

lighthouse





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JUST GOOD CLEAN FELLOWSHIP

BY GINA CLARKE

I was working my way towards the end of THE TWO TOWERS when it suddenly came to me that the Tolkien trilogy was a furshlugginer *fagg* book.

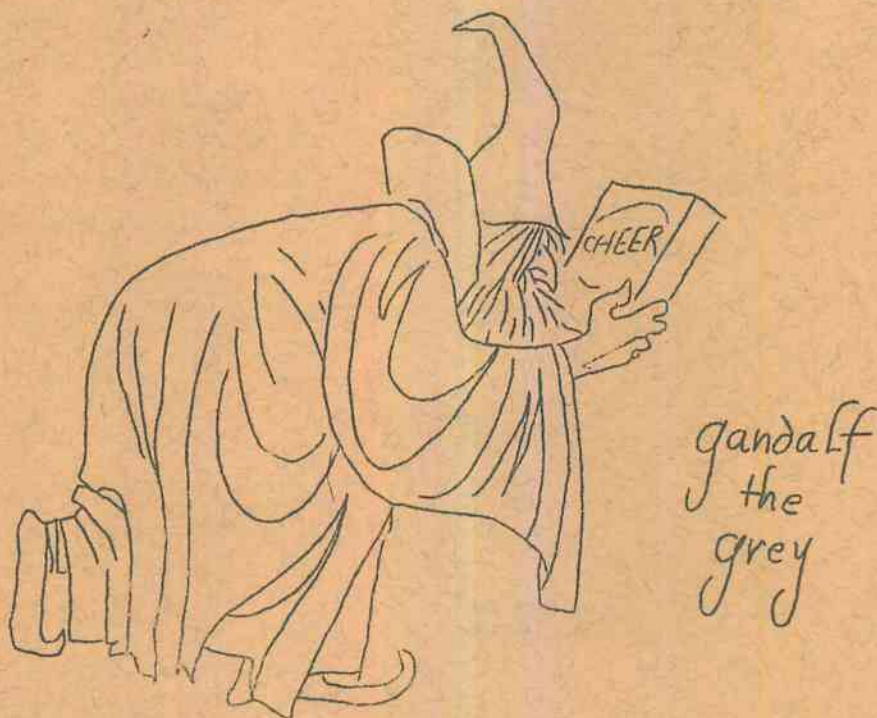
Ridiculous, you say? Unfair, you say, to cry fagg just because the book is about male companionship and adventure. You point out that there are two or three women characters, minor but admirable. But I would like to go over the story briefly, dwelling on possibly significant details here and there. Forearmed with my theory that this is a faggery-fantasy, you will be able to see what I've read into these things without my belaboring every point.

The story started in the Shire with the hobbits, fat, happy, cuddlesome creatures with amusing names like Meriadoc Brandywine. They're between two and four feet high and wear bright clothes and go barefoot. (The significance of their having curly hair on their feet escapes me, I admit.) Hobbits are clever with simple tools but don't understand complicated things. They're gluttonous eaters, love parties and presents and fireworks, and are "fond of simple jests at all times". Since they never throw anything away, they pile up a lot of junk which they pass around in their

constant gift-giving. At night they retire to burrows or houses which resemble burrows. These houses have round doors and, when they have any windows, they're round too.

Now I ask you, what does this put you in mind of? What are more closely related to men, as Tolkien says, than some other creatures in the world? What have no beards though some have a bit of down? What have young among them yet seem to have no sexual activity? Why, children, of course. Tolkien doesn't refer to the hobbits as children in Book I, but in Book II, where only confirmed fans would follow, he mentions that they're like children, at least in men's eyes. A hobbit named Peregrin took up with a man and here perhaps we can pin Tolkien down -- the man said that his little friend looked to him like a nine-year-old boy. Why that's worse than... Anyway, Tolkien grows quite reckless in Book III and talks fondly of the hobbits being like boys and how Frodo was pale, beautiful and quite elf-like.

One day Uncle Bilbo initiated Frodo, our hero-hobbit, into the mysteries of grown-up life by passing on to him the Ring, which caused Frodo to leave the happy Shire to face the dangers and discomforts of the outside world. The Ring kept tempting Frodo to put it on his finger and when he succumbed he was transported from the jolly world of hobbit fellowship into the gray shadow world, a little death. Anyone who put on the ring too often began to "fade," for it devoured the wearer, made him a slave. Bilbo after holding the Ring for years had begun to feel thin and stretched. I look on the Ring as not only an obvious female symbol but also a symbol of marriage, a tool so to speak of the never-seen but always-felt Authority, cruelly indifferent to what people (or whatever) really want; this Authority is represented by Sauron and his black-robed ministers, the Nazguls. Frodo and his friends decided to destroy this Authority by flinging the Ring back into the Crack of Doom where it was originally made. And make the world safe for hobbitry.



Enter Gandalf the Grey, a sort of father-mother figure. When Gandalf told Frodo that he must destroy the Ring, he pulled this scene: "...Then you will see Gandalf the Grey uncloaked.' He took a step towards the hobbit, and he seemed to grow tall and menacing; his shadow filled the little room." Gandalf told Sam he should go with Frodo, and Sam burst into grateful tears. Sam is Frodo's faithful servant.

Ah, Sam. Sam and Frodo graduate from the state of happy Shire children into adolescent homosexuality. Frodo takes the masterful role and Sam the submissive. The book is full of stuff like "Sam refused to leave his master...he came and sat curled at Frodo's feet..." Frodo goes out and faces up to his task like a man and Sam, a la Milton, lives only through him. Yet Frodo was not as independent as he thought, for he wouldn't have got along so well if it weren't for faithful Sam bustling around, packing their bags, cooking meals, gathering herbs, keeping watch, and generally being a good wife. Do I exaggerate? Remember the scene in Book III where Sam cooked a rabbit for Frodo as he thought about how much he loved him.

So Frodo and Sam, and two minor hobbits, started on their journey to Mount Doom. They found themselves pursued by the Nazgul, the ministers of Sauron, searching for the Ring. The Nazguls made a noise that was "...a long-drawn wail...rose and fell and ended on a high piercing note." I had a vulgar interpretation of this which I won't mention. If you think this is contradictory to their being upholders of heterosexual authority, well, I don't want to offend anyone, but I know ex-Catholics who would disagree with you.

(And we discover that hobbits are mad about mushrooms. Aha.)

The hobbits plunged into the Old Forest, where the trees were alive. There are a lot of living trees in Tolkien's world. These trees were hostile and forced the party down into a valley which was "the queerest part of the whole forest," and there an evil willow tree made them sleepy and tried to swallow them in its cracks where unspeakable things would be done to them. Along came Tom Bombadillo to tell old-man-willow to cough up the hobbits. Then Tom took them to his house and to Goldberry. Here Tolkien indulges in a bit of sly political comment. Goldberry, "daughter of the River" (i.e., Goldberry of the water) sings beautiful songs in the wilderness. You may wonder why Goldberry is depicted as female, but there's a lot of sexual confusion in the book. However, Goldberry is like an "elf-queen," i.e., fairy queen, so that makes "her" and her "lusty" Tom suspect.

The party got into barrow country. A barrow is sort of a bad burrow. Barrow ghosts put people to sleep and get them into their barrows where they do unspeakable things to them. Fortunately Tom Bomba rescued the hobbits, who then ran around naked on the grass and had a high old time.

At the Inn of the Prancing Pony they met Strider in his "high boots of supple leather". Frodo sang a song:

They also keep a horned cow
as proud as any queen;
But music turns her head like ale
And makes her wave her tufted tail
and dance upon the green.

Then Frodo sent everyone home in a huff when he put his ring on right in front of them and disappeared. Strider took over: "He stood up and ~~seemed~~ suddenly to grow taller. In his eyes gleamed a light, keen and commanding. Throwing back his cloak he laid his hand on the hilt of a sword that had hung concealed by his side." There's that trick again. However, Strider was only bluffing, because actually he suffered from a sad disability which had kept him wandering around by his lonesome for years: "He drew out his sword and they saw that the blade was broken... 'But the time is near when it shall be forged anew.'"

The hobbits and Strider continued the journey, and ran into trouble on a hill where there had once been a tower, now broken; what remained was "a tumbled ring like

a rough crown on the old hill's head". The Nazguls attacked here and one of them pierced poor Frodo with his sword. The party pressed on for Rivendell, elf-country. On the way they were frightened by a trool-hole, full of old bones. Holes in the Shire were homes, warm and comfortable and safe, but in the outside world holes are dangerous places, full of dead men.

Frodo was unconscious by the time they reached Rivendell. When he came to, Sam "...ran to Frodo and took his left hand, awkwardly and shyly. He stroked it gently and then he blushed and turned hastily away."

In Rivendell were the elves, beautiful to the eye, beautiful to the ear, clever and artistic, fond of "poetry, music and tales". Read "fairy" for "elf". Sam says they're "so gay," and I agree. Here Strider/Ranger/Aragorn/son-of-Arathorn/Dunadain/Elessar is revealed to be not an ordinary man as he had seemed, but a king -- which of course is the masculine equivalent of a queen. Dig?

Then the party (plus Gandalf and others) made for the mountains where they attempted to climb the "flanks" and peaks of a mountain but failed and had to take the tunnel underneath, which lay beyond this pool of water. The trip through the mines of Moria is a sort of birth fantasy. The first part of the trip was through very constricted places, and was very long, very slow, and sometimes they seemed to be making no progress at all. Then they entered more roomy caverns and the end of their trip was swift, bloody, painful, and, just at the end, Gandalf their mother-hen was lost, Gandalf the Grey -- the silver cord was severed.

Here there be orcs, crude beasts in roughly human form who pursue hobbits, elves and other good creatures. Orcs wear iron shoes (the better to stomp you with, my dear). They're roughly organized in the service of Sauron and I think of them as spying, brutal policemen.

Then our friends encountered "The Lady" of the elves of Lothlorien. "Very tall they were, and the Lady no less tall than the Lord; and they were grave and beautiful...her voice was clear and musical, but deeper than woman's wont." Frodo saw the Eye of Sauron in the Lady's pool-mirror. "The Eye was rimmed with fire...and the black slit of its pupil opened on a pit, a window into nothing...then the Eye began to rove, searching this way and that, and Frodo knew with certainty and horror that among the many things that it sought he himself was one..." When the party left these elves, the Lady "standing like a queen" presented Frodo with a magic phial to comfort himself with in bad times ahead.

One of Frodo's friends, a man, succumbed to temptation and tried to get the Ring. He got his come-uppance when orcs shot him full of arrows. The rest of the party "combed the long dark hair and arranged it upon his shoulders" and put him in his boat and gave him to the river.

Frodo and Sam went off by themselves towards Mount Doom. The two minor hobbits escaped from the orcs into a place full of more living trees and met the "Secret Master of Fangorn," Treebeard. This is a dig at the Secret Master of Fandom who has to contend with a lot of deadwood. Treebeard, the chief Ent, carried the hobbits off to his sort-of cave, a shallow in a cliff wall, which was, unlike most caves, an okay-place, perhaps because of the waterfall in front of it. Now the ents had long ago lost their entwives because they, the ents, followed masculine interests -- dreaming and wandering around and such -- whereas the entwives were interested in tidiness and planting gardens. The ents seemed to be managing by themselves all right, except of course that the race was dying out.

The rest of the party rejoined a resurrected Gandalf and joined the Rohirrim,

led by a king who called his boy "sister-son". They massacred a bunch of orcs with the help of the ents, who rustled up a whole herd of trees -- that's an interesting image -- rooted trees that yet live and move.

The elf and the dwarf in the party buried the ancient differences between their races -- the elves were tree-lovers and the dwarves were cave-lovers -- and agreed that when the quest was over they'd sample each other's way of life.

Gandalf confronted Saruman, a traitorous wizard, and deposed him and broke his staff. Saruman lived in a city behind a "ring-wall" entered by a long tunnel. Inside, many dwellings were tunneled into the wall "so that all the open circle was overlooked by countless windows and dark doors...shafts were driven deep into the ground; their upper ends were covered by low mounds...(it all) looked like a graveyard of unquiet dead..." Ents had stomped on everything. Ents liked hooming and homming.

Gollum is my very favorite character. He went "gollum-gollum" in his throat as if he were swallowing. He "ate any living thing, even orc". Once he had lived underground with the Ring, where he developed some sexual confusion and came out calling everyone "it". Originally he had been Smeagol, "inquisitive and curious minded...interested in roots and beginnings; dived into deep pools, burrowed under trees and growing plants; tunneled into green mounds; ceased to look up at the hill-tops, or the leaves on trees, or the flowers opening in the air; his head and his eyes were downward." Smeagol's friend Deagol found the Ring in a river. "Give us that, Deagol, my love," said Smeagol. Deagol wouldn't, so Smeagol killed him and took the Ring. When he started golluming in his throat his family chucked him out, so he went and lived under a mountain where there was "nothing worth doing, only nasty furtive eating...and...he gnawed boned in the dark." You can see how evil the Ring was, changing horrid little Smeagol into pitifully ghastly Gollum without diverting him from his essential fagginess.



Gollum is the ultimate creep, the ultimate degenerate, the ultimate nelly, who talkth funny (actually he hissed instead of lisping) and is disgustingly wretched. He's the sort of hobbit that gives hobbits a bad name.

Gollum is big-eyed and sticky-fingered for Frodo and the Ring. There was one nice scene where **Gollum** groveled on his belly while Frodo looked down with "stern pity". Then Gollum "raised himself and began pawing at Frodo, fawning at his knees."

Sam and Frodo made their way to Mordor, with Gollum half guiding, half creeping along behind. They turned away from one blocked-up entrance where the stony cliffs around were full of "maggot-holes" where orcs lived. While Gollum was hiding, or off somewhere eating raw meat, Sam and Frodo encountered some friendly men who took them to another okay-cave, with a waterfall in front of it. One of the men caught a glimpse of the creeping Gollum and thought he saw "a large squirrel, maybe," which I think is quite uncalled for.

Then Sam, Frodo and Gollum continued their journey. Sam worried for fear that when he and Frodo slept Gollum might try to eat them. "Not too dainty to try what a hobbit tastes like," Sam reckoned. When Frodo slept Sam kept guard, but once he fell asleep. "In his lap lay Frodo's head...upon his white forehead lay one of Sam's brown hands and the other lay softly upon his master's breast. Peace was in both their faces." Gollum was envious. "...Slowly putting out a trembling hand, very cautiously he touched Frodo's knee -- but almost the touch was a caress." ...Sam woke up. He saw Gollum "pawing at master" and was very upset.

As they approached Mordor they crossed a desolate land: "...pools choked with ash and crawling mud...as if the mountains had vomited the filth of their entrails upon the lands about...great cones of earth fire-blasted and poison-stained stood like an obscene graveyard...ash heaps of the Dark Lord." They had been warned not to drink the waters of Mordor. "'Orcs drink, don't they?' 'Yes, they drink...but do not let us speak of that. Such drink is not for us.'" Orcs probably eat sandwiches, too, Dick Ellington.

Then they encountered Shelob. There was a cave, naturally, and from it came "a stench...a foul reek..." Frodo lit his way through with his phial "...not guessing its full potency". Shelob is the most interesting female creature. Listen to this: "...great horns she had and behind her short stalk-like neck was her huge swollen body, a vast bloated bag, swaying and sagging...the belly underneath was pale and luminous and gave forth a stench. Her legs were bent, with great knobbed joints high above her back, and hairs that stuck out like steel spines..." Shelob stung Frodo, which made him unconscious, and she was going to carry him back into her cave to do unspeakable things to him, when Sam "...charged. No onslaught more fierce was ever seen in the savage world of beasts, where some desperate small creature armed with little teeth, alone, will spring upon a tower of horn and hide that stands above its fallen mate."

So Shelob turned her attention to Sam, who made the supreme sacrifice. "Now splaying her legs she drove her huge bulk down on him...with both hands he held his elven blade point upwards...and so Shelob, with the driving force of her own cruel will, with strength...thrust herself upon a bitter spike. Deep, deep it pricked...no such anguish had Shelob ever known, or dreamed of knowing, in all her long world of wickedness. Not the doughtiest soldier of old Gondor, nor the most savage orc entrapped, had ever thus endured her...a shudder went through her. Heaving up again, wrenching away from the pain, she bent her writhing limbs beneath her and sprang backwards in a convulsive leap." To add insult to injury Sam waved his phial at her and yelled ~~elfen~~ elfen words.

Frodo seemed to be dead, and Sam took the Ring to continue the quest alone, but turned back to prevent the body of his master from being sported with by orcs.

Meanwhile, brave old Aragorn (Elessar-Strider-etc.) tackled yet another tunnel-cave full of dead men. And there were battles with horny trolls and other "fell" creatures.

Sam, carrying the Ring, fought the temptation to put it on. "In that hour of trial it was the love of his master that helped most..." Sam finally rescued his master, who was naked and had been whipped. "'Sam, dear Sam,' said Frodo and he lay back in Sam's gentle arms...Sam felt that he could sit like that in endless happiness...he kissed Frodo's forehead." But they got up and went on towards Mount Doom. They slept sometimes, waking up "hand in hand". Sam noted with disgust that Gollum, "that gobbler," was still following them.

On Mount Doom, at the very edge of the crack, Frodo repudiated his quest and

put on the Ring. Gollum fought him for it and bit off Frodo's finger. For a moment Gollum had the ring, finger and all, and then he fell into the crack. Frodo was himself again, except for the finger of course. "Master!" cried Sam, and fell upon his knees."

* * *

Epilog: Aragorn-Elessar-etc. (who had his sword reforged somewhere along the line) was installed as king and refused the love of Eowyn (I guess despite her going into battle and stuff, she was a real woman after all) and married instead an elfen queen. That figures.

But in the end evil is not eliminated from the world and normal life prevails. On their return to the Shire the hobbits were older and had "grown larger," and, though for awhile he felt "torn in two," Sam eventually deserted Frodo for a girl. "I am wounded, wounded, (said Frodo) it will never really heal." Frodo asked Sam to come off with him again for a bit of adventure, but Sam wanted to stay with his wife. However, he did accompany Frodo to the seashore, where they kissed goodbye, and then Frodo sailed off in an elfen boat, bound for some distant elf-land.

And always backward ran the sentences until reeled the mind. (dotdotdot Woolcott) A notion had Freud, that old busy-body, that "diver into deep pools," that when backward ran too many sentences, inverted was the writer's general disposition.

* * *

Questions:

Why, among all these Frodos and Gandalfs and Aragorns, does Sam have such a prosaic name?

Why does Tolkien use initial names like Elessar (LSR), Eowyn (EON) and Arwen (RN)? Is he Tuckerizing some of his great and good friends?

Why are all the S's bad -- Sauron, the Shadow, Saruman (but Sam)?

Why are all the G's good -- Gandalf, Gomli, Glorfindel (but Gollum)?

Who cares?

NEXT ISSUE: Tolkien from the Marxist Point of View.

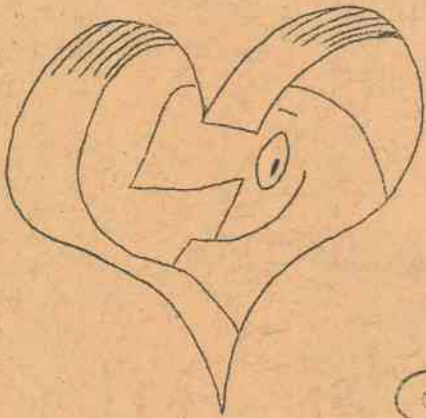
Shouldn't a gentleman offer a stick to a lady?

"I met Cyrus York this afternoon," he began, sitting on the edge of the bed. "He said there's a chance for the job at Langdon, York and Brown, even before I finish the course. He's going to bring it up at the next board meeting. The only person standing in my way is Langdon's fair-haired boy, McKeever. York says this guy is nothing but a brown noser, but he's got a degree."

-- from a story in Woman's Day

The young bretherin who deliver colored mothers in the vicinity of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore sometimes induce the mothers to give their babies grandiose physiological and pathological names, but these are commonly expunged later on by watchful social workers and colored pastors. Placenta, Granuloma and Gonadia, however, seem to have survived in a few cases.

-- H. L. Mencken, in The American Language



STUFF

BY CAROL CARR



KICKING THE HABIT:

I had lots of little pieces for Stuff this time, but they'll have to wait, because it's very important for me to say (and, by committing myself on paper, commit myself morally) that yesterday I stopped...inhaling...cigarette...smoke. I stopped smoking.

I pause for gasps and shocked expressions and cries of "Oh my god, no!" and "Shiffuh!" Anyone reading this who has never been a cigarette addict (and I mean addict, not half-hearted half-a-pack-a-dayers, but people like me who would grunt and snort through the grapefruit pits of last week's garbage to root out a butt for this morning's smoke) may be excused, see you next week; this story is not for the faint of heart. Alcoholics and junkies may remain.

Now then: Once upon a time last Monday morning, the latest issue of Medical News arrived in the mail. (I work for an M.D.-Psychiatrist.) I flipped through the pages searching for technicolor and three-dimensional pictures of inverted livers; Gout, as played by Charles Laughton; infection of the third fingernail in manic-depressive hermaphrodites; etc. In other words, it was a morning like all other mornings: I'd filed my nails, had my coffee, listened to the long version of the news, washed my hair, smoked three packs of cigarettes, called a few friends and

bugged Terry for half an hour over the telephone. And now I was looking through Medical News for sensational pictures. It was then that I saw #4,500,022 of all the anti-smoking articles I've glanced at in the years since our eminent scientists discovered a "link" between cigarette smoking and lung cancer.

This was an article on the relationship between emphysema and smoking. The correlations between the two were of course fantastically high (I never remember figures), but statistics have never yet moved me to action. What finally did move me was the part that said, "Early symptoms of the disease are a persistent 'cigarette cough,' a wheeze, and difficulty in walking to the corner, even with sneakers, without passing out." Well, I've been passing out now for a long long time, and the line "I must be getting old" is a little nonsensical when it's used when you're nineteen or so (which I was when I started using it about a hundred years ago). "Also," continued the article in much better English than mine, "by the time the symptoms are brought to the doctor image of symptoms wrapped in plain brown wrapper, carried to doctor's office: "Doctor, these are my symptoms." Dr.: "How do you do?", etc." the patient has generally lost 50 to 70% of his lung function." I'm not too sure just what lung "function" is, but I suspect I want to have it working for awhile longer.

The next step was easy. I simply stopped smoking, not so much as a result of a decision to stop, but because of a revulsion to continue. I said to myself, "Look, stoopid, the only times you really enjoyed a cigarette was after meals, right? So smoke one after you eat -- and that's all."

I slept hardly a wink that night, anticipating the next morning's coffee and that one cigarette I would smoke. Inhaling deeply, I finally closed my eyes and fell asleep. (Actually, I think I passed out from all the sundry inhaling I'd been doing that afternoon. I'd walk across the street, a bus would pass, and I'd deep-breathe the exhaust fumes. Yummy. I was ready to inhale anything.) But when the time came for me to have that one cigarette, I fluffed it. I lit it, took a deep drag, and the coffee shop started to spin. I almost fell off the stool. Scrunch scrunch, I quickly killed the cigarette under my shoe. Stomp stomp to the tune of The Stars and Stripes Forever.

It's now the second full day, and I'm wondering if it's worth it. Today I went through a pack of those "feminine" little cigars (the ones that gentlemen are supposed to offer to ladies) that look like obese cigarettes and taste like the Sunday Times marinated overnight in kerosine. But that's good, because to inhale one is to die. I mean, you couldn't swallow the smoke of one of those things and live to tell about it.

So the oral/psychological part is taken care of. It's the physical business that makes me think kindly upon lung cancer and other related diseases. The withdrawal symptoms so far have been exactly like the symptoms caused by inhaling when you're not used to inhaling. I feel fourteen again, which is another undesirable side-effect because I don't look fourteen. I'm nauseous, dizzy and can't focus. Things look funny, out of perspective; sidewalks tilt and our livingroom floor, which is actually on a 7° slope, seems level. I tend to stare into space quite a lot. I'm constantly digging into my purse and coming out empty-handed, remembering I don't do "that" anymore. I feel like Bette Davis, all smoke and no action. My lungs itch.

PETE GRAHAM DEPT.:

Pete Graham now has a fish tank. We stared into it for three hours the other night, trying to figure out which of the two kissing goremis was sexier -- was the

catfish really hemorrhaging or are they born bloody? -- was the water cloudy because it was about to rain in the tank? -- why did the neon tetras blink on and off "Joe's Diner" instead of "Fire Sale"? All the fish seemed happy except the hemorrhaging catfish and the trout, who looked a little uncomfortable. I still prefer furry things, like coats and kittens.

AT HOME WITH CAROL CANTALOUPE:

Starting with the next issue, LIGHTHOUSE will carry a Woman's Column, created especially for you ladies out there in femme fandomland. Here's just a touch of what's in store for you from our warehouse of fun facts and delightful, unique short-cuts to your everyday activities:

Prune Whip Glorious with Leftover Ham and Shredded Wheat Crumbs (This hearty main dish will become your husband's favorite in no time)

Combine, in blender:

One cup pitted, aged in Rhine-wine black prunes -- 1921 is the best year.
(These prunes can be bought packaged at your grocers, or if you wish you may prepare your own, following these simple directions:)

To every 12 pounds of purple pitted plums, add:

One teaspoon MSG or ACCENT. (MSG may be bought packaged at your grocers, or if you wish you may make your own, following these simple directions:)

To every pound of washed and bleached algae, add:

One tablespoon salt. (Salt may be bought packaged at your grocers, or if you wish you may mine for your own, following these simple directions:)

Continued in next issue of LIGHTHOUSE.

Cats Can Be Fun As Well As A Pain

Yes, ladies, your gray-and-white tomcat, your redheaded tigerstripe or even your proud and haughty Siamese can bring loads of laughter and good clean fun into the lives of those around you. Following are but two of the thousands of ways to exploit the many many charms of your housecat:

1) The Christmas Cat Ring --A Holiday Special From LIGHTHOUSE: With four yards of brightly-colored, silvered twine, tie together the tails of four three-month-old kittens. At first they will simply stare at you in amazement, but as they catch on to the idea that the activities of one are inextricably bound to the activities of the others, what gales of laughter will greet their antics as they try in vain to free themselves. To add spice to an already delightful afternoon of fun, you may try placing tiny blindfolds over their eyes. Place a bowl of raw catnip in the center of the room and watch them scramble madly about.

Continued in next issue of LIGHTHOUSE.

Five Minutes Each Day For Your Neurotic Children

Time was when it was considered unlucky to have a neurotic son or daughter. Parents would have feelings of shame and so compound their original mistakes by going around the house in a guilty daze. But that was long ago. Now there is something you can do about your neurotic children -- just five minutes a day is all it takes, with the following techniques:

1) Free Association: As little Mary associates to the stimulus word, have her spell out her response. In this way the session will be educational as well as revealing. For example:

Mother: Dark. (stimulus word)

Little Mary: Frankenstein. (response word) F-R-A-N-K-E-N-S-T-E-I-N.
or

Mother: Mommy. (stimulus word)

Little Mary: Blechhh. (response word) B-L-E-C-H-H-H.

2) The Saliva Bell: Once used only under the most restricted laboratory conditions, this simple test is now a blessing to parents everywhere. A common kitchen timer (prettied up with a kitchen-timer cozy) may be used in place of the original Pavlovian Gong. And remember, mother, proper salivation is essential to both good nutrition and dental hygiene. A few sessions with this handy technique and you'll be the first mother on your block to have a child who salivates on cue.

Continued in next issue of LIGHTHOUSE.

Coming Soon:

Heatless Cooking for Steaks and Chops

Crocheting Asymmetrical Doilies

How to Live on \$52.50 a Year with Seven Growing Children

APATHY 1965:

Remember a murder case in Queens where a woman named Genovese was stabbed thirty-seven times while thirty-eight people looked on and did nothing? This sparked a new word in the vocabulary of the Average Citizen: apathy. It's the latest social disease.

So the Executive Producer of David Susskind's Open End called our office. They were having a program on Apathy with the usual group on the panel: a so-ci-ol-o-gist, a the-o-lo-gian, a si-ki-a-trist. Which is where my employer fits in. First this guy wanted to know "how your employer, as a psychiatrist, feels about apathy." In my best, most obnoxious secretarial voice, I said, "Hold the wire a moment, and I'll scream."

But this is what sent me off into paroxysms: they were also having on the program A Victim of Apathy. Now, what does that mean, victim? Can't you see Susskind saying to the Apathy Victim with his typically sadistic, shlemeel grin, "Do you blame the people who didn't help you? That is, Miss Apathy Victim of 1965, do you feel they had a moral responsibility to come to your aid while you were being (choose one) robbed, stabbed, set fire to, run over, shot, raped, spat on, tied to the tracks, called dirty names, sat on in the movies, goosed in the subway?" In other words, he wants her to say "j'accuse" to thirty-eight apathetic witnesses. But she's a Victim of Apathy, so she shrugs and says, "Who cares?"

LA DOLCE PIZZA:

Starring:

Monica Vitti...as Frieda the Neurotic

Monica Vitti...as Veronica the Alienated

Monica Vitti...as Juliana the Passive

Monica Vitti...as Selma the Pregnant Pizza Vendor

Marcello Mangelotti...as Pietro the Horny

Sylvana Mango...as Dora the Pneumatic Medium

Ann-Margret...as Anna Margarita the Visiting Starlet from America

Screenplay by Michelangelo Marcantonionio
From a Novel by Alberto Moravia and Terry Southern
Directed by Federico Fillibrini

Scene One

Camera pans in on close shot of the sun as it rises. Shot is held for twenty-five minutes, or longer if it is a cloudy day. When the sun has fully risen, there is a special-lens closeup, revealing it to be not the sun at all, but (EXTREMELY LOUD ITALIAN ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC...BIG BLOCK LETTERS IN BLAZING RED:)

LA DOLCE PIZZA

Scene Two

Far shot of Monica Vitti walking her white poodle down the Via Veneto. She is wearing white and the light from the giant pizza in the sky is also white, a combination of whites which makes it hard to distinguish whether we are watching Frieda the Neurotic, Veronica the Alienated, Juliana the Passive or Selma the Pregnant Pizza Vendor. On closeup she is shown to be a little of each; perhaps this is why she is the heroine.

Scene Three

Same shot. She is still walking down the Via Veneto, which is a long block. Suddenly after ten minutes her poodle barks, one short yap in E flat. An expression passes fleetingly over her beautiful, pale face. It will be impossible for the audience to determine the meaning of this expression, since the heroine herself does not know the meaning of this expression; it is enough to say that the expression indicates a slight disturbance, a tic, if you will, in the vicinity of her unconscious. She walks slowly over to a giant billboard displaying the famous rear view of Ann-Margret in Bye Bye Birdie. She holds the poodle up to the billboard and whispers something in its ear. The little dog scrambles out of her arms and pees on the ground beneath the billboard. Another expression crosses the heroine's face, this one, if possible, even more subtle than the other: an expression of universal suffering and universal joy, the expression of a woman who has lived too long and yet not long enough in a world where beauty is not truth nor truth beauty, and happiness is a thing called Joe.

Scene Four

A ship is tied to the Rock of Gibraltar. Close shot of empty, sparkling white deck. Shot is held for ten or fifteen minutes, just long enough to set the mood of isolation. Then Pietro the Horny comes on deck (from a cabin downstairs...or from nowhere...). He is bronzed and leathery from the sun; he is the color of a dachshund and the texture of a well-worn garrison belt. He is all man. He calls out to the sea...or to nowhere..."Frieda! Veronica! Juliana! Where are you?" But there is no answer save the splash of a tiny wave against the side of the boat. Pietro looks neither disappointed nor pleased at the lack of response. He yawns a manly yawn, stretches a virile stretch, and goes back down to the cabin.

Scene Five

The cabin. A huge bed fills the entire space. On it are Pietro, Dora, Anna Margarita and twenty-five voluptuous extras. There is much talking and laughing and giggling and grabbing. The camera is zooming around the bed so quickly that as soon as you see something wicked this way coming, it's gone. Suddenly all is still. Anna Margarita stands up in the middle of the bed. She is wrapped in a shocking-pink terrycloth towel. (LOUD ITALIAN ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC.) She begins either to dance or to dry her back with the towel. Those on the bed clap their hands and call out remarks of many colors. Yet there is one who, though manly, does not participate in

the gaiety. This is Pietro, whose hand is fondling the left breast of the nearest extra; but somehow he seems removed, as though he is dreaming, or remembering, or sleeping with his eyes open as some animal species are known to do.

Scene Six

This scene, if fully understood, can be the key to the entire motion picture. Pietro is standing in the library of his friend, Plato the Intellectual. Plato is holding a revolver to his own right frontal lobe. His face is calm and unworried. Pietro sits in a black leather armchair, staring at a picture of the Madonna. His face, too, is relaxed, but mainly it is manly. Pietro speaks to Plato, without looking at him, still staring at the Madonna (who, by the way, is vaguely reminiscent of Frieda-Veronica-Juliana).

	<u>Italian</u>	<u>Subtitles</u>
Pietro:	Perkay?	Why?
Plato:	Parse-kuh.	Because.

Far-away shot, taken from outside the library window. Plato pulls the trigger and falls to the floor, spilling red blood on the white carpet. Zoom to giant pizza in the sky. Zoom back to Pietro. Zoom to pizza. Zoom to Plato. Pietro walks over to the dead body and nudges it with the toe of his boot. He gazes at it blankly for a few seconds, then returns to his black leather armchair, where he resumes staring at the Madonna.

Scene Seven

An empty, sparkling white beach, reminiscent of the empty, sparkling white ship deck and the empty, sparkling white faces of Frieda-Veronica-Juliana, Dora, Anna Margarita and the Madonna. Pietro, flanked by Dora the Pneumatic Medium and Selma the Pregnant Pizza Vendor, runs, laughing, onto the beach. The three stand at the shoreline, frivolously staring out to sea and pointing to the plastic statue of Christ which they have spotted at the horizon. A huge wave washes ashore, carrying with it a half-opened can of tuna fish. The background music stops abruptly. The two women shrug. Pietro yawns. Closeup of setting pizza.

THE END

I always carry Kierkegaard in my pocket. What do you carry?

Bias of other kinds is manifest in many other areas of our sex laws, as in our widely divergent social attitudes toward the identical behavior in men and women. Thus, for instance, if a man walking past an apartment stops to watch a woman undressing before a window, the man may be arrested as a peeper. On the other hand, if a man undresses before a window and a woman observes him, he may be arrested as an exhibitionist.

-- Sex Offenders, An Analysis of Types,
to be published by Harper & Row

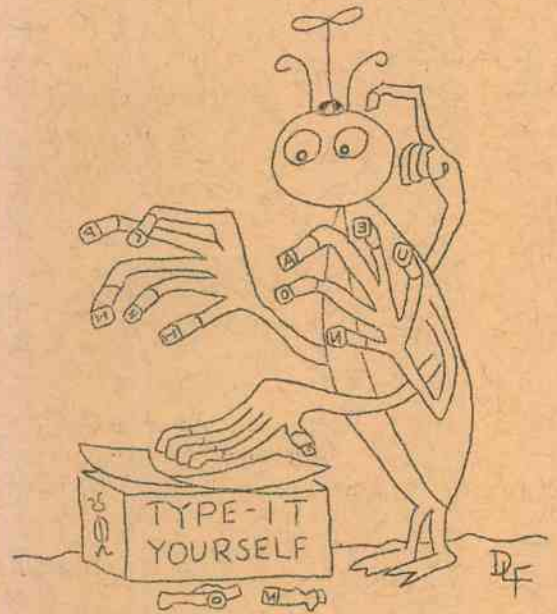
From Extrapolation:

However, by 1958 there weren't -- won't be -- any stories by me in any magazine, and I haven't the least idea what happened. Sometime I must extrapolate again and find out. I did notice a 1958 newstape that mentioned the death of Inri Cutna -- that was in the Nu Yok Dali Nus broadcast -- but it didn't go into details.

-- Henry Kuttner, in THE FANSCIENT #5,
Fall 1948

THE PERFORATED FINGER

by walt willis



The clarion but unexpected call for another installment of this column comes at a time when I have only one afternoon to write it and when the last two FAPA mailings are two miles away, protected by armed guards. I took them into the office to read during a slack period and they're still there this weekend. However, the concept of a quarterly Lths seems such a worthy one that I feel I should try and leap into the breach, however many unjustified conclusions I have to jump to to get there.

Viewed from two miles away, the last two FAPA mailings lead me to jump to one such conclusion which may be unexpected to some of you: that the Breen affair has been a credit to fandom. I know that some people under stress have behaved with unaccustomed asperity, but this tends to happen in any argument in which people feel deeply. I think it is a credit to fandom that people have felt so deeply in this one. Take Bill Donaho. I liked and respected him in 1962, but when I met him in Berkeley he made some slighting reference to the "middle class morality" of British fans. I don't know if he had in mind some lack of enthusiasm we may have unconsciously displayed for the petty larceny then acceptable to local mores, but I thought it was unfair. I don't see why the middle class isn't as entitled to its standards of morality as any other, nor that those standards are necessarily inferior. The Breen affair seems to show that Donaho has now come to accept this view.

To be specific, it seems to me that as far as theft of public property is concerned, the middle class is entitled to protect what it has paid for. And, generally, that any group of people is entitled to apply its own standards of morality to actions which affect them. So that while it is quite all right for Bohemians to behave among themselves with their mutually accepted disregard of property rights and ostentatious sexual unconventionality, they should accept middle class standards in a middle class home or environment. To do otherwise is a form of discourtesy equivalent to slumming, and, like some of their contemporary art, is inclined to lead friendly observers to the perhaps mistaken conclusion that it is due to lack of ability rather than to choice. When fandom moves into the essentially middle-class world of convention organizing, it must to some extent observe the standards of that world. It must put on its shoes in the Convention hotel, if not its collar and tie. (Right, Elinor and Buz?) It seems to me that Donaho has come to accept this and that, whatever criticism one may have had to make about his subsequent actions, he was in fact making personal sacrifices for what he regarded as the interests of fandom.

So, also, tragically were his opponents. They were actuated also by loyalty

to friends in some cases and a hatred of injustice in others, and many by both, but they also felt they were acting in the best interests of fandom and were willing to make personal sacrifices to that end. It is heartening to find so many people willing to leap so wholeheartedly to the defense of someone accused of something so repugnant to us all as child molestation: when you think of what it was like in mundane America during the McCarthy period I think our microcosm has much to be proud of.

As I say, looking at it all from a distance I think the Breen affair was a credit to fandom. Maybe after thinking it all over a bit more I might even find something complimentary to say about Norman Metcalf.

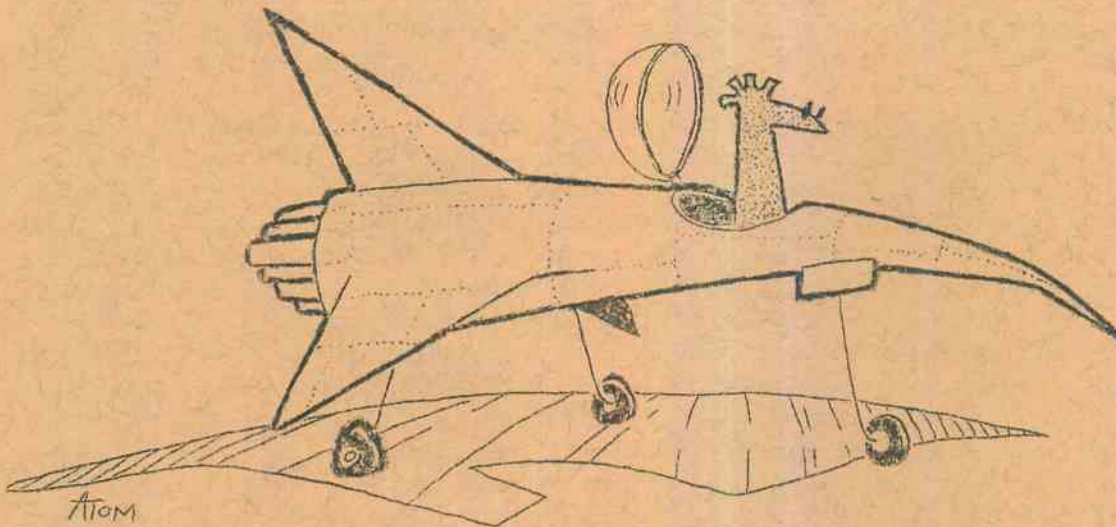
Talking of morality, I saw a program on television the other day which really shocked me -- and, whatever Bill Donaho may still think, I am not easily shocked. (As I think I mentioned before I once filled up one of those magazine questionnaires to find out how broadminded I was and, on turning to the answers at the back expecting to find praise for my tolerance, was told I wasn't fit to mix in decent society.) This particular program was The Dick Van Dyke Show, which does not ordinarily give offense, and which is indeed usually typical of the best in American middle class life. But in this installment Dick had been placed in a situation where he was able to identify two armed robbers who had held up a store and he was afraid to do so. Well, I can accept this, because it is an entertainment convention that clowns should be cowards. But Mary Tyler Moore, with whom I am secretly in love, tried to dissuade him from going to the police, and his son said his friends would call his father a fink. Is this really the way things are in respectable middle class America? It was the most depressing thing I've seen since the Goldwater nomination, and before I could regain my faith in America I had to go away by myself for awhile and think hard about Dean Grennell.

Still on this subject, I came across the other day a full-page advertisement in The Radio Times (circulation about twelve million) which warmed the cockles of my cynical heart so much that I read it through twice. Five minutes later I saw my 17-year-old daughter Carol reading the same advertisement and throwing it down with the comment, "Disgusting." So I wondered if you have the same sort of advertisement over there and what you think of it. It's for a product called "Swoop," which is a scientifically balanced food for wild birds. Housewives are advised to throw it out in the garden or back yard along with or instead of the kitchen scraps they usually throw out for the birds. The advertisers point out that millions of birds are kept alive every winter by housewives and they may as well do the job right. Madeleine tells me the product is in all the supermarkets and sells well. (We have no back garden and two predatory cats.)

Carol thought it was disgusting that people should try to make profit by cashing in on people's generous impulses. I on the other hand thought it was heartwarming that this generous impulse should exist on such a scale that people could make vast profits out of it. What I'm wondering is whether the phenomenon is peculiar to Britain and if it illustrates one of the more engaging characteristics of the British way of life; like for example the fact that the entire blood transfusion service is supplied by volunteer unpaid donors.

* * *

Later: Well, that's what you get for not first-drafting. Looking over this hastily written piece in the Post Office, I see that by skipping steps in my reasoning I have somehow managed to convey the impression that I think Walter Breen behaves badly at Conventions. I do not. All I have seen of his behavior has been impeccable. Short of completely rewriting, all I can say is that I was simply discussing the difference between Donaho₆₂ and Donaho₆₄.



COMMENTS ON COMMENTS ON fapo mailing comments by terry carr

JESUS BUG 12 $\frac{1}{2}$: Andy Main

Your musing about "Barbara" seeming to have been a popular name with parents in the forties (and, I'd add, with male fans in the sixties) reminded me of a bit I saw recently wherein Vladimir Nabokov was interviewed. Nabokov mentioned that ever since Lolita came out, "people seem to like to name their dogs Lolita. It's not such a popular name anymore for daughters, though."

I was brought up short when I saw you complimenting Dean Grennell by saying that one of his lines was "very Demmonesque". You were right, of course -- it was very Demmonesque, and that is high praise -- but still it seems a bit like telling William Faulkner that his writing's as good as John Updike's.

A very good issue, as usual -- I think there's enough good stuff here that you didn't have to use the apologetic half-numbering. If some fans who've been publishing for FAPA ten years or more followed your practice, they'd still be on their third or fourth issues.

THE RAMBLING FAP 35: Gregg Calkins

There's some sort of plot going on to remove files of LeeH's FANHISTORY from the face of the Earth, I think. Several years ago my set of the zine disappeared, and when more recently I asked Ted White if I could borrow his he revealed that his set has disappeared too. So we both asked LeeH herself if she had any extra copies, and she replied that even her personal file set was mysteriously gone. So when I saw a set advertised for sale herein, I immediately rushed off an order for it -- to receive a note from Gregg that "they're gone". Not "sold," mind you -- just "gone".

What's the secret behind it all? Obviously somebody (or some international organization, perhaps) is systematically removing all the extant copies of FANHISTORY from fans' shelves. Is it an attempt to corner the market on FANHISTORYs and then sell them off, one by one and in secret, back to collectors, thereby making a killing? Perhaps it's more sinister -- the organization which has all the copies will declare that U.S. fans will have to pay \$15 a copy, whereas Belgian, or Swiss, or Turkish collectors will be able to buy them for the equivalent of 25¢ or so each ...thereby causing a sharp decline in the value of the U.S. dollar in the international market.

Or -- since the zines were devoted to fannish history -- perhaps someone is try-

ing to suppress some historical data contained in them. Who's covering up?

ANKUS 13: Bruce Pelz

Your remarks about the supposed lack of entertainment-value in Fapazines strike me as a bit strange, to say the least. You challenge people to "name one specific item in FAPA during the past two years that has really entertained you enough to be worth the trouble of membership," yet I could name two dozen. (Maybe not more than two dozen, but that's a sufficient number for me anyway.) If you're really curious, check my "Unabashed Egoboo" sections at the end of my mailing comments during the past two years. I've chuckled and guffawed over the writings of the Clarkes, Redd Boggs, Bill Blackbeard, George Metzger, and many more; nodded sagely at stuff by Walter Breen, Marion Bradley, Rich Bergeron and others; been fascinated by the experiences of Bill Rotsler and Bob Tucker and much etc. If I weren't entertained by a pretty decent amount of stuff in FAPA, I wouldn't remain in it -- as, for instance, I didn't remain in The Cult when that group began to bore me.

Yet apparently you aren't entertained by FAPA material -- you stay in FAPA "as a collector and self-appointed historian, Jr. Grade." The thing that puzzles me most is -- a collector of what? Of crud? A historian of what? Of the antics of a bunch of people you must regard as untalented? I happen to be strongly interested in fan-history too, but when I collect old fanzines it's because I'm looking for entertaining writing or for amusing stories about people. I've mentioned once or twice that I've been researching, whenever I get the time, a history of Bay Area fandom. If I ever get the research done, you can be sure that when I write it it won't concentrate on who was Recording Secretary of the GGFS in 1947 or who was Chairman of the Little Men in 1952, nor at any great length on feuds and such except when these have given rise to interesting or amusing events.

So I just don't understand your apparently abiding interest in FAPA despite the fact that, judging by your reaction to its productions, you must find it more than a bit dull. Unless, of course, it's feuds and power-plays and administrative minutiae which truly fascinate you. I hope to hell not.

WARHOON 21: Rich Bergeron

I'd imagine that the reason newspapers print the addresses of people involved in criminal proceedings would be to distinguish, say, the Jack Argyle who lives at 21 Sutton Place from the Jack Argyle who lives at 1743 East 6th. A matter of proper identification, which is, after all, a praiseworthy aim -- not to mention the possibility that the Jack Argyle not involved in the case might be able to sue the paper if it didn't make the specific identification. I assume, as a matter of fact, that the latter may well be the original reason for including such addresses, though I note that the papers also are careful to include the addresses of the dead and injured in wrecks, riots, etc., and in the latter case I can see no purpose other than the perfectly commendable one of not worrying the friends and relatives of people of the same names as those hurt.

I'm afraid you were wrong when you told Mrs. Camper that the Carl Brandon hoax was revealed because "Carr and Ellick [sic] found their hoax becoming more renown [sic] than they were". In fact, there are so many mistakes there, even aside from the typos, that I hardly know where to start. Well, let me take the easy one first: the Carl Brandon hoax was not the creation of Carr and Ellick alone -- Ron, as a matter of fact, wasn't in on the creation or first few years of the hoax; he was as flabbergasted as the Solacon attendees were later when he was let in on the secret about August 1957. Ron's only writings as Brandon were the collaboration on THE BNF OF IZ and a one-page Fable for Fandom, The Pig, the Ostrich, and the Rat, which appeared in Dave Rike's RUR. Brandon was actually created by Boob Stewart, Dave Rike, Pete Graham and me. Boob wrote a number of the earlier Brandon stories (The Daring Young Fan with the Three-Speed Mimeo, Sixteen, some parts of The Cacher of the Rye, etc.); Pete collaborated with me on a couple of Brandon pieces (including, besides On The Road, the profile of Pete himself which appeared in both the Cult and, later,

in INNUENDO); Dave's only Brandon writing, aside from some fanzine reviews in CRY which appeared after the Solacon, was a collaboration with me on a satire of a history of the early days of The Cult which Ted White had written; and the rest of the stuff, at least prior to The Blowing of the Gaff, was done by me, as I recall.* (I go into a bit of detail here because there seems to be fairly widespread confusion about just who was behind the hoax; I note in the January SAPS mailing that someone -- Arnie Katz, I think it was -- attributed the hoax to Pete Graham and me, a mistake only slightly better than your own.)

As for the decision to tell of the hoax at the Solacon, it was most definitely not made because Brandon was overshadowing us. As a matter of fact, a good case could be made supporting the idea that Brandon wasn't even overshadowing us -- Ron and I were then publishing FANAC weekly and getting tremendous response to it, and while Carl almost won the OEShip in the August 1958 election, Ron did win as Secretary-Treasurer, to cite just two arguments. However, the point is that the decision to reveal the hoax at the Solacon was made primarily for the very understandable reason that we wanted to reveal it face-to-face and see the reactions, so what better place than at a worldcon? And, since the Solacon would be the last west coast con for three years, it was likely to be the last one for that period which most of us would be able to attend. A second reason, perhaps just as pressing in its own way, was that we weren't at all sure just how much longer we could keep it up without somebody finding out about it -- fan-visitors to the Bay Area were becoming more and more frequent, and before much longer people would have to get suspicious of our stories that Carl had to work at the gas station that weekend, or was up in Sacramento visiting his grandmother. So we set the Solacon as the time of the unveiling, and worked hard in the months preceding it to bring Carl to the peak of his popularity. You can see, then, that you've got your cause and effect backwards -- Carl was a BNF by the time of the Solacon because that served the purposes of the unveiling, rather than the unveiling being done because he was so popular.

I note your correction of me re The Stars Are the Sticks. Stupid of me.

Lowndes' article is a good one. I particularly liked his observation that "the person who is compelled to seek out ('unnatural') impulses in himself and others and try to punish all wicked people who have such 'unnatural' impulses . . . is just as much of a 'sex criminal,' clinically speaking, as the opposite extremist who rapes, tortures, seduces, and assaults children; the important difference in our society is that in most instances, the law is on the side of the negative sex extremist . . ."

Lowndes contradicts himself, though, on the second page of his piece. First he says, "A current paperback by a competent doctor is titled Ninety Percent Of What You Know About Sex Is Wrong. This might be an exaggeration when applied to you, dear reader; but it is not an exaggeration when applied to the general populace." Then, four paragraphs later, he says, "Our 'normal man' has, among other things, the following qualifications: he is reasonably well-informed about the facts, rather than the fictions and folklore, of human sexuality . . ." The only way these two quotes could be construed as non-contradictory would be by assuming that Lowndes feels a man is "reasonably well-informed" about sex if ten percent of what he knows is right -- and I can't bring myself to make that assumption about him.

DESCANT 12: Norm & Gina Clarke

Talking of Negroes in westerns, as Gina was to Janke, reminds me of the phone-call I had from one of my replacements at the Scott Meredith agency. (When I left they had to hire a battery of new men to fill the gap, you understand.) It seems a western had come in in the fee-reading slushpile which was pretty good, and he was going to send it over for us to take a look. But there were "a few things" he knew would have to be changed. "Like what?" I asked. "Well, for one thing, the villain is a Negro who acts as strong-arm man for the Bad Rancher." "That can be changed if

*The notes on who-wrote-what are written from memory, and may contain some errors and/or omissions. In fact, they may even be a cataract of lies, distortions...

it's necessary," I said. "What else?" "Then there's the fact that there's a lesbian scene in it." "In a western? Is it integral to the story?" "Not a bit; it can come out. And the third thing can be changed too -- the hero marries his half-sister at the end." I pondered all this for awhile, then asked why the hell the author had put all this stuff into a western in the first place. "Well, the novel's based on actual history, and apparently that's the way it all happened." Which is all very well, of course, but...

I've seen several people saying, during the past year or so, that F&SF has gone to the dogs, and I note you saying the same here, Gina. I disagree. I've read the magazine fairly regularly right along, and during 1964 read every story in every issue -- as I did with every s-f magazine last year, in connection with an Ace best-of-the-year anthology to be published in March. Far from finding it predominantly crud, I think it's far and away the most interesting magazine in the field. There are some bad stories there, but even the bad ones are usually honestly bad -- attempts at something worthwhile which just failed -- whereas the other magazines regularly feature baldfaced junk. You'll rarely see stories by such as Jack Sharkey and Robert F. Young in F&SF, for instance. These writers are, in my opinion, phonies from the word go -- there's not even an attempt at any sort of substance in most of their stories. And have you tried reading Analog lately? God help us!

Some fans have claimed that Avram was a bad editor, but on the evidence of how the magazine stacks up against its contemporaries over a full-year period I'd have to say he was a very good one. He published a few stories that were too cute for words, and a couple more (like Ballard's The Illuminated Man) that were just plain dull...but he also published Sturgeon's When You Care, When You Love, Bester's They Don't Make Life Like They Used To, as well as excellent stories by new writers, like The House By The Crabapple Tree by S. S. Johnson and Four Brands of Impossible by Norman Kagan. (The fact that he also published most of my own short stories has not a whit to do with it...after all, Sturgeon Himself recently picked one of them as among his five favorite s-f stories ever published.) ((I knew I'd find a way to mention that in print somehow.))

Anyway, DESCANT was excellent...the best mag in the mailing, in fact.

ALLERLEI 13: Walter Breen c/w DAY*STAR 24: Marion Bradley

Walter: Your favorable comments about the Berkeley police are thoroughly deserved, judging from the small amount of contact I had with them. We had a peeping Tom one night, I called the police, and within five minutes they'd picked up a suspect. They brought him to us for identification (we weren't sure, so we gave a negative and they turned him loose), and the thing that impressed me was the way they treated him: with complete respect at all times, no rough stuff and no threats.

And, of course, there's the now-classic story of the two fans who left a post-Pacificon II party in Berkeley to go off and park in a car. They had finished c-p-lating but were still joined, I understand, when a Berkeley cop flashed his light into the car, stuck his head in and said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but are you both over 21 and sober?" They both were, and the cop excused himself. He didn't go away right then, though -- instead, the fan couple and he struck up a conversation, the cop mentioned he was going off duty shortly, and the fans invited him to the party. He came along, too -- after changing out of his uniform.

More recently, of course, there was the reported case of "police brutality" during the student sit-ins on the UC Berkeley campus. From all reports it does sound like the cops were in the wrong there. But the thing which sticks in my mind most about those sit-ins is a photo I saw somewhere of a Berkeley cop carrying a demonstrator away -- both the cop and the demonstrator are obviously laughing gleefully. (Maybe police brutality has developed some new wrinkles -- the cop could have been tickling him under the arms, and laughing sadistically himself -- but it didn't look that way.)

"Metzger is the West's answer to G. Scithers." What in the world does that mean?

The "Kalidahs" in THE BNF OF IZ bore the same name they had in the original Baum Oz book -- there was no fannish punnery employed there as there had been with the Grunchkins and Fraudlings.

Your "Sponsors" game sounds fairly amusing. You might like a new bit dreamed up by Damon Knight recently: Cow Jokes. These aren't like Elephant Jokes, but are instead usually simple puns. A few examples: What do you call a cow in a sarong? -- Dorothy LaMoo. What's a cow's favorite form of entertainment? -- Moosical cowmedy. There are many, many more -- Carol and I spent the New Year's weekend with Damon and Kate (Wilhelm) Knight at a sort of mammoth houseparty and Cow Joke session. Damon was insatiable in his search for new Cow Jokes, and his enthusiasm was catching, in a sort of maddening way. Had there been any True Students of Science Fiction Literature there, I'm afraid they would have reeled away in shock and horror at the sight of Damon and Kate Knight, James Blish, T. L. Sherred, Ed and Carol Emshwiller, and several others, all sitting in frowning silence until one would look up and give forth with a new Cow Joke, at which the rest would cackle gleefully for thirty seconds and then go back to silence to think up another. Some were terrible, some were fair, and some were -- or seemed at the time -- lovely. I was particularly fond of the following interchange: Ed Emsh: "How would you describe the state of mind of a calf who didn't know who his mother was?" Assemblage: "We give up." Ed Emsh: "He'd be udderly bewildered." Jerry Dorman, immediately: "Then what's the state of mind of a calf who does know who his mother is?" Assemblage: "We give up." Jerry Dorman: "Udderwise."

That last is a beautiful double-pun which would have been impressive even if he'd spent ten minutes dreaming it up, rather than flashing it out spontaneously. (In case you're wondering who Jerry Dorman is, by the way, he's the husband of Sonya Dorman, who writes for F&SF as "S. Dorman".)

Anyway, as I say, we spent great hunks of the weekend dreaming up Cow Jokes (Damon greeted each of us on the morning of January 1 with "Happy Moo Year!"), and before long had widened our mental horizons to Pig Jokes and Chicken Jokes and ghod knows what-all else. (Example of a Chicken Joke: What's a chicken's favorite Shakespearean tragedy? --Omlet. A Pig Joke: Who's the pig poet of the people? -- Carl Sandhog. That one's cheating a bit on the rules, I'm afraid, but it's funny anyway -- in fact, the question's funny by itself. All these jokes except the ones credited to Damon, Ed and Jerry were dreamed up by Carol, incidentally. She has the ability to remember the jokes she's made up, or some of them, anyway, whereas I've forgotten all of mine or I'd tell you just scores of absolutely brilliant TCarr Cow, Pig and Chicken Jokes.)

Damon, by the way, was writing all these down in a notebook -- he filled two notebooks during the weekend, which may give you some idea of the carnage -- and he stoutly maintains that he's going to sell a book of them and make a million dollars. He confessed that the weekend party had had an ulterior motive: he figured that everyone there, once exposed to the mania, would go home and spread it among hiser friends and neighbors, so that by the time the book came out it would be riding the crest of a nationwide wave. He planned to call the book Sex and the Single Cow, which would make it a sure-fire bestseller.

Three days after we got back from Milford, I got a note from Damon saying, "Have just sent off 542 Cow, Pig and Chicken Jokes to Bob Mills. Nothing can halt the inevitable now."

Damon's last sure-fire million dollar idea, dreamed up at the last houseparty he and Kate had, was to print up sets of decals with dirty sayings written on them, to sell to illiterates for pasting on lavatory walls. I don't know whatever came of that one.

I disagree strongly with you in your low estimate of Laney -- despite his hang-ups and frequent bitchiness, he was one of the most entertaining writers in fandom, and I hope to produce THE INCOMPLEAT LANEY as an Entropy Booklet someday before too long.

Gimme That Old Time Damnation has some funny lines in it, but the triplet "It

was good enough for Grampaw, /It was good enough for Gramnaw, /It was good for all the bigots, /So it's good enough for me." lacks any trace of humor; it's simply ill-natured. What's it doing in an otherwise clever parody?

Marion: Your (and Walter's) article on David's experiences with Negroes in school is a good one, and disturbing. I've seen some things like this myself, of course, and have been on the receiving end too -- I went to school through high school in San Francisco, and in jr. hi and hi the Negroes were a problem to the white kids. They were tough and angry, and they ran in gangs. I never had any more trouble than a little shoving around and once, during initiation week, a marking-up of my face with lipstick, but I saw and heard of serious fights sometimes approaching race-wars. I wasn't happy or impressed with the Negroes' actions, but I tried to understand them...and apparently succeeded well enough that what rough treatment I did get was nothing provoked, but just freefloating hostility toward any white kid. But in a way that's the worst kind, because if you're in a fight at least you know it's because you've done something, and you know what it is, whereas when it's just a case of Negroes grabbing a white boy because he's the nearest white, you feel bewildered and powerless. In a normal fight, you have the option of apologizing, explaining that you didn't mean it, or alternately, of fighting because you damn well did mean it and are willing to fight about it. There's no way of stopping racial violence, because there's nothing to apologize for or explain, and there's no satisfaction in fighting if the racial issue is, to you, meaningless.

One remark you make here strikes me as incorrect, though: "David is no scrawny little sissy, but a tall, broad-shouldered, sturdy boy, five feet seven in height and one of the tallest boys in Garfield. He is bookish, shy and reserved, but not the kind of boy one thinks of as the school scapegoat." Now admittedly, I haven't seen that much of David, but what I did see made him strike me as exactly the kind of boy who could be a school scapegoat. He's tall, yes, and broad-shouldered, but his whole manner is one which suggests he's not a fighter...and if there's anything which will attract a bully, it's a "big" kid who looks like he wouldn't want to fight. As for being "bookish, shy and reserved," those are prime A-Number-One qualifications for arousing a bully's antagonism...bullies really hate shy, studious kids, as witness the degree of hostility and scorn shown in such phrases as "four-eyed," "teacher's pet," and the like. Kids who are studious, and particularly those who are studious but not sports-minded (I don't know whether David is or not) promptly get tagged as "sissies" or even "fairies" at that age. Not knowing David better, I couldn't say just how well my remarks apply to him, but I suspect they must apply to some extent and that that's part of the reason he's being picked on. Racial problems aside, any boy regarded as a "sissy" will have a rough time of it in any school where there are a sizeable number of "tough" kids, whether the tough element is white or Negro. But the racial problem aggravates the situation, of course.

One final remark: Your last-page question, "But must innocent children suffer for the short-sightedness of their elders?" is a really tragic one, because the answer has to be yes. It's not the kids' fault, it's unfair, and it can be hell for them, but there's no getting around the fact that they're going to suffer to one degree or another. I'm all for any measures which can be suggested to achieve the rapid correction of the short-sightedness of their elders (i.e., to achieve equality for the Negro) with as little suffering for the children as possible. But the penalty for this kind of short-sightedness is pain, and it's a god damned tragedy that people didn't realize that generations ago.

SYNAPSE: Jack Speer

Are you serious when you say, "yet we can't make it a flat rule that husband and wife cannot have individual memberships (in FAPA), because this would discourage marriage and substitute illicit cohabitation among those who want to keep their memberships separate"? It looks like you're serious, but the concept of any fan-couple deciding whether or not to get married on the basis of whether or not they

could maintain separate FAPA memberships is absolutely ludicrous. It's also more than a bit silly, I think, to suppose that FAPA has any responsibility to encourage marriage...in fact, I think it's silly for anyone to worry about "illicit cohabitation," but that's another matter entirely. ...Show us your sparkling, humor-filled eyes once more, Jack, and I for one will feel better.

Yes, there really is a Carl Brandon in Sweden. He's taken to signing himself "Carl Brandon Jr." recently, and referring to his nonexistent namesake as "Carl Brandon Sr." The whole situation is funny as hell, and the capper is that he's now engaged in translating Carl Sr.'s THE BNF OF IZ into Swedish. When it appears in Sweden it'll be bylined "Ron Ellik and Terry Carr," to avoid confusion.

There've been several comments, here and there, about George Metzger being some sort of dull creep if he doesn't like army life, and I note one here from you. But George is not dull, and he's far from apathetic...he's a guy who can enjoy himself just damn near anywhere. That's why, to those of us who know him, his distress over army life in Oklahoma is particularly affecting -- if it's even dull to George, then it must be really bad.

The "Terry Carr" hoax by Boob Stewart was covered in Fancy II, I think, but I'll recap briefly: When Boob first entered fandom, Pete Graham had just a few months before pulled the Willis Death Hoax, and Boob -- then about 11 or 12 -- noticed that Pete was getting his name mentioned pretty frequently in fanzines. He mistook this for egoboo -- to the rank neo any mention of one's name in print is exhilarating, I guess -- and decided to pull a hoax himself. So he sent postcards (personally-typed, not mimeoed as were Pete's) to several BNFs of the time, stating that he believed I didn't exist, and was in fact a penname of Pete's. His "evidence" was a similarity he claimed to detect between Pete's and my styles at the time, and the contention that he had visited my address and found a vacant lot there. This wasn't true, of course -- and Boob had at the time met both Pete and me, so it was obviously a deliberate hoax. Richard Elsberry, who received one of the cards, devoted part of a column in OOPSIA! to picking Boob's points apart, and not long thereafter Boob publically confessed to and apologized for the hoax. I don't think anybody took it seriously in the first place, except for one L. W. Carpenter, D.D.S., a CONFUSION letterhack who hated my guts for some reason.

Your comment that Hamlet's "horror of 'incest' and desire for revenge" strike you as silly and leave you wondering if "Aside from that, was Claudius a good king?" overlooks the fact that Claudius was also a murderer. Hamlet was upset and angry about the "incest," true, but it wasn't until he heard about the murder that he became truly vengeance-bound. (And in any case, any psychiatrist -- particularly Ernest Jones in HAMLET AND OEDIPUS -- could give you an idea of what was really bothering the fellow.)

"My children respect me a little bit when i'm hep on elephant jokes and their successors." They'll respect you even more if you say "hip" instead of "hep" -- the latter went Out back in the 40's.

The stick people cartoon on page 22 is a little gem. In fact, it puts the ridiculousness of valuing fannish things over home-and-family so concisely that it just about convinces me you must have been kidding in your remark on FAPA dual memberships which I discussed earlier.

DEADWOOD 1: George Locke

Welcome to FAPA, George Locke! This is an auspicious introductory zine indeed. I liked about everything in it, to one degree or another, but I think the bit that tickled me most was in your report on the Castlecon where you've gone all the way to Germany to meet and mingle with Gerfans, and when you meet one the first thing he does is start telling you elephant jokes. That's really funny. I liked the rest of the report, too, and have only one cavil: I wish you'd told us a bit more about how the German and English fans present dealt with the language barrier. Some of the Gerfans speak good English, I know, but surely not most of them...and how many of the Britifens could speak German? Seems to me it must have been a problem, but you don't go into it.

The Chelsea football team, "the clown princes of soccer" as you call them, sounds rather like the New York Mets baseball team. It's still a new club, only a few years old, and of course it's suffering from growing pains -- it's been last in the league every year, and by a substantial margin. (80 or so games out of first place, say.) Yet the Mets aren't suffering at the box office -- if anything, they're drawing larger crowds than the established New York Yankees, practically perennial champions. There's a weird sort of charm about the team which makes New Yorkers love them even in defeat -- maybe especially in defeat. Sports-page headlines during baseball season usually go something like THAT'S OUR METS! PULL TWO TRIPLE PLAYS, LOSE GAME! or METS LEAD 15 - 0, LOSE IN 9TH INNING! Casey Stengel, the former great Yankee coach, now coaches the Mets, and his cornball humor is just right for the team's image. And as for the players...well, one of them was a guy dubbed by the press "Marvellous Marv Throneberry," a player who committed more errors than anyone else within memory. At the end of the season, when the decent teams were wrangling with their stars about next year's contracts and the amount of money the players wanted, you'd see things like, "Floyd Skrilch, standing on his record as a 20-game-winning pitcher this past season, is holding out for higher pay next year from the Yankees," while the Mets news would be, "Edgar Arbogast is demanding a pay-boost next year, pointing to the fact that this season he won seven games for the Mets." Oh, it's a crazy club. I don't follow it, or any other baseball team, but I get a kick out of the headlines.

I do follow football, though; I'm a nut on the subject, and Carol complains she never sees me on weekends during football season -- I'm always glued to the tv set watching a game. I'd explain it all to you -- American football, I mean -- but there really isn't room. As for your specific question, "I never did figure out why the opposing teams stand and glare at each other for ten minutes before making a move. Is it hypnotism, terror, or just that they are plain tired?" -- no, it's none of those, of course. The players line up facing each other, and the quarterback, the leader of the team on offense, calls signals by number. At a prearranged number, the offensive team is to charge forward -- the fact that the offensive team knows when they'll charge and the defense doesn't naturally gives the offense a moment's edge. Sometimes the quarterback will give a long count, sometimes short; it's all for the purpose of gaining one step on the opposition, which can sometimes mean the difference between scoring or not scoring.

I thought Charles Harness' The Rose was a classic when it first came out too, and I've been recommending it to people ever since. Ted White read it and said he didn't think it was so hot, so I borrowed his copy (most of my own s-f collection being back in California) and reread the novel myself, with an eye toward possible Ace reprint. (Ace did Harness' The Paradox Men a decade or so ago.) On mature re-reading, alas, the novel turned out to be an ambitious, maybe even pretentious, melodrama which utterly failed in its attempt to work out some sort of amalgam of Art and Science as opposing yet identical forces. The characters were less than paper-thin, the plot virtually nonexistent -- there was nothing but Symbolism with a capital S, and that was done crudely. I was vastly disappointed.

Harness may not be writing any more, but he's back in print these days, I see. The Paradox Men was recently reprinted in England, and his novelet The New Reality has just turned up in a Damon Knight pb anthology of stories from Startling and Thrilling Wonder, called The Shape of Things from Bradbury's story of that title. I remember both of them as being excellent, but I'm a bit afraid to reread them, after my experience with The Rose.

You were wrong about MacDonald's The Girl, the Gold Watch, and Everything -- far from being ignored in the fan press here, it got a number of enthusiastic reviews.

If you ever finish that s-f novel on which you were working, I'd love to see it submitted at Ace. As I said in SAPS, if any fan has an s-f novel which will set the science fiction field rocking on its heels (or even to putting its foot behind its head), we'd love to publish it. Ace is the best market for first novels, particularly by fans, as the record of first novels by James White, Ken Bulmer, Marion Bradley and all sorts of others, myself included, attests. When something comes in from a

fan we know, it doesn't just go into the slush-pile as it would at virtually any other house; it gets faster and closer attention.

HELEN'S FANTASIA 15: Helen Wesson

That's a lovely bit of travelersmanship where you say, "On a stone column in Herculaneum (or was it Pompeii)..." That rivals Jim Caughran at his best. (Of course, the true travelersman could always counter with a calm, "It was Pompeii.")

I saw Ed Martin's Portrait of Torment on the stands, and wondered if it was The Very Same Ed Martin Who; thanks for confirming it. I gather the book isn't filled with retold jokes.

You seem to try awfully hard to put down Marion Bradley on the subject of modern U.S. highway travel as opposed to more picturesque modes. Now that you've told us all about the delights of Italian traveling, tell us again about those Egyptian camel-drivers you liked so much.

I liked Crane's The Ambassador Plenipotentiary and the Zipper pretty well, but Salome and her John was just too godawfully cute for words.

SELF-PRESERVATION 6: Lee Hoffman

Your reminiscences about old radio shows and your comment, "Not that this revelation is new to you. Or to me, either," brought me up short, as I suddenly realized that a lot of the newer fans must never have known the delights of radio drama. There hasn't been much to speak of on radio but rock & roll and Top 40 since the early fifties, and a lot of fans of recent years were probably too young to catch the earlier stuff. Makes me feel ancient...sort of like the recent announcement of a new group called APA 45: to join, you have to have been born in 1945 or later. It's sort of the antithesis of First Fandom, I suppose.

And that casual reference to shipping to New York "my cannonball collection" was a stopper, too. Are there more than one? Or were you, god forbid, a completist? Are they in mint condition? -- or do cannonballs increase in value ~~as~~ ^{asym} having been used, as I've sometimes heard stamps do from being canceled? Are you going to publish a checklist of your cannonball collection for FAPA? Or -- yee gods -- are you considering sending 68 identical cannonballs through FAPA?

That reference to the pilot who cut his engine while in flight, then "climbed out on the wheel and tried to restart the engine by handcranking the prop from where he was" makes it sound like a gassy air show. Do you have any interest in sky-diving? Sounds fascinating to me, though since I'm afraid of heights you won't catch me doing it. I saw a story in a recent Life about a sky-diver who carried the sport one step further -- he jumped without a parachute from umpty-ump thousand feet up. The gimmick was that a friend jumped along with him, the friend having, in addition to his own chute, an extra for him. They maneuvered to each other as they fell, the guy donned the chute and opened it in time. Which immediately brings up the question of how he practiced for the stunt, of course, but the answer's simple: he jumped several times with a chute on, and his friend jumped with him and they practiced passing the chute over while he had the first one on as insurance.

Carousels...yes, they were fun when they were adult entertainment. Or at least they looked like fun; I was just a kid at the time. But I remember that the one at Playland-at-the-Beach in San Francisco had a brass ring emplacement which you could just barely reach by riding an outside horse and leaning wa-a-ay out to grab it as you passed. If you plucked one off, you got a free ride or a kewpie doll or something. It was gone last time I was there, though. Pity -- it looked like fun. (And if the brass-ring bit has been taken off all carousels to protect the kids from injuring themselves in falls, then there goes another fine old colloquial saying -- "grabbing the brass ring" -- into the mists of unintelligibility to future generations.)

Comments on Harlan's two Outer Limits shows seem to be mixed about half in favor and half against. We missed them, but we did catch the Hitchcock show on which his Memos From Purgatory was done, with script by Harlan. It was terrible -- and I mean

the script as well as the acting, direction, et al. Part of the script's fault was perhaps unavoidable, since the juvies couldn't swear in anything resembling a natural manner on television. Harlan was reduced to having them call each other "fink" every blessed time they got mad, and while this was okay the first time, as the show wore on and it became obvious that these guys had no other names to call each other it became a bit ludicrous. But the script was bad aside from that, too -- melodramatic, naive, unbelievable. And it wasn't helped, for me, by their having cast a six-footer in Harlan's role. (But that, of course, is a private fault -- to most people it wouldn't have made a bit of difference.)

I haven't seen the Country Corn Flakes or Quaker Puffed Wheat commercials you mention, though I am getting to be something of a fan of commercials. There are always a few good ones, of course, but one has to become a connoisseur to appreciate the great bad commercials. There are a couple I've been seeing recently which really move me. One is a deodorant commercial, where this girl is dressed up in khaki shorts and blouse and a pith helmet, riding around Africa in a jeep shooting films of the wild-life there. The announcer says, "Kathy Springfresh lives an exciting life, always on the move in Africa with her camera. It may be a bit rugged, but she always appears fresh as the day. Kathy, how do you like living in Africa?" Kathy, reclining in the jumpseat of her jeep, twinkles a smile at us and says in this very world-travelerish voice, "It's fabulous...but it can get hot. That's why I use Gorp's Deodorant..." The other commercial is one for some soap; it starts out, "Have you ever bathed in the dark?" Then we get these half-light shots of a woman scrubbing her shoulders, legs, etc., all very sensuous and narcissistic. It's obscene, really. Carol has been pointing out to me the fantastic amount of narcissism in commercials and ads directed at women lately, and this seems to be the ultimate so far. But take a look at the ecstatic faces of women as they bathe themselves, or show off new dresses or wash their hair in these commercials. Carol's developing some sort of theory of female narcissism from this, and I think she's right. Certainly if a man were shown adoring himself so, he'd immediately be labeled some sort of pervert, but middle-class America seems to think it's perfectly natural for women to do so. (A corollary of this can be seen in the sex novel business, where lesbian novels sell like crazy to men, but straight homosexual novels are Out. Just another example of how healthy our Great Society is.)

That final line of yours, "Sonny Tufts?!" may or may not have the meaning I put to it. A great parlor-game we've discovered lately from our next-door neighbors the Dominos is thinking up new movie stars to claim are gay. Every movie star is suspect, of course...I mean, everybody knows all actors, dancers, etc. are gay. Bob Domino is a commercial artist, sharing a studio with his partner Bob Menchhausen (whose nickname is Baron). The bit apparently developed between them, and it's a running gag: they'll be sitting there working, and then one of them will look up and say, "Spencer Tracy!" and they'll break up. Or maybe "Gabby Hayes!" or "Broderick Crawford!" Sonny Tufts was one of the ones that came up recently. (I suppose a variation could be worked on the game by picking sex-goddesses and claiming they're lesbians. "Brigitte Bardot?!" "Pamela Tiffin!" "Ann-Margret!")

VAIR-INER: LA Fapans

I find myself appalled by the comments I've read in several places by fans, usually from Los Angeles, who seem to think The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao was a Hugo-worthy movie. By my lights, it was exactly the sort of movie which has made "No Award" the okay-phrase for Drama Hugoes recently. It was corny, soppy sentimental, and geared to an audience which, with any luck, will graduate in a year or two to Walt Disney movies. Tony Randall's attempted tour de force was successful only part of the time -- which means, actually, that it was unsuccessful.

It was certainly a great disappointment, considering the source-book and the producer. But then, having since seen, on television, George Pal's previous s-f movie, Atlantis, the Lost Continent, I have to admit that Lao was several cuts above that one. I hope Pal will get back to his previous level (that of his early-50s s-f

movies, I mean: Destination Moon. The War of the Worlds. When Worlds Collide)

HORIZONS 100: Harry Warner

"My knowledge of art hasn't extended far enough to understand why anyone worries about the question of whether a painting is genuine or a forgery. ... If human eyes and human judgment can't detect anything in the painting to prove it was not done by a master, where is the justification for resorting to X-rays and chemical analysis of pigments and so on?" That's a perfectly justified question if you're considering it only from the viewpoint of whether or not the painting's good, or "a masterpiece". But there are other considerations...such as, for instance, the fact that each work of art tells us something about the artist behind it: his techniques, themes, conceptions, etc. A forgery, no matter how good, could tell us false things about the putative artist.

But you're touching here on a question which has led me into some pretty sharp arguments from time to time: whether an artist must be "original" to be good. My view is that he doesn't have to be, that he may borrow his style and ideas in whole or in part from artists before him and turn out works which may be even better than those of his predecessors. Hindsight is a great advantage, of course: one can take another man's excellences and duplicate them as closely as possible, leaving out the defects and perhaps replacing them with virtues of one's own or borrowed elsewhere. To a large extent, this is what happens with most any artist, on the unconscious level; but if he announces that his intention is pastiche, general critical opinion will always rank his work as second-rate. I think this is ridiculous. Each artistic creation should be judged in a vacuum, without reference to its sources and indebtedness to others. ...Which makes me realize, looking back toward the beginning of this paragraph, that I was guilty of sloppy phraseology there. The question isn't whether an artist must be original to be good, but whether a work must be original. I say no on the latter, but I'd have to agree that a man who leans largely or wholly on the creations of others isn't much of an artist himself. Which view, in extreme cases, could give us quite an anomaly: a creator of masterpieces who is himself not a very good artist.

I remember the type of cigarette machine of which you write here; my parents had one as late as the early 40s, in Oregon. It looked very much like a postcard mimeo.

Further on Erik Fennel: Now that you mention having corresponded with him when he was in Hawaii, I remember that Fennel was for a time a regular contributor to Lee Riddle's fanzine PEON. This was mostly during the period when Riddle himself was stationed with the navy in Hawaii -- the beginning of the 50s.

I borrowed a copy of the NEW FRONTIERS with the first chapter of your history from the Lupoffs, and I must say I think it's superb. I did have a few comments and quibbles, though, and since you bring up the subject of mistakes in it here in HORIZONS, I suppose I can sneak my remarks into these mailing comments. First of all, as 692 people should have told you by now, the fictitious book by Abdul Alhazred about which Lovecraft wrote was The Necronomicon, not Nekromantikön as it appears in your history. NEKROMANTIÖN was, of course, the name of the fanzine published in the late 40s by Manly Bannister. (I don't know whether this was a slip on Norm Metcalf's part when he stenciled the piece, or if it's what you refer to when you say, "I deliberately put an inaccuracy of no importance into the chapter in the hope that all the old-timers would spot it and would then proceed to hunt diligently for other accidental mistakes.") Then there's the bit where you write of Henry Kuttner, "The ESFA staged a halfday con in his honor. The only person there who struck a jarring note by deprecating Kuttner dropped dead hours later." It seems to me you should have at least mentioned the name of the man who did so. And another quote, from page 15 of NEW FRONTIERS: "'I appreciate more than anything else the friendships and contacts that fandom has brought me through the years,' Bloch wrote in 1949, and he has forgotten the gratitude." I assume this is a typo, that there should be a "not" between "has" and "forgotten". On page 16 you write, "Only a few fans made the pilgrimage to visit (Clark Ashton Smith) through the years: Kuttner, Price, Wandrei,

Paul Freehafer, Henry Hasse, Emil Petaja, Derleth, Barlow, and a scattering of Los Angeles area persons." You could add to that list Dave Rike, who visited him in the early 50s -- possibly the last fan to do so, since all the others you mention made their trips in the 40s, I think. On page 17 you deal a bit with ayjay fandom, but only isolated instances; seems to me a brief history of ayjaydom would have been in order there, to put things in context. On page 22 you mention that the inventor of the hektograph is unknown, but I'm pretty sure Dave Rike included this information in one of his earlier fanzines -- he struck off a oneshot on an anniversary of the hekto's invention or something. And finally -- oh most ultimate of quibbles -- where are the footnotes to which the asterisks on pages 18 and 22 belong?

Hagerstown Journal was as good as usual, but a question comes to mind: why aren't the entries printed in chronological order? As for Steve Badrich, he does indeed sound like the beginnings of a hoax from what you say here. I hope he isn't, though, because if so you've violated one of the cardinal rules of hoaxing right at the outset: you've denied that it's a hoax. A proper hoax is never denied; if you get to the point where you're questioned about its validity, you either have to admit the hoax or turn it into a simple lie. A proper hoax is managed by misdirection, not falsity.

Your mention of Maryland's marriage laws reminds me that Damon Knight told me that in Pennsylvania a couple could be married by any citizen, not just a preacher or judge. The law was necessary because at one time the Mormons weren't recognized as a religious group, legally, in Pennsylvania, so it was impossible for them to be legally married by their clergy, who were just private citizens under the law. Seems a backward way of correcting the situation, but it worked.

And, of course, there's the lovely story of how Dan Curran, a minister of the legally-sanctioned Church of the Brotherhood of the Way, performed marriage rites for Tom Condit a year or two ago. The way I heard it, the service went about like this: "You two cats been makin' it for awhile? You figure you want to keep on makin' it, sort of permanent? Okay, you're married."

DIFFERENT Vol. 2 No. 6: Sam Moskowitz

This is all interesting stuff; thanks for letting us see it.

There's a new movement to form a science fiction writer's league, this one headed by Damon Knight. He figured he'd just bypass the usual constitutional wrangling which has caused previous attempts to fail; he simply sent out an announcement of the formation of the group, listed dues and asked for members. The only activity for the group he's planning for the present is the publication of a newsletter, with tips on marketing, legal matters relating to authors, how to read contracts, etc. Starting small this way, it can perhaps survive long enough to find its direction in practice rather than theoretical wrangling. We'll see.

THE VINEGAR WORM Vol. II No. 7: Bob Leman

The Bantan books do sound dreadful, yes. Titles like Bantan Incredible, Bantan Primeval and Bantan Valiant aren't that puzzling, though; they're simply in the Burroughs tradition of Tarzan Triumphant and maybe others.

Nice to see you when you were in town, and I hope you get in touch again next time you're here.

CADENZA 10: Charles Wells

All the things Rotsler mentioned in his article on beauty can indeed be beautiful, and I wasn't disputing that. I didn't like the piece because it seemed to me it stated the obvious at repetitious and tedious length.

I used the connective "but" when I said that beat-type writer's story "turned out to be a clumsy but sickeningly sweet little tale" because I could expect clumsy writing from a self-styled beatnik, but I wouldn't expect coyness and cuteness.

Norm Clarke is wrong when he says Keller sold "not many" stories professionally. Keller was one of the most prolific professional s-f writers of the 30s, and his stories kept appearing into the 40s, I believe.

"The best parts of Richard's letter was DNQ, I regret to say." I can see why you regret it, considering the grammar. (Hi, Jack Speer.)

MASQUE 15: Bill Rotsler

You've been saying several times over recent years that Arthur Thomson should publish a collection of his drawings, but apparently no one -- not even Arthur when you discussed it with him -- has mentioned that such a collection was published by Ella Parker a couple of years ago. Titled THE ATOM ANTHOLOGY, it's a fine set of cartoons, caricatures and straight science fictional drawings, most or all of them reprinted from a vast variety of fanzines, and all of them stenciled superbly by Arthur himself. Is this the sort of thing you want, or have you really been suggesting an original, more integrated book of cartoons (since you mention the TATTOOED DRAGON series)?

You're not alone in wanting a new national anthem; I see that the latest issue of Fact splashes all over the cover a blast at our present one, with quotes from various people. It is a pretty poor national anthem, and you're dead right when you say that the Marseillaise is so much better. Remember the classic scene in the movie To Have and Have Not where the Germans in Morocco are singing their national anthem and Paul Henreid leads the French nationals present in drowning them out with the French anthem?

Most of the best Gerald Fitzgerald stuff here has appeared in MASQUE before, but some of the new stuff is good too. And in any case, it's good to read the great old stuff again, particularly since my file of old MASQUES seems to be lost, *sob*.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 17 & 19: Rich Brown and Steve Stiles

The "strait" in "straitjacket" is a perfectly legitimate word, meaning narrow, tight, constricted and/or constricting, so you can see the derivation. A narrow strip of water connecting larger bodies of water is a strait; if a person is "in narrow straits," he's in a tight spot. Etc.

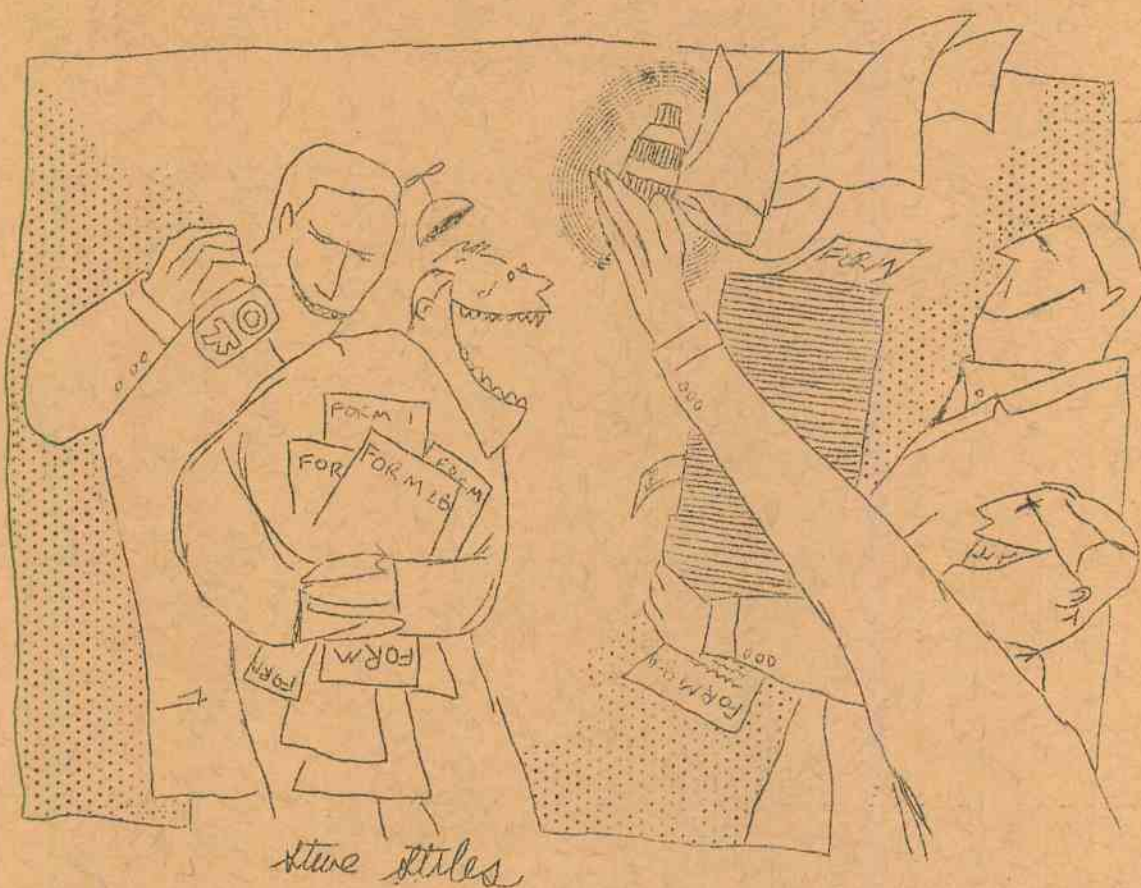
You write funny mailing comments and stuff, Steve; I especially loved the line, "Someday I hope to marry a femmefan, or a woman at any rate." And the child molester cartoon was a good one, too.

You damn betchum Akhnaton gets attention in the fan press. Not only was he mentioned in an old Sapszine of mine, but also in a past Lths editorial, and when I was in the Cult I published a zine called ATON. The letter column in it was called Amarna Letters, and the editorial strove to prove in humorous fashion that Akhnaton had been a fan. Dave Rike did a cover for the magazine showing Akhnaton with the Aton disk above him reaching down rays whose hands extended to him not the ankh-symbol, but a churchkey. (The ankh-symbol itself being obviously a bottle opener, anyway.)

When you quoted Ted's line about a "cataract of lies, falsehood by ommission," etc., you misspelled "ommission". (Yes, I know, Jack, but Ted's line had it like that in every apa into which he put the statement, and I've always admired Dick Eney's restraint in not calling him on it.)

***** UNABASHED EGOBOO *****

- 1) Everything in DESCANT 12, especially Norm's A Sense of Egofoo.
- 2) BT - His Pages by Bob Tucker in VANDY 23.
- 3) Hagerstown Journal by Harry Warner in HORIZONS 100.
- 4) A Santa Barbara Story: 1934 by Robert West in JESUS BUG 12 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- 5) G.C.F. Revisited by Gerald C. Fitzgerald in MASQUE 15.
- 6) The Multicon by Bill Rotsler in MASQUE 15.
- 7) Fan in der High Castle by George Locke in DEADWOOD 1.
- 8) A Song of Degrees by Avram Davidson in JESUS BUG 12 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- 9) Aufgeknüpft by Robert A. W. Lowndes in WARHCON 21.
- 10) An Oxford Circus Teddy Bear by Ignatius P. Pumpernickle in DEADWOOD 1.



ONE OUNCE OF CORRECTION FLUID BY REDD BOGGS

I needed a one-ounce bottle of stencil correction fluid. I pride myself on the fact that I am not a man who will drive seven miles out of the way to buy succotash for 3¢ cheaper than it is selling at the neighborhood market. Thus I decided instantly after a hurried debate with myself that it was unreasonable to drive downtown to Mar-Lee Duplicator Company merely to procure a bottle of correction fluid when the local offices of A. B. Dick are only one and a half blocks away. I realized that A. B. Dick would sell correction fluid at roughly twice the price I would pay at Mar-Lee, but on the other hand I would burn up 30¢ worth of gasoline driving through heavy California traffic. I could stroll over to A. B. Dick for less than .001¢ worth of shoe leather.

I have seldom felt more reasonable, more closely attuned to reality than when I sauntered into the A. B. Dick offices at Beverly Boulevard and Bonnie Brae. Good will and benevolence flickered around me like attending Tinkerbells, and I even bestowed a salubrious smile on the display of A. B. Dick mimeographs in the lobby, though they looked as glittering, complicated, and vaguely antique as 1922 Pierce-Arrows.

"I want an ounce of correction fluid," I told the young executive type hunkered at the ornate desk in front of me. He made a careful notation with a ballpoint pen in the bulky sales book spread on the desk, then looked up majestically. I politely repeated my request.

"Oh yes," he said absently. "Correction fluid." Mental cogs began to mesh slowly. "Why yes, Miss Arbuthnot right there will fix you up." He waved largely at

a counter to his right, behind which I noticed a bevy of female clerks busily pecking at typewriters and comptometers and swigging coffee from paper cups. The vagrant glint of intellect faded from his eyes. He stared through me contemplatively, and made another precise note with his ballpoint.

Miss Arbuthnot looked like she could fix me up. She was a young woman seated at a small table with long thin legs and no drawers (I mean the table, of course) hammering furiously at a typewriter. She glanced over at me, instantly ceased to type, and came alertly over to the counter. Her delicately penciled eyebrows wiggled inquiringly. So did other parts of her.

"A bottle of correction fluid, please," I said, feeling a shade fazed by the fact that there was no display of A. B. Dick duplicating supplies in sight. Maybe this wasn't a retail outlet after all. Miss Arbuthnot, however, smiled reassuringly and groped under the counter. To be sure, I thought, it's all stashed under there, handy but safe, out of the way.

But Miss Arbuthnot merely fetched forth an A. B. Dick catalog. She ran a finger down the index pages. She riffled through the book. She searched one page and then another, a tiny frown attesting her concentration and puzzlement. Suddenly she smiled and looked up.

"Yes, we have correction fluid," she announced triumphantly.

"By george!" I said, feeling glad for them. It would have been embarrassing for A. B. Dick to buy all their correction fluid from Gestetner.

"We have two weights of correction fluid," she said, turning serious instantly. "Light weight and heavy weight. Which did you want?"

Here, indeed, was a problem. I had no idea which I wanted, but I was not going to display my ignorance before this lovely young lady. I would figure it out by logical means. "Well," I hedged, searching her face hopefully for some clue...but it remained as solemn and blank as the back of a tombstone. "It's pretty hot weather. This is the season for light weight correction fluid, I think."

I could see that Miss Arbuthnot was impressed with my insouciance in the complicated world of mimeography. She flashed an admiring smile at me and began to scribble in an order book on the counter.

"Name?" she said, with pen poised. I considered for a panicky moment. I could remember my name, all right, but maybe it could be safer to give them a phony name like DeWitt Clinton Shapiro or Pierre Henslowe Bongflap. It is a little hard to trust the motives of a business that would require my name in order to sell me a one-ounce bottle of correction fluid. The possibilities for blackmail were frightening. If the boys down at the Happy Hour Poolroom (Free Instruction for Ladies, Mon. & Tues.) should ever find out that I buy correction fluid...!

But I needed that correction fluid. I didn't dare give A. B. Dick a phony name. They might ask to see my social security card, and then what?

I told her my right name and my correct address. When it came to my phone number, however, I had to disappoint the girl. I don't have a phone. I couldn't meet her gaze, but I tried to patch things up. "I have a friend who lives two blocks away," I told her. "In an emergency he can come running over with a message."

She tapped her teeth with the ballpoint thoughtfully and stared at me, but in

the end she left blank the space for phone number. Then, having completed that form, she began to copy all the information onto a second form.

"That's a lot of paper work for 84¢," I suggested, watching her with growing astonishment. "I mean 87¢," I amended as she deftly added sales tax to the total. We chuckled companionably over my witty remark. In fact, she laughed till her pretty lavender eyes were full of tears. It was pleasant to discover somebody who appreciated true wit and humor.

She accepted my dollar bill and gave me 13¢ in change. I counted the money gloomily while she took the two forms she had filled out in longhand over to her typewriter. For a long bitter moment she regarded the business letter she had been typing when I interrupted her, then callously ripped it out of the machine. It made me feel like a clod to have come into this place, interrupting their work with my retail trade.

Into her typewriter she inserted a fantastic sandwich of multicolored forms interlarded with carbons. I watched her doubtfully as she started to rattle the keys with deft, rednailed fingers. It seemed unlikely that all this was part of my order of one ounce of correction fluid. She must have finished with me and be starting on something else totally unconnected with correction fluid. She must be processing an order for 127 A. B. Dick mimeographs purchased by Pacific Telephone or 61,000 quires of green quality stencils (with pliofilm) for California Federal Savings & Loan.

I scrabbled aimlessly among the papers littering the counter, certain that she must have put down the bottle of correction fluid in front of me and I had been too busy staring down her décolletage to notice. But no, it wasn't there. This could mean -- it must mean, despite all appearances to the contrary -- that Miss Arbuthnot was still working on my order for one ounce of correction fluid.

I watched her with growing amazement as her fingers flew over the typewriter keyboard, filling page after page with typescript. Despite her speed it took a long time. Every once in awhile, hypnotized by the delicious jiggle of her breasts as she clattered briskly over an especially vehement passage in the multicolored forms, I would fall asleep on my feet, propped against the counter. Then the sudden cessation of sound would waken me and I would crack open my eyelids to behold Miss Arbuthnot removing one thick set of multicolored forms from her machine and inserting a fresh one, even meatier. Then she would start clicking away and the happy jiggle would loosen my eyelids again.

Finally I heard her voice again. I choked off a snore and pried my eyes open. She was smiling brightly. "All right, you can pick this up at Will Call," she said. "I'll send the order right down."

"Will Call? Where the hell," I said succinctly, "is Will Call?"

"That way and turn right," she said, pointing. She vibrated so bravely, each way free, when she gestured that I was tempted to ask the way to the advertising office, the men's room, and the secretary's lounge. Instead, I summoned the elan of a soldier ordered of garrison twenty minutes' bus ride from Tijuana and shipped to the Aleutians, Indo-China or Arkansas, and followed her directions. Somewhere in the bowels of the sprawling building I discovered a switchboard operator playing tiddly-winks with a cluster of blinking lights. Here was a lonely outpost remote from civilization, but she had a cache of C-rations beside her, and I had to push on.

"Will Call?" I croaked.

"Right down that stair and turn right," she said boredly. Then, seeing my face go white, she added encouragingly, "You can't miss it."

I paused at the top of the stair to check my first-aid kit: two bottles of Mennen's Baby Magic, a box of 400 facial tissues (orchid color), a fifth of Foster Creek six-year-old bourbon (86 proof), and a paperback copy of THE SEXUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF WOMAN. Then I started down. I went down one flight of steps, and then another, and another. I passed a trio of adventurers fitted out with alpenstocks and sun helmets and realized after I had left them on some remote level far, far above me that they closely resembled James Mason, Pat Boone, and Arlene Dahl. At last, faint from lack of oxygen and dizzy from spiraling around stacks of steps ever downward, I arrived at the bottom. I was standing in the employees' cafeteria.

The employees' cafeteria? This could not be the place I was looking for. For a blank moment I clutched the balustrade and let my mind churn away helplessly. Off-hand I couldn't recall whether I was looking for Emperor Franz Josef's palace at Schönbrunn, the Blue Room whorehouse at Tijuana, or the secretary's lounge. But I was fairly certain that I hadn't been scouring the center of the earth for the employees' cafeteria.

"Can I help you?" somebody inquired around a scoop of vanilla ice cream crowning his slab of apple pie.

"Will," I wheezed, "Call?"

The fellow's fork made a couple of flying passes that seemed to have nothing to do with conveying pie and ice cream to his mouth. I glanced in the direction those flashing staccati seemed to take, and glimpsed a counter in the wall.

I approached it hesitantly. The person behind the counter hovered impatiently, like a short-order cook awaiting instructions to slap a hamburger and a bun on the grill. "Will Call?" I asked, already blushing for the possible faux pas. This was probably the cafeteria line, and I should be asking for coffee and pie.

"What's the name?" the clerk asked sharply.

"Bong -- I mean Boggs," I stammered. "Look, all I want is a one-ounce bottle of correction fluid. It costs 87¢...."

The clerk darted away like a hummingbird and reappeared in a glass-paneled office to my right. He burrowed into a heap of papers on a large desk, tossing handfuls of them aside. He consulted with somebody in the office. They both stared furtively over their shoulders at me. Obviously it wasn't every day that somebody had the brass gall to disturb their work, the even tenor of their existence, with a request for a bottle of correction fluid.

Suddenly the clerk happened across a stack of papers he had overlooked before. I saw his face light up with a delighted "Aha!" He darted back behind the counter and spread the papers out before him. He removed a paperclip or two, tossed a magenta and a lemon yellow form into file baskets, and carefully studied the rest. There was a mad rainbow of colors: royal blue, lime, autumn brown, smoke gray, pink, purple, cherry, orchid, salmon, mandarin, chartreuse, beige, coral, lilac, and lingerie pink. The latter gave the clerk the most trouble. He squinted at it as if it boasted a D cup.

Finally, muttering under his breath and obviously not fully satisfied with it, he gathered all the papers together and took them over to a spiral rack behung with

rubber stamps. He twirled the rack, selected a stamp that took his eye, and moistened it in a handy red inkpad. Then, visibly gathering himself for the effort, he began to pummel the sheaf of papers with the stamp. It said "Cash Sale". It took a long while to hammer those words in gaudy red on every colored form under his hand: royal blue, lime, autumn brown, and all the rest of them right down to the lingerie pink one. The steady drone of stamp hitting paper lulled me to sleep again.

From time to time I was jarred awake by a sudden silence, but as I looked up hopefully, I discovered that the clerk was merely selecting a new rubber stamp or exchanging the red inkpad for a purple one. He was using a "Paid in Full" stamp now. Suddenly a louder sound, a heavy artillery report, brought me awake with a start. I was just in time to see the clerk begin to bang staples through the various heaps of paper he had carefully assembled. This process went on and on, but I could not slumber during it. The heavy stapler sent shudders through the whole building.

From behind these toppling stacks of paper a thin hand at last extended a paper for me to sign. I seized my ballpoint pen and carefully scrawled "Pierre Henslowe Bongflap" in the three spaces where my signature was required.

I peered around the paper heaps, watching the clerk narrowly, but he did not bother to compare the signature with the typed name. He darted away to the storeroom immediately behind. I saw him peer this way and that toward the upper shelves, lost in the gloom that gathered near the level at which I had encountered Mason, Boone and Dahl. Finally he wheeled a ladder into place, and began to climb. He disappeared.

I waited moodily. My wandering gaze discovered the cafeteria counter on the other side of the room. I sidled over and ordered a Blutwurst sandwich, which I devoured slowly after drenching it with tacos sauce and brown mustard. I fastidiously selected an aqua-frost form from the heaps still littering the counter and wiped my fingers. I waited some more.

"Here we are, sir!" the clerk told me cheerily, darting into view again just when I had given up hope for him and had mentally listed him as another man lost to the onslaught of the iguana monsters.

He blew dust from a tiny blue bottle with a green and white label and triumphantly extended it to me. I choked back a sentimental sob. The well-oiled train of machinery had performed its function, and A. B. Dick had come through again. They had delivered into my hands a one-ounce bottle of correction fluid.

"These are yours," the clerk added, shoving a double handful of multicolored forms into my hands. I tried to read the top one, the fruit of the harvest that so many people had gone to so much trouble to prepare, but my vision blurred. Blobs of unreadable impressions from hastily applied rubber stamps hid the typing and the fine print underneath. My eyes flinched from the task and traveled ahead of me toward the stairway that I had to climb. I hefted the sheaf of papers in my hands.

Then I staggered across the room and dumped all of it into a handy trash barrel. The stupendous wad of exotically hued paper disappeared under an untidy wash of paper cups, plates, and napkins. I thought I felt the planet stagger in its orbit at my unkindly deed, but that was nothing compared with the shock of consternation that would tremble through the A. B. Dick company from root to blossom when they discovered this discarded glut of paperwork adorning their trash barrel. An afternoon's work on the part of two score employees had been disdainfully consigned to the outer darkness.

Thus unencumbered I escaped at last from the basement and lumbered toward the nearest exit. If anybody saw me leaving with the one-ounce bottle of correction

fluid in my pocket and without papers to prove my ownership, I was sunk. But the only person who saw me leave was the executive type hunkered over his sales book in the outer office. He stared through me and made a notation with his ballpoint.

The sun was still shining when I emerged. Birds twittered in the pepper trees. I sped home with light heart and typed a stencil. In the second paragraph I made a typo, but I didn't mind a bit. I whipped out my one-ounce 87¢ bottle of correction fluid and ran a dauberful of the liquid across the error. I noticed that it went on rather gummily, and when I tried to type over the error, the dried fluid chipped off and fell into the innards of my typewriter with a tiny clunk. I picked up the one-ounce bottle and scanned the label.

After all, A. B. Dick had made a slight error. They had sold me heavy weight correction fluid, not light weight.

In a month or two, when I have recovered from my ordeal of buying the bottle of correction fluid, I am going back and exchange it.

Dorcas Lives!

If the field archaeologist had his will, every ancient capital would have been overwhelmed by the ashes of a conveniently adjacent volcano. It is with a green jealousy that the worker on other sites visits Pompeii and sees the marvellous preservation of its buildings, the houses standing up to the second floor, the frescoes on the walls, and all the furniture and household objects still in their places as the owners left them when they fled from the disaster. Failing a volcano, the best thing that can happen to a city, archaeologically speaking, is that it should be sacked and very thoroughly burnt by an enemy. The owners are not in a position to carry anything away and the plunderers are only out after objects intrinsically valuable, the fire will destroy much, but by no means everything, and will bring down on the top of what does remain so much in the way of ashes and broken brickwork that the survivors, if there are any, will not trouble to dig down into the ruins; a burnt site is generally a site undisturbed. It is where cities have decayed slowly that least is to be found in their ruins; the impoverished inhabitants will have pulled down the older buildings to re-use the material in their own hovels, they will make nothing good of their own and they will certainly leave nothing behind them when at last they desert the place; the top levels of such a site generally produce therefore few objects, and not much history except the melancholy history of decadence.

-- Sir Leonard Woolley, in Digging Up
The Past

"FANNY HILL" PROSECUTED IN NEW JERSEY

....The State's witnesses included William Riley, president of the New York Citizens for Decent Literature; two psychiatrists, Joseph Zigarelli and Max Levin.... Dr. Riley's principal contention was that the book dealt primarily with abnormal sex, defining abnormal sex as any sex not specifically designed to procreate the race. He mitigated his judgment somewhat, however, by admitting that he thought "Fanny Hill" would be all right for married couples to read in bed. The first psychiatrist, Dr. Zigarelli, stated his belief that Mr. Cleland was a psychopath, and added that he thought a normal person who read the book might, as a result, go out and commit abnormal sexual acts. His colleague, Dr. Levin, disagreed. He thought that the author was a voyeur, but added that he thought the book well written.

-- Publisher's Weekly, June 22, 1964



ted white

GUNFIGHT AT THE N3F

One day perhaps a month ago, I was talking to Terry Carr on the phone, and I said, "Terry, I've discovered a whole new field of entertainment."

"What's that?" he asked, perhaps thinking I'd discovered another rock and roll TV show. Sometimes we call each other up during The Lloyd Thaxton Show or The Clay Cole Show and make comments to each other while both watching our TV sets, comments like, "Geeze, what a lousy job of lip synch-ing," or, "Christ, what a fruit that guy is," or similar pearls of critical comment. For mark me well: we are among the Next Generation of Important Writers and Arbiters of Taste. I look forward to the day when our new rock and roll group, Barbara and the Bohemians, turns out its first hit record.

But I digress.

"I have discovered Westerns," I told Terry enthusiastically. I knew this would impress him, for only three months before I had discovered TV Guide to the New York Fan World. "I read a Western yesterday, and it turned me on so much that I went out and bought ten more to read! What do you think about that?"

"Swell," Terry said. "How would you like to do an article on Westerns for Lighthouse?"

The first Western I read (well, in recent years, anyway; when I was a small child I read Zane Grey and other Masters of the Form) was Donald Hamilton's Smoky Valley. I'd known for some years that Hamilton had written Westerns; they were listed on the flyleaves of his Gold Medal Matt Helm books.

I've been enjoying the Matt Helm series ever since Harlan Ellison touted me onto the first two, then sent me the galleys for the third, which Knox Burger had sent him. Harlan and I don't always see eye to eye, but once I'd started reading Hamilton I was hooked. Hamilton has only one fault -- as I've discovered from reading well over half a dozen of his books -- and that is that he likes to turn cliches inside-out. He likes to take the pragmatic course where the sentimental one is indicated. It lends a tough ruthlessness to his stories which elevates them from the formulas in which they're bred and born, but after awhile you can second-guess him on this.

I'd been thinking for some time that on one of my next forays into the used paperback circuit I'd have to scan the Western racks for Hamilton's books, since I'd already read all his mystery and suspense books that I knew of. But, as is my way, I did nothing until jarred by a new Dell release of his 1954 Smoky Valley.

Smoky Valley is simply the Hamilton formula applied to the Western format. Like many of his books, it breathes with his love of western locale and scenery, but the cliché-twists are what pull it out of its formula. Its protagonist, John Parrish, is a former Union officer in the Civil War who was wounded in the lung and has come west to recuperate. He is a small man who affects meekness in order to keep his temper in check, and, because he does not plan to stay longer than necessary, he refuses to involve himself to any real extent in local squabbles.

Naturally, he does become involved. He becomes engaged to a girl who has latched onto him in order to escape the dreariness of a small western town, and then his ranch becomes involved in a range war. With deadly competence, and a soldier's head for tactics, he enters the range war. His philosophy is simple: anything the villains do to him he can do to them, and since their ranch is twice the size, they'll suffer twice as much.

In one episode, figuring that his ranch will be attacked, he orders his men (who've had scant respect for him up to now, since he's played the easterner to them) to abandon the ranch and wait in ambush. He lets the enemy find the abandoned ranch buildings and set them afire. Then he and his men pick the bad guys off with cool and deadly precision from their ambush. The next night they fire the enemy's ranch. "He started it," Parrish says.

In the end, he faces down the villain in classic walkdown fashion. But, as he later explains it:

"I want you to know that it was a trick."

"What do you mean?"

"His gun had no trigger. A slipgun, Jim McCloud called it. You hold it with one hand and beat at it with the other. I saw him do it once. Who can shoot a gun accurately in that manner? At thirty-five yards I was in little danger; it was simple target practice."

Hamilton knows a good deal about guns; his protagonist in Line of Fire (a suspense book) is a gunsmith whose expertese would satisfy even Dean Grennell.

My pleasure from Hamilton's Western revealed to me that the whole Western form was simply another branch of adventure fiction, and since this is the entertainment diet I thrive on, I went out and bought a passel of Western books the next day. And

the day after. And the day after that, Terry sent me a batch of Ace Westerns.

I haven't read all I bought -- and, I regret, none of the Ace books yet. They will have to wait for a later report. My reading time became sharply curtailed when, enthusiastic over the idea of doing a Western-type novel, I suggested to Lee Hoffman (whose knowledge of Westerns and the Old West vastly exceeds my own) that we collaborate on an SF-Western. Since I was already working on a straight SF novel, the work I put into the preliminary stages of our Probe into Yesterday came out of my reading time.

However, I did read the following books:

Long Lightning by Norman A. Fox
Trail Town by Ernest Haycox
The Ruthless Gun by T. C. Lewellen
Comanche Vengeance by Richard Jessup
Amos Flagg: Lawman by Clay Randall
Forbidden Valley by Thomas Thompson
Trouble Town by Burt Arthur
Mad River by Donald Hamilton

On the whole, these books tended to lower my enthusiasm for Westerns a bit. Thompson's Forbidden Valley carried the tip-off in its credit to serialization in The Saturday Evening Post; it was a bland piece of two-dimensional confectionery. Burt Arthur's Trouble Town had a nice idea -- a man comes into town from nowhere and starts causing trouble for the baddies -- but suffered from weak plotting and a rather simpleminded conception.

Significantly, the Gold Medal Westerns -- Randall's, Lewellen's, Jessup's and of course Hamilton's -- were much better written, more tautly handled and closer in concept to the modern hard-boiled suspense novel, which in fact they really were in all but setting.

Hamilton's Mad River was the best of the lot, a superior book to his Smoky Valley, in fact, but it suffered from Hamilton's inability to let his protagonist be anything but a nice guy in the end, no matter how deceiving circumstances appeared earlier in the book. Matt Helm, in the suspense series, is very pragmatic and hard-boiled, but never really does anything nasty although he often threatens to. The protagonist of Line of Fire, the gunsmith, starts out the book looking like a hired assassin in an opening chapter startlingly like that peculiar drama woven in Dallas a little more than a year ago. (But the book was actually written over ten years ago.) It turns out, of course, that actually he was hired to miss the governor he fired at, in order to provide some political hay for that worthy, it being re-election time. In Mad River, our hero has just served five years for a stagecoach robbery in which the other holdup man was killed. In actuality, we soon find, he was covering for his girlfriend's brother. For all of that, the book is a well-constructed mystery set in the Arizona of the last century.

Jessup's Comanche Vengeance is an equally well-done book with a deceptively simple theme: a woman's husband is killed, her children killed and raped, by a Comanche they thought they'd befriended; she swears vengeance and goes out hunting him. Along the way a man named Duke decides she needs help and protection, and as the book progresses she slowly loses heart for her goal of vengeance, and warms to Duke. The writing is simple and elegant, the characterization skillful, and the progression of their adventures, fighting the elements as often as the Indians, satisfying. On the basis of this book, I'd enjoy finding and reading more of Jessup's work.

Randall's Lawman (the truncated title used on the book's spine) is none of the above. It lies about halfway between Trouble Town and Forbidden Valley, and the level of its conception can be indicated by the fact that occasionally the point of view is that of a cat. The book drags inevitably as a sheriff son is pitched against his jailbird and long-lost father, and we wait through interminable scenes of padding and inaction for the final showdown. Surprise: Pop turns out on the side of the Godly, and throws himself in front of one of his confederate's bullets, meant for Son. And, to top off the Happy Ending, he lives.

The Ruthless Gun is something else. It begins as a typical Western novel of vengeance: a settler is dragged and pitched into river rapids in order that a miner may take over his silver-rich property. But the settler lives, his face scarred and his genitals truncated, to perfect his draw and make himself the fastest gun in the west, so that he can return to gun down the four who did him dirt, in a simultaneous shoot-out. The buildup is slow and careful, and as scrupulously tough as anything Hamilton has done. But when Gila, as he's now known, comes back after seven years, his old enemies become demoralized, and start falling apart. Perhaps the strangest portions of the book relate to the young kid, who was only a boy at the time of the dragging. He goes insane, lies in ambush for Gila, and kills instead an unfrocked syphilitic minister. He then confuses a girl, whose virginity he has just taken, with his mother, a long-dead whore, and when the girl enters the local whorehouse, the last threads of sanity leave him. There are other characters whose lives are equally carefully followed through the period of disintegration and destruction that Gila wreaks upon the town, and the novel becomes a darkly boiling pot of murky psychology. The flavor of adventure is lost, and the character conflict becomes melodramatic at times, but the book is certainly true to its own lights: a carefully developed novel of probably first-rate realism. It's a shame the pacing slackens after the opening chapters, however. Still, this is not the usual formula Western.



Next to Gold Medal, Dell seems to have the best line of Westerns, Hamilton's Smoky Valley was among these, and so are the Fox and Haycox books.

Fox's Long Lightning is essentially the story of a telegraph man, fighting Indians and rival companies to string up a new line through the west to meet a close contract deadline. It's a relatively simple, straightforward plot, but the handling and writing are good, the pacing excellent and the book one of the better Westerns I've read. I'd rank Fox with Jessup and Hamilton as writers whose work I'd automatically buy. In fact, I have another Dell Fox awaiting time for reading.

Haycox's Trail Town is longer (224 pages) than most of the others, and exceedingly long in its leisurely pacing. The book is much more about a small western town than it is about any single protagonist, although a marshal is the central character. Relentlessly, we follow the marshal through each day's activities, a slice-of-life technique which colors a full picture of the trail town, but lacks somewhat in the pacing and action I'm accustomed to, and prefer.

There was more diversity in these books than I'd expected, a diversity in scope and conception as well as individual plot. Neither Lewellen's Ruthless Gun nor the Haycox conform to the standard Western formula (while, not surprisingly, Hamilton's books do). On the other hand, the worst books of the lot, Forbidden Valley and Lawman, are purest formula. From this brief sampling, I'd suggest that there's nothing

wrong with the formula that good writing won't surmount; those poorer stories were poor simply because they were poorly written. Without the buttressing quality of the formula, they might've been much worse.

The Western formula is not so different from the suspense formula, or the science fiction adventure formula: each type of story really varies only in setting. In each case, our hero is pitted against antagonists both human and elemental, and his adventure consists of winning over apparently greater odds. In the Western, he may be opposed by Indians, bad men, or simply the elements (the west was a cruel place for people, alternately too wet, too dry, too hot and too cold) -- or any combination thereof. In the suspense novel, we've cut the adversaries down to simply the bad men, as a rule -- every once in awhile we'll hit an adventure (usually an escape story) in which our hero is pitted against mother nature as well. In science fiction, our hero must battle alien life systems -- mother nature in a Halloween disguise -- and bad men. The Indians are aliens.

This is the essential Adventure Formula. It is remarkably consistent from story-type to story-type, and has been tried and proven over more than the last hundred years. It seems a durable one, and perhaps the most basic of all story forms. (Robinson Crusoe was an early example of the classic man-against-nature adventure, for instance.) It's a form we should never slip too far away from in our sophistication. Withal, I will take the Adventure Story over all the modern non-novels with their non-plots about non-heroes that ever make The New Yorker.

The adventure story is not a static form, however. It follows the fashions of writing, and I think that the paperback has elevated its writing quality far above the norm it enjoyed in the pulps. (I base this opinion on a recent attempt to read some of the several hundred non-sf pulps in my collection; few have weathered well. And it may be surprising to some of you to realize that the general level of writing in the sf pulps was superior to that in the other pulp fields.) Gold Medal Books is probably the one to thank for this; they've been encouraging this growth up from pulps in their line of originals which began (in 1950) almost immediately upon the death of the pulps (the pulps lingered into 1952 or 53, but their death is usually considered to have occurred in 1949, when Street & Smith, the daddy of all pulp publishers, scuttled its entire line), and Gold Medal has actively fostered the taut, "hard-nosed" style of adventure writing in which the style is crisp and the pacing relentless throughout their entire line of mysteries, Westerns, and science fiction.

I don't know whether I'll ever attempt a Western novel myself -- probably not, as long as I maintain my interest in science fiction and publishers maintain an interest in me -- but I'm glad I discovered the field for myself. I love good adventure stories, and now there are even more for me to wade among.

"As quiet as a tubful of grass."

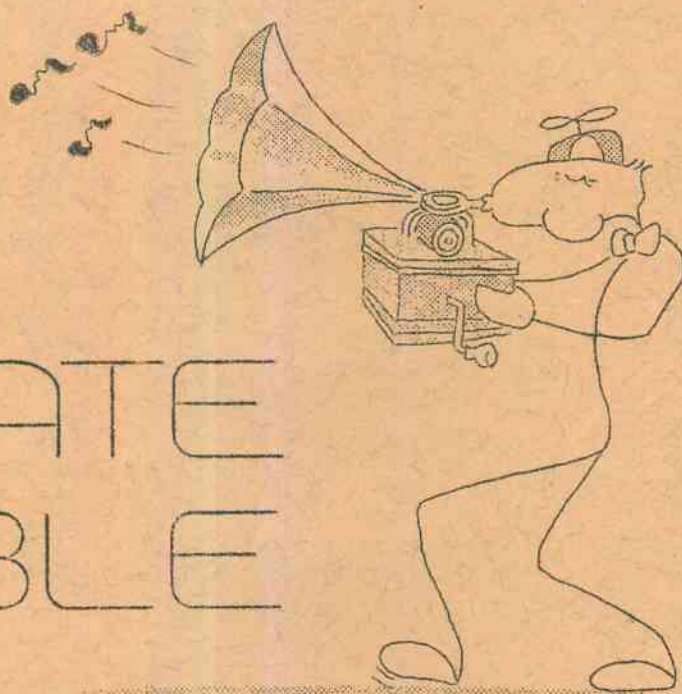
-- Nelson Nye

An editor must be concerned with the evaluation of man's religion. The need for clarification of faith is always with us. Whether it is an appeal to reason by Jean Paul Sartre or a "blue sky" exposition by Rabbi Liebman or a concern with human destiny by Lecomte du Nouy, the editor must be aware of the audience which awaits such utterances and must form an opinion of their worth. There is no field in which so much claptrap is written nor any branch of editorial work which is so subject to the intense assault by authors who are ordained by God to speak. I was once approached by a Hard-shell Baptist from Florida who rejoiced in the name of Buzzacott. He wanted me to publish his book on self-impregnation, in which he proved to his satisfaction that God had provided a special Darwinianism which called for the ultimate bestowal of both sexes in one body, that man might propagate himself alone. The fact that this manuscript arrived in a large trunk packed in with red flannel underwear always seemed to me to have its own Freudian significance.

-- Ken McCormick, in Editors on Editing

terry carr

TAILGATE RAMBLE



JEFF WANSHEL CALLED ME ON THE PHONE THE OTHER NIGHT:

Yes he did, actually and literally. This wasn't as much of a shock to me as you might imagine, since ex-fan Jeff Wanshel has called me on the phone several times since he disappeared from fannish ken a few years ago. He always says, "What's new in fandom?" and I tell him, and he goes away apparently resolved to have nothing more to do with fandom, for nobody hears from him again until the next time he calls me.

(Actually, that's not quite true. Jeff's father is the attorney for Ace Books, and lives next door to A. A. Wyn, Ace's publisher. Occasionally I hear news of him at the office.)

Conversations with Jeff usually start out with my asking brightly, "When's the next issue of FANFARONADE coming out?" I ask this not only because FANFARONADE was a fine fanzine, but also because I was to be a co-editor of its next issue. This started back in 1961, when VOID had four co-editors, Steve Stiles and Alan J. Lewis were coediting SAM, the Lupoffs were gathering a stable of contributing editors, art editors and such for XERO, Pete Graham and I were coediting LIGHTHOUSE, etc. Jeff thought he ought to get in step with fannish destiny, and decided to have a guest co-editor each issue; I was to be the first, and I even wrote an editorial for him. (It was about a snowball fight among Andy Main, Andy Reiss, Ted and Sylvia White, Carol and me during the first snow of the winter of 1961-62, so it may be a bit dated by now.)

Usually Jeff answers my question by saying earnestly, "Well, actually, it shouldn't be too long now. I have most of it on stencil, and I think I'll finish it up soon. It's got all sorts of great..."

But this time he just laughed.

"What's been happening in fandom lately?" he asked, changing the subject.

So I told him about the Pacificon and the Boondoggle and about all the people who've been married lately.

"Les Gerber?" he said. "But...but..."

"Andy Main, too," I said.

"Andy Main? But isn't he a bit young to get married?"

I reflected briefly that this was an odd question to come from Jeff Wanshel, fandom's boy-genius, but then my mind clicked into focus and I realized that had been awhile back.

"Andy's 21 now," I said, and Jeff paused while his mind too clicked into focus.

"So what have you been doing?" I asked him.

"Oh, nothing much...." he said vaguely. Then he added, "Actually, that's not true -- a lot's happened to me. Like for instance I got my nose smashed in a fight."

"A fight?" I said. "What was it about?"

"Oh, it was about a sandwich."

"A sandwich?" I paused, and made scratching noises as though I were writing all this down. "'Jeff Wanshel called me on the phone the other night and told me he'd had his nose smashed in a fight over a sandwich.'"

"You're not going to write an editorial about this, are you?" he asked.

"Of course. Fandom is panting for news of its favorite son, Jeff Wanshel. What else is new with you?"

"Well," he said, "I was elected president of my senior class in high school, and now I'm going to college."

"What are you majoring in?"

"Oh, I don't know yet. Maybe it'll be English or something. I've been writing, and I've taken up painting too -- quote abstract expressionism unquote."

"In other words, you've become an arty feller."

"Yes. Also, I've gone queer," he said, deadpan.

"'Jeff Wanshel called me on the phone the other night and told me he'd gone queer,'" I said.

"That's not true, Terry Carr! If you print that, my lawyer will be knocking on your door within the week."

"Well, it sounded like a good explanation of why you'd quit fandom," I said.

"Actually, I'm not quite sure just how that did happen," he said thoughtfully. "I just sort of drifted away, and all of a sudden I realized that all I was getting in the mail were copies of FANAC and announcements of lamacons, and I realized I wasn't a fan anymore." He paused. "Anyway, I'd become all social and everything, and I was going out with girls a lot, so I didn't have time for fandom. Besides, who can write chitterchatter about his sex life?"

"Oh, I don't know," I mused. "You could have given it a whirl." He didn't reply to that, so I went on, "Are you planning on a triumphal re-entry into fandom soon, now that you've given up girls and gone queer?"

"You ~~bastard~~," said Jeff Wanshel. After a moment, he said, "Actually, of course, I'm always planning on a triumphal re-entry into fandom, but somehow I never get around to it. So I thought I'd call you up and you'd get me -- " He paused. "I was going to say 'excited,' but I know how you'd interpret that."

"You meant I might inspire you," I said innocently.

"Yes. But never mind -- if you write that editorial I won't be able to re-enter fandom. They'd throw me out of conventions and everything. Anyway, tell me, are you still working for Ace, and are you still the White Hope of Science Fiction?"

"Well, I'm still working for Ace, anyway."

"How about Ted White? Is he working? -- Oh yes, he's assistant editor for F&SF. God, it seems like all the fans I knew in the Village have moved away to Brooklyn, and they're either married, working, or queer."

"Well, that's the way of the world," I said. "You can't stop progress."

"I guess not. Anyway, look, I've got to hang up -- I'm at a wild party in the Village, and the cutest boy just walked in...."

"Jeff said he had to hang up then, because the cutest boy..."

"Don't print that! I'm only joking."

"Don't feel you have to explain anything to me," I said reassuringly.

Then we hung up, and Carol said, "Who was that?"

"That was Jeff Wanshel," I said. "He called up to tell me he hadn't gone queer."

DEPT. OF EXCUSES:

I'd really planned to have this issue of LIGHTHOUSE ready in time for the February FAPA mailing, but there was a minor detail that got in my way: early in January, while I was washing a glass, it suddenly broke apart in my hands. I was squooshing around inside it, and I sliced a circular gash down to the bone of one finger.

It bled quite a bit, but we got that stopped, sterilized it and wrapped it in gauze. Then I called my doctor, since I figured it might need stitches. It was nearly an hour after he was to have gone home, and I fancied I could hear his stomach grumbling hungrily in the background as he said, "Well, is it still bleeding?"

"No."

"Is it giving you a great deal of pain?"

"Well, it does hurt, but I'll live through it."

So he told me to come in the next morning.

When I got there, naturally the first thing he did was take off the gauze wrapping, in the process reopening the cut. He reopened it quite thoroughly, as a matter of fact, so that he could be dead sure it was properly sterilized, and I must say I prefer cutting fingers to having the cut reopened the next day; the former is milder, much milder.

"Yes, that is a good cut," he said, and for a flickering nonsensical instant I felt he was praising me. I felt like telling him I was glad he liked it.

I was lying flat on my back on a table, deliberately not looking at the proceedings because I'm squeamish. The nurse said, "Don't hold your hand over your white shirt," so I knew it was bleeding again.

They sterilized it, put an ointment on it and rewrapped it. "I don't think we'll have to stitch it," said the doctor. "It's better if it knits naturally."

I sat up, feeling relieved. Now that the medical part was over, I reflected, we could go on to the important point. I asked, "Will I be able to charge this to Blue Shield?"

The doctor pursed his lips. "Well," he said, "they're a bit fussy about definitions. We could call it surgery, but technically it was you who performed the surgery, not me." He thought a moment longer. "However, I reopened the cut because of the danger of infection, so that could be called surgery, I suppose. We'll list it that way."

The nurse filled a hypo with penicillin and told me to lower my pants. I'd heard enough stories from people who couldn't sit down for a week after a penicillin shot that I started flinching immediately. Besides, I'm scared to death of needles to start with.

"Er...is this going to hurt?" I asked weakly.

She smiled. "A little bit," she said, and my blood ran cold. When a nurse says "a little bit," you can bet it'll be more than that. If she smiles when she says it, you'd better brace yourself.

However, I didn't even feel it. Apparently penicillin procedures have improved a lot in recent years. (But I do think nurses should get together and agree on a universal code for just what expressions they'll use for each degree of pain, mutilation, goriness and/or serious illness a person is to undergo. It would be so comforting to be able to trust their reassurances.)

At any rate, my right index finger was in a heavy bandage for three weeks, and it kept me from doing any but the most haphazard typing, and that only in the final week or so. As a consequence I was unable to finish my Sapszine for the January mailing and unable to get LIGHTHOUSE done in time for FAPA's February mailing. Both ENTROPY #2 and the second Entropy Booklet, scheduled for February, have been postponed till about May. (In retrospect, I have a vision of myself heroically, if somewhat idiotically, shouting at the doctor, "But I'm going to press! You have to get this damn bandage off, no matter what the cost! I'm going to press!")

The bandage is off now, and I have a fine halfmoon scar over an inch long running over one knuckle. I've become rather perversely fond of it. For one thing, it offers me frequent opportunities for woundsmanship.

Somebody at a party, say, will notice the scar and ask, "Where'd you get that?"

And I reply offhandedly, "In Barcelona."

That's my stock answer currently, but I'm practicing expression and intonation for a new one. First I say, "In New Guinea." Then I pause, a reflective look falling over my face. "Nasty devils," I murmur.

PAGING BOB SILVERBERG:

I read your book Akhmaten, the Rebel Pharaoh recently (I suppose I should have made that "I was paging through your book..." in order to work a pun on the subsection title, but on-stencil writing plays hob with my punning reflexes). I thought it was a damn good job, surprisingly adult in tone when it was billed as a young-adult book. I thought you went a bit overboard on descriptions of pageantry and such, but I suppose that was for the younger readers. Other than that it struck me as an excellent presentation of Akhmaten's story, and particularly good in giving the religious revolution its historical context; I hadn't seen that done before, and I thank you for the information.

One point has been bothering me, though -- a point which you passed over so lightly (as has every other writer I've read on the period) that I wonder if I'm imagining things, or making a mountain out of a molehill or something. You, like other writers, make quite a bit of Akhmaten's being "physically deformed," and in addition to listing such features as his long head, his thin neck and forward-thrust abdomen, you mention that "his lips were thick and protruding". Well, for one thing, I remember reading once or twice that all the royal figures of the Amarna period had their heads bound up from infancy specifically to achieve this "deformity" of the long head, which was apparently regarded as a sign of beauty. But the thing that bothers me is your listing his thick and protruding lips as a deformity. It suggests that you've missed the obvious implications of a remark you make yourself in the same book.

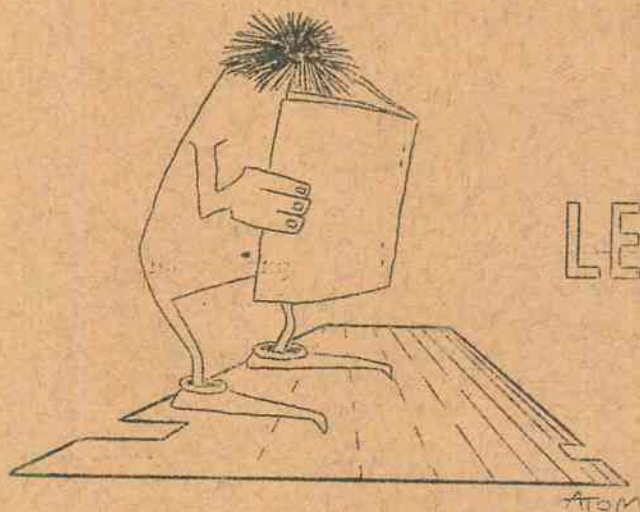
You mention that Akhmaten's mother seems to have been a Nubian. Quote: "...a small ebony head of Tiy now in the Berlin Museum shows her to have had a definitely Nubian cast of features, and other portraits more recently discovered argue likewise that she was a member of this black-skinned race."

I checked through some of my other books, and in Leonard Cottrell's The Horizon Book of Lost Worlds found a color photo of that head of Tiy; I agree that she does seem to be Negro. And Christian Desroches-Moblecourt, in Tutankhamen, affirms that she was "very probably of Nubian origin".

Getting back to your book, you say, "It has been suggested that Queen Tiy was the source of her son's deformity, and certain intimate portraits of the queen do indeed seem to show some of the same physical peculiarities."

You're skirting the edges of the idea here, but somehow you still avoid it. If Tiy was Negro, then obviously Akhmaten, her son, was half-Negro. And since this seems to be the case, then his "thick and protruding" lips shouldn't be any surprise to anyone; it's a racial characteristic, not a deformity.

So why hasn't anyone (that I've read) come out and said that Akhmaten was half-Negro? It might explain a bit more the violent hatred directed towards his memory after his death and the assumption of a non-Negro pharaoh (probably Eye, certainly Horemheb). Granted, there was, later on, a whole Nubian dynasty of pharaohs, whose memory wasn't erased from Egypt's records -- but that was a whole dynasty, not just one brief interlude, and the erasing would have been awfully difficult. Comments?



LETTER LITTER

BOB LICHTMAN, P. O. Box 1102, Berkeley, California, 94701

The index notwithstanding, this issue of LIGHTHOUSE struck me as somehow summary of an entire movement through which fandom seems to've passed during the past five years -- out of the very tight faanishness represented by the old Brandon piece, through a sort of interim of which Carol's Stuff is somehow representative, and into new concerns reflected in Metzger's letters and even moreso in what Phil Dick is talking about.

I must say, though, that everything Phil is saying in this long ramble of his is much too self-evident, especially his concluding paragraph, which is so self-evident that one almost throws up. I went the "expanded consciousness" route back in late August, just before the convention, and although I wouldn't mind doing it again, I feel that I didn't really learn anything that new from the experience. Rather, what happened was that under the stress-drama set up by the breakdown in me of a "normal" set of highly intellectualized precepts on which I could act, the things I came to, which were not really new, were reinforced in a very strong way because unless I was willing to accept those things (call them "the truth," if you wish, or a "pack of lies," if you wish) I was not going to regain any control of and over myself.

I could go on with this particular dissertation, but in brief, what I feel is that we each of us make our own reality structures in the course of moving through life day to day, and that these reality structures and approaches are determined by the particular goals one has set for oneself at any given time. Whether or not one is deluding oneself from realizing some greater reality is a question pretty much beside the point. The fact of the matter seems to be that one will follow one's set goal as far as possible and either gain or lose it. And upon the occasion of gain or loss, not to mention along the way, new goals will appear from time to time. And, of course, one doesn't live only for one goal at any given period of time, but there are always certain conflicts over contradictory goals which one finds built into the matter of living.

I see Paul and Trina Robbins at the Cinema Theatre's Midnight Movies now and then, so the Poo drawings, particularly Trina's, came across maybe more sharply to me than to many (or "all") of your other readers. They -- particularly the "Smiling Through" one in this set -- are still very much a reflection of the personality Trina is. She and Paul make a very good couple. Trina continues to be small and attractive and very much engaged by what is going on, though that engagement is always linked with a certain fragility or delicacy that is what I think Bloch means when he says her specialty is "naivete". She's much happier nowadays than I remember her being when I first met her in 1960, up at a party on old Fan Hill. (A footnote;

I just dug around and located the FANNISH II and looked at the cover photos of Trina in 1960. She's much prettier now than she was back then. I think much of this might be due to the fact which seems obvious to me: she's happier with life now.)

Re your comment about Bob Dylan: I like his singing too, but I don't think too much of him as a person. When he was in Los Angeles about a year ago for a concert, I went to a party he was at with a girl I was dating at the time. Dylan was blown out of his mind on pot or something worse, and feeling up, etc., all the girls at the party. After about twenty minutes at the party, during which time my date and I sat around in a corner with another couple I knew and observed the scene with Dylan and the dozens of girls at the party, my date said, "I don't feel like standing in line to be felt up by Bob Dylan; let's go." And so we did.

More recently I seem to be seeing famous music personalities in very offhand ways. Last summer I saw Joan Baez drinking coffee in the Bear's Lair at Cal, and two weeks ago I was behind Ravi Shankar in a sandwich line at UCLA. He likes chicken salad.

The night before the elections, I was out with a girl who lived in a building in Hollywood largely populated by faggots and dykes, and we invented a bunch of typical political organizations in which, at that time, these people might have participated, such as Dykes for Democracy, Lesbians for Lyndon, Butches for Barry, Gay Guys for Goldwater, and other things in poor taste.

{(I agree that the last Lths had something of the aspect of a sampler of various fan trends of recent years. One that you neglected to mention, though, was the strong trend in the past couple of years back to science fiction slanted articles in fanzines. Lths 11 didn't have anything strictly along those lines, but the Phil Dick article was at least tangent to the trend, because I published it largely as an insight into the thinking of one of the most important writers in the field.

{(I'd also agree, to a large extent anyway, that Phil's article contained little that was new, but I think he stated the situation remarkably ably and interestingly. And as for the fact that you'd gone the "expanded consciousness" route a few months before his article appeared, that leaves me a bit confused. Do you mean you thought Phil's article was "so self-evident that one almost throws up" because you'd realized these things a few months before him, or is it just that anything even you have discovered must be self-evident? Excuse the sarcasm there, but you seemed to be trying a bit too hard to put down Phil.

{(Your comments on the relationship between one's reality structures and one's goal orientation are quite good as far as they go, I'd say, but they present only one side of the coin. One's goals are, in turn, largely determined by how one sees reality -- few people set themselves goals which they believe to be impossible. It's an interlocking process with lots of feedback, actually -- and the extent to which the reality structure and goals meet is probably as good an index as any of a person's "sanity".

{(As for meeting famous people, see below....)}

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 1937 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, California, 94704

Overheard at a coffee-house: "I was up at Sproul Hall the night of the Big Demonstration and I saw this chick and I said, 'Hey, you look like Joan Baez!' and she said, 'That's because I am.' ...I'll never use that line again!"

What I was doing in the coffee-house -- viz. a crummy hole called The Blue Unicorn -- I was Reading Poetry. Yes, me. A fellow came around looking for poets to read poetry and I said I'd write some. I wrote it and read it and it was Great Fun. No one I knew was at the scene and this was as I wanted it -- not that I'm shy, not in the least, but it was a new scene for me and this was part of the fun. The "poetry" was done tongue-in-cheek, but was no worse than the stuff seriously presented and better than almost all of it. I have been asked to write and read more, which I probably will. The generous management offered a free tea or coffee

to the ~~artists~~ artists, and I asked if I could have a coke instead. There was a long, long silence, and then she said, "Noooo...but I'll give you a discount...."

LEWIS J. GRANT, 5333 S. Dorchester Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60615

Philip Dick's piece was thought-inspiring. There are all sorts of things which could exist but don't. This is the basic stock in trade of SF and fantasy. Of course, it may also be the stock in trade of most religions. I understand that LSD brings strong religious feelings out, and has resulted in some conversions. Of course, to an Ethical Culturist like me, the little pome at the end didn't have the impact it apparently had on Dick and some others. This is getting close to humanist philosophy. As I told someone at one of the cons, God may not be dead, but the old gent seems to be getting a little deaf and feeble.

With quite a number of people working on psychomimetic drugs (which make interesting weapons, especially for controlling mobs), I imagine there will be plenty more in the near future. I wonder how soon we will have "instant religion".

Somewhere in one of the zines I just got (I can't find it in LIGHTHOUSE), someone mentioned that archaic period when all the earth spoke one language. I was just speculating on the possibility, and it occurred to me that there was a time in the cultural history of Man when men on each continent would be oriented toward speaking the same language. Perhaps this is why there seem to be two dominant language families on the Eurasian continent, Indo-European and Turko-Altai (I'm not sure that's the kosher name), and the Bantu languages in Africa. As Ellsworth Huntington points out, nomads have a different type of culture than farmers and villagers. First of all, they're nomadic. Secondly, they are hospitable. When you are a nomad, tending flocks, and the flock stampedes, you go now. You don't stop for a suitcase and box lunch. As a result, you may be fifty miles away when night falls or a blizzard springs up. As a result, your life depends upon the hospitality of your fifty-mile-away neighbor. That's all right, though: he knows that he may unexpectedly show up at your tent tomorrow night. Nomads, because of their way of life, are also alert, curious, addicted to travel as a diversion. And not as set in their ways as peasant type farmers, who regard going out of sight of the village as Something Big.

As a result of this, including the fact that you have to be able to communicate with other nomads five hundred miles away, because you will be there next spring, the languages tend to spread, assimilate each other, and become one language. If someone invents a language which seems to fit the world better than others, his might soon become dominant. Or perhaps he and his tribe are just dominant. Anyway, after awhile you have a "one language," which doesn't start to break up until someone comes along and invents civilization, and everybody plunks down in a village.

Of course, the exception to this is the American Indian languages. The Indians were nomads, hospitable, and spoke five hundred different languages.

{(It's an interesting theory, and reasonably convincing within the confines of the area any one group of nomadic tribes are likely to cover regularly. I don't think that area is continent-wide, though. However, taking the theory as true, one could make a good case for the story of the Tower of Babel being a myth based on this historical syndrome. The building of the Tower represents civilization both in terms of technology and those of a structure being a permanent thing as opposed to tents and temporary quarters. The Tower of Babel story is overlaid with religious and ethical considerations, of course, and these would be explained by the fact that pre-civilized people usually regard ill fortune of any kind as a punishment from whatever gods they have -- thus, the lack of ability to communicate with one's neighbors is explained in the myth as the result of a sin against God.)}

TOM PURDOM, 2127 Appletree Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 19103

George Metzger is the best writer on the current Army I have ever read. For those who have never been in, let me say that it is exactly as he describes it. He

evokes the whole experience which I've been trying to forget for three years now. Just tell him to hold on. It does end. Nobody believes it, but it does end. And then he can go home and shout at people for six months.

You might recommend, for his reading pleasure, an article on the injustices of the draft system which The Nation published early in 1961. I read it just after I got out. (July 13, 1961. I have seven months left in the Reserves. Guess when I stopped reading the newspapers.)

The Walt Willis column was a fine, quotable piece. It's always interesting -- and useful -- if you're a liberal in the United States to see how strange many of our political controversies seem to people in the rest of the world. He confirms my feeling that we would be better off if we had a party in the United States roughly like the present Democrats, and a party like the British Labour Party (which is roughly what the situation is in Britain). I would probably still be a Democrat, but I would feel much happier about the whole situation. Conservatives should be forced to debate with radicals and progressives, not with the apathetic, the indifferent, the ignorant, the selfish, the irresponsible, who seem to set the tone for the Republican Party. A conservative is someone who can be moved by the torment of his fellow men, and feels himself responsible for his society, but who believes existing institutions may be the best possible, and we should be very careful about changing or destroying them; a liberal or a progressive is someone who in a given situation demands a change which he believes will be for the better. As Peter Viereck has argued, any society needs both. We need those who see the problems, and those who see the value of existing institutions. The others inspire in me nothing but impatience. Churchill once warned the British Conservatives against turning into a party like the Republican Party. Willis is luckier than he may realize.

I have a filler-type contribution. I feel the need to publish it somewhere. We have a girl at the airline office who collects odd names. I have started a subdivision of this hobby, collecting from the fifty or so names I talk to every day the characters for a comic book or a Catch-22 type novel. So far I have the following (the titles are with the names they came with, by the way): For our hero, COLONEL FITE, and his trusty, wrench wielding sidekick, MIKE RADIO. Their arch-foe, DR. NASTI. Their spiritual adviser, REVEREND PRIGGE. And their intellectual mentor, bumbling, lovable old PROFESSOR SAPPE.

Is it true that the young English intellectuals are really psychological?

Jean Cox said that in the mag '47 there is an article which attempts to explain the impossibility of space-flight. This got Burbee wound up. He not only agreed with the article but proved conclusively that airplanes couldn't fly (even if bumblebees can), that submarines could not possibly keep living men on board when submerged, that automobiles could not run (he was thinking of his own ancient car), and was attacking the feasibility of running railroad locomotives on steel tracks ("Absurd!" he shouted) when several people with broad mental horizons overwhelmed him bodily.

-- Arthur Jean Cox, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
#37, August 1947

"I am going to write a pro story."

"Oh?"

"It is going to be about a space ship that runs on sex drive."

"Oh."

"You see, there are stories about space ships that are propelled by atomic power drive, hyper-space drive, and telekinetic drive, but no one has ever written a story about a space ship that runs on sex drive."

"It won't work."

"Why not?"

"What would it push against?"

-- Irene Baron, in TRANTOR #3, Sept. 1953

