

lighthouse



published for fapa by pete graham and terry carr



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Minor Drag

..... Pete Graham

The Perforated Finger

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This is LIGHTHOUSE #9, August 1963, published for FAPA by Pete Graham (635 East Fifth Street, Apt. #8, New York 9, N. Y.) and Terry Carr (41 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.). Some copies are available for letters of comment, except that we usually forget until next year.

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minor drag

HOW WE PUT OUT LIGHTHOUSE: Through the media of the telephone and subway Terry and Carol and I are regularly in contact with each other. Invariably we discuss the day's doings. ("What's new?" "Nothing. What's new with you?") About every two months we relax this intense dialogue and discuss plans for the forthcoming LIGHTHOUSE. Terry says it's about time we began, and we agree and he begins work on his mailing comments. A couple of weeks pass and then it's time to decide on the artwork theme for the issue; this crisis passed, Terry works all that up and calls me back. Editorials must be written, I suggest, and Terry

forthwith gets his done. By now it is a week before the mailing and with all this activity I have become tired of working on this issue and am beginning plans for the next issue, or maybe the one after that. But inevitably I come over to Terry's and finish up what Terry in his limited competence has been unable to clear up himself -- that is to say, my material. Terry, in collaboration with Ted White, then takes the whole issue to press.

I say all this not simply to provide a riposte to Bob Lichtman's letter in this issue, but as an explanation for a bacover of a recent issue of LIGHTHOUSE. It showed a beanish looking neo examining a tenement wall covered with mottos and slogans, one of which was "FAPA (LANF)". We've received one or two queries as to what that meant (far fewer than we expected, actually). It was all a big mistake: there was supposed to be a section by me in that issue explaining all about LANT.

Briefly, it is a New York gang slogan. I'm sure it derived from set phrases such as "Man, that goes LANT" and has been appended to gang names to give the connotation of speed and power. Thus, inscriptions on buildings, subway doors, and bathroom walls such as "The Queens, LANT" or "Blackie the Wino, LANT" are frequent. It was most common last year, though it has been around for years and remains. The initials simply stand for "Like A Mother Fucker" except when one is speaking to a social worker; in that case they mean -- with a simpering grin -- "Let's All Make Friends."

I'M JUST A CHEAP GUY WORKING IN AN ORDINARY SHOP: That is, I was.

About last February I started working as a printer's helper in a shop run by a friend of mine. It was a small shop with three linotypes, a Ludlow head-casting machine, and several presses in back which I won't bore you all with. The last issue of Lthse was put out there after I'd been there about three months, and I was rather pleased with its appearance and the ease with which it came out. I have nothing but respect, of course, for hand-setters such as Danner and Willis, but now that I've become accustomed to the linotype you couldn't catch me setting more than a single line of type by hand, and display only at that. This latter method is the means by which we have the headings in the present issue

(that, plus Gestafaxing). About the middle of July I left that employ to work on the March On Washington for Jobs and Freedom, but that's another story.

THE LINE OF THE MARCH: Two days before the DC Convention over Labor Day -- I place it thus in time in order to be sure it fits into the frame of reference of some FAPAns -- well over 100,000 people will assemble in Washington as a means of demanding social justice in America. I have a special interest in this subject other than my usual concern and activity in the civil rights and radical movements: as mentioned just above, I'm a member of the March staff in the national headquarters here in New York. My function might best be described as office manager: I'm responsible for the physical problems connected with the administration of the March in New York, the coordination of volunteer help, most purchasing, and the distribution of literature. From the middle of July until the March itself, on August 28, I have been and will be working about 14 hours a day on a six or seven day week. I had thought of putting a few paragraphs in this issue about the whole matter, but Terry encouraged me to do a little more than that, and I'm certainly willing enough.

I'm assuming you've been reading the papers and are familiar with the high quantity of civil rights demonstrations since the fracas in Birmingham this spring, and the high level of the demands that have been raised by these demonstrations. You are aware, too, that the demonstrations are now reaching into areas of the North and West that have not been significantly penetrated before. In the South, Birmingham initiated a great series of demonstrations across the southern states; in addition, quietly and without publicity, many cities acceded to the Birmingham-type demands being raised in other cities: notably and mainly, the formation of bi-racial committees to discuss and attempt to resolve points of dispute. In the North, beginning in Philadelphia just before and during the Birmingham demonstrations, many cities have seen demonstrations which, as seldom before, have involved real grass-roots community participation in serious clashes with city authorities.

In the small towns and rural areas of the South, Negroes are pressing more militantly than ever before for the elimination of overtly racist laws and customs; in the North and in the few large industrial Southern cities, the demonstrations have revolved around a central issue that has been raised on a large scale for the first time: jobs.

Without jobs in the South, opening a downtown restaurant or a department store to Negroes makes little difference to them: few of them have the money to patronize them. Without jobs with decent wages, almost no Negroes can travel on interstate busses (one of the great weaknesses of the Freedom Rides and the reason they gained almost no active local support). Similarly in the North: as long as the jobs with reasonable wages are withheld from Negroes, as they are today, they cannot live in decent homes, move to areas with good schools, or afford the many small items which make the difference between existing and living.

Thus in Birmingham the issue that most aroused the working-class Negroes was the question of jobs in downtown businesses. (And one of

the reasons for the Sunday riot, in addition to the vicious provocations of the Alabama state police which were discouraged even by the Birmingham city police, was the frustration felt by those working-class Negroes in the face of an agreement which was considerably more satisfactory to the better-off Negroes than to themselves.) And in New York demonstrations are now going on in dozens of locations by Negroes attempting to force the building trades unions to integrate their memberships.

But with the Negro demand for jobs arises an immediate problem: the unemployment situation which runs rampant in this country. The official figure is around five million unemployed, somewhere around 5% of the work force. (Parenthetically, there is no Western European country which would tolerate an unemployment rate of over one or two percent: when Britain's unemployment rate rose to something like 1.5% this spring, there were riots in front of Parliament.) In addition, the American unemployment figures mask the real totals: they count only those on the unemployment rolls. Persons who have exhausted their unemployment benefits are placed in the category of "unemployable" and are not counted; neither are those such as migrant workers, laundry workers, domestics, or the others whose wages are not covered by unemployment insurance; nor are those who are working part-time in the only job they can get even though their family needs are for much more.

And an employment recession for whites, such as exists today, is a depression for Negroes. An interesting fact about the Negro situation in the U.S. today is that any economic fact about whites can be applied to Negroes by a factor of two. Unemployment for Negroes is at twice the level of that for whites (around 10% by the official figures), and the expected earnings of Negroes are half those of whites over a lifetime.

So when Negroes start pressing for jobs, and good ones at that, they are pushing into a situation where the jobs simply do not exist for whites; if a Negro wants a job he must push a white out of it and prevent another white from getting it. This obviously can only make enemies out of whites and out of the white labor movement, still one of the civil rights movement's best allies. In addition, it's obviously not a healthy economic situation. What kind of society is it where over ten million people live in poverty and are jobless in the midst of the greatest plenty the world has ever known?

The leaders of the civil rights movements have understood this and are taking commensurate action; in conjunction with leaders of the union movement and leaders in the religious community, they have organized a March On Washington for Jobs and Freedom. One of the flyers for the March will be in this mailing, so I won't list all the names here. Generally speaking the aim of the March is simple: the Federal Government must take immediate action to provide jobs for all Americans, black and white, and must further take steps to eliminate the existing racial bars in the South. Again, the leaflet lists some of these subsidiary demands and I won't go into them here. The most important, as I've made clear, is the demand for jobs now for all Americans. Without jobs, the Negro movement will increasingly run into conflict with the white community, for they will be competing for the small number of jobs that now are available to anyone. Without

jobs, millions of people of both colors are, simply, deprived; and the civil rights movement has taken on itself an understanding that for it to succeed, America must be a just society for all men, and in addition that such a just society for white and black men is in itself desirable. The civil rights movement is for all Americans, not just Negroes.

The Federal Government can do a great deal in this area, as it has before. A Federal works program to build dams, hospitals, schools and housing is not only desirable for the jobs it will create, but for itself. Again, the society is capable of making a decent life common for everyone -- and yet it is not. The existing resources are not being used for the benefit of all, and show no signs of being so used, except at the insistence of the civil rights and labor movements. A tax cut would release more money for consumer use and would in itself create jobs and a greater taxable base. A medicare program would take much of the burden off many people who can today barely afford their own medical care, and would make such care available to the millions who simply cannot. Deficit spending is tolerated for America's military needs; why not for our domestic needs as well?

There is a quality that 100,000 people in one place possess that lobbying and demands by leaders simply cannot match. As Arthur Krock has pointed out in the New York Times, Kennedy has reversed his whole attitude toward demonstrations; what Krock did not point out was that Kennedy was forced to make this change by the movement's developments. Kennedy's change of attitude toward the March -- his original opposition to the concept of the March is as well known as his public statement welcoming it -- is only one example of the force such a mass of people has. These people are making the largest demonstration ever held in the capital; they are doing it non-violently and asking only for the rights guaranteed under the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. And yet they are thought of by many as a major threat to the government, as though they were going to take power or something. In a way the Neanderthals who feel this way are right: these 100,000 people are a threat to the existing government. They are going to be a tremendous impetus toward moving the civil rights legislation that Kennedy has proposed and creating more meaningful laws; and when they go home they will be an active force in their home communities which will inevitably show up in Congressional elections -- particularly and immediately in the South but also in the North.

I don't know much more that I can say about it. I expect to be at the Discon a few days later -- barring unforeseen developments right after the March -- and I'll be happy to debate and discuss any of these points with any of you. I'll be happier if you're basically friendly to the whole idea, but I'd be glad to debate the whole business with you too, Bob Leman.

Next issue: father love.

AND THEN I'LL WRITE: What with all this interest and experience in the civil rights movement, and with my budding interest in writing, I'm thinking of writing a novel on the whole question. (I really am interested in writing; just a month ago I suggested to TEW and TCarr that we have a writers' group to work on writing and read each other's material and all. The Brooklyn Heights

Literary Guild, Pot Cheese and Kvetching Society has had two meetings now; I'd tell you what happened at them but I wasn't at either one.)

My novel will revolve around the struggle of a young integration-ist opportunist within the structure of one of the great civil rights organizations. Eventually he is in charge of their Legal and Tactical division but suffers some sort of decline and fall. I think I shall call it WALLORD OF CORE.

This will of course take place after my marriage. I have discovered that marriage immediately makes one very popular and gains one many new friends. I am sure this will happen with me as well, and I'm even now planning to publish a ballad to celebrate this happy event. It will be called "Everybody Knows You When You're Up And In."

-- Pete Graham

Not every Victorian advertiser, by a long way, was willing to yield the composition of his advertisements to an agent. The most eccentric, the most obstinately "different" advertisements in late Victorian magazines (and for a long time afterwards) were those personally devised by the founder of Eno's Fruit Salts. Three-quarters of his space would be taken up by high-flown quotations on the theme of man's unconquerable mind, from the ancient and modern philosophers. The underlying thesis (as far as it was distinguishable) was the sin of allowing the human intellect to be harnessed to a sluggish gut; but often the quotations came so thickly and haphazardly that it was impossible to trace a continuity of thought behind them. Now and again the compiler would throw in an uplifting poem which had taken his fancy, and he kept an artist busy drawing scenes in which lost wanderers stumbled into forest glades and found words like "Integrity" mysteriously carved on the rocks, or in which seated graybeards solemnly drew the attention of milkmaids to moral phrases graven on the ground before them. Sometimes the descent from the cloudless peaks of the intellect to the mucous walls of the intestinal canal was achieved almost in one sentence. For a generation the strong-minded founder of the firm fought off any suggestion that he should "modernize" his announcements. Today his commodity is advertised, like all the others, with the aid of pretty girls.

-- E. S. Turner, in
THE SHOCKING HISTORY OF ADVERTISING!

Eddie Condon, the jazzman, whose famed hangover cure begins, "Take the juice of two bottles of scotch," is ailing. Condon refused to heed his doctor's advice to quit drinking. His wife drew up a list of his musician friends who'd died from drinking -- and the next time the bandleader sipped, she shoved the list under his nose. "Every one of 'em's dead," she said.

Condon read the list. His only comment was, "They haven't got a drummer."

-- New York Post

...the ancients were content to explain the phenomenon of speech as a ready-made gift from the gods, the identity of the divine bestower varying from one geographical location to the next -- in Egypt, Thoth; in India, Indra; in Palestine, Yahweh; in Greece, Hermes; and so on. Modern enquiry, it need hardly be said, unhesitatingly rejects all such naive and improbable notions, and leaves the question of origin unanswered, though by no means unguessed at. Thus, according to what has been somewhat jocularly termed the Pooh-pooh theory, man's first meaningful words were uttered instinctively, and thereafter came to symbolize the particular situation which gave rise to them. The Onomatopoeitic (alias the Bow-wow) theory, on the other hand, holds that primitive speech resulted from attempts to imitate animal and other sounds, while advocates of the so-called Yo-ho-ho theory would have us believe that undue muscular exertion, by provoking heavy breathing, caused an involuntary vibration of the human vocal chords...

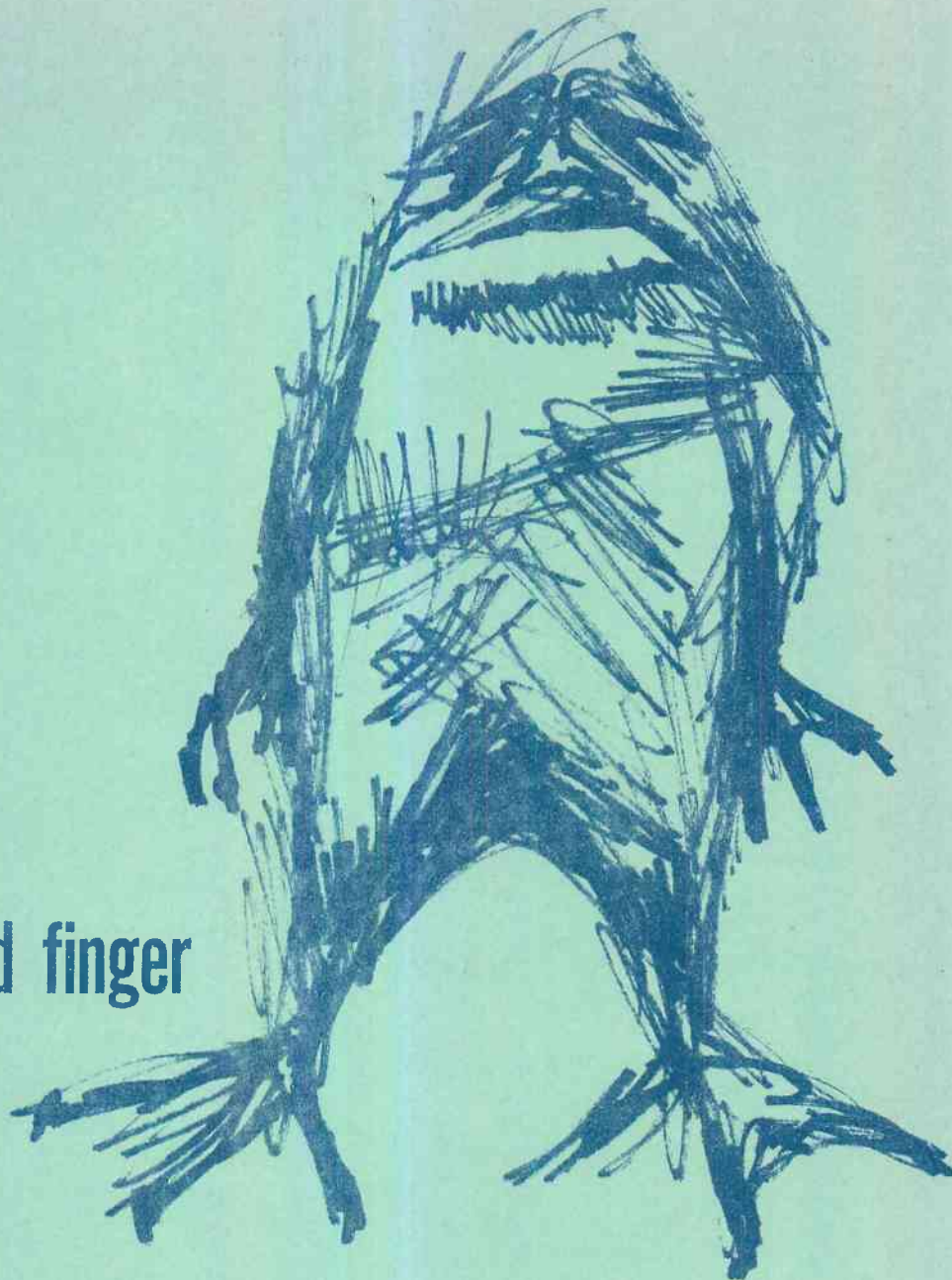
-- P. E. Cleator, in LOST LANGUAGES

TV is a wonderful aid to education. As proof I offer an answer given by a student to a question in a local English class. The question: "Who wrote 'A Tale of Two Cities'?" The answer: "Fenster."

-- letter in TV Guide

the perforated finger

by WALT WILLIS



The other day I started to walk to America. And the day after I abandoned the attempt the FAPA mailing came, and in COCKATRICE I read "A Letter From Jean" where she describes walking out on a lonely shore at ebb tide in Massachusetts. To me at the moment there is something poignant in the thought of us two fans walking towards one another on the opposite fringes of the Atlantic, unknown to each other but nearer than any other people on the two continents.

But of course the concept is littoral rather than literal, for Jean's letter looks as if it were written in winter: whereas I am on my holidays here on the West Coast of Ireland in June.

We are staying in a farmhouse in a place called Castle Darcy, near Lahinch, County Clare, and next weekend we are moving to another little place further down the coast called Ballyheigue, near Tralee. (yes, where the rose arose.) We picked this region for what seemed quite logical reasons at the time, but I sometimes wonder if we were not

motivated by some deep subconscious urge. For one thing here on the Southwest coast we are about as near to America as we can get without leaving Ireland, and for another we are quite near Shannon Airport, from where we left last August for New York. On our way to Ballyheigue on Sunday we will pass the airport and we shall certainly drive in and show the children the big plane on which we flew to America. It will be exciting to be just five hours away from New York again.

We shall just miss President Kennedy, who will have left from Shannon the day before at the end of his visit to Ireland. Unless of course he has by then already called on us. I cherish this secret thought that perhaps JFK is really a science fiction fan -- after all who but a fan would have spent all that money to get to the Moon -- and that while we are playing with the kittens in the yard on Saturday afternoon after lunch a motorcade will draw up in the lane, and a cordon of FBI men will surround Mr. O'Dwyer's farm, and the President will nip in for a few minutes' chat about what's happening to WARHOOD. After he's gone the reporters will descend on me, but I will be firm and reserved. "The President and I," I will say calmly, "discussed matters of common interest. They were of a confidential nature, but I am able to say that agreement was reached on a question of international significance. I have no further comment to make at this time."

I only hope the reporters don't interview the children, and find that the kittens are called Jack and Nikita. It's bad enough that they are illegal immigrants, having been smuggled across the border drugged in a basket. The children didn't want to leave them behind so we went to the vet and got some tablets guaranteed to put them to sleep for the ten hour journey so that the children could nurse them on their knees -- a sort of catalaptic trance, you might say -- but they didn't work too well. It just made them drunk: as lively as ever, but incapable. We stopped halfway for a picnic, in a field outside Mullingar, and let them loose. It was a ludicrous and pathetic sight to see those two kittens helplessly burlesquing their own feline grace.

The weather here has been cloudy and cold, another way in which this holiday differs completely from last year's, but that has given us an opportunity to explore the country. If any of you are coming to London in '65 by way of Shannon, it would be well worth your while to have a look round here. Just north of us, at the end of two miles of golden sand, are the Cliffs of Moher, known in mythology as The Great Wall of Thomond, where on a windy day you can hurl quite a large stone out to sea and watch it stop in midair and come whizzing back over your head.

At the other end of the cliffs there is another strand which would gladden the heart of Bjo, Boyd and other beach buffs. Great black cliffs on one side, then a mile of sand and surf, and a tidal pool in the sand like a natural swimming bath, and sand dunes covered with short grass and wild flowers. And at the other end a strange rocky shore, where the land falls in shelves to the sea, the rock so flat you could drive a car along it but honeycombed with little round holes as if bubbling lava had suddenly been cooled. There are also hidden fissures, so that holes yards from the sea will suddenly fill and empty with water after each great wave. This is the fringe of The Burren, the nearest thing Ireland has to a desert. It's a strange wild region of limestone slopes, where rivers appear and disappear bewilderingly so that the map looks as if drawn by a drunken cartographer, and full of

prehistoric remains. We found a prehistoric fort ourselves that wasn't even marked. At least it looked like a fort, so we gave it the benefit of the redoubt.

Then there's another little thing which will appeal to Boyd. No longer will I have to complain on my death bed, "And I never had enough wild strawberries." Three days ago I had enough wild strawberries, with whipped cream. We found them on the embankment of the old West Clare Railroad...single track, narrow gauge, abandoned three years ago. This may be the last appearance this famous railroad will make in literature. It's the only railroad which ever sued a popular song for libel. It was the subject of Percy French's ballad "Are ye right there Michael are ye right," all about how the fireman used to have to get out and dig more peat for the engine and everything, and the railway company sued the composer. The case was heard quite near here in a town served by the railroad, and one day it had to be adjourned because a witness from Dublin did not arrive. The train was late. Guess who won the case?

Talking of libel suits unhappily reminds me of fandom. I see in NULL-F a cloud no bigger than a fan's foot which seems to presage one of those feuds which could have been avoided by mailing a first-draft. There is no doubt that it is a terrible thing for a contributor to CRY to be dropped from the mailing list without explanation, but as a subzine editor myself I can understand it. These things happen. What we are up against, friends, is not the cold shoulder of hostility but the dead hand of bureaucracy. When you are writing out mailing labels your mind goes blank and you can cut off your nearest and dearest friends without noticing it. Why we published an issue of HYPHEN just before we left and Madeleine told me our readership had dropped to 160, whereas I know quite well that there are at least 200 people entitled to HYPHEN for subbing, contributing or just old times sake. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find when we get back that we have unwittingly dropped James White and Chuck Harris. And from personal experience I know that even a fanzine of the stature of LIGHTHOUSE has dropped from the mailing list a fan from whom they had commissioned a regular column, so that he had to travel quite a distance to New York to get his copies.

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In the last mailing I particularly appreciated:

Gail Daniels' account of the Blinking Mink.

Nancy Leman's letter, which was so good I think her daddy must have helped her a little.

F. H. Busby's comments on drunk driving. Having devoted my official life for the last six years to road safety I cannot express how I agree with his view that drunk driving is not to be generally reprovod. The same applies, I am sure all the gun buffs in FAPA will agree, to the harmless habit of leaving loaded guns about the house and pointing them playfully at people. Sure a few people are killed now and then, but to condemn the habit 100% is as Duz points out pretty ridiculous when you consider how many times they are not.

Elinor's perceptive comments about TAFF. It is quite true that at first British fandom regarded campaigning for TAFF as rather like applying for the Victoria Cross, but we've got over it now. What on

earth is a Glamour Stretcher? A rack for girls who want to be willowy?

Every parodyable word of THE RAMBLING FADS.

Brown on Stanbery.

Hailing comments by Warner, Carr, Graham, Ballard, Busbys, White, Dreen and Deindorfer -- though I wish I'd seen the nailing they were commenting on.

Nearly everything by Doggs.

-- Walt Willis

I was not alone in my imperfect sympathy with Bernard Shaw. Many others on meeting him formed the opinion that he was not their dream man. When he resigned from the Dramatists Club, the comment of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, its president, that "Mr. Shaw's resignation is as nothing compared with ours" was received with loud applause. Arnold Bennett in his diaries gives the impression that he did not care for him much, and he cannot have endeared himself very greatly to Joseph Conrad when he opened a conversation with him by saying, "You know, your stuff really won't do, my dear fellow."

-- P. G. Wodehouse, in AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

...even in the age of Cheops, the embalming process took several months, as we know from written evidence. We are told that 272 days passed between the death and burial of his grandchild Queen Meres-ankh III. Again, when the American archaeologist George Reisner discovered the tomb of Cheops' mother, Queen Hetepheres, though the body was missing the alabaster vessel containing her viscera was still in place and in one of the canopic compartments liquid embalming fluid was still preserved. These internal organs together with the queen's gold throne, silver anklets, make-up box, and other equipment can still be inspected in the Cairo Museum -- an intriguing juxtaposition of mortality and vanity.

-- Leonard Cottrell, in LOST WORLDS

It must be emphasized that witchcraft is a dangerous procedure. ... Neither the author nor the publishers of this book can take responsibility of mysterious disappearances, diabolical possession, fright at ghastly apparitions, the sudden appearance of an additional teat among female practitioners, or any financial loss incurred by trying to cheat Satan. A few simple rules are herewith offered. They should be followed rigorously.

1. Never try to argue with a fiend: they are masters of logic.
2. Never trust Satan's word except in a Court of Law upon oath.
3. Know your spells. Do not confuse necromancy with love spells, as embarrassing results may ensue.
4. Know your victims. In avenging yourself upon an enemy, remember that voodoo dolls will work for some, but you must use Egyptian curses with others.
5. Keep your retorts, alembics, furnaces, brooms, vials, and wands in a state of perfect cleanliness and ready for instant use. A handy wall rack should be constructed for these.
6. Make certain that your herbs, simples, potions, and poisons are very carefully labelled. Do not attempt to use the same potion twice but always mix a new batch. Herbs should be kept in a dark, cool place.
7. Accuracy is essential in all your proceedings. If a poison calls for ten scruples of wolfbane be certain that you use exactly ten scruples -- no more, no less.
8. Never mistreat or insult your Familiar Spirit. Demons are extremely sensitive and rarely possess a sense of humor.

-- Robert Goldston, in SATAN'S DISCIPLES

A daring act of the Count must be mentioned. He was cut off for some time with several of his men by the Slavs. He made a charge, and took six of them prisoner. When, on this account, the other Slavs thronged in on him savagely, forcing him to ride back to the army, he commanded that the eyes of some of the captives be torn out, and the feet of others cut off and the noses and hands of the rest mutilated. So the pursuers were delayed by sight of the captives, and by grieving at their suffering, while the Count was able to escape unharmed with his companions. And in this way, by God's mercy, he was delivered from the agony of death and the hazard of that place.

-- the chaplain Raymond, quoted by Harold Lamb
in THE CRUSADES

MAILING COMMENTS

looking backward

BY PETE GRAHAM



CELLIOPHANE HEAVENS and COCKATRICE #4: Redd Doggs
Redd, what are you doing? What are you doing?

AKKAD #1: Bob Silverberg

I think that after this the only thing you can put through FADA is a ten-dollar bill to each of us. I don't believe the fact that they do not have identical serial-numbers will matter.

FANTASY AMATEUR: Officialdom

What's this about "the North American continent and its island possessions"? "Pity to see Pike go." "Nice to see Norm Clarke get recognition as Best Humorist. I think he's much funnier than Gary Deindorfer, Terry.

BULL MOOSE: Bill Morse

What does it mean to say a type-face looks good in a certain usage because it has "no hairlines to be lost in the printing"? The phrase makes no sense. A hairline results when the letter-matrices are old or unclean; they do not butt up against one another tightly enough and the hot lead squirts between them and gives a small line between the letters when the line is printed. How can they be "lost in the printing"? Or maybe you mean the descenders and ascenders (such as ypg, hbd)?

SERCON'S BAME #16: Ed Busby

The only nicknames I have ever had that I can remember are "Paul"

and "Petus Petus", or "Petus". The latter derived from my college days. In my dorm I lived--in Barrington, yes--with three other guys in a suite of 3 rooms; all three were taller than my six feet two inches. So I became yclept "Tiny" after L'il Abner's younger brother, and that soon changed somehow to "Petus Petus". A girl I knew then and only just recently met again still calls me Petus. I think she's being friendly. The first nickname I suppose isn't properly a nickname. In the print shop I worked in for the past six months was an oldish sort of guy who somehow thought my name was Paul when we were introduced. For some obscure reason I never disabused him of this and took some pleasure in having him call me Paul.

TARGET: FAPA: Richard Iney

I've never read any of the "cyclic-history crowd" but from my understanding of them I would agree with your estimate of them (although I must say "full of prunes" is not too scientifically precise for my taste). Perhaps my understanding of Toynbee is a bit vulgar. But I can see no basis for drawing the conclusion from the rise and fall of previous societies that a contemporary civilization must follow the same pattern. I myself do not see this rise and fall as such a sharply visible rule in past history; what is more common is social evolution, with new societies building on old ones. I have no intention of discouraging femmefen from snogging at cons. I intend, as a matter of fact, to do all I can to further the practice. My outlook involves the closest possible intertwining of theory and practice; I will be happy to deal with this question at the Discon.

PHLOTSAM: Phyllis Economou

Nine years ago she entered, and now she leaves. It is strange how some attitudes in FAPA persist, perhaps because of the extended period between communication. Since Phyllis came in 2 or 3 years after I did, I thought and still think of her as a new member. She quotes Ted White in order to disagree with him. "One's circumstances in life determine one's outlook." I find that amusing; you ol' Marxist, Ted. Actually, while the statement is basically true, there is some point in emphasizing the converse as well; the two develop simultaneously, with outlook influencing circumstance as well; but the fundamental reality is best expressed briefly by that statement.

VANDY #18: Juanita Coulson

Just wanted to note that the cover drawing is a very nice job.

I have a note here to mention to Tom Clarke that it's a pity that he isn't in this mailing; and that I'm looking forward to getting his annual card. For the last two years, you see, he has sent me a postcard with a signature to my reinstatement petition. That I haven't had the need for a petition doesn't faze him; he just wants to have me prepared.

I hope this past mailing will put a stop to the complaints about the cumbersome size of the large mailings. I have often heard it said that the old mailings may have been smaller, but by ghod there was more of quality in them and these large mailings had so much that wasn't worth reading. The latter may be true, but I found that this past small mailing had very little worth reading. Better larger, but better.

-- Pete Graham

Come here, my dear
To me you are
A silver star, a green leaf
How decadent, a green leaf
Come here, my dear
Sit by me
Sing to me
A Dyer-Bennett ballad
While I listen soft
You sound like
A yellow bird, my dear
How queer it seems
To see you here
By my side
Singing Dyer-Bennett ballads
Come here, my love
To me you are
A faraway minstrel, a purple petal
How poetic, a purple petal
Come here, my love
Sit by me
Sing to me
Of a breeze, of a lamb
While I listen sweet
You look like
A velvet trumpeteer
How strange it seems
To see you here
By my side
Singing of breezes and lambs

-- Carol Carr



MAILING COMMENTS by TERRY CARR

comments on comments on comments on ...

SALUD #16: Elinor Busby

I liked your comments under SPINNAKER REACH very much -- those on the Age of Grokking, I mean. Though that's undoubtedly too strong a term for it -- our tolerance for, let alone our understanding of, foreign cultures is nowhere near the grokking stage yet.

"To me ('The Star') was a naive & shallow story that thought itself VERY DARING " That was exactly my reaction to the story when I first read it in Infinity, Elinor, but when I reread it last year I found myself very impressed with it. Am I getting soppy and sentimental in my old age? (Hah.)

I have been taking you seriously too often lately, haven't I? I apologize. (But you've mentioned which sign people were born under so often of late, Elinor, that I still kind of wonder why. If you don't believe in it, why do you notice it all the time?)

SERCON'S BANE #16: F. H. Busby

"How about knocking out the shibboleth of school-then-work? ... Why can't (a kid) go to work for a while if he wishes, full or part-time, and return to school any time he needs to know something more...? This would be even more of a radical social change than you probably intended, Buz, since at present our family responsibility-structure calls for parents to support their children through high school and maybe college (optional), but as soon as he's out of school and working he's considered on his own, an adult in the full familial sense, and he can only go back to school by saving his own money for this purpose. What you're advocating is a continuing responsibility on the part of parents for their children's support whenever needed -- and concomitant

with that, it seems to me, would be an emotional dependence on the part of the children lasting too far into adulthood (or rather, preventing adulthood in the emotional sense). Or am I being short-sighted? -- after all, not so many decades ago most kids were wage-earners in their teens, and we seem to have extended their financial/-emotional dependence on parents without too much bad effect.

I dunno. Tell Me Your Plan, Buz.

"The ideal FA would have the mailing listed on the front and the roster on the back, using microelite if necessary; all else is less often referred to and can go inside OK." Yes, by god!

I have a checkmark here to grouch at you for your remarks about how we shouldn't condemn pixilated drivers since so many of them don't cause accidents very often, but I'm going to pass it by because (a) Willis dealt with it nicely in his comments, and (b) I'm afraid you may be joking. I sure hope so.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR LEAN-TO: Enoy & Calkins

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE was one of my productions, not Jean Rose's. And besides, it came out in '61, not '62. Oh well, it makes no difference in the total standings...I point it out merely in the interests of accuracy (or "nitpicking").

ANKUS #7: Bruce Pelz

My petition wasn't a FADA postmailing: it went to only 50 people.

I also have a note here to gripe about the term "bleedinghearts" which you and Walter Breen and one or two others seem to have become so enamoured of lately. Since when is concern for the rights of others an object of scorn? (Particularly when an abuse of someone else's rights can lead directly to an abuse of one's own?)

PHILOTSAM: Phyllis Economou

If the statement, "One's outlook on life always determines one's circumstances" is indeed "the greatest philosophical truth I know," then I guess we won't be missing any great philosophical truths by your exit, Phyllis.

But I'll miss the fine chatter.

LET'S THROW REDD BOGGS IN THE POOL: LA Faps

Bjo, your page reminded me to tune in Hootenanny a few times in the past couple of months, but I'm afraid I haven't been terribly impressed. Some of it is pleasant -- I like kitch folksinging too -- but a show whose idea of the Greatest in folksinging is The Limelickers is bound to fall a trifle short of being completely satisfactory... particularly when this value-system causes people like Leon Bibb and The Clancey Brothers to get only walk-ons.

One of the most embarrassing things I've ever seen on television or anywhere (by the way, did you know that when Anthony Quinn made his first appearance in a play he went through the entire first act before discovering his fly was unzipped?) was the spectacle that occurred on one Hootenanny when The Limelickers called for ad-lib couplets from the audience to go with their rendition of "Hey li-lee li-lee-lo": a rather incredible freshman girl stood up and giggled out, "The Limelickers are ree-al cool,/And they've come to the best school." That literally sent a chill down my back.

Another negative factor about Hootenanny is the rather obvious attempt they make in each show to present an ersatz Joan Baez. (Joan Baez, of course, refuses to go on the show because they've barred Pete Seeger due to his leftist sentiments.) The substitutes they've

rung in for her on the shows I've seen have been Pretty Poor.

But I'll certainly agree with your sentiment that the show is worthwhile at least as a start. I just wish I had the slightest hope that it would get any better even if it caught on and stayed on the air.

TARGET: FAPA: Dick Eney

You've misquoted me (or misinterpreted me, rather) on the subject of your conreport, but I think this subject is getting dull, don't you? Let's drop it, and when we see each other at the Discon we can kick each other in the shins or something.

And though I still think your reasoning on reprint-permission (or lack of same) for A SENSE OF FAPA is faulty, I won't pursue that either, because my own practices in the past have been a bit questionable. It's just that I knew it.

TORRENTS: Nancy Rapp

Those Italians are nuts -- Venetian blinds on the outside of the window? How do you peek at your neighbors?

NULL-F: Ted White

Since Ted brought it up in print, I just want to go on record as being not at all hurt or shocked that I was dropped from CRY's mailing list. I hadn't contributed any material in months and months, I'd been carried on the mailing list for quite as long as anyone could have expected, and the Busbys had every reason to stop sending me issues. What's more, during all the time I was writing "Fandon Harvest" for CRY there wasn't a single change in my columns -- or at least none that were noticeable to me. (I except here one particular piece I wrote for CRY which Buz thought was too strong and took the trouble of rewriting top-to-bottom and sending me his draft as an example of the direction he'd suggest for a rewrite. I did a final draft which leaned slavishly on Buz's powers of rhetoric.) All this is not to say, of course, that you didn't get done a bit dirty, Ted ...it's just that I've got no gripes on my part.

Walter, as far as I know Yna Sumac's real name was/is Yna Sumac -- the story that she was really Amy Camus from Brooklyn strikes me as so neat that it must be apocryphal. (This reminds me that some friends of ours have a beautiful Siamese cat named Birikit, but her nasal Siamese voice has led them to telling people that she's really just Sara Katz from Brooklyn.)

I really fail to see why so many people, waitlisters and members alike, are so concerned to see the waiting list move -- i.e., to see FAPA members get thrown out. I like the membership pretty well, and as others have said, if waitlisters want to join a group composed of other waitlisters, they don't have to wait to get into FAPA to do it. Let's keep the membership we have -- it's a pretty good group.

UNABASHED EGOBOO

This was a damnsnall mailing, but there were still a few items which gassed me. To wit:

- 1) "Curds and Goster Meal" by Bob Leman in THE VINEGAR WOMEN #5.
- 2) "Supersquirrel" by Djo in ANKUS #7.
- 3) "Parnassus on Jets" by Redd Boggs in COCKATRICE #4.
- 4) "War With The Rosbifs" by Dick Eney in TARGET: FAPA.

-- Terry Carr



tailgate

ramble

'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!: The announcement a few months ago that the fans in Los Angeles had decided to withdraw their bid for the '64 worldcon had me chuckling for days and days. This wasn't just because I was glad to see the field left clear for Berkeley's bid, though that was gratifying enough (particularly since I'm in New York). The real reason had to do with the entire background of the campaign for the '64 con, and the utter irony of LA's dropping out at almost the last minute.

I don't know how well known the story which follows is to fans generally and LA fans in particular -- I have a feeling that by now it's probably been told by word-of-mouth pretty often -- but so far I haven't seen it in print. So, for the record, here's the true story of how Berkeley came to bid for next year's convention:

It started early in 1961, as I recall, when Los Angeles' bid for the '64 con had been announced and a campaign in fanzines was just getting into swing. Up in Berkeley, we were busy with plans for the '61 Westercon, and the more problems that came up, the more hassles that developed, then the more we were glad that bighod we weren't asking for the work of a world convention too. Still, as LA's bid began to gather momentum, a feeling seemed to be building in Berkeley that LA was havint it too easy. Where was the excitement of the campaign, the grass-roots backing for this city or that, the up-to-the-last-minute suspense about who would be hosting the convention? Where was the back-slapping and smoke-filled-room politicking? Besides, LA had had the last California worldcon in '58: traditionally speaking, wasn't it our turn?

Well, as I've said, we didn't want the convention -- but another factor came into play here which is sort of interesting: the historical rivalry between the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas. Residents of these two cities have been casting aspersions back and forth like spells ever since Los Angeles, back around the turn of the century, got big enough to challenge San Francisco's position in the California pecking order, and the rivalry seems to have carried over into fandom. Having devoted several months to reading up on San Francisco fan history (for a series of articles which I may yet write if I can ever get my sources together in New York), I can say pretty definitely that there's always been friction between the two camps, from Kepner and Ebey in the early '40's right up to the present.

The fans in Berkeley had the feeling that Something Should Be Done to challenge LA's bid, but nobody was sure just what to do -- after all, bidding for that '64 con just for the sake of rivalry would be closely

akin to cutting off one's nose to spite his face. And at a late-night party I got a brainstorm, which I put forth to several of Berkeley's finest.

"Why don't we put in a fake bid?" I asked. "The mere fact that we announce a bid doesn't mean we can't drop out later...lots of bids have been withdrawn in the past. We can start a campaign going and beat the drums in fanzines and so on, and really keep LA on its toes. Then at the last minute, we withdraw the bid and let LA have the convention. Nobody likes an unchallenged con-bid -- they're dull. This way we can get some fun into the campaign, and still not get stuck with the con itself."

Several people liked the idea, and there was general perking up all around. "We'll need a slogan," someone said. "Preferably something militant, so it'll sound like we're really after the con come hell or high water."

We mulled this over for awhile, and finally I suggested "'64 Frisco or Fight!" A few people (including me) had reservations about that, because "Frisco" isn't exactly accepted in the Bay Area as a proper nickname -- there's a pleasant conceit among San Francisco traditionalists that "Frisco" was the brawling, largely lawless city which burned down in nineteen-and-ought-six, and that a more dignified and respectable San Francisco rose from the ashes. However, we also knew that despite San Franciscans' antipathy toward the nickname, it was common elsewhere, so for the purposes of our slogan it would do nicely. Everybody nodded and more beers were opened, and the party went on.

When I got up the next day I didn't think too much about it -- the fake-bid idea had seemed like a wizard wheeze to discuss at a party, but these things seldom get carried out. More and more in the following weeks, though, people kept asking when we were going to start the campaign, and it became evident that most Berkeleyites did want to go ahead with the idea. We had more party-talks about it, during which we worked out the details. We figured we'd carry the bid right up to the '63 convention's business session. When the floor was thrown open for bids for the '64 con, someone from Berkeley would make it a point to be first up to the podium. He'd give a laudatory speech about the efficacy of the city for which he was bidding ("The con committee is composed of respected, capable fans who have worked long and hard...a popular convention city...Chamber of Commerce has promised...") -- and he'd culminate his speech by nominating Los Angeles.

Oh, it would be a riot.

However, as our plans got more and more concrete it began to occur to me that this fake-bid bit wasn't too fair to the Los Angeles fans. Keeping them on their toes was fine, of course, but the fact remained that a convention bid, particularly in a contested race, can cost money in terms of parties and free liquor and extra campaign propaganda. Would it be fair to force LA into the position of spending extra money needlessly? Hell no. I said as much to some of the stronger adherents of the Berkeley fake-bid, and they agreed, but nobody seemed to want to abandon the idea altogether.

So I got another brainstorm. Feeling Macchiavellian as all hell,

I suggested the obvious solution to the ethical problem: we would write to the key Los Angeles fans and tell them quite honestly that our bid was a fake one, and that they shouldn't go to any extra trouble or expense to combat it: it was just for fun. Thus, we could have our campaign, stir up some interest and enthusiasm about the '64 bid, and still play it fair with LA.

Everybody seemed to like this idea...and then someone asked, "Yeah, but do you think those guys down in LA are going to believe us when we say we're not really bidding? Do you think they'll trust us? Hell no!"

"Hell no." everyone agreed.

"You're probably right," I said. "But if they don't trust us, why, that's their problem, isn't it? We'll tell them the truth -- we'll even tell them we don't suppose they'll believe us -- and then if they decide we're cads and bounders then any extra expense they go to will be their own doing."

And so it was decided. At the '61 Westercon people like Joe & Robbie Gibson led off the campaign by leaving mysterious '64 FRISCO OR FIGHT! signs around. In the August FAPA mailing Karen Anderson was the first to use the slogan in print. The campaign was just getting started when (for entirely unrelated reasons, I assure you) I left town.

In New York I lost contact with the proceedings in Berkeley, but I did notice that '64 FRISCO OR FIGHT! slogans were appearing more and more in fanzines. I smiled and sat back to watch developments.

Then, shortly after the '62 Westercon in Los Angeles, I got a long letter from Bill Donaho.

"I have something terrible to tell you," he wrote. "The Berkeley bid for the worldcon is on for real now. Ben Stark and Al HaLevy got swacked at the Westercon and decided they really wanted to bid for it."

"I heard about it Sunday afternoon, and of course I was appalled. I immediately went down to the bar and collared them to talk them out of it. But...well, I don't know just what happened, but when we left the bar two hours later I was on the con committee."

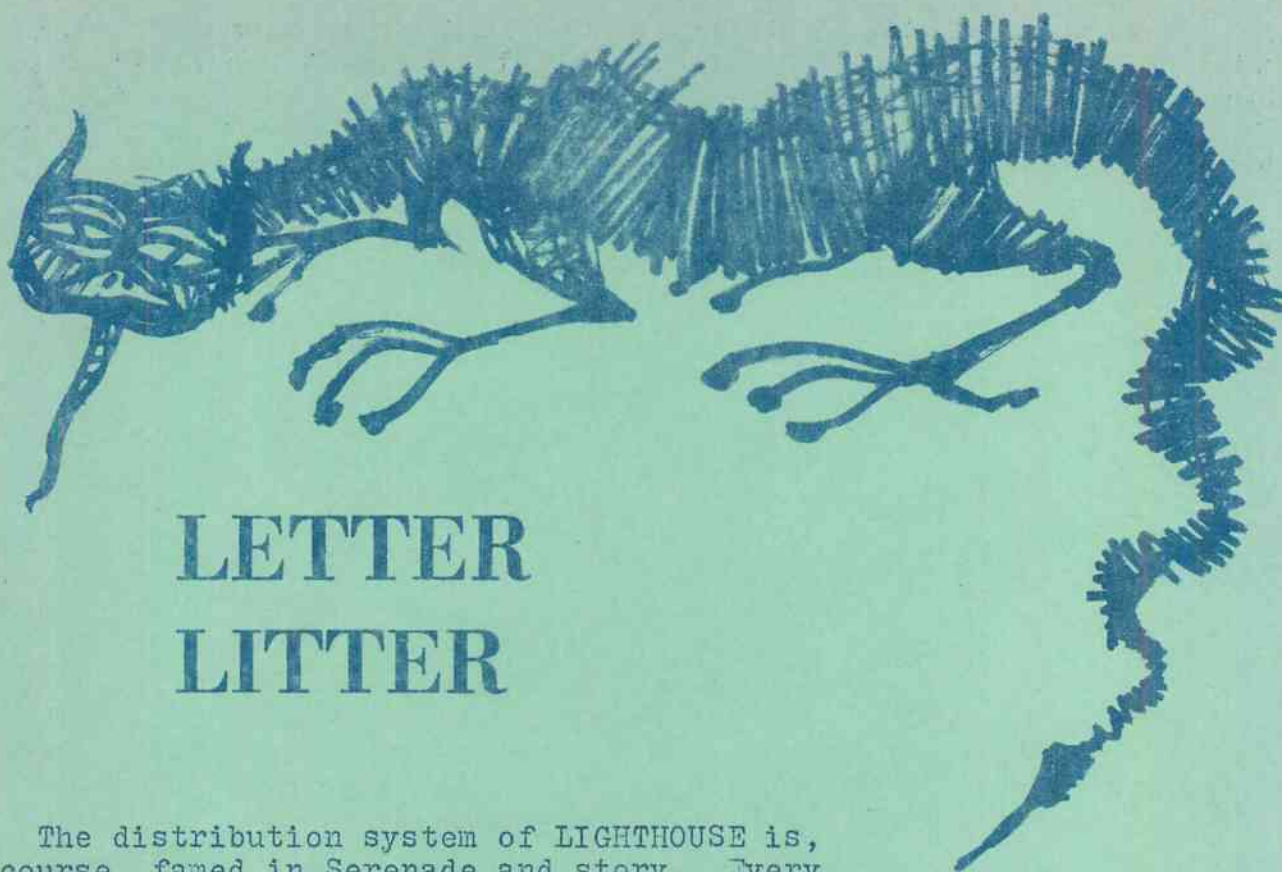
So now Berkeley is bidding for the '64 con in earnest, and with LA having withdrawn its bid the race is once more noncontested. I don't know about you, but I think that's funny as hell.

Boy, am I glad I left town.

-- Terry Carr

I disliked Captain Howard. He was a knuckle-cracker and a mint-sucker -- efficient, crisp, hard-working and mean. An automobile salesman from Wichita, Herbert Howard was a stern believer in fair play, cold showers and clean thoughts. His thoughts were so clean that he spent most of his evenings at the Officers' Club boring us with his plans for a five-minute car-washing service he was going to open up as soon as the war was over. He was the kind of incomplete personality known as "a man's man". He had few friends and many doubts. When he thought no one was watching, he bit his nails. I am sure that when he slept, he looked puzzled.

-- from CAPTAIN NEWMAN, M.D. by Leo Rosten



LETTER LITTER

The distribution system of LIGHTHOUSE is, of course, famed in Serenade and story. Every other month, one of us mutters something like, "Next week we've got to make up a mailing list," but so far we haven't done so. Anyway, due to the peccable nature of our distribution, we're just now able to print some letters of comment on past issues. This first one, rather embarrassingly, dates back to

LTHS. 3

BEN SINGER, Apt. 313, Logan Wall, 15th & Fishers Lane, Philadelphia 41, Pennsylvania

Thanx for the backish, probably sent me at Nelson's urging. About the only thing literally true about his "Ben Singer, Pride of the DSTL" is that I once drank homogenized milk. However, it should be of some interest to those in the psych game to compute the statistics on the number of (times and) people Ray has accused of gay inclinations. He does so much projecting he ought to be in the movie biz.

The falsefax anent my deviance are not disturbing, but the cliches he credits me with are. Sadly enough, it is Ray who has really become conventional, altho his biog is tres colorful -- more so by all standards than mine. Someday when I'm out of grad school I'll do something on him; however, you won't have to submit my statements to the test of the null hypothesis.

Sorry to disillusion you on my story; however, it was funny in a very wet way.

{{(Thanks very much for the card. The backish was sent to you at the urging of one Howard DeVore. As for Ray's article, he told me when he originally gave it to me that it was intended strictly for fun.

{{(We're looking forward to your piece on Ray, and if I know him, he's looking forward to it too. -tc)}

LTHS. 5

GREG BENFORD, 701 South Sherman, Corona, California

Terry: I agree with your statements on the textile workers' lot in the South, but I think Phyllis was speaking of things as they were some years ago (like, say, in 1940). I've lived in the South, and though I'm relatively unfamiliar with the laboring classes (isn't that a frightfully snobbish phrase tho?) I can back up your assertion that some pretty incredible things can be done in the way of anti-union propaganda due to the particular bias that runs rampant in most of the South.

Pete: My comments in Lths 5 re Kennedy are not "agreement from the right". I am not on the right, though it probably appears so since I am not a garden variety socialist. I am much closer to Green and maybe Ellington than any other readily identifiable fan -- it just so happens that at the moment I think it preferable to lean heavily on the rightist position regarding state controls, since I feel the balance of pressure groups has shifted to labor and am trying to correct this (I hope) temporary maladjustment. So don't go type-casting so quickly.

4(Conditions in the South were more "pleasantly" paternalistic around 1940 only because that was before the unions had made any concerted organizational drives there.

4(Agreed that political type-casting is usually faulty to at least some extent. But one interpretation of Ellington's political position, at least, would put him on the far, far right. -tc)

FRANK WILINCZYK, 447 10th Ave., New York 3, New York

Pete: I doubt that it's a surprise to anyone at all that Greece was a slave-holding state -- after all, we learn about that when we read Aesop's fables in elementary school.

From what little I've read in Greek history, I'd say there's an affective significance to the question of slavery that you don't mention -- though you sort of touch on it in a way at the end when you say, "It was, essentially, a poor society, living off the produce of its slaves which produced little more than that required to keep the society going on a subsistence basis." Well, as I understand it, slaves were not used to any great extent in agriculture in Greece, so as a factor in subsistence they were negligible. Agriculture was primarily a freeman's occupation, and I think maybe you're simply projecting the slavery of colonial America onto the Greek system.

Primarily (and not second to being servants), slaves were laborers, both skilled and unskilled. Perhaps their greatest contribution to the Greek economy was in the form of manufactures, which leads to a point which is not originally mine, but which I subscribe to:

It looks as though in spite of the brilliance and insight of Greek philosophers, or Natural Scientists, scientific progress was hung up for one primary reason: the influential people and thinkers of the time were tied to a slave state, a typically aristocratic one. With an abundance of slaves, not only for the coarsest labor, but also for highly skilled technology (remember, these slaves were not primitive Africans, but from civilized -- for that time -- cultures), there developed a hindering split between "mind and hand". Manual labor -- and, significantly, technology -- was the province of slaves and freemen. The contemplative life was for the masters. It was abstract thought that was most highly valued, and there wasn't, as there is today, a

two-way exchange between theory and practical experiment.

I know there are arguments against this idea, but to me it seems to stand up. For instance, the one great practical scientist the ancient Greeks came up with was Archimedes -- and get what Plutarch says about him:

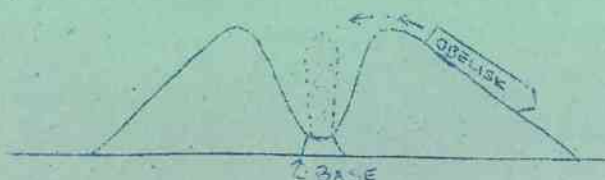
" . . . These machines he had designed and contrived, not as matters of any importance, but as mere amusements in geometry: . . . he yet would not deign to leave behind him any commentary or writing on such subjects; but, repudiating as sordid and ignoble the whole trade of engineering, and every sort of art that lends itself to mere use and profit, he placed his whole affection and ambition in those purer speculations where there can be no reference to the vulgar needs of life . . . "

But to get back to the beginning, your point seems to be that Democracy has never existed, which is a pretty hard-nosed attitude, since it takes away the right of someone (in this case the Greeks) to invent a word to describe an existing set-up. Greek democracy was a pretty radical thing, in spite of the imperfections -- for its time it was the best thing available. John Campbell in Analog (June '61) says something that seems appropriate: "Slavery as a human institution is -- theoretical-idealists to the contrary notwithstanding -- the normal relationship system in all the sweep of human history. Cultures which did not have slavery are like bears in Rhode Island -- they exist, but there are remarkably few, and very hard to find . . . The present situation of the world is unique, actually; it's the first time in all recorded history that anti-slavery cultures have dominated the planet."

Terry: I guess the reason that I'm not especially interested in Egyptian history is the fact that it seems almost totally depersonalized and becomes sort of an archeological guessing game, which I'm not qualified to participate in. You can argue with Plato, and criticize Alcibiades, or get all het up about McClellan and the march on Richmond, but Egyptian history leaves me feeling pretty dispassionate.

About 7 or 8 years ago I was doing some picture research for a history text, and in trying to find "interesting" pictures for the section on Egypt, had to spend some time at the NY Public Library reference collection, leafing through dusty old tomes. One of the books proved fascinating -- it was THE PROBLEM OF THE OBELISK (can't remember the author's name), and, of course, dealt with the problem of erecting an obelisk. It seems that back in the '70's or '80's, or whenever it was that Cleopatra's Needle was being prepared for shipment to the States, getting the thing down on its side and onto a barge turned out to be a sticky engineering problem, which involved the use of block and tackle. But, according to this book, the Egyptians didn't have such an arrangement, and there seems to be no accepted explanation for how they put the things up.

One explanation is that they'd build up a mound of clay around the base, with a cone-shaped opening at the top, so in cross-section it would look like this:



Then the obelisk is tilted into the funnel, until it rests on the base, and the clay is taken away.

The author claimed, though, that there was one hitch in this explanation. It's okay for obelisks which stand out-of-doors, but some stand in small rooms -- rooms much too small for this method to have been used; and, again according to the author, it's been proven that the rooms existed before the erection of the obelisk, so that it couldn't have been put up by the above method, and then the room built around it. I wonder if you've run across this anywhere? Or was the author just one of those guys who indulge in pastimes like squaring the circle and such?

Alva Rogers' reminiscence ("Darkhouse") reminds me of a similar tale which an artist friend of mine will tell on request, but won't put on paper. He ran into a group of characters in LA who set up residence as Christ and his disciples. They also had a Mary Magdalene, but lacked a St. Luke. Since my friend was an artist, they got in touch with him, and after looking him over, asked him to fill in their gap. He visited them a number of times, but never got seriously involved with the group, and finally lost contact with them. One day he ran into one of the group in mufti (ordinarily they'd worn burlap robes), and learned they'd broken up. It seems that Jesus had run off with Mary Magdalene, and Judas had absconded with their communal funds. It's one of those real-life vignettes which have endings neat enough to be fiction.

{(Pete didn't get around to noting his comments in reply to your letter, but I imagine he'll have some replies in his mailing comments next issue.

{(As for the obelisk bit, no, I haven't run across it, though it's a familiar enough type of question -- not the sort of thing I go in for, though, since I don't even know what a block and tackle is. The usual answer I've heard to questions like this, by the way, is that the Egyptians used thousands of slaves -- sheer mass power. That might be feasible, but somehow I doubt that thousands of slaves would fit in those rooms either. -tc)}

LTHS. 7

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, 66-17 Clyde St., Rego Park 74, N. Y.

I thank you most definitely for the fascinating and informative article by Walter Breen on Carmina Burana. I'd heard of the work only a short time before when non-fan friends were urging me to get it, and describing it as orgiastic. This isn't enough of a criticism to send me and I tend to be shy of religious music and generally of choral singing. But Walter convinced me, and I went out and bought the thing the next day, and I like it. Terrific.

I usually do my fiction writing to background music -- I wrote my first three novels to the repeated tones of Shostakovitch's 7th -- and I am wondering just how Carmina is going to work out as the background music for typewriter pounding on my next juvenile novel. Very well, I suspect.

{(An orgiastic juvenile novel? -tc)}

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California

I'm not quite sure what to say about Pete's editorial. In fact, I have the distinct feeling when I read his stuff in LIGHTHOUSE that

it's not editorial at all. Somehow, somewhere along the line, I've picked up the notion that this is your fanzine, Terry, and Pete is only a columnist. To me, anyway, your touch dominates and Pete is only playing Greg Benford to your Ted White. After all, the layout is yours. Not to mention the same stable of artists, mostly, that romped gaily through issue after issue of INN, KLEIN BOTTLE and so on.

Yes, somehow Pete doesn't enter into my picture of the LIGHTHOUSE image at all. My idea of what Pete should be doing for FAPA runs along entirely different lines. Pete should be producing mijimags which get lost and are reproduced in issues of THE FANTASY AMATEUR. {(Funny how images differ: the only FAPA mijimags I ever produced were in collaboration with Terry. -pg)}

In "Tailgate Ramble," Terry, I think you have captured the Spirit of Walter Breen quite well. Compared to Walter's reaction to inconsequential things like lighting a cigarette in front of him and Buddha statues with lightbulbs, Ted, White, Bitching Old himself, must seem mildmannered and passive. Ted White goes to the catbox peacefully; Walter does it on the wires to the hi-fi, and then meows mockingly when you rub his nose in it. {(The piece wasn't intended to show Walter as bitchy -- you're just being hostile, Bob.

{(As for Bitching Old Ted White, I just talked to him on the phone this evening, and he bitched for five minutes about how United Artists had botched the latest Charlie Hingus record. "I wrote them a page-and-a-half letter complaining about all the things they did wrong," he told me. "I really told them off, and I ended up by saying, 'I wish you'd never released this record -- fie on you!'"

{(Things have come to a pretty pass when Bitching Old Ted White fies on people. -tc)}

From 1932 to 1938 Carl Blegen of the University of Cincinnati worked at Hissarlik. He had the pure scholar's desire for accuracy, and a curious contempt for Schliemann. ... He planned a work of sober research "with no compulsion to recover objects of startling or sensational character with high publicity value." His admirably detailed and documented volumes list innumerable pieces of gray pottery, and he was able to correct many of the mistakes of Schliemann and Dörpfeld, but he found no treasure. One gets the impression that he would have been a little annoyed if any treasure had fallen into his hands.

-- Robert Payne, in THE GOLD OF TROY

There is a little something in us all that hates the artist and wants him dead. The jazz musician is the only artist who can offer his public the prospect of that consolation, and that is one reason he has a public.

-- Murray Kempton, in Horizon

Meanwhile, the New Yorker kept going downhill. From an original runoff of fifteen thousand copies in February, its circulation fell to a pernicious-anemia low of twenty-seven hundred copies in August. One evening, during that summer of Harold Ross's greatest discontent, the harried editor ran into Dorothy Parker somewhere. "I thought you were coming into the office to write a piece last week," he said. "What happened?" Mrs. Parker turned upon him the eloquent magic of her dark and lovely eyes. "Somebody was using the pencil," she explained sorrowfully.

-- James Thurber, in THE YEARS WITH ROSS

It happened quickly. Manning was now beside the massive figure of the alien, Horng; in his anger he had loosened his grip on Mara. He raised the disintegrator toward Rynason.

And Horng's huge fish smashed it from his hand.

Manning never knew what hit him.

-- from WARLORD OF KOR, by Terry Carr



Just before the convention—

An Appeal to You from

MATHEW AHMANN

EUGENE CARSON BLAKE

JAMES FARMER

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

JOHN LEWIS

JOACHIM PRINZ

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

WALTER REUTHER

ROY WILKINS

WHITNEY YOUNG

***to MARCH on* WASHINGTON**

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 28, 1963

America faces a crisis . . .

Millions of Negroes are denied freedom . . .

Millions of citizens, black and white, are unemployed . . .

We demand:

- Meaningful Civil Rights Laws
- Massive Federal Works Program
- Full and Fair Employment
- Decent Housing
- The Right to Vote
- Adequate Integrated Education

In your community, groups are mobilizing for the March. **You can get information on how to go to Washington by calling civil rights organizations, religious organizations, trade unions, fraternal organizations and youth groups.**

National Office—

MARCH ON WASHINGTON FOR JOBS AND FREEDOM

170 West 130 Street



New York 27



FI 8-1900

Cleveland Robinson

Bayard Rustin

Chairman, Administrative Committee.

Bayard Rustin

Deputy Director

FAPA 104

August, 1963