dance, make verses, play musical instruments, juggle or entertain in other ways) from feudal manor to feudal manor and from court to court, bearing news, gossip, rumors and diversions of all kinds, in exchange for meals, wine, and occasional chances at the local girls.

As one would expect, the church violently disapproved of this way of life. Popes and bishops thundered out denunciations. Monks were supposed to be attached to their monasteries for life, travel minimal and only on the orders of superiors. Nonmonastic priests were not supposed to leave their dioceses without written permission from their bishops, nor to be received in any other dioceses without showing such written permission. "Gyrovagus," nomad, a term then roughly comparable to "Beatnik!" but even more abusive in that land-bound culture, was a common swearword. And the church repeatedly threatened to withdraw clerical privilege from wandering priests -- a penalty second only to excommunication and in some ways even worse, for the clerical privilege included immunity from civil prosecution, taxation, etc. But neither that threat nor its eventual execution ended the Wandering Scholars; its members -- swelled greatly in numbers during the Hundred Years War and later -- preferred the wandering life full of experience (albeit the experience of hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness as well as that of spring and wine and love) to the secure but often empty life of monotony and enforced chastity and obedience, the life where individuality had no place. Some part of the atmosphere can perhaps be dimly hinted at by such descriptions; but for a stronger taste of it, let me quote from the opening of a bitter burlesque "Indulgence" of 1209 by one Surianus, purporting to release the church from further attacks by anticlerical members of the Ordo Vagorum, but in fact attacking the churchly notion that the Wandering Scholars were living off the fat of the land:

"In the name of the supreme and undivided Vanity, Surianus, by grace of the continuing insanity of fools prelate and archbishop of the Wandering Scholars throughout Austria, Styria, Bavaria and Moravia, -- to all members, fellows, and followers of that Order, hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness, in perpetual exercise. Since, moved by crude simplicity and the inertia of folly, it does not yet repent us of our vow, -- yea moreover since the same mind is in us to account it the supreme good to live upon other men, swift and unstable as the swallows seeking their food through the air, hither, thither, wheresoever the levity of our inconstant, fickle and singular mind may drive us, like a leaf caught up by the wind or a spark of fire in the brushwood we wander, unweariedly weary, and withal experiencing, in accordance with the rigor of our inordinate Order, mocks and blows such as neither Sarmentus at the iniquitous banquets of Caesar nor the wretch Gabba bore... needy, povertystricken, suffering, broken in reputation, consumed with hunger and thirst, shivering with cold, stiff with frost, swollen with wind, beggarly in habit, a linen clout on our bare backs, one foot forever unshod, driven out from the houses of the laity, turned away from the doors of the clergy, bats that can find no place with either beast or bird, forever driven (like those that are born in the days of Rogations) to beg a stranger's bread: fitting is it, therefore, that we should graciously receive the just desires of our petitioners..." (Waddell, op. cit. Appendix C.)

This, then, was the world and these the people that produced the Carmina Burana, songs of tenderness and passion, purity and ribaldry, childlike delight and unchildlike cynicism, levity and bitterness, wonder and satire, gentleness and rage -- songs, in fact, of almost

everything but resignation to the status quo. Orff's problem, therefore, had to be one of selection and arrangement from the 200-odd songs in the collection. And if his choice of songs could be placed into such an order as would have some dramatic point, so much the better. Since Orff admitted to an overwhelming concern with the theatre and with the sheer sounds and meanings of words (something that could have been guessed from his scores), one would expect a story line, or failing that at least an order with a dramatic purpose.

We are not long left in the dark about it; though the songs chosen by Orff (which in fact well represent the range of emotions, subject matter and merit found in the collection) are arranged under the sub-headings of Springtime and On The Lawn, In The Tavern, The Court Of Love, the opening and closing are one and the same dire and austere tribute to the implacable and impersonal bitch-goddess Fortune, and the undertone of her fickleness, of the brevity of human joy and human life, of the sheer lack of connection between one's merits and his fate, pervades throughout. And this is all but inevitable: the original ms. at Benediktbeuren has a cover design showing the Wheel of Fortune, inscribed with part of the third stanza, not of the hymn to Fortune, but of the lament that immediately follows it:

Fortune's wheel turns again:
one above is hurled down;
another is lifted to the height,
to brief madness of delight;
the king sits on the pinnacle --
let him beware his ruin...

From the austerity of the bitch goddess Orff moves to songs and dances celebrating the beauty of spring and the burgeoning green world and the burgeoning rosy girls. The musical settings, all conceived with close attention to the problem of emphasizing the words and their emotional connotations, making both more understandable even to those unfamiliar with the world and the language of the Wandering Scholars, only more slowly brighten up from their austere beginnings. Orff's command of his materials, attention to even minute details, and awareness of the exact quality of sound produced by his instruments (which include many percussion items of his own invention), are awesome. Occasionally the devices are obvious enough: for the lines "Hinc equitavit" and "Der ist geritten hinnen" ("He rode away on horseback") in two stanzas of one song, he has his girls' chorus repeat the final words of the lines, accompanied by percussion, in a dying-away rhythm suggesting hoofbeats fading into the distance. But sometimes they are more subtle, such as the treatment of "Stetit puella" earlier referred to. The very keys of the successive songs are significant enough in establishing the moods. They are an assortment of major and minor with several of the ecclesiastical modes, and these modes are skillfully used to harshen or soften the more conventional major and minor, or to give them a less immediate or even alien quality. More emphatically, Orff's choice of keys seems often deliberate: the D minor in which the hymn to Fortune opens is a key chosen for austere, grim, dire and demonic works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven (cf. the "Tempest" sonata and the 9th Symphony), Brahms (cf. the opening of the 1st Piano Concerto), and others. To a person without absolute pitch, the significance of a particular key may be nonexistent or at best entirely subjective. What is not so subjective is the effect of a key when approached from a different one. Shifting from minor into its major -- as in the transition to the final movement of Beethoven's 5th -- or into its "relative

major" (e.g. D minor into F major, as in Carmina Burana, part I, no. 5, "Ecce gratum"), produces an effect of marked brightening, while the converse shift, from major into minor, can often produce an emotional effect of darkening, grinness, gloom; and Orff makes an intensely dramatic use of just this effect later on. Similarly, a group of successive songs can be tied together by use of related keys, and a break signaled by a shift to a remote key.

After the songs and dances of spring and beauty and sexual longing have come to a climax with a march-rhythm (!) setting* of one of the most primitive of all the songs -- to the effect that the writer would gladly forsake the whole world if he owned it, if that price would bring into his arms the Queen of England, there comes a crash and an abrupt shift, and a drunken baritone gasps out what is probably the greatest single poem in the collection, "Estuans interiorius" (other versions have it "Estuans intrinsecus"):

Seething ever inwardly,
fierce in indignation,
To my bitter soul I speak,
in self-laceration.
Made of but one element,
the mere chaff of matter,
I am like a crumbling leaf,
which playing winds will scatter. ...

Five stanzas of this (out of many more in the original) piece of introspection open the most intense section of the Orff work, the tavern songs. These are the most diverse in theme and among them are the most grotesque, and the bitterest, and finally what Waddell calls "the greatest drinking song in the world."

Following the "Estuans" poem -- which is something like a goliard or even beat profession of faith, and all but impossible to translate adequately -- comes one superscribed "Cignus ustus cantat," "The roasted swan sings" (a title Fapans might possibly remember: John Champion used it in his THREE-CHAMBERED HEART). This is another untranslatable one, the lament of a swan roasting on a spit, remembering its days as a beautiful and free winged thing, and catching sight of the gnashing teeth which will destroy it permanently... Orff has made of this one of the most grotesque things in all music, and certainly one of the most unforgettable. We are suddenly reminded of Stravinsky's Rite of Spring with its sacrifice of something once beautiful and free on behalf of the continuance of the race, as a bassoon solo in the extreme high register of the instrument opens both that ballet and this song -- there is even a resemblance in the melodic line at the very beginning. Among the most fantastic tone-colors at Orff's disposal -- weird combinations of flutes with dirty tone, hollow bass rumblings in a key alien to that of the melody, bony rattlings, etc., comes the lament, sung by a tenor in an exceedingly high register, this difficult tessitura deliberately chosen to increase the grotesque, strained quality of the whole.

After this terrifying piece, a baritone gives us a biting parody of Gregorian chant "I am, I am, I am the Abbot, the Abbot of Cucany"

* Probably no coincidence: Wagner used a similar march rhythm for the Hymn to Venus in his Tannhäuser -- itself, note well, the story of just such a Wandering Scholar.

-- apparently a name for neverneverland), in which the self-portrait of a rapacious professional gambler of a wondering monk takes on huge proportions as a symbol of our old enemy the Bitch Goddess Fortune. But the other side of the coin appears with the Gilbert-and-Sullivanish patter song, "In taberna quando sumus," which neatly anticipates both Rabelais's Pantagruel and our own Dheer Insurgents, and dissipates the horrors earlier shown.

There follows the Court of Love section, which is once again concerned with spring and the delights of love, but particularly the latter; the songs begin with those of loneliness and unrequited love but mount in excitement and reach a turning point with the tenderest and most deeply moving of them all, "In trutina," where a young girl sings words very difficult to translate:

In the doubtful balance in my mind
sensual love and modesty
swing me back and forth -- I can choose but one:
But I will choose what I see now,
offer my neck to the yoke,
leave my maidenhood for a sweeter state.

A swinging chorus with refrain ("Tempus est iocundum"), and a brief episode -- of explicit sexual surrender, two brief lines by a soprano ("Dearest boy, I give my all to you...") -- are followed by a sort of epithalamion, a hymn to Venus Generosa,* perhaps addressed to the new bride ("Ave formosissima"), like brass harmonies frequently reminiscent of the final tableau of Stravinsky's Firebird and rhythms suggestive of the heavy breathing in sexual excitement.

But at the very height of the excitement, there comes a tremendous crash, like the stroke of an axe felling a tree, and abruptly the chorus plunges into the somber opening Hymn to the Bitch Goddess, once again in its original key and tone colors; the wheel has once again turned, presumably disease or war or something equally impersonal has slain the revellers and the newlyweds, and those left behind rage at Fortune, at

life O most detestable,
now you wound us,
then you heal us,
in play granting wishes,
melting both poverty
and power,
like sunlight melting snowbanks.
O most monstrous
and inane fate,
you, turner of that wheel, ...
behind the scene,
in shadows veiled,
you are attacking me also;
from your cruel game
my naked back
remains now unprotected. ...
Come mourn with me,
together all,
for Fortune crushes the brave!

* Said to be a parody of a hymn to the Virgin Mary.

We have come full circle, The overall plan of the work becomes evident -- a sort of loop or cycle, ending at its starting point. The central or Tavern Songs section is surrounded on either side by songs celebrating youth and spring and beauty and love, and these in turn are framed by the grim Hymn to Fortune: a plan almost identical to that found in Bartok's Fourth Quartet and in Mahler's Seventh Symphony, works in which the grotesque is also a very strong element and the austere and grim a recurring one.

The world-view is likewise plain: we live but once on this earth (so far as we know), and after we die we do not return here as we were; enjoyment is brief, and love briefest of all, therefore to hell with philosophies which ask us to renounce these things on behalf of a future not known but merely guessed at; "vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus..." as Catullus (an ancient counterpart of the beats) put it:

let us live, my Lesbia, let us love,
and not give a damn what sour old codgers say.
The sun can set and rise again:
but when our brief candle has been snuffed out
its night is sleep forever...

And it is more than the merely "eat, drink and be merry" attitude: to the goliard poets of Carmina Burana, life was a dangerous game, well symbolized by the gambling in the tavern. Remember the Abbot of Cucany: who diced with him eventually lost his clothes and everything else. And in my own poem "These Our Games" (in PANIC BUTTON) I summarized the same attitude:

To win this game is merely not to lose too soon.

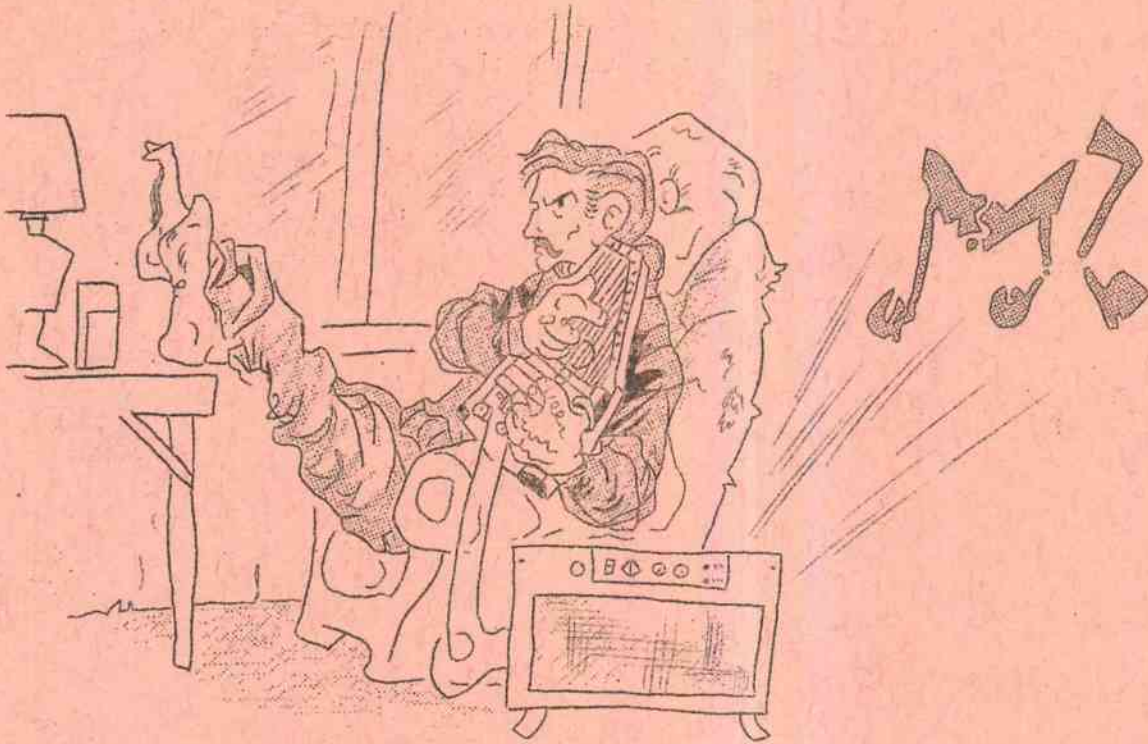
Victory is to continue to survive over the obstacles; but it is only for a time, and the Wheel of Fortune continues to turn, to throw down those high up, to lift the downtrodden, and eventually to crush everyone, though in the meantime they have perhaps produced a new generation to play the game.

I cannot help thinking that Orff had this in mind when he let the work be premiered in 1937. In which case it certainly was a warning to the Nazis that their days were likewise numbered ("the king sits on the pinnacle -- let him beware his ruin"). I have heard that they liked the work; if so, this only proves that they never understood its underlying philosophy, nor would they have tolerated it.

-- Walter Breen

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OUR MAN IN GEORGE METZGER

— A LETTER FROM HIMSELF —

I am a father.

It is a proud and wonderful thing.

I did it all by myself.

I have not named him yet. (The sex is not yet definite -- it may even be neuter -- but I just feel it's a he. You know how it is.) I keep asking people we invite to our pad to suggest a name but they're at a loss to come up with one. I guess he just overwhelms them. He is a pretty commanding figure...there is an air of regal pride and aloofness about him.

He stands five feet high and is made out of \$20 worth of 22 gauge sheet steel and welding rod.

And I created him out of a few sheets of humorless steel with no guide but my need and an acetylene welding rig. My need was that I needed to build something in a hurry so I could get that much-needed grade in my sculpture class, that's what.

Actually, from the start I wanted to build my own bug-eyed-monster. And I have. I had thought of bringing him to the world con, but he's too fragile to make the trip. Why, when I went to pick him up in my very own tender loving arms to bring him home his single solitary lone individual bug eye fell out. And three spot-welds gave under stress.

But now he is home safe where I can keep my eye on him. I stand

him in the corner where I can hang my hat on his beak when I come in the front door. I think I shall even build him a pedestal to stand on.

Sigh...my only son. The teacher didn't dig him very much, but so what? So what if the belly chamber is the focal point of attention instead of the eye? So what if the head isn't very design-like? So what if he lists off-center 15 degrees to port? I don't care.

I remember Ted White discoursing in LIGHTHOUSE on his pre-induction physical. I took mine back during the winter, in Oakland, at the time they were doing some repair work to the walls. As a result, there weren't any. Walls. Like outside walls. They had cardboard, but still, it was cold. I wasn't any too worried. I had been out late the night before and in the wee small hours of the morning I had had to start for the bus station, none too steady. It had been raining and there was a whole new freshness in the air. By the time I had walked clean across town to catch the bus to Oakland I was very sober and feeling better than I had in weeks.

It was a great day. Oh, sure, the processing was real slipshod, and the guys with the old needles who were taking blood samples were even more slipshod. I saw them punch one guy full of holes for ten minutes without hitting a vein. And then there were the narrow corridors where all of a sudden some guy would have a delayed reaction to his bloodletting and suddenly barf and splatter everyone inside of eight feet of him. And the eye tests...like the guy ahead of me...

"Take this card and cover your left eye so you can't cheat and lookit the chart down there..."

"I don't need that thing; I'm blind in my left eye."

"Take the card and cover your left eye and read... Now cover your right eye and with your left read..."

"I can't see anything."

"Read..."

"But I'm blind."

He finally did convince them.

And then they checked our teeth... "Okay, you guys --" (about twenty of us) "-- SMILE! Okay, you're all right."

I don't know if we had any psychiatric examination. I do recall near the end being trotted into a cubicle to answer questions. Like, "You circumcized?" and like that. And then they gave us the tests and then handed us cards so we could go down the street to claim our lunches. That was the bad part. But having survived that I got to trot around Oakland for the better part of the afternoon, and found a bookstore that had some old SF mags at a dime each, which is pretty regressive (most places charge 15 to 25¢ for 'em) but was in keeping with the district the induction center was housed in. I came out of the physical 1-A, of course.

Last Saturday an old friend got married: Page Brownston. A fan waay back when. He went to the world con the year they had it in San Francisco. He was young. He published a fanzine once, which he ran off and assembled in the local church. And so on. And he got married last Saturday. I was an usher...with an Ivy Leagueish suit, yet. It was a very glorious occasion. And then I came home and found my draft notice...

It kinda ruined the whole weekend, if you know what I mean. I'd been expecting it, and had prepared for it; that is, I didn't pre-register for any classes next semester. In fact, if I hadn't been grabbed I'd probably have joined the Air Force in September; this would have left time to trot out for the Chicon. Now I won't make even that; damn.

The whole past semester was kinda strange...this living with an embryo motorcycle gang. Big John engineered it. We all ended up in his apartment by his fenagling. He was the mother image. He did the cooking. He was TALL. He had been to Paris and Europe and so on. And he was a fairly severe Catholic. He spent two years in a monastery down south studying/preparing for the order of St. Francis. He was from a different world, a formal world. To him parties meant suits and girls in formals going by convertibles to rented ballrooms. And he was living with me. I scotched that idea pretty quick. It eventually got so that when he saw people coming our way with a case of beer and a guitar he would jump on his cycle and take a long meditative ride to San Francisco and back. He didn't like beer. In fact, the first day we moved into our pad we (I) moved in a quart of beer. He drank some that afternoon...also that afternoon he spotted some girl across the street that he knew. He hailed her and got her to come over. We figured to fenagle her into helping clean the apartment. But she took one whiff and departed. I gave John a brotherly lecture on narrow-minded Catholic girls. "You're right," he said. "She doesn't like motorcycles either."

So we had to do most of the cleaning ourselves. However, he proved to be a good cook, so we called him Mother. Only he kinda took it to heart and tried to teach us table manners. "When you eat supper you're supposed to sit at the supper table!" He couldn't quite reconcile himself to my taking a plate of spaghetti and a can of beer and curling up in the apartment's only overstuffed easy-chair and reading a fanzine while spading down the food. We were from different worlds.

And then there was Ken. He was kinda short. So since we had a Big John we called him Sparkie. An engineering major from Fort Bragg, California...a kinda backwoods kid. Besides cycles he had only one other fanaticism: electric guitars. He built them. He built his own amps. He liked Chet Atkins, etc....anything electrical. He was audible for quite a distance. He liked food and ignored garbage.

I think that was the main point of friction between us. Mainly 'cause it was about the only one. Garbage, and who got to take it out to the incinerator and garbage cans. John was cook; it was beneath him. Ken made believe it wasn't there. He disliked having to take it out intensely. I would take it out once and then leave the next batch for someone else. It would collect. It would grow and multiply. I often had to grind out assignments in the wee shall

hours and usually the smell was too much for me. I always broke first; I took it out. Until the end of the semester; then I didn't have to think about garbage. I let it mount and mount. It got so you needed a stepladder to get to the cupboards over the sink. In the end, Ken took it out. It was a major victory.

The rest of the time we kinda cancelled each other out...like musically. Ken liked fast and loud steel guitar type R&R, John favored popular show tunes. I had folkmusic. So Ken would be in the bedroom whanging away, vaguely drowning out my record player, and somewhere stuck in between would be Big John and his harmonica. I don't know how the neighbors stood it. (Come to think, the #2 apartment did a pretty fast turnover in renters while we were there.) At one time we had an amplified banjo...damned near sacriligious.

And then there was the gunfire. Ken's little brother built guns...muzzleloaders. He built one for John. And John bought a coupla cans of black powder and took to torching it off at all hours of the day and night. The Sorority didn't like it. The little old lady across the street didn't like. We were informed that the Sorority held us in no high esteem. The little old lady finked. The cops cruised up and down the street for days. Then John took to taking the gun into the street to fire it to scare people he took an immediate dislike to. It was spectacular. It was for a whole half a day that the cops sat across the street from us and watched me and some friends as we sat on the strip of lawn by the bus stop under our window and stared back. John had jumped on his bike and gone out of town for the afternoon.

And then there were the girls...again we differed. The ones he brought around usually sat there in the middle of our pad with their knees together, hands folded in their laps, and a touch of terror in their eyes. Sometimes he goofed. One chick he thought quiet and harmless got him out to some deserted park one night and proceeded to make out.

He promptly took her home. "I wanted to keep her a good Catholic," he said.

And then there were the ones I brought around. This was beyond his meager years too. Like the one who played fiddle for the Fort Hudge Ramblers. "Bizarre" was one of the words he used. He felt better when I later sold her to the mandoline picker.

And then there was the time he came home and found me and two "bizarre" chicks waiting for him. "We're gonna go look at a house for rent, John, and you're coming too." "But you don't need me..." "Yes we do," said one chick. "The realtor thinks I'm married and you're going to be my husband." He towed him off with a glazed look in his eyes.

This became more frequent and eventually he was won over. He started going with one of the chicks. She liked motorcycles. It was pretty hard to ignore then. They lived with us for a whole week during finals.

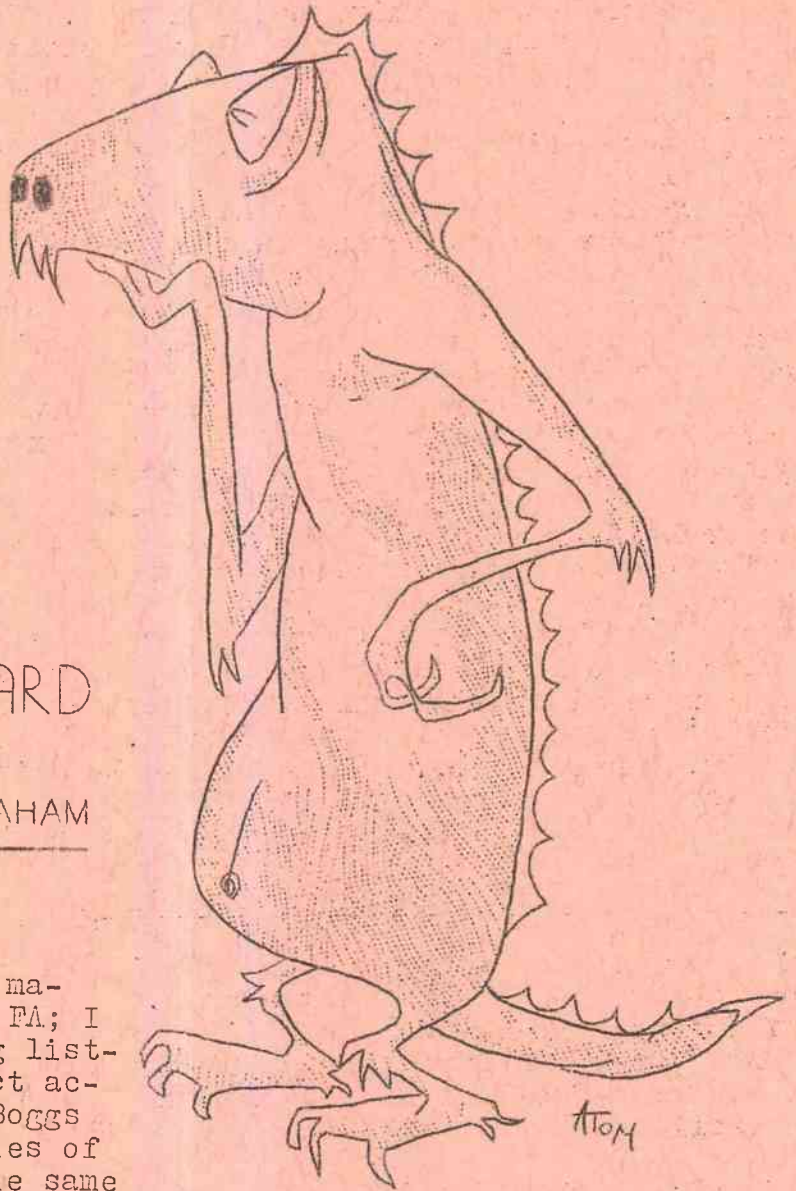
I don't think I'll even TRY to explain that.

-- George Metzger

LOOKING BACKWARD

MAILING COMMENTS

BY PETE GRAHAM



FANTASY AMATEUR: Trimbles

The least screwup you're making is putting covers on the FA; I far prefer to have the mailing listing on the first page and I act accordingly. ### I joined when Boggs was putting out his first series of FA's; does anyone else have the same reaction I do of looking for that kind of FA every time a new FAPA bundle arrives? ### I've made the Top 10. Sometimes I chuckle in my sleep. ## I think you've handled the Martin case despicably. Your rationalization of your not handling it otherwise is particularly disturbing. "No action is equated with acceptance of the ruling" is a poor phrase, a vile phrase, and is the backstop of autocratic bureaucracies everywhere.

DESCANT: Norm & Gina Clarke

Not as good as usual. ### I appreciated your phone call; try it again sometime. And as I told you then--come visit. ### Couple of parties ago some guy I'd never seen before came up to me with a satire on R&B songs he'd written. It started out "C'mon. baby, do the Sneer with me..." ## Gina, why do you object to kissing your little girl's bottom if she hurt it? Quite likely it's cleaner than her hands or feet.

SELF-PRESERVATION: Lee Hoffman

It's all very well to say that cultural concepts lead to different ways of thought that we must try to understand and empathize with even if we disagree with them, but this can definitely be carried too far. One place where you do that is in your discussion of cultures which have a generic name for themselves meaning "men" and other words to describe

other, "non-human", cultures or groups. Then you say, "To understand the status of the slave in a slavery-based culture, we have to dig this difference in concept." I'm for that, and I think I do dig the difference. But I'm also aware of the cultural concepts the slaves maintained, not just the slavers. That is, I guarantee you wouldn't have gotten too far explaining to a slave that he wasn't human and had ought to be a slave by virtue of his existence. Why have you chosen to accept the point of view of one group in this culture and ignored the other? "Cultural relativity", as we might call it, is a fine thing; but I think it is possible now, with our capability of extending our view over such a great realm of human experience, to pick and choose and actually reject many cultural concepts as unfitting for human beings to possess, no matter how their culture may have developed them to think in that direction; and I think slavery is a good example here. ~~///~~ Where do you square-dance? Not at the Henry Street Settlement house, by any chance. I went there several times last year. ~~///~~ I sure hope you didn't go visit Towner Hall again; it's been closed down for many months. ~~///~~ I like your motivation for the status quo regarding the monstrous waiting list. Let 'em eat cake, I say. ~~///~~ Where does "printner" originate, as you used it here? I've heard it all over the country, along with "paintner" (though I haven't heard of paintning as you have of printning). Terry, Carol and I were discussing this the other day and we also threw in "cocker-oaches" as one of this kind of word. ~~///~~ You type like you might speak; probly, tempreture... ~~///~~ One of the best in the mailing. You really get across a feeling of doing this for the enjoyment of those who will like it and for yourself, and the heck with the rest of you.

A FANZINE FOR JIM CAUGHRAN: Art Wilson

Interesting and timely; a barfly's view of Bangkok. Whole vistas of material lie before you and you ignore it; how nice it is for us to know about the Mexican restaurants. ~~///~~ You mention politics once or twice, bigolly; one of those times you mention the two factions in the country, the Bad Guys (them) and the Good Guys (us). Since there happen to be three factions, I wondered why you left out the Santiphab and the neutralist premier which the US has finally decided to recognize?

DAYSTAR: Marion Bradley

Just wanted to make a point of commenting on your bit, "And the Home of the Brave." Very finely done.

THE LARK IS DEAD: Bill Danner

Long Live the Lark. Do you have to do that?

SALUD: Elinor Busby

Yes, yes! That information about Gilbert Murray being a prototype for Cusins in Major Barbara plases me no end; as well as the rest of the dirt you had on him. I dig this sort of stuff. ~~///~~ "Social kissing has no relation to sexual intercourse. You must surely know that." While I may yet be moved to admit that my previous discussion of the subject was extreme, I'll have to say that I do not know that there is no relationship between the two. ~~///~~ I've been impolite to men too, you know, in these FAPA comments; was my comment to Karen an attack on you? All I know is that I kiss women because I am attracted to them sexually; I guess I don't know why you women kiss men. ~~///~~ I'm sorry you will no longer credit anything I say about politics. I happen to know a few things in areas where you don't, and it seems to me a fruitful sort of dialogue could come out of a discussion between us. As it is, I'm reduced to putting my nose in on your comments to other people. For example, your

comments to the Rapps on Cuba, asking him if he was right that Castro is backed by the majority of the Cubans. I think this is an ambiguous point, though I think it quite possible Castro is still all in all supported generally by a rough majority. It becomes less ambiguous only when one begins to start speaking of alternatives. I am certain that the Cubans would support Castro a very long way against anyone tainted by the support of the United States who attempted to take power by force. Similarly I think there would be a great deal of distrust were anyone in the Cuban Communist Party to oust Castro; the Cuban CP is also tainted with support of Batista, interestingly enough. The question now is, of course, how tight a control the bureaucracy can establish before Castro can be put out, if this is possible at all. As far as I'm concerned Cuba is one of a general type along with other bureaucratic collectivist countries--Russia, China, Eastern Europe--but in a yet unsolidified and certainly unRussified form. "The Americans are still nice people. ...the Cubans, when they get to Miami, are put on relief right away." Gee, that's nice. "A kindred soul: You are, Elinor, you are! I've never seen a Bergman movie either!" Terry just read the last stencil and maintains that I implied above that a dialogue between us would consist of me telling you the things I know that you don't. That wasn't my intention. A dialogue is a dialog.

HORIZONS: Harry Warner, Jr.

I agree; I prefer getting DESCANT after the mailing. "As far as moon occupation goes, a de facto status will prevail; that is, anything that is actually maintained or can be held by weaponry will be claimed. Eventually weapons will be developed to blow up anything anywhere on the moon and something else will have to be worked out. Like everybody get off. Speaking of the waiting list, is it yet statistically true, as it seems to be, that the divorce rate in FAPA is equalizing the dropout rate?" I know what you mean about writing for space; my one year on the Daily Californian was enough for that. But I think you goofed up somehow; the second to last page of that article, with two paragraph's beginning "Finally", bears all the earmarks of having been intended to be the last page. Discounted, eh? "You're the only man in the world who has never heard of David Brinkley, Harry."

NULL-F: Walter Breen

I think I will have to spend a couple of pages on this. You are getting testy and crotchety in your old age, Walter. There is the fun-loving youth that we once knew? One general comment before I begin on the specifics: It is not difficult to be an "individualist", defending no position, but it is far more difficult to align oneself with a position, to defend a point of view consistently. Your principled iconoclasm is an avoidist's cowardice.

Your problems with smokers are your problems, not theirs. Perhaps the smoke irritates you, which it does not many people, but your child-like tantrums whenever one lights a cigarette in your presence are quite as irritating after they have lost their clinical interest. The way you used to storm out of Towner Hall was preposterous. "The form of government you prefer--the status quo with modifications--is, as you say, a form of the checks and balances concept. It still sets up a society in which, as you state it and phrase it, the government and the people are two different things. As long as this is true, as long as one must interact with the other for its own protection, then there is not democracy. Quit throwing red herrings at me. I'll be delighted to gag over the treatment of the Jews' rivals in Judea, if you wish, but what does that have to do with my distaste for the Cleonic proposal to murder the island?"

I might point out--let me break this to you as gently as possible, Walter--that you are the only one who comment on my article on Greece who absolutely missed my point. "Why damn the Athenians for not being what they made no pretense to be?", as you say, is a fine paraphrase of what I maintained in my article when speaking of modern historians. ~~///~~ The name for the democratic extremist is populist? It begs the question, which was, how can one be a democratic extremist?

I have had a generalized opinion of you as a pompous ass. Your comment to me on my section on foreign aid bears out my opinion. "...makes me suspect you've been buying the Max Lerner line the way Augustine bought that of the Manichaeans." What does that have to do with anything save proving that you know an obscure fact? it isn't necessary, Walter (I expect a page of comments on why the point is not obscure). And, by the way, I never read Max Lerner. Aside from his Stalinoid tendencies during WWII, he is far too right-wing to be even called a liberal. It is not only US Aid that will prevent countries from going Communist; it is democratic foreign aid, something else again, and a democratic foreign policy in general--that is, not supporting military juntas in Korea or South Viet-Nam, or dictators in Spain. Are you opposed to that? Why? It would make democracy look a little more palatable to the countries of the world which are looking for ways to develop industrially.

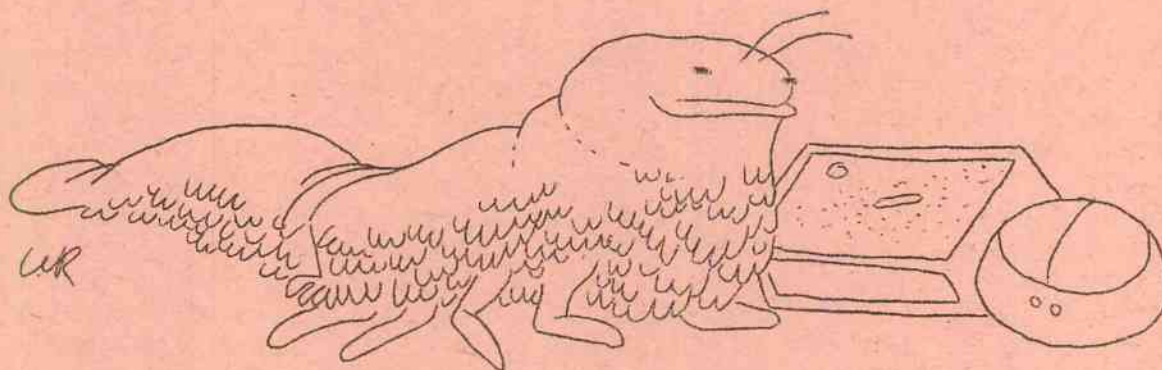
You're right, Walter, I have no double standards in this kissing business (how silly to have to discuss this for months!). It is true that if a man kisses he should be willing to carry through sexually, or, as I said about the woman in this case, he is to some extent playing an emotionally hurtful game. Obviously the situation doesn't come up as much. Why does this make me more limited in my thinking, as you so piously and messianically hope? There is nothing ethereal or spiritual about kissing or screwing, Walter. (Insert a "not" after "hope" on the previous line. Parm me.)

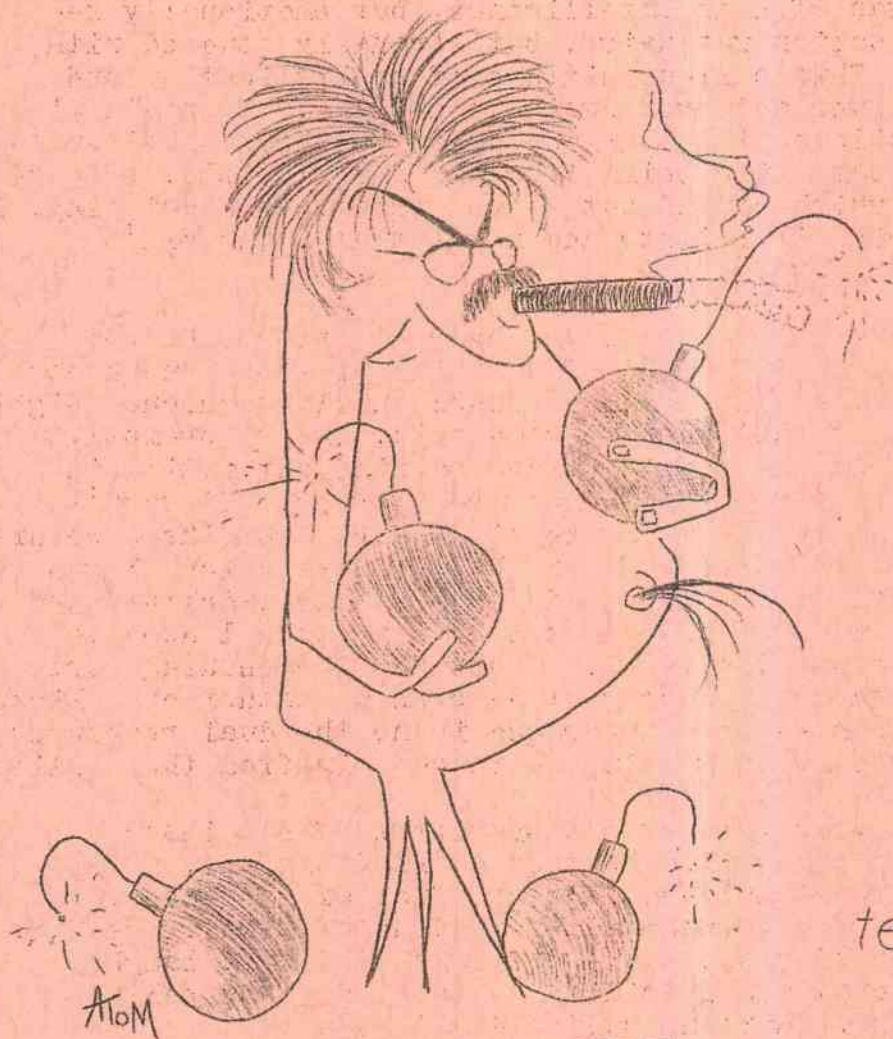
THE REST OF THE MAILING: Tapan's

I read more of this mailing than I have in years, and have done less work on this issue of Lthse than in the past year and a half. I'm sorry, but that's the breaks. The way to do it next time, I think, involves me doing comments right after I read the mailing--or something.

Unabashed Egoboo

Succumbing to popular pressure--Terry--here is an abbreviated list of what I found best in the mailing: 1) Self-Preservation (Hoffman), the entire zine; 2) the Brinkley in Vienna bit in Horizons.





ted white

Fapa on Wry

THE KID FROM TEXAS: A couple of years ago, a fan named (no kidding) Marland Frenzel came to New York from Texas. Since there'd been some kidding in the pages of VOID about his strange phone calls to Greg Benford in the middle of the night, and the phrase he had uttered, "A fan in need is a fan indeed," I was curious to meet Marland.

My first contact with him was a phone call. A voice, strangely pitched and with a southwestern drawl, said, "Hello, Ted White? A fan in need is a fan indeed. This is Marland Frenzel speaking." Then he turned the phone over to Les Gerber, who assured me that it really had been W. Marland Frenzel, and not another of Les' jokes. (After the original Benford editorial in VOID, I'd started getting phonecalls leading off with that same strange line. Usually it was Les, or Bbob Stewart. As it later turned out, Gerber had put Frenzel up to it when he did call me.)

Les brought Marland over later in the day, and then Marland found a place to sleep at Larry Ivie's apartment, so I had some opportunity to observe him.

I never found Marland easy to get along with. For one thing,

I pitied him. He was of high intelligence, but emotionally retarded. His conversation was naive, but strangely studded with four-letter words. This curious mixture of sophistication and naivete cropped up over and over again in Marland. He could discuss Freud, and ramble on into various areas of theoretical speculation, while at the same time being terribly shy of girls, espousing every nut-cult which handed out a free tract, and admitting, in a drawl which we tried to imitate and never could, "Ah ain't verra mechanically minded."

Once, when we were horsing around over at Ivie's, he bet a bunch of us that he could get out of any kind of robes and knots with which we might tie him. He had donned an old-fashioned night-shirt, and was going to bed when he said this, and we promptly took him up on it. He was hog-tied, and carried out, still in his nightshirt, to be deposited on the front steps. It wasn't very cool out, and he'd come to no physical harm from the exposure, but somehow I felt very turned off by what we were doing (I was not an active participant; Sylvia and I sat on the sidelines and watched); it reminded me of the way the kids in school used to pick on one fellow named Jon Sweet. Sweet was the whining sort who automatically becomes a scapegoat -- even a teacher once kicked him for no good reason -- and encouraged in me the dual responses of wanting to bully him and wanting to rescue him from the bullies.

Frenzel wasn't this type except by virtue of his innocent naivete. He laughed and smiled as they carried him out, and to his credit he returned a half-hour later, free of his bonds. But the indignity of his treatment reminded me of Sweet. He was, far more subtly, picked upon: made the butt of jokes, laughed at for his inexperience and inability to cope, and generally usually made One Down. Marland suffered all this smiling like an angel.

It took him months to learn to operate the subway turnstile, and after weeks of job hunting, he finally found a job clerking at 45¢ an hour -- an illegally low wage on which he somehow subsisted.

Then one day the post office turned up looking for him.

It came out that Marland was wanted by the PO for fraud and sending obscenity through the mails. He'd been mailing pornography, apparently publishing or distributing and selling it, and when the PO had caught onto that, he'd sold his collection of old comics -- several times -- and lammed out of town with a little money, a few books, and the shirt on his back.

He'd hitchhiked east and northward, his last stay before New York with a religious-occultist group in Virginia, doing yard and farm work for room and board with them.

After hitting New York for the first time, he headed on up to Connecticut, where he stayed a short time before returning to New York to get a job and live for the next several months.

He left again when the PO caught up to him (I think he'd written a letter to his folks), and where he is today I do not know, although I think he keeps in sporadic contact with Ivie.

I thought Marland was unique, but he's not. New York City is apparently a magnet, the Big Apple, the Promised City, which draws these strange kids from the Texas backwoods.

One evening recently I left Terry and Carol's apartment on Jane St., and headed over to 8th Ave. and up a few blocks to 14th St. to catch a subway home. I had just subway fare on me; I was just about completely flat broke. A figure walked up to me, and drawled, "Say...do you know where Ah can find a cheap hotel?"

I looked him over in the streetlight. Nearly as tall as I, a shock of sun-bleached hair, flesh-tinted plastic-frame glasses, acne, worn faded clothing. "I just got here," he said. "And I ain't got any money, and I'm looking for a real cheap place to sleep."

I talked with him, and found out that he had left Texas, hitchhiking, about a week earlier, and hadn't eaten for four days. To my own discredit, none of the things that occurred to me later, like taking him back to Terry and Carol's and feeding him a bit, or even giving him my phone number, occurred to me then. I hadn't any money to give him for a subway ride, or I would have taken him home with me. (But why didn't it occur to me to borrow 15¢ from Terry? I guess I really didn't want to become involved with the boy; too many personal problems were pressing me.) I did, however, tell him where the cheapest flophouses were (on the Bowery) and how to get there walking. I suggested he walk into a cheap restaurant the next day and see if he could get a job dish-washing at least for food and pocket-money. "Without money you can't get anywhere in this city," I said. "It's too big to get around in on foot. You gotta take the subway or bus."

We talked for perhaps twenty minutes, and then he headed across the Avenue to walk east along 14th St., and I ducked down into the subway. Just after I'd gotten through the turnstiles, I said to myself, "Why didn't I at least give him my phone number, so that he could get in touch with me again if he had to?" But then it was too late; if I went back out again to catch him, my fare was forfeit.

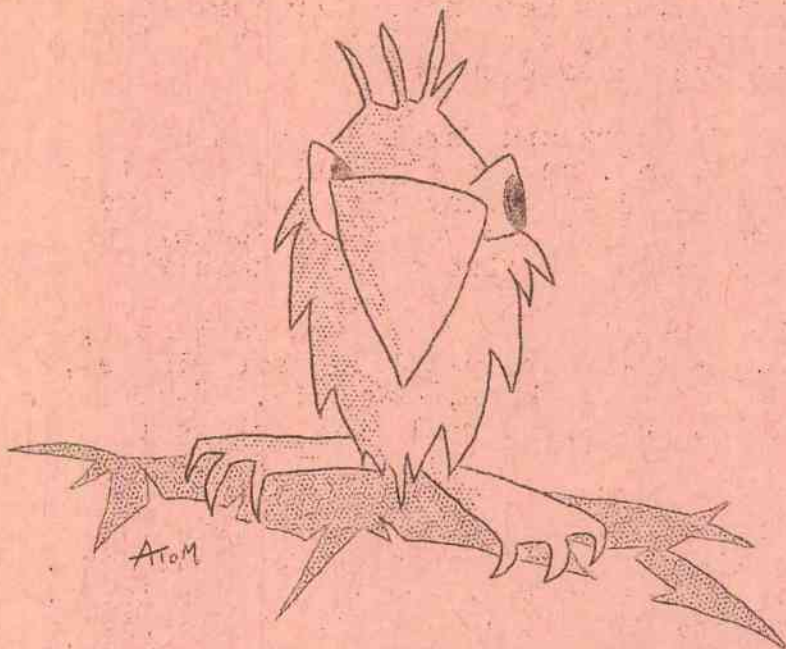
But I got to thinking about this nameless kid who marvelled at the size of the city, did not know what Times Square was, and who represented the archtypical "country hayseed" fresh to the city.

What drove him to leave his home with little more than the shirt on his back and a few quickly spent dollars? What was this Kid From Texas seeking here in the Big City?

There are others, I know. Naive, purely innocent, trusting Kids From Texas who leave their homes in the sticks to work their way slowly across the country towards this, their final goal.

Do they ever find what they're looking for here?

-- Ted White



comments on comments on comments on, MAILING COMMENTS BY TERRY CARR

THE FANTASY AMATEUR, v. 25 n. 3: Oofficialdom

I see somebody voted for me as an artist again. I'm always pleased to get votes, of course, but I don't recall doing any artwork (or even artowrk) last year. Oh well. Placing as #2 Tapan is pleasant; with Harry Warner continuing his reign, #2 is about the best any egoboo-hopeful can aspire to.

As for Martin, it seems clear that he didn't offer renewal dues or try to appeal the S-T's ruling because the overriding bias shown in the ruling convinced him that it would be fruitless. I hold no brief, ordinarily, for people who pick up their marbles and go home, but that S-T decision was enough to disgust anyone and I'm not surprised that Martin did say the hell with it.

BADLI #12: Rusty Hevelin

"How would you change your way of life if you assumed each morning that this was your final day?" Hell, I'd be paralyzed, and wouldn't get a thing done. I need time to plan everything, to get myself in the mood for things. Practically everything I do is the result of an idea two weeks before, nurtured and mulled over at odd moments and finally brought to fruition.

This is easily the best contribution you've made to the mailings since your return, Rusty. You managed to say quite a bit, and to say it forcefully and logically.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #13: Rich Brown

You and McInerney are both right: it's Bugs Bunny who pulls down the sign saying "That's All, Folks," but earlier Warner Bros. cartoons had Porky Pig stuttering it instead. I suppose they dropped that (and drastically de-emphasized the role of Porky Pig himself) because they finally realized that stuttering is an affliction that just isn't funny.

ALIF #15: Karen Anderson

"Ten Years in the Marmalade...That's Not Too Many": I forgot to mention in the last LIGHTHOUSE that that issue marked ten full years of fanpublishing for both me and Pete: VULCAN #1, May 1952, which we co-produced, was the first zine for each of us. The comparatively puny issue of LIGHTHOUSE that fell on the tenth anniversary wasn't much of a celebration, I'm afraid.

MELANGE: John & Bjo Trimble

Some of the quotes from Burbee are hilarious, but on the whole it's sort of a weak collection compared to what it could be. A lot of them sound like something Bjo might say -- due, I suppose, to writing them down from skimpy notes, and natural preferences of the compilers. But I bust three or four guts while reading them, so thanks, and do it again sometime.

MOONSHADE #4: Rick Sneary & Len Moffatt

Rick, I'm afraid I can't agree with your protest against the picture fans in other areas are getting of LA fandom. You say, "A large group of (FAPA) members were able to get together and hear arguments and counter-arguments within a hour, that would have taken nine months, if carried out through the mailings as usual. By talking something over, the pros and cons of an issue can be worked out. A concensus of opinion reached, and unpopular ideas discarded. The result is quite often a stronger idea with most of the bugs knocked out of it." That makes perfect sense, but the fact that when LA fandom tries that system it produces one of the most fouled-up administrations in FAPA history seems to me to reflect particularly badly on LA fandom. Bjo Herself says in MELANGE, "We have goofed things up to a fare-thee-well" -- howcome, when you had ample opportunity to pool your fine minds?

As for that remark of yours, "It would seem that just because we aren't sueing each other, that some would believe we are all of one mind," I doubt that that's the case. We don't think LA fandom is all of one mind -- quite the contrary, opinions and ideas in LA seem so diversified and chaotic that even by intense planning sessions nobody can do much efficiently. And what was that I heard last year about a threatened \$25,000 lawsuit in LA fandom?

I'd like to see some CAPA material reprinted in FAPA; might be interesting.

HELEN'S FANTASIA #12: Helen Wesson

The cover surprised me; I saw that same mask used in a horrible 3-D horror movie last year, called "The Mask". It was supposed to be an ancient Indian mask with a curse on it, and whoever put it on saw weird visions in 3-D and went around killing people. It was one of the worst movies of that sort ever made, and I'm surprised to see that the mask, at least, was authentic.

ELMURMURINGS v. 1 n. 1: Elmer Perdue

I'd very much appreciate receiving a copy of Baum's The Uplift of Lucifer, and thanks extremely for making the offer. I won't pass it on to either a bookdealer or to Alla Ford.

SICK, SICK, SICK: Dick Eney

The egoboo for your conreport which you quote proves nothing: the fact that you didn't quote either Breen or Main possibly does. Incidentally, if you knew Andy Main's opinion of Ted White you

might understand why everyone here thinks it so funny that you call Andy a "mouthpiece" of Ted's. Of course they're friends, but they argue, you know.

VANDY #15: Buck & Juanita Coulson

Oh foop, Buck: Ted never said I liked Deindorfer's story, "A Son of Two Fans". To tell the truth, I didn't, and I told Ted at length that I thought the story was extremely far off-base on motivation and believability. The people depicted in that story were most definitely not "the sort of people you get to know when you're a part of the Berkeley-New York Axis". Nor any other axis.

I said I dug Gary's ear for style in reference to some entirely different material of his...his satire on Coventry, for instance (LYDDITE #2), and some stuff in NEOLITHIC, VOID, and this here fanzine.

Lizzie and Emma Borden did inherit their father's money and lived quite comfortably well-off for many years thereafter. The suggestion that Emma committed the murders doesn't seem very tenable in view of the fact that she was out of town the whole time; however, the hypothesis was put forth in a play called "Good-bye, Miss Lizzie Borden," by Lillian de la Torre. You'll find it in a Hillman pb titled Murder Murder Murder.

"But why must 'realistic' fiction be written about a crisis-point in an individual's life? How much time does the average person spend having crisis-points, for God's sake?" Maybe any fiction should be about a crisis-point of one sort or another; the duller aspects of a person's life, those not directly relating to the problem, can be fit in as part of the background. Or, for a brilliant tour de force, try Irvin Shaw's short story, "The 100-Yard Run" (title uncertain, but something like that), which uses the crisis-point to sum up all the dull years. Or Salinger's "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut".

Juanita, can you cite any references on "mental fluctuations caused by the menstrual cycle"? I know it's supposed to be universal, but Carol doubts it..

"How do you inherit myopia when you are the first person in umpteen generations to be a myopic in your family?" Sounds like the result of a recessive gene.

SALUD #10: Elinor Busby

I was croggled to read your comment to Pete, "You and I differ too much on the subject (of politics) ever to discuss it profitably. ... Suffice to say that I don't credit a word you say on the subject." And you were commenting on the very same LIGHTHOUSE in which Pete said, "...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."

There's no proof that I've heard of that Nefertiti was Akhenaton's half-sister as well as his wife; the theory that she was of Syrian extraction is just as tenable. And even if she were his half-sister, it might have been on his mother's side: his mother, Ti, was almost definitely Syrian.

I was also croggled at your remarks about Bergman's "Through A Glass Darkly": "According to the paper there's this scene where the boy has incest with his mad sister, and it's real artistic. I like artistry, don't you?" That's not worthy of you, Elinor: you sound there like a witty version of Bobbie Grey, and foosh.

Many of the quotes from Chesterton read as calculatedly epigrammatic as Wilde: "You will hardly ever find a really proud man

talkative; he is afraid of talking too much." "Humanity never produces optimists till it has ceased to produce happy men." What truth there is in these statements is made secondary to and perverted by mere word-cleverness.

NULL-F #29: Walter Breen

The ancient Egyptians had some sort of beer- or ale-ish beverage, but that's about all I know about it. When European explorers penetrated into the interior of Africa in the middle of the nineteenth century they found the drinking of a native beer called pombe to be widespread, so apparently there's nothing surprising about a culture as highly advanced as that of the Egyptians having such a drink.

Using a representation of a rocketship on any fan-identification badge would probably only cause confusion: the badge used by Ban-the-Bombers already looks like a rocketship. In any case, I think the idea of such an identification badge for fans is a bit silly. (If you can't recognize 'em by their sensitive fannish faces you haven't got enough of the Spirit anyway.)

SERCON'S BANE #10: F. M. Busby

FAPA hardly seems the place to discuss a SAPS official's decision, but Dave Rike was refused full-page credit on a page full of letteringguide work. It's my opinion that filling a page with letteringguide work takes as much time and effort as filling one with typing. Admittedly, much of that page was done in deliberately large letteringguides, as a ploy on the OE ("composed of all-new material composed spontaneously on stencil"), but people are given page-credit for the ingenuity involved in White Space in layouts and I think much the same thing was at issue in this case.

BDIDCOYZ.

LE MOINDRE #26: Boyd Raeburn

"Everyone doesn't say San Francisco is 'their favorite city,' for I don't. ... Howcome all these Friscophiles don't notice the miserable climate, for one thing?" They do, Boyd -- haven't you noticed how many of them move to Berkeley and environs? I used to bitch about the weather in San Francisco all the time, but right across the bay it's lovely.

ANKUS #4: Bruce Pelz

No, I don't know that ballad that came out of the Scopes trial, but I'd like to see the rest of the words if you'll quote them for us.

"Let it suffice that one sees in others that which he wishes to see, and if I prefer to see the fabulous side and you the prosaic, so let it be. Who's to say which of us gains more?" I prefer to see what's there, fabulous or prosaic or both; and I've never said fans don't have their fabulous sides at times. Burbee, Rotsler, Bjo, Nelson and others are often fabulous indeed. But...

As for Deindorfer's satires on fuggheadedness, I think they have the same philosophy as Raeburn's Derogations: Fuggheads Are To Be Laughed At. Admittedly, this philosophy can be carried too far; however, it is a personal quirk of mine that stupidity in any form is personally offensive to me. Laughter is merely the somewhat more positive side of the same coin.

I'm a bit puzzled at Deindorfer's choice of David Bunch as a fugghead, too; presumably he based his choice on material of Bunch's which I haven't seen. But Gary would have a lot of second thoughts.

I'm sure, were he to read Bunch's superb "How They Did For The Doggy At The Curbside" in the last issue of INSIDE.

HORIZONS #90: Harry Harner

I'm not at all sure that war-trials like those at Nuremberg will forestall "volunteers in the war production department." It's the same principal as capital punishment in crime, and no one has ever proved that c.p. acts as a deterrent rather than merely forcing criminals to be more fanatic and vicious in an effort not to get caught.

At any rate, I look with jaundiced eye upon trials of a losing side in a war: can you imagine the war-trials of American atomic scientists and high echelon involved in the Hiroshima and Nagasaki drops if we had lost that war?

"San Francisco seems to be everyone's favorite city. Why does not one fan ever move there?" But they do: Art and Trina Castillo moved there; Miriam and I did for awhile; Dave Rike did for awhile; etc. But actually, most of them choose the East Bay instead, for the aforementioned weather reasons.

Fortunately for your fanhistorian's problem regarding The Incident of the Door, I have a photograph taken from right across the hall which shows clearly that Harmon merely knocked a hole in the door -- one of the panels was knocked out, and Ellison is standing there holding it in his hands ruefully.

"Terry Carr has developed the exasperating habit of writing fiction based on topics that repel me completely, such as people who make jazz careers a life-death matter and college kids trying to act adult." Oh poop. The central problem in "Blind Clarinet" was precisely the opposite of the one you imagined: the young narrator was starry-eyed about the whole thing, but the ending showed that a jazz career and artistic integrity and such was not the crucial consideration for the jazzmen themselves. Earl Lewis says, "He don't play that damn clarinet because he's an artist -- he plays it because it's the only thing he knows how to do." It was not artistic integrity which brought Artie to turn down a recording session; it was a far more basic reaction against being presented as some sort of freak. Perhaps your trouble is that you assumed the point of view of the narrator was the one I was pushing; however, I wasn't, and most readers of the story seemed to realize it. (Bill Donaho wrote: "Your narrator is a little snot, isn't he?")

As for "college kids trying to act adult," what's wrong with that? By and large, college kids are high-schoolers who are suddenly being treated as adults and being expected to behave as such. (In San Francisco, at least, high-schoolers are called in class by their first names, and college kids as Mr. or Miss soandso; that's merely one outward manifestation of the difference in attitudes.) This sudden change naturally leads to some damnfoolery on the part of the kids-trying-to-be-adult, but I think my attitude toward that was perfectly clear, as for instance in the sardonic descriptions of the kids psychoanalyzing their instructors.

Your article on the shortcomings of HORIZONS merely strikes me as amusing. I think anyone who is reasonably serious about what he writes (even for fanzines) gets angry at himself for failure to do his absolute best at all times. I know I'm still chagrined at such FAPA writings of mine as the article I did on Salinger, even though quite a few people have told me they loved it.

ANTAIOS: Jack Speer

I wish you'd pick one title and stick to it, Jack. I know all

these mythological titles form a series, and it's nice that you at least have such a sustaining program, but I think you need a name for it.

The verbal exchanges with the Moskowitzes during the fan-panel at the Seacon were recorded; Chris told me Frank Deitz had such tapes. (She also said Walter Breen misquoted her in his Seacon report.)

I don't read any German, but it was easy to recognize the interlineations as from the witches' scene in "Macbeth".

Separating book-pages caked with mildew is a delicate, time-consuming process; I suggest you consult a professional.

"Skatekey!" is an interjection meaning, approximately, "nostalgia". The reference is to a Shelley Berman lp (Inside Shelley Berman, I think) during which Berman says to the audience, "Now we're going to play a game. You don't have to do anything; you just listen to what I say, and you react." Then he goes on to call out various key words and names of which most adults haven't thought in years. "Skatekey!" is one of them.

I liked the story very much. Probably on the assumption that you apply your theories of fandom to your fiction about it, I have written next to the line, "he had recently had a religious experience," "Was that his handicap?" The only thing that really bothered me about the story, though, was that you never did explain what Laura Lefkowsky was doing that bothered Bill.

"...someone seeking to reduce society's claims on him should not adopt the affectations of a beatnik. The most obvious of these is the beard, a symbol (despite all the explanations I have heard) as idiotic from an objective standpoint as the necktie." What do you think a beard is a symbol of, Jack? Do you mean all beards are only beatnik beards? (I hope you don't.) I wear a beard because (a) it looks good on me, and (b) I tend to look a couple of years younger than I am otherwise and the beard, in context of our society, raises my apparent age to my actual one. Symbolically, of course, it is also a virility-symbol.

"Some people it would give the screaming meemies to." is an incredibly bad, and remarkably unSpeerlike, sentence. What's more, in far too many places in your mailing comments you fail to follow the rules set down in your own article on the subject. This is one of your comments, in its entirety: "I suppose the stealing of the bottle was a hazard to their trustyship." Do even you remember what you were writing about there?

Several people have complained that I didn't justify the narrative hook in "Blind Clarinet": "wishing almost every minute that I were blind." Now I'm not sure; I thought the passage where the narrator is listening to his brother play and thinking that his talent is the other side of the coin from his blindness had done the trick.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE #2: Jean Young

I enjoyed this very much, but I have a grotch or two. Primarily, I want to grotch at the placing of filler illos in the middle of a page of type: it is a vile, perverse, despicable, malign, abominable, pernicious, oppressive, rank, virulent, diabolic, degrading, arrant, opprobrious practice, and I just think it's time someone told you that. It interrupts the smooth flow of reading, and any layout which distracts from or interrupts reading is vile, perverse, despicable, and all them other things.

And the second story or article or whatever must be by Larry Stark, but there's no byline.

SELF-PRESERVATION #2: Lee Hoffman

Quoting Will Cuppy is almost as much fun as reading him. I particularly like his remark on ancient Greek democracy: "The very poorest citizens had a chance to become President, but somehow they didn't. It may have been just a coincidence."

I might quote more, but Bob Tucker doesn't like Will Cuppy and you've already read him anyhow. Have you read How To Get From January To December, which is now out in pb? It's not as good as Decline and Fall, but there are some lovely cracks here and there.

You're probably right that Moses wasn't a monotheist. As a matter of fact, Akhenaton probably wasn't either: I overstated the case a coupla issues back. Some Egyptologists see his insistence on the sole worship of the Aton as more of a battle against the entrenched priesthood of Amon than pure monotheism; after all, Akhenaton defaced a helluva lot of Amon's temples but was comparatively lenient with the smaller priesthoods of minor gods like Thoth, Set, Re, et al. ("Minor gods" at that time, that is.)

They argue also that the well-known Hymn to Aton ("Thy dawning on the horizon of the east is beautiful, o living Aton, father of all; thou givest life to all beings who walk upon the earth...") is similar to several praises of other Egyptian gods who were clearly not claimed to be sole gods; that it was merely overenthusiastic praise. Be that as it may, the Hymn to Aton goes further than any of the others, and it seems clear that if Akhenaton wasn't a monotheist he was definitely taking a giant step in that direction.

Ed Martin did "deny the accusations" of having pirated his material, though somewhat obliquely. He said that writers of mailing comments, since they weren't writing upon subjects original with them, will be the next to be denied page-credit. It seems obvious to me that he meant he had used old jokes as a basis for stories written by himself.

UNABASHED EGOBOO

There was some extremely fine material in this mailing, and egoboo will go where egoboo is due. My favorites were:

- 1) "Red Sands in the Valley," by Jean Young, in THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE #2.
- 2) "Last Summer," by Jack Speer, in ANTAIOS.
- 3) "Out of My Life and Mind," by Norm Clarke, in DESCANT #8.
- 4) "Hagerstown Journal," by Harry Warner, in HORIZONS #90.
- 5) "Canto," by Gina Clarke, in DESCANT #8.
- 6) All of POO, by Andy Young.
- 7) "Hindsight on Fandom," by Chick Derry, reprinted in POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #13.
- 8) "Whither Hugo," by Harry Warner, in HORIZONS #90.
- 9) "Beer at Durbee's," by Durbee-via-Trimble, in MELANGE.
- 10) "Last Train to Vesoul," by Ron Parker, in HOOHAH: #11.

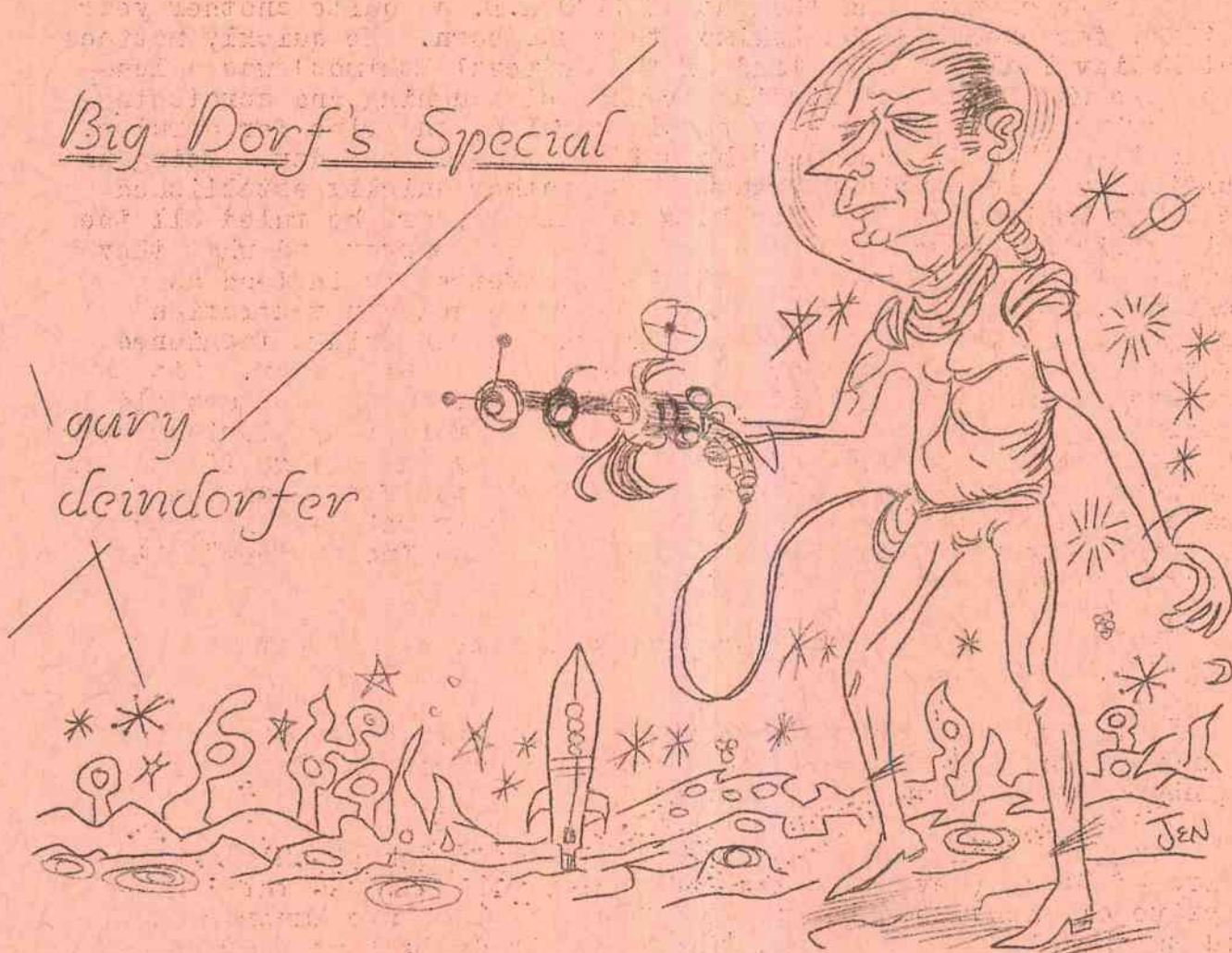
I liked Lee Hoffman's mailing comments best, though Harry Warner, the Busbies, Ted White, Walter Breen, the Coulsons, and others were fine..

The best zine was HORIZONS; others like DESCANT, THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE, POO, HOOHAH, and ANTAIOS were also good.

(I've decided not even to try rating LIGHTHOUSE's material against the rest of the mailing any more, hence no listings for it here.)

Big Dorf's Special

gary
deindorfer



THE GREAT URINE POT OF STUGG IV: Pete's ramblings on various fascinating minutiae relating to Ancient Greece and Terry's on similar fascinating minutiae relating to Ancient Egypt have emboldened me to flash about a bit of my own knowledge by passing on to you people a few bits of absorbia (that's like minutia, only somewhat more so) relating to my own abiding Peoples of the Past area of interest, the Medieval Eskimos.

You may wonder why I have chosen to make an avocational study of the Medieval Eskimos when I could just as well have chosen some better known and possibly more interesting group like the early Sumerians. The answer is that I have a great propensity for the esoteric, and the Medieval Eskimos are undoubtedly the most esoteric group of Past Peoples who ever existed. Nobody, not even professional anthropologists, archaeologists, or historians, seems to give a damn about them. The reason is rather understandable: the Medieval Eskimos didn't do a hell of a lot. In fact, after my seven years of intensive study of the group, all I've been able to unearth about them is the story of the Stugg Empire and, in particular, of the Great Urine Pot of Stugg IV. This tale has been passed down from father to son and on from aunt to niece for some time now. It is undeniably a captivating story, and I think it should be told in a magazine of large and discriminating readership like this one before all the Eskimo fathers, sons, aunts and nieces die off and the tale is no longer told.

Sometime around 1100 A.D. (though the Medieval Eskimos did not

use Christ-reckoning and thought of 1100 A.D. as quite another year -- 1927, for example) the Eskimo Stugg was born. He quickly noticed that Medieval Alaska (the land of the Medieval Eskimos) was a land of people who were just sitting around and coughing and scratching and chewing animal skins -- a people unruled, and ripe for a ruler. "I shall rule them, by damn," he said to himself one day. Being an ambitious and industrious creature, he rather quickly established the Stugg Empire, so that within a couple of years he ruled all the Eskimos living between what we now call Point Barrow and what they thought of calling Fairbanks but wisely referred to instead as Anchorage. Stugg the First ("The Bold") was held in veneration throughout all his Empire. Many were the carven beings fashioned after his image and many were the songs sung to his honor. His name even became a household word of the time, alongside such old standbys as "spoon" and "foot". Stugg ruled for fifty glorious years and then one day he died. He was succeeded by the Stuggs II and III. They were somewhat less effectual than Stugg the First and the Empire withered, or "went to hell," under their reigns, until by the seventh year of the rule of Stugg III ("The Incompetent") it measured one hundred yards by fifty yards.

"This cannot be," said the seventeen year old eldest son of Stugg III.

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?" asked his father. In answer, the son whipped from a pocket a dagger fashioned of whalebone and stabbed his father with it.

Stugg IV then called together the fifteen inhabitants of the Empire of Stugg (seven small children, five women, and three consumptive old men), pointed to the figure of the late Emperor, and said to them in a loud voice, "My father is dead; I am your new Emperor. I am strong. I am virile." IV paused to permit his people to assimilate this and to mutter among themselves vaguely and then said, "You shall make a large Pot. It shall be referred to as the Great Urine Pot of Stugg IV. It shall be your salvation."

"Why do you wish this done, virile and puissant -- but upstart -- Emperor?" asked the most consumptive of the three consumptive old men. "I mean, just what the hell is your motivation?"

Stugg the Fourth kicked the old man in the groin and said to the writhing body, "Mind not my reasons; yours is but to carry out my wish," thereby proving he understood Democracy as well as some Ancient Greeks I could mention.

A Great Urine Pot was shortly constructed, and it measured eighteen yards high and thirty yards in diameter at its brim, and it was decorated on its outer and inner sides with wonderful murals of life during the height of the Stugg Empire.

"Jesus Christ, but that's a beautiful job," remarked the fourth Stugg, gazing upon the completed Pot. The three consumptive old men who had constructed it and decorated it smiled shyly. "It's a great urine pot, fellas," said Stugg IV.

Contrary to popular belief, the Eskimo diet consists almost entirely of snow, and this was true of the Medieval Eskimo's diet as well as that of his modern counterpart. As is not commonly known,

snow is for the most part composed of water. Thus, it was not a hell of a long time before the Great Urine Pot was filled near to the brim.

"Well," said Stugg IV, "that damn old Pot is finally full. I suppose now we're ready for the Procession."

Stugg the Fourth instructed the fifteen people of his Empire to heft the Great Pot to their shoulders and follow him. He set out in a southeasterly direction. After a rather short march Stugg and his people and the Pot were outside of their own land. They passed through the hostile lands of the "Canadians" and the "Mexicans". None dared attack them, for the odor of the Great Urine Pot was strong and far-spreading. Any soul confronting it was left a mound of dry-heaving misery. The people of Stugg IV and the Emperor himself were, of course, oblivious to its stench.

When Stugg and his people reached that place we now call "Rio de Janeiro," the great tale tells us that a giant parakeet winged down from above and transported them and their Pot to a place high on a mound of coal which Stugg IV named "Heaven".

The story is of course a legend. If there were any authorities on the customs and history of the Medieval Eskimos I have no doubt that they'd even now be pacing around and stubbing their toes, trying to figure out the tremendous allegorical and spiritual significance of the whole thing. There would be learned papers in the Medieval Eskimo Quarterly with titles like "Evidences of Cultural Osmosis Between the Stugg and Toltec Empires," "Psychological Realities and Stugg IV," and "The Great Pot: A Urinalysis". Eventually, one of the scholars would sit down and write a long, contentious book called Gods, Graves, and Urine Pots, and the Book of the Month Club would pick it up and pretty quick Bantam Books would bring it out on the newsstands with a painting of Anita Ekberg in a low-cut parka, hailing it as "The full, lusty story at last! -- pagan passions clash with spiritual values in a quest across half the world!"

But there aren't any goddam authorities on the customs and history of the Medieval Eskimos, and maybe it's just as well. I kind of think old Stugg IV would have preferred it this way. He probably had arthritis anyway.

A MORNING OF WORSHIP: I went to church last Sunday morning for the first time in hundreds of years. For a long time before, my mother had been nagging me to go. "They'll begin to wonder down there what you look like," she would say. "They'll think you're a heathen," she would say. "You'll feel much better after you've gone; you'll be cleansed," she would say. Finally I could take no more of this, so I said to her, "Okay, next Sunday I will go to church and become cleansed."

I rose ridiculously early Sunday morning and donned my church-gear, being white shirt, black knit tie, black knit suit, and all such. As I was going out the front door to God's Home my mother called out, "Do you have your membership envelope?" I replied that, no, I couldn't find my membership envelopes and would drop a quarter into the collection plate. She told me I was on the record as being a church member, and as such it would be an affront to the church if

I didn't present my offering sealed in a membership envelope. I spent ten minutes rooting about in my room until I found my package of membership envelopes in a strange and dark corner of my bureau. I extracted the envelope whose date corresponded more or less with the day it happened to be, shoved my quarter inside the thing, and left with loud stompings and belches.

The church of which I am a nominal member is a temporary affair, actually. It is located in a suburban ranch house, and is surrounded by thousands of other ranch houses. Its sole distinguishing characteristic is the large wooden cross wedged in the front lawn. I can just see a stranger going by the place and exclaiming to his wife, "By God, Ursula, those people have a cross stuck in their lawn!" The gambit is that this "chapel" (as the Regulars refer to it; people like me call it "the church") is something the members are making do with until they can amass the five hundred thousand dollars necessary to have construction begun on their permanent building. As there are eighty-five members, and the average weekly haul from the collection plates is ten dollars or so, this eventuality would seem to be rather far in the future. Everybody is quite optimistic about the entire thing, though. The morning I was attending church the Minister mentioned that so far there was nine hundred dollars set aside toward the Building Fund Goal. "Only \$499,100 to go, friends!" he added.

I arrived at the church and walked inside to find myself standing in the kitchen. The Regulars refer to this room as "the anteroom," but it looks much more like a kitchen. There are sinks and cabinets and such there. You see, the house was built not to be a church but a house, and as a result of this it looks like a house in which somebody has at the last moment decided to locate a church.

Anyway, I was late. In this kitchen, or "anteroom," were packed the members of the Senior Choir. They were standing in their robes with hymnals in their hands and nervous looks on their faces waiting to proceed out into the worship room proper (which looks one hell of a lot like a living room -- dining room combination with religious objects all gathered at one end). With much grunting and shoving I pushed through the wall of Choir into the worship room.

I stumbled headlong into the room; there was a whole bunch of people in folding chairs, all of whom were looking up at me. The men were either gross and pompous looking in too-tight Robert Hall suits, or bony and cranky looking in too-baggy Robert Hall suits. The women were all wearing funny hats with little gauzy veils hanging down over their faces. Every fifth woman was holding a small child in her lap with her hand over its mouth to keep it from crying as children always do in church. There was much mumbling and snuffling and coughing going on. The odor of underarm deodorant was overwhelmingly strong. The organist was pumping out some godawful hymn, killing time until the Choir and the Minister should agree to begin shuffling in. There was only one unoccupied folding chair in the worship room...next to a group of fat ladies in bizarre looking flower print dresses. I plonked myself down in it. There was no hymnal for me, so I had to share the nearest fat lady's. On the infrequent occasions when I attend church, the only vacant seats are those next to groups of fat ladies in bizarre looking flower print dresses, and I always have to share the hymnal of the nearest one.

The choir filed in, singing in various keys the recently mentioned godawful hymn, followed by the Minister. When the Choir had finally gotten itself situated in the various seats especially reserved for it (a roped off section of folding chairs, with "Choir Only" signs hanging from the ropes", and the Minister had dug in behind his pulpit, the organist permitted the hymn to dribble to an end.

Then the Minister raised his arms, assumed a fantastically holy look, and said, "We shall now recite the Gloria Dei," and the congregation began madly shuffling through its hymnals, looking for the Gloria Dei. Then he said, "We shall now sing Hymn 501, 'Love on High Hath We'," and the congregation began madly shuffling through its hymnals, looking for Hymn 501. After that had been "sung," he said, "We shall now recite the Leviticus Symbiosis or something," and the congregation began madly shuffling. Protestantism strikes me as little more than a mad round of place-finding in hymnals.

Then the Minister blew his nose and delivered his sermon, which dealt with the Moral Gas Station Attendant and the Immoral Gas Station Attendant. A small boy from the back of the room began yelling, "But Ma, I gotta wee-wee!" After the sermon, the collection plate was passed around. I flung in my membership envelope, imparting to it a rather jaunty backspin, and the fat ladies flung in theirs. Then a few more hymns were slain, and after that the Minister raised his arms high and pronounced the benediction, which lasted for half an hour easily ("...and bless little Caroline and her little stuffed panda and her little rocking horse and her...").

The service was then over, and the organist played some sort of foul "exit music" while everybody madly rushed for the front door in hopes of being first to shake hands with the Minister and leave for home. There was much jabbing and trampling. Needless to say, I found myself nearly the last person in line. The group of fat ladies was well ahead of me. I stood for some ninety minutes, slowly shuffling closer to the beaming, hand-pumping Minister and egress. Finally I was abreast of him. He reached out and grabbed my hand with a frightening swoop of his cloaked arm, and said in hearty tones, "Well, it's been a long time since you were last here. Come again soon, Herbert."

To tell the truth, I couldn't remember his name either.

THE FOSSIL: "Just what the hell are you doing down there?" I asked Dean Ford. He was lying in a sandbox in his back yard, all but his head buried in the grains.

"I am fossilizing," he said.

"What?"

"I am doing what I told you only a second or two ago: I am fossilizing," he said. "I am lying here in this sandbox waiting for the eons to pass necessary to cause this sand to become rock around me, and to cause me to become fossilized therein."

"But that's ridiculous," I said. "That is probably the craziest thing I've ever heard. This is just another one of your asinine jokes."

"No, I'm quite serious about the whole thing," said Dean as he looked at me complacently from the sandbox, only his head showing.

"Ford," I said, "you've done a lot of stupid, fuggheaded things, but this is beyond doubt the stupidest and most fuggheaded of them all."

"That's what the unambitious trilobite said," remarked Ford.

"What?"

"The unambitious trilobite. The one who just stood there and made fun of the ambitious trilobite, the ambitious trilobite being the one who was lying there in the primeval muck waiting to become a fossil. The moral in that case is obvious, of course: nobody around today remembers the unambitious trilobite, but the one who sat himself down and decided to get fossilized is now famous -- his impression lies in honor in a room of the New York Museum of Natural History, and the photograph of his fossil remains is printed in the pages of every palaeontology textbook in the world."

Dean continued, a fantastically smug expression on his face, "I hope you realize that you are looking at, potentially, the most famous human being in history. Five hundred million years from now, when you and everybody else on earth are completely decomposed and scattered all the hell over the place as part of future plants and animals, my fossil will be dug out of the ground by some fortunate palaeontologist of the far future. My calcified bones will be the most perfect record of what a human being looked like, photographs and statues of people having naturally long ago been atomized and all. I will be placed to lie in honor in a room of the largest museum of the intelligent beings of the future, and the photograph of my fossil will be printed in the pages of every palaeontology textbook extant in that future world."

"Oh good Christ," I said, "I think you're serious about this thing."

"Of course I am," he said in a very strong, very calm voice.

It was about this time that Dean's youngest son walked up accompanied by fifteen other children. They all carried metal pails and spoons. Dean's son gaped down at his father for a moment, and then he said, "Get out of my sandbox, Daddy, or I'll run and tell Mommy you're in it!"

"Goddamn spoiled kids," muttered Dean Ford, trilobite of the future, as he rose from the sandbox and stumbled away.

-- Gary Deindorfer

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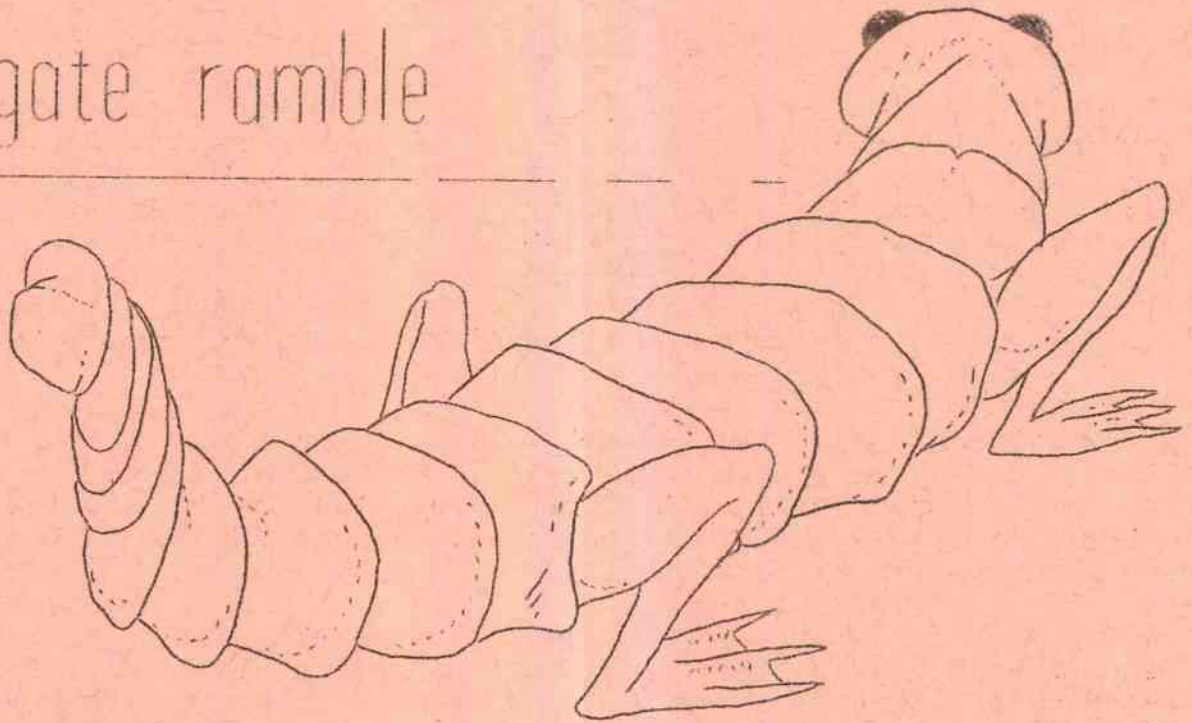
Ode to Nuclear Attack

When my neighbor wanted in,
I shot at him, you see;
Now that I am wanting out,
He's waiting to shoot me.

-- 7th Grader, Norman, Oklahoma

— terry carr —

tailgate ramble



BUDDHA WITH A LIGHTBULB: Every now and then I have a, what you call a mystical experience, like. This one happened in New York's Chinatown, when Walter Breen, Carol and I went down there to eat late one night a couple of weeks ago. It was a night like any other in Chinatown: the narrow streets were crowded with Occidentals squinting at all the neon, the Orientals sat on steps reading the New York Times, the cops cruised by looking wary, and the telephone booths had pagoda-like roofs atop them.

We stopped in front of a Chinese curio shop. It was closed at this late hour, but there was a light in the display window. There was this Buddha statuette, see, about a foot high, and it had a lightbulb in its head. It was, like, adorable. Just adorable.

"Aaaargh!" said Walter. "That's one of the most disgusting things I've ever seen! A Buddha, with a lightbulb!"

We looked closer at it. It was otherwise a fairly standard Buddha, sitting in the lotus position with hands in lap. There was a small pan or something in the hands.

"What's in the pan?" Carol mused. "Mexican jumping beans?"

"No, I think it's an ashtray," I said.

We walked on. "The thing is," Walter said, "I can imagine some dumpy middleclass housewife from Atlantic City coming by and seeing that and thinking it's just too too wonderful, and rushing in to buy it. It's been in the window for months now; I don't see

why some idiot hasn't bought it."

"Maybe they won't part with it," I said. "Maybe it's the household altar. I mean, after all, the Chinese are becoming assimilated, and maybe they think the lightbulb is appropriate to a statue of Buddha, the Enlightened One."

"Aaaargh!" said Walter. There's no reasoning with him.

But I was profoundly moved. I think the Buddha with a lightbulb may signify a cultural breakthrough of tremendous importance, a plateau at last reached on which spiritual and practical values at last come together and blend in peace, harmony, and the eternal light of Mazda. For too many millenia have we worshipped our gods in darkness. The murky mists of futility crouch around the feet of the godhead, like smog on Calvary. It is time that we answer the pragmatic question which is at the end, the essence, of all man's philosophy: what's in it for me?

I envision a new kind of Christ-figure: I see the Lamb of God at last becoming an ewe, and giving milk instead of blood. We must bring Christ into our homes in a truly real sense. No more the dead-end idolatry of the Figure on the Cross: henceforth we shall use His crown of thorns for a coat-rack.

And that isn't all; for a cultural revolution, to be truly significant, must embrace the world, and be embraced in turn by it. It is perhaps chance that this revolution has begun in our own country, but having seen the seed glowing atop Buddha's head we must carry it forth and plant it in other parts of the world. Perhaps it is a fitting task for our Peace Corps.

I see, for instance, a statue of the four-handed Vishnu. It is very nearly as always, done with the loving care and consummate artistry of the East. But no longer shall it be merely a spiritual figure, an idol, a dead end in itself. No. In keeping with the meeting of the spirit and the belly of mankind, the mystic and masticate, the eternal and pragmatic Yin and Yang of our existence...the new Vishnu will also serve as a Lazy Susan.

This is only the Beginning.

LAST YEAR AT TRANSYLVANIA: Now that WARHOON has made movie commentary in fanzines almost as respected a practice as fanzine reviews or lists of what's on your desk, it's probably safe to assume that no one will be surprised if I have a few words to say about Roger Vadim's excursion into the fantastic. Vadim, the young French director who discovered Brigitte Bardot and subsequently showed off other aspects of his artistic prowess in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," made a movie in 1960 called "Blood and Roses". It flopped in its first release over here; currently it's making a second round as co-feature with "The Counterfeit Traitor".

The movie is based on a story by Poe's British contemporary, Sheridan le Fanu; however, the credits don't name the original story and I don't recognize it, so I can't compare Vadim's version with it. Considering the techniques used by Vadim, I'm not sure whether this is a loss or not: the story-line of the movie is comparatively unimportant to the gestalt which emerges, since the power of the movie is almost

exclusively in the photography and direction. Rhob Stewart tells me that the trade papers called it "the most beautiful vampire movie ever made" -- an accolade which seems as fitting as it is peculiar.

The story concerns Leopoldo von Karnstein (Hel Ferrer), his cousin Carmilla (Annette Vadim) and his fiancée Georgia (Elsa Martinelli). Carmilla is in love with Leopoldo and jealous of Georgia, Leopoldo is strangely drawn to Carmilla...and so is Georgia. There's a skeleton in the Karnstein closet, as it were: the family has a reputation for vampirism. Two centuries ago the local peasants desecrated the Karnstein graveyard, burning all the corpses there...but one corpse, that of Millarca von Karnstein, was never found. Vampiric deaths have continued to plague the countryside ever since.

Quite unsurprisingly, considering her anagrammatic parallel with Millarca, Carmilla comes under the control of the sleeping vampiress. And at this point things begin to get interesting...not so much to do with the vampirism, but concerning the psychological angles. For Carmilla/Millarca is intent on destroying Georgia...but at the same time there are strong overtones of lesbianity. Her advances toward her rival are more seduction than attack.

This seems like more than a simple presentation of the nearness of love and hate (although that is one of the themes of the movie, underscored by mixtures of beauty and evil, impassiveness and danger, innocence and jealousy). For a vampiric attack can be symbolic of sex: teeth penetrate the body (male act) and receive from it a fluid of life (female). "Love bites" are well-known as a form of sex play, again pointing up a close dichotomy between pain and emotional tenderness. And of course lesbianity and incest, within the context of western society, further underline the love-evil syndrome.

Camera and direction techniques as employed here take advantage of the experiments of the French "New Wave". Personally, I think Vadim hit some sort of a low in this style with "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," in which all emotions are portrayed by facing the camera and thrusting out one's lower lip enigmatically. In "Blood and Roses" this technique is much more effective: if the exact nature of vampiric emotion is only hinted at, it seems appropriate, for what can we know of the feelings of the undead?

The first of Carmilla/Millarca's murders is that of a servant-girl, Lisa. (Again, note: she chooses a female, not a male.) The girl is walking across the fields toward her home when Carmilla appears behind her; Lisa speaks to her, but Carmilla doesn't answer. Vaguely frightened, Lisa hurries on, and Carmilla appears in front of her. Lisa runs, and when she is exhausted Carmilla again appears beside her. This is all done with quick camera flashes back and forth; we never see how Carmilla overtakes the girl. We may assume, perhaps, that she has changed to a bat and flown after her...but if so, the explanation comes from our own imaginations. It's effective.

Particularly interesting is the sequence which takes place when Carmilla at last makes her move for Georgia. Georgia is asleep, and we are drawn into her dream. The rich technicolor fades, like blood draining away, and the dream is in black-and-white. There are echoes of Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet" here, as in so many of the "New Wave" productions; one feels that there is an ungraspable sense beneath the kaleidoscope presented, and it is disquieting.

The entire movie is done with a flair and polish which makes it an exciting visual experience from start to finish. The Karnsteins are rich, and full advantage is taken of the beauty not only of the two girls, but also of the house and grounds. The central portion of the movie takes place during a lavish party during which fireworks are set off in the Karnstein graveyard. The rustle of old satin pervades the soundtrack.

With all this, the movie is by no means a total success. The dialogue, as well as one can tell through the dubbed soundtrack, is poorly-done. At times there is a jarring note of melodrama. And though the inexplicable aspects of the how's are effective, there is too little exposition of the why's.

Hillman Books has published a novelization of the movie, by Robin Carlisle. (Hillman Books #163, 1960, 35¢.) Though it is as competently done as many fantasies, it's almost totally lacking in the flair which Vadim put into the screen version; Carlisle simply tells the story. But the story isn't the thing; it's the amalgum of classic fantasy tradition with "New Wave" techniques, and the hints of psychological depths, which makes the movie fascinating even when it is bad.

It's unlikely that any movie will ever defeat "Twilight Zone" and win a Hugo for "Best Dramatic Production" ("Even in fandom, more people watch television than go to movies or stage plays"--Bill Donaho), and in any case "Blood and Roses" is no longer eligible. But it seems a shame that an experiment like Stranger in a Strange Land, only partially successful, should be a near-shoo-in for a Hugo when a more successful experiment like "Blood and Roses" was never even considered in its category.

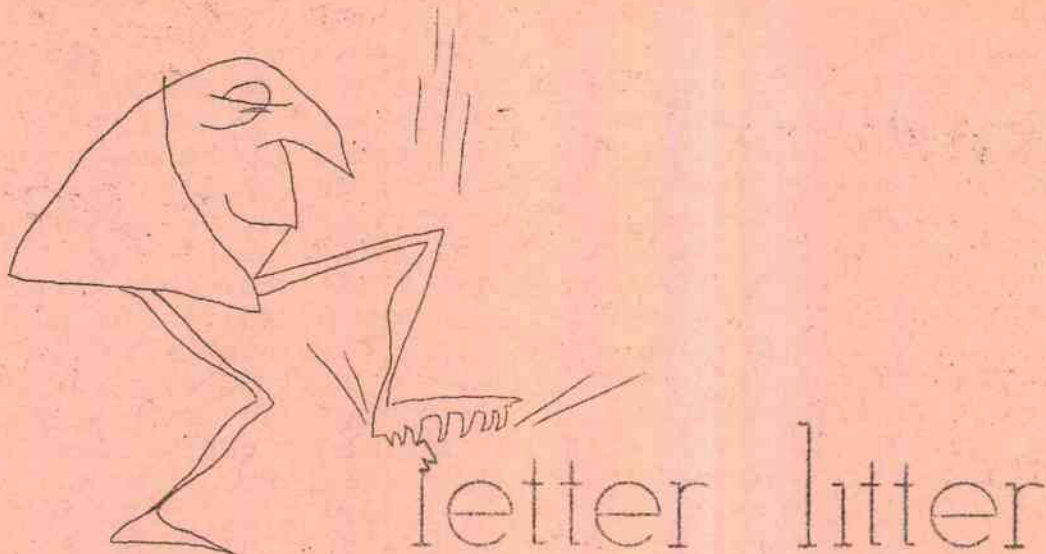
IN LIGHTHICE TO COME: For two issues now I've been planning an article on J. D. Salinger, Vance Bourjaily, and literary critics. It started as some second-thoughts on my article on Salinger's critics a few issues ago, after I'd read a copy of Franny and Zooey loaned to me by Rich Brown. It expanded as I read more and more reviews of the book. It schismed into two articles when Bill Donaho wrote to say that Salinger was small-time and Bourjaily was the boy to watch. Time passed, and the article didn't get written; it picked up various bits of literary lint in my mind and the whole thing began to schmoorge together into one massive article again.

I don't know if I'll ever write it. I find that I have to write these things within two weeks of the first inspiration or something like the above happens: diffusion sets in and the neat article that I originally envisioned begins to look like a set of mailing comments. But I'm interested in this one, and chances are some sort of an article -- even a bad one -- will get written.

So if anyone else is interested, I'd appreciate it if you'd watch your papers and magazines for reviews of Salinger and Bourjaily; if you see one, clip it and send it to me, or drop me a note referring me to it.

After I find out what everyone else thinks, I'll tell you why they're wrong. They are, you know.

-- Terry Carr



REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

I confess that I don't see your point, Terry, that "fannish hoaxes shouldn't involve direct lies." If hoaxes are pleasant little pastimes and not reprehensible at all, then a few innocent white lies ought to be acceptable. On the other hand, if hoaxes are pernicious and reprehensible deceptions, then the lack of "direct lies" in their perpetration isn't going to help. The effect of a hoax carried out without the use of direct lies may be just as injurious as the effect of a less ingenious one based on blatant falsehoods. And after all, there are sins of omission as well as sins of commission; as I understand it, one has to suffer in hell for both, and that's as it should be.

Vainglory, ignorant patriotism, and chauvinism infuriate me more than almost anything, but in the case of United States citizens terming themselves "Americans," I am rather charitably inclined. After all, the term is used without any overt smugness and egocentricity, merely because no good noun meaning "United States citizen" has been invented. Along the same line, I note Pete's chiding of Walter Breen for failing to capitalize "Negro". I do this as a matter of course, but I wonder if this shabby pretense of showing respect means much to members of the race? I'm sure I would not be offended if "caucasian" were written that way, but maybe Negroes do require this sort of respect. As Elinor Busby says in CRY, "being a Negro is a way of life," and being a Caucasian is not. But it seems to me too many people are eager to show "respect" to the Negro or to God by capitalization and then fail completely to show respect to them in ways that would please them more. It's easy to capitalize a word, somewhat more difficult to accept the man the word stands for as a social equal.

I agree that Roark Bradford's Green Pastures wasn't offensive, although I'm not altogether sure that most Negroes feel that way. I remember studying this play in a college course in which there was one Negro with whom I was on fairly intimate terms, and I was eager to learn his attitude toward the play, but the subject never came up. He quit before the end of the quarter, and in receiving some books I'd lent him via a package he'd left with the instructor of the class, I learned that he was under the odd impression that my name was Red Grange! (I was flattered.)

I'm constantly befuddled at the value people put on the writings of such journalistic drudges as Harry Golden and Pierre Berton. The only reason I can think of for this softheadedness is that contrasted with most newspaper writers these people and a few others look like

geniuses. I remember reading John Crosby's TV column in the local paper years ago with great admiration, but recently I read a book called Out of the Blue, a collection of some of these columns, and found it the shabbiest sort of nonsense. In defense of the Goldenes, Bertons, and Crosbys, of course, one should point out that they manage to do a better than average job while writing for newspapers right up against a big black deadline. No fan writer has to meet such demands, and it's safe to say that Burbee's wit would run thin if he had to bat something out three or five times a week. Even a once-a-week deadline can be too dreadful; I find some mighty feeble work in various collections of E. B. White and Wolcott Gibbs. But I suspect a monthly deadline would be a boon to some fan writers who flog themselves into the fan den much too infrequently and would respond to the demand of a regular, widely spaced deadline. I'd like to see Burbee required to bang out something running 2,000 words every 30 days.

"Sun and Clap Happy": The nature notes on the first page of this section strike me as sappy and sentimental. Dismal little verses -- you inspire nothing but the sound of a belch. But the rest of it was quite a lot more palatable. The bluesque (!) of Walt Whitman was quite clever, and may be a trenchant comment on Whitman: suggesting that his own formulas were on the same level with wheat germ bread and 4-way vitamins. I speak as a very uncritical and slobbish admirer of Whitman, and I stoutly refuse to admit that this is the case, but it is a good point. I liked the comment on Dylan Thomas very much. Again a good point. Though I find the "proper inflection for his double-winged angel adjectives" in the sublimity of my pretty pink brains, if nowhere else than on Caedmon records. ((Yes, we have all of them. -tc)) Who was it -- Mencken? -- who said to mistrust any poet who used the word "cosmic" in his verses? I would add the word "profundities," although I'm not altogether sure that the word doesn't have ironies here, in the "sun and clap happy" poem, that I don't hear clanging in my mind's ear. Half-assimilated Gerard Manley Hopkins? "Amateur Headshrinker" is sharp as it stands, but possibly could have gone on to a more considered conclusion. All this merely to say you "hate" such a person? What's there could have been better honed, perhaps: "slimy" is a bad term. It's stooping to conquer. Please, let irony convey your dislike. One slip of this sort and you begin to lose command; pretty soon you're brimming with venom instead of verse. The two pastoral pomes ("One silent spring day" and "This morning I looked") are likeable, somehow. They are not, however, the sort of poetry I very often enjoy. The last three lines of "The very tick-tock second" suddenly begin to move despite a rather awful rhythm to my ear in the final line. I also liked the line "I stepped into my feet," but the line "The blues wailed away the world" spoils the whole thing. One cliché like that (borrowed stupidly from all the poetasters who have tried to describe the effect of jazz) and the whole poem turns to gravel. "The blues wailed away the world"? Tell it to Edgar A. Guest.

Is that bacover strip really by Rotsler? I thought it was by Andy Reiss, and I still think so.

Regarding fannish hoaxes: I wasn't trying to go into the matter of reprehensible ones. Buz had made some remarks about the ethics of using a pseudonym not entirely one's own to gain admission to FAPA sooner than one would otherwise; my remarks were more along the lines of "and what's more..." My point was that the Norris hoax was an

unsuccessful one, because it required direct lies to maintain it ("No, Morris is not a hoax."). Contrast this with, for instance, the Lee Hoffman hoax: would anyone consider that a good hoax had Leeh deliberately written, "I am a boy of 16"?

I agree about the efficacy of having a regular deadline which is not too frequent but not too lax either; in '57 and '58 I sweated every week to write a funny one-page editorial for the BARRINGTON BULL, but looking back on those editorials now I find that, in general, rather than causing my writing to be as obviously forced as it was, the constant practice developed a smoothly-flowing style. As for Burbee, he did a superb job knocking out editorials for the monthly Shaggy in the '40's.

Carol agrees with most of your criticisms of her poetry, and thanks you for the kind words otherwise. Personally, I rate the nature pomes among my favorites.

Yes, the bacover strip was by Rotsler.

--tc

My capitalization-request to Walter was partially a dig at Walter, but was mostly in line with what you say about Negroes requiring this sort of thing. As far as I'm concerned -- and I intend to be subjectively motivated in this direction -- this sort of an error indicates at least a latent misunderstanding of what it means to be a member of a mistreated minority, and therefore a slightly callous disregard for their feelings.

More interesting is your and Elinor's theory that being white is not a way of life whereas being Negro is. In the first place the existence of one way of life implies the existence of another. More importantly, your viewpoint I am afraid will be found only among whites; the white way of life is rather meticulously observed, coveted and now being demanded by some millions of Negroes. I saw an interesting comment recently -- I wish I could remember who said it -- to the effect that one of the qualities of the Negro revolution that will scare whites most will be the discovery that they are white.

--pg

GARY DEINDORFER, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, New Jersey

For a hastily put together issue this LIGHTHOUSE managed to come over as a rather interesting and entertaining magazine. Carol's stuff was particularly fine. More in this vein, please. †(That was a collection of stuff written over a period of five or more years; Carol writes poetry only sporadically, and it may be another five years before she has another batch ready. -tc)†

The fact that evidently one can make a Canadian angry by calling him to his face an American would seem to indicate that Canadians do not consider themselves as Americans, even though they are such. I just realized that The Ugly American is a rather grossly misnamed book, yet I haven't come across criticism of its title from non-United States Americans. By the way, Ruth Berman brings up a good point in her mc's for her SFAPAZine for this mailing, that while Hawaiians are indisputably citizens of the United States, they are definitely not Americans. What the hell are they to be called then, if one wants to be accurate when speaking in

reference to them?

One of my chief reasons for disliking church services is the deadly way the hymns are always sung. The Negro Protestant churches have it all over the Caucasian Protestant churches in this respect. There used to be a Sunday morning radio broadcast of services from a local Negro church which swung like maaad. It is not on any more, sadly enough. My only wish is that I had tape recorded some of the shows.

Dave's second "Berkeley Way" cartoon had some good lines in it; I was particularly gassed over Breen's suggestion for a "lathe-buffed asshole inspection." Haw.

Re Pete's comment to Raeburn concerning Berton's column: I am surprised that merely because the column reprint appearing in LE MOINDRE was not by Boyd but by a non-FAPAn that Pete is automatically disinterested in it. Does he judge a piece on its own merits or whom it is written by?

I would think of mental masturbation as being mental activity with no other end than that it provide gratification for its originator: such things as those Breen mentions in NULL-F #29 (doing crossword puzzles and the like) in addition to, it would seem to me, day dreaming. Just like the more well known masturbation I shouldn't think that it could rightly carry any shame attached to it; in fact, in that in its day dreaming aspect it frequently leads to worthwhile things, I should think it should almost be desirable. Of course, like regular masturbation, it can be psychologically harmful when done to great excess; I see no way to control it, though, at least in its day dreaming aspect. Anyway, I am guilty of it by my definition of it, and I think most fans probably are, too. I can't really accept Pete's definition of mental masturbation because self-interest would seem to be an overriding characteristic of an individual of a more fundamental nature than mere mental masturbation. What do you think on the subject, Terry? ((I think fanzines are left-handed reading. -tc))

I can well believe that Pete can visualize 8/16 of a grey ball easily, and would expect him to be able to, but I wonder if he is able to visualize 7/16 of a grey ball as an actual 7/16th or as something very close to one-half of a grey ball.

I can, but I have to mentally slice up the ball rather carefully into 2/4, then into 1/4 and 3/8 and 1/16.

As for Berton: in FAPA I'm interested in FAPA's, not newspaper columnists (of whom there are several better than Berton in NYC). I'm interested in what Boyd has to say because I know him; Berton I don't know, so I don't much care. I don't judge FAPA writing on how "good" it is; if I did I wouldn't stay a member. Would anyone?

--PG

Actually, credit for that line about a "lathe-buffed asshole inspection" should go to Lew Kovner, who shortly after Art Castillo had written his remarks in HABAKKUK criticizing Berkeley fandom's supposed bourgeoisness delivered a long satirical speech on the subject; I think this was recorded and sent to WSFA as part of the GGFS-WSFA taperespondence. Castillo's remarks were a source of great glee for several weeks in Berkeley, and we even had a song (to the tune of "Cigareets and Whiskey and Wild, Wild Woman") about "Lathe-Buffed Assholes and Waxy, Waxy Floors".

--tc

WTF

FAPA
(LAME)

JESUS
SAVES
you?

COMMUNIST
DRAGONS--
PETE
STOTER-'57

STEVE
STILES-'57

PE
NC
BI

KILL THE NIGGERS

