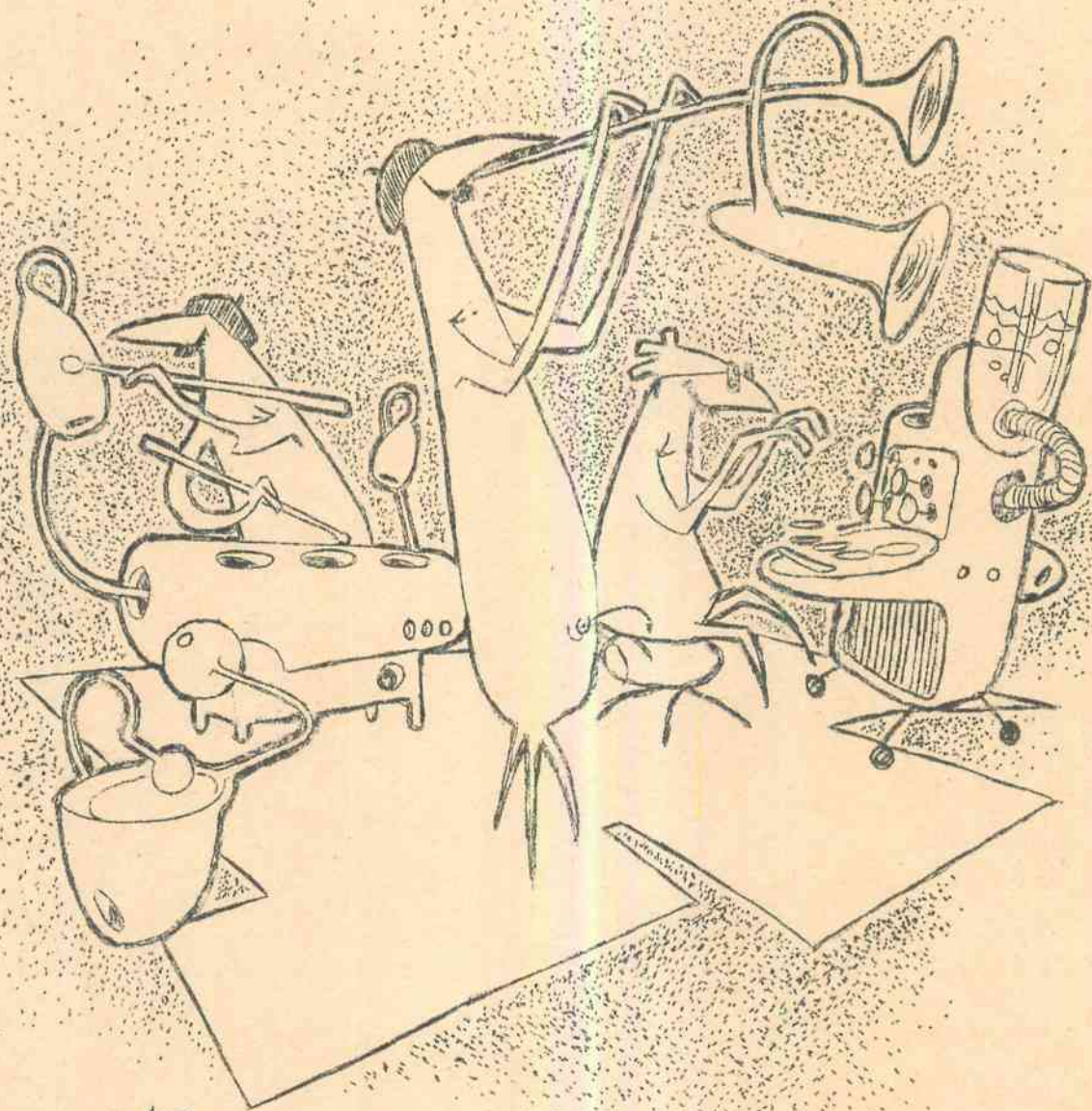


# lighthouse







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No. 11 - November 1964



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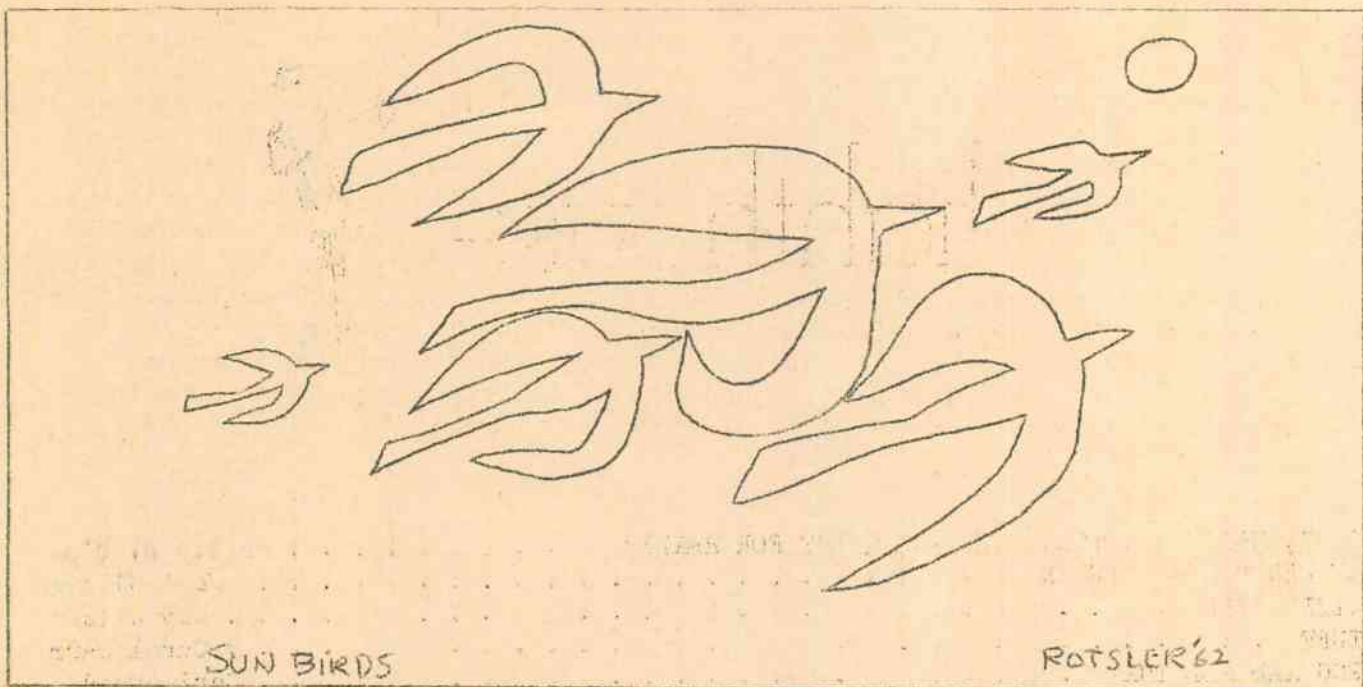
The drawing above is LIGHTHOUSE's emblem, and is by Bhub Stewart.



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## DRUGS, HALLUCINATIONS, AND THE QUEST FOR REALITY

by philip k. dick

One long-past innocent day, in my pre-folly youth, I came upon a statement in an undistinguished textbook on psychiatry which, as when Kant read Hume, woke me forever from my garden-of-eden slumber. "The psychotic does not merely think he sees four blue bivalves with floppy wings wandering up the wall; he does see them. An hallucination is not, strictly speaking, manufactured in the brain; it is received by the brain, like any 'real' sense-datum, and the patient acts in response to this to-him-very-real perception of reality in as logical a way as we do to our sense-data. In any way to suppose he only 'thinks he sees it' is to misunderstand totally the experience of psychosis."

Well, I have pondered this over the dreary years, while meantime the drug industry, psychiatrists, and certain naughty persons of dubious repute have done much to validate -- and further explore -- this topic, so that now we are faced with a psychiatric establishment little related to the simple good old days (circa 1900) when mental patients fell into one of two rigid classes: the insane, which meant simply that they were too ill to function in society, to wash and wax their car, pay their utility bills, drink one martini and still utter pleasant conversation, and hence had to be institutionalized...and the neurotic, which included all those wise enough to seek out psychiatric help, and for merely "hysterical" complaints, such as feeling a compulsion to untie everybody's shoes or count the number of small boys on tricycles passing their houses or offices, or for "neurotic" disorders which boiled down to anxiety felt out of proportion to the so-called "reality situation," in particular specialized phobias such as a morbid, ceaseless dread that an unmanned space missile



supposed to land in the Atlantic would instead strike dead-center in the patio on Sunday afternoon while the person in question was fixing charcoal-broiled hamburgers. No real relationship was seen between the "insane" who were -- or should have been -- in institutions and "neurotics" or "hysterical" individuals showing up for one hour of free-association a week; in fact the belief that the insane (or as we would say now, the psychotic) had an ailment of a physical, rather than psychogenic, origin and the neurotic felt unnatural fears because of a traumatic event in his early childhood was so established that Freud's initial discovery had to do with creating a diagnostic basis upon which the doctor could decide into which group the ill person fell. If he proved psychotic, then depth psychology, psychoanalysis, was not for him -- if neurotic, all that was needed was to bring the long-forgotten repressed traumatic sexual material out of the subconscious and into the light of day...whereupon the phobias and compulsions would vanish.

This looked to be a good thing, until Jung showed up and proved:

(1) That hospitalized, full psychotics responded to psychotherapy as rapidly as neurotics, once the psychotic's private language had been comprehended, communication thereby being established. And

(2) Many so-called "neurotics," who were ambulatory, who held jobs, raised families, brushed their teeth regularly, were not what he had designated as "introverted neurotics" but in fact psychotics -- specifically schizophrenics -- in an early stage of a life-long illness career. And they responded less well to psychoanalysis than anyone else.

This meant something. (A) Perhaps all mental illness, no matter how severe, might be psychogenic in origin. (B) A neurosis might not be an illness at all or even an illness-symptom, but a construct of the brain to achieve stasis and avoid a far more serious breakdown; hence it might well be risky to tinker with someone's neurosis because under it might lie a full-blown psychosis -- which would emerge at the point where the happy psychiatrist sits back and says, "See? You're no longer afraid of buses." Whereupon the patient then discovers that he is now afraid of everything, including life itself. And can no longer function at all.

So out went the whole great scheme of things, the subconscious, the repressed childhood sexual trauma -- like a medieval flatworld map it referred to nothing, and was, possibly, even harmful to what are now designated as "borderline psychotics," which is a way of saying, "Those who can't function in society but do. I guess." How cloudy can an issue become? All theories, one by one, broke down; there were "rational" psychotics, whom we in our amusing way call paranoids, and there were -- but enough. Because now we are at what I regard the crucial issue: that of the presence in the psychotic of not only delusions ("They're conspiring against me," etc.) but of hallucinations, which neurotics do not have. So perhaps in this regard we have a diagnostic basis, if not of the nature of the illness then at least of its severity. But one item crops up, here, that is rather unnerving. There is such a thing as negative hallucination -- that is, instead of seeing what is not there the patient cannot see what is. (Jung gives, I think, the most extraordinary example of this: a patient who saw people minus their heads -- he saw them up to the neck only, and then nothing.) But what is even more scary is that this patient was not psychotic; he was absolutely for sure merely hysterical -- as any stage hypnotist can testify, since such malperception can be induced in distinctly non-ill people...as well as a good deal more, including that which when it occurs without the influence of the hypnotist is considered the sine qua non of psychosis, the positive hallucination.

We are now getting somewhere, and it is a frightening where. Because we have entered the landscape depicted by Richard Condon in his terrific novel The Manchurian

Candidate: not only can delusions and hallucinations be induced in virtually any person, but the added horror of "post-hypnotic suggestion" gets thrown in for good measure...and, by the Pavlov Institute, all this for clearly worked-out political purposes. I don't think I'm wandering into fantasy here, because recall: Freud originally became involved in a form of psychotherapy which utilized hypnosis as its cardinal tool. In other words, all modern depth psychology -- that which postulates some region of the mind unavailable to the person's conscious self, and which, on many an occasion, can pre-empt the self -- grows from the observation of individuals acting out of complete convictions and perceptions and motivations implanted by "suggestion" during the hypnotic state. Suggestion? How weak a word; how little it conveys, compared to the experience itself. (I've undergone it and it is, beyond doubt, the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me.) What the body of "suggestions" add up to for the hypnotized subject is nothing less than a new worldview superimposed on the subject's customary one; there is no limit to the extent of this induced new view or Gestalt of data-perceptions and organizing ideas within the mentational processes of the brain -- no limit to its extent, its duration, or its departure not only from what we quaintly call "reality". And -- this simply can't be, logically, but it is so -- the subject can be altered physically, in terms of what he is able to do; he can lie rigid between two chairs and be stood on, so even the somatic portion of him is new...sometimes even to the point of contradicting what we know to be anatomically possible, as relating to the circulatory system, etc. (e.g., holding his arm extended for a considerable time; the time-limit is imposed by purely physiological factors, and there simply can be no psychogenic explanation as to such a phenomenon, unless we wish to posit yoga or Psionic or -- let's face it -- magical powers. But powers of this sort by whom? The patient? The hypnotist? It makes no sense either way unless we restore the seventeenth century notion of wizards and those who are victims of wizardly spells...and where does this take us? I doubt if even John W. Campbell, Jr. would want to venture along this path.)

However, perhaps we can construct something comprehensible out of this by recalling that there now appears some validation of extrasensory perceptions -- and abilities. There is a relationship; as far back as 1900 Freud himself noted palpable evidence, during free-association by his patients, of telepathic ability. (I really hate to have learned this, having jeered at esp for years; but Freud's documentation alone -- and he was an incredibly scrupulous observer -- tends to strengthen the case for esp.) And, recently, in absolutely reputable psychiatric journals, trained M.D. psychiatrists have given us the news that telepathic perceptions by their patients occur so frequently as to be beyond dispute. Ehrenwald, published by W. W. Norton, which is reputable, with a foreword by Gardner Murphy, goes so far as to construct an entire theory of mental illness based on first-hand observation of his severely-disturbed patients that they are experiencing involuntary telepathic linkage; the paranoids, for example, receive as sense-data the marginal, repressed, unspoken hostile thoughts and feelings of those around them; he declares that again and again, while passing through hospital wards, paranoid patients quoted to him word for word hostile thoughts which he was entertaining toward them -- and of course concealing such thoughts, as we all do, in order to keep our inter-personal relationships functioning. So now, in my prolix, rambling way, I have gotten to my Big Scoop. Taking Ehrenwald's utterances at face value (that is, accepting them as true and using them as a postulate) we are faced with the clear and evident possibility that at least in the case of paranoids -- or anyhow some paranoids -- the "delusions" are not delusions at all, but are on the contrary accurate perceptions of an area of reality which the rest of us cannot (thank the lord) reach. All right; now let's return to and re-examine the entire topic of mental illness, hallucinations both negative and positive, the hypnotic experience, pseudo-schizophrenic sensory-distortions brought about by chemicals such as LSD and organic toxins such as are found in some mushrooms, etc., and, to be absolutely certain that I make a fool of myself, I'll add mysticism, the mystical event called "conversion," such as happened to St. Paul. Ready? Okay.



Can a person be psychotic without hallucinating? Yes. The paranoids merely have "delusional ideas"; they see the same reality that we do, but interpret it differently, work it into their system.

Can a person hallucinate without being psychotic? Yes, as for example during the hypnotic state, under drugs, when ill with a high fever, poisoned -- for many reasons.

What is the relationship between hallucination and worldview? The German psychological notion (more accurately Swiss) is that each individual has a structured, ideosyncratic and in some regards unique way of picturing or experiencing -- or whatever it is one does with -- reality. It now is universally accepted that reality "in itself," as Kant put it, is really unknown to any sentient organism; the categories of organization, time and space, are mechanisms by which the living percept-system, including the portions of the brain which receive the so-called "raw" sense-data, require the imposition of a subjective framework in order to turn what would otherwise be chaotic into an environment which is relatively constant, with enough abiding aspects so that the organism can imagine, on the basis of memory (the past) and observing (the present), what the future probably will be. Continuity is essential; one must be able to recognize a good deal of the external world in order to function (this, of course, is why the name-problem is real and not a figment of medieval imagination; the logos, the word, turns chaos into separate and different objects).

A good deal of this organization is done within the percept-system itself; that is, by less-than-conscious portions of the neurological apparatus, so by the time the "self" receives the sense-data it has so to speak been automatically structured into the ideosyncratic worldview. The self (or ego or some damn fool thing) is therefore presented with material a good deal of which originated within its own being, at one level or another. In the light of this, the idea of hallucinating takes on a very different character; hallucinations, whether induced by psychosis, hypnosis, drugs, toxins, etc., may be merely quantitatively different from what we see, not qualitatively so. In other words, too much is emanating from the neurological apparatus of the organism, over and beyond the structural, organizing necessity. The percept-system in a sense is over-perceiving, is presenting the self-portion of the brain too much. The cognitive processes, then, in particular the judging, reflecting frontal lobe, cannot encompass what it has been given, and for it -- for the person -- the world begins to become mysterious. No-name entities or aspects begin to appear, and, since the person does not know what they are -- that is, what they're called or what they mean -- he cannot communicate with other persons about them. This breakdown of verbal communication is the fatal index that somewhere along the line the person is experiencing reality in a way too altered to fit into his own prior worldview and too radical to allow empathic linkage with other persons.

But the crucial question as to where, at what stage, these perplexing aspects, augmentations or warpages away from the commonly-shared view begin, is not answered by any of this. We are aware today that a good deal of what we call "external reality" consists of a subjective framework by the percept-system itself, and that there are probably as many different worldviews as individuals...but how do unwanted, even frightening, and certainly not commonly-shared "hallucinations" creep in? Up until the last three or four years it would have been generally agreed that these invasions of the orderly continuity of world-experience beyond doubt originate in the person, at some level of the neurological structure, but now, for the first time, really, the body of evidence has begun to swing the other way. Entirely new terms such as "expanded consciousness" are heard, terms indicating that research, especially with hallucinatory drugs, point to the probability, whether we like it or not, that, as in the case of Jan Ehrenwald's paranoids, the percept-system of the organism is over-perceiving, all right, and undoubtedly presenting the judging-centers of the frontal lobe with data it can't handle, and this is bad because there can be no

judgment under such circumstances, and no inter-personal life, due to the breakdown of the shared language -- but the over-perception emanates from outside the organism; the percept-system of the organism is perceiving what is actually there, and it should not be doing so, because to do so is to make the cognitive process impossible, however real the entities perceived are. The problem actually seems to be that rather than "seeing what isn't there" the organism is seeing what is there -- but no one else does, hence no semantic sign exists to depict the entity and therefore the organism cannot continue an empathic relationship with the members of his society. And this breakdown of empathy is double; they can't empathize his "world," and he can't theirs.

Hallucination, mental illness, drug-experiences of "expanded consciousness" are menacing to the organism because of the social results. It is obvious, then, what role language plays in human life: it is the cardinal instrument by which the individual worldviews are linked so that a shared, for all intents and purposes common reality is constructed. What is actually subjective becomes objective -- agreed on. So, viewed this way, sociologically and anthropologically, it does not matter where the hallucinations originate or even whether they are accurate -- but unique and hence unshared -- perceptions of "higher levels of reality unglimped ordinarily," even by the person himself.

Real or unreal, originating within the percept-system or received validly by the percept-system because, say, of some chemical agent not normally present and active in the brain's metabolism, the unshared world which we call "hallucinatory" is destructive: alienation, isolation, a sense of everything being strange, of things altering and bending -- all this is the logical result, until the individual, formerly a part of human culture, becomes an organic "windowless monad". It does not matter that his reasoning faculties are unimpaired; it does not matter whether or not he feels "adequate emotion," those being the two classic criteria by which schizophrenia was diagnosed. Actually it seems to be that neither is impaired; faced with the sense-data presented him, the individual does as well with it as we do with ours, and the same goes for his emotional life -- he may display moods and feelings which to us can't be accounted for. But we are not perceiving what he is; the emotions are almost certainly appropriate in relation to what he perceives, i.e. experiences.

My own feeling, especially in view of the very recent laboratory findings that some connection exists between schizophrenia and sub-secretions of the adrenal gland, is this: "The sane man does not know that everything is possible." In other words, the mentally ill person at one time or another knew too much. And, as a result, so to speak, his head shut down. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but gad-zooks -- what about too much knowledge? Death, as a factor of reality, perhaps should not be known about at all, or, if that's impossible, then as little as one can manage. James Stephens, in his poem The Whisperer (from Insurrections, Dublin, 1912), informs us of something I distinctly am not glad to know, but now I know it, and I guess one finds it out sooner or later. Ironically, it is that God Himself feels this:

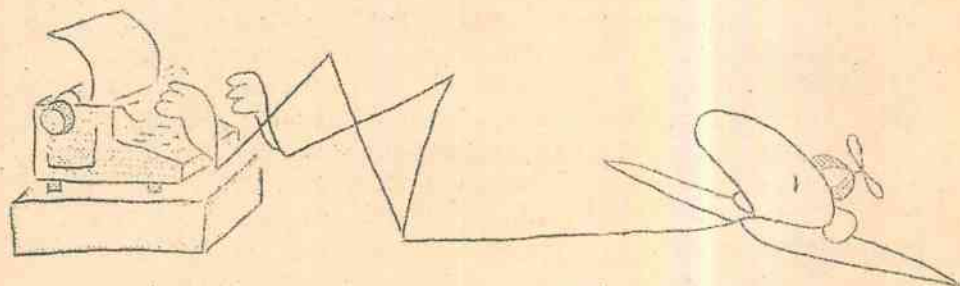
"I fashion you,  
And then for weal or woe,  
My business through,  
I care not how ye go,  
Or struggle, win or lose, nor do  
I want to know."

One doesn't have to depend on hallucinations; one can unhinge oneself by many other roads.



# THE PERFORATED FINGER

BY WALT WILLIS



I went to the doctor the other day and he told me to leave fandom. Well, not in so many words, and he didn't give me a medical certificate for gafia which I could submit to STARSPINKLE, but he did say I should avoid pressures. And the only other pressure I'm under is my job.

For most people fandom starts as an outlet and ends up as a commitment, a crutch which becomes an encumbrance. This must be so where fandom serves a useful purpose, but in my case the process has gone further than most. So far, in fact, that it has become part of my life.

A very perceptive fan recently speculated with what sounded almost like awe on the degree of my emotional commitment to fandom. He was right: it is intense. Not only has it given me what it has given to most fans, only more so, but it has also given me two unforgettable trips to America. Conversely, I have put into it all the ability I had, and attained in it a minor immortality which would have been impossible to me in the mundane world. However minor, immortality of any sort is not a memorial you feel like walking away from. Nevertheless, if I wanted to I could probably convince myself that fandom and I had broken even, that I could leave it now without either guilt or regret. But I don't want to. I have made too many friends I don't want to lose, met too many writers I don't want to stop reading, acquired too many memories I don't want to forget. A morning in a Chicago penthouse, a day in the Okefenokee Swamp, a party in a Manhattan apartment ten years later, dozens of other cherished souvenirs which I cannot just file away and forget. How can I cut myself away from those fifteen years of my life?

That would be surgery, not medicine, and I don't think it is indicated. But if I stay in fandom I must reduce its pressures. Like the sense of obligation I feel to it; like the compulsion to read everything; like the sense of guilt over unanswered letters and uncommented-on fanzines; and like the vanity or self respect which inhibits me from writing anything for publication which I think is not at least as good as the best I have done before, so that I keep working harder and harder to produce less and less. So with two jars of gaily colored pills and a determination to settle for first-drafts, here I am again.

When the chemist handed over the pills he commented casually that they would have cost five pounds if I had been buying them privately. When I reflected on the

battery of tests and examinations they had given me at the hospital I estimated that altogether in the last month they would have cost me about two months salary. Or, more likely, I would not have gone to the doctor at all in the first place and would have been dead in a few years from a coronary thrombosis. How strange and terrible it would be to visualize a community where health is aoubht and sold like a commodity. An evil, nightmare world.

And how astonishing to find that even a man as kind and thoughtful as Rick Sneary does not understand the ethical basis of a civilized community. His comments in MOONSHINE on the Labour Party book so surprised me that the night I read them I couldn't get to sleep, and went downstairs and scribbled down a few notes on what I thought was the basis of our disagreement. Having got them off my chest I virtually forgot about them. But now that the Labour Party is in power in Britain again the question has become even more topical and what I wrote then might be of some interest. Though indeed it sounds to me quite obvious and commonplace, and I make no claims to being any sort of political theorist. On the other hand, I am probably the only contributor to FAPA who ever came within five seconds of being tarred and feathered for canvassing for the Labour Party (in the Catholic area of Belfast during the Spanish Civil War) and I claim to know something of what they stand for.

The policies of the Labour Party in any given situation may not differ substantially from those of the Conservatives but there are two basic assumptions which divide the two.

The first is that human society is dynamic, not static. That is, that any human organization, like any other form of life, is in a process of continual development. The fundamental attitude of Conservatives is that things are pretty good as they are and should be kept that way. To a socialist this idea is wrong, because things are not pretty good for most people in the world. But more important, the idea is silly and impractical, because no matter what we do things will not stay as they are -- they will change some way or other because it is in the nature of them. A Conservative is like a man trying to steer a car by the brakes, and by brakes that are defective. He will, if he is lucky, merely land up gently in the ditch. (A Goldwater Conservative, of course, will try to crash reverse gear, destroy the engine and cause a multiple pile-up.) Since development is inevitable the aim should be to guide the process, not to stop it.

The second basic assumption is that character is conditioned by environment. The corresponding Conservative assumption, that "You can't change human nature," is childishly absurd, because people obviously behave differently from time to time according to circumstances. To take an extreme example: thirty people in Queens watched a girl being murdered without trying to help; but in the same week three people who couldn't swim jumped into a river to save someone from drowning and were drowned themselves. It is quite conceivable that those three could have been among those thirty. The situation was basically the same, but differed in its presentation in such aspects as empathy with the victim, delineation of responsibility and social approval.

If you accept these two assumptions the problem of politics resolves itself into finding a direction for society which will encourage and develop the best in human nature. The natural trend of capitalism is towards larger production units: the direction in which it should be guided is social responsibility. The profit motive, while indispensable for the development of small units, produces such side effects as crime, race prejudice and war, which become increasingly dangerous. These are all manifestations of the same greed and fear which activate our present economic system and they are as inevitable as that a child raised in a home where these are the dominant emotions will tend to be delinquent.



The ultimate aim of socialism is nothing less than a system of society in which government will become unnecessary, but this is a concept more familiar to the science fiction fan than to the average voter. To him, all the Labour Party seems to be doing is converting private monopolies into public monopolies and paying out his money to do so. Furthermore, posterity has no votes, but private monopoly has great power and influence. Conservative political thought amounts to no more than "Fuck you, Jack, I'm all right," but they have been able to convince a large proportion of the population that their name isn't Jack.

Why, for example, should there seem anything strange to Rick Sneary about the Labour Party's proposal to set up a National Land Commission to buy land scheduled for community development at a value based on its existing use? It is no more strange to me than that they should stop people buying the air I'm going to breathe. The land speculator, the man who just buys and sells without himself using or building, seems to me in no different moral category from the people who kidnapped the children from that French town and held it up to ransom. Rick says the Labour Party proposal would mean that people wouldn't buy land for speculation. Yes, that's right.

As for Rick's other points about the Labour Party: They didn't kick Churchill out; they put him in power after the Conservatives had kept him out for years, and he could have remained Prime Minister after the war if he had accepted the social changes the people wanted. And they didn't go too far with nationalization and get the country into a mess; they got the country on its feet again, just in time for the Conservatives to reap the benefit. The bankrupt industries they nationalized are now making handsome profits. If any of you really believe that a private monopoly is more efficient and more responsible than a nationalized one I suggest that before writing to tell me about it you ask the Greyhound Bus Corporation about my luggage.

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I haven't finished the last mailing yet -- this low-pressure fanning, you know -- but I always read Rotsler's stuff among the first: I think it's marvellous the way he keeps his sense of wonder. That piece of his about the patriot in the cinema reminded me of another one I saw many years ago. During the national anthem a man got up from one of the front seats and began to walk quickly out. The patriot, outraged, stepped into the aisle and barred his way. And got a pint of vomit down his front.

Talking of massive egoboo, as Bill Morse was about Brunel's tunnel, I know a man who wrote his initials across the Castlereagh hills...in acorns. Irrelevantly, while we were on holiday in Kerry last summer we found on Brandon Head great lines of stones and eventually realized they spelled EIRE, for aircraft arriving across the Atlantic. It felt somehow peculiar to live in a labeled country.

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LBJ to Jenkins: "Dammit, you blew the whole election!"

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### BATTLEFIELD

Strong men's dreams  
And later, grass.

-- Ray Nelson



LOST

WR

# STUFF BY CAROL CARR

Sometimes a hand  
is more  
Like a lap to sit on  
And talk about  
maybe the weather  
Which is spring.

Sometimes a voice  
is more  
Like a hand to hold  
And not talk  
at all  
Which is better.

## BAD DAY

A bad day starts with the sun and keeps getting worse. The phone is all treble and so is the voice on the other end: "Hello, this is your mother; do you remember me?" The sun gets brighter and the window shades more transparent. You wear sunglasses in the house. You take a headache pill and your ulcer starts to bleed. The water comes out of the faucet for the first time in months; you get a mouthful of rust. You try to go to sleep but the cat shat on your pillow while you were trying to flush the toilet. The house is filthy. Outside a kid named Herman is being beaten by his mother (named Florence). A wounded bird falls on your porch. You hear the thud and bring it inside. The cat eats it while you are getting the eyedropper and milk. The sun gets worse; it creeps under the floorboards and works its way up. You turn on the radio; they're playing Gaite Parisienne. You scream but nobody hears. You try to get dressed but the cat has peed on your last clean clothes. Your teeth hurt; you touch one and it wiggles. A jet tries to land on your roof. You run out and start the car but Melvin Next Door has been playing with the gearshift and you go into reverse by mistake, right into the sun. Rusty nails are climbing the tree. The sun is rotting your corneas and making your nose itch. You try to take a bath but find that the tub is filled with kitty litter. The cats have chewed your toothbrush and now they're playing catch with old razor blades. The



mail contains a note from a laundry in Poughkeepsie saying pick up your shirts or we'll sue, dated February 1937; a free sample of dandruff shampoo; fifteen bills, three of them for things you remember buying; a note from your mother saying, "I've been sitting by this phone all day Friday, all day Friday night," etc.; a 6¢-off coupon for Heinz cream of macaroni soup; a note from your lawyer saying that your aunt has died, left \$50,000 to the Society For The Preservation Of The Central European Iguana, and to you her best wishes you should turn out to be a mensch; a rejection slip from True Confessions saying the characters just weren't quite believable enough. You want to cry but nothing happens; the sun has burned out your tear ducts. The cat comes to sit on your lap; he nuzzles your neck, crunches down on your nose with his teeth and runs to hide under the bed, knocking over your orange juice and stopping for a second to disembowel the glass. If there's a baby it's screaming; if there's a mother she's whining; if there's an ex-wife or -husband it's demanding. The noises outside are too loud to ignore and too low to hear. You're out of cigarettes and there are no butts left. You're covered with soot from scrounging for tobacco in the fireplace. You're out of soap. You wash your hands with just water and then the doorbell rings. You buzz back to let whoever it is in and you get a shock. You open the door and it's Mary Worth telling you all your friends have passed away at once and give her a big kiss. You slam the door on your thumb.

#### FOUR FABLES IN SEARCH OF A MORAL

I. There once was a little boy who always listened to his mother. One day she told him to go play in traffic and he was run over by a truck. Who was right?

II. A little girl named Susan sucked her thumb all day and all night. Her dentist told her she would grow up to look like Martha Raye. She stopped sucking her thumb and developed a tick in her shoulder which made her look as if she were always shrugging things off. Was the dentist justified, or was Susan?

III. Little Bobby was "like a wild Indian." He broke all his toys even before they were out of the gift wrappings. He ran around the house screaming "Geronimo!" At last his father stopped giving him toys. But by that time Little Bobby was 36 and chief of his own tribe. Who won?

IV. Marjorie didn't like her Jewish nose so she cut it off. Her mother was very angry. "You cut off your nose just to spite your face," she said. "What will you use to breathe with now?" "My Catholic mouth," said Marjorie as she went to meet her boyfriend Sherwood. Who was on the side of truth?

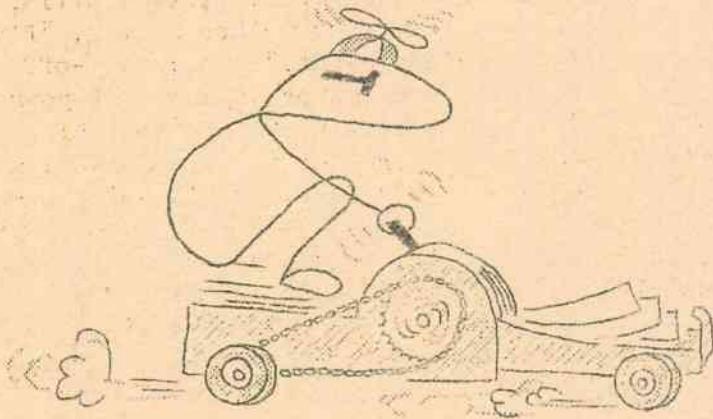
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Well, my heart went boom/When I crossed that room...

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His military behavior so resembled Errol Flynn in mid-film that everyone was slightly dazed. He swashbuckled as though he were following the orders of a general staff of lady novelists...

-- Richard Condon, An Infinity of Mirrors



# 1926 AND ALL THAT

BY CARL BRANDON

In 1926 Hugo Gernsback separated sexology and science fiction, and the people who had been reading his magazines Science and Invention and Jazz and Sportscars (called "fans," from the original German "fans") found that they needed some new method of propagating their race and enrolling new members in the science fiction field. Thus they began experimenting with forms of reproduction which had never been considered in even the wildest moments of Gernsback's Sexology -- such methods as hektographing, hand-set printing, and the like.

Charles Burbee therefore found it unnecessary to invent sex, and invented bubble gum instead. However, bubble gum remained without function until the Great Staple War. This was a hard-fought battle between Forrest J Ackerman and Bob Tucker; Ackerman, theretofore the Number One Fan Face, was challenged by Tucker, who sent a letter to Ackerman at his Staples Avenue address in San Francisco declaring war under the banner of The Society for the Prevention of Science Fiction Magazines in Staples. Ackerman retaliated by sending reams of science fiction movie reviews for publication in Tucker's fan magazine, in one of which (The Death of Frankenstein) he propagated the First Tucker Death Hoax. This proved to be such a successful hoax that Tucker was obliged to fold his fanzine and commence publication of another, LE ZOMBIE.

Meanwhile in New York, a fanclub was formed called The Futurians, or the International Scientific Association. This club, which numbered among its members such well-known individuals as Donald A. Wollheim, John B. Michel, Robert A. W. Lowndes, and Bernard Baruch, was dedicated to the proposition that the world could be saved only through communism (an obscure political philosophy originally advocated by Jesus H. Christ, who was crucified and therefore never published a fanzine by which he might have immortalized his credo). However, the members of this club soon left fandom and were never heard of again except by fans who read the prozines.

But the utopian ideas set forth by the Futurians bore fruit in the Midwest, where a young newsboy named Claude Degler founded a new club of Futuremen and proclaimed the supremacy of the great god Ghu, who was reputed to have a cosmic mind. Degler (who sometimes called himself "Superfan") traveled back and forth across the country like a shuttlecock for a few years, speaking at fanclub meetings and debating



with Stephen A. Douglas at various points along the way. Nothing much was accomplished, however, as it was finally proven that the cosmic mind of Degler's god Ghu was not clear.

In Battle Creek, Michigan, a Degler disciple named Al Ashley decided to found the world's first Slan Shack (the name, of course, being from van Vogt's The World of Null-A), and he gathered into one fan-household such fans as his wife Abby-Lu, Jack Wiedenbeck, and Walt Liebscher. The household proved to be such a success that they all moved out and went to Los Angeles instead. The new Slan Shack was located on Bixby Street, in honor of Jerome Bixby, who was never heard of again.

Meanwhile in New York, Donald A. Wollheim decided that since FAPA didn't exist it was necessary to invent it, and he promptly did so. None of the members of FAPA were ever heard from again except by people who read Fapazines, which made the founding of FAPA quite irrelevant to the course of fanhistory -- and it thus acquired the nickname "The Irrelevant Graveyard".

It was around this time, give or take a decade, that the First World Science Fiction Convention was held. Donald A. Wollheim was Guest of Honor, and received a standing ovation at the door (Dave Kyle said he couldn't sit there).

It is reputed that somewhere in through here Sam Moskowitz did something or other, but the exploits of this interesting figure in fanhistory have vanished in the mists of time. In any case, Moskowitz was never heard of again except by people who managed to read his occasionally verbose writings.

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles fandom was booming. Forrest J Ackerman had neatly ended the Great Staple War by moving from his Staples Avenue address to Los Angeles, and he was busily engaged at this time in publishing a magazine called VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION. Through the pages of this fanzine fans throughout the world learned of the vast fan population of Los Angeles and the hyperactivity of the area. Unfortunately, it was later learned that all the LA fans were pennames of Ackerman (his fanzine's title was the tipoff), save for F. T. Laney, whom Charles Burbee had invented after becoming disenchanted of bubble gum. However, Laney proved a poor substitute for bubble gum and he was at length allowed to fade from the scene after writing and publishing a FAPA mailing or two.

But though half of fandom had turned out to be nonexistent, a rapid surge of new blood served to fill its depleted ranks. Rog Phillips at this time had started a fanzine review column in Amazing Stories, and thousands of that magazine's readers, apparently under the misimpression that Phillips was writing about Secret Literature From The Caves, subscribed to fanzines. An actual statistical check of fanzine subscription lists of the time showed that fandom actually gained only a score or two of new fans per year, the rest of the fringe-readers apparently having been carried off by deros. (One of whom, "Robert Bloch," later wrote his autobiography and sold it to Alfred Hitchcock, who made it into a movie in which Bob Tucker was killed while taking a shower. This was the Second Tucker Death Hoax.)

One of the fans recruited by Phillips' column was Art Rapp, who narrowly escaped being carried off by the deros. He kneed a number of them in the groin and thus escaped (Ray Nelson, who witnessed one such escape, originated the phrase "Hurt Look" to describe the deros' reactions), but the deros retaliated by setting off a bomb on his front lawn. Rapp thereupon joined SAPS and was never heard from again except by Nancy Share, who married him.

Shortly thereafter (cosmically speaking), a fan in Ireland named Walter Willis began publishing SLANT and a teenaged boy in Savannah, Georgia named Lee Hoffman

brought out QUANDRY. Willis wrote an infrequent column called The Harp for the latter fanzine; it was so popular that a fan named Shelby Vick got the idea of importing him for the 1952 world convention, and began soliciting funds for the trip. Unfortunately, due to the fact that the Willis column appeared only once or twice, the whole idea fizzled and Vick pocketed the \$1.27 (plus tax) he'd collected and left fandom in a huff. Lee Hoffman rode away on a horse, leaving the field free for Seventh Fandom.

Seventh Fandom, in the persons of Harlan Ellison, Norman G. Browne and Peter J. Vorzimer, had been knocking at the door for years, and at the Midwescon in 1954, with the help of Jim Harmon, the door finally gave way. The Seventh Fandomites worshipped a peculiar combination phallic and kteic object called a "birdbath," and they reigned supreme in fandom until Bob Tucker wrote The Long Loud Birdbath, in which Harlan Ellison was murdered in a birdbath. This proved so popular that Ellison left fandom and was never heard from again except by people who watch The Outer Limits.

Meanwhile, following the debacle of the Willis Fund in 1952, an attempt was made to launch a semi-organization called the TransAtlantic Fan Fund which was designed to deport unpopular fans from their respected countries. Unfortunately, those deported kept coming back like bad pennies, and in time, as the pennies mounted up, TAFF became solvent. An attempt was made to undermine this solvency by electing such dissolute characters as Ron Bennett to TAFF, but owing to one of Fzot's Laws ("Fans are no damn good") this attempt failed and TAFF is still rumored to be in existence.

Another organization which sprang up around this time was the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., but you wouldn't want to hear about that.

There followed a brief interregnum during which some fans in Berkeley, California ran fandom in a highhanded fashion. They bought all the available mimeograph paper in the country for their prolix publications, thus forcing all other fan editors out of business, and published a "news" fanzine called FANAC composed exclusively of hoaxes -- giving rise to the saying, "FANAC is indefensible." Before long, however, these fans lost all psychological contact with reality, published a news story that was true, and were incarcerated en masse in Rockland State Hospital For The Mentally Bewildered.

Their place was taken by a "New Wave" of fans who published serious and constructive fanzines devoted to discussions of politics, religion, comic books, and movies by Fellini. This fad was short-lived, though, since it was impossible to find any fans who understood politics, religion, comic books or Fellini movies, so everybody began reading and discussing science fiction magazines instead.

Fandom was never heard from again.

-- (Karen Anderson and Terry Carr)

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Mind your DNP's and DNQ's.

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A TV Guide listing for February 2, 1964:

LEGACY OF LIGHT -- Religion

Sophocles' tragedy "Oedipus Rex," in modern dress but using Greek masks and the traditional chorus, is used to illustrate the Commandment "Honor Thy Father and Mother."



# OUR MAN IN GEORGE METZGER



Lately me and the police have not been getting along. Previously me and police was just one of those "get off the freeway, no hitchhiking" or "this party's too loud" things. But a coupla weeks ago I'd been to the post office on base and was bopping over to the post bus stop to catch the army bus back to battery for mail call when this MP car glides up. I am in civvies, see: old Levi shirt and Mexican belt and injun bracelet and worn down wellington boots. The usual crap. So I pretty well figure what's coming. They order me to stand away from the car when they get out. And they ask for my ID and stuff. And how long have I been away from my unit. "Well, about five minutes to go to the post office; I'm on my way back." "Yeah, well you look like an awol to me." Idiots. "Well, if I was awol do you think I'd be here? I'd be in California or Mexico or someplace." But they're still not sure so they stuff me in the car and take me back to the battery. I sit in the back and go snicker snicker.

At the battery they march me into the orderly room. "Is this your awol?" One of the guys on CQ looks at me. "Naw, not him." As it develops, there's nothing they can do to me. So the one MP gives me a lecture on what a disgraceful looking soldier I am. I don't look soldiery at all. It's one of those speeches you get which are supposed to make you feel ashamed about deviating from the norm. I sit on this desk and radiate happiness all over the goddamn place. Disgusted, the sergeant turns on the SP5 in charge of the office and says people like me shouldn't be allowed to run loose, and he stomps out.

This should be the end of it all, only this spec5 is all shook up. He is an old man and has apparently been in the army fifteen years or so. He is not at all happy. He wants to know what I am going to do. I disregard what he means and say I'm going into town as I don't want to eat that shit, and I point at the messhall, which is

serving burned liver for lunch. "Well, I can't let you go into town like that." "Sure you can, man, all I gotta do's go." "Well, you report to me before you leave the area." "Yeah, man, I know, I went to gradeschool too." And I go to mail call. One letter. Crap. So I go tell this ass I'm leaving. "Not like that you aren't." "Why not, man? -- I been looking like this for years!" "Well, you're in the army now." "Yeah, and I been looking like this around here for eight months." And we have this argument. The problem is that he's scared witless of this MP sergeant. He figures I'll get picked up by the MP's again and he'll catch hell for letting me go. I tell him this is pretty stupid. First, the MP's are going to have a helluva time finding me even if they were looking for me, and if they ever did grab me for this same silly crap I'd be the one to catch it and I'd just tell'm all the same crap I told him. But he's still got it in his mind that I can't go looking like me. I better go put on my suit, he says. "Well, I don't own a suit. This's the only pair of pants I got," I lie. "The others got et up by battery acid last week. This is my rough clothes; I can fall down a mountain in these. I'll be damned if I'm going to put on a suit so's I can fuck it up." "Well, go buy another pair of pants." "Well, I got to go into town to do that." "But I can't let you go into town..." Etc.

This all goes on for awhile, with me finally stomping out. He comes around every little while to check on me to see if I've left without his gracious by-your-leave. He can't find me and is worried. What he could do then, see, is put me down as awol. A little later Stu comes by in the Porsche to get me and this box of junk I've got. He's wearing Levis and boots and carrying this old U.S. cavalry pouch I bought in a junk store. Very groovy, shoulder strap, etc. Smells like horse sweat. "Hey, let's snow this old bastard." So I put on my cowboy hat and all my injun beads and crap and we go to the orderly room. We have it all figured out, all the answers to any objections he could possibly make. In we go. He sits there and stares at us. "I'm leaving," I say. "Oh," he says. ...So I leave. The bastard -- he never said a word. How can an intelligent man like me ever triumph with such utter clods around? Not even enough sense to straightline me.

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Meanwhile everything is its dull old self here. A friend of mine known as The Buffalo is in winter quarters in Wisconsin, and he sent some autumn leaves in a letter. This particular area doesn't have the colorful changes of seasons that they get in the more nor-easterly areas. We get two colors: Green and Ugly. When it rains the trees turn green, grass grows, but everything else is Ugly. Come winter everything will be naked and ugly. About the only thing worth looking at is the girl from the Fourth Army auditor's office. They have been giving the office a going-over the past several weeks -- mostly bald old men and balding young men who check books and records. But then the chick came. She's just out of college and has this position the duty of which appears to be some sort of "efficiency expert" scene. She learns everyone's job and how it fits in with the office routine, if it does. Lately her job has consisted of coming down the stairs from upstairs and checking to see who's loafing, going to the latrine on government time, etc. She's tall, fairly goodlooking and tastefully conscious of dress and appearance (something quite lacking in most women in Oklahoma) and, mostly, has long legs. I dig legs, see. And it's pretty hard to get any goddamn work done with her going up and down those stairs. They aren't far from where I'm sitting and I stop and watch, see. For awhile she was in the habit of wearing wide, flaring skirts and I dug it, considering all. She wore a black lace slip for awhile. Maybe she caught on, but anyway she wears tighter skirts now. Which is okay by me; I just have to look harder now. Also, she's wearing white slips now. Oh well. Anyway, it's sure as hell screwing up my "efficiency" having to break off work to watch her plus always keeping one eye on the stairs when I do work. Sigh. Well, work is starting this morning...time to go clean my glasses for my daily perspective on life.



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Several weeks ago I was sitting in the library wading through a book on H. R. Haggard when this guy sits down in the seat next to me and says, "I can tell what you are." Which is a little uncomfortable. The dregs one finds in the army have confusing and low-mentality outlooks toward people about them...this could turn out to be anything. But what he does is, he passes me this big collection of folk records, primarily blues by New York people (like Van Ronk, to mention a recognizable name). Well, I say congratulations, most people don't see it. He's from Chicago, he says. Yeah, man. He's in the National Guard, has a wife in Mexico, and so on. We sit around and listen to his records. Good records are very dear down here. We sit around and BS till late -- and that's the last I ever see of him. He borrowed my fountain pen, too. Oh well, I filched it from an officer so why sweat.

And that was about as illuminating a bit of culture and hip as one gets here. The other night I was with this kid named Arey from our battery. He wants to be a writer -- go to New York or San Francisco and live with whores and junkies and perverts. "They'll inspire me to write," he explains. He think I am interesting. I don't dare ask which of the three mentioned categories I am fitted into. Anyway, Arey somehow came up with some clod type who also wanted to be a writer. He too had his concepts. "I wanted to suffer so I could write, so I went and lived in the Village." And he goes on with his snow job. I forget just where he lived, but I get a little fed up so I say, "Oh yeah, who'd you know?" "You been to the Village?" "Nope, but like I know people, things, you know." Well, he doesn't know. In fact, he didn't know a single person in New York. "I didn't socialize. I just went there to concentrate." "Yeah, well, I guess you suffered then."

And as we're getting off the bus he tells me I'm a conformist. "What the hell do you mean?" I ask. "Well," he says, "you look like an okie, you dress like an okie." "Idiot," I say, "you're going to have to be a better observer than that if you want to be a goddamn writer." And he left. I get this crap all the time. Actually, I don't dress like okies or Texans. They generally tend toward two modes. One is wild gaudy tasteless western shirts and florid designed cowboy boots and huge belt buckles and homeliness. The other is to put on a suit or sports coat and look like just anyone anywhere.

Well, anyway, Oklahoma is pretty poor on culture (whatever that is). One kid we met tending bar in some beer tavern spoke of his difficulties in finding good foreign films. Fellini's 8½ was shown here and he went to see it. Only six people made up the audience. He went to see Lord of the Flies...he alone was the audience. The manager came to meet this singular young man. It was all too much for him, the manager. He wanted to book good films, he said, but no one wanted to support them. So to hell with them; he'll only book what will draw the clodcrowds -- after all, he is in this for money. There is/was an art theater in Oklahoma City which this kid used to go to -- it even showed a Bergman picture once, but it gave way too. Shows terrible movies now. Even with a coupla colleges in the area it doesn't get support. Indeed, one has to be very lucky around here...like the time the sex theater downtown (the one that shows nudist pictures and burlesque films and smells like the inside of a cheap flophouse) accidentally booked The L-Shaped Room. They tried to push it with ads about "forbidden sex" and "the forbidden word" or somesuch gabble. It wasn't there very long.

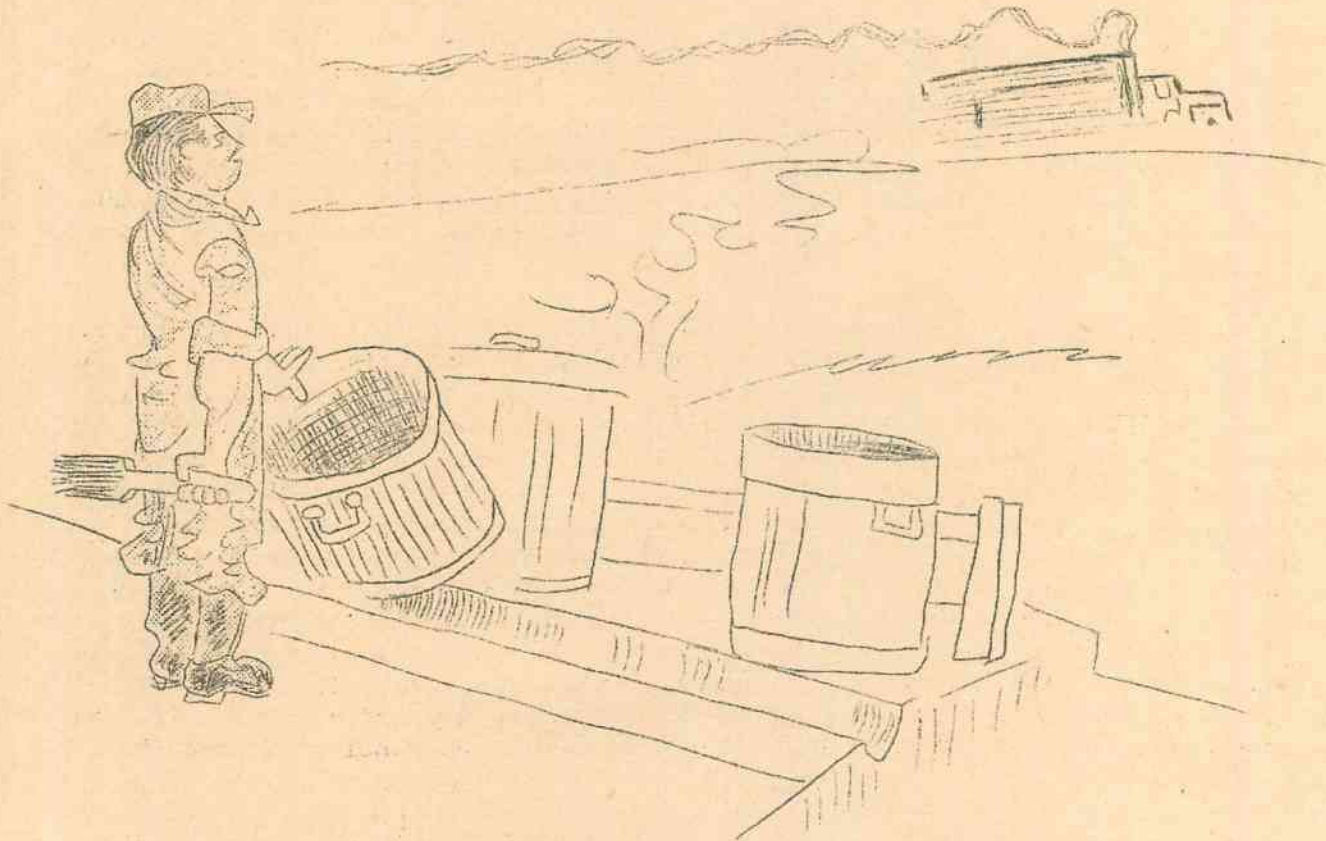
Maybe I'm just bitter. I'm somewhat demented, I know. I sit and watch terrible TV. Saw some hideously terrible western's ending yesterday. The hero says goodbye to the girl and they shake hands. "Well," someone said, "he only kisses his horse." "I'll bet that's not all he does to his horse," I said. All the time I just watch TV and make obscene suggestions. Very bad. I've been away from California waaay too long. I'm a wreck.

The only good thing that's happened to me is I won an office pool on one of the World Series games. (Hell, I wasn't even sure who was playing.) \$25 pot -- but only \$24.55 in it. Some rotten fink hadn't contributed his share. And then the Coke machine immediately took two dimes from me and gave me nothing back but silence. Everyone's against me out here, everyone and every machine.

Rotten.

Robid Wood wrote to say how rotten the Con was in Oakland. He couldn't get into any parties and people wouldn't much talk to him. I wish he wouldn't bitch. I'm in the army in Oklahoma and I didn't even get promoted when I was supposed to because the office doesn't give a god damn rat's ass if I live or drop dead in the latrine.

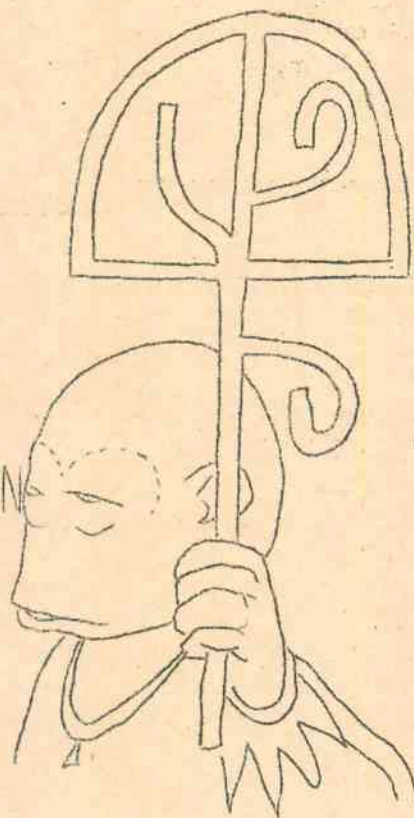
Curses, and "Mr. Coffee-Nerves" thought he had problems.





MAILING COMMENTS BY TERRY CARR

COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON



SERCON'S BANE 21: F. M. Busby

We saw that movie Tucker mentions, The Haunted Palace. While it's true that it isn't much, it should be of great interest to Arthur Jean Cox, author of Lovecrap in a recent issue of Boggs' THE LOVECRAFTSIAN. Cox's thesis in that article was that Lovecraft was strangely hung up on excretion and such, and that Cthulhu was sort of the fecal point of the whole thing. Well, in The Haunted Palace Cthulhu makes a brief appearance -- swimming in what is quite obviously some sort of latrine or cess-pool. One more datum for Cox's argument!

TERRY CARR IN ASPIC: Boyd Raeburn and Norm and Gina Baby Clarke

Well, gee, gang, it was nice seeing my name up in asterisks, and all the lovely egoboo was appreciated too. Boyd's comment that the old INN lettercols were still good reading sent me scurrying to my file of INN, and I read INN #8's lettercol with critical eye. But by god, you know, you're right, Boyd -- I laughed and chortled and nodded sagely as I flipped through the pages. Mal Ashworth's letter was particularly funny. It's gratifying to see that the zine does stand up pretty well in the course of years, because it was edited with an eye to the ages, as it were. As I remarked several times back in those days, when you're publishing a zine with a schedule as infrequent as INN's, you gotta edit it for the ages.

However, Queebcon oneshots are obviously edited for the ageless, if at all. They're highclass stuff at which I laugh and chortle and nod sagely. The day will come, mark my words, when "those old Queebshots" will be remembered fondly -- the series having been discontinued by then, of course -- and you'll get letters from neofans saying, "When are ya gonna bring out another Queebshot, you guys?" instead of "Whatever happened to A BAS?" I guess it'll be a relief, sort of, to hear a different tune.

RPM 8: Norm Metcalf

I read all of this (chortling and nodding sagely here and there), but the only comment I have on it is that Gordon Eklund's letter has convinced me that I want to have absolutely nothing to do with him. I consider myself friends with many of the

people with whom I disagree over the Boondoggle, but that's because I've been able to consider them as honest even though cosmically wrongheaded. Eklund comes across here as a liar, a manipulator, a man not to be trusted. I'm disappointed: he had previously impressed me as a pretty good type. Oh well.

BETE NOIR 9: Redd Boggs

When did Burb write I Was Standing Outside the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel?

SYNAPSE: Jack Speer

Mexican restaurants in both New York and California give tortillas without being asked for them, too. Which isn't particularly odd; it's about like a U.S. restaurant giving you bread and butter automatically as part of your meal.

I was going to raise a big stink about how you shouldn't be allowed credit for Incident at Oakland, since it's obviously just a retelling of an old joke, but then I saw that in your mailing comments you admitted that, so I suppose perhaps it was done as a ploy.

Mel Brown was in the Blowup, yes, but more recently (like around 1950 and maybe later) he was a leading light in San Francisco fandom.

At a party at Damon Knight's recently, Judy Merrill brought up an interesting question, in connection with a discussion of prejudice: If you were on the scene of a disaster where a thousand people would die but you could save ten of them, and assuming you had instant knowledge of everything about each of the thousand people, what criteria would you use in selecting those to be saved? Well, the discussion was hot and heavy, but the most interesting bit, to me, came from Leigh Richmond -- a Scientologist and writer, with her husband Walt, for Analog -- who said she would give each person a simple order, one which they'd have no reason to obey or disobey ("Pick up that pencil and put it over there."), and those who obeyed right away would be among her ten to be saved. We all asked why -- s-f writers, like fans, seem to be just as anti-Authority as can be -- and she gave a rather involved explanation to do with Scientology and the Tone Scale and such. But basically the answer seemed to be that if there's no reason to obey or disobey an order, the person who has no fear of losing his identity, his ego or whatever, will cooperate automatically. An interesting point, with all sorts of ramifications.

SELF-PRESERVATION 5: Lee Hoffman

Your comment about Richard Barthelme reminds me of when Pete Graham saw The Thin Man with William Powell a couple of years ago. He thought it was great, and was instantly transformed into a Powell fan. We told him that Powell had just died recently, and he was much saddened. "Gee, and he was so young, too," Pete said.

You'd get along well with Phil Dick, I'd bet: he's a big fan of WWI planes and such, and has several detailed models which he built. He immediately fell in love with Ron Goulart's wife when he found that she knew more about them than he did.

KTEIC MAGAZINE 117 & 118: Bill Potsler

No comment, I'm afraid, on the lovely trip reportage and stuff, but the stuff about your Pageant column reminds me to ask when the devil I said the quote you recently attributed to me there. (I missed seeing the issue, despite your card, but somebody else saw it and read me the quote.) All bits of immortality are gladly accepted here, of course, but I think you may have credited the wrong source on that one.

AMPERSAND 1: Dean Grennell

Well, if you don't want to reproduce any of that Pall Mall singing commercial which made the Hit Parade, because you'd have to put a copyright notice in, then how about just humming a snatch of it for me?

I'm virtually certain that Kools came along quite awhile before Spuds, because I remember that Kools were already established on the market when Spuds first started



being advertised back in the late forties. In my capacity as observer of the mass-market scene at age ten I thought it was a pretty silly thing for them to try to horn in on the Kools market, since mentholated cigarets were obviously just for a small minority anyway. (Most of my data here having been impressed upon me by my parents, who once explained to me at length, loudly, that when they sent me to the store for Camels I shouldn't bring back Kools.)

#### CADENZA 9: Charles Wells

Sure, I remember the mailing-by-mailing statistical summaries you used to do in your last FAPA incarnation. I remember even better, though, the attractive, imaginative lettering and color work you used to do. Any chance that you'll take up the practice again?

That's a great line by Scithers: "...one side feels considerable horror that our little quasi-society should accept a child molester, merely because he is a faan. The other side feels equal horror that our little quasi-society should reject a faan, merely because he is a child molester." If only things were that simple, though.

I have conflicting "Bravo!"s noted on the page where Boggs' letter ends and you reply to him. First, I loved Redd's put-down of blithering mailing comments; but I also loved your reply about the "weak, thin material polished to perfection" that too frequently appears in PETE NOIR.

#### THE PERSIAN SLIPPER 4: Ted Johnstone

"I'll bet a few people out there still remember the name of Arch Obler..." Yes, and some of us even remember how to spell it. (In addition to Lights Out and such, Obler also did a pretty good s-f movie in the early fifties, called Five. It served as the focal-point of quite an argument in s-f and fan circles, when Bill Hamling came out and said Five was dull, didn't have no entertainment innit, whereas The Thing or Rocketship XM or something like that was what real good s-f movies oughtta be like.)

#### THE VINEGAR WORM Vol. 2 No. 6: Bob Leman

Erik Fennel was one of Planet Stories' regular hacks back in the late forties or early fifties. If you ever read decent magazines, instead of listening to folk songs, you'd know these things.

I disagree with you completely (as usual) on folk songs, by the way: I think Joan Baez is a fine singer, for one thing...and I recently heard Bob Dylan for the first time (having sort of avoided him previously, as a result of some anti-Dylan propaganda to which I was exposed) and found that I rather like him too. And anyway, I can't see how even you can dislike a man who's written a song called If I Had It All To Do Over Again I'd Still Do It All Over You.

However, Bad Earthquake A'comin' is a fine little ditty. It's catchy.

#### KIM CHI 3: Dick & Pat Ellington

Back in 1962 I did some work as a temporary typist through Temporary Office Services here in New York. My experience bears yours out -- apparently most typists, whether regular or temporary, are congenital idiots, because whenever I'd display the slightest comprehension of what I was typing, or point out a mistake in grammar or something, everybody'd get all shook up and impressed. My typing speed's about the same as yours...due mostly to the fact that I damn seldom make mistakes. (Pause while I proofread this page to avoid later red face.) Due to all this, and the fact that I wasn't really aching for the jobs -- whenever they didn't have an assignment for me I stayed home and wrote short stories, 90% of which sold -- I was able to get only the most interesting typing assignments. I told them I wouldn't type lists of names or numbers, for instance, and when one place where I was working handed me a long names-and-addresses list to type I just walked out. The agency backed me up on it, too, and thereafter there was sort of a tentative note in their voices whenever they'd call me about a job. "Well, Mr. Carr, we have a request in for a good

typist, and I think the job will interest you, I hope. It's at The Saturday Evening Post, typing manuscripts as the editors copy-edit them." That was one I took, and which did indeed prove interesting. I was retyping successive edited versions of Richard McKenna's The Sand Pebbles, putting the ms. back into readable shape so that the editor assigned to cutting it down to SEP serializing length could then go over it again and cut it some more. This was interesting not only in seeing how a decent novel can have the guts took out, entrail by entrail, but also because I'd read a couple of chapters of the book only two months before at the Milford Conference, in the original manuscript form, so I had a good idea of just how good the book had originally been.

A couple of the other jobs were interesting too: like typing promotional copy at a Mad Ave ad agency (the only guy in the office with a beard -- you know what kind of status symbol that can be on Mad Ave), and typing up a building contract for an architectural firm. The latter wasn't exactly inspiring prose, but I enjoyed it anyway because the architect with whom I was working was a good type. When I finished the whole document (which included detailed instructions for each union involved) I took it in to the architect and said, "I have just one comment." "What's that?" he asked. "It'll never stand up for more than a month," I said. He cracked up, then told me to go on home and bill the company for an extra four or five hours.

Re the Queebshot title RATS IN MY ROOM: Boyd Raeburn has several times been to parties at our place, where around 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. we usually deem it time to bring out that Frances Faye record, so that must have been where they got the title.

I hadn't heard any bit about parochial schools supposedly having lower standards than public schools, either. In San Francisco, kids who transferred from parochial schools to public ones consistently got put half a grade higher than they'd completed at the private school.

#### HORIZONS 99: Harry Warner

The inauguration of the Worst of Martin column is one of the funniest ploys I've seen in ages. The only trouble is that during the period from which you're reprinting just now, virtually nobody in FAPA wrote much better than did Martin -- at least not according to the early Fapazines I've read. And, of course, there's the fact that FAPA members don't have to read the material of his you reprint. The purpose of getting unpopular members out of FAPA is not so much to rid the mailings of crud, which can be tossed out just like junk-mail, as to make room for worthier contributors. But come to think of it, you're hitting at that point too, because every page of Martin's you reprint is a page less Warner that we get in each rigid 24-page HORIZONS.

What "more pessimistic reference to sex" is contained in the word "limberlost"? My Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary gives no clue.

Your remarks about Stratton-Porter and such reminded me of the day last winter when Andy Main and I went to an exhibit at the Brooklyn Public Library. The exhibit was of best-sellers of the past century, and of course it included a good number of Stratton-Porter's books, in addition to Uncle Tom's Cabin and The Octopus and like that. Somewhat disappointingly, many of the books were rebound library copies rather than pristine original editions. However, the exhibit was supplemented by clippings of newspaper headlines of each period, and they were even more interesting than the books: KAISER ABDICATES! MYSTERIOUS SINKING OF BATTLESHIP MAINE! etc. In a way, the most interesting of the headlines, to me, were those to do with the San Francisco earthquake and fire -- I'd seen reproductions of the San Francisco papers of the time (or, more precisely, the Oakland ones, since the San Francisco papers were out of business as a result of the fire), but seeing the catastrophe from 3,000 miles away through the New York headlines added another dimension to the story. The exhibit also included a number of working models of inventions of the period, on loan from the U. S. Patent Office, and they were fascinating and bizarre too.

And, of course, there's the peculiar quality of the Brooklyn Public Library itself. Brooklyn is not a city famed for its cultural achievements, of course, and



so those cultural aspects which it does have are played up so self-consciously as to be a bit embarrassing at times. The Brooklyn Public Library may be the most striking example of this. As you approach it, you notice that all around the building, above the windows, are bas-reliefs of writers, philosophers, scientists, etc., with quotations beneath each. As you walk up the steps leading to the main entrance, you find a lit'ry quote embossed on each step, and another set in entryway, with still more emblazoned over the door and on the walls inside. It's all sort of wistfully pretentious.

I must say I didn't think the Theodor Storm story worth the work of translation, but if you're interested in him you might pick up Signet Classic CT 262 (75¢), which was published coincidentally with this issue of HORIZONS: The Rider on the White Horse by Theodor Storm, translated and with a Foreword by James Wright. The stories included are, besides the title story, In the Great Hall, Immensee, A Green Leaf, In the Sunlight, Veronika, In St. Jorgen, and Aquis Submersus.

I wonder if Mrs. A. Leroy Doub, whom you mention on the second-to-last page of Boil, Pot, Boil!, is any relation to Elinor Busby. Seems to me I recall she once said she had some relations around Hagerstown named Doub.

#### WARHOON 20: Richard Bergeron

An excellent compendium of comments and opinions on the Boondoggle. And, of course, an excellent issue in general, too. I do wish you'd Bring Back The Contents Page, though, and also the illustrations which used to grace Wrhn's pages.

Temple's remarks about JWC's closed-mindedness re the inhabitability of Venus are ironic, certainly, in view of JWC's frequent railings against orthodoxy in science. But there have been enough skeptics among s-f's editors in the past to make this just the latest example in a series. The most striking skeptic of all was T. O'Connor Sloane, that perplexing man who edited Amazing during most of the 1930's: he was firmly convinced that space travel was impossible. In fact, he once wrote an editorial on the subject, apparently, and it stirred up quite a bit of protest from the readership. To one reader who'd written him an indignant letter, Sloane replied, "We are at a loss as to how to understand why anyone should be upset concerning our views on travel in space. Many men's lives have been lost in the far more simple attempt to conquer the air, and millions of dollars have 'gone down the drain' also in this attempt. The idea that we shall ever be able to travel in space must seem particularly optimistic, therefore." Or something to that effect, anyway. Don Wollheim tells me that Sloane was in his nineties when he was editing Amazing, which will give you an idea of what year during the nineteenth century he took his Ph.D.

Some of your comments on SERCON'S BANE seem to me to be in both doubtful taste and doubtful logic. I know you don't much like Buz, Dick (if I may put it mildly), but do you have to carry your antipathy over into print in a manner so thoroughly reminiscent of the White-Eney feud?

#### DAMBALLA 4: Chuck Hansen

The Brief Fannish History Of The Denver Area was appreciated, but I wish you'd gone into more detail about the personalities and such. Olon Wiggins, for instance, is a puzzling figure on whom you shed absolutely no light. He was, apparently, instrumental in the campaign to get a worldcon in Denver, yet he didn't bother to show up at it, and that strikes me as really strange. Then there was the report we heard around 1960 or so that he had disappeared, leaving his family, home and possessions behind, and that he had finally turned up living right around the corner with a mistress. That's about as bizarre a story as any in fandom's annals, if true. I mean, if he wanted to disappear, couldn't he have done a better job of it than just moving around the corner?

Too bad Roy Hunt is too busy to turn out any covers for you -- I've seen some of his old stuff, and it was lovely, lovely. Any chance that he may be able to do a cover or two for you in the foreseeable future?

WHY NOT? 6: Al Lewis

Those Olmec statuettes of soldiers whose noses project over the tops of their shields sound delightful. Remind me a bit of the ancient Greek representations of warriors going off to battle with long noses and virtually no chins -- the latter are usually referred to as simply crude art, but I have a pet theory that they're actually an early example of The Artist satirizing The Soldier. (Egyptian artists were required to render grandiose battle scenes in honor of pharaohs' tombs, too, but the paintings come most to life in the small details where a soldier is being dunked headfirst into a river, etc.) The Olmec statuettes would be another case in point.

It's suddenly occurred to me that Ron Ellick had become one of FAPA's Brilliant Deadwood. I look forward to his infrequent appearances in the mailings just as I do to those of Grennell and Hoffman, and enjoy them just as thoroughly. But whatever happened to the FAPA Index, Ron? (I know, I know: you don't want to hear about it.)

DAY\*STAR 23: Marion Bradley

I've had trouble with my name too, on a couple of counts. First, of course, is the fact that "Terry" could be either a man's or woman's name, so in through-the-mails type contact I frequently get the "Miss Terry Carr" bit. It used to upset the hell out of Murray Weller, the cigar-chewing head of the mail room at Scott Meredith -- every time such a letter would come in he'd gripe and groan about it, and I'd tell him, "Look, Murray, it's a natural mistake; don't get upset." "But you're not, you know what I mean, there're some guys I might wonder about, but you're not one of 'em, and..." "Yeah, well, thanks, I guess, but I don't see why you should get upset when I get called 'Miss' -- it's not as if it were you. I'm not upset, so relax." But of course the next time one of those letters came in he'd be off again.

Then, of course, there's the fact that apparently very few people are aware of the name "Terry" -- two out of three would get it as "Jerry" when I called on the phone or met someone in person. I finally took to saying, "Terry -- as in The Pirates." This occasioned doubletakes, but resulted in comprehension. (I tried saying "T as in Thomas" once, but got a letter addressed to "Thomas Carr," so I gave up on that bit.)

And your bit about being in the same class or office with others with the same first name reminds me that Carol had that problem when we started going to the Milford S-F Writers' Conferences -- Carol Emshwiller had already been a regular attendee for years, so she had first call on the name. Damon Knight finally dubbed her "Schwartz" in his Puckish manner, and Schwartz she's been to him ever since. (Carol's delighted: she never had a nickname before.)

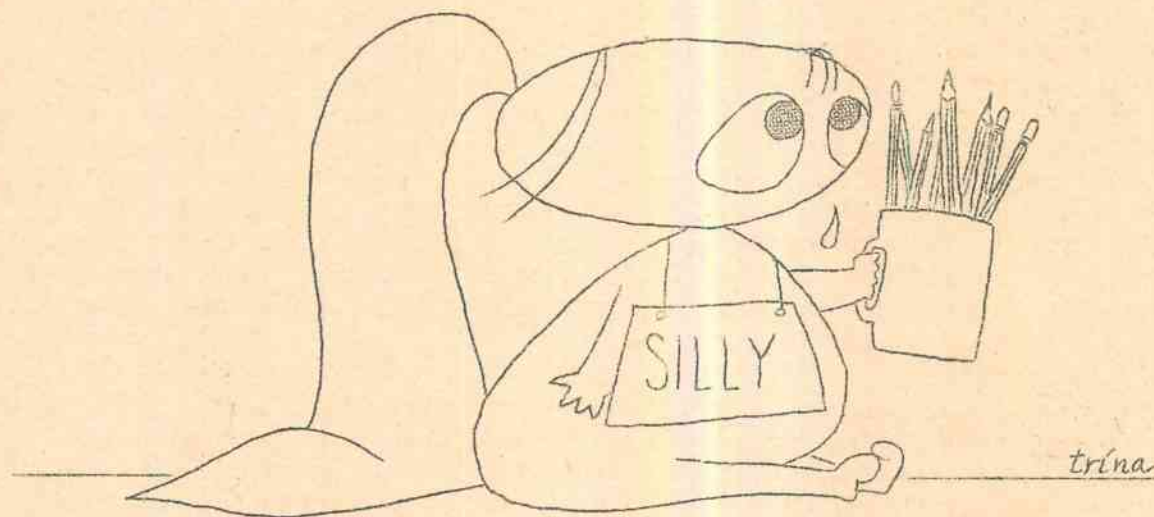
The Absurdity of Collectives you and Walter dreamed up has some good ones in it. I think "A squirm of puppies" is the best, though I agree with Carol that "A reticence of Bostonians" is also an excellent one.

DEPT. OF UNABASHED EGOBOO

In the 108th mailing I particularly enjoyed:

- 1) Letter Found in a Bottle by George Metzger, in JESUS BUG 12.
- 2) Accidentals and Nomics by James Blish, in WARHOON 20.
- 3) All of Rotsler's stuff in KTEIC MAGAZINES 117 and 118.
- 4) Bad Earthquake A'Comin' by Bob Leman, in THE VINEGAR WORM Vol. 2 No. 6.
- 5) Lee Hoffman on old planes in SELF-PRESERVATION 5.
- 6) Rat Story by Andy Reiss in JESUS BUG 12.
- 7) Hagerstown Journal by Harry Warner, in HORIZONS 99.
- 8) The Fifth Column by Walter Breen, in WARHOON 20.
- 9) From The Pens Of Babes by Al Lewis, in WHY NOT? 6.
- 10) The Lost Princess of the Peace Corps by Redd Boggs, in THE OWL ON THE PATIO FLOOR.





# THE LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF THE POO

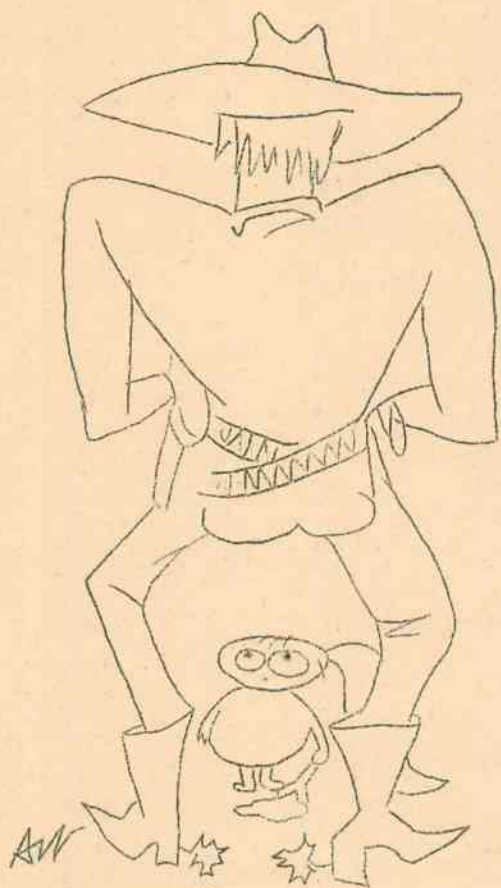
by trina and art castillo

The Poo was created sometime in the 1950's by Trina Perlson, a young New York fanne who occasionally did cartoons for fanzines but who was better known for her fine lines in person. She later became a cover girl for both Rogue and FANAC, the only model to achieve this double distinction. After marrying Art Castillo and moving to California's Bay Area in 1959 she became a sort of staff cartoonist for various Berkeley fanzines, notably HABAKKUK and INNUENDO, in each of which several of her Poo cartoons appeared.

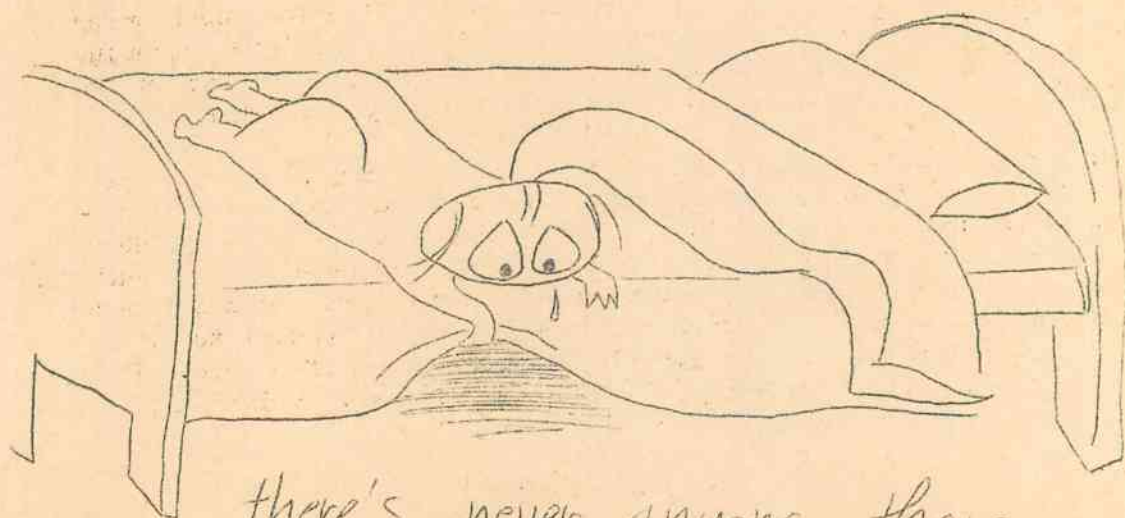
Trina freely admitted that the pathetic but eternally hopeful character of the Poo was simply an extension of her own personality. The Poo, being only three inches tall, carried Trina's petiteness to an extreme. The Poo was eternally only two years old, and so exemplified Trina's quality of childlike innocence. (Which was partly real and partly a social pose -- as Bob Bloch once put it, "Trina's social specialty, in a large gathering, is the naivete bit; however, I've long been under the impression that this gal is actually just about as naive as the late Petronius Arbiter.") And the Poo's diet consisted primarily of applecores, which was an extension of the condition of little wealth in which Trina usually found herself.

The cartoons presented here were drawn by Trina and Art in 1960, and I've had them in my files ever since. (Those by Art are probably the last remaining unpublished fan cartoons of his; he died in 1962.) The difference in their approaches to the subject of the Poo are evident -- Art, being primarily a cerebral personality, regarded the Poo simply as a humorous concept, whereas to Trina the Poo was a person with whom she could empathize. Both approaches yielded good cartoons, I think -- which may be an indication that the Poo has meaning for all types of people. (Or, as she herself once put it, "I am a state of mind.") In any case, Artistic Absolutes aside, I hope you'll enjoy the cartoons as much as I do.

-- Terry Carr

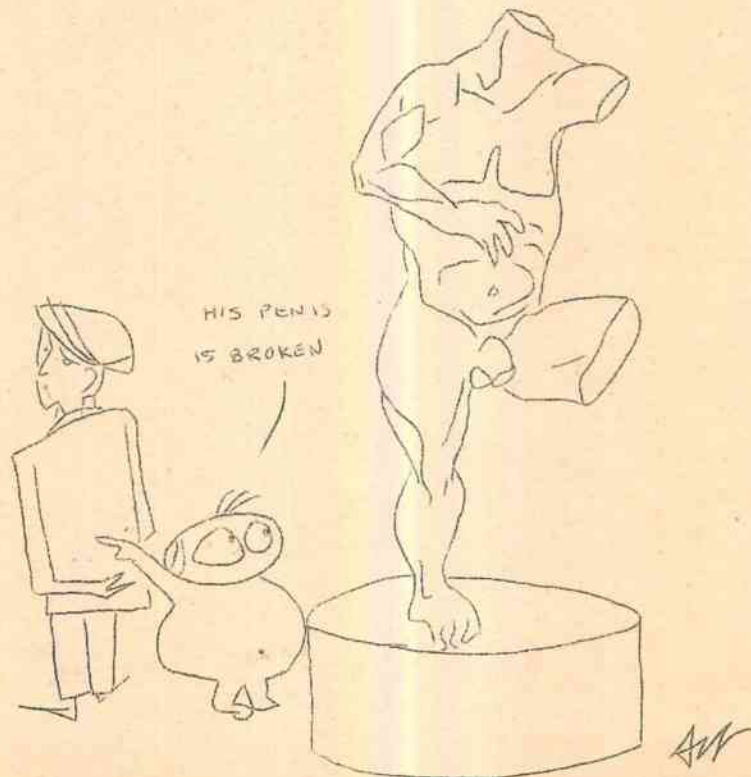
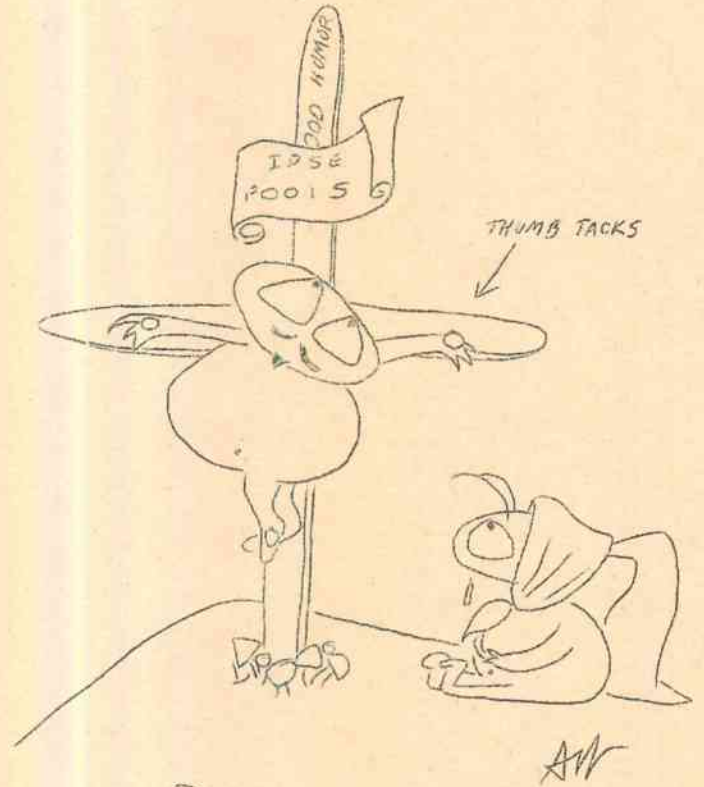
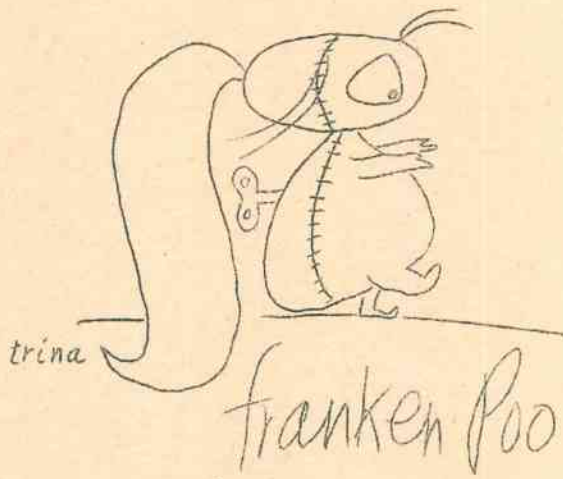


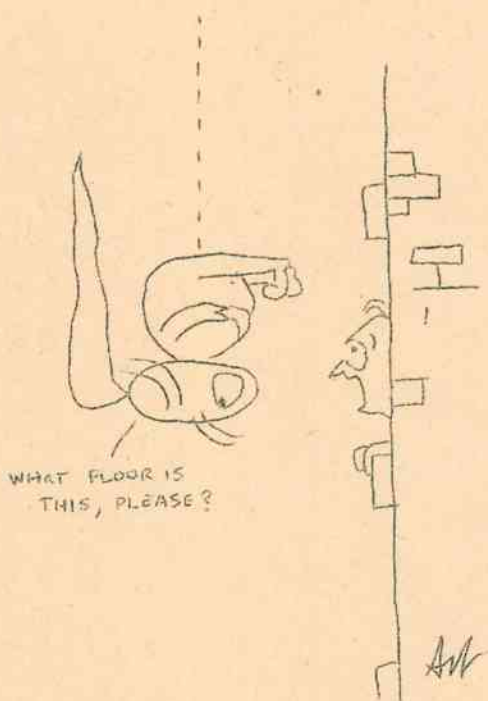
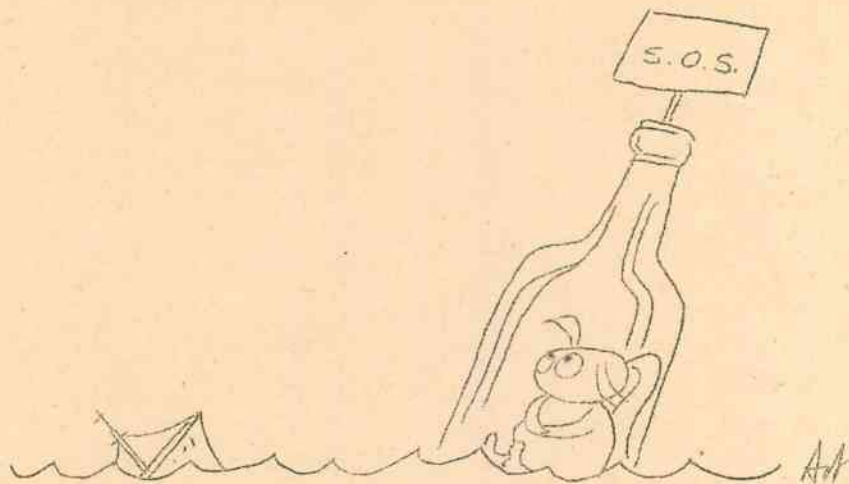
I'LL GET THAT  
TOOK A LOT OF  
TOOTHPICKS TO  
MAKE, HUH?



there's never anyone there---

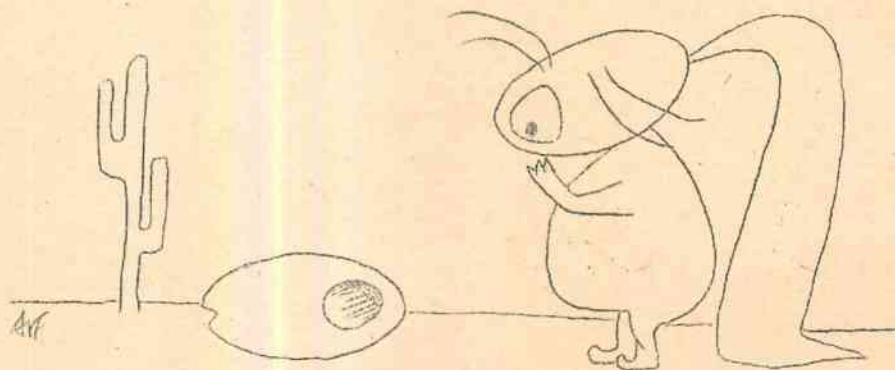
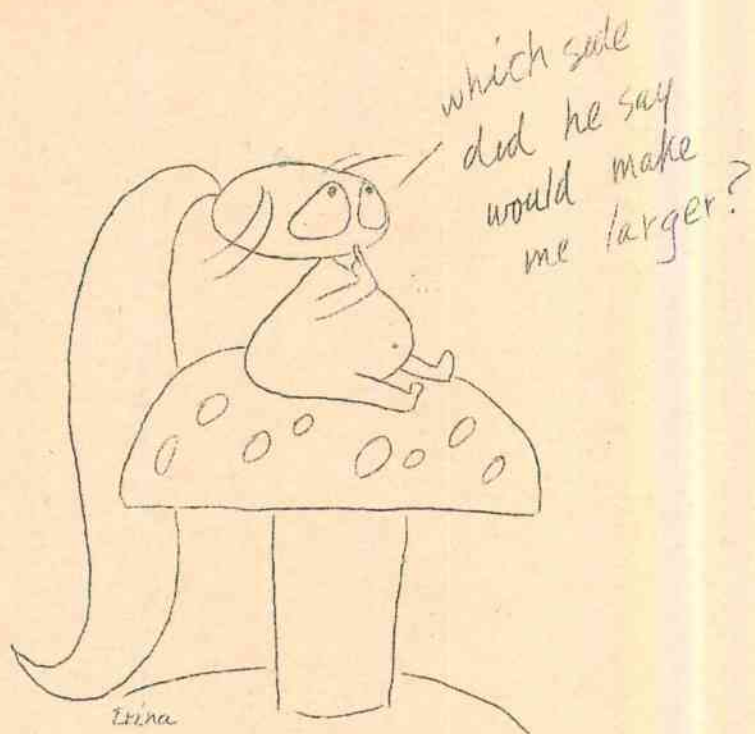


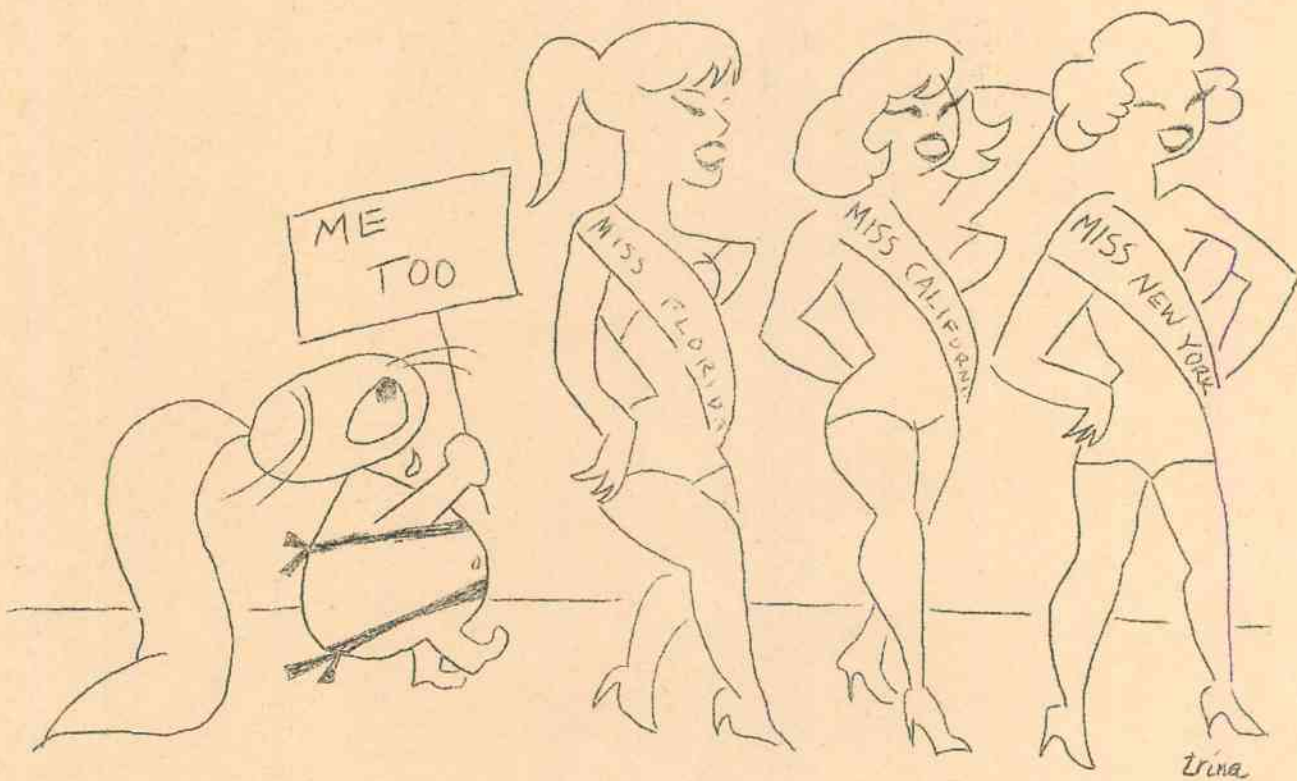
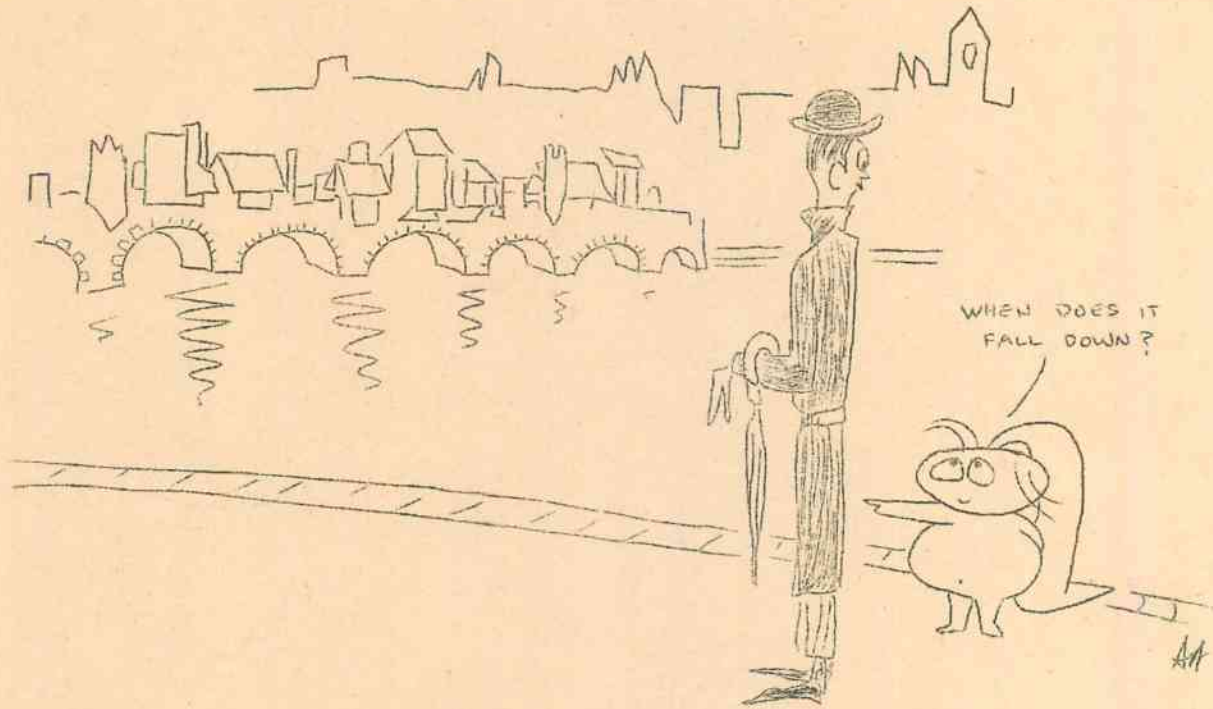




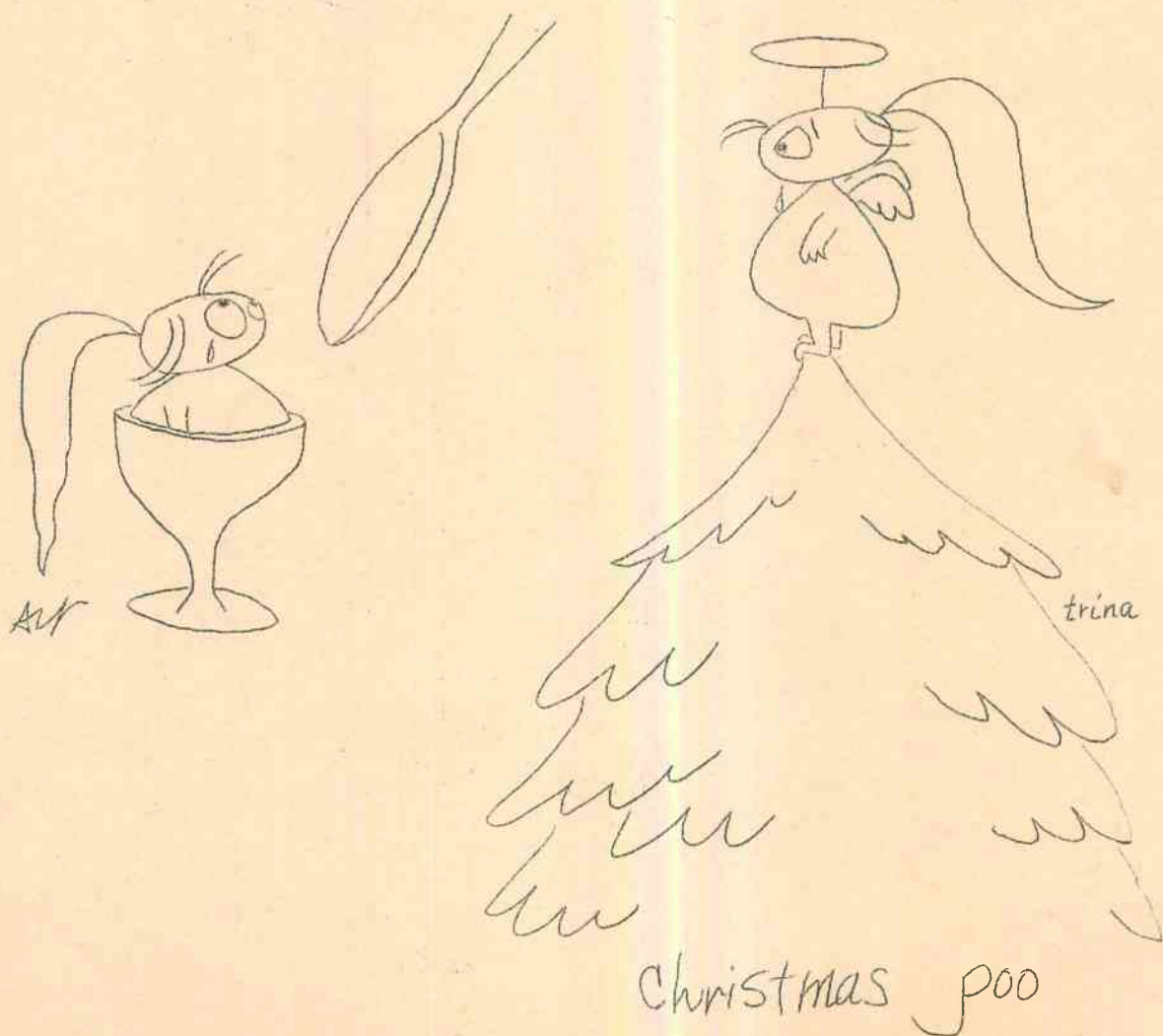
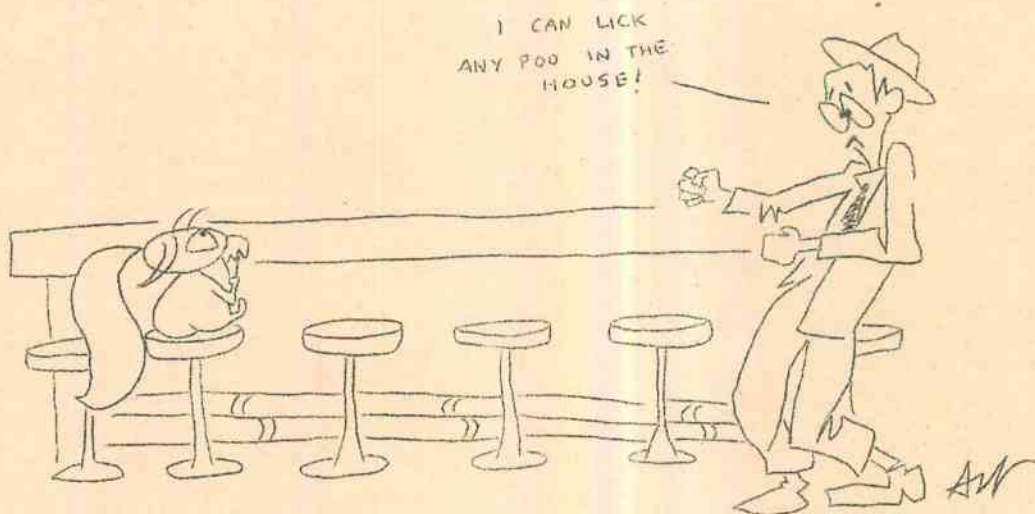
Poo IN A BIKINI

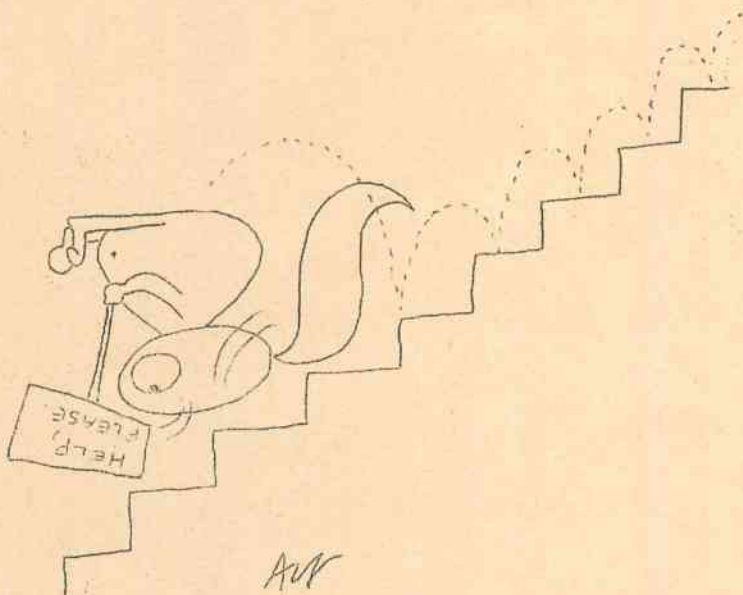
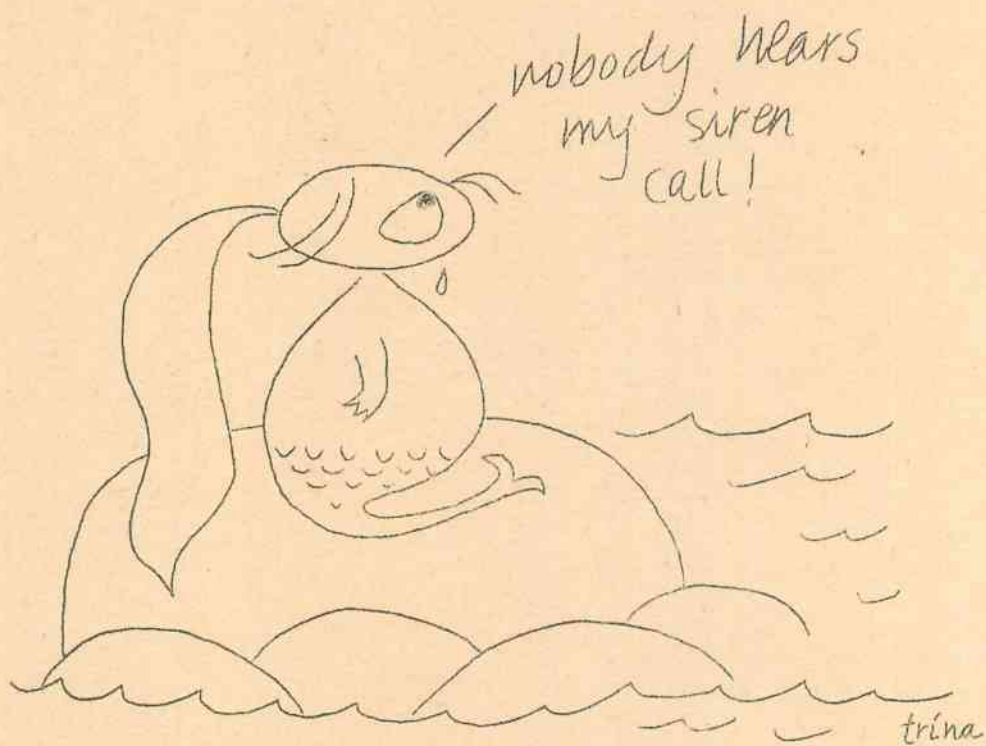




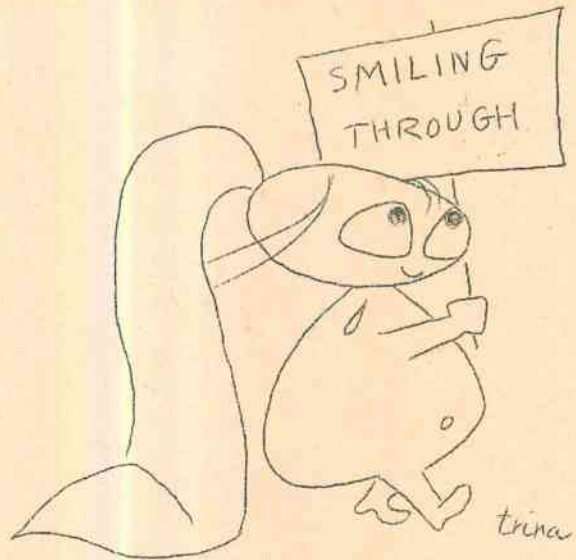












# TAKE FIVE

## MAILING COMMENTS

BY CAROL CARR



### THE PERSIAN SLIPPER 4: Ted Johnstone

On trading stamps: You say even worse are the places that have stamp-dispensing machines next to the cash register and hand you a single-width strip three yards long. It's obvious from that seemingly innocuous remark that you're not a heavy once-a-week shopper. How they do it I don't know, but the clerks manage to hand you your three tons of groceries, your fifty-seven pennies in change and at least nine yards of stamps all at once. You're left with a choice -- you can either hold the pennies in your mouth (and you know what dirty copper tastes like) or you can hold the strip between your teeth and hope to god all the glue doesn't come off so you won't have to scotch-tape the stamps into the book one by agonizing one.

Did you ever visit one of those medieval torture chambers called (hah hah) redemption centers? What you're supposed to do first, of course, is look through the catalog and pick out which big wooden spoon you like best. Then you count your books by the page, in 1/16ths, except that the books end with an odd number and then where are you? Using your home Univac (which you got last year for 1,256 1/32 books) you figure out that you can afford a wooden spoon large enough to stir your dirty clothes soa king in the bathtub. Man, that's status. So you run down to your handy neighborhood redemption center, which is only 400 miles from your handy house. It's open only one night a week (for two and a half hours), so there's a slight wait. You've already picked the ticket with your number on it from the machine that goes ding and you just mill around waiting for your turn. There's nothing to look at because all the big wooden spoons are in the window on display. You can't smoke because the sign says you can't. You can't sit down because there are no chairs. You can't talk to the person next to you because after all what kind of people get involved with trading stamps?--idiots--and who wants to talk to an idiot? Anyway, you're 400 miles from home and Terry told you not to talk to strangers. So you just



mill around, change from one foot to another, eat cough drops, hum, think of food, scratch your head and dream of that big wooden spoon. And finally they skip your number, you antagonize fifty people by insisting 10012 comes before 10013, you win the argument, she brings you your big wooden spoon made by Corning so it can go from freezer to oven (who wants to freeze a spoon?) and you find that you accidentally left a page blank.

THE BULL MOOSE: Bill Morse

I enjoyed reading you, but my eyes didn't. I especially enjoyed "The time has come, the Bull Moose said, to write of fannish scenes: of little men with little minds, and blackball votes and Breens, and whether kangaroos are courts and whether toms chase queens." Except that I couldn't read much further because my eyes gave out. I don't know anything about mimeography (or whatever you use), but I know what I like. I like to be able to read it, particularly when it looks good, which yours does.

At this writing the Carrs, Pete Graham, Lee Jacobs and of course Boyd Raeburn are planning to converge on the Clarkes Thanksgiving Day weekend. We intend to pound on their door mournfully wailing, "Give us a drumstick, Norm and Gina Baby. Or play for us something on your sax-o-phone, something soft and sweet befitting this Thanksgiving Day -- something like 'She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah'."

THE VINEGAR WORM, Vol. II No. 6: Bob Leman

There was a party for Arthur Thomson a couple of days before he left, at which Les Gerber sang, to his own guitar, "Bad Earthquake A'Comin'". He did a beautiful job and didn't omit a single "bad". It's since become one of the Carrs' favorites. Thank you, Bob Leman.

CADENZA 9: Charles Wells

I'm glad somebody said, "I would like to know what 'recognized psychological authorities' agree that all child molesters are psychopaths?" If they mean by "molester" some 65-year-old man leering into playgrounds and luring three-year-olds into his Model T for a children's hour of brutal sex and then bringing home the kids' socks which he hides under the bed in an album containing his mother's pressed gardenias, well, I guess that's a psychopath. I don't know anyone like that, though, so I don't see how the statement pertains.

AMPERSAND 1: Dean Grennell

Dean, I know you didn't cheat by making up any of those words. I believe you even if no one else will. After publishing in the last LIGHTHOUSE all those gems from when I worked for a "literary agent," we got lots of lovely letters of comment that said things like Carol's article was funny but of course Terry's was real. And I should be hit by a flying flexie\* if I changed one word. (Though the sample correspondence with which I began the article was of course reconstructed from memory.)

Anyway, I want to enter your contest and win a big wooden spoon: "If you would lubricate the punger you could slike into reverx with a ppress of the driveshat. In its present smudly condition, an agle thrust of the wrist will suddedly fliff you up the ramp."

KIM CHEE 3: Dick & Pat Ellington

First of all, Ellingtons, I liked you. Also I liked your cover, which is a fine substitution for an illo. Whop! Smeck!

Executive typewriters are fun. Don't think you got away with any funny stuff, because I noticed you using the "expand" for your name and address. Showoff. You

---

\* Curse courtesy of Philip K. Dick.

used the wobbly sign too, the key that's directly above the "2" on the new model.

Uncanny. I had exactly the same Reaction to Lawrence (Orantz, Awrenz, Orunz, Orange) of Arabia. Bought my ticket with a sour "oh well, another four hours shot to hell" expression and came out in a kind of trance, jello-eyed. Strangelove, on the other hand, I ruined for myself by reading the novel-screenplay first. Unlike most of these fiction-from-movie books, it was well-written and had every damn funny situation and line that the movie did. So I flipped at the book and sat through the movie sort of intellectually savoring it, smiling now and then, appreciating it certainly but it just didn't have that kick.

Your "Good Old Berkeley Social Scene" sure has changed. Oh fickle fans. And Miriam is the ficklest of all -- she isn't even pregnant anymore.

### GODOT 3: Mike Deckinger

But did you see that "special three-hour telecast of Hamlet" with Alfred Ryder? My god it was awful. Some say Ryder had laryngitis -- but the way he acted it he must have had botulism. Such cowlike suffering, such agonizing whines and kvetches, overacting and inane pirouettes around the stage. Yuch. And this after we'd just seen the Richard Burton Hamlet, which was excellent.

I'm for the Sullivan Law anyway. There are all sorts of cunning little devices on the market for women to use against mashers, rapists, murderers, muggers and boy-friends -- dandy doodads that shock the guy with 5,000,000 volts, whistles that go screech in the night, and compressed custard pies to be shot out of a pearl-handled beebee gun. No need for knives and whips. Personally, I wouldn't go out of the house alone after dark if you wrapped me in asbestos and put me in an armored tank.

Oh, I forgot, there's also some sort of chemical that "temporarily" blinds the poor shnook. The picture in the ad shows a mangy looking male with a checkered cap holding his hands over his eyes, writhing in agony while the intended victim gloats. (Terry just said he never heard of these things. But it's true, really -- all except the custard pies.)

### WHY NOT 6: Al Lewis

From the Pens of Babes was magnificent. Especially:

"What are the customs of the people?" "The following articles may be brought into Switzerland free of duty..."

And "The language of the Swiss is not all one language...very few people speak English, in fact only 10."

And "Boats are very popular for shipping."

-- Oh hell, if I go on I'll recopy the whole article.

---

Can't I even make a wisecrack without you getting Cosmic all over the place?

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(From Playboy's interview with Salvador Dali:)

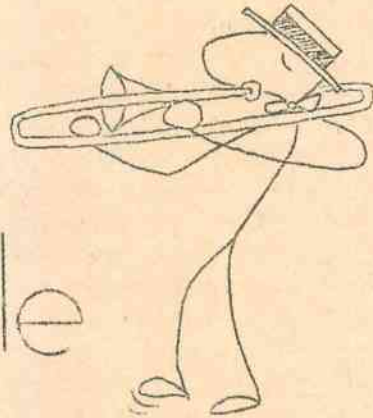
Playboy: How does the inspiration for these symbolic images actually come to you?

Dali: Dali every morning wakes at six o'clock to make pee pee, and in this pee pee moment I understand everything with tremendous lucidity. This is the most divine moment for knowing everything most clearly. One morning while I make pee pee I am absolutely sure that Dali's machine for thinking -- a rocking chair from which hang on strings many little goblets filled with hot milk -- foreshadows the invention of cybernetics. The next day I check and discover that Norbert Wiener's manifesto on cybernetics was written fifteen years after Dali constructed his thinking machine. But my machine is never manufactured because I am not at all concerned with electronics, and it is only a crazy idea.

-- Playboy, July 1964



# terry carr: tailgate ramble



## AND THEN I DIDN'T WRITE...

Every now and then I have to go through my voluminous airconditioned and chrome-plated files and weed out things which have been sitting there for months, years and perhaps even a decade or two. These things, by and large, fall into three categories: (1) Unfinished manuscripts of one sort or another, begun when the spark of inspiration burned brightly but, alas, briefly, so that they were never finished. (2) Notes for articles, pieces, selections, etc. which I've never written up. (3) Newspaper clippings, quotes from here and there -- just plain miscellanea.

One reason I'm in the process of disposing of these things now (using you gentle readers as a sort of literary garbage chute, you should pardon the expression) is that I went out to California a couple of months ago for the convention and for visiting family and friends. While I was there I went through a lot of my stuff, with the result that I now have more uncompleted Terry Carr manuscripts than anyone else alive. One of them proved to be salvagable -- the brandonization 1926 and All That, which Karen Anderson and I had begun back in, oh, I guess it was probably 1960. Rereading what was there, I thought it was pretty funny in spots, so I promptly sat down and finished it. You'll already have noted that it appears in this issue. Writing credit: Karen and I each wrote about half of the first half of the article, and I soloed on the final half.

Another unfinished brandonization which turned up isn't so salvagable, though, because it was a massive task for which I just don't have the necessary zip anymore. A few of you may remember that five years ago I began, in VOID, a thing called The Detention Tale, which was a Carl Brandon version of The Canterbury Tales, the scheme of the poem being the recounting of stories by various fans who have joined in a car-caravan on the way to the Detention. The Prologue to the whole cycle appeared in VOID, and introduced the Wife of Bath, who was a nonfan, the Trufan, the Feuder, the Faned, the Convention Fan, the Clubman and the Old Guardist.

I had made up a rather elaborate outline for the series, not much of which is translatable even by me at this late date. I do note, though, that in the true Chaucerian tradition I was going to end the whole thing with my Retractions, in which I would retract each bad pun, each forced rhyme or stumbling metre.

Anyway, along with this outline I turned up the Prologue to the Wife of Bath's Tale. I'm going to print it here (next page), and I hope the reason I'm doing it is that I really think it has a bit of merit, but it may just be that I couldn't stand to see the hours of work I put into it go for naught.

### The Wife of Bath's Prologue

There is a saying spreading in the lands  
That fans to other fans should join their hands  
In matrimony -- never marry out  
Of one's own caste (that's fandom, have no doubt).  
For -- as the saying goes, at any rate --  
Miscegenation is a bad estate  
When it's between a fan and one who's not.  
The grievances are many, well I wot,  
Against a nonfan in a fannish home:  
The carpings well could fill a weighty tome,  
Were they collected, big as any annish --  
And in these days 'twould be considered fannish.

Anthologies of fancrud are the rage  
These days, and often page is piled on page  
In order to amass an impressive book  
Which fans will buy, put on their shelves, and look  
At, thinking it so fannish and so fine,  
The meanwhile calling stf collectors swine.  
They grate at those collecting science fiction  
Yet from their piles of fanzines feel no friction.  
This is just fannish chauvinism pure,  
And against it I'll have words, you may be sure.

The fan who thinks himself so fine and fannish,  
Whose writings are obscure, whose actions clannish,  
Has only one thing wrong: his head's too big.  
Of things without his circle he's a prig:  
He draws his circle round him, says "Begone!"  
To nonfan things, as 'twere a pentagon.  
I've never met a fan in all my days  
-- And be assured I well know fannish ways --  
Who didn't have a touch of snobbery.  
Now I will tell how this applies to me.

And at that point her Tale was to begin. According to my notes, it was to be concerned with the necessity for nonfan wives keeping their fan-husbands under control -- not letting them clutter up the house with crudzines, stain the sheets with hekto-purpled hands, etc. And, being the Wife of Bath, her primary interest was in sex, which she was to recommend heartily to fans. I have just one more couplet written, this to have been in The Wife of Bath's Tale:

For Ghu said, "Go ye forth and duplicate."  
What better way than bedded with one's mate?

Alas, however, her Tale will never be told, nor will any of the others. After five years away from it, I find I just can't swing with it anymore, so the publication of the fragments here signals the end of my wistful hopes of Getting Back To It someday.

More unused material turns up in my files in the form of a Berkeley Fan Diary which I kept for a few weeks back in January of 1960. At that time I was, of course, married to present FAPA member Miriam Knight, and we had just moved in temporarily with Poul and Karen Anderson while I looked for work in Berkeley and we looked for an apartment of our own. I started keeping the diary because we were suddenly thrown



into the center of Fannish doings in Berkeley, after having lived in comparative Fannish isolation in San Francisco for a year, and I was planning on writing up the diary as a column for somebody... Vic Ryan, I think it was. Well, whoever it was kept putting off publishing his next issue, and I stopped taking notes, and the notes I'd taken dated more and more... About a year later I wrote up about two weeks' worth of them in an Ompazine, but I see there's still a full week untouched. It would be silly to go into details at this late date, but there are a few amusing highlights.

On January 12, Dave Rike had come over for dinner and he and I went to the store to do some shopping. We ran into Ron Ellik there, and I told him he owed me a dollar for additional postage I'd paid on an issue of FANAC. Ron had just spent his last dollar on groceries, though. So Dave handed him \$2.00 for his, Dave's, FAPA dues (Ron was Secy-Treas then); Ron peeled off \$1.00 of it and handed it to me; and I passed it right back to Dave, explaining to Ron that I owed Dave a dollar. Ron looked perplexed, and went away muttering about the difficulties of balancing FAPA's books.

On January 13 we sat around with Karen talking about things Fapish, and Karen suggested, "Let's appoint ourselves Elder Gods of FAPA." Miriam protested that she'd only gotten into FAPA within the past year. "But that's just the point," Karen said. "We're all new members!" "But Terry's been in FAPA eight years," Miriam said. "You have?" Karen said, turning to me. "Then you can't be an Elder God of FAPA with us." I wandered away shaking my head and muttering, "Drummed out of godhood..."

A couple of days later, in a conversation with Ron Ellik, Miriam said, "Impugning is when you cast asparagus on someone."

And that's about all that happened that week that was very interesting, if at all. Later on that year, Unicorn Productions made a movie called The Musquite Kid Rides Again, and Miriam and I played ourselves in the movie, taking a special trip to Los Angeles for a weekend of filming. I wrote up the weekend in Shaggy in an article titled The Fastest Ham in the West, but I find among my papers some notes for a sequel to that article (The Fastest Ham in the West Rides Again). It seems some of the scenes shot in Los Angeles turned out lightstruck or something, so the Unicorn crew came up to Berkeley and we reshot the scene out at Joe and Robbie Gibson's house.

The scene was one in which Two-Gun Terry, or whoever I was, had been shot with an arrow "right in the typin' shoulder," and was taken for treatment to Doc Eney, played by Jim Caughran. It was a simple scene -- I'm led into the room, Jim looks at the wound (I'm holding a plonker-arrow against my shoulder), then he hands me a lettering guide, says, "Bite on that -- this may hurt," and pulls the arrow out. At least, that's the way it went in the original -- with a few variations, like Jim getting nervous and forgetting his one line (he handed me the lettering guide and just said, "Here," which made for the most pointless bit of business in any movie ever made, I guess). Anyway, in this retake we didn't have a lettering guide around, so we substituted an issue of F&SF. When we were rehearsing the scene, Jim handed me the F&SF, uttered his line, and I ad-libbed, "Oh, good -- I like a magazine I can sink my teeth into." Then I turned to Bjo and said, "Is that line okay?" "That's fine," she said. "Ad-lib all you want -- but when we're shooting the scene, don't turn around and ask if it's okay!"

So we went through the scene, and as I recall I played it straight, though at the crucial moment I was tempted to say, "Hey, wait a minute, I gotta read Hopalong Peghoot." I was afraid I'd make Jim forget his lines, though.

Another note which I find in the files is the quote, "The more I see of men, the

more I like dogs," which was credited in a book of famous quotations to Madame de Staël (1766-1817), so I guess Bill Danner has been wrong all along in attributing the line to Ambrose J. Weems. (Oh, and that reminds me: When we were shooting that Musquite Kid movie in Los Angeles, Bjo said of my not-very-extensive acting abilities, "He ran the gamut of emotions from A to B." I thought that was a great line, and I duly quoted it in my Shaggy article. A couple of months ago, though, I discovered that the line was originally by Dorothy Parker, so this is notice that Credit Should Go Where Credit Is Due or something.)

Then there's a note here about a conversation we had at the Ace Books offices several months ago. We were talking about the case of the girl who was stabbed to death while scores of people watched without helping her or calling the police -- they later said that they "didn't want to get involved." I said this conjured up the ultimate scene of this type:

Middleclass man is sitting with tie loosened, feet up on hassock, reading New York Times with can of Schlitz beside him. Middleclass wife, wearing apron and with her hair tied back by red ribbon, is standing by window looking out at children -- Charles, 7, and Linda, 5 -- playing on lawn with dog. Suddenly she sees huge mushroom cloud rising from Manhattan, fifteen miles away. "Herbert!" she cries, turning to husband with distraught face. "The Russians are attacking! They've bombed New York!" Husband looks up, frowns, says, "Draw the blinds, dear -- let's not get involved."

And I have a whole lot of clippings here. The oldest is one which Archie Mercer sent me a couple of years ago, headlined, "BEER SPIRE MUST COME DOWN". However, it isn't about the famous Berkeley Tower to the Moon of Bheer Cans; it begins, "The spire of Beer Parish Church, South Devon, is to be demolished because it is in a dangerous condition."

The other clippings are more recent. One of them is from the New York Times for September 12, 1964:

#### FESTIVAL BRINGING POP ARTIST'S FILMS TO LINCOLN CENTER

Pop movies, representing modern art in one of its wilder forms, have found a niche in the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

Beginning next week the New York Film Festival will show a quartet of films by the pop artist, Andy Warhol, as a special display on the Grand Promenade at Philharmonic Hall.

They will be projected continuously from 5:30 P.M. until midnight each day during the festival, which runs from Monday through Sept. 26. To screen the films, Lincoln Center has acquired four of the new Fairchild 400 machines -- small box-type projectors resembling television sets, designed to make it easy to show 8 mm. movies in the home.

Mr. Warhol, whose movies are to be shown, is best known for his facsimiles of Brillo boxes.

Mr. Warhol's movies are as original as his other art. He likes to focus his camera on something he considers worth photographing, and let the camera roll until the film runs out.

His "Eat" is a contemplative shot of another pop artist, Robert Indiana, eating a mushroom. "Kiss" consists of several closeups of couples kissing. "Haircut" is an intimate view of a man having his hair cut, lock by lock.

"Sleep," Mr. Warhol's most controversial movie, is a six-hour record of a man having a good night's sleep. The camera remains on him throughout the night, with the camera angle changing at the end of each reel.

Lincoln Center will show only one shot from "Sleep," but will repeat it continuously throughout the evening. The four excerpts last about three



minutes each. They are accompanied by an electronic score, composed for the occasion by LaMonte Young.

The score consists of a single continuous note, played at a distinctly audible 400 cycles on an instrument of the composer's devising. The note is G.

And here's another one, same paper, same day:

#### DIRKSEN CALLS JOHNSON AD UNFIT FOR CHILDREN TO WATCH

Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen complained to the National Association of Broadcasters today that a Democratic party commercial shown on television was unfit for children and violated broadcasting ethics.

The Illinois Republican asked that his complaint be presented to members of the association's board.

The commercial showed a small girl picking daisies in a meadow. An atomic bomb explosion occurs, then a message urging the election of President Johnson.

Well, that does seem to have been a bit extreme. Another report on the hassle over that ad said that Dean Burch, the Republican chairman, had claimed the ad's innuendo amounted to "libel per se" against Goldwater, the implication being that Johnson "is a careful man and Senator Goldwater may somehow cause some sort of atomic conflict because he is a perfectly reckless person." The Democratic chairman, John M. Bailey, replied, "They think we are trying to scare people with the image of Mr. Goldwater. I think any image of Mr. Goldwater has been created by Mr. Goldwater himself."

And here's a final clipping on somewhat the same subject, but with a different slant. I disremember the source, but it was within the last few months.

#### WHAT TO TELL YOUR CHILD BEFORE BOMB GOES OFF

"Mommy, will even the little babies be killed?"

Hard to accept, and answer, are the questions the young are asking their parents in a world profoundly altered by the threat of thermonuclear extinction. "Will there be a war?" "Will it be the end of the world?" "I love you, mommy."

"Children and the Threat of Nuclear War" is being published on June 19 by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, in cooperation with the Child Study Association of America. A second joint effort, "What to Tell Your Children About Sex," is scheduled for publication in the autumn.

I assume the latter book is just in case a few of the children should be left alive to repropagate the race.

Let's see...there's also an ad here for a book called the Encyclopedia of Associations, which lists all sorts of fraternal, hobby, sports and so on groups along with information on their activities. There are three pages of sample organizations here, and though I don't see PAPA or the NFFF listed, I do see some intriguing ones: Pan American Zebu Association, Count Dracula Society, American Pencil Collectors Society, Collectors of Religion on Stamps Society, United States Racing Pigeon Association, and the Witch Doctors Club. Seems to me anyone wanting to continue the old VOID "Other Fandoms" series might investigate some of these for fresh subjects.

And finally, under "Things To Write" I have a note here which says, "Do piece, half page or maybe more, setting everybody straight on Boondoggle." Well, I think I'll pass on that one. ("Can I come back to that question?")

## A CURSE

Curses upon those who should yet do not write. May their right hands wither and their kidneys shrink; may the illiterate inveterately incommunicative wretches shrivel and snivel and cringe in terror before the mighty retribution which shall befall them. Upon them be the wrath of Jahweh and Ahriman, of Cthulhu and Baal, of Moloch, the child-eater, and the terrible Huitzilopochtli, of Apollyon and Siva and Yama and Hol, of Ninib and Gibil, of the slaving Garm, of Sathanas and Ashmodai and the great God Brown. May their stony hearts be touched by Shamai. Their ingratitude and ill-mannered, procrastinating silence create suspicions of foul and loathsome irregular ancestry and vile, debauched, depraved and degenerate habits.

Yea, verily, verily I say unto you there shall come forth a beast with fourteen toes and a heart of schist and it shall have four heads like unto a sloth, like unto them on which it shall go forth to wreak vengeance, and another four heads like unto an ass, like unto them on which it shall go forth to wreak vengeance, and yet a final four heads crowned with sharp horns entwined with venomous serpents and withal fanged and toothed wherewith it shall go forth to wreak vengeance upon those who slothfully slide into a silent stupor, forgetting the bonds forged of friendship. Verily I say unto you that the number of the beast is one thousand and twelve score and three and the name of the beast is Armacost out of Armageddon and betimes it goeth forth breathing flames and fury and belching forth smoke and the flatulence of the hating, howling gods of retribution. And it shall slouch round, its hour come at last, unto the land of the delinquents, yea, unto their very TV sets and it shall howl at the blood-red, balefully winking moon and the shears of Atropus will flash through the land and the subscription list will be pruned.

"Vengeance is mine," cries Armacost and the evil shall cower and know fear and shall use the keys of their cobwebbed typewriters to open the gates to forgiveness and the unrepentant shall be trampled, crushed and fermented into a bitter wine, sour to the taste and as gall and wormwood to the tongue and the beast shall be joyful and drink deep and the whining regretful wretches, doomed, will plead for mercy and it shall avail them not for their time shall be long passed. They shall be attended by the legions of Beelzebub as offal destined for the flames of damnation. Lo! Already can be heard the sound of the grindstones sharpening pitchforks, specially hooked for recalcitrant souls. Already the flames leap up and a stench of smoldering brimstone can be smelled from afar. Already the day is nigh at hand.

Repent, sinners, for the hour of your judgment is coming soon upon thee; destruction looms and the gates of shame are yawning.

Curses upon those who should write but do not. May they suffer the penalties of Loki and Prometheus, of Sisyphus and Tantalus. May they have warts and boils and hives and piles and a red rash spelling out four-letter words on their foreheads. May they suffer the curse of gray -- gray days and gray thoughts, a gray life and a gray death. May they suffer the curse of cold -- cold hands and cold feet, cold food and a cold bed, cold loins to match a cold heart.

For in the beginning was the Word and the word was good and they only shall be saved that send the word and all others shall perish, drowned in the fetid slime of their own shame. On those who write is the blessing of the Lord and the good wishes of the great Alfadr, who gave an eye for wisdom. Blessings upon the communicators for they have drunk of the dwarf-brewed mead and shall be made glad and they do shine as an example and as a beacon in the soul's night for the benighted souls who have not learned to write.

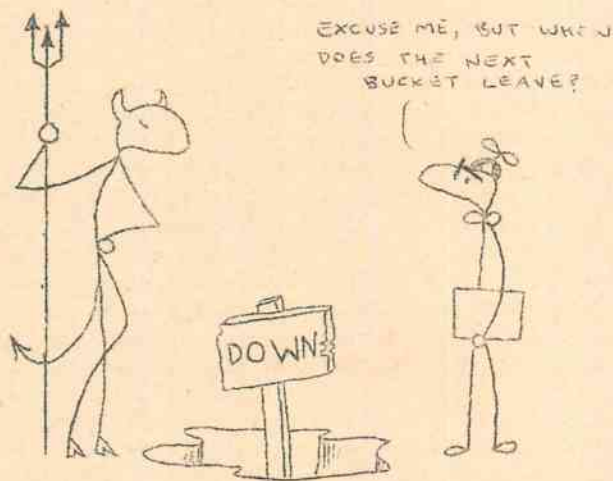
Repent, sinners, of thy iniquities. Purge your souls and pour them forth upon the white paper and affix thereto a stamp and virtue will shine forth as a sign from your pen and Armacost shall know you for an upright soul and devastation, demolition and destruction shall pass you by unscathed.

Curses upon those who should yet do not write. Upon the unrepentant lies a heavy curse. They are Anathema. May they itch and twitch and drivel and shrivel and quake and quiver with fear of the retribution which is even now approaching, sped on the wings of an avenging angel. May they attain wealth and have ten houses and in every house ten spacious rooms and in every room ten beds and may they wake in the night with diarrhoea and go in search of repose from bed to bed and room to room and house to house and raise a stench to Heaven as their ways are already a stench in the nostrils of the righteous.

((The above curse was written by Tom Seidman, and originally appeared in an early issue of THE SEIDMAN NEWSLETTER. It is reprinted here by the permission of the author.))



# LETTER LITTER



Due to the former vagaries of the distribution system of LIGHTHOUSE, this letter column has on several occasions embarrassedly presented letters commenting on issues published a year or two previously. The letter below, commenting on an article in LIGHTHOUSE #5, February 1962, is printed without blushes, however: it was written 21 Feb 1962 but never mailed, and finally handed to me in San Francisco two months ago with the apologetic comment that it was obviously too late to be printable but maybe I'd be interested anyway. I was, and, since the article which occasioned the letter

was one of the most popular LIGHTHOUSE has yet printed, I hope you people will be interested too.

The article in question was Alva Rogers' Darkhouse, a reminiscence of the days in the mid-1940's when Alva became acquainted with one Jack Parsons, fringe-fan and leader of a black-magic cult in Pasadena called the O.T.O. (initials for the French name of "The Order of Oriental Templars"), which had originally been founded by Aleister Crowley. A number of people familiar to s-f fans were connected with the Parsons group, though not members; these included L. Ron Hubbard, who later married Parsons' girlfriend Betty, and Lou Goldstone, who later had the good taste and good fortune to marry

CYNTHIA GOLDSTONE, 350 Dolores Street, San Francisco 10, California

I quickly lighted upon Alva Rogers' Darkhouse and avidly gobbled it up; the subject of Jack Parsons and the house on Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena has intrigued me ever since Lou first told me about the whole unusual setup.

It's striking that Lou view Jack Parsons very differently than did Alva. I'm momentarily reminded of Rashomon -- remember the disparate points of view? Of course, the characters involved there were not as detached as Lou and Alva were from the Parsons menage. Anyway, it's Lou's view that Jack never for a moment believed in black magic; his satisfaction was gained from participating in the ceremonies, and perhaps observing the psychological aspects of the ceremonies. Lou attended one of the O.T.O. meetings once, as a guest, and there was no orgy; however, it was a part of the ceremony for members to wear no clothing underneath their robes.

Lou and I went to Los Angeles in what must have been '52, took the old red car out to Pasadena, and walked the few blocks to the Parsons house. As we approached, the suspense was tremendous. My experience was similar to Alva's when he went back there later: it was dramatic and tragic to come upon a vacant lot, with chunks of cement foundation and a lot of debris spread about. We walked around, with Lou telling me where the library had been, etc. As I recall it, the teahouse was partially intact.

Art Joquel has an enormous amount of stuff by and about Crowley, and also some newspaper clippings referring to Jack's death. His work was dangerous in the extreme, as he dealt with high explosives, and it seems pretty conclusive that he got a little careless with something. Lou cannot credit the theory that it was suicide; he can't reconcile it with Jack Parsons' dynamic, creative and positive personality.





entertainment in the eyes of the news media. Murders, trials, funerals, personal grief, public humiliation -- all are grist to the mill. The cameras are everywhere. What's worse, they seem often to influence the things they cover. Last year Life magazine put the team of Drew-Leacock-Pennebaker onto a series of documentaries filmed in the cinema verite style -- handheld camera, portable mike, little editing or commentary. They dealt with Paul Crump's appeal against the death sentence for murder, Eddie Sachs driving in the Indianapolis 500, Jane Fonda opening in a new Broadway play, a girl named Susan Starr competing for a classical piano prize. The technique was excellent and the material entertaining but after the first few shows it became increasingly obvious to me that here was a particularly unpleasant confusion of life and art. The presence of the cameras and the sound gear, unobtrusive as it was, seemed to put the subjects off, with the result that all of them failed. Jane Fonda's play flopped in the first week, Susan Starr came third out of three, Eddie Sachs ran out of the money on both occasions he was used in the show. Was it because they didn't have what it takes? Or might they have won without the cameras peering over their shoulders?

Re Comments on Comments on Comments on: Yma Sumac appeared on a German variety show about six months ago, so I gather she didn't go back to the old family pyramid and sing to the llamas. This is not to say she shouldn't have, of course.

Like Breen, I enjoyed the Swingle Singers version of Bach. (Is it okay to agree with Breen?) The most disappointing part of the critical reaction to these records has been that representing Enlightened Jazz Opinion. When pressed by a classical critic, one of Downbeat's writers (is it okay to read Downbeat?) copped out completely and agreed that they were poor Bach but good educational music. Nuts. I don't see why the music can't be appreciated for what it is -- good swinging jazz. Perhaps Walter would have inclined a little more to this view if he had heard the album Dizzy Gillespie with the Double Six of Paris or the excellent (though now unobtainable, I'm sorry to say) Legrand/Hodier score for the film Une Parisienne.

{(I haven't seen the Life documentary films you describe, but they remind me of the one that's been going around called The Most. It's all about Hugh Hefner and what a fantastically great guy he is besides just being successful. They cut back and forth between scenes at this mad orgiastic but obviously pretty dull party at Hefner's house to comments by various associates and brief slices of Hefner's life as a bigtime executive. First you see chesty females twisting like crazy at Heffie's house, then the Vice President of HMH Publications comes on and says, "I think Heff's just a pearl of a guy, the nicest guy you'd ever want to meet, I can't tell you how much he means to me..." (about a hundred thou a year, I suppose), then you get this scene in the Playboy offices where one of the bunnies listens to Heffie talk business on the phone and then her eyes light up and she giggles and says, "Why Heffie, I do believe you're getting a little gray at the temples! Oh, it's just divine, it's so cute and kind of distinguished at the same time..." and then Heffie's Negro cleaning woman pauses in vacuuming his house the morning after the party and says, "Why he's the sweetest man, he's just like the son I never had," and then Hefner himself comes on wiggling his pipe and jaw around and looking very successful but at the same time kind of modest and says, "I think it was Herb Caen in one of his columns who said that I've been to bed with more beautiful women than any other man in history," and then he pauses and thinks that over and finally admits, "Now, I know that's probably not true..." It's the most devastating documentary I've ever seen. Of course, it's best to see it in the Village, where the audiences react best -- especially when Hefner says, serious and sort of shy, "I guess I've always been sort of a rebel..." and the audience breaks up in laughter.

{(I hear via the grapevine that when Hefner first saw the completed movie he frowned for awhile, and then shrugged his shy but somehow serious shrug and said, "Well, I gotta admit it, it's me." He has several copies of the film himself, of course.)}

VIC RYAN, Box 403, 2309 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois

I'm not sure just what it was about Metzger's letters that made them so entertaining to me. It sure as hell can't be originality. Maybe it's just a little touch of vintage Kirs, or those fantastic cracks in the cool exterior, where George all but says maybe this scene isn't as shitty as it's made out to be.

Speaking of shitty reminds me of a woman I was interviewing this summer while I was working in a mental hospital. She was an old chronic that the staff had rung in as a joke. I asked her what her name was, and she replied, "Emma Shit." Huh? (Notice the sophisticated manner in which that was dealt with.) After asking a couple of more times and getting the same answer in increasingly exasperated tones, I said something like, "Well, we'll just forget your last name and call you Emma..." She said, "Listen, you c-cksucker, I said my name was Emma Shit and it is!"

Pete Graham's puzzlement with the off-beat sexuality of Fleming's novels is pretty well-founded, I guess. Not only the castration threats, but the odd sort of female conception in The Spy Who Loved Me's narrator, and Bond's apparent fascination with mutilated women (viz., Dr. No, and, on a slightly more symbolic level, Pussy Galore, who, if I remember right, was a rape/incest/somesuchthing victim).

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England

Nostalgia has been sweeping over me ever since LIGHTHOUSE arrived yesterday. It has taken me back years to when you used to write letters from San Francisco, when George Metzger used to send me inch-thick letters airmail (honest -- they were larger than manuscripts and I still have them). I wondered what had happened to Metzger. I can see he hasn't changed very much. Probably he never will.

Yes, then there was Lars Bourne -- in London the other week I saw a Hollywood cartoon, Short Term Sheriff, where a W. C. Fields type character gets stuck with the sheriff's job in a desert town. It said, "Story by Larz Bourne." Of course it may be someone else, but... All my old contacts seem to have got on well in the world some way or another: you with Ace Books, Ted White elsewhere, Mike Moorcock here now editing New Worlds, Bill Harry, who used to draw for CAMBER, editing the quarter-million weekly pop music paper Mersey Beat.... Almost everyone seems to have progressed except myself. I wonder if we could have all foreseen the future in those days, though.

After reading all these howlers in Carol's article, plus the life of a literary agent in yours, I don't think I'll be a writer. I'll go train driving or something easy. I suppose you got a larger number of lousy stories because you got a larger number of people in the first place. Mike Moorcock was saying here to me recently that people just aren't writing the stuff anymore -- science fiction, that is. Most of the submissions he receives are from schoolboys and the like, most badly typed and laid out. The editor of Science Fantasy went so far last issue as to give instructions on how a manuscript should be typed out, which is the first time I've ever seen that in a magazine. Mike says he never reads anything for pleasure anymore, because he's been doing it so long for a job -- I suppose you feel the same way? Do you read anything for pleasure anymore, or are you always analyzing it and breaking it down as you read it?

Pete Graham mentioned getting a John Birch Society leaflet the other day. Well, recently I got one from the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, via a friend who had it through the post I think. It was some rubbish by a reverend gent called The Saddest Story Ever Told, about mixed marriages, and it was from the KKK in Spartanburg, South Carolina. I must admit I was very tempted to write and say, "Dear Sir, Would you please send me your free literature...how much does a bedsheet cost?"

{(That Hollywood writer isn't our Lars Bourne, no. As for whether any of us could have foreseen later events back in the 50's...well, in San Francisco fandom we used to have a saying. It seems that one night several of us (Boob Stewart, Pete Graham, Bill Collins, me, etc.) were walking home after a fanclub meeting, and we got picked up by the police. There had been a teenage party in the neighborhood



which had ended in a mass fight with switchblades and broken bottles, and we were hauled in for questioning. First, though, we were allowed to cool our heels for an hour in the police precinct waiting room, and since Bill Collins had earlier in the evening bought several old issues of Animal Comics and Cosmo Cat Comics we passed the time reading through them. After half an hour of this Bill suddenly looked up, frowned, and gave forth the immortal utterance, "If anyone had told me at noon today that at midnight tonight I'd be in Ingleside Police Station reading Cosmo Cat Comics, I'd have slugged him."

{(Most of any editor's submissions are "slushpile" things, usually either from old people in Tennessee telling the True Story of how they saw a flying saucer, or schoolboys turning in the stories on which they got "B-plus" grades. (Which suddenly reminds me that when I was in high school I allowed my English teacher to submit a couple of my poems to Harper's. shudder. Their note on the rejection slip was kind, anyway....) Such things seldom take up much of an editor's time, though, because he can reject them after one or two paragraphs in most instances. It's the borderline cases that can take up time -- you have to read the whole thing before you're sure it isn't good enough. As for reading for pleasure, sure I still do. Once you begin to get an understanding of what makes a story work, there are ten times as many little things you can appreciate in the craftsmanship of a really good writer.)}

LEWIS J. GRANT Jr., 5333 S. Dorchester Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois

Breen's article on bop Bach was fascinating, especially since it was the same sort of thing that my piano teacher told me, when I was working on a bit of Bach. What isn't Breen an expert in?

When I was taking piano, back about five years ago, I was using a new type of notation, called Klavarskribo. It ran up and down instead of sideways, and was time dependent. That is, the farther the notes were apart, the farther you were to sound them. My piano teacher was showing me some book of Bach the Klavar people had put out, and a single piece prepared for Klavarskribo by somebody else. It seems that the fellow who did the single piece was a good Bach man, because he had the correct rhythm, while the book was pretty conventional.

Klavar might have a good future, because according to a couple of good musicians who had really studied the system (one of them was my teacher) it was quite an improvement over the conventional notation which had been designed in the tenth century for bass and tenor monks to sing from, and then stretched far beyond the point of diminishing returns. However, the patents had gone to relatives of the inventor, who thought of the idea as just another learn-to-play-the-piano-tonight-and-amaze-your-friends routine. At least that's what all the ads were about.

The bit by Graham on radical politics was enjoyable, except I'm not too much interested in radical politics. My feelings about Marx et al are yes, the capitalist system is horrible, and eventually the state will wither away. However, we haven't been in a capitalist state for nigh on these fifty years, and my idea of "eventually" is another thousand or more years. For a man who I think has a better idea of what is happening, I point to the Good Reverend P. Teilhard de Chardin, writer of far out SF.

I first read Teilhard de Chardin's book about four years ago, when it was new at the library. It was interesting, but I was unfortunately biased by the fact that Teilhard was a Jesuit, and I was pretty anti-church at that time. However, just recently, when he began to attract attention and I found that some of Teilhard's friends would have loved to stick his book on their little List, I was more interested. Jesuits are one thing; near-heretical Jesuits are different. So I am currently rereading his Phenomenon of Man. (I note Newsweek has a piece about him this week, and the SR says that his book may be one of the most important of the next forty years.)

Teilhard's idea is that there are three forms of evolution -- inorganic, organic or Darwinian, and human or psychozoic -- occupying the Earth in order (although both inorganic and Darwinian evolution are still going on). He also says that every-

thing evolves, and we can never go back. (Maybe I should send Goldwater a copy.) Anyway, the human evolution is fundamentally different from the Darwinian, because we don't evolve (at least not fast enough to make any real difference), our culture evolves. Moreover, culture evolves faster and faster. This is what is happening to the world at the moment. Also, since the Earth is spherical and closed, the fungus called humanity gets thicker and more complex, and interweaves. Eventually, he says, we will evolve culturally to one organism, the "Omega point," which is God. God! This is where I get off the train of thought. However, all the rest of the book is first rate speculation. I am willing to bet a trifle that within five years we have a science fiction novel called Omega Point.

Anyway, in my opinion we have evolved from the capitalist system already, to a new system, the managerial or corporate system, and we are now starting on the next system, the computer-controlled system. Marxians are beating a dead horse.

Be sure and pick up the fortieth anniversary issue of SR. It has an article by my hero, R. Bucky Fuller, and other good people. I am amazed by the similarity between the ideas of Teilhard and Fuller; both emphasize the evolution of technology, and the importance of the sphericity of Earth. Both mark the acceleration of psychozoic evolution. Both have sort of a metaphysical viewpoint about materials and natural laws. Yet both developed their systems independently (as far as I know) twenty years ago or more. Fuller is just much more interested in doing things here and now.

I saw that pocket book The Day New York Dried Up (or somesuch), but wasn't in a position at the time to get a copy. I am interested in this whole problem of water, because I have two uncles who are engineers, one civil and one sanitary. (A sanitary engineer takes a bath once a month; a civil engineer doesn't mention when he misses.) Chicago, fortunately, has very few real natural catastrophes. We have tornadoes every forty years, and big snows every five years or so, but nothing like quakes or hurricanes or droughts. Chicago's only real problem is Chicagoans, who don't appreciate our natural advantages, and how one or two sticky little problems could get much stickier, like diversion. (We flush sewage twice, once down the toilet and the second time down our backward river.) I think Chicago should have the most stringent anti-littering laws in the country, when you realize that St. Louisians are pulling identifiable portions of the Tribune out of their drinking water. They know what we Sun-Times types do with the Trib.

{(If you're interested in water and sanitation problems and such, you'd probably be interested in Rick Raphael's Guttersnipe in the November Analog. Like so much Analog fiction, it's a bit short on story content, but the technical details are worked out fascinatingly, for them as likes that sort of thing. I think Raphael said this was to be the first of a new series, similar to the Once A Cop series he did earlier this year.)}

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You know what this swamp needs?

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The art of literary forgery is an ancient one. Scarcely an age or a nation has been without its misguided literati who have foisted off their own productions as the work of greater men. Probably the best remembered of all forgers, at least in modern times, was the Frenchman Vrain Lucas, who in the middle of the nineteenth century manufactured more than 27,000 pieces of manuscript which he sold to an open-pursed mathematician, a compatriot of his, whose gullibility remains one of the wonders of history. The collection included fascinating letters by Alcibiades, Pontius Pilate, Cleopatra, Ovid, Aeschylus, Alexander the Great, Cervantes, Pascal, Shakespeare, Mary Magdalene, Judas Iscariot, Boccaccio, Luther, and Dante -- all written in modern French.

-- Richard D. Altick, in The Scholar Adventurers



# lighthouse

## the first ten

### I. BY ISSUE

Number 1 (May 1958): 18 pages. Planned as the first of a series of WILD HAIR style one-shots, it was the only issue published in this manner. Publishers and contributing editors for this issue were "Carl Brandon," Terry Carr, Pete Graham, and Ron Ellick.

#### Cover

Happy Town (article)

Takin' Care of Business (editorial)

Charles Burbee: The Compleat Machiavelli (article)

Umbrage A Burbee (article)

Fuggit! (ramblings)

untitled ramblings

The Mind of Chow (article, reprinted from  
INNUEENDO #7, February 1958)

Muskrat Ramble (ramblings)

Illustrations by Bill Rotsler and Bjo Wells.

Bjo Wells (later Trimble)

Pete Graham (as "Peter G. Scott")

Pete Graham

Terry Carr

Robert Bloch

Don Wegars

Bob Tucker

Charles Burbee

Terry Carr (as "Carl Brandon")

Number 2, February 1961: 29 pages. Edited and published by Pete Graham.

#### Cover

editorial

Hydra Country (article)

The Graham Fan Survey (article)

The Hieronymus Fan (fannish fiction, reprinted  
from RAGNAROK #6, July 1960)

You Don't Look Like a Graham to Me (article)

Looking Backward (mailing comments)

Illustrations by Dave Rike, Bill Rotsler and Bjo Trimble.

Ray Nelson

Pete Graham

Ted White (as "Theodore W.  
Edwards")

Pete Graham (as "Dr. Longdog,  
P.U.D.")

Terry Carr

Ron Ellick

Pete Graham

Number 3, August 1961: 33 pages. Issues 3 through 9 were coedited and published by Pete Graham and Terry Carr.

#### Cover

Minor Drag (editorial)

Ben Singer, Pride of the DSFL (article)

Brother Gregory (cartoons)

Sometimes I'm Happy (serious fiction)

On The Beat (cartoons)

Fapa on Wry (column)

Tailgate Ramble (editorial)

Klein Comment (letters commenting on KLEIN  
BOTTLE #6, November 1960)

Ray Nelson

Pete Graham

Ray Nelson

Andy Reiss

Pete Graham

Ray Nelson

Ted White

Terry Carr

Jack Speer, Walter Breen, Ray  
Nelson and Alvin Fick

(Number 3, cont'd)

Lighthouse Letters (lettercol)

Dick Ellington, quasi-quoted  
from memory by Ted White

Bacover

Arthur Thomson

Illustrations by Lee Hoffman, Larry Ivie, Andy Reiss, Bill Rotsler and Arthur Thomson.

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Number 4, November 1961: 66 pages. (First Unannish)

Cover

Arthur Thomson

Minor Drag (editorial)

Pete Graham

Blind Clarinet (serious fiction)

Terry Carr

Fapa on Wry (column)

Ted White

Comments on Comments on Comments on (mc's)

Terry Carr

The 2.3 Second Minute (satire)

Carol Carr (as "Robert Linseed")

Flea in the Beat Ointment (article)

Ray Nelson

Looking Backward (mc's)

Pete Graham

Tailgate Ramble (editorial)

Terry Carr

Lighthouse Letters (lettercol)

Steve Stiles, George Metzger  
and Walt Willis

untitled poem

Ray Nelson

Bacover

George Metzger

Illustrations by Dan Adkins, Interlandi (reprinted from The Realist), Ray Nelson, Suzanne Phillips, Andy Reiss, Bill Rotsler, Arthur Thomson and Sylvia White.

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Number 5, February 1962: 94 pages.

Cover

Arthur Thomson

Minor Drag (editorial)

Pete Graham

One Summer with Elinor (chapter one of  
a serious novel)

Terry Carr

The Loves of Yesteryear (article, reprinted from  
WARHOON #14, January 62)

Richard Bergeron

Fapa on Wry (column)

Ted White

Out Berkeley Way (cartoons)

Dave Rike

Derkhouse (article)

Alva Rogers

A Fable for Fapa (satire)

Bill Donaho

The Perforated Finger (column)

Walt Willis

The Kookie Jar (column)

Bill Rotsler

Comments on Comments on Comments on (mc's)

Terry Carr

Big Dorf's Special (column)

Gary Deindorfer

Looking Backward (mc's)

Pete Graham

Tailgate Ramble (editorial)

Terry Carr

Letter Litter (lettercol)

Avram Davidson, Ted Pauls,  
George Metzger, Greg Benford,  
George Willick, Alva Rogers,  
Sid Rogers, Sid Birchby, Ed  
Meskys and Frank Wilimczyk

Re: the Graham Petition (comments on a petition  
to reinstate Graham in Fapa)

Boyd Raeburn and Redd Boggs

Bacover

Steve Stiles

Illustrations by Dan Adkins, Dave English, George Metzger, Ray Nelson, Bill Rotsler, Arthur Thomson and Sylvia White.



Number 6, May 1962: 17 pages.

Cover

Comments on Comments on Comments on (mc's)

Sun and Clap Happy (poems)

Out Berkeley Way (cartoons)

Looking Backward (mc's)

Bacover

Illustrations by Rotsler.

George Metzger

Terry Carr

Carol Carr

Dave Rike

Pete Graham

Bill Rotsler

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Number 7, August 1962: 46 pages.

Cover

Minor Drag (editorial)

Wheel of Futility (article)

Our Man in George Metzger (column)

Looking Backward (mc's)

Fapa on Wry (column)

Comments on Comments on Comments on (mc's)

Big Dorf's Special (column)

Ode to Nuclear Attack (poem)

Tailgate Ramble (editorial)

Letter Litter (lettercol)

Bacover

Illustrations by Dave Jenrette, George Metzger, Andy Reiss, Bill Rotsler and Arthur Thomson.

Arthur Thomson

Pete Graham

Walter Breen

George Metzger

Pete Graham

Ted White

Terry Carr

Gary Deindorfer

anon. (7th grader, Norman, Okla.)

Terry Carr

Redd Boggs and Gary Deindorfer

Steve Stiles

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Number 8, May 1963: 4 pages. This issue was printed; page size was 6" x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Comments on Comments on Comments on (mc's)

Looking Backward (mc's)

Illustration by Bhob Stewart.

Terry Carr

Pete Graham

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Number 9, August 1963: 26 pages.

Cover

Minor Drag (editorial)

The Perforated Finger (column)

Looking Backward (mc's)

Come here, my dear (poem)

Comments on Comments on Comments on (mc's)

Tailgate Ramble (editorial)

Letter Litter (lettercol)

Bacover

Illustrations by Cynthia Goldstone.

Cynthia Goldstone

Pete Graham

Walt Willis

Pete Graham

Carol Carr

Terry Carr

Terry Carr

Ben Singer, Greg Benford, Frank

Wilimczyk, Don Wollheim and

Bob Lichtman

Cynthia Goldstone

Number 10, August 1964: 48 pages. Edited and published by Terry Carr.

<u>Cover</u>	Cynthia Goldstone
<u>Our Man in George Metzger</u> (column)	George Metzger
<u>From a Celestial Galaxy</u> (article)	Carol Carr
<u>Minor Drag</u> (column)	Pete Graham
<u>Looking Backward</u> (mc's)	Pete Graham
<u>Comments on Comments on Comments on</u> (mc's)	Terry Carr
<u>Bach in High Fidelity</u> (article)	Walter Breen
<u>Take Five</u> (mc's)	Carol Carr
<u>Tailgate Ramble</u> (editorial)	Terry Carr
<u>Bacover</u>	Cynthia Goldstone
Illustrations by Gary Deindorfer, Cynthia Goldstone, George Metzger, Bill Rotsler, Bhub Stewart and Arthur Thomson.	

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<u>Umbrage A Burbee</u>	1
REDD BOGGS	
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