

lighthouse



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no. 13 : aug. 1965



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Cover by Hannes Bok.

Back cover by Cynthia Goldstone.

Interior drawings by Hannes Bok, Jack Gaughan, Cynthia Goldstone, Lee Hoffman, George Metzger, Ray Nelson, Bill Rotsler and Bhub Stewart. (Bok's drawings are used through the courtesy of Jack Gaughan. Special thanks also to Lee Hoffman for stencilling her own drawings.)

Interlineations by Roderic C. Hodgins and Orson Bean.



LIGHTHOUSE is published more or less quarterly for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and a hundred or more others by Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11201. Non-Fapans get it for trades, letters of comment, or cash: 25¢ per issue, \$1.00 for four. The reproduction, as usual, is by the sturdy QWERTYUIOPress, and Ted White is also to be thanked gustily for even more stencil-patching than usual this issue. TCarr Pub 262.



ADAPTED FROM THE
TALK, A TRIBUTE TO
HANNES BOK, GIVEN
AT THE 1965 LUNACON

BY

JACK GAUGHAN

CORNFLAKES & COLESLAW

You'll have read or you'll be reading articles dealing with Hannes Bok the unyielding idealist, the recluse, the visionary, the victim variously of circumstance and unscrupulous people. Perhaps I'd write some of those articles myself, except that I don't see what good it would do now. It's too late. Besides, I don't want to get involved with romanticizing Hannes, who was, I believe, after all a happy man, and one who, like many of us who are the victims of various influences at one time or another, was victimized by nothing other than what he allowed.

I do hope, however, to be able to tell you a little about Hannes the painter, the artist. Hannes made almost anyone who knew him feel that that person alone was in a unique position to know him, and I'm afraid I'm no exception, unless it's true that I'm one of few he allowed to study how he worked. Before his death he set out to teach me ostensibly how to paint, actually how to paint in his manner. He worked hard at teaching me and was a damn good teacher. But it's highly unlikely I'll ever paint like that.

This is why:

Hannes never did any work easily. He labored at it long and diligently, because he set for himself very rigid standards, very difficult goals. When you hear or read of Hannes being paid five or ten dollars for a drawing, I'd like you to think of what he went through to earn such princely sums. (Just as an aside, so that we don't go crusading against imaginary stingy editors, I don't suppose the magazines or book companies Hannes worked for were really in a position to pay much more than that. So don't go imagining some sort of Ayn Randish super-editor sitting high atop his own building and whupping the downtrodden geniuses. Tain't so!)

Hannes never just "turned out" or "tossed off" a drawing. Never did he do just a sketch...not for publication, anyway. He read whatever story it was that he was to decorate/illustrate, and sought out something from that story. He seldom took off into cloud cuckoo land (in spite of how well that phrase may describe some of his work) and never resorted to what illustrators have come euphemistically to call "research". (The old word was "swipes" -- working directly from another man's drawing or a photograph.)

Having read the story, and with an eye to doing justice to the labors of its author, Hannes would proceed to lay out his drawing, using a method he evolved from what Andrew Loomis* called "Informal Subdivision" and Jay Hambidge** (who I believe was the instigator of this whole business) called "Dynamic Symmetry". George Bellows used this method, as did many painters from that period of the early twenties and thirties. I've analyzed drawings by Da Vinci and particularly Durer using this method, and it's surprising how many works fit into this scheme of dividing and subdividing areas...it's also surprising how well any reasonably well done work fits into this method whether the artist intended it to or not.

But let's get back to Hannes. There he sits, his head tilted to one side, his tongue sticking out at the side of his mouth, drawing. And not merely drawing, but very thoroughly designing every stroke of the pencil. More often than not he would spend hours doing not just this layout of a figure or whatever it was but designing very carefully the negative spaces within the drawing -- that is, the spaces in between what was actually drawn. Like some sort of serial music, his drawing proceeded in such a way that each line, each area bore a definite and deliberate relationship one to another. And he delighted in this. This is an extremely complex and demanding procedure and, I think, should only be attempted by a very diligent master. It is not a crutch, but rather, a form or series of formal procedures allowing for infinite interpretations, like musical forms.

The way Hannes proceeded allowed for no shortcuts, no hedging. Shortcuts weren't right: they were cheating. If a drawing wasn't worked on and worked on hard he didn't feel it was a drawing. He never really finished (for public viewing) anything which came easily.

So far he has only laid out the drawing. He may have gone through this process three, five or ten times -- however many sketches were necessary for him to come up with a satisfactory drawing, one he'd even consider letting anyone else see. Next he'd transfer the drawing to whatever paper or board he chose to use (sometimes whatever he could find around his apartment...paper costs money, and Hannes never accumulated much of that) and very carefully with a "Negro" (brand name) pencil he modeled each form till many of his drawings looked more like careful studies for sculpture than merely drawings.

When the drawing was finished (by which time days would have passed) he often would be faced with doing a revision of it. Which meant going through the process all over again. Not all of his drawings were complex, and eventually his own proficiency overcame what seemed to me to be insurmountable difficulties; however, by and large that is a hint of the effort that went into a five dollar drawing.

You might not believe what went into a painting.

Hannes never saw fit just to suggest shapes or forms; all his work is very clearly delineated. Each painting (with some exceptions because of time limitations or because they were early paintings before he had fully formulated his approach) was five or six paintings. Going through the same designing and redesigning and transferring process he used in a drawing, he began to paint on a carefully prepared board or paper mounted on whatever was handy...scrap masonite, discarded checkerboards or whatever else he could find to do the job. He painted on white paper more often than

* CREATIVE ILLUSTRATION and FIGURE DRAWING FOR ALL IT'S WORTH -- both Viking books

** DYNAMIC SYMMETRY: THE GREEK VASE -- Yale University Press

not, claiming it was the whitest surface available. This paper was glued to a firm surface, and then with varnish or Elmer's Glue (a sort of polyvinyl-acetate originally formulated to be a painting medium but later adopted as a glue) he sealed the paper off from the air so that over the years it wouldn't yellow. He wanted his paintings to last. I don't think he thought himself very important as a painter, but he didn't want to cheat anyone who bought his paintings by giving them a shoddy product.

He began to paint, using oils...not just any old pigment or any old oil, but those materials he had come to recognize through the years as being reliable and suited to glazing. Not all pigments -- not even all pigments generally accepted as being good -- met his requirements. He proceeded to do the whole painting -- every line, form and texture -- in blue (usually)...and it was a revelation to see him do one of his jewel-like skies not with a brush but with his thumb! Those clean, pure blended tones looking like they'd been sprayed on were done with his thumb!



Eventually, using thumbs and rags and even brushes, he had done the whole thing in blue. Now this had to dry. It was thin oil, glazed over a white ground, but oil it was, and it could take days or weeks to dry, depending on the pigment or the weather.

When Hannes ran me through this routine, at this point I had just about had it. I was sweating and bone-weary. But we'd only begun. When the blue coat had dried, however long it may have taken, then with a coat of varnish or Elmer's Glue this coat had to be sealed off both from the air and any possible chemical reaction with any succeeding application of pigment. He proceeded then in the same manner applying yellow, red, blue again, and whatever special tints he needed. Each coat was dried and sealed off separately -- and the amazing thing was that he knew what was going to come out. It's simple enough to squeeze a tube and get purple or reach for the jar of green, but to achieve a purple, a specific purple, from this one-color-at-a-time glazing process, is a very difficult thing indeed.

When Hannes was trying to teach me all this, he conducted the lesson by having me design a painting which he would complete, while at the same time he designed one for me to do. At the end of this "lesson" he had done from my design a thing of light and air; I had done from his a gross, inept piece of garbage.

You can see that a painting took five or six weeks of just plain labor. Even if you disliked Hannes' painting or his stylization, his craftsmanship was beyond reproach, and beyond compare since the time of the Van Eycks. With one notable exception: Maxfield Parrish.

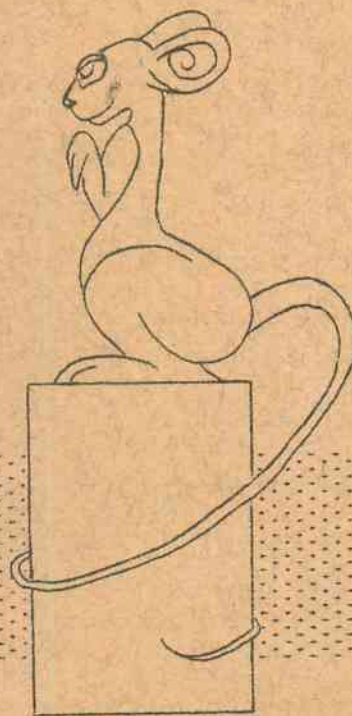
When Hannes was quite young, having taken to painting, he wanted to know how to go about doing it right. He noticed that printed paintings had thousands of little dots in them, so, unaware of halftone screens, he proceeded to paint with thousands of little dots. Totally unaware of Seurat, he invented his own formulas for pointillism. Somewhat later, I went through the same thing when I started painting with an eye toward reproduction. This seemed to please Hannes very much, and he told me that when he had been seeking advice on how to paint he had written to Maxfield Parrish, the biggest illustrator of his day. Mr. Parrish had generously replied, and there had ensued a continuing correspondence and a somewhat remote friendship, in the course of which Mr. Parrish had explained that he too had imagined he'd have to supply the

dots and what he had done was carefully masked drawings on huge sheets of paper using a toothbrush loaded with ink and flipping the ink at the paper, which lay in a bathtub.

Hannes and Mr. Parrish met very rarely, but Mr. Parrish gave freely, in letters and cards, of what he knew. Hannes was naturally inclined to paint somewhat similarly to Parrish, and this correspondence helped intensify the resemblance. So when someone sort of sneers and says, "Oh, **him!** Science fiction's Maxfield Parrish!" remember that there's a good reason for that and that it's no condemnation.

Well, maybe now you can see why it's improbable that anyone will ever again paint like Hannes. I doubt we'll ever see anyone so devoted to his work and the craftsmanship of his work that he'll live, as Hannes put it, on "cornflakes and coleslaw" out of sheer love of doing.

The artistic worth (in the whole scene of art, not just science fiction or fantasy) of any fantastic artist is always a difficult thing to assess. Witness William Blake or Albert Pinkham Ryder (to both of whom I believe Hannes' work was closely allied). I believe it is almost axiomatic that the artist given to fantasies is never appreciated in his time (and quite seldom remembered out of it), so I can't attempt to evaluate Hannes Bok's output. All I can say is that for awhile I believe we had among us a man of stature and integrity as well as a man who drew mousies and gizzelsteins and wurpsters.





pete graham:
minor drag

OH TO BE IN ENGLAND, NOW THAT IT'S AUGUST:

As you read these words, unless you've let the mailing sit around awhile, I shall be in the British Isles, taking my vacation. I intend to sample beer in Irish pubs, gin in Welsh taverns, and punch at the Loncon. Never having been there before (or in Europe at all, for that matter), I should find it quite an experience.

I've seriously threatened to go to England and Ireland at least twice: once about five years ago and then again about three years ago. Each time I intended to take a leisurely jaunt of at least six months throughout Europe, bicycling for much of the distance. The first time I gave up the idea I was wise: I decided, about the time I was to get my freighter tickets, that I didn't really want to go. I have a very gregarious nature: a cynic might even say insecure. And to be away from people I know for a long time -- weeks, or months -- would put a heavy strain on me.

(On the other hand, I can't stand to be around people all the time, either. Nowadays I demonstrate this by Not Showing Up, or Being Late, but in my youth I was known for occasionally running headlong away from friends on the street. I suppose this dichotomy in my psyche -- neither wanting to be alone nor accompanied for great lengths of time -- is typical of a rather unstable approach to day-to-day life that I have. I find it difficult to work at anything for long stretches of time, say several hours, whether it be actual work, or study, or even something like recreation-

al reading, whatever that is. My mode of life is frenetic; one thing one moment, something else the next. I prefer it that way, but sometimes it drives people around me crazy. And paradoxically, I regard myself as a rather conservative person in many respects. Big Changes bother me, such as moving from one apartment to another, or discovering a good martini.)

Each time I thought about visiting Europe, one of the few places I definitely intended to go was Belfast and the Willises. This time they outmaneuvered me and moved, and I shall never play ghoo dminton on the top floor at Newtownards Road. The Willises have moved off to what I presume to be their country estate at Donaghadee, where such pleasures as Cricket, or Visiting the Lifeboat Station, are shared with visiting fans. Walter has informed us, I think in HYPHEN, that the press now regards him in his official capacity as an Informed Source, and no longer simply as an Observer or a Commentator. I am sure this elevation of status is behind his move to Donaghadee, out of the teeming slums of Belfast. I have visions of his daily commuter run to the Ministry of Transport -- I assume he has kept his same office despite his residential move -- which is a wild mad dash over twenty miles of Ulster's woodland, accompanied by siren-screaming motorcycles supplied him, as is his due, by his immediate superior, the Hon. Unimpeachable Source, MP. I may have this all wrong, and perhaps Walter actually has a good deal of difficulty getting the 2CV started in the morning and all, but I prefer my illusions; I always have.

And dammit I have this illusion of a green Ireland. The youthful fairytales all worked, and I cannot imagine anything other than a fantastically lush green countryside of rolling hills and bushy-bordered roads. On the other hand, I see England in terms, perhaps, of the places I shall be visiting: London, South Wales, Liverpool, Edinburgh; and my mind's eye casts before me visions of rocky, craggy roads and bustling cities.

I have in my office at work innumerable maps of Britain and Ireland: the Lake Country, **London Duplex map**; the Home Counties (no wonder he won the fight for the premiership), and similar publications of the Bartholomew descendants. On one wall I have three maps comprising the eastern coast of Ireland and Ulster; on another wall a full map of Britain; on a third wall, a smaller map of Ireland, entire. Two days ago a colleague walked in and asked me if I knew where Bedford was, in upper New York state. I was even showing him which roads to take when he noticed that though Cambridge was properly nearby, Boston seemed to have disappeared.

The map is not the territory, Al Ashley used to say, and of course Al Ashley was right. He is not a man easily confuted. But maps do indeed display political conditions, and though the IRA has disbanded there seems to be a private war between the British and Irish travel offices which their superiors should investigate. It was immediately noticeable that the British Tourist Map of Great Britain, done for them by the Bartholomew concern, was plentifully detailed for all of Britain and Ulster, but the entire area of Ireland was covered by a large notice of scales, road types, ferry designations and the like. In retaliation Ireland has distributed a map of Eire which is hardly so petty as to wipe Ulster off the map; indeed, they have simply neglected to note that there is any demarcation at all between Ireland and the separated brethren in the Six Counties. There is only a small note at the bottom which indicates that if you happen to take the wrong road between, say, County Sligo and Fermanagh, your car will be confiscated.

PROGRESS BIT BY BIT:

The last two years I've been earning my living in data processing again. Someday I'm going to have to write a book so I can put my occupations on the dust jacket. At any rate, I learned computer programming -- Fortran -- about a year and a half

ago, returned to the Bureau of Applied Social Research and, after progressing through various computer languages (F. IV, Fap, Map), I got my boss' job. That is to say, he left and I moved up. I guess in a sense I'm now a junior executive type in the academic world. Naturally with my New Point of View I've discovered it's no bed of roses, and the employer-employee relationship takes on a different aspect from where I now sit. I haven't fully digested that -- it's only recently that I've begun having people responsible to me -- and I'm going to be interested to see what happens as time goes on.

Those of you who are not programmers will pardon me for a moment while I tell an anecdote to those who are: Bill Evans, Jim Caughran, and so forth. Ronel knows it already. Evidently in S.O.S., a predecessor language to Fap for the 704 and 709, there was reference made to the System Peripheral Input and Output Tapes (SYSPIT and SYSPOT). The IBM system programmer got carried away in writing diagnostics, and when a user would exceed one of the parameters the message would appear, "YOU HAVE EXCEEDED SYSPOT CAPACITY. YOU NEED A BIGGER SYSPOT." That may, I suppose, be one of the reasons why the Ibsys names are rather different.

HOW MUCH A POUND, GUV?

In preparation for the English trip that I'm taking I naturally had to learn all about English money. This was no small task. Fortunately, my parents gave me as a gift one of every denomination of coin and bill presently in circulation except the shilling (and the crown, which Terry maintains, as a result of his extensive financial inquiries, still exists; only in Bermuda, perhaps, but it still circulates somewhere in the Empire). I had a good deal of this mastered until I went over to the Carrs' one night and they totally confused me.

"Now," I said, "as I've explained to you, there are twelve pence to the shilling and twenty shillings to the pound. And you remember that twenty-one shillings make a guinea -- "

"But there aren't any of those anymore," said Terry.

"Yes I know," I said, "but the better stores still quote in guineas. What they really mean is pounds and pence. Now, if I offer you something for sale for six and a half guineas, what would you figure it to be?"

"A bad deal," said Carol. "I'd refuse it outright."

"Come come, be serious," I said. "That would only be six-sixteen-and-six, and that might not be too much, say, for your train fare to Paris."

"But it's too much for me," said Carol. "What's a bob? I don't believe in bobs. I don't believe that people really say 'three bob' when they buy things. That's silly."

"No worse than 'three bucks'," I said. "And if you think that's bad, wait till you get to florins."

"And have to deal with lire?" said Terry. "We're not going to Italy, thank you."

I continued my explanations and we went through a simple exercise: if one book costs seventeen-and-six, which of my British money coins and bills would one use to buy two books? (The pound note, the ten-shilling note, the half-crown, the two-shilling coin and the sixpence.) Carol did very well on that, so I asked her how much forty-three pencils would cost at sixpence the baker's dozen and she walked out of the room.

Terry began looking carefully at the money. "It's Monopoly money," he said. And it really looks like it: we Americans aren't used to different colored money, and certainly not the asymmetrical patterns and so forth that the British use. I like the fact that there's no hanky-panky about "gold" or "silver" on them. It just says that the "chief cashier" (so explicit, that) will "pay to the bearer on demand one pound." Period. If you go to the Chief Cashier's wicket and present him with your pound note, by God he'll give you another one back, no questions asked. That must be one of the reasons the pound has been so stable for so long: confidence. (Though I must admit there seems to be some problems lately; now that Wilson has finally instituted import-export controls perhaps the situation will improve. Maybe, for all we know, that Chief Cashier has been slipping back IOU's to the gentlemen who call at his wicket.)

"There's pictures on all of these," said Terry. "Here's the Queen on the bills, and here on this one is George VI, and here on one is an armored gate -- "

" -- and a horsy, and a ducky," said Carol from the other room.

"Shut up, Carol," said Terry. He turned back to me. "How much is there here altogether?" he asked.

I laid it all out on the table and we laboriously added it all up.

"It's six-fifteen-six-and-a-half," I announced.

"You'd better get your watch fixed," said Carol from the other room.

PUBLIC APOLOGY:

God knows I owe Elinor Busby an apology. I requested her -- and Boyd and others -- to write some material for a FANZINE FOR THE BEATLES about a year ago. She rushed it off to me and I haven't used it, nor even acknowledged it. My story is that I do intend to put it out, I really will. But even if I did it tomorrow, which I won't, it would be horribly improper treatment of Elinor and the work she went to for me. You stopped speaking to me once over politics, Elinor; and this time you're probably not speaking to me for personal reasons. Well, this time you're probably right.

THOUGHTS WHILE CLIFFHANGING:

"It doesn't go," I said grimly, staring at the rocky overhang to my left. My legs, scrambling about a hundred and fifty feet above the ground, gripped the tree in front of me a bit tighter. It was called a tree, but that was only a formalism; that meant it was a safe bit of vegetation to grab hold of. Anything less than two and a half inches in diameter is defined as unsafe, and is called a "weed". I had a good three inches of plant life supporting me.

"It doesn't go," I repeated. I wasn't at all happy to use this bit of jargon I had just discovered. Phil Sidel had just gone up ahead of us to the next belaying point; he had had a bit of trouble getting up, and was suggesting alternative routes. One of them was a traverse -- a lateral movement along the rock face -- which seemed reasonable except for the sheer drop beneath it. "You're roped in, and everything is safe," Phil had said earlier, "but the exposure -- how far you could drop -- is always a meaningful psychological factor." It certainly is.

There were four of us on this mad expedition. Phil was leading, Dave (another tyro like me) was second, I was third, and Dale Ordes, another old hand, was "second," or last. We were in the middle of the Shawangunks, about ninety miles out of New

York City in New York state, climbing on one of the most popular "rock-climbing" ranges in the world. The cliff faces, from one hundred to three hundred feet high, run for five miles or so; they are a good hard dependable limestone and quartz, not given to shaling and falling apart underfoot. They are used as a practice range for Alpinists and as a recreational climbing range by less far-reaching rock-climbers like Phil and Dale.

I'd been asked to go a couple of days beforehand. I accepted immediately, but when I got to the site I found I was under something of a misconception. I had assumed rock-climbing to be something of a clambering hike; instead, it involved three or four hours scaling a single two-hundred-foot face. It wouldn't have taken that long except for Dave and me, the two novices.

In the middle we reached that traverse. Up to that point I'd been doing okay -- that is, I'd done several things I was convinced I couldn't do. But I knew I could not do that traverse. Sitting on that small ledge, with the rock face to be traversed jutting out to my left over a hundred and fifty feet of nothing, I just knew I couldn't do it. At least if I went straight up I would be leaning inward by a degree or two, but on the traverse my head and arms would be further out than my legs, and my mind boggled at that.

On the face, one depersonalizes one's attitude toward the climb. You never say, "I can't do it"; you say, "It doesn't go." If it looks like a good route over to the left, you don't say, "I think we should go up through there"; you say, "I think it goes over that way." Therefore:

"It doesn't go," I murmured once more, and fortunately Dave agreed with me that it didn't. Instead, we went straight up: first sidle over four feet to the rock face to be surmounted; then chimney up the gap between the face we could have traversed and the main cliff, about ten feet; at that point, reach behind you and to the right with your right leg, which has been bracing you against the face in front of you, and find a particular jutting point to use as a foothold; turn up and to the left and grab the top of the shelf you are going to climb onto; get your legs into holds, grab the rock that you can't see but is there ("Watch out for that loose boulder, goddammit, don't grab that one."), and pull yourself up and over. Breathe.

We were all roped together, after all. Only one of us climbed at a time. Generally we followed technical climbing procedure, which is highly formalized. At first I thought it was rather silly, but on the way up it began to seem absolutely necessary. The top man goes first, gets to a good belaying point, and ties himself in to belay the next man. As he climbs, the top man pulls in the slack rope in a path around his waist such that the climber can never fall more than two or three feet. If the climber yells, "Slack!" he lets off a little; perhaps it is too tight and getting in his way. Conversely, the climber may yell, "Up rope!" which is the signal to haul in the slack. It's very bad form to scream at the top of your lungs, "Pull in on the mothering rope, god damn it!"

Before the climber even moves from his lower station, he asks for permission: "May I climb?" If the belayer above is not ready, he doesn't answer or says no. Eventually, when he is properly tied in, perhaps only after driving some circular-headed spikes called pitons into the face, he replies, "You may climb." If the climber is me, he sticks his foot tentatively onto a half-inch outcrop. If it's Dale, he's halfway up the face anyway and completes the climb with a speed approximating a hundred-yard dash.

The formalism aids in gaining good reaction time in case of emergency. All commands are immediately understood, with no confusion about what is really meant; and when it is habit, it's easier to yell the right thing in an emergency.

There are two other commands that are given, and to both of which great attention is paid. If someone yells, "Rocks!" everybody hugs the cliff; someone has dislodged something and the last thing you want to go is find out exactly what it was. One doesn't say, "Heads up!" which always did seem to me an idiotic thing to say as a warning.

And if the climber yells, "Falling!" the belayer tenses up in a way which immediately tightens the rope around his waist; if everything is proper the climber may drop two or three feet and will hang by the rope; he then finds his way back onto the face and continues on upward.

You may wonder how the first man gets up there -- who belays him? Aha, says the wise man sagely, that's the hard part. You need a very good, experienced climber for that. In this case it was Phil; when he climbs, he is belayed from below. This means he can always fall twice the distance between him and his belayer: the distance from him to the belayer below him, and that much further down. He can reduce this by driving pitons into the face as he goes, and clipping into them with carabiners; now the rope goes through that attachment and he can only fall twice the distance that he is from that point. The trouble is, pitons don't always hold, especially if one considers the strain put on them by a falling body. The leader has to have very good survival instincts, and must be thinking about them strongly as he drives in that piton. Two years ago Phil and Dale were climbing alone, and Phil came down the hard way; he bounced the back of his head off the cliff as he went, and spent two weeks in the hospital. But he's extremely careful, slow and patient; exactly the qualities necessary in a good leader. On our climb, of course, there was never any problem.

My own reaction to the whole business was a little ambivalent. I rather enjoyed parts of it: there is something to the idea of conquering the mountain. Actually, what is conquered is not so much the mountain as yourself; I never knew I could do two-handed pullups from shoulder-height before. (They're called "tables"; occasionally one even has to do a "one-handed table," god help us.) I've never tried chimneying before, and it's not so bad.

But the height got to me; I convinced myself when I was halfway up that climbing was not for me. I didn't want to talk about it while we were still on the face, but after that climb I backed out of climbing for the rest of the day. The number of irrational fears that hit me were incredible: the cliff was about to fall away; the rope could break; what if Phil fell when we did?; that tree didn't really have roots....

It was psychologically very interesting. While I was climbing, I knew I had one attitude; and I knew I would have a very different attitude later, some other day. And I do. Today it doesn't seem so bad. I've thought a number of times about the enjoyable parts (the actual climbing) and the difficult parts (sitting and thinking about what could happen) have faded. But I knew this would happen; and I made myself resolve, on the climb itself, as I stared at the horizon some impossible number of miles away, that I would not weaken, that I wouldn't do this again. I don't know how long that resolution will hold.

IT'S A BEARD:

Or it was, anyway. Last year, for about three months, I had a beard. It was a pretty poor beard, which is the reason I didn't keep it. It started during my vacation in Maine, when I didn't feel like shaving anyway. I get a moderately heavy first-day growth, but it doesn't grow much after that; and when it does, it's rather patchy. After three months I looked rather like an unkempt beatnik, and it was getting rather expensive to overcompensate by dressing well. Anyway, it looked bad

enough that I got rid of it one day, and it was after that that I found out what people really thought of it.

The comments indicating how much better I looked were common; that didn't surprise me. What did surprise me was the motivation of a number of people; I got several comments that, consciously or unconsciously, indicated that beards were seen as something unclean. "Gld you got all that crap off your face," was the least of them. One person expressed pleasure that I'd washed my face. Another was glad to see that I'd "cleaned myself up." In truth, I was about as clean before as after. I suppose that many people really do see beards as overtly sexual objects, and go on to further interpret them as "dirty." Most beards do have less the texture of head hair than of pubic hair, which we all know really is obscene.

IN YOUR HEART YOU KNOW HE'S RIGHT:

If I may say so at this late date, the recent election displays itself as an example of the bizarre quality that so often affects American politics. On the one hand we have a very popular candidate, whose electorate-attracting qualities are strong, if difficult to define. On the other hand is the candidate of controversy, who excites both strong support and bitter hostility. Actually in America it is an unusual event when a pair of this type is thrown against each other on the hustings. (The minor-candidate question, except when one considers possible vote-splitting intentions, was of little importance.)

What was bizarre about the election was that it was a switch from the usual; for the first time real controversy entered the picture. In the past there have been differences between the candidates, but these were all a matter of style. One could easily say that one candidate or another was elected simply because more people liked him. But in this election controversy and fundamental disagreements were associated with the race from the start.

It would be unfair to say that both the major candidates were the candidates of controversy; as befits the unorthodox American political style, one candidate was recognizable as a clear partisan, and the other steered clear of embroilment. This might, actually, be regarded as a good tactical device of the front-runner; it is not in his interest to be disputatious, to take sides.

It's questionable how much good the whole affair did for the loser. Certainly his position was not made more popular; it is difficult to find self-justification in defeat, though some people certainly have tried. It is also noticeable that relatively little has been heard from the camp of the defeated candidate since the election; there are occasional discussions printed about who's doing what to whom politically on, say, the West Coast, but the position of the losers seems to be in general disarray.

Their cause was never really that popular anyway, though a good deal of noise was heard about it. The whole business of the convention left a bad taste in most people's minds to begin with. But more important, the important question was one of which it is difficult to make a program; in the first place the point of view was never adequately defined, and with good reason. To carry their ideas to their logical conclusion would have had catastrophic consequences, and the damage would have by no means been limited.

With such considerations in mind, it behooved the favorite to avoid controversy; and his success was the logical result of staying above the issue, being the "candidate-of-all-the-people." The landslide victory was predictable.

Actually, I'm surprised Donaho got as many votes as he did.

THE PRODIGIOUS SON:

Many of you are probably familiar with the events at Berkeley at the end of last year: the Free Speech Movement, the sit-in of 700 at the University Administration building, the resignation and withdrawal-of-resignation of Chancellor Kerr. Some of you may have noticed a familiar figure in all that fracas: Michael Rossman. More familiarly known to this audience as Mique Rossman, he contributed to a couple of my FAPazines in the early '50's and did an airbrush cover for Dean Grennell's GRUE.

The two of us attended the same high school in Marin County, California, a couple of dozen miles north of San Francisco. We were extremely close friends at the time, and with two or three others were the "brain trust" of the school. There were two important differences between the others in our group and the two of us: one, I was the only one who didn't get consistently high grades; two, Mique was far and away the brightest and brashest of the lot. I am a little less impressed today with all the awards one can win in high school, but on looking at my yearbook this winter, being prompted by Mique's sudden catapult into notoriety, I still could not help but be impressed.

He was a tremendously quick, literate, nervous, athletic little bastard. Always a little too eager to show off his acculturation (he was a sort of cultural nouveau riche, which is about the best one can be in high school), his social appearance was one of intellectual snobbery and even snottiness at times. There was also a certain warmth, certainly to his friends, and a real attempt to get along with all kinds of people; but his impatience with others often showed through.

He introduced me to classical music; before Mique I had in the house one battered LP of de Falla's Three Cornered Hat, but during my last year in high school I must have picked up half a hundred records. "Picked up" is the right phrase, too; Mique also introduced me to the art of stealing records. We had one philosophic discussion about the ethics of it, but I forget who convinced whom of what position; I have the feeling that pragmatism ended up being the primary consideration. What is impressive to me about my escapades with him, and by myself in other years, is how easy it was to do it. We certainly did not have the overt self-destructive urge in the sense that we wanted in some subconscious way to get caught: we never were caught. (Many years later I realized a different sort of self-destruction was operating; I never read the books I stole, only the ones I bought. When I gave up stealing books I found I bought and read more.)

I concentrated when I listened to classical music in those days; Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto and his Violin Concerto mean far more to me than any other concert music. This is partially because of the romantic associations I have to them; my relationship with Mique and with my own life at the time, which for the first time was looking rather good. But it is also because they are two pieces which I paid great attention to; I laid on my bed and just absorbed them, night after night. I've seldom had the patience or devotion to do that since.

Our thievery expeditions were usually on weekends, when we would tour to San Francisco on our regular jaunts. I was commonly going in on weekends to visit Terry and the other San Francisco fans, though that was becoming less frequent than in previous years; and he was going in to get some kind of allergy shots at some clinic. Now that I know a little bit about psychology and ^{what} allergies can mean that aspect of Mique seems to shed a little more light on his personality. On those weekend trips I began associating more and more with Mique and Mike Nelken and Tony Gromme rather than with Terry and Boob Stewart and Shorty and Knapheide and McElroy and the rest. In that last year of high school I finally began enjoying school, the world and myself, and my movement away from intense involvement with science fiction fandom began and was made permanent.

The Best Friend experience, whether at the high school level or some other time in youth, is tremendously important. We had a highly competitive relationship, but at the same time I felt heavily dependent on him--and as I know now, again from some psychological insight I've gained, he must have felt some kind of dependency on me, or there would have been no relationship. When we graduated, one high-school counselor told my mother he thought it was rather a good thing we weren't going to the same college, and I suppose it was. I went to Berkeley and he went to the University of Chicago. By two years later he was in Berkeley and I was in Chicago, but by that time it was entirely coincidence.

His literary achievements didn't rub off on me as successfully as his musical appreciation. I remember at the time being very impressed with his having read so much. One thing about Mique, as a matter of fact, that stood out was his appearance of never being at rest: he was always doing something that was (as I defined it) constructive. My envy of that quality of his knew no bounds. As a result of this he had read a great deal. I remember the paperbacks, then just appearing on the market in quantity, that he had in his room: Einstein, Gorky, scientific how-to books, biographies of Mozart. One of the authors he loved best, I remember, was Lorca.

When he went off to the University of Chicago I didn't hear much; then one day, after two or three brief letters, I got a fat envelope from him. It was a twenty-page dittoed letter to a number of his friends, detailing his involvement in an anti-administration fight having to do with a major shift in the academic curriculum. I still don't know how real the fight was; when I got to Chicago about a year and a half later there were no traces of it and what Mique seemed to have been fighting had been fully adopted.

While I was in Chicago Terry met Mique again at some freewheeling Berkeley parties. From what Terry said, and it sounded familiar, the posturer in Mique was coming to the fore. Terry described one or two pompous conversations he had with Mique at one party. After they talked Mique went off into a corner of the crowded room, sat down and began playing Greensleeves on the recorder he'd brought with him. That wouldn't have been so bad, said Terry, except that he practiced playing Greensleeves for the rest of the night.

It would be a fiction to say that the conflict in 1957 at Chicago was a precedent for Mique's involvement in the Free Speech Movement at California seven years later. But the common quality to both disputes was that Mique just couldn't keep himself out of them, no matter how much it affected his studies or his work (and for all his superhuman intellectual qualities, the activities were a tremendous drain because of the way he threw himself into them). In fact, it is disappointing to see this continuity in Mique. In the papers this winter, when I saw pictures of student leaders on platforms, I could point out several graduate students whom I knew from the same vantage point when I was at Cal eight years ago. The kind of person who is a professional student is a little distasteful to me, and I didn't like to think of Mique in that vein.

Then the LOOK profile of Mique and the New York Times reports on the California events began appearing, and Mique was all over them and on television too. He was as involved, as earnest-seeming and as frenetic as ever. But the quality I was beginning to expect, the quality of having stopped growing, showed up more and more. "There are three things I really like to do when I want to be by myself," he said to one interviewer. "I like to go off in a corner and drink wine, read Lorca and play my recorder."

Plus ça change, Mique, plus ça change.

The Ace Tolkien

by
donald a. wollheim



A few days after the Ace edition of THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING appeared, two unprecedented things happened, both pleasant and both of the same nature: we were applauded by the competition. Unprecedented, for believe me, the paperback book business is highly competitive and highly combative -- and when an act by one company can actually bring forth open admissions of praise, that's something to be proud of.

One was in the form of a letter from an official of another paperback outfit, a big one. It read, in part:

"Congratulations on the publication of THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING; it is, indeed, the publishing coup of the year and I have nothing but admiration for your imagination and foresight."

The other applause came in the nature of a phone call from the esteemed editor of one of the other paperback firms also noted for its science fiction releases. After congratulating Ace for the Tolkien scoop, this editor went on to say that he had been trying for three years to negotiate a sale with Houghton Mifflin and had been utterly unable to get anywhere. What, he went on to ask, was our secret?

The secret, if such it ever was, was simply a little knowledge of the most elementary copyright law. The Tolkien saga had never been copyright in the United States.

This was no secret to me -- I had known it from the moment I'd first bought a

copy of the Houghton Mifflin edition in a book store when it had first appeared in 1954. One glance at the page following the title page startled me. No copyright, no date of publication. Just the line "Printed in Great Britain," although the name of the publisher was an American firm and the place of publication the U.S.A. It was apparent that this first American edition consisted simply of sheets printed in England and imported.

Now, usually this would be accompanied by a proper U.S. copyright notice. To obtain this, back in 1954, required the filling out of a few government forms, usually at the time of the first British edition. This would secure what was called an "ad interim" copyright, which would protect the work for a certain length of time -- six months or eighteen, I'm not sure now -- sufficient to enable a U.S. edition to appear. Plainly, this elementary protection had not been secured.

Why wasn't it done? Who had undermined Tolkien's rights in this country? I don't know. Perhaps the length of time between the first British edition and the first U.S.A. edition had been too long. Or perhaps the American publisher, figuring that the book was too obscure to take the trouble, had decided just to bring in a few hundred bound copies and not bother with copyright complications. The blame lies somewhere in the hard-cover publishing operation...or maybe with the author's literary agent in London...or somewhere....

Anyway, obviously the guess that the work would have only a few hundred oddball buyers proved wrong. The darned books continued to sell steadily, though quietly, through the years, going into small printing after small printing. Somewhere along the line, somebody started to worry about that lack of a U.S. copyright and inserted a line in later editions which said the work was copyright under the Berne Convention. The Berne Convention is a treaty of fourteen countries, mostly European, and the United States is not a signatory. Britain is. This little line has apparently fooled a lot of people into believing it constitutes a U.S. copyright -- and apparently the author is among those it helped keep in the dark.

At various times in the past, Ace Books has asked about the paperback rights to these works. They were big, they were fantasy rather than science fiction, and probably not right for the public at those times, but we did ask. We got the same replies that Houghton Mifflin had been giving all paperback reprinters: No. They would not negotiate reprint rights.

I knew, of course, that they couldn't legally sell anyone exclusive rights -- which is what any paperback reprint contract requires. But we were interested anyway in seeing what sort of a deal could be made. So were the other outfits. But Houghton Mifflin plainly knew they were on touchy ground. They couldn't admit outright that the works were in public domain, that they had nothing exclusive to sell. They simply declined to discuss paperback sales. (Hence the frustration of our esteemed competitors.)

In the past couple of years it has been apparent that the taste for sword-and-sorcery has picked up very considerably -- possibly as a result of the revival of Burroughs in paperbacks, also attributable to Ace's copyright studies -- and that Tolkien was becoming known. It looked as if the very heavy expense of bringing out THE LORD OF THE RINGS might now be seriously considered, which we did early this year.

The books were big, and they were still obscure as far as the younger level of the reading public was concerned, so they still represented a greater risk than usual. Printing them would present technical problems, too. But we decided to go ahead with the first one.

Should we have asked Houghton Mifflin again, or informed them of our plans? Or should we have written Dr. Tolkien in advance? Please bear in mind that this paperback book industry is very, very competitive -- and that we were in possession of what might be a valuable commercial secret. To let the cat out of the bag could well be disastrous and could lead to other editions appearing at virtually the same time. We had no sensible course to follow but to go ahead, in top secrecy, to prepare our editions. Which we did, and the result you know.

Now, there have been some tales reaching us of various persons angrily claiming that we have "pirated" these books or that we have "robbed" the author of his income and rights. Curiously enough, at least one of these charges seemed to emanate from a science fiction author who is one of the strongest advocates of open free competition and a writer of "might makes right" stories.

And it would seem that Dr. Tolkien himself has written a couple of correspondents in concern over what he thinks are "pirate" editions.

Literary piracy means infringement of copyright -- and we have infringed no copyrights. Dr. Tolkien, apparently, simply was never told the score about his U.S. editions. He should reserve his anger for the source of his deprivation.

Further, as in the case of Edgar Rice Burroughs, we're perfectly willing to pay the author for his work -- and we've stated both publically and in a message to Tolkien that we want to make an arrangement with him for such payments.

To me, the curious thing about all this is that the fan personalities who seem to be upset about this never uttered a peep during the Ace Burroughs revival. Evidently their curious senses of "ethics" are reserved only to writings they like. However, they should rest easy anyway. We're not pirating anything. It would never have been possible for anyone to do any mass-edition Tolkien unless it was done as Ace did it. And I'm firmly of the belief that the Ace editions will do more to boost Dr. Tolkien's prestige and income than anything that has happened to him in years.

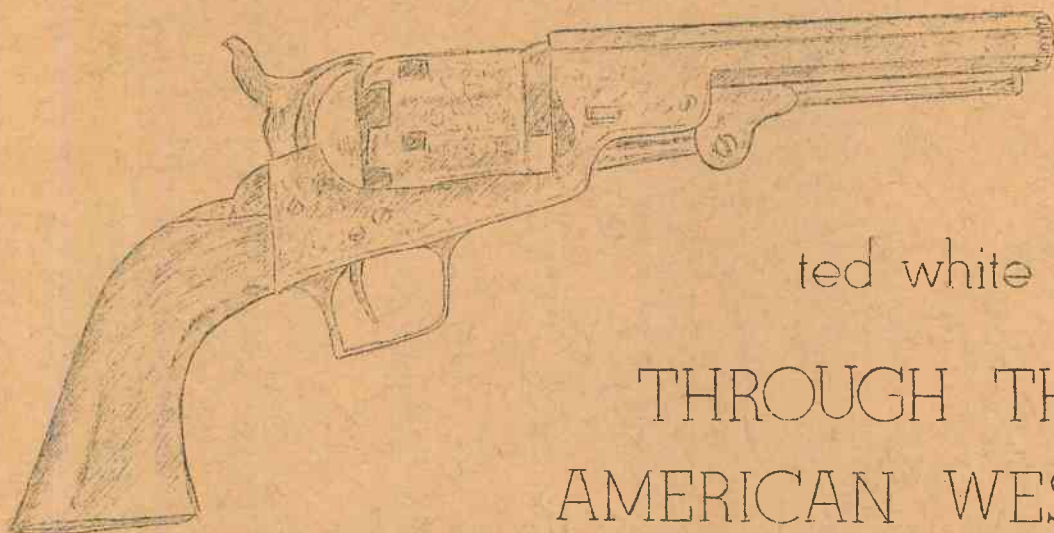
Anti-Catholicism is the anti-semitism of the intellectual.

RCH

(A review of the movie Yolanda and the Thief:)

After the slowest start since the Lubitsch days of intrigue in the Balkans in mythical kingdoms where everybody speaks six languages fluently and mysterious papers are always of vital importance and are carried around inside of bosoms where god knows how many hands will eventually probe, the picture continued to go slowly. I never saw such gaudy colors as in the beginning. Cheap lithography, it seemed like. And stupid dialog that I could have written myself. Well, about the middle of the picture things began to move and moved right well till the last half reel or so, when I got really disgusted because there were two scenes I was anticipating with some delight, and they were botched up most horribly. One of them was entirely omitted and the other one only hinted at. Some drastic pruning must have taken place at the end to hold it down to eight reels, or something. Damn it, I like to see the lovers suffer and beautiful women weep and guys to use these hauntingly beautiful lines that make everything right again and everybody gets happy as hell. But they crossed me up. Even at that, it had the goddamdest twist I have ever seen on earth or in the army. Oh it was all too starry-eyed and just the sort of sad searching fantasy that drives me into raptures.

-- Charles Burbee, in THE ACOLYTE #13,
Winter 1946



ted white

THROUGH THE
AMERICAN WEST,
WITH
PICKAXE AND
SHOVEL

In the last issue of LIGHTHOUSE, as you may recall, I Discovered Westerns. Since then I have Discovered The West.

One inevitably leads to the other, but the two are not entirely contiguous. Much has been made in recent years of the extent to which Owen Wister and his spiritual descendants have romanticized and misrepresented the Old West -- and actually, this debunking has been carried much too far. I can't speak for any but the westerns I've now read -- a small percentage: a total of perhaps a hundred -- but these are often faithful to their authors' researches into the original Old West.

My own researches were sparked by two things: the desire to write a western, and a sense of total inadequacy. I first set about to solve this through collaboration. I asked Lee Hoffman if she'd like to write a science-fiction-western with me.

The result, PROBE INTO YESTERDAY, is a rather interesting blend of western, s-f, and espionage suspense. I wish I could say that by now we've sold it, but we haven't. Gold Medal held it for around five months before rejecting it because the editor couldn't believe in time travel, and my newly acquired agent wants me to do some cutting and rewriting on it (which Lee concurs that I should do -- as opposed to her doing it....), so the book itself remains in limbo.

But while I figured on handling the s-f and letting Lee do the western portions of the book, it did seem advisable that we do a little real researching on the western locale of the book.

PROBE opens in 1979, but quickly shuttles back to mid-1880. The scene is the Medicine Bows, in southern Wyoming, perhaps fifty miles south and west of Laramie, in the mythical town of Broken Crossing. After some mucking about there, our heroes take a train to St. Louis, and thence to New Orleans. It seemed to me rich in possibilities for the revelation of unusual and little-known facts about the U.S. at that time.

Lee agreed, and our enthusiasm was joined by that of Larry McCombs, who was then doing graduate work at Harvard, and had the entire Harvard Library at his disposal. The result was that for a spell there in February and March I would receive one or two letters a week quoting salient passages from obscure books -- many of them travelogues published in that era -- or photostats of the relevant pages.

A little known fact about the Cheyenne-Laramie area is that it was, back in the 1880's, enjoying two great booms. The first was the cattle boom. Cattle were the greatest investment of the country at that time, and much eastern and foreign -- particularly British -- money poured into the area. The subsequent hard winters of 1886-89 wiped out many herds, and many investors, but for a time Cattle Were Kings.

The second boom was the tourist boom. Amazingly enough, this area of Wyoming was then a major sector in the tourist belt. The Medicine Bows held wild game of a variety and abundance almost stunning to consider today. And hunting in Wyoming was as much an attraction for Europeans as were safaris in Africa. Elk were hunted with greyhounds, and similar arcane features abounded in the sport.

As a result, a number of Englishmen made trips into the west, and published books about their travels.

Much of our research material was drawn from these books, often excellent eyewitness reports deliberately written for readers foreign to the entire western experience, and thus excellent for our viewpoint. Naturally, we've included many of the details in PROBE, and I'm not going to quote the passages we borrowed from, but there are a number of interesting sidelights on the Old West in the passages I do want to quote.

William Minturn's TRAVELS WEST was published in London in 1877, and covers a trip he made in 1875. He tells the story of Jack Slade in such terms as to make any modern fictional western desperado pale in shame:

Fifteen miles to the south-west of Sherman is situated Virginia Dale, in Colorado. Some "yellow-covered novelist" has immortalized it by calling it the "Robbers' Roost," though failing to indicate the particular bar-fence or other object upon which they roosted. But aside from this questionable notoriety, Virginia Dale is the most widely known of any locality in these mountains.

This place was originally a stage station on the old Denver, Salt Lake, and California road, which was laid out and kept by a notorious cut-throat, Jack Slade by name, who was Division Superintendent of the old Stage Company from 1860 to 1863. It was the popular opinion that this Slade was at the head of an infamous band of desperadoes, who infested that region of the country, and whose chief occupation consisted in running off with and appropriating the stock of emigrants, etc. At all events, he was a noted desperado, of the extreme early Western type, having, it is said, killed his thirteen men. The last of the exploits, east of the mountains, of this fiendish ruffian, was the wanton and cruel murder of Jules Berg, the person after whom Julesburg was named. Slade had had a quarrel with Berg in 1861, the upshot of which was a shooting affray in which Slade was worsted, or, in the slang of the desperadoes of that time, "forced to take water." In 1863, some of the drivers of the lines, friends and employes of Slade, decoyed Jules Berg to the Cold Spring Rancho, on North Platte river, which was then kept by a wicked old scamp called Antoine Runnels, but more commonly known as "The Devil's Left Bower," who was a great crony of Slade, who seems in the opinion of unprejudiced persons to have rightfully earned the title of "Right Bower" to that same fireproof individual.

The place where the tragedy took place is fifty miles north of Cheyenne, and twenty-five miles below Fort Laramie, whither Slade hastily journeyed from Cottonwood Springs (opposite McPherson Station) in an extra coach, as soon as he was notified of the capture of his old enemy. He drove at the top of his horses' speed, without stopping night or day, and arrived at Cold Spring Rancho early one morning.

On alighting from the coach, his cruel heart leaped with delight on finding his hated foe tightly tied to a post in the corral, in such a manner that he was rendered entirely helpless.

Slade went immediately to work, putting into effect the long-contemplated butchery over which he had gloated in imagination. He shot him twenty-three times, taking care not to kill him, cursing and blaspheming all the time in the most frightful manner, glutting his thirst for vengeance, and taking a demoniac delight in the pain he was inflicting. He returned to the rancho between "shots" for a "drink." While firing these shots he would tell Jules just where he was going to hit him, applying to him the most profane, bitter, and scornful epithets; adding at every shot that he did not intend to kill him for some time, but he was going to thus torture him to death. Unable to provoke a cry of pain or a sign of fear from the unfortunate but stoical Jules, he became infuriated, and thrusting the pistol into the mouth of the miserable man, blew his head to pieces with the twenty-third discharge, the brains and blood of the murdered man spattering over the face and clothes of his cruel murderer.

Slade then cut off the ears of his victim and put them in his pocket. Seven of Slade's friends stood by, and calmly viewed, like so many spectators of a play, the enactment of this brutal scene.

In the saloons of Denver City and in those of other places, he would take Jules' ears out of his pocket, throw them upon the bar, and openly boasting of the act, demand drinks on his bloody pledges; and these were never refused him. Shortly after this exploit, it became too hot for him in Colorado, and he was obliged to flee.

He next went to Virginia City, Montana, where he continued to prey upon society. The people of that country had no love or use for his kind, and after his conduct had become insupportable, the Vigilantes hung him, as he richly deserved.

His wife arrived at the scene of execution just in time to behold him in the very last agonies of death by hanging. She had ridden fifteen miles as fast as her horse could trot, with the avowed purpose of shooting Slade, to save the disgrace of having him hung, and she arrived on the scene, revolver in hand, only a few minutes too late to carry out her scheme -- Jack Slade the desperado was dead.

Minturn also offers an insight-in-miniature into the decades-long battle for women's suffrage:

Laramie has the good or bad fortune to be the first place where a female jury was ever empanelled. History records that their first case was that of a Western desperado of the worst type, and while the jurywomen were considering their verdict -- and let it be said to their honour that they did their duty without flinching, -- the husbands of those in the jury-box who had "responsibilities" at home, besought the future citizen of this great country to be calm, not to swallow his fist if he could possibly avoid it, using the following words of a then popular song: --

"Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
'Cause mamma's gone to sit on the jury."

The town of Laramie boasted an unusual newspaper, the Sentinel, edited and published by Bill Nye, whose editorials made him famous throughout the country as a

humorist, and whose material reminds me remarkably in some ways of Charles Burbee's famous articles during the heyday of the Insurgents. In 1894 a collection of Nye's editorials, BILL NYE AND BOOMERANG, was published in Chicago, and the following editorial, printed in its entirety, strikes me as an excellent example of Nye's dry wit:

Hong Lee's Grand Benefit at Leadville

It will be remembered that about nine months ago Hong Lee resolved to establish a branch laundry and shirt-destroying establishment at Leadville, with the main office and general headquarters at Laramie. All at once he came back, and seemed to be satisfied at the old stand. So I would ask him his opinion of the future of the carbonate camp.

Hong Lee had just tied his hair up in a Grecian coil and secured it in a mass of shining braids, as I came in, and was giving some orders as to the day's work. One employè was just completing his devotions to a cross-eyed god in one corner, and another was squirting water out of his mouth like an oriental street sprinkler over the spotless front of a white shirt.

Hong Lee asked me to sit down on the ironing table and make myself at home. I asked him how trade was, and a few other unimportant questions, and then asked him what he thought of Leadville. I cannot give the conversation in the exact language in which it was given, as I am not up in pigeon English. He said he went over to Leadville, thinking that at \$4.25 per dozen he could work up a good business and wear a brocaded overshirt with slashed sleeves and Pekin trimmings. Trade was a little dull here and he had more Chinamen than he could use, so he had concluded to establish a branch outfit at Leadville and make some scads.

I asked him why he did not remain at the camp and go through the programme.

He said that the general feeling in Leadville was not friendly to the Chinaman. The people did not meet him with a brass band, and the mayor didn't tender him the freedom of the city. On the contrary, they seemed cold and distant toward him. By and by they clubbed together and came to



call on him. They were very attentive then. Very much so. Some had shot-guns to fire salutes with, and others had large clotheslines in their hands. Hong Lee felt proud to be so much thought of, and was preparing an impromptu speech on orange paper with a marking brush, when the chairman came and told him that a few American citizens had come, hoping to be of use to him in learning the ways of the city.

Then they took him out to the public square where Hong Lee supposed that he was to make his speech, and they proceeded to kick him into the most shapeless mass. They kicked him into a globular form, and then flattened him out, after which they knocked him into a rhomboid. This change was followed by thumping him into an isosceles triangle. When he looked more like a bundle of old clothes than a Chinaman, they took him with a pair of tongs and threw him over the battlements.

Hong Lee returned to consciousness, and murmured, "Where am I?" or words to that effect. A noble muleskinner passing by, touched him up with the hot end of his mule whip, and showed him the route to Denver.

Hong Lee says now, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

In another editorial, Billious Nye and Boomerang in the Gold Mines, Nye dealt with the matter of gold mining (there was a rush on at the Big Laramie River near Colorado) and Indians who made the prospects -- and prospectors -- dubious:

I have a claim...in the North Park of Colorado. I have always felt a little delicate about working it, because heretofore several gentlemen from the Ute reservation on White River have claimed it. They are the same parties who got into a little difficulty with Agent Meeker and killed him. Of course these parties are not bona fide citizens of the United States, and therefore cannot hold my claim under the mining law; but I have not as yet raised the point with them. Whenever they go over into the park for rest and recreation, I would respect their feelings and withdraw. I didn't know but they might have some private business which they did not wish me to overhear, so I came away.

Once I came away in the night. It is cooler travelling in the night, and does not attract so much attention. Last summer Antelope and his band came over into the park and told the miners that he would give them "one sleep" to get out of there. I told him that I didn't much care for sleep anyhow, and I would struggle along somehow till I got home. I told him that my constitution would stand it first-rate without rest, and I felt as though my business in town might be suffering in my absence. So I went home. The mine is there yet, but I would sell it very reasonably -- very reasonably indeed. I do not apprehend any trouble from the Indians, but I have lost my interest in mines to some extent. The Indians are not all treacherous and bloodthirsty as some would suppose. Only the live ones are that way. Wooden Indians are also to be relied upon.

I could quote at length from more recent sources as well, but since they're fairly easily available to anyone who's interested, I don't think that would be within the purview of this article.

Lee has since written a western novel on her own which I have read, and which I cannot imagine failing to sell; and I've embarked upon one of my own.

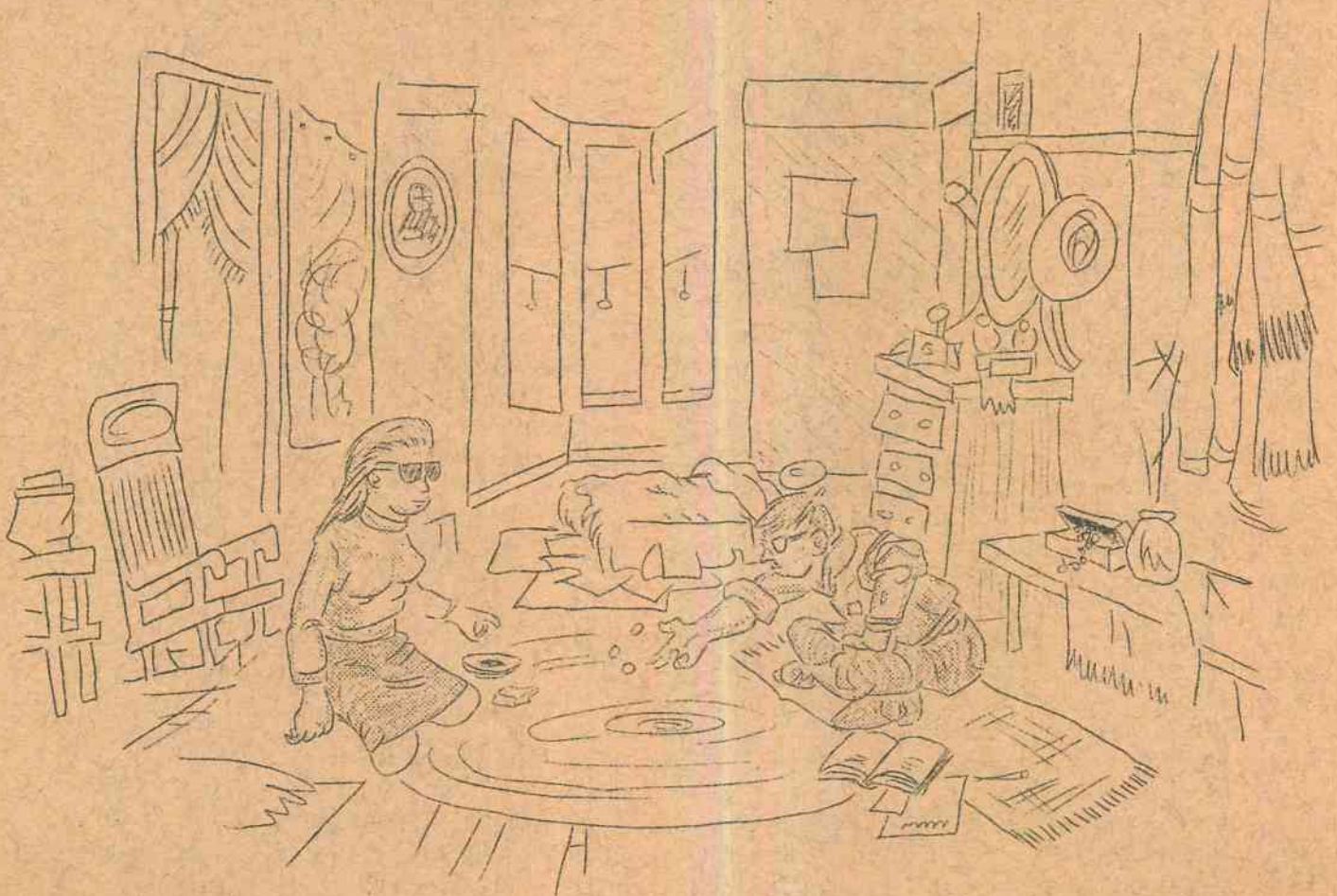
In the meantime, I pick up and read such fascinating reports as these, and I cannot help viewing the Old West as having been as alien and adventurous as any of the most colorful settings in science fiction.

OUR MAN IN GEORGE METZGER

A LETTER FROM HIMSELF

There are times when I do not at all appreciate my job in the army. I am a flunky clerk in a finance office. I run errands for civilians and I wait on the counter and try to be nice and polite to officers and enlisted men, some of whom are not at all trying to be polite to me. Sometimes you can put the screws to them, of course: "Well, Lieutenant, we have to have a receipt to show you didn't use this travel ticket issued to you. If you can't produce one we'll charge you for it and you'll lose money." "But I don't have it. I turned it in in Charleston. But I'll give you a sworn statement to it signed by me as an officer and a gentleman." "Uh, no sir, I'm afraid that just won't do. Now, you either have to come up with the necessary papers or else. Why didn't you use the transportation the government furnished you with in the first place?" "Now see here, I'm an officer and --" "Uh-huh." And finally you send him to the captain, who throws him out of the office, and you never see him again.

But mostly it's a dull routine that bores hell out of you, though it does have its moments. I was on duty with the vault on the week and weekend prior to payday. We had been having trouble with the alarm system on one of the vaults. Partly because of this and partly because it was just before payday, there was a guard mounted on the building. There were these two guys walking around it with rifles on their shoulders.



Loaded. The alarm works and there isn't any payroll in there, just some unmailed checks, so I don't know what they were guarding, but there they were. I had to get up around 7:00 a.m. on Saturday and trot up there and open up this one vault so one of the concerns on post could get some monies and receipts out for the day's business.

It had been a cold night. Temperature had dropped to 20 above, the coldest in awhile around here, and it was very windy. A north wind, the nastiest. So I came up to the building early, all hunkered over against the cold, in my civvies, and there were these poor frozen guards. I waited for one to notice I was opening the door so he could run over on numb feet and challenge me. I told him what was happening and he then got to watch me pop into this nice warm office and drink a coke and look out the window at him walking his post. Poor bastard.

There were two deliveries, one made by this old sergeant who said, "Twenty above? Hell, that ain't cold! Why, I was sergeant of the guard one night in Germany once when it was twenty below! I was in this little shack with a heater, and every so often I'd go out and relieve one of the boys and walk his post while he went into the shack to warm up. Well, this one young fellah was way out on the edge of it and I got to him last. It was all snowy and dark and when I came up on him standing there under that lightbulb I took one look at him and stepped back a bit. He was all bundled up with even a scarf around his face, all around so all you could see was his eyes. He was breathin' in and out through the scarf and the moisture had made two icicles on the front of the scarf, just like tusks. 'What's wrong?' he said. 'Boy, what's wrong with your face?' I was sure scared of him. He started to feel his face with his hands, and numb as they were in all those gloves he felt something and commenced to screamin'. He thought somethin' was tryin' to get in at him. I took him back into the lights by the guard shack so I could get a good close look at him. Sure enough, here were these icicles. That was too much for me. I said to hell with that post and had him go sit in the shack with the heater till he thawed out. Boy, that sure scared the hell out of me. Just like tusks."

Afterwards, when I went outside, I told one of the guards the story. He tried to smile.

Well, it's Friday morning again. Same old kinda day. "Well, sir, you'll have to wait for your money." "But I've got to leave today -- I'm supposed to report There tomorrow!" "Well, sir, you can't process out without your travel card and the personnel copy of your paid voucher and we can't give you those until they're numbered." "And how long will that take?" "Well, your voucher is on tomorrow's business and Disbursing can't number that until they finish numbering today's work from yesterday!" "What?" "Well, Captain, why don't you go over to the Tavern and have a cup of coffee and come back in a little while..." "But I've been drinking coffee all morning -- I'm up to here in coffee!" He is getting mad. Sometimes if it's frustrating enough they look like they're going to cry. It's pretty heartrending, but you got to be tough in this business. Sure you do.

We don't worry about him. We are busy enough shipping people off to Viet Nam. And listening to the rumors one finds running along the clerical grapevine: "If it gets any worse they're going to extend us all. If you got eight months to go they add on two; if you got four months to go they add on eight; if you got six months to go they add on six more..." Of course, you get this crap all the time.

And then there are the real people on real standby alert. Every morning when we go out to catch the battery bus to work we see this big convoy of trucks and jeeps parked on this apron attached to our parking lot. Some artillery unit. They're on standby orders to Viet Nam. All those guys sitting at the ready in trucks, smoking cigarettes. Waiting. On cold mornings we're out there in the lee of the bus barn looking at them. "Jesus, whatta they gonna do? Drive all the way to Viet Nam?" "Naw,

they drive to the nearest port." "New Orleans?" "Naw, Houstin." "Whatsisname's going to Viet Nam on emergency orders. He's got a clearance and a critical MOS." "Well, I'd rather go to Viet Nam than Korea." "Hell, Korea's great. Find a broad and shack up and get a houseboy and -- " "They got kinda a clap over there that you never even heard of. Some of it's so bad that if you get it they won't let you come home. Can't risk letting it into the country. You spend the rest of your life carrying your balls around in a wheelbarrow in frozen Chosin!" "No kiddin'?" And I could go on for pages. It's really all too easy to go on and on and on for endless pages about this stuff.

It's all another world that envelops you wholly. Terrifying. I was on leave back to saintly green California for thirty days, and two days back on the job wiped most of it out. I fell back into the same old rut of routine so easily, like slipping on an old worn glove, that in those two days my thirty days past became as vague as a dream, half forgotten, and weird.

Like trying to find this one chick I was looking for in San Francisco. She was living in this apartment building on Fell Street. She had disappeared in Mexico a long time back (summer) but just before I went on leave I got this, ah, horny letter from her in the city. So here I was looking for her in this two story apartment building, with corridors and corridors of doors. Some doors just went nowhere. I mean they were probably blocked off on the other side. Some led to apartments, some to closets, one opened on a bathtub, one on a crapper, another on the other side of the building onto a big room with a sink and a floor map. But no Susan chick. Only about one or two doors had nametags. Some had numbers. Inside the front door was a small table littered with mail. I wrote a note and left that. When I came back later there was no note left -- and no clues. I eventually found her by the simple method of stopping my search, and returning to San Jose. And there I accidentally ran into an old friend who likewise had vanished into Mexico. As it turned out, several people I knew had lived in this place on Fell Street. And he knew which apartment was hers. I probably shouldn't have gone back, for I knew things weren't the same. But I ignored the fatal sign of the doors and found her rearmost apartment. And her.

And she was hungup on astrology. "It's the latest hip thing," she said. Well, I wasn't so damn sure about that. Hell, even my mother tried that kick when she was in college. I had, of course, known something about her latest interest before I'd set out. So I had come armed: in the top of my rucksack, under my traveling blanket, was my creaky, aged copy of the I CHING, the Chinese Book of Changes. I was all set to do battle. I should have known better.

Susan had combed the junk stores in search of antiequey furniture, rugs and drapes to hang over windows and down walls. The floor was strewn with them. One was actually Persian. It was very moody and, now that I look back on it, complemented her fetish for astrology at the time. Her other current ambition was New York. To go to New York because that's where everything happens, where everyone goes. (She's a romantic.) She said her horoscope favored it, and she wanted to consult the I CHING. So we did. We sat on one of the rugs in the dark bedroom (it was only a two room pad, kitchen and) and threw the three coins, pennies. And the I CHING said, like do! Go go go! She was very happy. She knew it all the time. Dirty rotten fink book, I said. Well, then, should I go to New York? Definitely not, it said. The advantage was in the southwest, contrary in the northeast. The book was against me. Everything started going sour.

For an added touch, the chick was on a health food kick. I didn't mind getting up in the morning (well, noon actually) and eating wheat germ, but the dry, parchment-like seaweed and No Meat was too much. One evening she came home with a bottle of soy bean oil and she sat around drinking it straight. Straight out of the bottle. Robin Wood was there. It made him feel a little ill and he wouldn't come around again

afterward. Then she took up eating nights at a Zen macro-biotics place before going to work. It was just as well. Since she was eating nights I was bopping off around town to other friends' places and getting fed real food. Even the other chick I visited who also turned out to be hung on the stars had steak in the refrigerator, but then she always had had a pretty good grasp on certain aspects of reality.

And then too, Susan had a Hipper Than Thou attitude. Dear old Uncle George has been away in the army for awhile and dear little Susan has been making it for a year. (With everyone, if that's any help.) It got only a little irritating. Like about a cat named Cooley, a jazz drummer she was trying to find. She wanted to find him so she could get the address of yet another guy who was down in Camarillo or somewhere. She was very mysterious about Cooley. She didn't like him, she said. She didn't want me to meet him or vice-versa or something. I wasn't even supposed to know where he lived. But I knew generally, because she wasn't very good at concealing her movements; I spotted her roundabout route once while waiting for a bus one block over. But Cooley was never found at home. She was only moderately puzzled. Of course it is no business of Uncle George, who of course is just out of it. Well, dear old George felt out a few contacts in the nether world and found out about Cooley. Two days before I'd arrived at chick's pad Cooley had gotten in an argument with a gas station attendant on Broadway and the attendant had hit him from behind as he'd been getting in his car. With a baseball bat. Cooley had woken up in the hospital with part of his skull missing. No doubt a bash on the head like that will do spastic things to his coordination for drumming. However, I wasn't concerned about Cooley. I'd never met him. So here was dear little idiot Susan flitting about wondering where the abominable Mr. Cooley was. And over by the refrigerator in the corner in the rocking chair was me. Smiling. I never told her.

Oh yes -- her refrigerator. It made funny noises. The motor vibrated different parts and when the cooling unit came on and it started to rattle I discovered you could play it like a musical instrument. By pushing or banging in certain spots you could change the pitch of it or even the number of parts that rattled. You could lean on it and muffle parts, open the door so that you could hear more things rattle. It was quite entertaining. I don't know very many girls with player refrigerators. I'm almost sorry I gave her up and moved out after a week of that crap. But only almost.

A little later Robin Wood and I journeyed down the skyline through the myriad-greened hills to Lars Bourne's shack in the Santa Cruz Mountains overlooking the smog blanket on top of San Jose. Lars is looking kinda fat these days. I got to see his and June's kid, who is also kinda fat. He has a big round head and big round eyes. He crawls a lot. June has a fence built around her loom to keep him out. So he has to sit in the middle of the kitchen floor and play with the spare telephone and the spare lives of Lars' cats. And while we were there, drinking and shooting the bull, the baby, Adrian, never said a word, except maybe "Dada" or "Mama" or "Kitty" once in awhile. But mostly he sat there and stared. He was digging, see. Lars and June don't go into civilization very much, so Adrian isn't aware that there are a lot of people in the world. So far each new visitor must look like some rare delicacy to be savored.

In the evening we went down into San Jose to a fokie place to dig bluegrass and blues guitar, and damned if Adrian didn't dig it all to hell. Really turned him on. He'd yell "Dada!" at pitch excitement moments to show enthusiasm. They've been taking him to gigs since he was three weeks old. They are also bringing him up not to believe in Santa Claus. Kids are a gas. Uncle George carted him around. Great way to meet chicks. "Hey, wow, Adrian, dig the chick, see the sexy girl, Adrian?" And Adrian would go "ghuunglgh-dribbledribblesmile". Of course, he'd do embarrassing things like grabbing for the milk glands, but what the hell can you expect of a kid

brought up among cats, banjos, a potbellied railroad stove, and unemployment check sobsisters? It's a great life. Valueless, but a great life.

Anyway, so much for my leave. A coupla weeks ago I went to an antique show downtown in Lawton. Mostly glassware, which doesn't excite me terribly. About the only people who did get excited were the dealers, who couldn't get this stuff insured. Their ulcers did horrible things every time someone picked up a whatsit and thunked it down.

Toward the middle I came across a gun dealer. Now, I'm developing this goddamn fetish for guns lately. Like Civil War pistols that shoot black powder. He had several models of those, very highly priced, and hell, I'd never hit anything with one of them. And rifles...well. About the only worthwhile rifle he had was a Marlin 1893 carbine, very shiny from use. Had notches in the stock, too. Very wild looking. I dunno where all this silly esthetic crap's coming from, but I sure felt sorry when I saw the price was \$90. But I stood around and tried to bargain and finally got \$20 knocked off the price and bought it. Damned if I know if it's worth that, but I could always get that much for it again, I reckoned. It's a pretty large rifle. A caliber I never heard of: 38.55. I'd go around and ask people, "Got any 38.55's?" and they'd look kinda funny at me. I asked this one unfortunate army fellow and lo, he had a '94 Winchester of the same caliber that he'd paid a hundred for. Box of shells costs \$20, he said. Ulp. How many shells in a box? Twenty. Urk, a buck a bullet! This cat talks a lot, though, and I wasn't too ready to believe him. A few days later I bought a box for \$4, which is pretty normal. Found a pawnshop downtown that had three boxes of the damn things.

They're pretty damn big. I doubt if they're terribly fast, but I'd imagine they'd go a long way and still hit kinda hard. Bear, buffalo, maybe even elk. Not that I want to go out hunting any goddamn bear, but this'd be pretty cool for a deer at long range. But I'm a terrible shot. I think. I don't remember so good.

Last Saturday was a nice sunny day. I had planned to go out to the East Firing Range and shoot at old wrecked cars and the like. (They tow these wrecks out on the flats and shell them, machinegun them, etc.) But I never did. It was a beautiful day, too, up in the mid 60's. I worked on my truck instead, took a lot of worthless junk out of it, fixed the flat tire, put gas and water in it and took the battery off to be charged. This friend of mine said he'd charge it for me. As far as I know it's still sitting on his patio, untouched. It may not matter anyway. We had a sudden cold front come on us from the north. Hoobhoy was it cold. By the time I suddenly remembered that I hadn't drained the radiator, much less added any antifreeze, it was too late. Who thinks of antifreeze when it's a nice 65° out? I got to the truck at nine o'clock at night and it was thirteen above zero, the coldest it's been here all winter. I turned the petcock on the radiator and could hear the ice cracking inside. So I gave up.

Later I went back to check on it, and sure enough, it has the nicest cracked block you ever saw, and a mangled radiator. So it's pretty hopeless. A new block was priced \$150 at Sears. That's pretty ridiculous. A new motor from them is over \$200. So it looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it? However, we have found a nice beat-up panel truck with a For Sale sign on it for \$95. A friend knows the guy selling it and will ask him whatall is wrong with it and how low he'll come down on the price. Mainly, does it run good? The body looks horrible. A plain old dull red. But my dead truck has a very groovie body on it. I don't know quite how to explain these esthetic qualities I keep seeing in cars and guns and things...maybe it's desperation. After all, this is a pretty nudnik place. Needs esthetics.

I sat around last night leaping through LIGHTHOUSE and was suddenly awakened on page 24 that you felt called upon to defend me from the apparent narrow viewpoints of

a few other people. After I reread that paragraph a coupla times I tried to think on what you'd said there. I'm not very good at being serious on paper, except for bitching about irrelevant things, nor terribly good at being serious live. My faults as a writer probably haven't carried over this fact too well, but I have gotten something out of the army. I do find life and being alive exceedingly interesting, and I find the people in it to be very important to me. Certainly I think people are some of the most fascinating things on this earth. And when I'm writing I'm usually trying to gather my thoughts together and pass them on in some semi-rational form. And I'm trying to do this even with the army. It's a world almost completely removed from my past experiences, but still, because it's human, familiar. I'm experiencing this world and in some ways understanding it and how it runs and how the people in it think. I've seen a helluva lot of stupidity and a helluva lot of irony, tragic and otherwise, here. When I write about what's going on I tend, because it's my nature, to be humorous about it. Except if I'm tired and bitchy.

It's almost a device of mental survival to look for interesting things, for interesting stories and people here. I'm sorry that these things are overshadowed by the huger, duller bulk of happenings in the army. I'd be appalled indeed to think that anyone felt I had an obligation to enjoy the army. I certainly don't. A great number of the things I find beautiful and enjoyable in life are either totally lacking here or are at best undernourished and neglected. That's tragedy, baby. So I'm not enjoying the army or Oklahoma. I do understand why the army does a lot of the apparently stupid things it does, and I feel this is some sort of an accomplishment on my part. It doesn't help a great deal, however.

Now, while I can sit here and tear down the army, I hope I've managed to convey the point that I have it pretty easy. I've had a private room for around a year now. I clean it up once or twice a week, usually for an inspection. I've painted it once, I patch up holes, I change my bedding once a week, etc. A part of the battery lives in bays. By this I mean the building isn't divided up into rooms...it's one big room with two rows of bunks, sometimes double bunks if we're crowded. No privacy. It's unhealthy, too. A few weeks ago I was battery CQ and part of my duty was to go into each of these bays and turn on the fire lights. The smell was appalling. Each bay had a different smell. And it was always a bad one. I hadn't been in one for so long I'd forgotten. Sometimes it was suffocating. ...It wasn't till I went home on leave that I realized how ill I had been. I suddenly became so well! And immediately upon being back in among hundreds of other people I was ill again. I guess I am now.

But still, I have an easy job, easy hours, etc. As a clerk in the finance office I have both enlisted men and officers appeal to me to try'n get their papers done quicker than normal because they're hard up for money. Now, if someone gives you a hard time at a bad time you can screw around with them. I've done it a time or two, but it's not lastingly satisfying. I am a sucker for a hardluck story. If some sergeant or lieutenant comes in and it's near the end of the month and he's just moved himself and his family here and he needs money for food and rent, yeah, I understand he'd appreciate his money as soon as possible. And if I can I'll usually try'n help them. Sometimes I've gotten the civilians griped at me 'cause I come up with a last-minute rush voucher, but I try. Most of the time I don't get much thanks, but I will get plenty of hell if they don't think things are fast enough. But every so often I'll get one guy who really is hard up and really is thankful that he got his money sooner than normally. A coupla days ago I had one guy so goddamn happy I thought he was going to crawl across the counter and kiss me. And because once in awhile somebody does say thanks I'll keep on doing this jazz when I can.

Now, my writing is an extension of myself. What I see, how I see it, all that jazz. I compose on the typer; I do it quickly and without much regard for spelling and punctuation, and only a little thought to form, evolving toward a point I want to

make, but I do try to say something. It isn't easy. I do have work to do. I started the last page back there this morning and it's now 2:30 (1430 hours army time) and I'm even typing on my break time so as not to lose too much of the thread. Hell, I'm not too sure what I set out to say in the first place. Well, anyway, if what I write is misunderstood part of it may be due to my writing -- and maybe, too, the fact that sometimes I'm trying to be funny loses my point for me. But still, a few people seem to like it, find it funny or thereabouts, to understand something of whatever I'm probing at. And that, like the man trying to get over the counter at me, is enough. I'm writing for the people who like it, not for the people who don't.

*good medicine,
George*

P.S.: I just got a memorandum to report to the Reup Sergeant for a reup talk. They are after me!

When George Raft gets all dressed up, he looks like a stolen car.

OB

(Howe) not only played the assigned part of the advocate: he staged whole productions. Any lawyer worth his fee, for example, will wring tears and sympathy from a jury with talk about a defendant's grief-stricken mother, his faithful wife, and his innocent children. Howe did it, too, but the talk was only part of the act. He brought the wife and children right into the courtroom and sat them down on the front bench. He had them perfectly trained to enact cross-bar pantomimes of devotion and trust with the prisoner at the counsel table. If by chance a particular defendant did not have a pretty wife, fond children, or a snowy-haired mother, he was not for that reason deprived of the sympathy they might create on his behalf. Howe would supply them from the firm's large stable of professional spectators. Repulsive and apelike killers often turned up in court with lamblike children and wives of fragile beauty. There are several cases on record in which the bench felt called upon to rebuke Howe for insinuating to the jury that the incarceration or execution of a defendant who, to the best of the court's knowledge, was single and childless when he was arrested would bring tragedy into the lives of so many people seated about the courtroom; and there is one instance of a stern reprimand from a judge who felt that a jury was somehow being imposed upon when, just as Howe reached the family motif in his summation, a young lady on the front bench found it the appropriate moment to bare her breast to the infant in her arms and look tenderly in the direction of the prisoner at the bar.

-- Richard H. Rovere, in HOWE & HUMMEL,
CRIMINAL LAWYERS

DEPARTMENT OF MUNICIPAL PLANNING AND CITY BUSINESS:

As you know, I am office clerk for the street cleaning section of the City of Los Angeles. One office clerk. In New York, there are about 117 of them. But anyway, New Year's Eve is the big day, when every man goes on duty, and a hundred and fifty hand sweepers (New York has 4500) are all assembled ready to start. And the four flusher wagons -- and four men are assigned to patrol the gutters ahead of each motor flusher, to roll the drunks out of the gutter and onto the sidewalk so the drunks won't drown. Ah, consideration and courtesy, thy name is Los Angeles!

-- Elmer Perdue, in THE FANTASY AMATEUR,
Summer 1948

It's a sunny day, and I'm typing this on the lawn. --I know, most people type on paper, but I prefer the lawn; more room. Paper's only 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, whereas the lawn's a yard....

-- Shelby Vick, in CONFUSION #16, Feb. 1954



LETTER LITTER

We'll begin the letter column this issue with a few letters on LIGHTHOUSE 11 which came in too late for inclusion in Lths 12:

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

Phil Dick, as in Drugs, Hallucinations, and the Quest for Reality, continues to jar us out of our far from always everloving minds. His quote or precis of Ehrenwald to the effect that paranoids are not deluding but mind-sensing (i.e., the hostile thoughts in other minds) associates with a comment made by a scientist, science fiction and science writer in a letter to me that small kids have similar ways of sensing subliminal storms among/between adults and often react by throwing storms of their own. One could go on and on.

Walt Willis' The Perforated Finger makes a better case than is often made for socialism. I once got a free roll of adhesive tape via the UK Nat'l Health Service.

The interlineation, /LBJ to Jenkins: "Dammit, you blew the whole election!"/ is priceless and should go down in history along with the death sentence of the snowbound prospector who'd lived through the winter by killing and consuming his cabin mates, viz. "...damn your soul, you have eaten up the Democratic majority in Jackson County!"

Stuff by "Carol Carr" (any relation?) is Very Good. At least. But it didn't follow up what happened to Marjorie's Jewish nose after it was cut off, and caught while trying to pass as an inspector-general. 1926 and All That hadn't a laugh in the lot, but there were a number of smiles, and here and there a chuckle "a-bobbin upn down like a turd in a suey" -- anonymous army sgt. c. 1943. Wey-ull, George Metzger, I'm sure the ahmy and Oklahoma is all that you say. I wouldn't conscript you, I just wouldn't let you vote, that's all.

Re Parochial vs. Public School standards: All through grammar school I assumed on the basis of the RC school (I assume we are not discussing the parochial schools of, say, the Missouri Synod Lutheran Church) kid transfers who turned up in my public school that the former had way lower standards. Until I was in junior high school and one of them turned up who was actually ahead of us. It was subsequently asserted that most of the so-called transfers were actually drop-outs, i.e., dopes. I'm sure that parochial school standards differ as widely from school or place as do public school ones. Nethetheless, as far as my hometown (Yonkers) went, I still believe that the RC standards were then lower. On the other hand, ahem, it seems universally recognized that the standards of the Jewish "day schools" are higher. The religious courses they give are a lot more complex than the Baltimore Catechism and dopes tend to drop out much faster.

Re Customs: In 1951 there was a sign in the customs shed at Famagusta, Cyprus saying, "Pondicherry rupees and Newfoundland dollars may be brought into the country in unlimited quantities." Both of these unlikely items are of course no longer current, Pondicherry having joined India and Newfoundland, Canada. In fact, I rather think they were non-current in Dec. 51. Still, I had a vague thought of opening my suitcase and spilling out heaps and sheafs of them.

Chaucer, hey. If you can ever get from either Damon Knight, Lester del Rey or Mary Kornbluth (Lester had the typescript, Mary the tape) a copy of one I wrote at the 2nd Milford Conference.... All I recall is the opening: "A pauvre Damon quich y-highte Knighte/ Was whilom fallen in full sorè plighte./ His hair, once full, had mostly y-fall oute/" etc. and it had stfnal and critical allusions and don't bother.

←(The sentencing of that cannibal (was that Alfred G. Packer?) was indeed a memorable moment in the history of jurisprudence. I haven't got a better one to offer, but I am rather taken with the story of how Billy the Kid was once tried for and convicted of murder, and the judge, one Warren H. Bristol, pronounced sentence by saying, "It is the order of the court that you be taken to Lincoln and confined in jail until May thirteenth and that on that day, between the hours of sunrise and noon, you be hanged on a gallows until you are dead, dead, dead...." To which Billy is reputed to have replied, "And you can go to hell, hell, hell.")→

JOHN FOYSTER, P.O. Box 57, Drcuin, Victoria, Australia

As it's three or four years since I read any psychology seriously, I have to just mumble about Philip K. Dick's article. I can't help wondering whether there is some connection between his interest in fandom and this recent spate of novels. In general the article seems well thought out, but my recollection of Jan Ehrenwald was not that he was exactly in the mid-stream of orthodoxy. On the other hand, I read the work of his (which name now escapes me) rather more than four years ago, so maybe I'm wrong -- a Dell paperback, it was. As it happens, I've just experienced a "negative hallucination," and it is uncanny. A couple of days ago one of the other teachers at school died. I knew that the death notice would appear in yesterday morning's paper, but when I looked -- and I looked three or four times, from surprise -- I couldn't find it. Later it had to be pointed out to me. I am not in the habit of having partial blindness, but I suspect that I couldn't bring myself to the idea of his death and this was a way out. Finally, I feel that Dick's ideas would only apply to lower forms of "mysticism" (which he admits was only dragged in for bravado) as, as Underhill states, auditory and visual hallucinations make up the mystic experience for the less intelligent believer. One might see this as buttressing Dick's thought, however, if we regard the true mystic experience as a higher consciousness based on non-standard senses.

←(I'm not sure why you have the idea that there might be some connection between Phil's recent novels and his contact with fandom, but in any case the fact is that most of the novels you've seen were written before he got mixed up with fandom in Berkeley -- which contact occurred when he recently moved to Oakland from Point Reyes Station, a comparatively isolated town north of San Francisco. (And by the way, Phil

had had at least some contact with fandom in years past -- he was at the SFCon in 1954, for instance, and had an article in Cliff Gould's OBLIQUE a couple years later.)

{(I suppose what you may have meant by suggesting a connection between Phil's novels and his experiences with fandom was that his preoccupation with questions of reality and unreality might have been influenced by observing fans in action. This doesn't seem to have been the case, but it's a lovely notion all the same. Fandom as a miniature society would be a sort of complicated Perky Pat layout, and I envision something like Palmer Eldritch at the Pacificon, with committeemen rushing around shouting, "What is reality? What is reality?" while Palmer Eldritch, in a thousand guises, sneaks into the convention hall without a membership badge. Oh, it's a beautiful concept; sometimes I wish Carl Brandon were still alive....)}>

VIC RYAN, 2309 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois

Thankee for LIGHTHOUSE. I enjoyed And Then I Didn't Write precisely because you did, of course, although there was one quote ("What to tell your child before bomb goes off") that's reminiscent of my all-time favorite bit of reporting. That was a directive to Cook County (Ill.) Jail, picked up by the New Yorker. It said, in effect, that following a nuclear attack, the jail inmates, who had been released prior to the bombing, were to be rounded up again as quickly as possible. Good, clear planning for possible exigencies, I thought.

Re Dick's article: It's "psychotomimetic" drugs, or psychedelics, or hallucinogens/hallucinogenic drugs. And they make miserable mob-controllers, it'd appear. The visions of whole populations sitting quietly in the gutter, having beautiful, transcendent experiences while the enemy forces move in is simply untrue; mass administration of the psychedelics would lead to incredible panic, carelessness, destruction. This is pretty clearly demonstrated by Sidney Cohen's BEYOND WITHIN, a highly interesting book that I'd recommend unreservedly.

Dick's article both puzzled and annoyed me. For all its theoretical sophistication, it's full of ambiguities and downright inaccuracies. For one, while it is true that the hallucinating subject actually does see things, not merely thinks he sees them, this doesn't necessarily mean the objective inaccuracy arises outside the brain. Quite the contrary. Even synesthesias -- that odd phenomenon of sensory "crossover," where a person will taste colors or see sounds -- occurs, apparently, in the cortex, not in the ascending sense pathways. For another, his is the only contention I've ever seen that a schizophrenic's "private language" can be comprehended very thoroughly at all, let alone that the psychotic is as therapeutically amenable as the neurotic. The notion that tinkering with someone's neurosis may unearth a psychosis is as ancient and unsophisticated as the one which says: cure a hysteric of his tic or smoking or whatever, and the symptom will "pop out" again somewhere else, as a twitch or some such thing; that's a carry-over from Freud's (among others) hydraulic model, and not a very useful one at that. The Kantian view of the impossibility of naive perception is not, as I'm sure he must realize, "universally accepted"; Nietzsche, among others, offers a very viable alternative. "Trained M.D. psychiatrists" is a double-redundancy. And so on.

Above and beyond that, though, I felt his whole contention full of hot water and strained semantic connections. I've been researching a thesis on the psychedelic drugs for a year now, done virtually all the reading there is on them, on psychopathy and organic deliria and hallucinations, and still I can't really follow what he's trying to say. I haven't read the Ehrenwald book -- hadn't even heard of it, which is considerably more surprising -- but I have an idea what I might think of it.

Even if delusions are "accurate" perceptions of generally extrasensory data; even if the problem in hallucination is overly-acute perception -- what the hell difference does it make? Leary and Alpert would contend that a world where everyone experienced these acutities would be better off, but until they are a common, pervasive situation, then they'll continue to be aberrant. That may not be much of a justification for social ostracism and "imprisonment," but it's been used in the past and will continue to be. If nothing else, a paranoid simply isn't able to function, whether

his disorder is the result of cognitive or perceptual disturbances.

I really wonder about his contention, other than on these pragmatic grounds. For one thing, hallucinations occur reliably precisely when there is no external stimulation -- in sensory deprivation experiments. For another, work in "priming" a sense modality -- visual with flickering lights or kaleidoscopic colors, auditory with clicks, etc. -- has indicated there are definite synaptic limits to such things; that a peak stimulation can be achieved, equal to the shortest refractory period of the neuron involved. When this limit is reached, when the cell simply can't fire any faster -- there still isn't any evidence for hallucinations or bizarre ideology.

{(Who the hell says a paranoid isn't able to function? Stop making cracks like that, or next time I'll cut your letter.)}

BERYL HENLEY, 59 The Fearnings, Crabbs Cross, Redditch, Worcs., England

I found Philip Dick's article absorbing. I was rather surprised, though, to find no mention of Ron Hubbard here. Instead, Ron turns up in Cynthia Goldstone's letter about Jack Parsons, and Scientology is mentioned in your comments on SYNAPSE. I'd have thought Mr. Dick (or may I call him Phil?) would have included Ron's theories along with those of Ehrenwald, for Scientology postulates that all physical "reality," as we see and know it, is a series of "agreed-upon considerations".

I wonder, by the way, how the world as seen by animals differs from the world we see. Many animals are colour-blind; if we could communicate with them as we do with each other, how would we convey to them the concept of colour? And what, I also wonder, do animals perhaps see that we don't? Why do dogs sometimes bristle and snarl at nothing? Nothing that we can see, that is. Remember the "cobblies" in Clifford Simak's CITY?

I note that Lewis J. Grant says (of Teilhard and Fuller), "Both have sort of a metaphysical viewpoint about materials and natural laws." I quote from C. E. M. Joad's GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY: "A contemporary philosopher describes most systems of metaphysics as variations on the theme of cosmic lying."

{(As for communicating with color-blind animals, it seems to me it would be about the same as with color-blind humans. Wouldn't it? And yes, I do indeed remember Simak's cobblies; in fact, around Berkeley fandom when I was there, the bristling and hissing of animals at nothing was commonly called "cobbling". Phil Dick has obviously considered the question, too -- one of his first short stories was a lovely little thing titled Roog -- that being the name dogs had for the aliens they saw. That's why the dogs would leap up, barking. "Roog! Roog! Roog!"

{(Anyway, onward and upward to comments on Lths 12:)} }

JIM CAUGHRAN, 414 Lawrence Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan

I fear Gina Clarke's article may start a discussion of Tolkien going. This is evil; Tolkien as a discussion topic is almost as bad as Coventry. And besides, what does it have to do with science fiction?

My god, I wish children would quit growing up. I did a doubletake when I came across Willis' mention of his 17-year-old daughter. I remember Carol Willis from the pages of HYPHEN, a cute 7-year-old who took fandom for granted and said cute things like "Those are fanzines, silly," to her playmates. Seventeen? My god.

Re your anecdote about the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way: I was married in that Church too, you know. It happened at the 1963 Westercon. Bjo and I were walking through the lobby, and someone (Norm Metcalf?) ran up and said, "Why don't you and Susan get married in the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way?" So I said to Donaho, who was sitting in the lobby in front of us, "Marry us," clutching Bjo. Donaho leaned back in his pontifical majesty and said, "So you're married."

{(That raises an interesting theological question: does the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way condone polygamy? And, perhaps more important, does it recognize Mexican divorces?)}

LEN BAILES, 1729 Lansdale Drive, Charlotte, North Carolina, 28205

I know just how Redd Boggs must have felt when he tried to buy a bottle of correction fluid from A.B.Dick. I once tried to buy a ream of paper from them, and I didn't get out of the store until I had almost enough sales slips, receipts and things to make two reams. Damn paper had terrible showthrough, too.

In answer to your comment to Leeh; a number of us younger fen are discovering the great old radio dramas secondhand. The Shadow, The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, etc. are all back on radio. I do remember listening to Lights Out! over the radio. And, of course, I was a faithful devotee of Space Patrol back in the early fifties. As late as 1955-56 there were still space opera type shows. Capt. Star, an incredibly bad imitation of the old Buz Corry stuff, managed to last till I was almost in junior high school. In fact, I distinctly remember hearing The Shadow when I was around 4-5 years old. I also used to listen to all those soap operas. My biggest regret is never having heard Little Orphan Annie over the radio. I've been following the comic strip ever since I learned how to read, and it's hard to imagine that the thing has a history almost twice as long from before I started reading it.

THOMAS M. DISCH, 334 East 11th Street, New York, N.Y., 10003

Thank you for the LIGHTHOUSEs. I am quite startled that a fan magazine should be so intelligent; where do you get the time or the energy or, above all, the good will? I can understand amateurs laboring so much for love, but you and most of your contributors have seen your name in print, and so your disinterestedness can't really be called into question. I especially appreciated your account of the New Year's party at Damon's, and belatedly I've made my own contribution to the genre -- an lp record of Moo Moosic, including Moo River, Moo Indigo, Moo of Alabama, etc. etc. I wish I'd been at that party; I spent New Year's on my lonesome in Amecameca, Mexico, though I did have a Christmas holiday of sorts in Vera Cruz. The Mexican family at whose house I was a guest began the dinner with each person at the table singing a carol. I, as a guest, was first. I was terribly flustered because I'm morbid about my singing voice and hate to use it except when my privacy is unquestionable and so my subconscious came to the fore -- and I sang White Christmas to them. Halfway through it I realized how gauche a choice this was and almost broke down in embarrassment.

Saw, at the library here, the anthology you coedited with Don Wollheim, and read it through. Especially liked Norman Kagan's piece. Made me glad I'm not a neurotic mathematician, just a sober, steady free-lance writer. On the basis of that story, I bought a new F&SF with something by him along similar lines but even more bitter and Jeremicac. Also liked stories by Brunner and Free. It is obvious, I think, that I like stories that are like my stories. A difficult prejudice to escape. But I'm afraid my literary criticism has not improved much since my sixth-grade book reports: "I liked this book. It was very funny and exciting. I recommend it to anyone else who likes books about space ships too."

Oklahoma isn't the only place where you can't get to decent movies. I went all over Mexico City one day, and ended up choosing between Becket or Quo Vadis. I should have seen Quo Vadis. Culturally, Mexico never left the Forties. A Mexican censor recently banned a stage production of Orpheus Descending. Abstract painters are considered public enemies. Decals and Walt Disney are chic. The television shows are unspeakable; The Beverly Hillbillies are Congreve by comparison.

Who is Dorcas of "Dorcas Lives"? I know I know, and I become upset that I don't remember. Is this evidently Freudian? I fear I should never have asked.

⌞(Dorcas Bagby is the lady referred to in that line, but I doubt you really remember her, since she's strictly a fan gag: supposedly the author of a few novels and short stories written around the turn of the century before she unfortunately had to be sent to a rest home, she's sort of the ultimate "in" writer, mainly because neither she nor her books ever existed. Various learned monographs have been published in fandom about her, nonetheless, all of them written with remarkably straight face. You must have been thinking of a different Dorcas.)⌟

ALLAN HOWARD, 157 Grafton Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, 07104

I found Gina Clarke's conclusions on Tolkien to be most interesting, even handicapped as I am by never having gotten around to reading the Ring Trilogy. If I ever do read it I'll probably approach it with extreme suspicion, attempting to find homosexual symbolism under every rock and down in every cave. Now I wonder if Gina's article has forever spoiled the Trilogy for me as the straight fantasy and adventure I had looked forward to reading.

Also read your "comments on comments" with much interest. In your comments to Harry Warner re his history of fandom you quote him as saying, "The ESFA staged a half-day con in his (Henry Kuttner's) honor. The only person there who struck a jarring note by deprecating Kuttner dropped dead hours later." You comment that Warner could have at least mentioned the name of the man who did so. The name of the man, of course, was Cyril M. Kornbluth. And as for his deprecating Kuttner (as a writer), he did just that. However, I would like to point out that this March 1958 open meeting of ESFA was not specifically held in honor of Henry Kuttner; the featured speakers were Robert A. Heinlein and Willy Ley. The meeting announcements said there would also be "a panel evaluating the works of the late Henry Kuttner." So the affair was not necessarily held to praise Kuttner. Kornbluth was certainly entitled to express his honest opinion, even though against Kuttner. Others on that panel were Larry Shaw, L. Sprague de Camp, and the late Dr. Thomas S. Gardner. Heinlein, though not on the panel, had some nice things to say about Kuttner also. Warner is merely using journalistic license for effect when he says that Kornbluth died "hours later". It was actually three weeks later.

←(Thanks for the corrections, which I'm sure Harry will note. Since publishing my comment to Harry I've also found that a transcript of most of that Kuttner panel appeared in a fanzine, Mike McInerney's HKLPLOD, a few years ago; probably Harry got his information from that publication.

←(Don't worry about Gina's article spoiling the Tolkien trilogy, by the way. I found that the homosexual symbolism, if such it really is -- Gina was less than entirely serious, you know -- was distracting only in sections which I wouldn't have liked anyway. The real quality of the books lies elsewhere.)→

TOM PERRY, 4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska, 68111

The most surprising thing in the Willis column was his offhand mention that his daughter Carol is 17 years old. I've been thinking of her as eight or nine right along; that's how old she was, you know, when I gaffiated some years back. My whole attitude toward modern-day fandom is similarly warped because I can't seem to adjust to the fact that fandom changed almost as much as I did in those years. I've been garnering back issues of the important fmz and reading them, and that's helped some.

But aside from this personal reaction there's one that may be more common, at least to Americans: that any home with a 17-yr-old girl in it would tend to be dominated by her, just as teenage girls dominate American homes on tv and, to a somewhat lesser extent, in real life. Of course it's impossible for a fan to think of it this way, but I wonder what Carol's boyfriends think of her father.

Gina Clarke's article was a joy to me, not only because I've always wondered what the hell Tolkien was all about, but because I suggested she do the review that way. When she submitted the original version of the article to me it was based on the assumption the reader knew his Tolkien; I sent it back, making encouraging noises and asking her to rewrite it for the Tolkien non-reader. And she has, even using some of the very phrasings I suggested; which goes to show that the contributor, at least, can profit by an editor's suggestions.

Just for The Record, though, I'd better point out that it was not "Woolcott" who wrote "Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind" -- it wasn't even Woolcott. It was Wolcott Gibbs, who also wrote the devastating Profile of Woolcott in The New Yorker.

LeeH will probably tell you, but in case she doesn't, I'll mention that the

Sonny Tufts joke goes further back than the species of name-joke you mention. A radio announcer was reading the names of a cast he had just identified as sterling actors, and when he came to Tufts he did a doubletake and repeated: "Sonny Tufts?!" This became a Hollywood joke, the line being tossed in any old where -- especially when an actor or actress missed a cue in rehearsal or shooting.

I'm glad you wondered about it, though, since your interpretation brings forth a line of funny jokes I hadn't heard before. A few years back a friend who was at the time a minor actor (he now operates a computer) told me John Wayne was a homosexual and I made unbelieving comments (like: "John Wayne? John Wayne! JOHN WAYNE!"). Shortly thereafter, though, I came across a nasty review of a John Wayne movie in Newsweek in which the reviewer went out of his way to make a remark like: "Wayne is merely a faggot when compared to the great torch of stars like..." Now I halfway believe it. If Bruce Wayne is, why not John

Carol's piece on apathy was very good indeed. It contrasts nicely with Willis' mention of being shocked by the Dick Van Dyke show. There is some ambiguity in the American code as to when informing is being a Good Citizen and when it is being a tattletale or stoolpigeon. To me, a more remarkable case is that of the Negro man who found a huge amount of cash (several hundred thousand, I believe) in a sack on the street. He turned it in -- the story made the news wires -- and he started getting letters calling him stupid. He must have deeply disturbed the fantasies of people who would like to find wealth on the street someday, and were reminded by his action (he even turned down a \$10,000 reward, I recall now) that it really wouldn't be honest to take it home.

⌞(Since I seem to detect a note of asperity in your remarks on Gina's rewriting her article largely according to your suggestions and then giving it to me to publish, let me get her off the hook by explaining that I made a special trip to Aylmer in order to steal that article. Gina showed it to me while Carol and I were there for the Queebcon last November, and I laughed and chortled so much that it turned her head; egoboo in person is, after all, more powerful than through the mails. She told me at the time that she was going to write something else for you.

⌞(However, since she did use some of your editorial suggestions, I offer belated recognition in declaring that you were a Genuine Coeditor of LIGHTHOUSE for the 12th issue. Good God, sir, what higher honor could you wish?)⌘

ANDY ZERBE, P. O. Box 6206, Montgomery, Alabama, 36106

Was interested in Ted White's article on westerns. I discovered the field a long time ago. I'm not sure which came first, westerns or science fiction. I think I started out on both at the same time, then came to concentrate on westerns because most libraries didn't have many s-f books and I didn't have the money to buy them. Then when I was old enough to get a part time job I concentrated on s-f and practically dropped westerns altogether except for the free ones I could get at the library by exchanging my s-f paperbacks for western ones. Lately I've been going back to westerns more and more. I occasionally buy new ones, but prefer to pick up paperbacks at the used-book store. The thing to do here is look for the oldest paperbacks you can find; usually they're the best. I get a lot of fun out of trying to keep series westerns straight in my mind and in proper chronological order. Is Frosty Fergerson Rainbow Rhodes or Rainbow Ripley's partner? Or maybe Hashknife Hartley's? Remember that Pat Stevens and Sam Sloan have been married early in the series and had their wives killed off. The stories with them unmarried are the recent ones. Odd, but lots of western authors who write series have their hero get married at least once and then after a few books kill off the little woman.

By the way, the fact that Ranch Romances is still around after all the other pulps have disappeared says something for it. It usually does have at least one good story in it per issue. Often it has more. I guess with it being the only market left for western shorts it can pick and chose the best.

HARIAN ELLISON, 2313 Bushrod Lane, Los Angeles, California, 90024

LIGHTHOUSE 12 had any number of fascinating stuffs in it, not the least of which was Carol's lovely column. The cooking recipes flattened me. I am a sucker for reductio ad absurdum.

The Gina Clarke piece was presumptuous, fatuous, and a classic example of arguing from distortion. Gina Clarke -- if she was serious, and I find it difficult to believe she could have been -- might do well to have her cortex tapped. (But then, fans of a certain specie, I have always found, are more chauvenistic examples of the kind of infra-hip posture you find in the hangers-on at in-group coffee houses, the Brasserie early in the morning, Jim Downey's around dinnertime. The kind who have their own anthracite-eyed chicks in attendance, who give you that salamander stare when you walk in, who make you feel you have blown your cool even before you open your mouth and blow **it on your own**. They are the japerfen, the ones who think it is the ultimate in hipness to put a large group on, and then at the last minute reveal it was all a shuck. This has seemed to me, on the contrary, a hideous conceit on their part, a sneering attitude, one couched firmly in disrespect and disdain for those they are honking. If the Clarke piece was such a shuck, I find it in bad taste. And I've never been particularly killed by the Tolkien stuff, either, so you can't really say I'm arguing out of love of The Master.)

Willis is the sanest, most rational man in the world.

As to your opinion of my Hitchcock show, I can't say I disagree too violently. I was not happy with it myself, but the demands of the network ex post facto were mind-blotting. But having written it the best way I knew how, they kept it off the air for almost two years, and when finally they decided to use it, they brought in another writer who butchered the script. When I squawked, threatened to sue because it was autobiography, and demanded they allow me to rewrite it again, two years later, it became simply a matter of the show ever being done, or being permanently shelved because my artistic and narcissistic vanity had been injured. So I rewrit it as best I could, and it went on. It drew unanimous praise from every television critic in the country, and I've found that most of the carps came from people who either knew me personally, knew what it had really been like in Red Hook, or had read the book. As an hour's entertainment, they tell me, it drew the highest ratings of the Hitchcock season. None of which detracts from the truth of the remark that it was not a very good show. It is not one I call attention to.

But then, I've come to a conclusion (however fallacious, it seems workable) anent your feelings about my writing. You don't like it. While occasionally I may rise high enough in scope or craftsmanship to draw a scrupulously-fair nod of approbation from you, in the main you find my work sententious, overblown, badly-constructed, hastily-written, ill-conceived and far too emotional. I understand your feelings. I'm sorry I can't be too upset about them. I don't write specifically for you. I'm not sure exactly who I do write for. But I'm sure it isn't you. Of this I am sure, however: as you get more successful in the professional circle, you will become more and more certain you are right about me and my writing. It is inevitable. I could try and carp loudly about your tunnel vision, but I don't think that's where it's at. I think you are sincere, and I'm willing to respect that. But on the other hand, I didn't care too much for WARLORD OF KOR, either. I wish I had a fanzine and sixty-some friends to tell how little I cared for WARLORD OF KOR. But it doesn't seem important, somehow.

I'm by no means as cool as you, Terry. Or perhaps I feel there are more important things in this world to rail against than an inept first novel or a slapdash television show.

{(As I recall, I devoted maybe half a dozen lines in the middle of my mailing comments to saying I didn't care for the show; it certainly wasn't meant to be a major critique. At any rate, you're welcome to dislike WARLORD OF KOR in return, or even on general principles, and perhaps I've satisfied some of your craving for expression by printing your remarks on the book...to a circulation of more like two hundred than sixty-some, by the way.)}

LEE HOFFMAN, Basement, 54 East 7th Street, New York, N.Y., 10003

Enclosed are stencils with illos for Ted's article. The gun is a Colt Improved Model Pocket Pistol of 1849, .31 caliber, with the 5" barrel. It is a five-shooter, rather than the better known six-shooter. Also known by the popular nickname of the Wells Fargo pistol, if memory serves me correctly. This particular one is a special order model, since the square back trigger guard is not common on this model.

They're all against me -- everyone -- everything! When I started to cut the stencils I dragged out my empty picture frame and the old wall lamp I use for a light box. The lamp was scavenged off a friend who is a good mechanic intellectually, but a little sloppy manually. Anyway, his wire-splice blew up when I plugged it in. Then I found roaches in my shading plates (eating them, I think), and just now as I was typing the electricity to the typer went out. This proved to have to do with the ceiling socket in the bone room. Just what was wrong I haven't figured out yet, because when I went to change the socket it went back into operation. I trust it is anticipating even viler deeds, like burning the house down while I'm at work tomorrow. I'm worried.

{(It's all an elaborate blind to distract you while They steal your copies of FANHISTORY. As I warned you last issue, you can't lower your guard for an instant.)}

BANKS MEBANE, 6901 Strathmore Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland, 20015

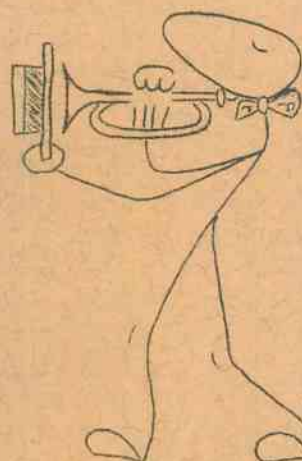
Gina Clarke's amusing article is an apt parody of the sort of thing that would result if the veddy lit'ry journals ever get their hands on Tolkien. Or maybe they have already, I wouldn't know -- I swore off 'em years ago. Gina's piece reminds me of THE POOH PERPLEX, the best hatchet-job I've seen done on the way-out critics.

Anent the G's and S's: Sam is also Gangee, and Gollom is also Smeagol. This symbolism is so rich and strange that I am starting an exhaustive monograph analyzing the matter simultaneously from the Jungian and Hegelian viewpoints, as re-interpreted by Sartre. Watch for the first installment of this massive treatise in the next issue of The Preciose Quarterly.

I'm very interested in finding out how Carol's attempt to give up smoking works out, since I gave it up myself for ten days not long ago. The first two days were gruesome with nicotine-withdrawal (I'd smoked two to three packs a day for twenty years), but then three days of near-euphoria occurred: I found out what food and drink tasted like again for the first time in years, and annoyed my smoking friends with comments on how I'd kicked the "nasty, filthy habit". But then irritations began to accumulate: the constant frustration of unconsciously reaching for a pack that wasn't there, the sense of unreality in situations in which I usually smoked but wasn't doing so. My attention span shortened alarmingly, and I grew self-centered and short-tempered.-- just the sort of personality change that often occurs with a serious illness. Apparently my smoking habit patterns were so deeply ingrained that they were an integral part of what Bob Lichtman would call my "reality structure," and to continue not smoking would require a complete reconstruction of my personality. Finally on the evening of the tenth day, I was sitting with a girl at a table in a cocktail lounge and I suddenly realized I was about to start a bitter argument for no reason at all; instead, I took a cigarette out of her pack and lit up. Smoking that first weed in ten days was one of the most sublime sensual experiences I've ever had.

{(Carol's continued her smoking-but-not-inhaling program for five months now, and says she feels fine. These days she smokes considerably less, too -- she forgets to light up, even after a meal or coffee or something. Spurred by her initial success, I quit inhaling a week after she did, and I've stuck with it too. I still smoke as many cigarettes as ever, though.

{(I mentioned that "sense of unreality in situations in which I usually smoked but wasn't doing so" to someone at a party, and cited the case of holding a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. "What would I do with my other hand if I couldn't have a cigarette in it?" I asked. "Why not hold another drink in it?" he asked.)}



TAILGATE RAMBLE

THE CLOUDY CRYSTAL BALL:

LIGHTHOUSE isn't ordinarily given to reprinting items from old fanzines, but I'm going to start this column off this time with such a reprint. It's a piece that I wrote back in 1960 -- an installment of my column Fandom Harvest which appeared in the May issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS that year. The reason for its resurrection now is that in that column I tried to predict what fandom would be like five years afterward -- in 1965, in other words -- and rereading the column now might be diverting for many of you.

The column follows:

*** *** ***

In one of last year's columns, I started off on the subject of the future of fandom; I believe it was something John Berry had written which occasioned that topic. I was bemused and somewhat puzzled when I recently reread what I'd written on the subject: I'd started off in a casually serious tone, saying that the future of fandom was fascinating to contemplate, and it seemed like I was going to go on and make some serious predictions as to what might happen in fandom in the future -- but instead, I made some ridiculous, flighty suggestions like FAPA growing old and dying, and the N3F someday amounting to something, and like that.

I'm sure all sincere fans were disappointed by my frivolity on that occasion, just as I was myself when I reread it, so this month I'd like to return to the topic, and discuss it as intelligently as I can.

The future of fandom really is a fascinating subject, you know; fandom has changed immensely in the past thirty years, and with the accelerating rate of change in the world around us it looks like it will change even more in the next thirty. I'd like to make a few predictions here concerning the state of fannish affairs a few years hence, but I think I'll limit myself to predicting only five years forward; for one thing, it would be foolhardy to try to look much further ahead, and for another, I'm only doing this for the hell of it and I'd like to be able to reread and check on the accuracy of my predictions before my eyesight grows dim from old age and riotous living.

Okay, then -- Fandom, 1965:

Let's begin with the broader aspects. It's becoming more and more obvious that science fiction as a major magazine field is a thing of the past; as I write this there are only four publishers active in the U.S. field, with a mere six titles. There isn't a fan-column in a one of them, nor a single lettercolumn that can compare with those of the great days of fan&pro symbiosis, the '40's. It's quite natural,

too: when you're fighting for sales, you don't cater to a handful of cynical "experts" who criticize your faults so much that it's hard to realize that instead of being stf-haters they're really such sincere fans that they want the field to be as good as possible.

I don't expect stfmags to climb very far out of the financial troubles they're in now (they're due to a number of outside influences, too many of which seem permanent), and I don't expect stfmags to go back to paying much attention to fandom, so I suspect that fandom will be a bit smaller in 1965 than it is now. But I don't look for the extinction of fandom by that time, because fandom simply isn't completely dependent on the pros for new blood, no matter what cries of doom have been appearing lately. Moreover, fandom seems to have reached the point where it has picked up a fairly large number of non-gafiatory members -- those fans who have already proven their willingness and intention to stay around permanently. Fandom simply isn't a group which must replace each departing member with a new convert in order to remain in existence; there's a sizeable hardcore which can be expected to be around five years from now, or ten or fifteen or as long as there's a fandom to be a member of. (I think it was Jim Caughran who recently pointed out to me that the problem of the overlong FAPA waitinglist won't abate much in the future, because FAPA has many members who will probably be permanent, and there are fewer and fewer memberships which will be open to turnover every year; the same situation prevails in general fandom, though of course there's no membership limit.)

1965, then, will see a somewhat smaller fandom than we have now, but still an active one which will be far from the edge of extinction. And, given the prozines' ignoring fandom, I doubt that fandom will be paying too much attention to the pros. Probably there'll still be a fair amount of talk about science fiction, but never again the stf-centeredness that prevailed in the '40's; it's becoming more and more obvious that fandom is not a fangroup, despite that term, but a group of writers, publishers and partiers congregated in a sprawling, anarchic society. That's an important distinction.

Considering this, I imagine the apas will be about as active and important in 1965 fandom as they are now. The only questionmarks are the Cult and the NFFF Apa. The Cult is an unstable group with very little purpose, actually; it fulfills no purpose in fandom that isn't fulfilled elsewhere, and exists only because its members find it enjoyable. As soon as the Cult hits a protracted spell of inactivity and/or loss of interest by most of the membership coincidentally or otherwise, then the Cult will disappear from the fan scene. The N'APA is a different matter, a very intriguing group. I doubt that the N3F itself will be as prominent in 1965 as it is now; after all, the type of fan who is attracted to the N3F is the type who is gradually but surely disappearing from fandom: the collector, the avid reader, the fan who just wants to correspond with other readers of stf. (This type of fan usually lives in an isolated area). The N3F attracts this type of person because it has something worthwhile to offer him -- the roundrobin-letter groups, etc. -- but if a fan's interests are wider or more compelling than these, he usually moves on to general fandom and gets interested in writing, discussions of a more wide-open nature, and the whole fan social scene. I think the collectors disappeared because of the incredible boom in stf publishing and the people who were burning to discuss stf and stf alone disappeared because stf, for better or worse, began to get literary and commercial and even a bit respected generally, so the feeling of apartness from nonstfreaders became less acute -- one could actually discuss with a nonfan an interesting idea that was in a recent stf novel, even if the nonreader had no interest in the novel itself, because suddenly the nonfan were willing maybe to pay attention to a stf-writer's idea, if it was interesting; stf, its writers and its fans were no longer in automatic disgrace. These are the reasons why the N3F type of fan has been slowly disappearing from fandom. And I don't think the situation will be lessened by 1965.

Because even though there won't be many stfmags coming out in 1965, there'll be so many back issues to collect that anyone who might be considering collecting seriously will give it up as an impossible task; and though stf won't have a huge readership then, still it won't be sneered at either (I don't think stf will ever be

widely sneered at again), and that will mean that the burning desire to seek one's kind which characterizes the fan-correspondent of the N3F type will be disappearing too. And that's why I say that the N3F will be on the wane by 1965.

But that doesn't necessarily mean that N'APA will be floundering. Apas are in for a good future, as I've already said, and all indications are that N'APA has a good future too, as long as it doesn't continue to be too dependent on the NFFF. Apa memberships are in demand now and will continue to be in demand, so I suspect that N'APA will be inundated with general-fandomites with little or no interest in the parent organization, and eventually N'APA will split away from the NFFF. And the apa will flourish while the NFFF itself draws in upon itself a circle of hardcore members and a few newcomers each year.

I've been writing so far with an eye primarily to U.S. fandom, but while I'm on the subject of apas I suppose I should take up OMPA and, by extension, British fandom in general. I think the stf drought in England is going to hit fandom fairly hard there; stf seems to be more a subject of discussion and interest in British fandom than it is over here, and we may suppose therefore that the health of the British stf field is more important to the health of British fandom, both as regards new fans coming into the fold and established fans maintaining interest. Of course, it's possible that the BSFA will do a lot to avert the consequences of the stf drought over there, but even the most optimistic estimate I can give to its effects still leaves British fandom in a much less healthy situation by 1965 than it enjoys now. And consequently I expect OMPA to see quite a few changes. The group has already been feeling the effects of apathy and fast turnover, and though it's pulling out of it now I suspect that this current revival is mostly a by-his-bootstraps situation with the members determined to get the apa back on its feet. Such a situation cannot be expected to last forever, and I imagine it will be long past by 1965, and that in the meantime OMPA will have undergone another decline, a lot of English fans will have dropped out, and their places on the roster will have been filled by fans on this side of the Atlantic. And so by 1965 I expect OMPA to be primarily a U.S. apa, like the rest of them.

I don't think there'll be quite as many fanzines published in 1965 as there are now, but that's only because (as I've already said) I think there will be fewer fans. The general fanpublishing scene will be much the same as it is now -- a fair amount of material about stf, but most of it concerning itself with things of just as diverse natures as jazz, sportscars, peyote, and A-bomb tests.

Perhaps I should expand on that. It seems to me that there is a trend in evidence today, and that it will continue and be quite noticeable by '65: the trend to material connected neither with stf nor "fannishness," but simply to subjects of interest. Mundane subjects today are covered mostly in mailing comments and letter-columns, rather than as articles and fiction and such -- but I've already said above that fandom is becoming primarily a social and journalistic group, and in five years this will probably be quite apparent. The social side will be covered by parties, conreports and the conventions themselves (oh, by the way -- the '65 worldcon will be held in Cincinnati), and the journalistic side will be characterized by articles and stories on all subjects imaginable -- including, of course, science fiction, because in a journalistic society the field of writing will always be at the center of interest, and science fiction will no doubt still be the favorite form of writing of fans and therefore the field most likely to be written about. But there will be articles about archaeology, cultural trends, politics, music, history in general, personal experiences of all types, personal philosophies, and the whole gamut of what man can find of interest. Fanzines will be well on the road to becoming the prime repositories of that literary form which is waning more and more in Mundane these days, the personal essay.

And that seems to cover the highpoints. Let's take a few particulars -- like, what fans will be prominent in 1965, what fanzines, what local fanclubs? In this instance I'm afraid I'll have to be completely intuitive in my predictions, so I won't bore and/or confuse you with the dubious methods with which I arrive at my conclusions.

Of the prime fancenters today, I'd say that only New York, London, Los Angeles and San Francisco are very likely to be prominent five years hence. Such current centers as Chicago, Cambridge, Detroit, and (yes, alas) Seattle will probably have only two or three fans each who will be at all prominent by then. Earl Kemp will still be around, active in SAPS but nowhere else; Jean Young may well be the only truly active fan left in Cambridge by then; Howard DeVore will be the only fan in Detroit who will be at all active above the minimum page-count requirements of some apa; and while the Busbies, G.M.Carr, and Wally Weber will no doubt still be around in '65 Seattle I doubt that there'll be a CRY OF THE NAMELESS or an active Nameless Ones or much of a group spirit at all.

Even the fancenters which will still be active will be largely unrecognizable by '65, probably. In New York, Ted White will be confining himself to the apas and Sylvia will be almost totally inactive, Bo Silverberg will be out of FAPA and thus will have severed his last continuing link with active fandom except for parties and such, and the bulk of the activity will be carried on by Belle Dietz and Les Gerber, who will be two of the top fans of that period. In London, Sandy Sanderson will have been gone from Inchmerry for a goodly length of time and both he and Ving Clarke will be pretty inactive; while Joy Clarke will be fairly active, probably issuing an irregular genzine in addition to her OMPazine; Arthur Thomson will be drawing only for local fanzines and a few others; George Locke will be completely out of fandom; Mal Ashworth will be quite active in both FAPA and OMPA but will be quitting most of his writing in genzines about that time. (The London Circle will be healthy and flourishing, but largely unheard of by fans on this side of the Big Pond, and any other clubs in the area will have merged with it before then.) In Los Angeles, Bjo and John Trimble will be hyperactive in the apas, but the only genzine activity from them will be cartoons by Bjo here and there; Ted Johnstone will be quite active in SAPS and general fandom, as will Bruce Pelz; Ron Ellik will be hyperactive in FAPA; the rest of LA fandom will probably be minimum-activitiers in apas or off the scene altogether except for IASFS meetings and some attendance at conventions. In the San Francisco Bay Area, Ron Ellik will have been back in LA for several years; the New York immigrants like Curran, the Ellingtons, the Castillos, etc. will have moved to other parts of California or back to New York; Miriam and I will be less active than now, though far from gaffiated; and Bill Donaho will probably be the most prominent fan around here, being the fan who will carry the Publishing Jiant torch.

Top fanzines of today which will still be around in 1965 will be HYPHEN, OOPSIA!, YANDRO, A BAS and maybe SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES: most of these will be quite irregular. Dick Eney will still be around, and Forry Ackerman of course, and Bloch and Tucker and Warner and Grennell and Leman and Rotsler and a whole lot of other fans of today. But it must be obvious by now that I've been listing all sorts of people going into semi-gafia or retiring into the apas or disappearing, and so maybe you're wondering where all the activity that I was talking about will be coming from. Well, always quick with a comeback, I reply: there will be new fans.

Yes, Virginia, there'll be new fans, even after the stfmags are almost completely ignoring fandom, even after stf itself has lapsed back into being a comparatively little-read form of fiction. There'll be new fans because fandom will be less cliquish and esoteric to outsiders (as explained above), because fans always have a tendency to try to drag their friends into fandom (an enjoyable pastime is almost always more enjoyable when shared, after all), and because even if the stfmags completely ignored fandom we'd still get new fans through the local clubs and especially the conventions. I seldom pay much attention to those who cry Doom and Woe and prophesy such things as the second coming of Degler, and in the case of those who say that fandom will wither and atrophy simply because the fan-columns in the prozines have faded away, I say Balderdash! (I say this for several reasons, not the least being that it's a lovely word to say. Try it sometime.)

Naturally, I can't tell you the names of these new-fans to come, nor the names of their fanzines, nor the articles they'll write, the cartoons and drawings they'll do, the feuds they'll wage, nor most of all the numbers of the fandoms they'll found and lead. I can only say that they'll come into fandom, even as you and I, and that

they'll have fun here -- which isn't such a startlingly daring prediction, I suppose; Nostradamus would be ashamed of me.

Come to think of it, though, there is one prediction I can make about these fans who will enter fandom between now and 1965: inevitably, some of them are going to get hold of this issue of CRY, and read this column, and laugh out loud.

I guess this has been the easiest bit of humor I've ever written.

*** *** ***

Taking a look at those predictions now, in 1965, I find them less uproarious than I'd expected. Not that I set any records for accurate forecasting, but at least I don't notice anything ludicrously shortsighted there.

Let's see...I was right about the continuance of the low ebb of science fiction in magazine form, right about the virtual disappearance of the completist collector among new fans, right about the importance of apas in fandom, and correct in general about the types of material to be found in 1965 fanzines. I did pretty well on some of those intuited predictions toward the end, too.

But though I was right about the s-f magazines, I failed to take into account the growing importance of s-f books, both hardcover and paperback. About the time I wrote that column, Tucker was complaining that fans didn't pay enough attention to books, saying that no matter how good a novel, if it wasn't serialized in a magazine it didn't stand a chance of getting a Hugo. Since then such non-serialized novels as STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE have taken the prize, and of this year's four nominees, two (THE WANDERER and THE WHOLE MAN) were paperback originals, and two (DAVY and THE PLANET BUYER) appeared in magazines not as serials but as separate stories in series. A comparison of the circulations of s-f magazines and paperbacks shows the average paperback outselling the magazine by 50 to 100%, and the Science Fiction Book Club, I'm told, can count on selling as many copies of most selections as did the average issue of Amazing or Worlds of Tomorrow last year.

Again, though I correctly foresaw the completist collector disappearing, I was wrong in thinking fandom as a whole would shrink. There are, if anything, more fans than ever today, despite the lack of much patronage from the prozines. It seems to prove that if fandom is at all accessible, fan types will find it -- they don't need neon signs; they'll sniff it out.

Further, while I projected a rosy future for apas in general, I sure as hell didn't expect the fantastic proliferation of new ones which have sprung up in the past few years. (And if anyone had even suggested anything like Apa F or Apa L to me then, I'd have punched him in the nose.' My comments on OMPA were similarly erratic in their accuracy: I was right that it would turn into primarily a U.S. apa, but I had no idea that the BSFA would prove so effective at recruiting new fans that by 1965 OMPA would be feeling the heady effects of massive doses of new British blood in its veins -- swinging back toward becoming mainly English again. And my remark that the Cult needed to find its own purpose in fandom proved true -- the group is still around because it finally did find a use for itself that no other apa could fulfill as well: today it's known as fandom's best medium for feuds.

In general, there was less change than I expected at the end of that five-year period. Fandom is becoming more and more stable -- a result of the tendency toward ossification of fan membership lists which I noted (and which I should have taken into account). There are more and more "permanent" fans every year, and these hardy perennials are usually big name fans who exert a good share of influence over the general tone of fandom. New fans tend to emulate, or even openly imitate, the Big Names, the fans who've attained stature through accomplishment -- and that usually means they follow the lead of experienced, "old guard" fans. An occasional Es Adams

or Calvin Demmon comes along and has an immediate effect, of course, but over the years it's the long-time fans who define fandom.

This "over the years" tendency to maintain a norm was another factor working in the smaller-than-expected amount of difference between Fandom 1960 and Fandom 1965. Even when my predictions of changes were right, they often proved to be short-term trends; things that I foresaw in 1960 happened by 1961 and were forgotten by 1962. The decline of British fandom and subsequent rebuilding under the BSFA is a good case in point here.

L. Sprague de Camp has said that it doesn't pay a prophet to get too specific, but I hit some nails right on the head when I lowered my gaze from lofty generalities. I was dead right about the fading of Chicago, Cambridge, Detroit and Seattle as major fan-centers, for instance; I was also correct in figuring CRY would have folded by 1965 but not YANDRO, that Ted White would be confining his fanac to the apas, that Bill Donaho would be the most prominent (that was the word I used) fan in Berkeley ...and I did a pretty good job on picking the '65 convention site, too. Allowing for the setback of a year in the rotation system occasioned by the con going to England, the prediction would be taken as for '66...and the TriCon, of which Cincinatti is one of the cooperating cities, is the odds-on favorite for next year. Elementary, my dear Jophan. (But please don't remind me of those predictions about Mal Ashworth being quite active in both FAPA and OMPA, Arthur Thomson drawing only for local fanzines, Belle Dietz being a top fan of 1965, A BAS a top fanzine, and so on -- nobody's perfect, and I'll forgive Mal, Arthur, Belle and Boyd for failing me.)

Well, now that we've assessed that attempt at prediction, are you interested in hearing some new ones? Want to hear what I think fandom will be like in 1970? Want to hear some more sage analyses of the Big Picture and further insightful guesses about the details?

Too bad if you do, because I've grown cautious in my more mature years. Old age and riotous living haven't laid me out yet, but I have developed more and more of a streak of conservatism as I've gone along. So the only prediction I'm about to make right now extends only three months or so into the future, to the next issue of LIGHTHOUSE.

I announced awhile back that I was going to serialize my TAFFtrip report in this journal of civilization, but I've since changed my mind. The trip report will be published as a totally separate volume, the proceeds of whose sale will of course go to TAFF...and, if all goes according to plan, Lths 14 will see the beginning of a serial you'll enjoy considerably more.

I won't tell you what it is, though. I'm not only cautious these days; I'm downright cagey.

EUROPE HO!

Speaking of TAFFtrip reports reminds me, for some reason, of TAFF. This is the first LIGHTHOUSE since the results of the election were announced, and I want to take the opportunity to broadcast vast amounts of thanks to those who voted for me. The results pleased me immensely (my candidate won), and even warmed a few of the cockles of my heart. After being cold-cockled when I ran the first time, the turnabout this year was especially gratifying, as you may imagine.

I got the results on the night of March 1 when Wally Weber called me from Huntsville, Alabama. He said, "Hello, Terry; this is Wally Weber." -- a standard opening if I ever heard one.

"Hello, Wally Weber," I shot back wittily. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," he said.

"That's good," I said. "Er...how am I?"

"You're fine. In fact, I think you're a TAFF winner. At least, you are if I've counted the ballots right, which I guarantee you I haven't. But anyway, you'll be able to go to England this year, if I can find where I put all the TAFF money. I'll write you all about it sometime."

On that reassuring note he went away, and I told Carol I'd won, and we whooped and laughed and danced the frug and the watusi and the thermometer for several minutes. Then our Friendly Nextdoor Neighbors the Dominos broke out a bottle of champagne and we all got quietly looped.

We've been busybusybusy making plans for the trip, and salting away money to make sure Carol can go too (this was accomplished mainly by my selling an s-f anthology to Doubleday), and writing to and phoning people all over the place to coordinate our plans with theirs. Pete Graham is going to England about the same time, as you can read elsewhere in this issue, and about once a week for the past three months he's come over to our place to spread out his maps and work out his latest itinerary and calendar. Planning his tour of England, Scotland and Ireland rapidly developed into a sort of elaborate board-game to which we became as addicted as some people are to Diplomacy. ("Let's see, you take a train to southern Wales on Monday, then bicycle back to Oxford, arriving Sunday. Then catch the overnight train for Edinburgh and bicycle to the west coast in the next three days. Catch the boat for Ireland on the tenth -- " "I can't." "Why not?" "I only rolled a seven.") We're considering putting the game on the market; we're waiting to hear from Parker Brothers now.

And, of course, Carol and I are excited about our own trip. As she wrote in a letter awhile back: "Ah, the continent. The singing nuns of fascist Spain, the indescribable taste of baked beans in Belgrade, the businessman's luncheon in Port Said, Moscow in the spring, the tweed growing on the heath in Ireland, the squirrels of Geneva, the peasant handicraft of London bobbies, boiled chicken in Versailles. I can't go on; I'm all choked up."

Lamentably, we won't be able to see quite all of that. We will be going to Paris and Ireland, though, in addition to London and Liverpool. We're meeting Boyd Raeburn, Al Lewis, Ron Ellik and Lois Lavender in Paris on the 19th of August, and the story of how we all got coordinated on that (if we are indeed coordinated now) is a tale to rival any saga of the movement of vast forces across uncharted continents. It involved long-distance phonecalls, telegrams, American Express addresses in Europe, mail strikes in Canada and all sorts of other skulduggery. But it looks like we will be able to get together in Paris -- which will be a good thing, since all the Parisians will be out of the city on vacation in August, and it will be nice to have someone to talk to, if only in English.

I've been looking at some New Francs lately, and in a way they're even more like Monopoly money than the English bills about which Pete writes in his column. The New Francs are in technicolor, for godsake. They're very attractive, really, although even in their decorating mood the French seem unable to get away from the idea that money is a terribly serious matter -- the bills have a typically dour portrait of somebody or other (not DeGaulle) on them, just like the bills of all nations. I think one day it's going to occur to some country to make its bills completely festive -- with engravings of wood nymphs, maybe, or bright-colored balloons over Westminster Abbey -- so that people will be conditioned to think of money as a

happy, carefree thing. Whichever country does this is going to find its economy reaching new highs as the people spend, spend, spend in an atmosphere of cheerful abandon.

I think maybe I'll suggest this to the officials in London when we get there (the French officials will be on vacation like the rest, of course). If I don't get thrown out of the country, maybe I'll see some of you at the con.

THAT CRAZY JANIE LAMB STUFF:

For awhile last year when I was writing a fanzine review column for MINAC, somebody in the N3F put me on the mailing list for THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN. I received several issues, and I was grateful for the opportunity to see what the club was doing. But it was all somewhat puzzling.

It struck me when I was reading through those issues of TNFF that it's a pity VOID is now moribund, because an article on the N3F would fit perfectly into VOID's series of "Other Fandoms" articles. For those of you who have forgotten or never saw VOID, I'll explain that the "Other Fandoms" articles covered fields of amateur fan activity that are in some ways analogous to our own fandom: coin collecting, circus fandom, The Baker Street Irregulars, record collecting, etc. The fascination of these articles, I suspect, lies mainly in the sense-of-wondrous shock of seeing ourselves a little bit as others must see us, for despite all the parallels with s-f fandom these other hobbies always seem strange and a bit crazy to us. Who, after all, would want to spend \$15.00 for a dusty old 78 rpm record of The Indiana Five playing Margie, when for that kind of money he could buy a dozen or more T. O'Connor Sloane Amazings? Who would go to the trouble of arranging for a club to ride in a 1907 cable car when it would be just as easy to promote a showing of the new George Pal movie for his fancub? Why should anyone toil for many hours over a small printing press to produce a magazine with nothing interesting to read in it, only some ambitious typographical experiments, when he could instead slap a stencil into his typewriter and turn out pages and pages of mailing comments? But then again...

Well, I got this kind of sense of wonder in reading those TNFFs, because as far as I'm concerned the N3F is a hobby unto itself which is no more similar to the fandom most of us know than stamp collecting or an international pen-pal club. To be sure, we have many things in common: N3F members have s-f writing contests, a project to index novels whose titles have been changed from magazine to hardcover to paperback appearances, and even its own amateur press association, N'APA. However, they also have esoteric things like a committee to send birthday cards to members, a round-robin correspondence bureau, and so on, and the general tone of the organization as nearly as I can make it out from its official organ is that of a group of middleaged women discussing how to grow begonias. I get a phantasmic vision of a Round Robin Azalea Committee, each member of which grows a plant, takes a slip from it and sends it on to the next member, who plants it in her own garden and then sends a slip from it to the next member, ad infinitum. Meanwhile their husbands, who belong to the club Indexing Committee, are busy preparing a complete listing of all national and local brands of fertilizer.

If this sounds unfair (and it should, because it is), take it as an illustration of my bewilderment in the face of an alien fan world which, like some classic alternate dimension in science fantasy, occasionally touches our own world when the stars are right and the music of the spheres is in tune.

CODA:

No mailing comments this issue, but the reason is simply lack of time. They'll be back next issue -- along with, I hope, missing columnists Walt Willis and Carol Carr.



FRANKENSTEIN, JR.