# lighthouse



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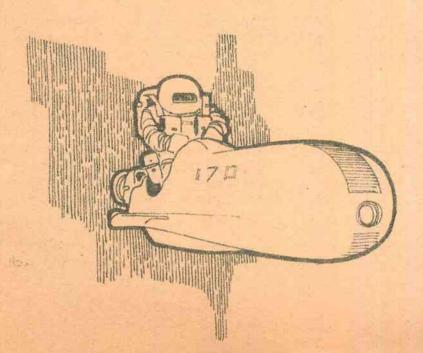
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#### PHILIP K. DICK

WILL THE ATOMIC
BOMB EVER BE
PERFECTED, AND
IF SO, WHAT BECOMES
OF ROBERT HEINLEIN?

Recently I took yet another dose of ISD-25, and as a result certain dull but persistent thoughts have come creeping into my head. I will herein retail a few of them, in chaotic form. If you find them all false, good for you. If you find them all true, good for you likewise.

The real origin of science fiction lay in the 17th century novels of exploration in fabulous lands. Therefore Jules Verne's story of travel to the moon is not s-f because they go by rocket but because of where they go. It would be as much s-f if they went by rubber band.

Very few s-f stories come true. Fortunately. Those such as  $\underline{\text{Waldo}}$  are freaks and prove nothing.

Because of present-day rocket travel to Mars et al, the general public is at last willing to accept s-f as reasonable. They have stopped laughing, but they have not started reading. They probably never will, because reading is too hard for them. But now we know that we were right. (Of course, we know that all along. But it's nice to see it proved.)

No one makes any real money off good -- I repeat, good -- s-f. This probably indicates that it has artistic worth. If Lorenzo de Medici were alive he would pick

up the tab for A. E. van Vogt, not for John Updike.

The best s-f novel I have read is Vonnegut's Player Piano. Because it actually deals with men-women relationships (Paul Proteus and his bitch of a wife). In this matter the book is unique in the field. Brave New World only seems to do this; 1984 in this regard is awful.

If I were to dredge up one s-f novel which, more than any others, would cause me to abandon s-f entirely, it is Robert Heinlein's <u>Gulf</u>. It strikes me as fascism pure and simple, and -- what is worse -- put forth unattractively. Bleh.

Heinlein has done more to harm s-f than has any other writer, I think -- with the possible exception of George O. Smith. The dialogue in Stranger in a Strange Land has to be read to be believed. "Give the little lady a box of cigars!" a character cries, meaning that the girl has said something which is correct. One wonders what the rejoinder would be if a truly inspired remark had to be answered, rather than a routine statement; it would probably burst the book's gizzard.

Once I read a terrific short story in <u>If</u> by an unknown writer named Robert Gilbert. It was poetry, beauty, love, perfection, and I wrote him and told him so. He wrote back and said he'd written the story while listening to Harry James records.

I started reading s-f in 1941. I'm old.

There is one accurate way -- and only one -- by which you can tell you are growing old. It is when the s-f magazines which you bought new on the stand at the time they came out have begun to turn the same yellow color as the ones you picked up as collectors' items from specialty dealers...i.e., already ancient.

Is it possible that Lovecraft saw the truth? That realms and wickedness such as he describes, for example in The Strange Case of Charles Dexter Ward, actually exist? Imagine taking a dose of LSD and finding yourself in Salem. You would go mad.

Religion ought never to show up in s-f except from a sociological standpoint, as in Gather, Darkness. God per se, as a character, ruins a good s-f story; and this is as true of my own stuff as anyone else's. Therefore I deplore my Palmer Eldritch book in that regard. But people who are a bit mystically inclined like it. I don't. I wish I had never written it; there are too many horrid forces loose in it. When I wrote it I had been taking certain chemicals and I could see the awful landscape which I depicted. But not now. Thank God. Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi.

Avram Davidson fascinates me -- as a person, I mean. He is a mixture of a little boy and a very wise old man, and his eyes always twinkle as if he were a defrocked Santa Claus. With beard dyed black.

I'll give anyone fifteen cents who can imagine Tony Boucher as a small boy. Obviously, Tony was always as he is now. But, even more difficult to imagine, is the strange truth that once there was no Tony Boucher at all. This is clearly impossible. I think there must always have been a Tony Boucher; if not the one we know then some other, very much like him.

I have written and sold twenty-three novels, and all are terrible except one. But I am not sure which one.

If Beethoven had lived just one additional year he would have entered a fourth period of his evolving talent. We can imagine this by listening to his last composition: the alternate ending for the 13th quartet. What we cannot imagine is --what about later, in his old age? Suppose he, like Verdi, like Haydn, had lived to

compose in his eighties. Under LSD I have a vision of a seventh or eighth period of Beethoven: string quartets with chorus and four soloists.

Out of all the s-f which I have read, one story still means more to me than any others; it is Harry Bates' Alas, All Thinking. It is the beginning and the end of literate science fiction. Alas.

For fifteen years, the entire period in which I have written s-f, I have never seen my agent or even talked to him on the phone. I wonder what sort of person he is, assuming he exists at all. When I call his number his receptionist says. "Mr. Meredith isn't here right now. Will you talk to Mr. Rib Frimble?" Or some such unlikely name. On the basis of that, in my next call I ask not for Mr. Meredith but for Mr. Frimble. Then the receptionist says, "Mr. Frimble is out, sir; will you talk to Mr. Dead?" And so it goes.

If I knew what a hallucination was I would know what reality was. I have examined the topic thoroughly, and I assert that it is impossible to have a hallucination; it goes against reason and common sense. Those who claim to have had them are probably lying. (I have had a few myself.)

Once in a while somebody in the neighborhood who is rich enough to own a hedge, and is always busily clipping it, asks me why I write s-f. I never have an answer. There are several other questions which get asked but which obtain no response at all from me. They are:

(one) Where do you get your plots?

(two) Do you put people you know into your stories?

(three) Why aren't you selling to Playboy? Everyone else is. I hear it pays a hell of a lot.

(four) Isn't science fiction mainly for kids?

Let me illustrate what I mean when I say I have no answer to these; I will do herein what I generally do.

(Answer to one:) Oh, well, plots; well, you can find them almost anywhere. I mean, there're a lot of plots. Say, talking to you gives me an idea for a plot. There's this humanoid superior mutant, see, who has to hide himself because the mass man has no understanding of him or his superior, evolved aims -- etc.

(Answer to two:) No.

(Answer to three:) I don't know. I guess I'm a failure. What other possibility can there be? And it was lousy of you to ask.

(Answer to four:) No, s-f is not for kids. Or maybe it is; I don't know who reads it. There's roughly one hundred and fifty thousand people who comprise the readership, and that's not a great number. And even if it does appeal to kids -- so what?

You can see how weak these answers are. And I've had fifteen years in which to think up better answers. Obviously I never will.

The TV news announcer says tonight that a 91 year old man has married a 92 year old woman. It is enough to bring tears to your eyes. What do they have in store for them? What chance is there, every time they close their eyes, that they will ever open them again? The small and unimportant silent creatures are far finer and worth a great deal more than Robert Heinlein will ever know.

Loneliness is the great curse that hangs over a writer. Awhile ago I wrote twelve novels in a row, plus fourteen magazine pieces. I did it out of loneliness; it constituted communication for me. At last the loneliness grew too great and I stopped writing; I left my then-wife and then-children and took a great journey. The

great journey ended up in Bay Area fandom, and for a short while I ceased to be lonely. Then it came back, late one night. Now I know it will never go away. This is my payment for twenty-three novels and one hundred magazine pieces. It's no one's fault. That's just the way it is.

My mother shows her love for me by clipping out certain magazine and newspaper articles, which she gives me. These articles prove that the tranquilizers which I take do permanent brain damage. It's nice, a mother's love.

Under LSD I saw radiant colors, especially the pinks and reds; they shone like God Himself. Is that what God is? Color? But at least this time I didn't have to die, go to hell, be tormented and then raised up by means of Christ's death on the cross into eternal salvation. As I said to J. G. Newkom when I was free of the drug, "I don't mind going through the Day of Judgment again, after I die, but I just hope it won't last so long." Under LSD you can spend 1.96 eternities, if not 2.08.

In fifteen years of professional writing I haven't gotten a jot or a tittle better. My first story, Roog, is as good as -- if not better than -- the five I did last month. This seems very strange to me, because certainly through all those years I've learned a good deal about writing...and in addition my general store of worldly wisdom has increased. Maybe there are only a given number of original ideas in each person; he uses them up and that is that. Like an old baseball player, he no longer has anything to offer. I will say one thing in favor of my writing, however, which I hope is true: I am original (except where I copy my own previous work). I no longer write "like Cyril Kornbluth" or "like A. E. van Vogt." But in that case I can no longer blame them for my faults.

A publisher in England asked me to write a blurb for a collection of my short stories. In this country someone else writes them, usually someone who has not read the book. I would like to have started the blurb by saying, "These dull and uninteresting stories..." etc. But I suppose I had better not.

Thus endeth my thoughts.

I was a member of the NAACP before it was camp.

JMG

Those who are familiar with geometric type reasoning ought to be able to follow this simple little proof that I have discovered. This is the final answer to the fansareslans-fansarenotslans question. It proves conclusively that fans are not human beings.

#### Statement

- 1. Fans are fans.
- 2. Fans are not non-fans.
- 3. Non-fans are human beings.
- 4. FANS ARE NOT HUMAN BEINGS!

#### Reason

- 1. Identity.
- 2. Two negatives make a positive.
- 3. We must grant them that.
- 4. A quantity may be substituted for its equal in any expression.

See how simple? If fans aren't humans they must be slans, because a non-human would either be a slan or a gibbering being who could do nothing but scream clutch at nudes and turn a mimeo handle.

-- James Hummel, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #18, September 1944



# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THOMAS M. DISCH

I: MEXICO
November 4, 1964:

Mexico. It is very beautiful, it really is: spacious spaces, and gardens, and fountains that work, and tiles all over everything, and a marble floor in my bedroom, and a palm tree in the garden outside my window (and a fig tree, too, but it's shed all its leaves), and all of it carved in curious designs. Things aren't especially cheap in Mexico City -- at least not for the tourist wary of the shits -- but they're so much nicer, usually. THE MEXICANS ARE VERY FRIENDLY. The Mexicans are very friendly, or, as they say, smile and the world smiles with you. There was a sign in Chapultepec Parque (which beats Central Parque all to hell) that said NO PISE EL PRADO. What do you think that means? Well, you can be sure I didn't. Every bottle of mescal has a caterpillar floating in it! I'm staying at a place called Casa Chavez, because it is the home of a Mrs. Chavez, and you get breakfast and one other meal (which isn't so good) and the room for \$40 a day. A peso (\$) is worth 84. The room is big, I have a private bath, and I can walk right out into the garden. In all the buildings, the outside comes in, in all of the buildings. Which is nice, I think. But the swimming pool doesn't work. There is, however, a handball court. A San Salvadorian who is studying law in Mexico City and lives at the Casa asked me: "What is your sport?" THE MEXICAN, LIKE THE JAPANESE, IS VERY SPORTS-MINDED. In fact, they will be holding the next Olympics right here, in Mexico City. Right here, in Casa Chavez, there are also Americans, nice Americans really -- if you like Americans. I went out on AN INTERRACIAL DATE last night (my first) with one of the nice Americans (she loves Mexico, as you may well imagine) to, first, the Museum of Anthropology, and then...(ellipses)...And other things. And then we had drinks at a luxury hotel where they had mariachis, which are the kind of serenaders you see in cartoons, and amazingly it is the Mexicans themselves who love their drippy music. They whoop, literally. Well! And then I shook hands with my date and went to bed to think of the many exciting experiences of my day here in Mexico City.

#### November 15, 1964:

It is morning, I have only just gotten up, and there was this morning for the first time (that I have seen) one of those sunsets they put in travel brochures. No, come to think of it, it was a sunrise, but no matter; it was orange, a brilliant, Dreamsicle orange, which spread out from the East into ripples of flesh-colored wisps quite to the other side of the sky. Oh, it was a dawn, and I am over my diarrhea, thanks to good old Entero-Vioform, another of Mexico's natural wonders. Now the

churchbells of Amecameca, the small town to which I have moved, are ringing: they have just seen the sun come up. Roosters have mostly done crowing, and the burros are quiet by now. At night there is a similar incident. The country has the sweet regularity of a worm that always crawls toward the light (and I too have sweet regularity, thanks to Entero-Vioform).

Today, you know, I think I will really do it, I will settle down and write a thousand words of my novel. Even my appetite has returned. Traveling is very much for the benefit of the body, the torpid body. The crude spectacles of nature are sights more for the eye itself than for the mind behind the eye: surrise, cathedral, gulch, foliage, snow-capped, etc. Travel mocks the mind, and only a mind that thrives by mockery can enjoy travel. There is, I'll admit, the challenge of assemblage: of observing all strange usages and accounting for them. There is the language, if you take the time. But mainly it is the body that needs a change of air, of pace, of view. It is implicitly (even for Henry James) something of an adventure to travel; even if one doesn't go up the side of Annapurna, there is at least the thought that one might have, that one has seen those sides which one might have gone up, and admired them, their steepness and all, if only from a distance.

#### December 1, 1964 -- after a visit to Cuatla:

I visited three of the churches, but only one was interesting: baroque with a gold and pink color scheme and comic-book style murals of Old Testament subjects in its tidy, bright dome. An agonized Christ had stumbled carrying a real wooden cross, and some thoughtful soul had helped him by giving him a blue sateen cushion to hold the rough old cross with. Christ himself was wearing a long robe of dusty maroon velvet, pinned to which were innumerable little silver and tin arms and legs and hearts, testifying to miracles rendered. There was before another side-altar three trays with slips of paper on them: supplicants. One of the trays showed a bosomy young thing holding up a bottle of Bohemia Beer; another said simply, Pepsi-Cola. Truly, in Mexico religion is part of the daily life.

Have I mentioned that all the Mexicans are either teenagers (predominating) or very old? There are some few middleaged men, who seem to be in business (they wear suits). I always feel paranoid around teenagers, and the Mexican habit of finding Americans innately funny (people giggle just looking at me) doesn't help. So far I take it in my stride and content myself that I can buy any one of the little bastards. They are also short, and that helps.

#### December 10, 1964 -- after a visit to the Cathedral in Mexico City:

I won't try to describe it, but I will copy out verbatim a passage from the guidebook: CHRIST OF POISON.

Best leyend attached to Jesus in black (left) is as follow:
The Crucifix (which is carved of wood) was placed in the Bishops palace
private chapel. A bishop used to kissing Jesus toe, first thing early in
the morning. A wicked, non-catholic, wanted to kill the bishop somehow.
One night sneaked in the palace and spattered active poison over on Jesus
feet. In the next morning when the bishop was about to kissing Jesus toe,
notice that His body, gradually was turning black, and also His legs raised
and twisted as though keeping the poison from the bishop, to save his life.
It was considered as a miracle by the people of that time. Later, the
criminal confessed everything about his morderous plan.

Word got around fast and the people named it, since, "The Christ of Poison."

It is considered as a miracle by me, too. I shall bring the Guidebook home with me; there is much pleasure in it. The church down here is so corrupt; it gives you an idea of why there was a Reformation. Every corruption imaginable: political intrigues, perfidy, perversions of doctrine, Inquisitorial tactics, and opulent display. At the time of the Revolution of 1910 the Church owned half the land in Mexico: And they have learned nothing since then except vindictiveness.

#### December 29, 1964:

The town I was in for Xmas is Poza Rica, a little inland from the Gulf, a ways north of Veracruz. It was tropical, but the rainy season was dry because I was there, wishing it to be. There were mud huts, grass shacks, pigs in the streets, coconut trees -- the works. At times the lushness of it all gave me a perfect horror of fertility. The countryside does everything but throw you to the ground and force-feed you. There are twelve children in the Roja family, my gracious hosts, and countless grandchildren. The eight oldest are girls -- six of them quite well married. As a guest I was expected to court the next in line, and since I speak almost no Spanish it was quite easy. In fact, I find my ignorance is an immense asset in getting along with people. I can't argue with them or take offense at their stupidities. It is enough of an intellectual pleasure to recognize a full sentence. Everybody is likeable in an easygoing sort of way. Compared to most American families they seemed very healthy, but then I am not apt to recognize Mexico's special forms of sickness. As in Samoa, adolescents-do not revolt. They just dance for a few years and then get married. Neither do they grow up. An adult isn't that much different from a child. Child labor is customary, and the adults don't work more than they need to. In Poza Rica, that is very little. To return to my story: Candelaria, my date, dances incessantly. Of course we danced on Xmas eve, which is when I arrived, because that was the party. She also dances in the morning and in the afternoon. It wasn't just because I was there; once I came into the living room and she was making like Scheherazade for her mother: She dances without any awareness of what it must look like to others -- the way adolescents dance. Letting off steam. Automatic dancing. Artless. Constantly. She is twenty years old and studying to be a nurse. We went to the beach (and, my God, do take a honeymoon in the tropics someday; there is a reason for all the travel posters) on Xmas day, and Candelaria danced in the surf. Then she danced in the open-air restaurant. I doubt I could convey in a story, where I used all the tricks, the sensation of that holiday -- much less here. And it is impossible to imagine the difference. The word "uncivilized" cannot be freighted with enough associations to indicate that difference. It is at the antipodes from New York, and yet it is not as alien as I imagine the Congo or Samoa must be. There is a money economy here, buses and highways, elaborate, restrictive codes of behavior, a long history of injustices: in short, it is a civilization. Perhaps, then, the tropics cannot be destroyed. Like China they will just absorb their invaders and turn them into tangoes, a kind of fruit.

#### January 6, 1965:

Yes, it gets cold in Amecameca, cold enough so that lying in bed in the morning I can see the steam of my breath, cold enough so that I intend to buy a hotwater bottle to warm my feet at night. It is a salutary cold, brisk but never shivery, and I like it enough to stay in Ameca, when in an hour's time I might be in palmy Cuatla. In the morning I revise; clean up last night's messy rooms with stiff, grammatical fingers, wonder what in heaven it was all about, all that noise -- and price hotwater bottles.

6:00. I went shortly afterward for a long ramble and only just returned. Out

along a footpath through the fields. Young alfalfa was springing up, but generally it was corn stubble. A tenuous wintry warmth. Went as far as the foothills in front of Ixta and sat on a small bridge of rough-hew timber. Tossed chops of wood into the water and watched them go over a brief, manmade waterfall. And wrote an outline for the next chapter. The countryside is very populous hereabout. Men and mules do all the labor; there are few machines. Over a two or three mile distance, I must have encountered forty people. I am perhaps too relaxed, but it feels good. Now the sun is gone, except for a bit of rosy light lingering on the peak of Popocatapetl in the east. Wasn't it pretty? And it does the same thing every day: rises, sets, shines, clouds, rivers, fields, grows, dies, spring, fall. How can one help believing that a Supreme Creator created every bit of it, eh? Who else could have created it, I ask you now! What does the future hold in store for Nature Poetry?

#### January 18, 1965:

My fingers are cold, my typewriter is cold, and I'm feeling just as wicked and peeved as can be. An awful weekend, and there is no recourse for me except to write to you about it. The journalist at whose wife's home I spent the holidays visited me here with the younger daughter of the wife's family. I had a dinner prepared for them and then (folly, folly) returned to Mexico City with them and saw The Night of the Iguana, which lacks even melodrama, and stayed overnight on the couch with one blanket. It got so cold I had to get up and get dressed before I could sleep. It was assumed that I would want to spend my time with Candelaria, though she can't speak English nor I enough Spanish (but perhaps that was to the good), and we took a walk in the morning through the cold park. Some people whistle; she sings. The favorite Mexican songs are very like those on Puerto Rican radio stations -- romantic ballads of the sort Dean Martin used to do. Lacking a good voice, Candelaria puts much feeling into her songs, chiefly self-pity. She tells me she won first place in a declamation contest, and she declaimed the winning poem, which was long and cadenced much like our great Hoosier poet's work, with much coy dialogue, wide-eyed questionings. pouting replies. But I was spared being able to understand it. Then to the fish market, the one bright spot in that awful day.

Returning, I was obliged by my host to look through the Writer's Handbook 1962 and tell him which agents he should send his as-yet-unwritten novel to. My host: a flashback to Amecameca, where (you can imagine what it is like to be so long without an audience of any kind; don't think unkindly of my weakness) I read him my short story The Roaches. A very good idea, he said -- but spoiled by being both overwritten and underwritten. Sounds like advertising copy, he noted. How so? I asked, aghast. He had noticed that there were often brand names in the story. My host admitted however that I would probably sell it, and I suspect this was not a compliment. Back in Mexico City (flashback is over, a sign announces), my host and I strike up a conversation about advertising. He disapproves of it. I defend it, but with no great subtlety for it would not only be lost upon him but he would construe any irony to be a concession to his puerile arguments. He, like all of Mexico I've so far seen, is characterized by a Philistinism and vulgarity that have been out of style in the states since the postwar. One is constantly noting the resemblances: the cars, the decorative styles (decals even), the worship of early Walt Disney (Snow White is au courrant), the profusion of bright, unharmonized colors, the Latin-American and operetta-style music, above all the towering naivete. The television shows are like old Judy Canova movies. This whole 40's syndrome has so impressed me that I'm determined to do a story on it -- so I'll have done with it here. Except to say that my host is in sympathy with everything retrograde. Pop art to him is mere charlatenry. Argument cannot convince him, and I find in the course of it that he is hostile to abstract art: His bookcase looks like it stopped growing about ten years ago (barring only Exodus and Travels With Charlie, in softcover editions). The only good recent books were all gifts of review copies from Avram Davidson -- and

my host had read none of these.

We played a game of chess -- and he won. We ate dinner -- a huge fish baked in foil. Quite good; impossible to be angry about that. Wine and beer are cheap in Mexico, but people invariably drink soda pop with their meals. Then, though I tried to back out, we went to the bullfights. I found them unutterably boring, almost comically so. After all that stuff in Hemingway, you can't imagine what a letdown it is. Maybe if I'd sat closer up... But I suspect not. In the 20's a bullfight must have seemed the nth degree of primitivism. Merely to join in the oles must have seemed tantamount to attending the Eleusinian Mysteries. The magic is tarnished now; the corrida are big. There are loudspeakers and electric lights -- and from where we sat the ritual seemed very shrunken. I doubt that I shall return to allow myself another impression. Bullfights are no longer of interest to the anthropologists; they are like baseball games, only one more aspect of masscult. Besides, there was just not enough violence. The movies have come a long way since Hemingway wrote. Catsup from Hollywood seems more real to me than what comes out of a dead bull 200 yards away.

Afterwards there were two or three hours of anguished goodbyes, and the Levines promised to return to Ameca next weekend: No: (I'm going to send them a telegram on Wednesday saying I'm dead.) I stayed over at a hotel in the city to avoid another night in the Levines' deepfreeze. Next day I bought a genuine silver Identification Bracelet just like I've always wanted -- with, etched prettily on the oblong reserved for this purpose, the words Your Name. It makes me look like a teenager.

And all this time the novel has progressed not an inch. I am mad at myself, with the Levines, and with Mexico.

#### February 11, 1965:

This is amazing, it amazes me, but I should tell it as a story, in sequence, as it happened. Well: It was a rather ordinary trip to Salina Cruz on the Pacific coast, where I got very sunburnt and stayed two nights at a 20-peso (\$1.60) hotel and swam with the children a la Tennessee Williams (having very little choice; the harbor is full of them and they don't see that many tourists there). Met a New Yorker at the hotel with whom I took a taxi to a fishing village a ways away, stayed the night in a hammock (agony for my sunburn) and spent the morning diving for cysters with natives.

All of this is of course very usual tourist-type activity. But then I said hello to a couple on the beach when I was coming back too winded to swim from the diving, and he. Tony Clarke, asked if I would like to accompany him and his Hawaiian girlfriend to Honduras, where he intends (without any apparent money) to buy a sailing boat. So I'm sharing expenses with them in an old Chevy pickup, and now I'll hasten the story to last night (my fourth on the road), which was spent in Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic coast of Guatemala.

The tourist hotel here cost \$7.50 and the only alternative was the sailors' hotel at \$1.00 a night. But there is no time for descriptions. I am there now (here), astonishing myself with my own presence. As usual I am too aware of what I am doing really to do it, but even so.... All that is geography, but what really makes it an adventure is the leader of this tour, a fellow perfectly in the California style, though his father is someone prominent enough in Connecticut to have obtained U.S. seaman's papers for Tony when he dropped out of Duke. He is professionally a sailor but he makes his living lately as a con-man, and it is wonderful to see him in action in even minor operations. He is what so many of my friends at one time or another have tried to make of themselves, but he has succeeded rather well. The sort of

self-aggrandizement which someone like Jack Kercuac would advocate -- the glamour of the person who is only out for himself. Paul Newman, probably. And, of course, underlying this, its very source, the isolation of such a person, his alienation, always the quality of sailors but now au courant generally. Everyone fantasizes of adventuring, and it gives the genuine adventurers instant charisma. And that Tony is genuine is undoubtable -- though perforce the proofs are long in telling. But there is the opposing tendency, there has to be, to make it all interesting: he wants to be a writer, in much the way I would like to be an adventurer, without doing anything about it.

It makes a delightful contest with ornate rules: there are areas where each of us reigns supreme and the other never challenges, which he may even hypocritically admire, but where we do meet it is a constant contest. The area, I suppose, of knowledge. He is a keen observer and an excellent traveler. He has a quicker grasp of ordinary motivations than I do, and a solid appreciation of the ambiguity that may enter into ordinariness. He has got it in passing, as it were, for though he has read much and in fair taste, he is not really cultured, not too far from simply liking what he likes. He has no theoretical foundations to his perceptions. He lacks the habit of analysis. And all this is amazing, because of what he's up to and what he sees anyhow. So that the trip, the traveling, indifferent in itself (though fascinating in context), is only the background for that which is alone of interest: others and their otherness.

The next day, Friday: I spent part of the afternoon on the opening of my first story since the novel, a real kitschy s-f with a woman's magazine tone and content. The local taxi driver (and pimp?) is a Jamaican who is very literary and collects whatever celebrities come to Puerto Barreos, the last being Mickey Spillane and Broderick Crawford on Spillane's yacht. He reads in good taste and he traded me Robert Penn Warren's The Cave for my copy of Maugham's Cakes and Ale, which I read in one sitting -- on the bus from Mexico to Salina Cruz. Wiggy (his name) has read lots of Maugham's other books, it seems. Reading and skimming the Warren book, I could recognize all the antique components that must be crammed into the best-seller, and I thought of writing a book called The Best-Seller, which would on a narrative level be a perfectly ordinary tale, suspense in the middle, one tragedy at the end followed by a larger Affirmation, all the necessary ingredients plus little interchapters, in the manner of Tom Jones, which would comment on the necessity to best-sellerness of the passage immediately ahead. Thus: "At this point in the plot the reader will feel discomforted and unhappy, therefore it is necessary to reassure him." Something to discuss in candor all an author's cheats. That what The Cave made me think of.

Tony and Caroline seemed to be squabbling yesterday. Things are getting dingier than she anticipated, I think, the crowning indignity being our visit to the restaurant-bar below the hotel I'm staying in, which was the antechamber to a brothel. She not only weathered that storm, however; she ended up trying, with Tony's assist, to sell some of her dresses (Original Creations) to the whores. A brave girl, Caroline. Yesterday I had only two sandwiches and two beers and two soda pops for food. Today, though, we will cook a meal in my hotel room on a portable stove they brought along. The marketplace here is infested with huge rats, and the natives would rather see us starve than give us a fair price, since they refuse to bargain. There are a few defectors, however, so we have food to cook breakfast with. It is fun (nostalgic) to pinch pennies when you are secure in the knowledge of your traveler's checks. Tony takes perverse pride in the necessity of penury, but on the other hand he may at any moment blast every cent he has in one evening. Is there a war in Viet Nam now? There are not only no English newspapers here, there are no newspapers. It seems that the next stop on the itinerary is Belize in British Honduras. The passage is \$10.00 by ship. From there I can take the bus (for the pickup may be sold there) to Yucatan and see the wonders of either the Aztec or the Maya just like Richard Halliburton:

A curious fact: since the start of the trip I've met three flying-saucer believers -- a German restaurant owner from Canada and his Nicarauguan wife (who, though Catholic, thinks there may be something in reincarnation), and Wiggy, who thinks the reason they stay away from us is that they never committed the Original Sin and so we are out-of-bounds for each other. Tony believes in telepathy, and has had long conversations under the influence of peyote and suchlike. One of his very first questions when we were feeling each other out was: "What do you think of hallucinatory drug experiences?" Rather like asking, "Do you find coition gratifying?"

More later, if I can't mail this today. Otherwise, so long.

#### II: MOROCCO AND EUROPE

#### November 22, 1965:

This will be my only account, unless something drastic happens, of my Moroccan Heritage: treasure it. Following the traditional practice, I shall first tell you what I'm going to say, then say it, then tell you what I've said. I am going to say how disgruntled I am. Tres disgruntled -- that little tag representing no little bit of the cause of disgruntlement: French. I can't understand anyone but roomclerks and waiters and Americans. I can't understand the price of day or the time of meals; idioms rain down upon me; consonants are elided, and all Nature, with a sort of nasal sigh, steps to the brink and totters. Consequently, unless I start to wear (as many natives do) a chased dagger, I cannot aggress. I cannot tell shopgirls not to be snotty; I cannot protest the law's delay, the insolence of railroads, or the scorn that patient merit of unworthy takes. And I much fear me that I never shall. My reaction is not so much to learn French as to blame it. I am disgruntled.

I am disgruntled: We -- John Sladek and I -- just took our first trip to Marrakesh. There was much that was curious and wonderful, typical and rare, and even cheap. There was a restaurant, an adequate account of which would fill the entirety of this letter -- but then I should not at all convey disgruntlement. It was a palace, and I got to eat roast chicken in a greasy lemon sauce with one hand! licking my fingers and smacking my lips, and there was a small harem (4) of dancing girls -and jeepers creepers, how they could shimmy and shake! -- and at the end of it we each got for absolute FREE a copper ashtray with the name of the restaurant on it, and the next time you see me I'll show it to you. -- But an account of all that would be only (and most unsatisfyingly, for me) enthusiastic. So here's what I didn't like about Marrakesh, and I wonder if it's what I won't like about Europe -- or at least the poor Southern parts -- and that is: that one can never leave off being an American. One is always fair game for beggars, and for beggars (guides), and for beggars (fill in with the profession of your choice). We walked through the souks, and it was interesting here and there, but as soon as you stopped so did whatever was interesting. I could have seen more of the real Marrakesh in a well-made travelogue. Nevertheless, I must admit that there was a truly gratifying amount of filth and disease, flies, open sores, deformities, and such usual things as tourists come to such places to see. There was not, however, much to buy. Handicrafts here strike me pretty much the way they struck me in Mexico: cheap, flashy junk. Well, that keeps the suitcases light -- and that is a consideration with three trunks of books, and three suitcases, and miscellaneous bags besides.

John and I read the Bible aloud at night before retiring. It is very funny; it really is. The Book of Judges especially. They were just a bunch of dirty, quarrelsome, dumb, credulous nomads, like the dirty, quarrelsome, dumb, credulous nomads of Marrakesh. The difference is that then they listened to hired storytellers in the

marketplace tell about the trials of Samson, and now they see the movies: Samson and the Seven Gladiators, Taurus, Man of Crete, etc.

#### January 23, 1966:

My Travel Impression of Madrid is chiefly that it is too much, an Impression crowned by my visit to the Royal Palace today: too many rooms, too many tepestries, too much porcelain, too many chandeliers, and only time to nod to this one, and to observe that, yes, that ceiling by Tiepolo is, in the guide's words, very nice; to puzzle out, as we run past them, the themes of the 36 tapestries depicting various famous "collations." The only thought produced by all this (All This) was one of self-preservation: that it is little wonder that the 18th Century indulged in "pastoral" fantasies and went out to live in little huts and cottages. And if you don't think it will be too much for you, consider: 2,800 rooms. And this palace is supposed to be minor in comparison to the Escorial (which see) or, the book says, Versailles. That is the First Impression.

The First Impression in point of time was, within an hour after I'd established myself in a hotel, the Prado. Too much. All the Goya I've ever wanted to see and more of most other painters than I think I really care to. I resent it all being here, where I shall be such a short time. I didn't expect Madrid to have So Much.

The weather is warmer than I'd expected, but the climate is wonderfully cold: the stone is slaty gray; the facades are monumental barricades that express their function in every detail -- that of excluding the people outside from the people inside; the sky is always overcast; the trees are bare. My favorite sight was the fountains on the main thoroughfares Saturday night gushing forth perpetual sprays of icy water into icy rain under the cold white glare of floodlights. The public statuary is of metal kings and marble generals in stiff poses. If Goethe is right and architecture is frozen music, then Madrid represents the summit of that art, for it is frozen architecture. I love it.

I spend almost all my time that I am not actually looking at something reading about the things I have looked or will look at. History is all my rage again -- and I fear what Europe proper will do to me. But however much I try to understand it, it seems so delightfully alien: All these churches, what do they mean? Why are they filled with all these people? What is the priest saying? Is the golden box on the marble table really their god? And is all of European history and all its arts essentially a matter of churches and palaces, priests and kings? And must we, to be good citizens of this world, know about all the priests and kings, read books about them, study their faces in portraits, etc.? And, in conclusion, why? What a ponderous weight to have hanging about one's neck. There are advantages to being an American that I never dreamed of. (As the Viking said as he looked down at Rome.)

One last Impression for tonight: My indiscriminate, undiscerning appetite for monuments and architecture is always taking a pratfall. I'll gape at some 1890 eclectic post office (the Madrilineans have dubbed it Nuestra Senora de las Comunicaciones, because it looks so much like a cathedral) and then walk over, unheeding, the most famous bridge of the town. But now I have a map, and I don't let myself have an Impression of anything until I've checked to see just how old it is and who made it.

#### January 25, 1966:

There is very little cause to describe something pleasant: happy families are all alike. So don't, since I lack the motive, expect much of this.

There is very little cause to say that Madrid is pleasant, except that it is, really, a city; it has a character; it can be learned; and learning is perhaps my chief pleasure. I'm not ready yet to take any tests on Madrid; I regret that I shall be here so short a time. I regret even more that there is so little prospect of returning. The chief pleasure of a city is finally knowing it -- and knowing that you know it -- and then discovering at odd intervals the surprises still remaining to it. I have touched almost all the bases -- but only barely, like a nervous maid going through a very large and very dusty mansion.

Today I visited the Escorial. Against all expectation, especially after the Bourbon palace here in the city, I found that I liked it immensely -- which is about the only way it allows itself to be liked. The weather was perfect -- flashes of sunshine interspersed with chilly rain; the stone therefore grayer than it would be on a sunny day, the steep slate roof glistening slightly; the volumes quite Romanesque in their severity but always surprising one with a Renaissance nuance; just enough good paintings to gratify one but not so many as to overwhelm the palace itself. Late in the afternoon it rained very hard; then after the clouds had lifted from the peaks of the surrounding mountains it was apparent that Escorial's rain had been a snow-storm higher up: the peaks that had been gray-green in the morning were now only gray.

Another gray for the palette: Sunday I passed by a store window filled (and it was not a small window) with men's hats -- all the same steely shade of gray. And it rained.

It seems a shame that the people of Madrid must eat and drink and screw -- otherwise it would be the perfect necropolis. It obeys Loyola's first rule -- i.e., it has died, and it did so, really, in the act of being born. Splendid city!

Tonight another Hemingway experience repeated -- this time to the letter. Dinner at the Cafe Gijon. Not, it is true, the meal prescribed (in The Sun Also Rises), but a good meal. The first time I've dared to order tripe all by itself -- and it was very good. The disappointment, then? That there were only other dowdy Americans there like me, or dowdy Spaniards, and that it looks terribly renovated, with shellacked pine walls yet. Four forks. 145 pesetas plus tip. What am I complaining about?

The moral? Never try to duplicate somebody else's experience. The only really fun things are the ones you went to grudgingly -- like the Escorial.

#### June 27, 1966:

There must be an end to the presumption of these letters; I am simply too uneducated to be a commentator on Europe, which has, after all this time (spent in Spain and England. --tgc), begun in earnest. The landscape is too civilized; I can only point a finger and buy postcards. I can only say that you have to see it, which you already know.

I am now in Amsterdam, with only chaotic Travel Impressions: Delft, surprisingly, was the prettiest town we've encountered so far; Scheveningen was the mirror image of the Jersey shore, even down to the detail of a bogus gypsy violinist at the restaurant on the boardwalk; the Mauristshaus (Hague museum) had the best single exhibit of painting I've seen in my life -- eleven Vermeers with associated painters before and afterward; and all this happened yesterday.

In packing a trunk one can either be aesthetic about it or one can stuff in as

many things as one possibly can, in which case there can be no pretense of dignity or grace. There is no longer time to step back from the landscape and admire the admirer. Things are too many and too fast, and metaphors become hopelessly mixed.

Besides, I've looked very little at the country, the people, the way of life. We're staying at a hotel, we eat better meals than anyone deserves at restaurants, and whenever possible we hypnotize our sensibilities in the endless stroboscopic galleries of art. Europe becomes an endless museum corridor, and the ordinary workaday intrusions (today I had to take the laundry to an automat, and it was a little Calvary) have no place. Nor, therefore, has letter-writing any place, for it is essentially a sort of genre-painting.

What can I say? That there are canals, that the canals are lovely, that I have seen the canals. Only if I'd fallen in one would there be a subject for here.

The trunk is packed so full that I can't open it to get anything out.

He made love as if he had a meter running somewhere.

WR

Suppose a stranger interrupts your breakfast in a restaurant by walking up, calmly drinking your tomato juice and departing without a word. What would you do?

Or you see your neighbor washing her clothes in the swimming pool?

A class of University of Texas sociology students is finding that your reaction most likely would be to do nothing.

Dr. Alexander Clark, an associate professor of sociology, regularly instructs senior class members to perform some harmless act that deviates from normal behavior and observe reactions.

But, Clark told his students, he was not giving them license "to do all the wicked things you've always dreamed about doing."

Clark and a colleague are writing a book on deviant behavior.

Strange things have been happening because of the Clark experiment:

A student walked over to two strangers eating breakfast in the student union, drank a glass of tomato juice and left without a word.

Students danced in a downtown department store.

A coed rode a horse to class.

A young man went into a large supermarket and moved a display of canned peaches, one can at a time.

A coed dumped detergent in an apartment house swimming pool and proceeded to scrub her clothes.

Students discovered most people are just bewildered and do nothing at all.
Carol Ettinghaus of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., the coed who washed her clothes in
the swimming pool, reported, however, that she quickly attracted a crowd.

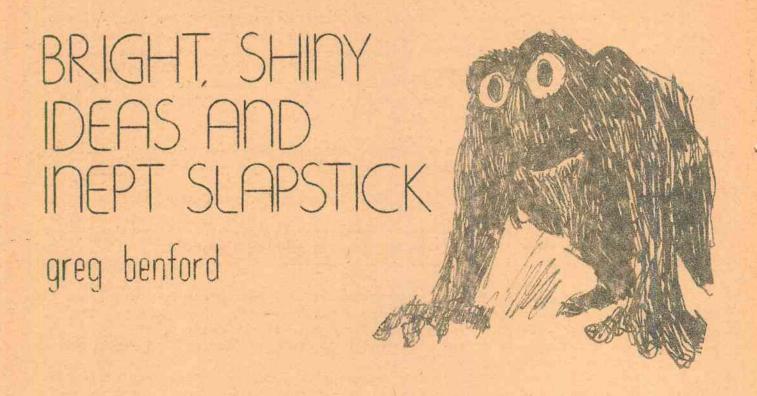
"After a few minutes, the place was jammed with wisecrackers. One of them said, 'What do you think this is, the banks of the Jordan?'" she said.

-- New York Post, October 7, 1965

(Note at the end of a story by Charles R. Tanner:)

The editorial board of LE ZOMBIE decided to reimburse Author Tanner for his stirring interplanetary scope, inasmuch as the author is a professional writer of long standing and not given to distributing his brain-children willy-nilly among amateur magazines. The board finally settled on the amount of five cents per word as adequate payment for the above story. Accordingly, the editor chose the word "skylight" appearing in line 30 of page 9 as the word to purchase. Mr. Tanner has been mailed a nickle.

-- Bob Tucker, in LE ZOMBIE #60



One of the oldest archetypes in fandom is that of the fan-who-wants-to-turn-pro-He's the one who's responsible for terrible imitations of John W. Campbell in editorials, pseudo-magazine layouts and achingly bad fan fiction. You know him, but you don't have to like him.

He is in some way responsible for the fact that a lot of space in fanzines these days is taken up with politics, conreports and faaanish articles, instead of stf-oriented material. In some circles this will endear him, in a perverted sort of way -- without such rotten writing as he turns out, probably some very good fans would never have been driven into fannish fandom.

But aside from all this, I still can't quite understand the sercon, stf-oriented fan. He seems, for the most part, to do exactly the wrong things.

He wants to become a pro. His eyes throb for the awaited pleasure of seeing his Very Own Name on paper. So he writes stories, usually a lot of them and rather quickly. Sercon inevitably tries to write the usual, straight stf story just like he reads every month in Galaxy. Only he's not better equipped than Phil Dick in ideas, or A. J. Budrys in stylistic flair, so his story will probably fall short of the pinnacles these two have reached -- several miles short, generally. And then he sends it to Tom Reamy to publish, or someone further down the line. The criticism he'll get, he thinks, is worth it. I don't. I personally don't think fans are that good as literary critics. Anyway, when Sercon gets the next issue of TRUMPET after his story has appeared, he will find a total of perhaps 100 words about it, mostly grunts of "Sercon's yarn wasn't bad" or "Wish you'd publish less fiction and more fanzine reviews."

By this time he's probably trying the prozines, too, and if he's getting back rejection slips almost as fast as he puts the envelopes into the mailbox, Sercon gets

discouraged and wanders into stamp collecting or building model boats.

So Sercon is a flop. Not much of a surprise, I fear, for being a fan doesn't carry with it automatic talent. You don't have to be smarter, faster or more beautiful than the usual stf reader to become a fan. All you have to do is like to read it more than they do. So you take more interest in the stories, pull them apart and mull over the ideas in a vague sort of way (but usually not enough to help you out in sociology class or Impress Your Friends). You come to recognize the cliches of the field, the obvious tricks. You get a little cynical after a few years, hardened in the white-hot fire of 2¢-a-word pulp fiction.

And that's your only asset. You haven't got a fine mind; you're not a man of tomorrow in the world of today. Add it to another quality and something may work. My point is that Sercon has ignored the one thing in fandom that probably would have made it easier to wedge his foot in the front door of prodom: he could have learned how to write humor.

Out of the large number of stf pros one can name, there aren't a handful who can make you laugh more than once every five stories. To be sure, there are several types of mechanical humor that have been used in stf, but they are easily recognizable by now and seldom appear because the readers would probably tear up the magazine in a fit of rage and swear never to buy it again. (Funny, cute creature can't get anyone to believe he's an alien. Or Joe Frap believes the alien, but nobody believes him. Or...) The standard Analog humorous story, with its two or three subdivisions; the tale of hilariously contrived error, as propounded by such as Christopher Anvil...the forms of humor in science fiction are stereotyped, probably more than any other type of writing.

I think this sad conjunction of bright, shiny ideas and either deadpan scriousness or inept slapstick hurts stf a lot, keeps it from seeing the world in the subtler tones that can produce better writing. There are delightful exceptions to the rule, of course: Keith Laumer's Retief series, or the short, witty pieces by Ron Goulart in F&SF. The fact that a fair amount of humor is used in the magazines, and the majority of it is so drastically unfunny, leads me to guess that perhaps those old whipping boys, the editors, aren't really to blame this time. Maybe science fiction writers can't do humorous work. The fact that they do turn out such a quantity of words, and evidently believe these heavy-handed creations really are funny...well, how could they do it if they honestly did know the first thing about humor writing?

Even a cursory sampling of the magazines will turn up a few outrageous examples. In the course of ten minutes' leafing through my own (certainly incomplete) collection, I found:

からかられたができるとは、他の方は日本は中ではないのは、日本の方は、日はの方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、日本の方は、

- 1) COMPUTERS DON'T ARGUE by Gordon Dickson (Analog, Sept. 1965), in which a man is eventually executed for murder because he didn't pay for a book he didn't order and the accounting computers got the records confused. Something might have been done with this idea, strained though it is, but the heavy-handed Analog-style correspondence story turned out in this case is inexcusable.
- 2) FIRST CONTEXT by Larry Janifer and S. J. Treibich (F&SF, August 1965). A UFO descends on a rocket base, eliciting the usual hopes that this First Alien Contact will signify Earth's acceptance to citizenship in some Galactic Federation. A lowly technician ventures out to the UFO, only to find we've been given a traffic ticket for throwing so much junk into space. This story's only virtue is that it is short.

- 3) POSITIVE FEEDBACK by Christopher Anvil (Analog, August 1965), another correspondence story, this time built around the success/failure of a new invention. Quotation is impossible; the story is so long and boring, and by its nature so stylistically flat, that every part of it looks just like any other.
- 4) KEY TO CHAOS by Edward Mackin (New Writings in SF 1, edited by John Carnell, Bantam Books). This piece is the lead novelette of this first in a series of collections which will "...expand the SF short story from the limitations it has suffered during the past thirty years." The plot is complicated without being interesting. At one point, when the hero has been released by the police, we find:

They went out. As they reached the door the morose one, whose name was Joe, turned and looked at me. "What's your name, mister?" he asked.

"Belov," I said. "Hek Belov."

"Yeah," he murmured thoughtfully. "That rings a bell. If you're not on the files I'm a monkey's uncle."

"Give my regards to your nephew," I said sweetly. "He's as cute as a cartload of cops."

Later, at the office:

We had to pass the blonde secretary, and I nodded to her. "What goes with mink, baby?" I asked.

Her eyebrows went up slightly; but she quickly recovered from the initial surprise at seeing me there. "I do," she said huskily. "But what happened to your white beard, and your long, red cloak?"

I grinned at her. "You must have missed The Son of Santa on the old slot haul. There's a repeat tonight, sweetheart. Bang a coin in at eight sharp. It'll sleigh you."

The rest of the dialog is only dull.

5) IN THE LIGHT OF FURTHER DATA by Christopher Anvil again (Analog, July 1965). Yet another correspondence story: I include it for completeness, and because it illustrates what a high percentage of the "humorous" stories in Analog are of this type.

There are more, but I believe this sample reflects the approximate balance of bad writing in humorous stf that gets into print these days. I've quoted from only one example because most of these stories are simply dull, and their lack of impact isn't easily communicated by quotes. Analog is the chief offender, with F&SF next. Fred Pohl, primarily I think because of Laumer, comes out about even.

But whereas Campbell seldom prints anything better than that I've noted, F&SF has a surprising number of high points in the year's inventory. For instance, Ron Goulart's CHAMELEON (Sept. 1964), in which the hero is a member of a corps which can change form at will, a latthe old Plastic Man:

Jolson threw himself into the high crisp grass and rolled. He'd had a glimpse of the two land cars that blocked the road and the grey suited men running from them. Maybe they wanted him alive but he didn't feel like gambling on it.

He unsealed his suit as he edged on his side, hidden by the grass. He had gotten out of his clothes and footgear before a voice shouted, "Over there! The grain is wavering."

Jolson changed into a small compact neutral colored rodent. He crept carefully away from his clothes, scurrying and dodging, hoping he wasn't making waves.

"What the heck," one of the pro-zombie men said. "He's stripped down to the buff. Left all his clothes behind."

"Fear brings on strange reactions," said someone else.

"Screw you," thought Jolson. He changed himself to a local grasscolored bird and twittered for a while. He hopped further from the men. making sure he established the idea that he was a bird. Jolson chanced a spring into the air. Nobody shot at him and he flew away in what he hoped was the direction of the capital city.

But the above quotation is atypical; the five examples given are of the same quality as probably 80% of the attempts made. It's a sad statistic.

That's where Sercon could step in, but doesn't. There are few training grounds for humorous writing today, considering that it is such a difficult art to acquire in the first place. Humor, probably more than any other type of writing, has to be slanted toward the audience, and fandom is the only audience Sercon will ever find that remotely resembles the stf magazine readership -- what's more, he can get published there, and receive criticism. Fans pay attention to humor, for some reason, and they'll be the first to tell you where you went wrong. There's a lot of preserved backlog by good fan writers who never got a dime for their work but who could easily take Walt and Leigh Richmond out behind the barn and explain a few things. Sercon could study this backlog, learn how to relieve the average stf story's intense structure with a lightness, a deftness of touch, and without resorting to literary slapstick.

A few years of exposure to fandom can probably develop an average writing ability to the level of the prozines, if the fan writes material which could be transformed into salable work, and if he can learn at all from being in fandom. Humor is hard to write because it demands a sense of balance, a feeling of what is just the right touch. It's easy to overdo things. In all, discretion is the most difficult thing to come by; without criticism a writer can never be really sure. when he's beginning, just how far he is straying from the thin line that separates exaggeration from lack of impact. Most science fiction writers have apparently never quite caught it.

Writing in fanzines can't teach you how to do meaty extrapolations, characterizations in depth, accurate scientific background, or how to find an original. scintillating style. But it can give you a little shove toward writing more amusing anecdotes, and from good anecdotes one can eventually build a story, with only minimal competence in other areas. If Sercon took this to heart, in a few years his name might begin to appear regularly in the magazines. He could even take a crack at a somber, realistic theme, after a while, and have a decent chance of doing a good job on it. Prozine writing is fun.

They even pay you for it.

I don't know anything about science, but I know what I like.

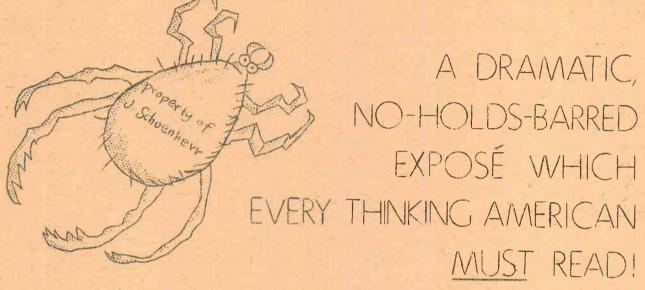
Yes, Ben Singer is a typical stfan, although not all stfans are as typical as he is. Or was. After all, he's not a fan any longer. His efforts at fanfiction were so atrocious that no one would print them, so finally he sent them to Doc Lowndes, and he used them in Future. Which, I guess, makes Ben a dirty old pro.

-- Art Rapp, in MUZZY #2

### JACK GAUGHAN REVEALS

## JACK SCHOENHERR





Jack Schoenherr gave my dog ticks.

The clan Gaughan was out to visit the Schoenherrs a few days ago. We drove and drove about an hour and a half down into places I'd never dreamed existed in New Jersey. I live in Jersey, up near Manhattan and to all intents and purposes (meaning not quite) on the Hudson. I thought N.J. was a place of acid green, foul smelling, stagnant streams and the oily, tarry (and magnificent, I might add) Hudson River. But down below the back of beyond, near a little town named Flemington, there are back roads with ruts and trees and green stuff just like I remember from the days of mine youth in Ohio.

There is also this very old house which once belonged to a famous illustrator of children's books named Weisse (?) and now belongs to a famous illustrator of children's books (among other things) named Schoenherr. The house is situated off a small, rutty dirt road surrounded by fields and trees and lichen and deer tracks and pheasant eggs and ticks.

I spent a marvelous day there kicking about in the forests and fields, hopping over rocks and across streams and gazing at waterfalls. We chased frogs and watched whirligig beetles and I was the recipient of a very informed lecture on the geology of the area. (Dinosaurs had definitely once walked these same grounds...tracks have been found.)

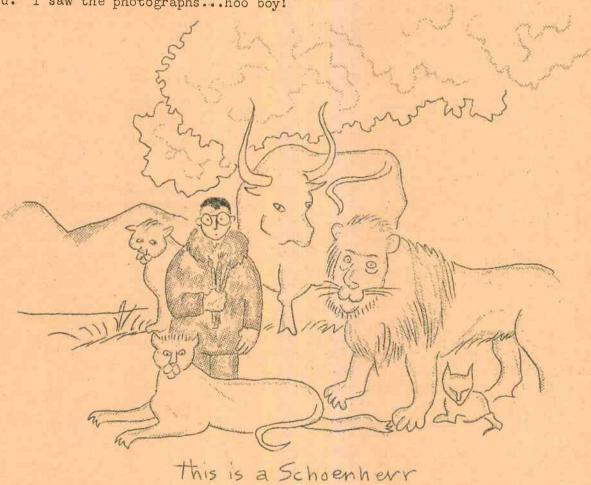
There is a small chemical plant upstream which periodically pollutes the stream. Ah well.

Jack's studio is one he built (and is yet building) into a barn on the property.

It's full of moose antlers and hunting knives, a telescope to observe the animal life, and lots of other stuff...but mostly paintings. Gasp! Choke!

After knocking about the studio for an hour or so and listening to Jack tell of an expedition he was with which went to explore a cave in Puerto Rico, I had all but decided to go find me a job counselor to see what could be done about my wasted life.

Jack is a quiet fellah -- but it was like meeting and listening to Allan Quatermain. There's this cave...a huge affair whose height at the entrances is to be measured in hundreds of feet. Great vaulted places and strange light coming from the vasty distance...places to climb up and down, streams and falls and low ceilinged tunnels...great crabs and gigantic crayfish, huge scorpions and bats, all by the thousands...and a cave of winds! Jack was there! Gawdamn! It was right out of Haggard. I saw the photographs...hoo boy!



It's bad enough he has to be some sort of Allan Quatermain, but the sonofagun has to paint, too.

I know the secret of Schoenherr's painting. You want to hear it? Now don't go thinking I'm giving you one of those ruddy golden rule things, but this is Jack's secret: He works hard and thoroughly. He's a through-and-through craftsman, and though he may kick about his fields for a time, too all appearances goofing off, he is never at rest. He knows, for instance, just about everything that grows, hops, flies, trots, or has been near that area he lives in. He can spot a rabbit warren or a pheasant nest like an English Setter. Shoddiness and shallow things are the only things he's not interested in.

And he paints, the @\*\*\*! d! ?@/#\*&\*\*#!

Phoebe (wife), Brian and Norah (kids) and I spent a Saturday with John, who must have felt slighted because instead of talking shop I made him show me the woods and stream and falls and all. Phoebe, who is a wild flower nut, had a field day; the kids ran around like running around was going out of style; and I, according to Jack, was well on the right road to losing a little of my expansive gut. Our dog, whose name is Ace (Brian named her, I didn't, honest) and is about three months old, had mighty ancestral memories awakened. Memories of the fearless hunter, surefooted and sharp-eyed. Unfortunately she has to walk around any rock or obstacle more than five inches high, so she didn't look too good, but one could see those ancestral things perking: the raised for epaw and the uplifted tail, the outthrust nose. The great white (and black) hunter of dogdom.

After a delicious meal prepared by Jack's charming and lovely wife (that sounds like one of those polite things people say, but Judy S. is one of the few people who can really be so described), Jack piled on a few logs and got a fire to crackling as the evening was getting a bit chilly. (Incidentally, did you ever spend a whole day out in the sun and air strolling through forests and then come home to supper? Do you remember how the supper tasted? Yeah, that's it!)

And there on the mantelpiece was this Hugo. Sigh.

"Gee! Is that what one looks like?" I said.

We got home that night with two tired kids, a bushed mutt and a wife who dashed into the house and began reading real-estate ads.

Then we found the ticks. Little bastards with eight legs and two body segments (related to spiders, I assume). We shook and slapped and stomped till we felt free of the little s.o.b.'s and hung the clothes in remote places. Then two days later we found this one last (I hope) little critter dug into the dog's head. A tick burrows its head down into the skin and hangs on for all it's worth with a tenacity that can be matched only by a bulldog with lockjaw. And it sucks blood and gets bigger. Yech!

As with hiccup remedies, there are homespun remedies for getting rid of ticks. Most of them aren't worth mentioning, but the one I like is where you hold this lighted cigarette close to the tick (and of necessity close to the dog) and wait for the little bugger to back out. Like a damfool, I tried this.

I now had a dog with a fried tick in its hide.

But they're hardy beasts, ticks are. It began kicking again. So then I heard that a drop of alcohol on the tick would solve all my problems. But alcohol was for amateurs; I used rubber cement thinner, which is a kind of benzine. It stopped the kicking, but the dammed tick was still there. Probably gone to his reward. But still there in my dog...who by this time was getting pretty fed up with the whole thing and would rather have had the tick than our ministrations. After all, one can hardly look upon somebody who comes at one with a lighted cigarette and murder in his eye with complete indifference. So the dog threw up.

My son, on viewing all this, has vowed never



to go outside again. My daughter thinks I enjoy things like that. My wife is still reading real-estate ads.

The thing that gets me is that Schoenherr lives with these beasties and is not bothered by them. Like they have some reciprocal arrangement.

I suppose I wouldn't mind it so much if he didn't paint so good.

Now I'm going to try alcohol.



I always cry at weddings and curtain-calls.

Henry Kuttner and Bob Bloch had just been amusing themselves by formulating the personalities of his various pen-names. As I recall a few of them, Lewis Padgett was a retired accountant who liked to water the lawn of an evening and then mosey down to the corner drugstore to pick up a quart of ice cream and whose wife collected recipes to surprise her bridge club. Lawrence O'Donnell was a wild Irishman who lived in Greenwich Village with a malicious black cat who had an infallible instinct for check letters and generally managed to chew up their contents before his master had shaken loose from his latest hangover. Keith Hammond was a Lewis Padgett fan, newly broken into pro ranks, whom Padgett loathed....

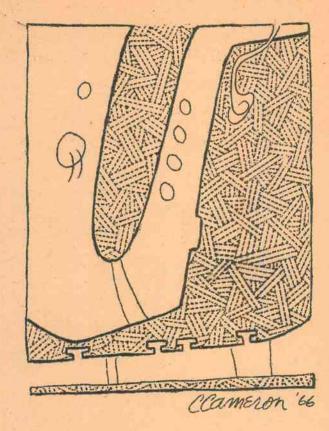
-- Fritz Leiber, in HENRY KUTTNER:

A MEMORIAL SYMPOSIUM

I'd like to have Laney put me thru the mill, too, as would almost any other up and coming fan. There is, in fandom, no higher glory than to be a human sacrifice to the great ghod, Laney, but all this chest-thumping and sword-waving is hardly the way to go about it. One carefully cultivates Shaverism, Forteanism, serious constructive fanning and homosexuality for years and years until one gets that certain wild look around the eyes that means one is ready for Laney. Then and only then can one reap one's reward.

-- Ray Nelson, in SPACEWARP #38, May 1950

# PETE GRAHAM MINOR DRAG



#### BRITISH ISLES, 1965:

The day had been overcast ever since I'd left Gloucester that morning. After coming over a small range of hills I stopped for tea in Ross, leaving the bicycle parked in the small town square. After talking with a couple of women on vacation from London, I kept on toward Monmouth through the Wye River valley. The day got grayer as I went along, but the gray contrasted with the lush greenness of the countryside. The road only occasionally paralleled the Wye; often it was more like an American freeway than an English road in the way it preferred to take long, straight slopes instead of curving gradually around hillsides. This made the bicycle riding more tedious.

After lunch in Monmouth it began to rain lightly. The road out of town went over a narrow bridge which humped over a small tributary of the Wye; only one lane of traffic could go over at a time. I waited for the light to give our direction the go, then I cycled up and down the steep slopes of the short bridge, all the lorries in both directions held up for me. The rest of the afternoon was a vast wetness. The rain poured down in fits and starts, never fully letting up. The bicycle slicker I had with me was good for a while, but the water came in through the neck opening and soaked the front of me. I was wearing shorts, so the water ran off my legs well enough, and it wasn't too cold.

The sun came out as I entered the foothills of Wales. The road I took toward Crickhowell was little traveled; the bright afternoon sun shone off the small river valley I was traveling up, and the bright green of the grass and the duller green of the bushes and trees everywhere sparkled in the sunny dampness. The town signs were all too small for the names they bore. Towns were perched on hillsides and could hardly be seen through the greenery.

At the hostel there were a couple of friendly kids who would answer you in

English if you spoke to them, then smile politely and go back to their conversation in Welsh.

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"You're putting the horse before the D'Oyly Carte," said Walter.

I think it was in my hotel room at the Loncon. I don't know which night. Two nights of the three there were parties in my room, and the other night I went to the party in the Carrs'. Each convention I go to gets better; I think it may be because at each one I feel less like being a fan and more like being friendly with the people there whom I know and like. The Washington convention in 1963 was good, but in London there were the same people I liked (Carrs, Ellik, Raeburn) plus many more, like Walter A. Willis. I decided to play grand host, which meant buying liquor and throwing a party. Also, I decorated my room: I put up maps of England and Ireland on the walls.

I don't remember much about those parties except that they were pretty good. My room was situated almost exactly beneath the Carrs', with a staircase just a door down the hall from each of us. We shared all the bar essentials like glasses and water pitchers from night to night. By the third night we had several dozen glasses, most of which were from the Mount Royal. The major difficulty was liquor price and availability; when I called room service for a bottle of gin I found the price would be about \$12.00. I may be an American tourist, but I'm not that rich yet.

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The Antrim Coast Road is one of the most beautiful routes I've ever seen. Part of the time the road is a few feet from the shore; nearer the northeast of Ireland the road is several hundred feet above the water. From those clifftops I could see Scotland hulking toward me out of a distant haze. In between Scotland and Ireland were a few ships coming from overseas. I followed the progress of several of them for most of the day; they seemed like toys, I was so high up and they were so far away. The sea was calm and the day was brilliant. Slowly they pushed in toward Britain while I raced them to Ballygally.

At the Giant's Causeway a series of unique geological formations has created a small tourist attraction. The coast road goes inland for several miles at that point, but I thought I saw a small road marked on the map that would take me from the Causeway along the coast to meet the main road about five miles later. So I took the tourist walkway, which was paved for the first mile or so and then turned into a dirt path that could still be ridden. It rose from the shore up toward the middle of the cliff faces that bordered the peninsula, and I had to start walking the bike. Soon it was just wide enough for the bicycle and me. After that the trail clearly became a hiking path which was not often used; the wet weather meant that portions of it were muddy and slippery. The path wound in and out following the contours of the shore; at one enclave the slope of the cliff face was not sheer, but steep, and here clumps of grass and shale and mud almost effaced the trail, which was becoming difficult to distinguish from the many sheep trails. I kept the bicycle to my right, on the uphill side, so that if I slipped I could push it to the ground quickly without it and the saddlebags disappearing down the slope to the rocks.

The trail reappeared and became more substantial as the cliff face became rockier and more steep. For about a mile it had gone along the cliff about halfway down the face; now, to my relief, it began angling up toward the top.

The last twenty feet to the top was not a slope, however, but a series of wooden steps and a sort of stone stairway cut into the rock face. The wooden steps had no railing and dropped off to the left for about two hundred feet; the stone ones were little better. I stripped the bicycle of all the removable parts on it and carried them all up. Then I slowly carried the bicycle up the narrow staircase; this time I stayed on the cliff side, as I remember. My nervousness, which was a cute, was a little hysterically mixed with a feeling of amusement at the story I'd be able to tell about it.

When I reached the top I felt as though I were back in the countryside again. Well laid-out fields stretched out in front of me for miles, except that between me and them was a barbed-wire fence. This fence went along the cliff-edge as far as I could see, never more than twenty feet from the edge but often about five or ten. A few yards from me were two men planting new fence posts who looked at me as I came up over the edge. They were a little surprised, but they didn't intend to show it.

I asked them if the trail along the edge led to the road. They said yes. After a moment one of them added, "Don't often see cyclists around here."

"Probably not," I said. I saw no need to further dramatize the situation. "Good day."

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I rather liked the Mount Royal in spite of itself. It is trying to become a classy American hotel and isn't quite making it. While the convention was going on they were still building and refurbishing the main floor; the banquet hall was only just finished in time for us.

Everyone seemed to have rooms as far as they possibly could be from the elevators, and the hotel covered a large city block. This meant that a visit from one floor to another was a major excursion (unless, like the Carrs and me, you were on adjacent floors and near the staircase). Once in the rooms, though, I found them quite impressive by American standards. I paid for a single but had a double bed in a rather large main room, with a small dressing room off the side. For parties this was just grand: large enough to accommodate a couple of dozen people, but small enough so that sitting around on the carpet, one of my favorite party activities, was forced upon the company. One of the nice things about the room was the multi-channel radio/music device, which carried much better material than the American counterparts and didn't discriminate against the pirate stations; and the volume could be turned up quite high without disturbing the neighboring rooms.

Another pleasant aspect of the convention was the unusually quiet nature of the neofen element. There were a number of young fan types running around and I suppose some of them were obnoxious or overly drunk and so forth, but the group I ran into, headed by Charles Platt, had all the proper characteristics. They didn't boisterously overpower a party, they were generally responsible about the liquor they drank, and some of them were even interesting.

Another interesting group were the German fans. Tom Schlück I remember as a continually friendly, gracious young type with a quality of young ebullience which was not at all "German" in quality. I mention this because it was in marked contrast to the other German with whom I spoke there, Rolf Gindorf. Rolf is a German Liberal; that is, he is a member and active campaigner for the German Lib-

eral party and his political ideology is in the European liberal tradition. European "liberalism" of course is a conservative economic tendency by American standards; it is, briefly, a laissez-faire approach to economics and government. The two major parties in Germany today are the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats (and its allied Bavarian groups). Rolf is a businessman of some sort running an import-export operation, as near as I could figure out from what he told me. I find it difficult to remember now what I found in Rolf Gindorf that made me uncomfortable, but it was a certain kind of opportunism, arrogance and dogmatism that rubbed me the wrong way. I cannot abide a certain kind of leftwing anti-Germanism which is endemic in America, but I've also found that the more Germans I meet, the less I like Germans.

I'm glad Tom Schlück won that TAFF election.

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A policemen in Gloucester had directed me to a sidestreet where I might find a cheap room for the night. As I walked the bicycle down the street a poorly-dressed little girl, perhaps ten or twelve years old, came running down toward me. A boy a little older was walking down the other side of the street; she was yelling playfully, "Quit following me, hey, don't you follow me." She ran toward me and said in a loud voice, "Hey mister, stop him from following me." I said something noncommittal and she heard my accent and looked at my bicycle paraphernalia.

"Are you from America?" she asked a little breathlessly.

"Yes," I said. "From New York."

Her eyes opened a little. "Really?" She thought for a moment. "Tell me," she said, "is it really true, like in the movies and all, are the buildings in New York really as high as that?"

"Yes," I said, "it's all true. They're very high."

Her eyes grew round. "Cor!" she breathed. Then she ran away from me down the street.

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Arthur Thomson is a grand sort. He took the Carrs under his wing when they came to town and when I came along he took me under his wing as well. It was a fine guide and chauffeur job he did. He is a man with a constant interesting conversation, aside from being amusing. I was glad to be able to pay him back a favor at least a little bit: One night when we wanted to find a place to eat we decided we wanted Indian food; Arthur suggested a good place near his home, but that was somewhat distant, and I knew of one close by where I had eaten several nights before. L'Orient turned out to be good (and cheap) the second time, and Arthur was glad to know of another good inexpensive restaurant.

When people ask me if I've had Indian food, I say yes, as a matter of fact, but not too much. I've only eaten in two Indian restaurants, I say: one on 125th Street and the other just off Tottenham Court Road.

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One of my greatest pleasures in the British Isles was the dining car. I

found a distinct sense of luxurious relaxation in hurtling through the English countryside while eating. The dining cars on the English railway systems are the most comfortable, but the car on the Belfast-Dublin express was the most interesting and attractive.

The British Railway dining car tends toward overstuff coach seats, four to a table, with attractive menus and service and reasonably good food. By English standards I suppose the prices are high, but for me it would have been a bargain at twice the price to be able to watch England go by while eating. While I was in Ireland there was a flooding series of rains in southern England (it hadn't rained in London at all while I'd been there earlier), and when I returned by train from Holyhead to London the canals and ponds on the route were all overflowing their banks. For miles the canals paralleled the tracks, the water up to their edge level with the fields; in places it overflowed and whole fields were turned into small lakes.

In Ireland the luncheon display was rather different. The dining car on the Belfast-Dublin express was paneled in lovely woods, with tables and kitchen-chairs set about by the windows. I shared a table with an amiable Manxman and watched the Mountains of Mourne and numerous castles go by. By the time I had got to Ireland the first thrill of seeing a castle had worn off; now I was able to make qualitative judgments, to say "That's a rather nice castle," or perhaps "That's a little too small and worn-down to be very interesting." I guess one becomes jaded at some point on any trip.

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One of the best parts of the convention was its sequel at the Willises' in Donaghadee. Walter and Madeleine played host to the Carrs, Ted White and me; the Shaws and the James Whites aided the Willises in admirable fashion. I think it was Carol who determined that Irish fandom has an essentially Jewish quality: I'm sure we were served at various homes at least sixteen different cakes, twelve varieties of meat pastries, and more liquor than we could handle.

The Willis home is about a hundred yards from a seashore and faces Scotland. Warren Road runs down toward the right into town and along a waterfront which juts out to become a lighthouse. Strathclyde is a three-story high Gothic-looking mansion with a vast lawn and drive in front and a series of gardens on the side and in back: I know this very well because it served me to make one of the grandest entrances I've ever made anywhere.

The Carrs and Ted White had arrived the day before I did, and James White was visiting there when I called Walter to let him know I was not far away and was riding in. After finding Donaghadee I rode slowly along Warren Road, looking for Strethclyde. I topped a small rise and before me was the Irish Sea and the Donaghadee lighthouse, and to my right a little ahead was a great gray mansion with a number of people standing on the sward before it. Walter was a few paces ahead of the rest, and all faced me and gave me a greeting as I came down the hill and up the drive. I was so impressed, not to say nonplussed, that I just coasted ungraciously by them all and laid the bike against the side of the garage. I suppose it was a fine moment for Walter, too -- this is the way to introduce someone to Strathclyde, by god -- but from my end I don't think I'll make an entrance that good for some time.

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I found that a bicycle is by far the best way to get to know a new city or

area, aside from its value in cross-country riding. In London, for example, one day I took a ride from the lodging house I was staying at through some southern parts of London. First I visited Elephant and Castle: I'd seen this name on the underground maps and I wanted to see what could possibly be at such a place. Well, not much: mainly a large traffic circle and some construction and the London School of Printing. (I think it was Sid Coleman who told me that the name Elephant and Castle comes from the period when an English king was schedule to marry the Infanta of Castile, who visited England and had this spot named after her. It's a good story, but it's a Sid Coleman kind of story, so I don't know.) From there I headed across to the west, over the Thames and back up to the Tate Galleries. From the Tate it was a few minutes to go by Buckingham Palace and back up to Gower Street.

In Dublin I got to know the geography of the center of town surprisingly well for having stayed there only three days. By the time I left, when I was in a hurry to make the train to the steamer, I knew how to plan my route to take advantage of the one-way streets.

With a bicycle my freedom of motion was assured. I wasn't trapped in a car or cab, speeding too quickly by things, nor was I held to a slow walking pace through a relatively small part of a town. At any moment I could pick up and take off to another part of town -- and besides, it's fun.

One night in London when I had nothing to do -- it's very easy to have nothing to do at night in London -- I rode down past Admiralty Gate and down the mall toward Buckingham Palace. As I passed a small panel truck I heard voices singing, so I stopped to listen; it was two guys and a girl and their guitars, and they were singing folk songs. It was close to midnight, and fairly cool; there was almost no traffic. I stood against a tree for a while listening. Then they got ready to go. They made a try at starting the engine, but didn't have much luck. One of the guys got out and sheepishly crossed the road to where I was standing. "Hey mate, give us a hand, will you?" We pushed the thing and got it going; I followed them up through Trafalgar Square but they lost me somewhere in Charing Cross Road.

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One morning Carol and I decided to go shopping and looking around in Belfast. We got up early enough to go in with Walter when he went to work -- god knows we normally wouldn't have (Terry slept till noon, he later told us smugly) -- and he took us as far as Stormont, where we caught a bus into town.

Stormont is the seat of the Northern Irish government. It is very carefully landscaped and covers, including the lawns and gardens, what seemed to be hundreds of acres. We approached the main building up a side road after dropping Carole Willis off where she worked. (There go Jim Caughran and Tom Perry looking in the mirror again for gray hairs.) Then Walter Willis -- international traveler, world-famous fan, Assistant in the Department of Home Affairs in the Northern Irish government -- stood overlooking the terraced palatial gardens spreading down the hillside before him...and shaved. Every morning, he said, he brings his electric razor and while taking in this magnificent view, formerly privy to the noble residents of a nearby castle, he shaves. We drove on and parked a few moments later and Walter went in to go about his business.

Carol and I took a bus which ran along Newtownards Road, past 170, and took us into the main part of town. We were looking first of all for gift type things, and second of all just to see what the stores and prices were like. I don't remember a great deal of what we found. The prices in the luxury stores were easily

competitive with those in comparable stores in New York; in the less expensive stores they seemed to be somewhat higher. In several stores we found furniture departments with inexpensive furniture made with really lovely woods, but with added curlicues in wood or brass which made the completed effect wholly tasteless and gaudy.

We stumbled onto a large covered market area, with dozens of small stores dealing in books, records, antiques and junk. Walter told us later this was where he had been buying his science fiction when he was a kid. It was this market that told him of the existence of the Other Belfast Fan, James White: "Oh yes, Willis, I had some of just the kind of thing you would like, but there was a man in here only a few minutes ago picked it all up."

We took a commuter bus back to Strathclyde. Driving in we'd seen nothing for a good part of the way because of the omnipresent hedges; now, on the top level of the doubledecker bus, we could see over the countryside as we went the twenty-give miles home. The bus kept stopping at roadside posts; local people got on and off. At one point a dozen children in uniform from a local school got on; at another point I was almost able to show Carol a pig. As the bus came into Donaghadee we both decided we could live in Northern Ireland forever.

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The youth hostels turned out not to be a bargain. I paid \$7.00 for an adult membership in New York and then stayed in four hostels on the whole trip. Usually my bicycling or train route ended up in a place where there were no hostels -- Gloucester or Londonderry, for example. The result was that it would have been cheaper for me to just stay in bed-and-breakfast places all the time, at about \$3.00 a night; but who counts?

The hostels were interesting and more social than the bed-and-breakfast places. The only large one I stayed in was at Oxford, and it was pretty much of a bore: of the hundred or so people there, no one talked to anyone but his own friends. But in the smaller hostels we were forced on each other; at Stow-on-the-Wold, for example, there were two amateur bicycle racers (who had not previously known each other), three young teen-age girls on a hiking trip, a jeweler's apprentice from Nottingham, and me.

In Northern Ireland I got a warm reception at the hostels -- "You don't often see Americans bicycling in these parts." -- which was pleasing. In Dublin I saw an international chart of hostels, by country, plotted against numbers of visitors, also by country. Northern Ireland had had only some 300 American-nights in 1964, though there had been some 14,000 British-nights. Northern Ireland is an untapped paradise, and I hope it stays that way.

At Ballygally -- I think -- I was sitting around late in the evening at the Sam Girvan Memorial Hostel (honest). Another guy turned out to be a friendly German who had been hitchhiking around Eire for the past six months. We decided we wanted tea: there was a container available but neither of us had ever made a pot of tea right from the beginning. We had a little trouble communicating, but we made clear to the one Britisher in the room that we disdained his help. He laughed and laughed as we tried to figure out whether we should put the tea leaves into the saucepan before the water boiled or after. It was very strong tea, but by god we enjoyed it.

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One of the points about traveling overseas which I found worth remarking is the ease with which it is done. For me, Europe was always a special thing, a great event. Then I found myself on a plane going to England, and I realized that in the space of just a few hours I was switching continents. The change was something to which I required adjustment. On the ride into London from the airport I remember mainly being quiet, just looking and absorbing. It was all new.

It's easy to travel now. It's only money. I've been saying that for months, and it is amusing, but it is literally true. For the price of the fare one can go to three-quarters of the world without major inconvenience in time or comfort. It's only money. There is no comparison to the first days of overland travel or sailing ships, of course -- that would be banal, at best. But there is also no comparison to the propellor era, either. Within my memory are the times when flights from New York to San Francisco took almost a full day and were a major traveling effort. Now such flights are major events rather than efforts; one reserves a day to do them in, but they are not wholly exhausting nor, unless one is anxious about flying, is the trip itself unenjoyable.

For those of us who are over about twenty-five, the ease of long-distance travel is striking -- partially because we are too acclimated to thinking of it as being a grand business. But for those who are younger, my feeling is that easy long-distance travel is something almost taken for granted.

My two sisters are a case in point, I think. About two months ago, in June, they took off for their first trans-Atlantic flight; they were beginning their trip to join the family in Ceylon, so they were going literally to the other side of the world. They are in their mid-teens; their attitude toward the flight was, to say the least, blase. They talked of it and fantasized about it in approximately the same terms they might have used for a trip to Chicago -- certainly it was a grand trip, and Ceylon was a faroof exotic place, but still it was almost just around the corner. They packed as if they didn't have to think about scales -- and, since they were fortunate enough to be sent at company expense, they didn't. But who of us over twenty-five would put together two or three suitcases full of dresses that might be worn once each, several pairs of shoes, extra coats, and not worry about the weight even if the allowance were "free"? It takes a certain set of mind to do it; and I confess I find my sisters' approach the admirable one, and my own a little old-fashioned.

But I intend to keep hold of my sense of wonder in spite of the modern world, dammit.

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The past is prelude. In a way, all the accounts of last year's experiences in the British Isles have become for me a prelude to my trip this year. As I write this paragraph I am in a Pan-American jet approaching London once again. This time I am barely stopping in England, however -- only as long as it takes to get onto a Japan Air Lines flight to Cairo. From there I am going to India and Ceylon; perhaps to Japan and around the world. On the date of the August deadline -- Saturday, August 13 -- I will be in Ceylon preparing to attend the annual Buddhist Festival of Perahera.

This has all come about by my father's work with tea. A biological chemist, he has been working for Lipton for some time; at this point he has been sent for a year to Ceylon to work on a small experimental project. Part of the deal was that the rest of the family (excepting me) had their expenses paid to visit during the

summer; so the others are all there. I decided that, as I wrote above, it's onl: money -- so I'm going too.

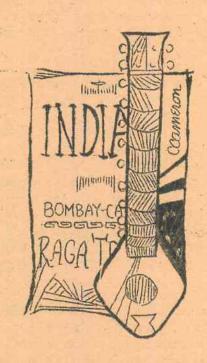
My trip to England and Ireland last year has, then, as one could imagine, somewhat faded into the background of my mind. I feel a little nostalgic about this New York to London crossing; also I feel that I'll be doing it again and again. This time, however, I'm taking a month to see Asia. It should be a little different than bicycling through the Cotswolds.

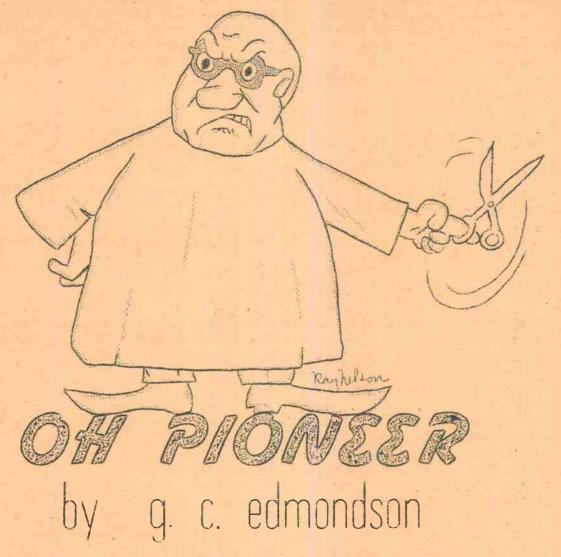
And maybe next time I'm asked about Indian food I'll be saying yes, well, I's only eaten in three Indian restaurants: one on 125th Street, another just off Tottenham Court Road, and the third in a little side-street in Bangalore.

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The captain has just announced we are coming to Ireland. I'm at a window on the left side of the plane, and I can look down now and see the mountains of Galway. In the time it took me to write that sentence and take a fast picture, we have moved over the quilted patterns of the farmland. It must be around 8:30 a.m. in Belfast -- I suppose while I am looking north toward Stormont, Walter is looking south and shaving.

-- Pete Graham





Dr. Kalmus was short, bald and roly-poly. He wouldn't have qualified as a mad scientist at all except that he'd picked up this tomato on the spur of the moment and now he was mad. This, because one part of him extended too far for the other part to be of much use. Her offers of substitute measures served only to inflame the fury and self-disgust which Dr. Kalmus felt.

As he walked slowly through the night, returning to a wife who also bulged in the wrong places, Dr. Kalmus decided it was time to do something about it. By the time he got home he was so taken with the idea that he just had to tell someone. The only listener available was his wife.

"But Arthur, are you sure it'll work?" she asked.

"Of course it'll work," Dr. Kalmus said.

"Well," Mrs. Kalmus said with slowly building enthusiasm, "what can we lose?"

"Exactly," Dr. Kalmus said.

Every member of the surgical team was sworn to secrecy. Naturally somebody blabbed. Reporters got wind of it and Dr. Kalmus almost wished he'd never thought

of the whole idea. By that time, though, it was too late.

Miss Dougherty, the pleasantly rotund O R nurse, had cajoled and threatened the remainder of the team, Dr. Kalmus included, until they had done it for her too. In next to no time the male members of the team had converted. After conversion there was no comparison. Outsiders got wind of it and there was a run. Then a middle-aged librarian named Iris Wilkins heard some girls in the powder room and before Dr. Kalmus knew it his hospital was faced with an investigation.

"I say let's make a clean breast of it," the anesthetist said.

"Why not?" Miss Dougherty asked. "After all, it's not harmful, subversive, or in violation of the Hippocratic oath."

"I guess you're right," Dr. Kalmus said. He let it leak that there would be a press conference that afternoon.

Reporters thought it was a gag at first -- until Dr. Kalmus gave them incontrovertible proof that it wasn't.

"Do you mean to say it works?" one asked.

"Works?" Dr. Kalmus asked indignantly. "Why, it's the greatest bit of efficiency engineering since somebody grew ears to hang glasses from. Think of the posture, the backbreaking contortions which used to be necessary."

"But what about the other things?"

"Left them stay put," Dr. Kalmus said smugly. "I always did say it was messy to devote one organ to two entirely dissimilar uses."

"What did you do with the navel?" another asked.

"Switched places. It's where the other used to be."

"Well," an aged reporter said doubtfully, "I can see its advantages for bareback riders and politicians -- the fence-straddling kind, anyhow."

"Ought to be fine for women," the first reporter said, "but what about men? Isn't it uncomfortable leaning up against bars and so forth?"

"Aha," Dr. Kalmus said, "that's where we killed two stones with one bird. They have to be outside the body, you know. Too much heat makes for no posterity."

"So where did you put them?" the second reporter demanded impatiently.

"They needed a protected place," Dr. Kalmus continued calmly. "Also, they should be separated to minimize risk in case of accident. What better place could you think of?"

"I'll be damned," the old reporter said. "Who'd have ever thought of the armpits?"

There was a spontaneous ovation when Miss Dougherty ended the conference with her personal testimonial. Reporters vied with one another to get on the waiting list. Dr. Kalmus accepted the backslapping casually and the drinks liberally. It was several hours before the meeting adjourned and he abandoned the press conference for home and a newly-converted wife.

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No one will ever know whether it was the liquor or the icy sidewalk, but when the truck hit him the end result was the same. He didn't come to until several days later in his own hospital. His surgical team stood dolefully around the bed.

"Terrible," Miss Dougherty sobbed, turning her face.

"Did the best we could," the anesthetist said mournfully. "The stump was just too short."

"Too short?" Dr. Kalmus demanded in growing horror, "You mean I can't be fitted with an artificial leg?"

"I'm afraid not."

"But I'll have to spend the rest of my life on crutches!"

They all nodded.

Dr. Kalmus remembered sadly what now hung in each armpit. And that's why he's a mad scientist.

#### Cafe au lait -- that's a restaurant for bullfighters. CC

Once upon a time i had the idea of writing a Simplified History of Fantasites, designed for those who want to know what it's all about. I envisioned it as printed on a small card, a supply of which you might slip into your billfold, and which could be handed to anyone who says, "Tell me in thirty seconds what this Fandom is." Here is my draft: "There was a magazine that published fantasy (stories about the future, new inventions, occult arts). One day a young fellow wrote in to the magazine's letter section claiming that an author had made an error in science. He also said, 'Why don't we form a club to discuss science?' A lot of people responded, so they did. # The club had an official organ, and members writing for it discussed not only science but also what fantasy stories and books they liked best, and even brot up ideas about how they that the world should be organized in the future. Some members that this was getting away from the purpose of the club, so there were hotly fought elections. # Also, members began publishing their own amateur magazines and selling or exchanging them with other members and with people who had never joined. The old club disappeared; other organizations were formed. In their magazines the fantasites took to discussing how to publish a good amateur magazine, argued about grammar, wrote poetry, and so on. # All this time they were corresponding individually, so they began to visit one another and finally held conventions. Many found that they were more interesting to each other than any other people they had ever known. Afterwards, in their magazines, they talked about personal affairs and beliefs on any subject under the sun, as well as fantasy."

-- Jack Speer, in SYNAPSE, Fall 1947

Wollheim has at one time or another edited just about every category of pulp mag, I believe. One day, he reminisced, when he was editing Baseball Action Stories or some such pulp (I am not sure of that title) he was asked by a fellow employee what he thought of the series. "What series?" the editor of Baseball Action Stories replied.

"There was a time," he said, "when nearly every sports magazine in New York was edited by science fiction fans who hated sports."

-- Joe Kernedy, in GREEN THOUGHTS #2, March 1950



# THE WESTERN OUTLAW

from cave in the rock to hole in the wall

BY PAT LUPOFF

Many people can name the date of the Battle of the O.K. Corral in their sleep, others can tell you the exact hour of the night when Sheriff Pat Garrett shot Billy the Kid, and still others can name every bank and train robbery that the James gang participated in. But how many have ever stopped to wonder why Billy, Jesse and the rest became outlaws in the first place? To most of us, they simply "were."

Most historians who write of western outlaws mean those who robbed and killed from the Civil War until the beginning of the twentieth century. And by "western" they generally mean those who robbed and killed from the middle western states such as Missouri, Indiana and Kansas to the far west: California, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. For some reason, eastern criminals in the second part of the nineteenth century seldom if ever achieved the notiriety that their western compatriots did.

Obviously, eastern towns had less open violence in them because of stricter enforcement of the law. In frontier communities in the west there very often wasn't anybody at all to enforce the law. Thus, every man was a law unto himself.

But there were many colorful and bloodthirsty men who ran rampant over the eastern part of the United States long before the outbreak of the Civil War. The most famous of these early outlaws were the Harpe brothers, known as Big Harpe and Little Harpe. Their real names were Micajah ("Big") and Wiley ("Little").

They were born in North Carolina in the early 1770's. They were extremely bloodthirsty men who terrorized the countryside by rapine and senseless murder. Robbery never seemed to be their motive; they tortured and killed just for the fun of it. They had three "wives," Susan and Betsey Roberts and a young girl, Sally Rice. All three had come originally from good families. Why these women went with the brothers is a mystery. Paul Wellman, in Spawn of Evil, cites many instances when the women had ample chance to escape, but they remained loyal to the Harpes, who from all contemporary descriptions were as revolting looking as their minds were warped.

One of the Harpe brothers' favorite methods of disposing of the bodies of their victims was to disembowel them and stuff the corpses with rocks, and then sink the bodies in the nearest river. At one point in their bloody career the Harpes joined a loose-knit band of outlaws who hid out at a place called "Cave in the Rock." This lawless community lived in caves along the Ohio River and practiced river piracy on people traveling westward by boat. But even this community of pirates found the Harpe brothers much too bloodthirsty and forcibly expelled them from Cave in the Rock.

Like the members of the James-Younger gang almost a century later, the Harpes were products of a war, the American Revolution. Like the members of the James gang, they did not join the regular army on either side. They were irregulars who used the British cause as their excuse to lay waste the countryside. Unlike the members of the James gang, however, they did not commit their crimes for gain. They were anti-social beings intent on breaking the law, but more than this, they seemed to be ruled by some maniacal lust.

For example: One night, having taken shelter in a farmhouse, they killed the farmer -- because his snoring annoyed them! Try as one may, one cannot make these men into anything remotely resembling the conventional Robin Hood figure. Also, unlike their counterparts in the nineteenth century, these men were not renowned as gunmen. Very often they fought their enemies and won by sheer brute strength; at other times they used long daggers or tomahawks. The cult of the gunman had not yet begun.

Since these men lived in such unsettled times, very little in the way of actual dates and places is known about them. Wellman refers to them as forest people, emerging from the woods only rarely. Wellman seems to have gathered his material from extremely rare old books, newspapers and manuscripts. His Spawn of Evil is the only book I know with so much detailed information about outlaws in the post-revolutionary period. (Wellman does, however, mention a book published in 1924 called The Outlaws of Dave in Rock by Otto A. Rothert. And Rothert apparently got his material on the Harpes from an even earlier book, Legends of the War of Independence by Marshall T. Smith, published 1855.)

The Harpes are fascinating studies in abnormal psychology. Micajah Harpe is said to have brained one of his babies in a homicidal rage because it was crying too loudly. (Compare with the snoring-farmer murder...did the Harpes just dislike noise?) Micajah is also reported to have regretted the killing and to have grieved for his dead child.

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Finally Big Harpe came to an appropriately gruesome end. He was caught and killed by a band led by a man named Stegall, whose wife and child Harpe had mutilated

and killed. Not content with merely doing Big Harpe in, Stegall cut off Big Harpe's head. He hung his on a tree near the place where Big Harpe had committed his last bloody crime. The road nearest the tree, according to Wellman, became known as Harpe's Head Road.

Meanwhile, the three Harpe wemen were arrested and tried for complicity in Big and Little's brutal deeds. All three were acquitted and released. Susan Roberts, the oldest and plainest of them, thereafter earned her living by spinning and weaving for a wealthy planter. Her more attractive sister Betsey married again and lived a respectable and conventional life. And although Sally Rice had previously regarded her marriage to Little Harpe as legitimate, and although Little Harpe was still very much alive, Sally married again and moved to Illinois, where she is lost in a mist of presumed respectability too.

Wiley (Little) Harpe disappeared for some years, turned up as a member of the Sam Meson gang (about Mason in a minute), betrayed Mason and adopted an alias. He was finally caught by the law and hanged.

Next we turn to a man who has been described as "the first real genius of outlawry on the frontier." Samuel Mason. Very little is known of his early life. His criminal carear covered the early 1800's. His gang of cutthroats were the scourge of the Mississippi Valley and his hideout was the same Cave in the Rock previously frequented by the pirates who had expelled the Harpes. He may have been one of those pirates, for that matter. The famous hideout was shown authentically in the motion picture How the West Was Won (and that was about the only virtue of the film).

Unlike the Harpe brothers, there was nothing maniacal in Mason's makeup. Although he was a coldblooded killer of the worst sort -- he disposed of entire boatloods of travelers, women and children no exception -- he did kill for a definite object; money. His crimes long went undetected because his victims were for the most part illiterate families migrating westward to what they considered the promised land. Since they were illiterates, their relatives and friends back home did not expect to hear from them. Like the victims of the Harpe brothers, Mason's prey disappeared into the Ohio River.

Unlike the Harpes, however. Mason was an oddly social creature. He was the loader of a large and rather well organized group of men. With his followers he divided the speils of robbery. It was as a member of this gang that Little Harpe operated for a while after the death of Big Harpe. But Little Harpe's warped nature was too much even for such a hardened criminal as Mason, and again Harpe had trouble getting along at eve in the Rock.

Masch and Little Harpe feet out, Harpe disappeared for a time, then turned up as a member of civilized society, clean shaven and quite respectable looking. Under the alias of an honest citizen named Setton, Little Harpe set out with a crony to capture Masch and thus get his hands on the considerable reward that was being offered for the auture of the notorious outlaw. He was successful in apprehending Masch, and cut off his head as evidence of having killed the criminal.

Little Harpe, however, was in turn recognized by a man he had once tried to give the rob-and-murder treatment. Harpe was arrested and hanged with his partner in the killing of San Mason.

The first robber empire in America was founded by the Loomis brothers. These "wild west" outlant terrorized the Mchawk Valley region of New York state from the 1850's through the end of the Civil War. Their headquarters were located in a wild, desolete region known as the nine mile swamp. The story of the Loomis gang was rementicized into a novel by John Brick, Rogue's Kingdom, published in 1965...a well

written and fast moving adventure story.

The Loomises were a large and well-united family. Even when they were children their mother, a former school teacher, encouraged them to steal. Legend has it that Mother Loomis spanked her children only when they were caught with stolen goods in their possession. There's no deep dark secret here as to why the Loomis children grew up to become horse thieves and worse.

The family consisted of five boys and four girls. One of the girls, Maria Cornelia, was as wild as her brothers. She started her career of crime by stealing fur muffs at parties while she was still a little girl. Like the outlaws of legend, the Loomises were all expert riders and excellent marksmen. They robbed, murdered, and manufactured counterfeit money. Cornelia's three sisters all married and lived mundane lives. Cornelia never married.

The gang became very prosperous at the outbreak of the Civil War. They specialized in selling stolen horses to the Union army at fabulous prices. War profiteers. Their power extended as far south as New York City, where they would dispose of their stolen goods by shipping them down the Hudson. In 1865 the oldest Loomis brother was

killed by a group of vigilantes who stormed the Loomis farmhouse. Two other brothers were arrested, but one escaped.

By 1870 the Loomis gang began to fade out. Cornelia retired from the outlaw game, or at least from active participation, and lived until 1897. It is easy to see how the Loomises became criminals—but what made Mama like that?

The very first train robbery in this country was committed by the Reno brothers in 1866. Outlawry seems to have appealed all along to families. Already the locale was beginning to shift westward, as the Renos were born and raised in Indiana.

Although the Reno brothers committed the first train robbery as well as other daring crimes, they never achieved national fame. They were the terror of Indiana, but few people outside that state ever heard of them. Perhaps it was because their criminal career lasted only two years, from their first train robbery in 1866 until three of the four brothers were lynched while awaiting trial in 1868. Yet brevity of career seems an inadequate explanation -- everybody has heard of Sam Bass, and his career was equally short and not as exciting.

Aside from train robbery, the Renos were skilled counterfeiters. There were five Reno brothers, but only four became criminals -- the black sheep principle reversed. John Reno was the oldest and the genius of the band. It was he who thought



of robbing a train. The other three criminal Renos were Frank, William and Simon. John escaped lynching with his brothers because he was arrested soon after the daring train robbery, convicted and safely locked away. Frank, William and Simon escaped to Canada, where they were traced and eventually captured by Pinkerton detectives. After much wrangling over extradition they were returned to the United States, where the fatal incident took place.

The eve of the Civil War is known as one of the most violent and bloody periods in American history. One of the worst sections at this time was the Kansas-Missouri border country. The issue was slavery. The Kansans were abolitionists and the Missourians were traditionally slave-owners. Bloodshed along the Kansas-Missouri border started in the 1850's and bad feelings between the two states continued long after the end of the Civil War. The Kansans referred to the Missourians as bush-whackers. The Missourians called the Kansans Jayhawkers.

Feelings along the border ran so high that the clicke of "neighbor turned against neighbor, brother against brother, father against son" was literal trut Sporadic bloodshed along the border was climaxed by the sacking of Lawrence in 1863. Contrary to popular belief, Jesse James was too young to have participated in the raid on Lawrence by the famous Quantrill.

Most of the men who rode with Quantrill during the war were peaceful farmers in their everyday lives. Most of them returned to a life on the soil after the war. The James brothers, however, and their neighbors the Youngers found a life behind the plow much too confining. ("How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm...?") They turned to crime more for the adventure involved than for the amount of money they could steal, although they did steal, and they killed in the process of robbery. Veterans unable to readjust to civilian life.

Since the James brothers and the Younger brothers all came under the influence of the guerrilla leader Charles Quantrill, let's pause for a few facts about him. James D. Horan, in his Pictorian History of the Wild West, called Quantrill "the bloodiest man in American history." And in Outlaws on Horseback Harry Sinclair Drago refers to Quantrill as "the prince of lawlessness." Before the Kansas-Nissouri bloodshed began, Quantrill was a teacher in a small Bible school. He had great personal magnetism and at the time of the raid on Lawrence had over 400 men riding under his flag.

One of Quantrill's lieutenants, Bloody Bill Anderson, used to hang the scalps of his victims on the bridle of his horse. While his leader was not so openly bloodthirsty, there was nothing noble in his nature, either. Even as a child Quantrill enjoyed torturing helpless animals and although we are told that he threatened to kill any of his men who committed rape, this was apparently only a matter of maintaining discipline. Perhaps the best that can be said of him is that he had a great quality of leadership and great personal courage even when confronted with disastrates odds.

And now the darling of American legend, Jesse James. Time after time we read about this handsome, dashing figure, or see him on the motion picture or television screen, robbing the rich to give to the poor, saving the mortgage money for some destitute widow, returning a feeble old man's life savings. Neither Jesse James nor any member of his gang remotely resembled this myth of the American Robin Hood. It has been proved time and time again that Jesse and his band were nothing but train and bank robbers and in some cases coldblooded killers. But with no apparent effect — the American public still sit glued to their seats watching the exploits of a dashing, debonair young man as he performs deeds of valor to help the downtrodden.

Jesse and his men were able to pursue their lives of crime for sixteen years

because they were always well hidden and protected by their kinfolk in different parts of Missouri, particularly Jesse's home county of Clay. Another reason why Jesse was hard to track down was that he was "a man without a face." Such pictures of him as existed were owned by his immediate family and were, obviously, not made available to pursuing law officers. And since Jesse had never been arrested -- because he had never been caught -- none of the law officers had any photographs of him.

According to Horan, Jessee robbed about seventeen banks and trains and amassed a loot of about \$200,000. What he did with his share of the stolen money remains an unsolved mystery. Jesse was not the type to spend his share on wine-women-and-song; he was too moody and sullen for such frivolous pastimes.

The James-Younger gang cannot be written off as just a bunch of thieves (although they were certainly thieves) because of the havor they played with the politics of the State of Missouri. After the war Missouri, like other border states, remained divided by two factions: pro-Union and the bitter anti-Unionists. The Union sympathizers wrote Jesse's gang off as a bunch of hoodlums. Confederate sympathizers, partly because of lingering sentiment for Quantrill's Confederate guerrillas, with whom the Jameses had ridden, built them up as a bunch of misunderstood boys who had been driven to their lives of crime by the hardships and cruelties of war. All of Missouri's newspapers took up the battle. Heated editorials appeared, praising or condemning the James gang with equal extravagance. Politicians running for office promised to wipe out the terrible Jameses and Youngers or promised to pardon them and help restore them to their proper places in society. Things came to a head in 1875 when a group of Pinkerton detectives and local law officers threw a bomb through the window of the farmhouse where Jesse's parents lived, presumably hoping to get Jesse and Frank.

Horan maintains that this bomb was actually a pot of Greek fire, a device used in the war to start a quick blaze and smoke out hidden enemies. At any rate, Greek fire or a real bomb, whatever was thrown through the window resulted in an explosion which tore off the arm of Jesse's mother and killed Jesse's eight-year-old half-brother, Archie. You can imagine the reaction. The Finkertons were condemned as vicious killers so cowardly that they picked on women and children, while the James boys were left free to rob and kill at will.

Frank and Jesse James were sons of a Baptist minister, Robert James, and an outspoken, domineering woman, Zerelda Cole. Frank was born in 1843 and Jesse in 1847. After ten years of marriage Robert James could stand Zerelda's shrewish tongue no longer and left to look for gold in California. He died there in 1851. Zerelda remarried, this time a 56-year-old farmer named Simms. This marriage quickly ended in a divorce. This didn't faze her either, and in 1857, when Jesse was ten years old, his mother married for the third time, this time to Dr. Reuben Samuel, a farmer who worked also as a doctor -- human or veteranarian, reports conflict.

Although Zerelda Cole James Simms Samuel remained the dominant figure, her third marriage was happy and produced at least three more children: Susan, Archie and John. Zerelda was fanatically devoted to her whole family but her favorites were her two oldest sons, who in their mother's eyes could do no wrong. Formula: domineering mother, a series of weak and ephemeral father figures....

In 1866 Jesse and his men committed probably the first bank robbery in the United States. They held up the bank at Liberty, Missouri early one winter morning. As the gang was inside the bank a young schoolboy started from his home nearby on his way to school. When he saw the riders pour out of the bank he started riding down the street to find shelter. The robbers swept by him but one stopped his

horse, turned around and fired at the boy. It took four shots to make sure he was dead. The killer is believed to have been Jesse James. There was one witness to the killing, a school friend of the victim waiting for him on the porch of his house. The witness was a boy named Jimmy Sandusky, cited by Horan as evidence of the incident.

The Younger brothers who rode with Frank and Jesse James were Cole, Jim, John and Bob, members of a family of fourteen children. (Cole Younger, by the way, is short for Coleman Younger -- there is no connection with Zerelda Cole.) Despite their great numbers, the Youngers were rather well off, and Colonel Younger ran a large and prosperous farm. Cole Younger, over six feet tall and very handsome, came the closest of any member of the James-Younger gang to being a chivalrous figure. Once, during a robbery committed at the end of the Civil War, he supposedly handed back a woman's watch when he learned that she was a southerner. Although Cole has a reputation for chivalry and gallantry, he was just as much a killer as Jesse James. Strangely, he was a likeable man, sociable, liked people, especially women. His most famous love affair was with the notorious Belle Starr. They had a daughter, Pearl, who grew up to become the successful madame of a bawdy house.

The second Younger brother, Jim, remains a shadowy figure. He seems to have copied his older brother and probably drifted into outlawry because Cole did. John, the third brother, was a firebrand. He killed his first man when he was fifteen, pleaded self-defense and was acquitted. He was killed in a gun battle with a Pinkerton detective. Bob Younger was the baby of the band. He was only twelve when Quantrill led the raid on Lawrence, too young to join the Raiders. He was the only one of the gang not tutored in the bloody art of guerrilla warfare under Quantrill. He was twenty-three when the Youngers were arrested at Northfield, Minnesota in 1876.

The Jameses and the Youngers were at this time trying to rob the bank. Jesse led his men into the bank, ordered everybody to put their hands up, and then calmly shot the cashier. The townspeople heard the shot and decided they had taken enough from the gangsters. They ran from their houses with their guns in hand. In the confusion Frank and Jesse escaped but the Youngers were caught -- arrested, jailed, found guilty, sentenced to prison for life. Bob died in jail of tuberculosis. Cole and Jim were released in 1901 after serving twenty-five years. They both became tombstone salesmen.

Meanwhile, Jesse and Frank found new followers and began to rob and kill once again. One of the new riders, a young man named Bob Ford, planned to assassinate Jesse and collect the reward money offered by the railroads, \$10,000. He plotted with his brother Charlie: Bob would do the actual killing, Charlie would act as witness, and they would share the \$10,000. In 1882 Bob Ford did kill Jesse James at Jesse's home while Jesse was straightening a picture on the wall. Jesse had used a number of pseudonyms from time to time while lying low, and at the time he was calling himself Tom Howard -- hence the famous line about Ford in the Ballad of Jesse James, "...that dirty little coward, he shot Mr. Howard..."

And Ford did, indeed, shoot Jesse in the back. With his brother Charlie he collected the reward, but instead of being regarded as a hero Ford was reviled as villain and coward. He drifted from place to place and ten years later, in 1892, was fatally shot in a gun fight in a little town in Colorado.

After Jesse's death Frank James turned himself in. He was brought to trial, but there was still such terror of the gang's retribution that only one prosecution witness could be got into the courtroom. He took one look at Frank and ran out of the court. Frank was acquitted and lived out his life as a member of a wild west show and a race track starter.

His retirement from crime brought down the curtain on the James-Younger gang and one of the most violent periods of American history.

We now move to the real West, the mountain country of Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, and a gang of rustlers, bank and train robbers, and murderers, whose deeds under the appropriate name of the Wild Bunch make the exploits of the James-Younger gang look tame and anemic by comparison. The Wild Bunch, aside from terrorizing the western part of the United States in the 1890's and early 1900's, brought outlawry, western American style, to Bolivia.

The story of the Wild Bunch is full of unbelievable melodrama. It has everything: a mysterious, beautiful woman, a loyal canine who would warn the gang at the approach of strangers to their secret hideouts, running gun battles with sheriffs' men, and some of the most colorful personalities in fact or fiction. The size of the gang varied from a dozen men to a hundred. Its inner circle consisted of four men: Butch Cassidy, Harvey Logan, Elza Lay and Harry Longbaugh. At times one or another of the four would form an independent gang for train or bank robbery. Other times they would combine under leadership of Cassidy.

The Wild Bunch had three main hideouts. Hole in the Wall is the most famous, and is located in northern Wyoming. Brown's Hole is the most picturesque; it's located where the eastern boundary of Utah and the western boundary of Colorado join the southern boundary of Wyoming. The third, Robber's Roost in Utah, belies its colorful name by being one of the driest and most desolate places in the American West.

The Wild Bunch had its roots in the cattle depression of the early 1880's. The American cattle market had reached an all-time high in 1882. Prices were high, jobs were plentiful and ranchers were busy increasing their stock to meet the growing demand of the eastern cities. Then in 1883 a drought struck the western states. Cattle had no grass to eat and many died of starvation or thirst. In 1884 the price of cattle dropped and ranchers were forced to sell the remnants of their stock for whatever poor prices they could get. By 1885 many ranches no longer existed and a great number of cowboys wandered aimlessly with nothing to do. To top the misfortune, the winter of 1886-87 was unusually severe. A huge blizzard in 1887 finished everything.

Meanwhile, a growing number of homeless cowboys, joined by a handful of drifting ex-slaves, were congregating in the already lawless community of Hole in the Wall. They came not only for food but for the companionship of other men. They rustled what cattle they could and by the spring of 1887 their settlement was growing fast. Soon the men were joined by dancehall girls and prostitutes. No lawman ever ventured into the Hole.

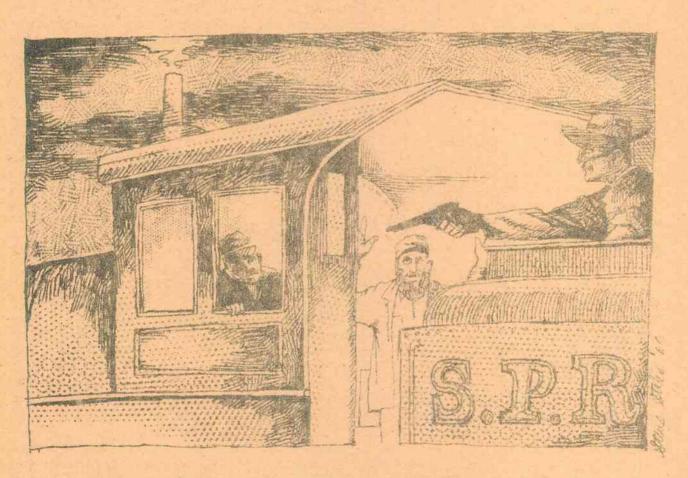
Before the arrival of Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch the leader of the rustlers at Hole in the Wall was a shiftless individual known as Laughing Sam Carey, a thief and a murderer. There were, of course, others to follow him. The so-called Red Sash Gang, led by Flat Nose George Curry (the very name is music, is it not?), was one -- the gang earning their name by melodramatically wearing red sashes when they raided and robbed. Also well known in the community of Hole in the Wall were Nick Rey and Nathan Champion. They were ambushed and killed in the Johnson County War in 1892. It was after this war that the Wild Bunch came into being.

The real name of Butch Cassidy, leader of the Wild Bunch, was either George or Robert Leroy Parker; historians differ on the point. He was born in Utah in 1868, into a strict Mormon family. His father, Maximilian Parker, ran a small cattle ranch in Circleville, Utah. Butch was the oldest child. When Butch was in his teens his father hired a tough-looking young man named Mike Cassidy. Young Robert

(or George) Leroy Parker worshipped him and Mike was flattered enough to respond by showing Butch how to shoot and ride Comanche fashion, dropping down under the side of a swiftly moving horse.

But the most important thing Mike Cassiday taught young Parker was how to rustle cattle. He took the boy with him on a raid and showed him how to drive the stolen cattle into Robber's Roost. When Mike got into trouble with the local law and had to leave the Mormon's ranch, young Parker left too. Out of admiration for his hero he changed his name from Parker to Cassidy. The appellation of "Butch" came later, when, in order to escape detection by the law, he took a job in Rock Springs, Wyoming as a butcher. The nickmame "Butcher" was soon shortened to "Butch."

Of all the western outlaws, Butch Cassidy comes closest to the romanticized image of the American Robin Hood. He was cheerful and had a great sense of humor. In his entire career of robbing and rustling he never killed anyone until the last desperate fight of his life, in South America. He is surrounded by anecdotes, many of them probably apocryphal but nonetheless indicative of his character. For instance, when Butch was living in Wind River, Wyoming in 1892 a severe flu epidemic struck the community. At the risk of his life Butch is supposed to have ridden for hours in a blizzard to find a doctor and medicine for those in need.



Another Cassidy story tells of his arrest by a sheriff's deputy who caught Butch driving a herd of stolen horses. Butch managed to escape and was well on his way when he realized that he had left the deputy in the desert with no canteen. Butch was riding the deputy's horse, which had two canteens tied to its saddle bags. Cassidy turned back and rode to the deputy, threw him one of the canteens, and made good his escape.

Butch apparently took up the life of an outlaw simply because it attracted him. Considering the strict and righteous life of the orthodox Mormon household in contrast

with the glamorous figure of the hired man Mike Cassidy, it is not difficult to see why. In 1895 Butch was arrested and sent to prison for two years for horse stealing. Horse stealing in those days was a crime for which many men would have been hanged; it is a tribute to Butch's popularity that he was only imprisoned for two years.

Actually, he had drawn a longer sentence, but was pardoned in 1897 by the governor of Wyoming. At the time of the pardon the governor asked Butch for his promise to go straight. Butch replied that he knew he could never keep such a promise, but he did give his word that he would never again molest the state of Wyoming. He never broke his word, and in later years if a bank or train robbery was planned for Wyoming Butch always withdrew in favor of another member of the gang.

When Butch was released in the winter of 1897 he met Elza Lay, a young man whose background is uncertain. Some think that he hailed from Boston; others maintain that he was a born westerner. What is important is that Elza was the educated member of the Wild Bunch. He often rode around with a book in his hand, and he drew up elaborate blueprints for some of the gang's projected robberies. Later arrested and imprisoned, Elza served his time, was released, married and lived an honest life. One of his intellectual interests was geology, and he discovered an oil field for a small company.

But back in 1897 Butch and Elza became friends and planned the holdup of a mining camp at Castle Rock, Utah. The getaway was the most difficult part of the raid, involving a climb down a steep mountain trail. However, the robbery went off successfully without a shot being fired, and the getaway was a success. Word spread of the coup, and other outlaws flocked to join Butch and Elza. The most notable of these were the Logan brothers, Harvey, Lonnie and Johnny, and Harry Longbaugh, the Sundance Kid. With them the Logans and Longbaugh brought about a hundred riders.

Harry Longbaugh, the Sundance Kid, eventually became the closest friend of Butch in the gang. He got his nickname by breaking jail in the town of Sundance, Wyoming, where he had been convicted of horse stealing. Some sources say that he originally came from New Jersey. Unlike most cowboys, Longbaugh was a snappy dresser. Unless he was on the run or actually engaged in a holdup he always dressed in a neat, dark-colored suit. His neat and conservative appearance was misleading: before joining Cassidy he had held up so many banks and rustled so many cattle that rewards were posted for him in four states.

Longbaugh's girlfriend was the beautiful and mysterious Etta Place. She could ride and shoot as well as any of Butch's riders, although she joined the Wild Bunch only near the end of their career. Although Etta looked like a woman of high society, the Sundance Kid had met her at Fanny Porter's Bawdy House in Fort Worth, Texas. She accompanied Butch and Harry when they went to South America. After she had done her fair share of robbing banks there she was stricken with appendicitis and, mistrusting local medical practices, returned to the United States for an appendectomy. What happened to her thereafter is a mystery and I wish somebody would solve it.

The killer in the bunch was Harvey Logan, Kid Curry. Harvey and his two brothers, Johnny and Lonnie (do they sound like a vaudeville team? a group of used-car salesmen?) came west from Missouri when still in their teens. They had been orphaned at an early age and brought up by an aunt. (Again, broken home, no father figure.) The boys' grandfather was a Cherokee Indian. All three boys had their grandfather's swarthy complexion. There was a fourth brother, Henry, but we know nothing about him because he was the only one of the four to lead an honest life. (The white sheep syndrome again.)

Harvey started his life of crime at the age of twelve when he stole a six-shooter

from the town drunk. When the Logan boys came west they joined Nat Champion's Red Sash Gang (or was it Flat Nose George Curry's gang? -- again, conflicting authorities). Whether Nat or George was the leader of the Red Sashes, Curry was at least a member of the gang, and through the gang Harvey Logan met him. As R. (or G.) Leroy Parker took the name of his idol Mike Cassidy, Harvey Logan took Flat Nose George Curry's last name, and became known as Kid Curry. He was a vicious killer who would ride for miles to avenge a supposed grudge.

Others in the Wild Bunch were Ben Kilpatrick, a tall Texan, and his girlfriend Laura Bullion; Bill Carver, who during one getaway after a bank holdup lost a battle with a skunk and was subsequently described in Wanted posters as having an unpleasant odor; and Harry Tracy, who (reminiscent of the Harpes at Cave in the Rock) was so bad that he was driven out of Brown's Hole by the other outlaws. Tracy will also be remembered as the only western badman who made his last desperate getaway in the northwest aboard a stolen yacht!

Although Butch Cassidy entered the outlaw life by free choice, the long months of weary hours spent being hunted like an animal eventually took their toll. Cassidy decided that he wanted to become an honest man and applied to the governor of Utah for another pardon. He consulted a lawyer whom the members of the Wild Bunch sometimes used to get them out of scrapes, Douglas Preston. Preston was able to convince the governor that Butch had never killed, and if pardoned for his robberies would keep his word and live an honest life. It was more difficult for Preston to convince the railroad officials to agree. Finally someone had the idea that if Butch was pardoned, what better insurance against further holdups could there be than for Butch to be employed by the railroad! With Cassidy riding the trains as a guard, no one would dare hold them up!

A meeting was arranged for Cassidy, Preston and an officer of the Union Pacific. But a mixup in train schedules delayed Preston and the railroad official for several hours. Meanwhile, Butch, after waiting for hours at the appointed meeting place, grew suspicious of a trap and left. When the two others finally arrived they found no one waiting for them. Cassidy, furious at the seeming betrayal, pulled off a new train holdup at Tipton, Utah.

Soon Butch and Harry Longbaugh sensed that their luck would give out if they stayed much longer, so together with Etta Place they left for South America. They settled in Bolivia and for several years lived as respectable ranchers. One day the Sundance Kid, having a roaming eye despite the beautiful Etta's presence, was found by a neighboring ranchero in bed with his wife. There was a gunfight and Longbaugh wounded his opponent. Once again local law authorities were summoned, but by the time they arrived there was nobody there. Harry, Etta and Butch had fled.

For a while the trio pulled a succession of daring robberies, then Etta developed her celebrated appendicitis and left. Butch and Harry disappeared for a time, then turned up working at the Concordia tin mines in Bolivia. The mine manager, a man named Glass, found out who his new employees were but he allowed them to remain, accepting their promise that they would cause no trouble for the mine. They would work hard for a while and then they would disappear for a few weeks, and Glass would know they were off playing outlaw again.

Finally, in 1909, the sands ran out. Butch and the Sundance Kid had successfully held up a mule train with money from the Alpoca mine. The getaway presented no problem, but Butch made the mistake of stealing the mine superintendent's mule, a big silver-gray animal. When the two outlaws took shelter at a community fifteen miles from the scene of the holdup a hotel owner recognized the mule; he called in a troop of Bolivien cavalry camped in a nearby woods.

The soldiers called on Butch and Harry to give themselves up. They refused, and a furious battle ensued. Unfortunately, Cassidy and Longbaugh had left their extra ammunition with the mule on the other side of the courtyard. Longbaugh said he would try to get it; he ran out and was fatally wounded. Butch dashed out and brought him back to shelter. Cassidy held off the cavalry all night, until he had but one bullet left. There was a final shot, them silence. The soldiers advanced cautiously. They found the Sundance Kid dead, and Butch dead beside him. The Robin Hood of western outlaws had put the last bullet through his own head, rather than surrender.

The Wild Bunch were the last of the major outlaw bands, and Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh the last of the Robin Hood type outlaw "heroes." After their departure for South America the remaining outlaws in the western part of America were a relatively pallid breed who merely faded away into the woodwork.

Why did the western outlaw disappear? Probably because he was a product of the frontier, and when the frontier disappeared the outlaw had no place to go. We can trace the westward advance of the frontier by the westward movement of the outlaw: the Loomises in New York state, the Harpes in the Ohio valley, the James and Younger gang in Missouri and Kansas, and the Wild Bunch in the Rockies.

When the frontier advancing from the east met the older settlers moving inland from the Pacific Coast, the areas of lawlessness were largely eliminated, and the free-riding cowboy outlaw became an anachronism. His latterday counterpart is the urban mobster, who has, unfortunately, turned from such wholesome activities as cattle rustling to the dirty work of underground gambling, dope pushing and the like. But every so often there is a modern crime that harks back to the excitement of the nineteenth century outlaw -- a Brinks robbery, a bank holdup, or England's recent "Great Train Robbery." The spirit of the western outlaw is not dead.

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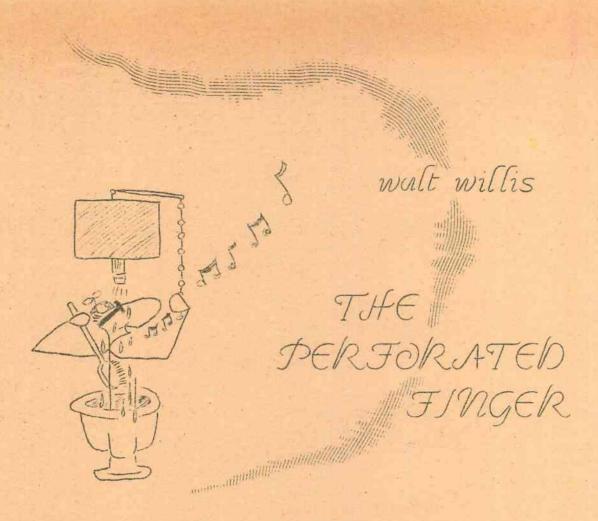
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### IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD. IT HAD FOUR LETTERS:

And on Saturday 13th November 1965 it was for the first time used deliberately on television. It was at approximately 11:30 p.m. on the programme "BBC3," a successor to TW3, and it was uttered with admirable sang froid by Kenneth Tynan in the course of a discussion on censorship with Mary McCarthy. I don't know how much nearer this has brought the Millenium, but I thought I'd let you know that another milestone has been passed. I'm not quite sure in which direction.

### STRATHCLYDE:

It used to be the charming custom of fans to describe the environments in which they were writing; since I've recently changed mine after twenty years I suppose I should supply a corrigendum. I'm sitting beside a gas fire in the front attic of a late Victorian house; going clockwise round the room we have a bookcase, a loud-speaker, a washbasin, two windows with an ottoman in front of them and an R1155 radio receiver, a chest of drawers with a tv set on top, a map of the USA, a bed, the door and a fitted cupboard. So far not much has changed from Oblique House. But through the windows, by moving my head to the left I can see the Donaghadee lighthouse (eerily like the one traditional to the HYPHEN back cover) and by moving it to the right I can see the Copeland Islands, the northeast extrimity of County Down. In between there is nothing but sea and a few foam-girt rocks. Actually, between the house and the sea is a sloping lawn, a road, and a strip of someone else's garden, but all this is hidden by a little balcony. The illusion of being perched on a cliff-top is satisfyingly complete, and every time I see this dramatic view I think of John Keats.

I find it hard to explain to you just why this association fills me with an

almost superstitious awe, because the coincidence which impresses me may seem quite unremarkable to you. Well, first, Donaghadee is just a small fishing village and summer resort with no great claim to fame except that it was here that Keats landed on his first and only journey to Ireland. He intended to visit the Giant's Causeway in North Antrim, but while walking to Belfast he got caught in the rain and contracted pneumonia.

Secondly, it was a line of Keats which made me buy this house. Perhaps that's something of an exaggeration, but I think it's essentially true. One may have all sorts of logical reasons for preferring one house to another, but really it's as much an emotional decision as falling in love. I've never had much patience for poetry because it's an effort for me to subvocalise, but when I was a boy some lines of Keats got through to me:

...magic casements
Opening on the foam of perilous seas
In fairy lands forlorn.

For thirty years I have had that in my mind as the picture of the place I wanted to live, but as "shades of the prison house began to close about the growing boy" the possibility seemed more and more remote. Now here I am in such a house, in a place where Keats walked.

### CONTINENT CUT OFF FROM ENGLAND:

It seems there is a controversy going on in Oxford as to whether the study of Anglo-Saxon literature, i.e. Beowolf, should remain a compulsory part of the English Literature course. Enemies of Beowolf point out that later English literature is so much more important. Presented with this argument, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon, one Alistair Campbell, made the following deathless statement: "English literature stops at 1830. After that it is only books."

This seemed to me to have all the engagingly sweeping arrogance of the famous newspaper headline quoted above, which appeared in an English newspaper during storms in the English Channel. It reminds me of a remark I attributed to an imaginary European in my ill-fated book: "America has not got any history, just newspaper clippings."

### HOW THINGS ARE IN GLOCKAMORRA:

Recently I have had the feeling that this business of nature imitating art has gone so far that the world is being taken over by prototypes: as if the talent of whoever is behind the scenes for creating real individual people were flagging, and we are getting mere hackwork.

I first noticed it when Peter Graham and Wally Weber were here. I had to go on an official trip to the little village of Roslea, County Germanagh, and I took them with me. While they strolled about I called on the pillars of local society and they turned out to be the following. And remember, these are all their real names:

- 1.) Mr. Magwood, the village grocer. Big, burly, red-faced, jovial.
- 2.) Dr. D'Arcy, the doctor. Tall, ascetic, pince-nez.
- 3.) Father MacManus, the parish priest. In an old grey stone house he sat beside an open fire in a booklined study watching horse racing on television. A faithful female retainer brought bottles of sherry and Irish whiskey while he told us stories of the local IRA.

I hadn't believed that this sort of thing existed outside Hollywood. On second thoughts there may not be anything sinister about it. It may just have been the powerful influence of Peter Graham and Wally Weber, because I have noticed in the past that everything here, including the people, all quite ordinary normally, suddenly become terribly Irish in the presence of Americans.

Anyway, would someone pass on the good news to Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald?

### SHAW'S AEGIS:

The other day Peggy White at one of her parties served sausages on sticks, the sort of longish thin ones called "bangers" in English slang. I was twiddling my second one round its stick with the stick left over from my first one when Bob Shaw asked me what I was doing.

"I'm knitting myself a pig," I said on the spur of the moment.

"Oh," said Bob Shaw.

"He doesn't appreciate it," said James. "You're casting purls before swine."

"That," said Bob, "comes very close to The Ultimate Pun. But it should have been a hamburger, not a sausage."

"Why?" we asked fearfully.

"Because," said Bob, "that's the way the world ends...not with a banger but with a Wimpy."

Would you say The Scarlet Pimpernel was a swishbuckler? \_\_\_\_\_\_

Scene: The White Horse.

One hundred percent Cockney fan buttonholes Sprague de Camp with this abstruse problem: "Jer rumble th' wullanullay?"

De Camp, making a frantic snatch at his endangered reputation as stfdom's leading linguist: "Huh?"

Fan, frowning: "Jer rumble th' wullanullay?"

De Camp, feeling himself sinking: "Come again?"

Fan, becoming ireful: "Seasy, en it? JER RUMBLE TH' WULLANULLAY?" \*

De Camp, feebly as he goes down for the third time: "I'm sure I don't know."

Fan, withdrawing swiftly as one would from a rattlesnake: "Cor blimey!" -- Eric Frank Russell, in SLANT #6,

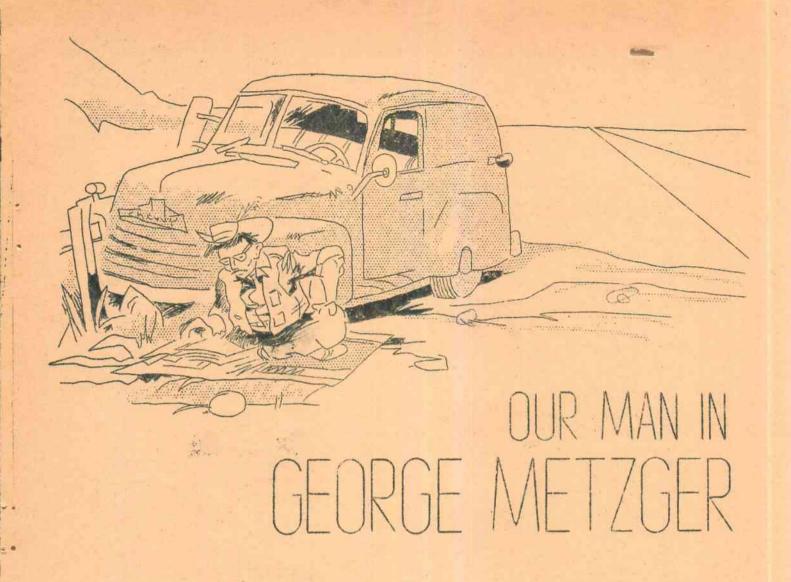
\* Did you understand The World of Null-A?

Winter 1951/52

Suffering as I am from gafia (this is suffering?) I wouldn't be writing this at all if it wasn't for a bloke called Pete Taylor. He buttonholed me at the Convention and, pointing at the typewriter which Bert Campbell had evidently smuggled in in his beard (he wears his hair in platens), asked me nicely to write my impressions of the procedings. This was the worst thing that had happened to me since Hal Shapiro came up to me at the Chicon and said: "So you're Willis? Well, scintillate!"

-- Walt Willis, in PERI #3

(circa 1954?)



# December 23, 1965:

On a warm summer's day, about a week after Labor Day and my release from the army, I sat by the side of a road in Nevada, consulting road maps and the I Ching on an Indian blanket. I was looking for a groovie way over the mountains into California, preferably via Yosemite National Park. Patiently my truck waited. My new truck was a faded red '50 Chevvy panel truck which so far had survived great rigors (like the road to Boulder Dam and out). It would not survive the Barrier Mountains ahead so well.

The I Ching said go ahead and go; no matter which way you go a little rain is going to fall. It did. Not rain, really -- my transmission, which had been running dry all the way out, unbeknownst to me. I closed up the books and papers, threw them in the back with my gear, fired up the Chevvy 6 and headed north towards Las Vegas. The electric thrill of the Road ran through me again. Here we go again.

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The summer: Oklahoma was sticky and unexciting. The army fidgeted under the heat and the dreaded apprehension that that bastard Johnson was going to extend us all. On the day that he gave his speech in which he said he wasn't going to, I was on duty at the battery for the night. At the time I was in the mess hall counting heads as people came in to eat. People ate better on good news that night. As people came through the line so did the news: "You got promoted to Spec5 today." "Bullshit," I said; "it's too late in the month." But it was true. (Personally, I

think they threw it away. If I had been running this army I wouldn't have promoted a worthless—like me even though he did work his ass off for it.) Then the First Sgt. came and told me my request for an early discharge to attend college had been okayed and had gone through and that my leave had been okayed as well. All those things in one day; it was too much. I wasn't able to get a wink of sleep on duty that night. I looked in the leave box. Me and Stu had applied for the same time—to go to New Mexico and see my old friend Al Lober, the Buffalo. We had made it; the papers were signed.

The next week we loaded our sleeping bags and comic books and rifles into his VW bus and headed west, over the long monotonous roads of Oklahoma and Texas. But we weren't in any damn hurry, so we took a long way around, up through mountain country. It was very cool, and all around us were dark thunderclouds and trickley fingers of lightning, but very little rain. Up on the edge of a canyon we spotted an old cave across the way and an old path that ran to it. We pulled off the road and dug it through binocs. Then we got out the rifles and banged away at the rocks and various points across the canyon, measuring the drop of the bullet. There was an old car lying in the bottom of the canyon; we shot the holes in it up some more. Damn echoes all over the place. After a while we got tired of that and jumped back in the bus and poked on up the slope, where, a few hundred feet on up, we got a rattlesnake. We did not stop and jump out and blast away at this poor thing in the middle of a state highway with buffalo guns and shotguns; no indeed. That is not the way you kill rattlesnakes. You drive over them, is what you do. Then you go look at them. He wasn't a very big rattler.

"Well, I'm not going to have that stinking old corpse in the VW with me!" I said. "Hang him on the bumper." "You are a genius," he said, and we tied him onto the rear bumper, head dragging. Away we went. It gassed our simple minds to watch people stare at the snake when we'd go through some small town. Our trophy; hail the conquering heroes. A wonder we ever got waited on in driveins.

His head was crushed flat.
"I got to have him," says
Stu, who has a kinda thing
about corpses or something.

It was night when we came into Santa Fe. The town was older than belief, the streets dusty and narrow, twisted alongside gullies, up hills, around in curious patterns. We found Al's shop, The Morning Bird, where he sold Indian thingies. It was closed, and on the door was a map of how to get to his house out in the country. So we set out to find him. No one home. So we sat with the cat and the dead snake in the chirping darkness until a pickup truck swung in and shook out smiling people.

Al wore a straw cowboy hat perpetually and had done away with his beard a long time ago, but he seemed the same fellow. He wasn't, of course. None of us are, ever.

The people in Santa Fe had heard the legends of Al the Buffalo and couldn't be-

lieve that this was the same fellow. There had been a big meeting Easter out in the desert and the hippies from the west coast had come out and among them had been a girl who'd talked about the Zen mine and Al the Buffalo and Steve the Eagle. But she hadn't been there at the mine -- she was from Berkeley and had read about them in a fanzine. Very curious, we all thought.

\* At was a businessman now. He had a shop to run and a family to support. He had been living with the Winnebegos up in Wisconsin the winter before, and now he was glued to all the happenings at the pueblos. But it was not with the eager excitement he had gone after two years before. It was more serious and studied. It was almost as if he had found religion. Life had become very serious and a lot of work for him -- but he enjoyed that now. And there were other people in Santa Fe on the Indian scene, many of them from the coast and I had known them before. They were settled in Santa Fe and had houses and jobs and families and looked smiling on us, for Stu and I were still turbulent and roading it. They were very tolerant of us. Perhaps we made them wish they could run out and go bopping off across the country, irresponsible-like. But they had commitments now. They were on another road, all under another star. They were patient with us. We went hunting in the lush, wet forests of the mountains, in the blank stretches of the deserts. We combed the streets of Santa Fe with camera and heart, sketching, photographing, soaking it all in.

On Saturday night we went to a Meeting up on the banks of the Rio Bravo and there I met some more people out from Nevada and Berkeley. They were quiet and smiling too. They had families, and seemed to have aged greatly more than two years. It was a good night. Behind me was the reassuring rush of the unseen river, before me the dancing fire and the quiet people. I took the staff and the gourdrattle and made music. And beat the water drum. And convinced myself that if I thought about it I could see how the whole world turned on its axis and how all its people turned on theirs, and let myself see where the harmony must be.

No, I didn't find religion. I found people I liked, and that is the world to me. During the morning ritual I offered water to the Sun because I was glad to see him. I had been sitting crosslegged on that blanket for around twelve hours.

During the days back in Santa Fe I watched Al, always with his hat on, run his store. "Well, if I put this here and this there, then they have to walk around thus-and-so, and that way they'll see more..." He wrote letters and connived to sell his house trailer so he could take a trip in the spring through the southwest and north, buying, contacting people and Indian craftsmen, setting up deals, learning more things. It was his new road. It was very unlike the old Al in some ways, and in others it was exactly the Al that it should be, a logical extension of the one I had known and seen go legend. When we left I felt lonely and apart. I felt as though I were the only one left who was still running around in circles. Empty.

Back to the army -- and in a few days the army closed over me, and but for the snakeskin and the memories like dreams it was as though we had never been there.

Time extended for us; it was a very bad summer. And then a girl came. She was regional and blatantly ugly. And unabashedly horny. It was even worse now. She came over all the time and we hated her guts. No one would touch her. It was not exactly a matter of taste: it was just that we didn't want to and then have the others find out we had stooped so low. She went after Stu, the horniest of us all. He was writing a letter and she came up and started running her hand up and down his leg. Clatterclatterclaaattterrrr went the typewriter. The rest of us went out on the porch. Stu went on typing. "I have a virgin-tight cunt!" she announced. The typewriter stopped. Everything stopped. "What?" "Ah was in thishere cahwreck an' ma guts were hanging out of it and the doctor stuffed them back in and he sewed me up

too much and ah ain't been laid in six months..." The typewriter started up again and she left and never came back. She was really a loser. Really.

And then I got out of the army. In the last few days I took my truck out and paid to get things done to it, like fixing the clutch and the kingpin in the right front tire and the alignment of the wheels, fixing the brakes so the truck would stop good, two new tires, etc. I put a long seat in it and built a second flow put a mattress on it and so had a bed with storage space beneath. I built a shelf for my guns. I tied gods-eyes up in it for luck. Worked on the truck past my day of separation. Finally I could hold off no longer. "I'll be satisfied if the damn thing gets me to Santa Fe," I said. And on an early morning I fired her up and drove out into the world. I drove twelve hours straight to Santa Fe, and the truck ran great. (One incident, not the truck's fault: I was trying to read a roadmap of Texas while driving, I had the whole map up in front of me, and I drove off the road. I felt pretty silly driving off across the desert, so I drove back on the road and put the map away. I never did that again.)

And I made one other mistake. I would've thought that after all that time with motorcycles, after all that time on the plains, I would have remembered about the sun and wind and exposure. But I didn't. I drove with my sleeves rolled up and my elbow out the window. Twelve hours across the desert: My arm was damn near purple when I got to Santa Fe. I pulled in behind the pickup truck in front of Al's new house and walked up to this hundred-year-old adobe house with crooked doors. I walked in and sat down in time for supper. We did it all very natural, just like it happened every day. The house was very old and no two rooms were on the same level; the doors were very low and you bumped your head all the time. Al sat around with his hat on and his boots off and watched TV. The programs were terrible but he watched. Joan cooked. She wasn't much changed, I will say. All along all she had ever wanted was Al. It had been a lot of trouble but she had what she wanted and went on from there.

My arm swelled up with blisters the size of half dollars; I stayed on till it was better. We went out in the forest with some Indians and cooked meat over an open fire for the hell of it. We never talked much, Al and I. We never have.

And then a carload of Bay Area Hippies arrived. Two guys and a chick and of dope. The girl knew Joan from highschool days and for some curious reason had decided to look her up. They were on their way to New York. All disliked them mediately. They were strange and alien; he hadn't been around people like this for a long time. They seemed to pose a threat to his serenity. He was restless until they left.

Late on a Monday morning I left. Registration was Thursday morning for seniors at Berkeley -- "I should make it in plenty of time," I said. I drove away. New Mexico has a hidden hip that hasn't been suckled yet. It is new country. There is no strain, no hurry. We don't envy you, they said. I drove away.

Night found me thundering over the mountains of Arizona. The truck loved the cool, dark mountains; it loved the companionship of the great diesels that road the highways, all lights and deepthroated roars. After twelve hours of grueling driving I parked the truck in Kingman, went and had supper and crawled into my truck to sleep. Tuesday morning I headed for Boulder Dam -- a horror of a trip, stuck behind a house trailer on an antiquated road, creeping up the mountain roads. After I got out of that terror I deliberated, then drove on north into Nevada. I thought about going on up to Silver City and into Virginia City, where the hippies had a scene going at the Red Dog Saloon which had been heard about even in Santa Fe (and also, I later learned, as far east as Boston). I did not know that at the time it was fading away. I pressed north, unaware that my transmission was in terrible trouble.

Well, I said to myself, Highway 3 into California will do real nice. It goes through the mountains. Fool -- I just didn't remember about mountains. This "road" was originally an old wagon trail -- covered wagons. The road was a terror! Going up it I looked about me at mounds of silt the highway department had graded aside. In the winter the damn thing was a river! I finally got to the top and started down. It can never be comprehended. Words fail me. My brakes damn near failed me. They smoked all that twisting plunge down. There was no border check station, in case you want to know.

Finally I was in California. I turned northish again...and promptly spotted two hitchhikers. They had rucksacks and beards and looked terrible. I stopped immediately. They had been hiking the John Muir Trail; they were going over into Yosemite to their cars. "Well, we'll see how we do," I said. The first pass was closed. So we went over the Sonora Pass. It was too much for the truck; she began to give us troubles. But we climbed on, and we made it to the top. It was very late and night and crystal-clear cold. We started down. On the way we came across a car that had lost its brakes and rather than go over the cliff they had run it up on some rocks. We were the first car to stop. It was three guys and three chicks. We offered to take them on down, but the guys wouldn't part with the chicks. "We'll sleep over here on the ground," they said. "Well, look out for the rattlesnakes," I said. "You mean there are snakes here?" shrieked one of the girls. "Well, of course. In fact, we saw one cross the road a mile back. They can sense your warmth," I said; "they crawl up next to you for the night. Just don't roll around." They were terrified. We left. Next we met some cat pulling a trailer. How we got past that I'll never know. Then we met a big new camper truck. Those things are huge and wide. We couldn't back up. We were frozen in second gear by now. He started to back up. "Don't do that!" I yelled. "You can't see. Let your wife get out and direct you." He kept on backing. One of the hitchhikers got out and looked and told him to stop now. He was on the edge and no more room at all. We got past him by driving over some rocks. He went on up; we went on down.

The truck got as far as Sonora and was about to give out. I parked it in a public parking lot and the hitchhikers went on their way. I was exhausted. It was around 4:00 a.m. I got something to eat and looked up the bus schedule. Then I slept. I got up in the morning and put many notes on the truck to the effect that I was coming back and please don't tow it away. I took one suitcase full of my valuable things and my rifles and went to the bus station. I bought some Marvel comic books, the first I had seen since leaving Oklahoma, and got on the bus. That evening I came tromping into Lars' place in San Jose with two carbines and a hundred rounds of ammo and four comic books and a fantastic story. I sort of disintegrated all over the place. "Ah," I sighed, "but tomorrow morning I register. I have made it." Hah!

"I don't have to work Saturday," said Lars, "so we'll go up and rescue your truck. And I know where I can get a transmission." So I gave him the money and he went out and bought one. I went off to register. I looked at the line that morning. The first group to register was mine. "Whew, I wouldn't get my classes otherwise," I said. Ahead of me the line stretched to the library where we registered; behind me it ran across campus and down a street. Wow, where'd all these people come from? The line started to move. It moved past the library, across a yard and up into the science building, upstairs and down through the new wing and downstairs and around the library and up three floors to where they handed me a lot of papers that had to be filled out just so or they wouldn't let you out. It was worse than the army. In shreds I finally made it to the building to sign up for classes. The sweet young thing behind the counter smiled at me and informed me that every course I wanted had been filled up the first day of pre-registration. I staggered off and sat in the middle of the floor staring at my list of classes. A strange fellow came over to me. He had long hair. I looked at him: he was a bluegrass banjo player

from way back when. He played folkrock now and got beautifully raped everytime he set foot on the street. He was happy. I hated his guts for it. I saw a few familiar people; I hated their guts too -- in a friendly sort of way. Also around me were twenty zillion strangers. Boy did I hate them! Eventually I signed up for a bunch of nonbeneficial classes and crawled away to die.

Friday evening we went up to Sonora to get my truck, with new transmission. Some fiddling and fixing, and we drove the truck home. It ran fine; I couldn't believe it. Then Monday I went to all the classes I wanted and got in. It was a miracle. Life is worthwhile after all.

### December 27, 1965:

There is this business of pad/studio hunting that three of us are pursuing. These two others need a place and I am going in mostly because I'm accumulating a lot of junk again and could use a real place. I have been living in my truck. It's a very cheap way to live, though on very cold, frosty mornings I am somewhat less than anxious to leap out of my sleeping bag and face the nippy world. But living in the truck has saved mightily on rent, and wherever I am that's where home is -parked right at the curb. My parents consider this a stigma of abject disgrace, and I have heard no end of the ill standing of my social life. Which is all very wrong: I am very sociable. You can come visit me in my truck any time. And people do. Which is why it is locked now. One night someone walked up to the truck -- I could hear his footsteps on the leaves outside, and at first I believed he was after my gas, but when he opened the door and got in I thought it was someone come to visit me. Only it wasn't. I peeped up through the screen that hangs down shutting out light from the front and there was this big shadow looking around at my books on the seat. "Oh yeah, man?" I said. Probably scared the crap out of him. He was out of that truck and out of sight in no time. After that I keep the truck locked.

I have been on a big printing binge at school now. Lithography. Stones and acid. My fingernails have all this yellow tinge from the acid. And I've obliterated several pair of Levi's by inadvertently wiping my hands on them -- acid, ink, vasceline, and so forth. Consequently I wear my worst pair plus an old army shirt I found in a garbage can once. It fits very nicely and has captain's bars on it and a bunch of other goodies. It bothers a few friends of mine, especially the ones who don't know me very well (well enough to know I wasn't an officer) and who are sweating out being investigated because they burned their draft cards. I got saluted once. But that rarely happens, because once I get my hands on the press I rarely leave for anything. I'll send out for food and strawberry cokes, eat and drink while I work. I am looked upon as a fanatic by some of the students. I love it. It is more honest hard work than I ever did in the army. You could get a hernia turning the crank and running the stone through.

My sister will soon be living in San Jose, like me. She is a key-punch operator and as soon as she gets a job she wants to get married, get a \$150 a month apartment, and get a brand-new Mustang car with all those dann things on it for people who like to go realdamn fast and show off. She's picked up all this crap from her boyfriend, who drives realdamn fast up and down California freeways in his fiberglass car. He is a clod. He hates niggers, rock&roll, R&B, folkrock, the Beatles -- all of these he loosely defines as "nigger music." He was here for Christmas dinner. When he was asked if he wanted "white meat or dark" when the turkey came around he said, "I don't like niggers" and felt this answered the situation. He was working as a pump jockey in a gas station until he beat up a couple of Negro customers one day. He lost his job. I don't like him very much and consider him a bit of a clod. I haven't really gotten to know him, of course. He is afraid of me. The first time he saw me was one day when he was in my folks'



place watching TV. Suddenly this ugly looking truck pulls up outside and this guy in a cowboy hat, long hair, beaded Levi jacket and other crap bounds out of the truck and into the house. It noticeably shook him up. He looks very cleancut, is tall and athletic. He could wipe me out with one hand. But I have him awed. He is afraid to speak to me. He brings his hotrodding friends along now to back him up. They tell me all about how fast their cars will go and about how the cops don't like them to do that. Verv limited world. Too bad. However, he can marry my sister if he wants to. She's not very bright either. She thinks the Beatles and all

those hippies who follow them look like animals. I was watching the rock&roll dance shows on TV once and she kept saying as groups came and went, "Crumb, they all look like animals, but wait'll you see the Animals! They really look like animals." So I waited till the Animals came on. They looked okay to me. "They look like a bunch of animals," she said. My sister is square. So I bought her a Beatles record for Christmas. My little bit of soul-saving for the season.

# January 14, 1966:

My friends showed up from far away for Christmas. One girl came back from Old Mexico (with a boyfriend and they are getting married, etc.) and Al the Buffalo came in from New Mexico with a truckload of Injum goods to sell -- he even had buffalo skins and a buffalo head. They all looked great, and Al and his friend (mine too) Dick from Santa Fe were on a great crusade for all their friends to move to Santa Fe -- they couldn't stand cities anymore. So of course that night we all went to the City. That was where everything was happening, natch.

On the way up I rode in the back and told Dick about the Jefferson Airplane. The Airplane is a folkrock group composed of a bunch of ole blues pickers from the area. Of the myriad groups that have followed in the direction of the Beatles and come to life in this area they are one of the best. I know two of the cats in the group and one of the managers. For awhile they had been appearing in a series of rock&roll concerts for hippies. The organization running it calls itself The Family Dog. The first concert advertised itself as "A Tribute to Dr. Strange" and all the hippies came. I went and saw people I'd been searching for for ages; it was the big social event. Some people I could only locate by going to these gigs -- all these weirdos dancing, digging the far-out bands....

Dick was all for going and digging the Airplane, so we did. The sound was wild; the people were wild. We met familiar faces and drank lots of beer. For Al it was the high-point of his trip; in fact, he was wishing he were leaving right afterwards, just so he could leave feeling good.

A few days later we went to dinner in Atherton at the home of another semi-retired hippie, Steve the Eagle, who no longer rode with Hell's Angels, etc. He was an "artist"; had a portfolio of peyote drawings published and was preparing a show of paintings done in Mexico. He was married to a stripper. But she was a gassy chick and a good cook, too. Steve had a house and pets...but not ordinary pets. He had a baby parrot, two beautiful ferrets and a rainbow boa. The boa was kept in a glass cage, but everyone else ran loose most of the time. We wasted away that night on rum and talk....

In the morning everyone split in different directions. I went to Palo Alto and hid out with a comic book fanatic and artist type. I didn't want to be anywhere near the world outside on New Year's Eve -- certainly not driving.

### February 27, 1966:

It is Sunday night, the end of February is right outside the thin door, and I am tired and drained of energy...and lurking on the borders of fantasy is the same

old flu bug as has laid low damn near everyone I know. And, of course, when I'm tired, have work to do and all, I should not be going up to the city to go rock and roll dancing. But I went. I am hooked. It rather surprised me at first when I caught myself doing it. If you find the thought of it ludicrous you should

actually see me out there, stoned out of my lovin' mind, leaping all over the damn place, hair and injun beads flying all over, sweating, tromping all over other dancers in my trance, and diggin' every beautiful minute of it.

Ah, you ask, how did calm, peaceable, loveable ole Yosemite Sam fall into such a terrible state? Well, you will recall I was mentioning a while back that there were these folk-rock groups blasting out all

over the bay, right? Well, they

threw a big Trips Festival, which was mostly r&r dancing for out-of-their-skulls hippies, and of course I was there. I follow the Airplane with great enthusiasm, and go to all the r&r dances they throw. It started out with me just going to dig, but I took this chick to the first big Airplane dance and she was a dancer...so we danced. I flipped out of my mind. I dug it. She thought I was pretty wild. I couldn't quite remember just what I had done, but done it was. And ever afterwards, when I'd be at some-

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one's pad or near a radio anywhere and I'd hear a good r&r song I'd start dancing. Right in the middle of a conversation even. So now I go to r&r dances whenever possible.

It is at times a fast life. Friday night we went up to Berkeley for a "straight" (non-hippie) concert. It was packed with zillions of teenage kiddies. At all these other dances I had been conspicuously free of these screaming types, and I'd almost ceased to believe in them. A myth. Ah, but here they were...hundreds of them. Girls waving their arms in a frenzy of attention, screaming, throwing purses and junk at the singers, the Byrds, trying to get past guards to get at them... A few were successful, by the way. Three got past a guard and into the orchestra pit (reserved now for photographers). One was dragged back, while the fleetest one got up onto the stage and pulled her friend up. Then they ran at the band, dazed. Just before some big ugly bouncer dragged them roughly away one of them actually touched the drummer. There was a howl of envy from those still in the audience.

Saturday I went to another of the hippie dances. It was billed as a tribute to King Kong. Behind the various bands was a huge screen and they showed the movie. The hippies cheered King Kong and hissed the airplanes when they appeared to blast him off the Empire State. When it was done they ran the last of it backwards, forwards, backwards... (Last week it was The Last of the Mohicans. Backwards.) When the movie was over, around 11:00, we danced. And socialized. And danced and danced. Some numbers can run for ten minutes, with a real wild beat that you cannot escape unless you're a block away. At one point I recall one of the bands suddenly cut off their drums and bass in one long number -- only a flute was playing. But there was still this great thunder of a beat: ONE-two-three-four, ONE-two-three-four, ONE-two-three-four. It was around two hundred dancers just stomping along on perpetual notion until the beat from the band cut back on. Wow.

IMPANWHILE... I am back in school some more. I spent last semester living in a truck, but with some money; this semester I started off with a pad and no money. These two other kids and I conded up going in together on a pad which I live in and the other two paint and study in. It's a modern contemporary slum -- a bunch of apartment houses gone to ruin. Poorly built to begin with, they now rent to some pretty gimpy peoples. And us.

And yet it's great. I have a place. No more living half the time in the art building, half in the truck. It's a long drag commuting, though. Oh yes, I am a commuter now. Rather a shock to find that out, but, well, life is full of changes, Mr. Carr suh. Once upon a time I was a roadkid; now I'm a rock&roll dancer and a commuter. You wouldn't know me anymore. Except I look the same. The same funny self. Even when I put on a suit for finals I looked funny. Maybe because it was a 1908 swallowtail coat, with vest, white shirt and tie.

Ah, this college life. I shall get my comeuppance some day: my poor truck will disintegrate right out from under me all over the Bayshore Freeway.



I piled my truck up on the freeway a coupla weeks ago.

I'd had this rather rotten weekend both at school and the world at large. It was Sunday night and I drove madly around town trying to find some chick to go up to the city to the r&r dances. After much hassle I found one. So we went. It was the Paul Butterfield blues band that night, and I dig them. It was a great time. Ran into a bunch of people I hadn't seen in ages...even oldfan Robin Wood got conned into coming and dancing. He isn't much on r&r, though he can dance pretty good -but he still digs jazz. (Bah; jazz seems to be for the moody and introspective. This is an era of Happening, and folk rock is Happening music -- everything moves.)

I danced all the poison right out of me. I felt great. About a quarter to three we left the city. At three I was still feeling great, wide awake etc., when some son of a bitch hit me from behind. I had just passed the turnoff to the airport and was doing sixty in one of the middle lanes...no traffic ahead...and suddenly there was the sound of screeching brakes and WHAM something hit me on the right rear and the truck whipped to the left for the fence. I threw in the clutch and began fishtailing it, and the chick grabbed the wheel and pulled. The truck went over on its side, the right side. I don't even distinctly recall the jar. We slid down the freeway till the headlights picked up the cyclone fence. Well, I thought, here's where we buy it.

We piled into the fence, both of us hanging onto the wheel. Crunch -- whump! I hit the steering wheel. So then there we were standing in the truck. I opened the top side door and shoved the chick out, then stirruped my foot in the wheel and got out myself. (I had turned off the ignition, though of course the motor wasn't running.) Gasoline was pouring out. As I came out I felt around in my mouth with my tongue and found a great big hole. Oh-oh -- my eyetooth's gone! Nothing to hang my dentures on.

There on the other side of the fence was a cop. He'd seen me go into the fence. A car had stopped, too -- one of the guys in it had seen me hit the fence, and another had seen the car that had apparently hit me. It had been stopped sideways across the freeway. He was never seen again.

I was still in pretty good spirits. Hell, I was okay, and the truck might still run. ... But the chick was having hysterics. She had a scratch on her leg. The cops came over -- an old cop and a rookie. We told them what we could. It was listed in the books as a hit and run. A tow truck came and took my truck away. The whole right side was flat as hell. It had had tile all over it, a present from Lars Bourne for Christmas. They'd been scraped off all over the freeway. A car stopped to offer us a lift to San Jose and I put all my junk in their car and we took off. I still felt okay. The girl's roommate was waked out of a sound sleep by the other girl's hysteria, and couldn't grasp it all. I went to sleep -- no nightmares, either. A few hours later I woke up and began to think of all the hassle and shit I had to go through to get my truck back.

I had just got my tax return, so I dug up my friend Big John and we cashed it and went up to Burlingame to get the truck. It sure looked funny in the light of day. Jesus, and I walked away from that! The towing fee came to \$32.00 -- \$20.00 for the tow, \$10.00 for righting it, \$2.00 for the overnight storage. Argh. We found that it couldn't make left-hand turns -- the fender was crumpled in from hitting the fence, all jammed in behind the wheel. We spent most of the afternoon beating it out. Then we rented a hitch and took it away. When Lars Bourne came home he found us backing it into his driveway. He was aghast. It looked pretty

terrible. The starter was screwed up; we fiddled with it till it'd start. We poured gas and oil in. The radiator had a big hole -- we filled it with glue. Then we fired it up, and it ran! I drove it around the block. There were a few things, like being able to hear the tappits now, but it ran! I took it to the gas station I usually went to: they were croggled.

...Well, it gets me to school and back. Liquid solder has replaced the glue, which melts when the water gets hot.

What else is new? Well, there was some farfetched plan to go to Nevade for the Easter Meeting, Indian ceremonial thing, peyote church and all that. At Pyramid Lake. Thursday night found me and oldfan Page Brownton and his wife up in the city looking for people and news. We found our friend Joe N. and his dog (a dingo) walking out of his door. "I'm going to Nevada," he said. So we all went -- he and his chick and dog in his truck, us three in the VW with a whole load of junk we picked up in San Jose.

Page's wife Cheri is a camera freak. She wanted to photograph everything. But we were on our way and not to be stopped. My idea was to go up to N. Nevada and find the people living there who'd be running the meeting. Joe's plan was to go to Silver City and Virginia City. I wasn't for that. Virginia City had the Red Dog Saloon, which at one time was a big hippie scene, but the town didn't like the idea of the whole area being overrum with these madmen so they ran them out. The Zen Mine was one big house now; the owner was married and had a family and was just tired of the frantic hustle and bustle that went with a Scene. He didn't want people around. Joe said it was okay, they'd know where everyone was, etc. I didn't give a damn; I was getting out of here and off to somewhere.

Nightfall found us in Virginia City. Almost deserted, windswept, cold. Unhospitable. No one knew anything or cared -- they wanted us gone. Joe's dog crapped on the saloon's velvet carpet. We left. Me and the dog stayed in the street while the couples tried the hotel. They had space but simply wouldn't rent to us. So we went down to the Mine. Joe didn't quite have the guts to face the owner, so I went and saw him. He was happier to see me than I would have suspected. He told us how to find the Road Man at Pyramid Lake.

For the night we slept in the Silver City dump. The chick didn't sleep worth a damm -- 'fraid something'd Get her. All morning Saturday we sat on the main street of the funky old town of Virginia City, watching the tourists and getting our pictures taken. Food prices were too high, so we lived the whole time on chocolate chip cookies. Around noon we took off for Pyramid Lake, but on the way up to Reno we noticed that it was snowing in the mountains. I didn't want to get snowed in in Nevada, so I said we better get across them mountains now. We in the VW took off; the last time we saw the truck was in Carson City. Perhaps they turned back; I don't know yet. We were all headed for the same place, so it didn't bother us at the time.

Up in the mountains it was snowing like hell. It was great. We got out and ran around in the snow, goofing, pissing our initials in the snow. Click click went the eternal damm camera.

We made great time. It was raining like crazy all over California, it seemed. It was raining in Berkeley when we got to the house. It was full of Those Kind of people; there was a Meeting here. A few people were paranoid, afraid of the Bust, but we crammed twenty-five or thirty people into the living room around the fire on the dirt altar, the Road. It all went real fine till around 3:00 a.m., when some drunk spade cat came in. He wanted to make music too, he said. Lord, I thought, you musta been able to hear our drums all over everywhere! But he wanted rhythm &

blues. "No, man, no jazz in here, this's a church!" "I wanna dance, man." "No, no dancing in the church, man, and don't step on the Road." "Huh? Road?" He was confused, but eventually he left and we got on with it. Till sunup -- when the fire fell through the floor.

That shook us out of our trance and halted the drum. That was a wood floor there ... and there was an apartment underneath! But the coals hadn't gone all the way through; they were resting on the ceiling below. We ended the Meeting and killed the fire good, froze the hot spots with an extinguisher, etc. etc. Then we ate all the food and talked, for some of us were old friends who hadn't run across one another for ages. And new friends. Click click went the camera. I was a little bugged with it: like it was just another gettogether of friends to celebrate Easter. It would have been nice if it could have been thought of that way, instead of being invested with the paranoia, etc., but.

After breakfast we went to the city to see if friend Joe had shown up...and of course he hadn't. So we went to the zoo and dug animals. Peyote keeps you awake for a long time. I got hung up on the ocelots and otters. Later, Robin Wood dropped in after a phone call to visit us all. The day passed easily.

And now I'm back in the grind of school. The weather is the greatest ever and I can't get a damn thing done. Just out in the sun, goofin', driving my truck, reading comic books. It's a great life. It's not going anywhere, but it's a great life.

> good medicine, George

Gather ye phallus callouses while ye may. 

CLEAR DAYS IN VIETNAM DEPT .:

He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, Is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.

> -- Proverbs, ch. 26 (with thanks to Mark Twain and Jim Caughran)

IN THE COURTLIER DAYS OF FANDOM DEPT .:

The 11th Meeting of the "Eugene SCIENCE FANTASY Society" Sunday: November 27, 1949

The meeting was called to order by Rosco Wright at 2:30 p.m. minuets were read and approved.

-- EUSIFANSO, c. December 1949

Fresh from the west coast, Mike Fern had taken up residence in New York and had soon become notorious for his bad manners. On one occasion while enjoying the hospitality of Julie Unger, Fern had reportedly borrowed Unger's typewriter, on which he wrote a letter to Laney, filled with abuse of Unger and his family. Fern had then given the letter to Unger to read!

"But, Julie," Moskowitz had asked. "Didn't you have any objections when he

called your wife a slattern?"

To which Unger allegedly replied: "So what? So it means she can't read and write so good?"

> -- Joe Kennedy, in GREEN THOUGHTS #2, March 1950



# STUFF BY CAROL CARR



### THE AGE OF ANALYSIS:

Of all the professions there is perhaps none which is so revered as that of psychiatry, for it is apparent even to the layman that psychiatrists indeed have all the answers. For instance, if you agreed with the above statement you're still trying to please your parents; if you disagreed, you're being defensive. But the hushed and awed response (or embarrassed giggle) upon meeting a psychiatrist is caused by more than just his profession. It is his beard, his unspecified but heavy European accent, his unbelievable calm in the face of (your) catastrophe, his statistically perfect three children, one dog and one and a half (split-level) house in the suburbs. For these and many other reasons it is difficult to get to know a psychiatrist as a human being distinct from his professional life.

Recently, however, I attended one of the numerous psychoanalytic conventions held in New York. What I overheard as I flitted back and forth from west ballroom to east mezzanine, under the candy counter and through the lobby, did much to dispell the image of the analyst as ubermensch of the psychic underworld. This exchange took place near the water fountain where I had stopped for a drink:

Dr. A (with the black string tie): Blaztic? Boot doesn't blaztic go lousy mit der teakwoot?

Dr. B (with the corncob pipe): Ach, Carl, dey lie down on anyting elze mit der shteel heels und der pointy toes, und your sofa is finished. Und bezides, I only haff teakvood on der pigchur frames; der rezt iss formica, eggsebt der sofa, vich iss bleck vinyl -- vat you call bleztick.

Dr. A: Id zounds goot, dis bleztick. For thirty-five years, since I begin pragtice, my patients all zit on der couch, mit der shteel heels on der floor. Dey put von foot up on couch, I shlap 'em in der teeth.

Dr. B: Goot for you. Now und den dey need a firm hand.

Blushing like a teenager who caught her parents wife-swapping with the neighbors, I walked briskly into the west ballroom, to overhear the following:

- Dr. C (with the pink hat): So I sez to her, I sez, Mabel, if you don't stop wearing those sexy sheathes, how's he gonna stop identifyin' you with his mother? I mean, I presented the whole thing in a paper at this very hotel last year: The Fixation on Pre-oedipal Beating Fantasies by a Masochistic Transvestite -- from Three Viewpoints. The very same situation -- but Mabel, and you wouldn't believe this --
- Dr. D (with the cornucopia brooch): I'll believe it. She got her Master's at Kansas City Agricultural. While we were in third semester Rorschachs she was tying bundles of wheat. What's your association to that? Didja ever look at a long thin stalk of wheat? She's literally green with penis-envy.

Disillusioned but undaunted (they say a sign of mental health is the ability to snap back from psychic shock), I took myself and a cup of coffee to a seat in the last row of the unoccupied auditorium and sat a while. Then I heard a sound somewhere between the buzz of an inebriated fly and the screech of tires on a wet blackboard. I jumped up. They were three rows in front of me. One of them was holding what looked like a pre-Edison tape recorder; the other stood and listened, grave, stroking his chin, muttering hmmms and yes-yesses:

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Dr. E (holding tape recorder): That's what it sounds like for the whole first thirty-five minutes. By the time it stops there's only ten minutes left and I'm already well into the summary and tentative conclusions. Waddaya think?

Dr. F (still stroking chin): Hmmmmm. Dat's tough, Max. It happens, dough. Von never knows. Von time my zekretary was in der middle of dranzcribing der primal scene trauma ven der tape broge. Der shtoopid moron, she cud off an inge of tabe zo der edges should fit pervegt. The lazt ting I heard was, "Id's zdarding to ged lide oudzide." Five years of indenzive therapy down der drain.

Dr. E: Yes, well. That's what I meant. You never know. This baby here's done good for me for ten years and I picked her up second-hand for a few pennies. Waddaya think went wrong?

Dr. F: Hmmmmm. Wad do you dink wend wrong?

Touche, I thought groggily, but it wasn't over yet. A colleague of theirs came over and joined the discussion.

Dr. G: Hi, Max; Hi, Heinz.

Drs. E & F: Hi, Melvin.

Melvin: How's tricks?

Heinz: Zo zo. Wad's wiz you?

Melvin: Nothin' much. New wing on my house; traded in my car. Published six papers since I saw you last year. Remarried. New office, rehired my old secretary. Few more gray hairs. Same old thing. You, Max?

Max: Not a thing. New house, another car, published a dozen papers. Three more kids, another office, three new girls to staff it. Same old grind. You make it and Internal Revenue takes it away. What can you do? How do you manage to stay above water, Heinz?

Heinz: War bonts. And a liddle luck on der shtock marget. Alzo, I toog oud a cheging agound -- now I pay all my bills at wunz and know exactly wad my balanze is.

Melvin: Sounds good to me. I hear you get a welcome at Bankers Trust.

Max: Yes. But you have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

At this point I looked at my program and found that Dr. Ernst Kreplach was scheduled to present a paper in the Eustacean Room. In the mood for a thoughtful, scholarly interlude, I went.

The huge room was filled to capacity. A hush fell over the audience as the revered Dr. Kreplach mounted the podium. He began to read his paper:

AN ANALYSIS IN DEPTH OF RINGO, PAUL, MEYER, JOHN AND GEORGE BEATLE

Each year for the past three years, thousands of teenage girls have died of cerebral hemorrhage caused by self-inflicted hair pulling (masochistic follicle destruction) At this point a huge neon sign above the podium flashed green and gold: Footnote 1: On the Regressive Aspect of Hair Teased to an Altitude of Two Feet, Seven Inches: Kreplach: Collected Papers, S.E., Vol. 6, p. 66-124./ incurred at Beatles Concerts throughout the nation. What we would like to examine here is the reason for this violence which occurs with heartbreaking and astonishing frequency among our adolescent population. For are not today's female youth tomorrow's mothers, poets and egg-sorters? Footnote 2: The Significance of Beatle Haircuts on a Collective Chicken Farm: Mao, as told to Kreplach: Peking Review, Vol. 7, No. 246, pp. 11, 964-9./

Let us begin with the five phenomena themselves: Ringo, Paul, Meyer, John and George. Ringo Beatle was born in the small mining town of Uppernewforwardsmarch-shireshom (pronounced "New Haven"), London, S.W.1, Swansea, Chelsea, England -- a tiny province of Soho -- to lower-to-middling class parents. He was a small, indeed almost inconspicuous, child who because of his stature was all but overlooked by his class-mates. When Ringo's teacher would vindictively walk down the aisle, hitting each boy on the knuckles, he invariably missed Ringo, for Ringo's head was not very far from his feet, and his knuckles somewhere between. Thus Ringo grew up -- ignored. Even his beloved Mam and Pap sometimes forgot him completely, or, even worse, called him "Tom Thumb luv," an expression which he did not like.

I never did get to hear about Paul, Meyer, John and George, because someone in the audience started to scream and tear his hair and there followed a heated debate on whether to administer electroshock, insulin-shock, Miltown or a straitjacket. No one noticed me going through the exit.

Next year I hope to report on the East Lynn Psychological Convention. I hear Boston's got the bid.

### DEAR PEN PAL:

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STUFF is the ideal column for someone who finds it impossible to finish things. Not only can't I write endings -- sometimes I can't even write beginnings, because they remind me that an ending will inevitably be required. I find myself heading items for STUFF "Coming Soon," aware that it's a blatant lie. I think the minute I was born I started to worry about the ending -- and since I don't believe in reincarnation I can't even think in terms of "Coming Soon."

All of which is a roundabout way of getting to the point that I'm going to fill in some space here by excerpting some bits and pieces of things from letters I've written to various people over the past year or so. Don't look for any carefully-prepared punchlines or resounding conclusions, therefore -- though if there's any

room at the bottom of the page, you can draw your own. Here we go:

The Voice article on camp was good. I tend to be seduced by campy stuff anyway -- not the New Bad, but the Old Bad (posters of Carmen Miranda with bananas on her head rather than plastic steaks). Hostile though it may be, there's a certain awareness about camp that I like. As for it being excuse-the-expression Art, forget it. Like if Andy Warhol had said, "Gosh-a-rooty, Edi baby, wouldn't it be super-ginger if we made a flick of somebody blinking?" and let it go at that, he would have made his point, thin as it is. But he and his kith-and-kiln went berserk.

And speaking of movies, I think the old ones stink. I must confess we have a picture of Humphrey Bogart hanging in the foyer, but I swear to god it could have been Dean Acheson or my Great Aunt Mavis, if they took such good pictures; and I

never thought he was sexy -- his mouth was always wet.

Trivia I always loved, like old songs. When I was twelve everything connected with being eleven was saturated with nostalgia, and I've never changed (being still twelve). Even Scrooge indulged in this sort of thing with the Ghost of Christmas Past, and Dickens was no hippie, though I don't know about his sex life. Nostalgiatype camp is like the quest for the golden nipple -- really. Can't you hear it?: "...Remember when nursing bottles let in all the air /I don't know if you're familiar with the new kind which are lined with stiff paper and contract as the milk flows out and we burped and gurgled all day? \*Sigh\*" And so forth.

中の大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、大きなないのでは、

京通事 三月一城縣野村 中國軍事 有神经人

Old Bad Camp is like a giant screen memory, with Peter Lorre rag dolls substituting for real feelings and associations. Anyway, homosexuals are more narcissistic than (ahem) we are; they'd tend to hug the rag dolls closer, need them more, hate them more. But I do think there's tenderness involved, like Sontag says, with the self-hatred. What really bugs me is the cult that says a simply bad movie (like Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?) is a meaningful satire. They can't just feel superior to badness; they have to inject it with meaning and irony and call it art.

Hey, the summer after this one (which is Cleveland), we're going to Greece, an unspecified-as-yet part of Italy and Paris again -- if we have the money -- for another Big Three Weeks. What do you know about Italy? Can you really get good pizza? Pinched in the piazza? Terry can't wait. I asked him if he knew any Italian and he picked up the phone and said, "Pronto! Pronto!"

On ISD, morningglory seeds, mescalin, peyote, cauliflower oil, mistletoe juice, watermelon buttons, etc.: It's a kind of fascinating business, but I have a fear of flipping and so have never taken any of it despite cries of cowardly cowardly custard. Maybe I'll try (speaking of custard) those funny little bumps found in tapioca. They're called tapioca bumps and produce somatic disturbances when rubbed on the throat. They have to be first removed from the surrounding tapioca by gentle pressure of thumb and forefinger, then baked in a 360° oven for seven days, or until the consistency of particularly firm dandruff flakes. When properly rubbed into the jugular these flakelike tapicca bumps simulate the symptoms of heart disease, cancer, varicose veins, etc. Whole new insights are gained, etc., but alas forgotten since it also produces ammesia, or clouding of the lymph nodes. Counterindications are high blood pressure and persistent constipation.

Hugh Hefner and Helen Gurley Brown are both sexually confused. Hefner treats women like sports cars with eyelashes and Gurley Brown thinks the way to "get a man" is to feed him caviar jello for dessert. They both say Sex is Good (HH explicitly, HGB implicitly) and then both proceed to dehumanize it. The concept of the bunny or the bunny-type is as odious as GB's instructions on "How to trap him, girls." Whether the trap is sprung at city hall or in bed makes little difference to the essential dishonesty of The Big Plot.

In Hefnerland a girl is called a "chick" and living together is "shacking up."

A letter to the Playboy Advisor goes like this:

"A certain chick and I have been making it for five years with no extra-curricular sextivities. After some particularly frolicksome gymnastics the other night, she flattened me with a marriage proposal. Should I say no and risk losing the best bedmate and companion I've ever had? Or should I say yes and risk losing the sexcitement of 'living in sin'?"

A letter to Helen Gurley Brown might read:

"I've been seeing this fellow for five years, and although we have loads of fun together and have indulged in highly successful sexual relations occasionally, to put it frankly he doesn't want to get married. What to do?"

Whereupon HGB might advise a particularly potent eight-course meal, dim lights, a black negligee and music by Kostelanetz. In other words, act like a bunny and he'll be yours for life. As soon as you've got him you can throw away the cottontail.

None of Hefner's or Gurley Brown's people are real, because to both of them sex is a game, played with costumes and props. Feh.

### THE KULCHUR DEPARTMENT:

Now and then Pete Graham comes over and he and Terry sit about three inches away from the television set and watch shows like <u>Hullabaloo</u>, where there's all sorts of teenage dancers and go-go girls:

Pete: There's a pair.

Terry: I think they tightened the brassiere straps this season.

Pete (squinting): You may be right.

Carol: Padded hips.

Pete: Boy, that one's a dog.

Terry: Yeah, but she's got the action.

Pete: Yeah.

Carol: Wigs.

Pete: Big ones in that corner.

Terry: Where? Where?

Carol: Falsies.

Pete: You missed 'em.

Terry: Shit.

Carol: Nose jobs.

Terry & Pete: Ssssshhhhhhh, we're trying to listen.

### A FRAGMENT OF FRANCE:

I started to write a trip report when we got back from Paris, London and Ireland last year, but I never got very much done, just the following.

One of my problems is that I have no sense of geography, history, direction or spacial relationships of any kind. I need a few minutes to tell right from left. But I do have a sufficiently developed sense of wonder and I enjoy gaping at things foreign and exotic, now and then making a pithy remark like "Gee, I saw one of those in Connecticut once -- isn't that funny?" During my more alert moments I will occasionally ask questions like "Why does it do that?" and "Really?"

I. Je Ne Connais Pas Paris, subtitled, Eating Your Way Through Paris with Fork and Boyd Raeburn. Paris is a delightful place for eating and gawking. We stared for hours at the fruit and vegetable displays in the stores until we were so hungry that we took the Metro (IRT) over to Notre Dame and then we had lunch. So much for eating and gawking. We arrived at the Paris airport very early, after an unusually horrible flight (it all took place in the air). We didn't actually land in Paris itself, but someplace called something -- Ortilie or Orleans or something. The first thing we did on foreign soil (the first two things, really) was to look blank and misplace Boyd Raeburn, Ron Ellik, Lois Lavender and Al Lewis. Anyone familiar with the ordinarily competent actions of us and especially me will not be terribly surprised.

We looked blank straight at a porter (Baggagiers Avec Le Cap Rouge) and he got the hint. "Unintelligible, squawk, garble, Monsieur blech crestablanca?" he asked. "Sure thing," Terry answered, and we were forthwith shown a taxi. After the porter and driver had looked through our valises to see if there was anything they fancied, we drove off, secure in the knowledge that the French weren't nearly as unscrupulous as the guidebooks had led us to believe. But somehow I had the vague, uneasy feeling (like an inchworm between the eyebrows) that our names had already been broadcast throughout Paris to all shopkeepers, restaurant owners, conciergi, etc. Huge signs proclaiming the First Coming of the Carrs, who knew just enough French to make their ignorance clear. The taxi ride was long but not tiring. We liked Nice and the Loire pretty well but were happy to get back to Paris three days later. The fare seemed appropriate.

We arrived at the Hotel Montpensier, 12 Rue Richelieu, paid the driver his funny money, and greeted the concierge, who responded defensively. Throughout our five-day stay at the hotel, the concierge never failed to respond defensively. When one said hello to this nice French lady, she would blanch and mutter, "I couldn't help it." When one said, genially, "Evening, madame," she would insist she knew nothing about it but would send someone to fix it immediately. We had the feeling that she dealt with many Americans in her life -- too many. We got the hint when we saw the sign above the bidet: telling us what not to do in it, s'il vous plait. We never did figure out what she-was apologizing for, since the room was large and airy enough, there were no crawly things, and the bed worked.

COMING SOON: II. Terry Carr Visits the Tower of London.

God is not dead. He is alive and well in Argentina.

Bob Dylan, interviewed in the New York Post, November 1965:

When asked if he changed his name from Zimmerman to Dylan because he admired Dylan Thomas's poetry, he replied: "I've read some of Dylan Thomas's stuff and it's not the same as mine."

on professional iealousy and other things

by alexei panshin

Back in 1948, Theodore Sturgeon's first story collection, Without Sorcery, was published by Prime Press, and Ray Bradbury contributed an introduction in which he spoke of his jealousy of Sturgeon. "Jealousy, it must be admitted," Bradbury said, "is the most certain symptom a writer can

know to tell him of another author's superiority." Bradbury said that in 1940, when he was twenty and had had nothing published, he used to try to tear Sturgeon stories apart to find out how they were made, and he concluded by saying that even then, in 1948, he paid Sturgeon the compliment of jealousy.

Jealousy is a distinct compliment, too. It is an acknowledgment that somebody else is doing things that you are not capable of.

I think I should tell you, however, that by and large I don't feel jealous of other writers -- or at least I haven't. I don't feel jealous of Sturgeon, Bester, Heinlein, Anderson, Herbert or Vonnegut. There are several reasons for this, but the best one is that I suppose I don't feel in direct competition with these writers, and jealousy depends on direct competition. If they are doing things I can't do yet, I do have that "yet" to sustain me, and the worst I feel is admiration. Bradbury is within a few years of Sturgeon's age and he felt jealousy because he felt he ought to be doing as well and simply couldn't.

That "by and large" at the beginning of the last paragraph was a hedge, not just a null phrase stuck into the sentence for rhythm, because there is one writer on the scene now of whom I do feel jealous -- and that is, of course, Roger Zelazny. He is a couple or three years older than I am, and that is close enough. And he can do things with words that I just cannot do. I'm not alone in my feeling, either -- at least one other writer of our same generation has noted to me his jealousy of Zelazny, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that there were still others.

I've been reading all of Zelazny's back stories -- or as many of them as I could find, which must be within two or three of the total -- and I know what it is about Zelazny that I admire; and I know one or two other things, too.

The first story of Zelazny's that I saw, and probably the first one that most people noticed, was his first in F&SF, A ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES in the November 1963 issue. It deserved to be noticed and it was hard not to notice it. It landed Zelazny's name on the cover, it was in the lead-off spot in the magazine, and the cover itself illustrated the story. This alone would have made the story notable, because the cover painting was a beautiful job by Hannes Bok, his first in years (and, as events sadly proved, his last of all). The story has since been anthologized at least twice, was nominated for a Hugo, and is probably as well-known as any science fiction short of recent times.

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A ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES is an excellent illustration of Zelazny's particular virtues. It has a detailed and compelling background -- a dying Mars, being visited by an early expedition from Earth, that is in detail, if not in general outline, clearly Zelazny's own creation. It has a most striking narrator -- a young, oversized linguist and poet, wounded and arrogant. Most particularly, it has language, a combination of gusto and verve with erudition, marked by wordplay and metaphor, that is like nothing seen in science fiction since Sturgeon began writing. Zelazny does not have his language under complete control yet, but at its best in its combination of vivid imagery and abrupt thought it is singularly his own voice: "And I came to the land where the sun is a tarnished penny, where the wind is a whip, where two moons play at hotrod games, and a hell of sand gives you the incendiary itches whenever you look at it."

Zelazny's first story was published in 1962. Since then he has published somewhere between fifteen and twenty stories, the largest number in Amazing and Fantastic and F&SF. About two-thirds of these are not of any particular importance. MOONLESS IN BYZANTIUM (Amazing, December 1962) might have been a Harlan Ellison story, A MU-SEUM PIECE (Fantastic, June 1963) reads like retread John Collier, PASSAGE TO DILFAR (Fentastic, February 1963) is a four page fragment, and ON THE ROAD TO SPLENOBA (Fantastic, January 1963) is so much a story that anybody might have written that it showed up under somebody else's name all over again in the February 1966 F&SF. At best, these stories give a hint of Zelazny's power, but their significance does not carry beyond hints.

On the other hand, at this point Zelazny has written at least six stories that can say something of the writer he is and the writer he may become: KING SOLOMON'S RING (Fantastic, October 1963), A ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES, HE WHO SHAPES (Amazing, January & February 1965), THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH (F&SF, March 1965), ...AND CALL ME CONRAD (F&SF, October & November 1965), and THIS MOMENT OF THE STORM (F&SF, June 1965). These stories are a showcase for Zelazny's virtues: strongly-realized characters and backgrounds, verve and word magic. They also are an indication of Zelazny's present weaknesses.

KING SOLOMON'S RING is, I would say, clearly experimental. It is told in a combination of the first and third persons. It is a static story -- that is, the story is no more than the gradual revelation of a present situation rather than an account of movement from one point to another -- but, in this case, the static nature of the story is no particular defect.

It is a defect in HE WHO SHAPES, however. This short novel (recently published by Ace in expanded form as The Dream Master) is a third person story of a psychiatrist who is one of an elite who are able to treat mental illness by shaping the machine-induced dreams of their patients. The psychiatrist, Charles Render, attempts

to aid a fellow psychiatrist, a girl blind since birth, to become a similar shaper even though there are indications that her unconscious is so hungry for sight that the cost of his aid will be his mind. This, in fact, seems to happen: the final pages of the story paint a world where reality and unreality cannot be distinguished, before resolving in the psychiatrist's insanity. (I might add that this is as I read the story — the final pages are confusing enough that I might be misreading.) The trouble with this story is that this ending is so clearly implicit in the first pages that the only question is when it will come — in this case, after close to 40,000 words. It might as easily have been after 10,000 words. Much happens that has no bearing on the ending as I read it, and though this is hidden in part by style, style in itself is not enough.

THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH is, along with A ROSE FOR ECCLESI-ASTES, one of Zelazny's two most technically successful stories. The action in A ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES is psychological, but it is there. The action in DOORS is the pursuit of a Venerian sea-beast and its psychological consequences. But both stories do move from one point to another in an entertaining and reasonably efficient manner.

This isn't true of ...AND CALL ME CONRAD (published in its uncut version by Ace with the more science-fictional if duller title of This Immortal). The story is entertaining, God knows -- it is brilliant -- but it is not efficient. The materials Zelazny has assembled here are compelling, fascinating and even overwhelming -- Conrad Nomikos, Cassandra, Hasan the Assassin, the hellhound Bortan, almost any of the minor characters, the detailed background -- but the story movement is about one inch. There are beautiful little incidents that don't advance the story one micron, and there are illusions. The arbitrary earthquake with its "death" of Cassandra and her timely resurrection, elephant gum in hand, form but one of countless examples. I nominated the novel for a Science Fiction Writers of America award, and it is, so far, the most enjoyable science fiction novel I have read this year, but the fact remains that Zelazny's narrator is a better bullshitter than he is a storyteller.

Zelazny's most recent story as I write this, THIS MOMENT OF THE STORM, is one final first-person narrative that is an incident -- an overwhelming storm -- capped by an arbitrary conclusion -- the death of the narrator's love.

Zelazny writes of important things -- love, hate, death, home -- and he writes well, but as things are I do have two plaints. One is his over-reliance on the first person. Of the stories I've mentioned, only one is not a first-person story -- or be generous, include the borderline KING SOLOMON'S RING, and say all but two. In his Science Fiction Handbook, de Camp, in criticizing the use of the first person, said that there is a tendency for "I" characters to sound alike. As given, I don't think this is strictly true, but I think there is a measure of truth to the criticism when you apply it to the works of any one author -- that is, any author's first person characters tend to sound alike. This is definitely true of Zelazny's: they are all particularly bright, competent and have Zelazny's own ability with words -- and thereby do they begin to shade into each other. First person narrative is a limitation that I hope Zelazny will begin to pass by.

The other criticism I have is Zelazny's plotting. The materials he assembles to make his cases are wonderful -- his characters and his situations are his own, are interesting to observe, are beautifully realized -- but at present, particularly at longer lengths, Zelazny does not prove his cases. Nomikos, at the end of ...AND CALL ME CONRAD, says, "He really wanted to see if I was Good, Honest, Noble, Pure, Loyal, Faithful, Trustworthy, Selfless, Kind, Cheerful, Dependable, and Without Personal Ambition," and it is clear that the story is supposed to have demonstrated this beyond any question. But this hasn't been demonstrated beyond any question -- it has merely been asserted, at least in great part. Zelazny needs practice in plotting.

He needs to learn how to make everything that happens serve three different story purposes at one and the same time.

And when he learns I will have three times as much to be jealous of as I have now, and we will be seeing stories like none we have ever seen before. Damn the man! I wish there were as few things wrong and as many things right with my own fiction.

We have met the enemy, and they are us!

WK

以 海班公司工作和大公司公司工作

(A letter written shortly after Burbee's induction into the army:)

I lay there on my bunk last night dazed with beer and dwelling on escapist thoughts such as publishing a oneshot fanzine and being a civilian once more. Escapist thoughts. And then I conjured up pictures of pleasant things I have done and seen -- I thought of Spring and the blank of the mimeograph when somebody else was turning the handle and Jackies legs and long summer nights spent anywhere outside of camp and the discovery that the new Astounding was out and the click of the dice when \$20 bucks has been faded and a 6 & a 5 turn up when the cubes stop dancing and Jackies legs and my 54th drunk when I was 17 and I lay out there with the stars so close I could have reached up and stirred them around with my finger and the wondrous delights of being a civilian once again and Jackies legs and the quitting whistle and the air-conditioned beer joint where I found my true love whose love endured three whole days much longer than the life span of an Ephmereid fly and the pleasing gurgle of Scotch going down my throat and a lovely girl now half-forgotten who clutched me tight and swore she'd been mine since she first saw me and always would be mine no matter what and I lied and said I felt the same way and two weeks later she married a sailor and I was damned glad of it and Jackies legs and the erectile odor of the beach at night and I do believe that the 72 ounces of Schlitz I just drank have more or less affected me.

I will grab up a handful of commas and sprinkle them over that last paragraph.

Later. Not now.

-- Charles Burbee, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #26, circa July 1945

My eye wandered to some Weird Tales and other horrific American mags. that were lying about. I could not help my eye from wandering like this, but it would not wander back. In fact, I seemed to have lost control of my eye altogether. For on the covers of these mags. were menacing but beautiful female vampires -- apparently confirmed sun-bathers -- and female inhabitants of other planets dressed in birthday suits and a bit of ribbon. Of course, I expressed my disgust at this sort of thing being in a Stf. fan's library, and Carnell was shocked and contrite, and couldn't imagine how they got there.

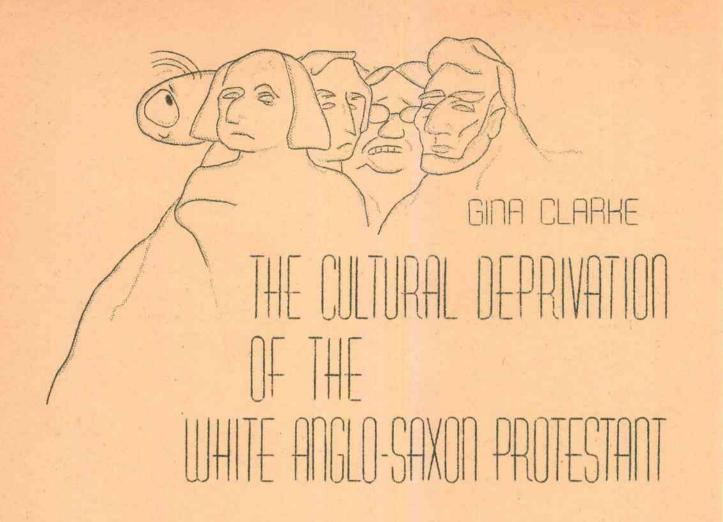
Ted opened the window, and after I'd had another disdainful examination of the things, we flung them contemptuously out. They slid down the tiles and came to rest safely in the gutter, from which Ted could rescue them quite easily in the morning.

-- William F. Temple, in NOVAE TERRAE,
May 1938

This magazine appears only sporadically (you've noticed?) and there are seldom more than three sporadics in a year. This means we can print only about a twentieth of the material we receive. We don't want stories which are "good enough for the promags" -- it seems there are promags specially for these, and we're willing to let some other fanmag act as a "proving ground" for them. ... If you have faith in your story, send it along: we'll be glad to see it. All we ask is you don't be mortally offended when we send it back. I know this is a hopeless request. Authors take offence even when I explain I am rejecting their story purely out of a deep personal regard for Mr. Gold.

—- Walt Willis, in SIANT #6, Winter 51/52

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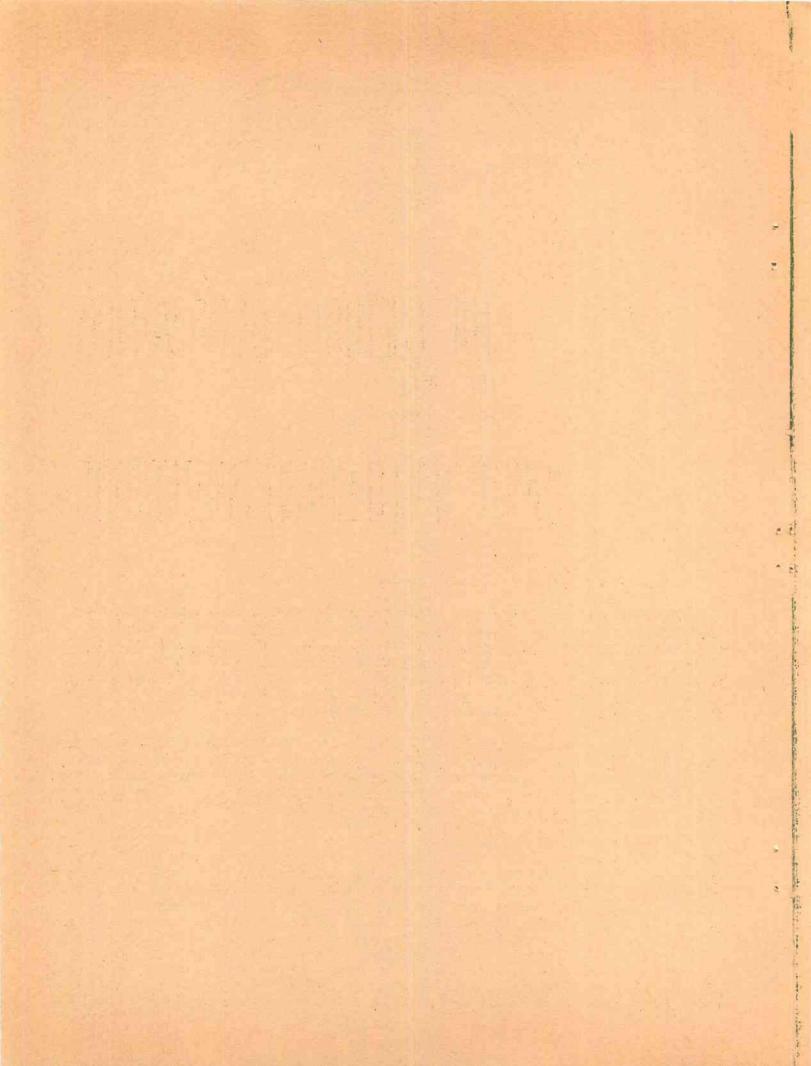


Wasps are an underprivileged minority.

The wasp writer in particular suffers from his impoverished background: No swarming ghetto. No colorful argot. No quaint immigrant parents with tales of the Old Country. No struggle to rise from the slums. No struggle to prove himself. No conflict between his origins and the mainstream of American life. (Perhaps, as an informal remedial course, university students in Creative Writing could go on field trips to study ethnic life -- American wasps could go to Harlem and get stoned and Canadian wasps could go to Montreal and get bombed.)

A wasp writer has to work twice as hard to be half as interesting as any run-of-the-mill Negro, Jewish or Southern writer. (Southerners, though technically wasps, are actually a besieged subspecies.) I hope more writers don't start blooming among all those Italians, Greeks, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Indians, etc. We wasps already have it hard enough down here on the bottom of the heap.

This insight about the culturally deprived wasp burst upon me one day while an Italian friend was telling us how he and his mother used to play catch with their giant meatball to tender it up before dropping it into the pot of spaghetti sauce. (The outside of the meatball would slough off into the sauce and the central core would be retrieved for sandwiches.) I tried to imagine a giant meatball flying around the wasp kitchen of my childhood. A mad vision. (And yet, our old house was sold to Italians and who knows...) In the wasp kitchen food is never touched with the fingers and the only permissible condiment is a discreet sprinkle of salt. (I was voting-age before I tasted garlic.) To prepare a wasp meal in the authentic way, you gingerly fork a steak out of the fridge, drop it into a frying pan and cook it. Thoroughly. Then you serve it with ketchup, a boiled potato and a few spoonsful of



flair, and I think I know why. Wasps suffer an unfortunate handicap: they're colored. Pink skin is tricky to match up with colors that don't either overpower it or produce a garish contrast. And if you have not only pink skin but blue eyes and yellow or orange hair, you're in trouble. People with brown skin -- from "olive" to chocolate -- are uncolored, neutral, and can wear anything.

The wasp view of non-wasps on everything (but sex) is as glum as any other facet of waspism. When I was a kid I kept hearing that Jews ran everything. I thought bully for them (I didn't want to be bothered running things) and grew up with a picture of Jews as dreary drudges, maintaining the world for wasps. And for years "Chinese food" meant to me what the Chinese market-gardeners at the end of our street reputedly ate from their perpetual stewpot. And of Negroes I built up a picture of lazy people who worked like...coolies; who talked like Beulah and sang like Sarah; who were sweet-natured savages, forebearing rapists, patient knife-wielders. Put them all together they spell mother.

But the wasp's biggest handicap as a writer is having no wasps oppressing him. If a wasp is put down by his fellow wasps, it's probably for good reason. But a non-wasp is put down by wasps for morbidly frustrating reasons which automatically produce the sort of pathology no serious writer can be without. Oppression is marvelous for giving the victim plenty to mess around with in his own psyche and for encouraging his peeping-tom interest in other people's mental innards. Not to mention all the ready-made material.

So what is a well-adjusted wasp writer like me to do?

I guess I'll have to write science fiction.

Robert Goulet always looks like an 8" x 10" glossy.

JG

There is a fascinating story behind typewriters...not behind every typewriter, literally, but behind typewriters as a race. Few people know, for example, that typewriters were used extensively in Ancient Greece. Mighty few. In fact, I have yet to meet such a person. But I'd very much like to. Also, we do not know whether the Ancient Bunstians (who lived in or near Ancient Bunstia about 200 or 8000 B.C.) had typewriters. We need not be too ashamed to admit our ignorance on this point, for we do not know whether the Bunstians -- the Ancient ones -- had much of anything. Indeed, we are not very sure about the Bunstians themselves. Who ever met one that can be trusted, anyway?

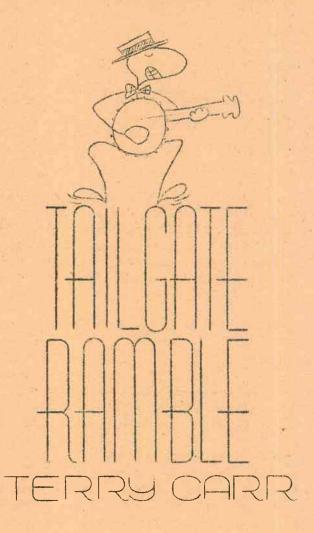
-- Norman J. Clarke, in FIE #5, March 1955

This issue of Horizons almost had even right hand margins. A month ago, I had a few hours to spare, and dummied most of the issue. Then came the abrupt realization: cutting the stencils from those dummies would give a smooth, finished appearance to material that was actually only a first draft. I decided it would be better to improve the stuff by re-writing it on the stencil, even though it meant sacrificing the margins. Now that I'm stenciling, I find myself unwilling to make the time-consuming large-scale changes in what is already written. So what you see is still essentially first draft, and it doesn't have the even right hand margins, and I still can't understand how I arrived at such a bad compromise.

-- Harry Warner, in HORIZONS #35, Summer 48

At midnite Isobel served a scrumptious turkey dinner. Grace was said by the Master of the House, and I quote his very words: "O lord, we thank thee for this wise old bird, and for the right smart dressing, it being sage."

-- Forrest J Ackerman, in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #22, January 1945



## TRICON AND BUST:

The operational word in any description of the Tricon is "big." There were reportedly over 850 attendees (1100-plus registered overall), which is second in sf convention history only to the circa-1000 who attended the Chicon II. I doubt that even Chicon II had 550 at the banquet, though -- the Tricon Committee had to arrange to have extra tables set up in the entrance-hall at the back of the banquet hall. The attendees seated back there no doubt missed most of what was said by everyone but Sam Moskowitz, and they may not even have seen Harlan Ellison from that distance.

They suffered a distinct loss on both counts. Quite aside from the Moskowitz merits, such as they are, Harlam was the star of the convention and to miss him was to miss half the action. Everybody knew how much Harlam wanted that Hugo for "REPENT, HARLEQUIN!" ("I want a Hugo more than I want an Oscar, baby!"), and Asimov seemed to be toying with Harlam's nerves and aorta when he put off the short-story Hugo presentation again and again. Asimov would announce the award for Best Magazine and Harlam would groan quite audibly, "Oh god, get to it, I can't stand it!" Then he'd pick up the envelope for Best Artist and Harlam would let out a strangled gasp: "Jesus

Christ! You can't do this to me!" By the time Asimov announced the Best Fanzine award, Harlan was pacing beside his table, babbling incoherently to himself.

And finally, of course, the Best Short Story award was announced. Asimov read the list of nominated stories, all of which received an ovation except Harlan's, which was unanimously hissed. Then Asimov declared Harlan the winner, and the house came down with applause.

Speaking of applause, I was especially pleased at the ovation this year's TAFF-man, Tom Schlück, received. When he was introduced at the rostrum, the applause was only fair -- most of the people there were fringers who didn't know who he was. But Tom has the rare gift of being able to communicate a genuinely warm personality over a microphone, and though his speech wasn't exceptional in text, he came across so well as a person that when he sat down five minutes later he got a prolonged round of applause. He was a popular TAFF representative, and fully deserved to be.

(Tom stayed with Carol and me in New York for several days before the con, so rather than monopolize him we just stood back and watched him Circulate at the con. We'd pass each other at parties or in the halls three or four times a night, and I'd ask him, "Are you drunk yet?" "No!" he'd shout boisterously amid the hubbub. "Well, keep working on it," I'd tell him with a sage elder-statesman nod, and off he'd go to pursue another blonde.)

The most peculiar thing kept happening to me at this convention: people kept mistaking me for Sprague de Camp. I don't mean just one or two people, as you might expect -- after all, all bearded men look alike, especially if they both happen to be handsome -- but literally twenty or thirty. I was begged for autographs, offered drinks, asked when I was going to write more Viagens stories -- in short, I got all the benefits of being Guest of Honor at a worldcon without having to go through the customary twenty years of top-quality writing. I found it rather nice, I must say, and Sprague, when I told him of the confusion, claimed to be flattered, since he's about twice my age.

The ultimate mistaken-identity scene almost took place between Buck Coulson and me, though. Buck looks a bit like Forry Ackerman, and has had people confuse him with Forry quite a few times over the years. The first time I saw Buck at this con I fell into the trap myself, and headed for him all set to greet Forry. When he saw me coming, he later confessed, he thought I was de Camp. Fortunately, by the time we got close enough to shake hands we'd corrected our misimpressions, or there might have been the dammedest conversation. (If the spell is still working on the populace next year, Buck, let's have that conversation. I'll tell you how much I've always admired your fanzine VOM -- how do you keep publishing it so regularly for so long? -- and you can compliment me on Rogue Queen.)

Perhaps my favorite quote of the entire convention came from Ed Wood during Monday's Critics in Science Fiction panel. Ed was in the middle of one of his tirades, which resemble verbal epileptic fits, and he shook his fist in the air and shouted, "I will not stand idly by and see the grandeur and glory that is science fiction crucified upon a cross of pedantic scholasticism!"

I damn near fell off my chair.

Another scene during that panel that was just as campy in its own way came when Paul Fairman (who had been asked by moderator Larry Shaw to be controversial) delivered a supremely obtuse lecture on how useless critics really are, because the pro hacks don't pay any attention to them: "They just cry all the way to the bank." This is the sort of argument that makes a lot of sense to (a) fans who cultivate a hard-

nosed "realism" about professionals without knowing very much about them, and (b) pro writers who aspire to become the Liberace of science fiction. But anyone who knows sf writers at all knows that most of them -- most of the good ones -- are both eager for and a bit afraid of honest criticism. (I know one pro writer who was unable to write a line for a week after another pro -- not a major critic in the field, either -- told him he thought his latest book was only a mixed success.) There's a lot of ego-involvement in science fiction writing -- perhaps even more than in other kinds of writing -- and also a lot of honest craftsmanship; the field doesn't pay hacks well enough to support many of them.

Anyway, there was Fairman presenting this silly nonsense, and when he got finished Larry Shaw asked for questions from the floor. Sam Moskowitz stood up and stated that what Fairman had said was astute and penetrating, and everyone should think about it very seriously, because this was truth. Then, I swear to god, SaM recapitulated Fairman's speech for us, point by point -- just like a fourth grade teacher drumming in a lesson in the division of fractions (or like Sam Moskowitz delivering a speech).

I got up off my chair and left the meeting hall.

Elsewhere, there were brighter moments. There was a party Friday night in Fred Pohl's room, for instance, which achieved an informal camaraderie more quickly and easily than any other con-party I've attended. This was managed by the simple expedient of insisting that everyone take off his or her shoes immediately upon entering. It's impossible to be pompous or standoffish when you and all those around you are standing in stocking feet. (This happy modus operandi got started, I later learned, because prior to the party Bob Silverberg, Randy Garrett and a few others had been sitting in the room stocking-feeted on the floor, and when the partiers began arriving it seemed easier to them to adapt the party to themselves than themselves to the party.)

It was also at one of Fred's parties that Jim Blish and Randy Garrett put on a hilarious ad lib sketch involving an egoboo-hungry pro author and a Properly Appreciative Fan. Randy started it by playing the latter part, dashing up to Jim and gushing, "Geechristallwhillickers Mr. Blish sir but I sure did enjoy those fantabulous Okie stories of yours!" Jim's face lit up with rapture and he cried, "Yes yes, oh tell me more!" "Well, I just den't know how to tell you how terrific I thought A Conch of Casience was, goshdamn, sir!" At this Jim uttered little yips of delight, rolled over on the floor like a puppy turning his belly up to be rubbed, and with a free hand made a furiously wagging tail. Randy was laughing so hard he couldn't continue.

Bob Leman was another of the 850 at the convention, and I spent one afternoom down in the bar with him, Boyd Raeburn, Norm & Gina Clarke, Lee Jacobs, Sid & Alva Rogers and all sorts of others. Bob is, I'm sorry to have to say, an utterly shameless put-on artist. We were sitting there talking away pleasantly enough, when a woman at the table next to us leaned over and said, "Excuse me, but are you two gentlemen with the science fiction convention?" "Yes ma'am, we are," said Bob. Well, it seemed this lady was a relative of someone interested in science fiction, so since he couldn't make it to the con she'd dropped by to give him a report. "And I must tell you," she confided to us, "that I've been rather taken aback, if you know what I mean, to see all the strange, unconventional clothes so many of these people wear." Here she cast a hard sidelong glance at Lee Jacobs' magenta-haze da-glo shirt. "But I'm glad to see there are two gentlemen like you in the group," she said approvingly, and it suddenly dawned on me that Bob and I were the only ones there wearing ties. "Tell me, are the rest of them beatniks?" she asked.

Now, it happened that this lady was a perfectly nice individual whose only noticeable fault was an abysmal stupidity, so Bob treated her accordingly -- that is to say, he put her on very politely. Moving his chair a little closer to her, he leaned over and said confidentially, "As a matter of fact, that's only part of it. Have you seen the ones wearing sandals?" She nodded eagerly. "Well, those are the dope addicts," Bob said. "It's a code we have in what we call science fiction 'fandom.'" "Oh my goodness!" she breathed. "I'd never have guessed!" "Yes ma'am," Bob said firmly. "And there are others who wear dark glasses -- we call them 'shades' -- all the time, even indoors like this..."

For half an hour he kept it up, all perfectly straight-faced, until I could take it no longer. I got up and left before I broke up laughing.

This convention was a fine one for autographs, too -- whether or not you were being mistaken for de Camp. The Science Fiction Writers of America had issued SFWA badges to its members, and in no time at all the fans had realized that anybody with one of those tags was a pro, so there was probably more autograph-signing at this con than at the previous three combined -- especially when you bear in mind the huge attendance, at least half of which was local people rubbernecking at their first convention.

I was in the Art Show room with Andy & Barbara Main, Jack Gaughan, Dave Van Arnam, Cindy Heap and some others when Jack pulled out his program book and handed it to me. "Say, I've just realized that here it is Monday and everybody's got a full book of autographs but me. It seems to be the fannish thing to do, so will you be the first, sir?" I obligingly fumbled for a pen, and Andy said, "Hey, lookit that there -- that's a dirty pro signing his autograph!" Barbara sighed: "Gee, nobody asks me for my autograph." "No?" I said, finally finding my pen. "Well, you'd like to have her autograph, wouldn't you, Jack?" "I'd be most obliged," Jack said. So I signed Barbara Main in his book and handed it to him. He looked at it and without moving a facial muscle passed it on to Barbara, who promptly signed my name. Then Andy signed for Phil Dick, and Dave signed Edgar Rice Burroughs, and things got a little wild after that. When it all ended, Jack had filled his autograph pages quickly with more famous names than anyone else at the con, I'll bet. I remember seeing or signing Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, Edgar Allen Poe, J. R. R. Tolkien, Mary Shelley, Capt. S. P. Meek U.S.A. Ret., and a host of others. A startling coup!

Oh, it was a fine convention. There were so many people around, so much going on all the time. I exchanged about half a dozen words apiece with scores and scores of people I'd've liked to spend hours with -- including W. Paul Ganley, who showed up out of fifteen years' gafiation at one of the beer parties. Paul published FAN-FARE back in 1949 or so when I was just entering fandom, and he printed several of my first stories, thus encouraging me beyond recall. I walked into the beer party and there he was, smiling and shaking my hand. "Good Lord!" I said. "I've got to have a drink before I can talk to you!" I went off to run the gauntlet at the drinks line, and when I came back he was gone. (But I know he had really been there, because Lee Hoffman told me later on she'd seen him too.)

That was just one of countless incidents like that. (Don Wollheim and I were both trying to get together with Ed Hamilton to talk business, but the best either of us ever managed were a couple of hopeless waves back and forth across crowded rooms. We finally had to resort to letters after we got back from the con, in order to complete the deal.) It was, as I said, a big con. By the end of it Carol and I were exhausted both physically and mentally, and we left Monday night's parties early. We were just too tired, and dulled by all the talking.

Tuesday we caught a Greyhound bus back to New York -- and in the seat behind us were two unknown New Yorkers who'd apparently been to the con. They started talking about science fiction, and I started feeling a very bad headache coming on. I'd had enough. But fortunately they drifted onto politics soon, and I was able to relax.

## MEET OUR GODDAM AUTHORS:

Philip K. Dick, aside from being the author of The Man in the High Castle and some other novels you may have heard of, is also the originator of the designation "The Garbageman Story" to refer to books like The Space Merchants, Preferred Risk and so on -- the kind of sf novel that was so popular for awhile in the 1950's, when Social Extrapolation set in and writers began writing dystopias about futures in which the world was taken over by the ad men or insurance underwriters or, as in Phil's reductio ad absurdum, the garbage men. The funny thing is, Phil is also the author of the original garbageman story itself: ROOG (F&SF, Feb. 1953), which was his first sale. The story was done again recently by someone named Alfred Grossman, in THE GOBBITCH MEN (Amazing, Feb. 1965).

Thomas M. Disch is the most controversial new American writer in years and years in the sf field. He's been appearing in the sf magazines since 1962, has been reprinted in the Merril annuals, in World's Best SF, in The Best from F&SF and god knows where-all else. The novel he was writing during the Mexican sojourn chronicled in this issue turned out eventually to be The Genocides, published last winter by Berkley. ("I wanted it to be called The Harvest is Past, the Summer is Ended. Imagine Ace getting a title like that. Imagine Berkley.") The short story he mentions was THE ROACHES (Escapade, Oct. 1965), a fine psychological horror-fantasy. Ace has just published his second novel, Mankind Under the Leash (Tom wanted to call it The Puppies of Terra, a title which is perhaps even worse) and Berkley reportedly has signed him up for three more books. Meanwhile, he's traveling around Europe and sending more dispatches for next issue of LIGHTHOUSE, and occasionally turning out 800-word stories which Playboy buys for \$750.

Greg Benford started his sciencefictional life as coeditor with his brother Jim of a fanzine called VOID; later on Jim dropped out and Ted White moved in to fill the gap, quickly followed by Pete Graham and Terry Carr. White and Carr snuck into the pro ranks before long, and lately so has Benford, with a number of sales to F&SF. Mr. Benford's opinions as expressed in his article herein are strictly his own, and do not in any way reflect the editor's opinions except in those parts where I told him what to say.

Jack Gaughan started out doing dust jackets for FPCI back in the 40s, but has graduated to better things in more recent years -- for instance, these days he gets covers on ALGOL and LIGHTHOUSE. He's one of those pros who'll corner a hapless fan and talk his ear off if he doesn't look out, and he also writes funny stuff. He'll get a Hugo one day, mark my words, though I'm not sure what category it'll be in.

Pete Graham is the only one of the VOID Boys who has steadfastly refused to become a science fiction pro. He once submitted a story to F&SF and received a reply asking for some minor revisions and a biographical sketch, but in his perverse way he has never followed this up. No doubt he thinks it would be too Common; and he may be right. Anyhow, he manages to scrape out a living wage (more than any of those VOID Boys science fiction pros make) working in computer programming and the like for Columbia University. Coeditor of LIGHTHOUSE for about the first ten issues, Graham remains as a trusted columnist who meets our rigid deadlines faithfully—the last half of this issue's column, for instance, was scribbled on notepaper while flying to Egypt, and airmailed from somewhere in India. We'll be hearing about that trip too, no doubt.

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G. C. Edmondson is some kind of a nut. He wrote those My Mad Friend stories for F&SF a few years back; they were collected into half of an Ace double, with a gassy historical-time travel novel, The Ship That Sailed the Time Stream, on the other side. (He wanted to call it The Big Time, but...) People who know him proclaim him a sterling fellow, and tend to call him My Mad Friend.

Pat Lupoff once made the mistake of marrying Dick Lupoff, and has been irrevocably a fan ever since. She is the only former coeditor of XERO who has obdurately refused to become a science fiction pro. (Dick, aside from being editor for Canaveral Press, has just sold an sf novel to Lancer.) Anyway, Pat's first love is the Old West, on which she has an impressive collection of books and dime novels; some of the result you see in this issue. (Ted White started this True-West series last issue, and Lee Hoffman has promised an article to continue it next issue.) The title of Pat's article was one of ten she submitted...I must admit I was tempted mightily by READJUSTMENT PROBLEMS OF DEMOBILIZED G.I.'S as the title, but sanity prevailed.

Walt Willis is the only member of the Belfast Triangle (James White, Bob Shaw and WAW) to refuse to be lured into the toiling ranks of the sf pros. True, he once sold, in collaboration with Shaw, a short-short to If, but that's his only real slip. Bradbury, Sturgeon, Heinlein and Clarke ought to be dammed thankful, too, because where would they be today if they'd had to contend with Willis in the pro market?

George Metzger is some kind of a nut too, but then, readers of his regularly-appearing LIGHTHOUSE column (it appears about as regularly as LIGHTHOUSE) have known that for years. A photo he sent along with the present column makes it clear that his drawings of himself in full regalia aren't so much caricature as you might imagine. It's too bad Gestafax won't reproduce in technicolor, because most of George's envelopes are decorated with illos done in blazing watercolors. (Andy Main tells the story of how he was chatting with a hippie nonfan in Santa Barbara and mentioned, "I got this 20-page illustrated letter from a friend of mine in San Jose," and the hippie said, "Oh, yeah, how is ole George?") The Jefferson Airplane, of which George is so enamored, now has its/their first lp out on RCA Victor: Jefferson Airplane Takes Off. It's a fine set of stuff, and recommended especially to folk buffs, since the influence of Bob Dylan, The Byrds and The Weavers is more prevalent than that of The Beatles and Rolling Stones, though they're all in there.

Carol Carr is the star of LIGHTHOUSE, of course, but since personal details on one's idols always interest fans, I'll mention that in private life she is the wife of the editor. Unable to resist the blandishments of the pro Establishment, she succumbed to collaborating (with me) on a little black-humor piece which will appear in the December Esquire. But she is standing firm in her refusal to allow the University of Oklahoma Press publish her Collected Papers. (Mainly because she can't find them.)

Alexei Panshin is another fan who couldn't resist selling some of his stories to the promags: If, Worlds of Tomorrow, Analog, F&SF, Dapper, etc. He recently moved to Brooklyn Heights and signed a contract with Twayne Publishers to write a critical history of science fiction. Sam Moskowitz has reportedly offered to proofread it.

Gina Clarke was recently referred to by the Saturday Evening Post as "a Tolkien authority," as a result of her scholarly article JUST GOOD CLEAN FELLOWSHIP in Lths awhile back. She wanted to call her present article IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S THE GREEN WASP, but I wouldn't let her, preferring the zippier title I have given it. It's a talent I learned at Ace Books.

So much for our goddam authors, and thus endeth my editorial column.



I've been meaning to publish the following letter for over two years now, but each rare time LIGHTHOUSE has struggled forth from the jaws of QWERTYUIOP's ponderous presses, I've forgotten it. In desperation, I present it here in the letter column -- a letter written 11 Aug 1964 by

GEORGE METZGER, 4435 Nova Drive, Santa Cruz, California ((1966 address))

I just heard this news which gassed me.

See, once upon a time there was this chick I was hustling. Only she liked Romolars better'n me. So of course that was the last of her.

About the only times I'd hear from her would be when everything went down the drain and there weren't nobody left except ol' Pappa-San me. Well, anyway, I recently heard from her. She was way deep down in Mexico, deprived of any stimulating Bay Area type peoples. Indeed, she found herself with a bunch of teachers from the South who proved to be incredibly ignorant, even about the subjects they had degrees in. So of course she writes me. I am currently in the army in Oklahoma; I tell her about all that dismal crap and of course she figures she's got it pretty and is happier. And since she's happier she tells me all her past troubles before she moved to Mexico.

She was living in Palo Alto in some big house full of heads and alternating between there and Berkeley, where she was shacking with some guy with a mescaline factory in the bathroom. This sort of a scene tends to make one rather nervous, as the police are not any too understanding about all this. (Or maybe they understand all too well.) Anyway, this place in Palo Alto was full of junkies and queers and whores and a head who tried to kill himself twice on his motorcycle and all kinds of screwed up minds and L. Ron Hubbard.

Dianetics and all. I don't know how he came to be there. He had a following of at least one person, who endeavored to interest anyone he could in the mystic arts. "He got me on the cans," she writes. Her handwriting leaves a tiny bit to be desired, but I think that's what it says. Right off I know what it sounds like, but I'm afraid it had something to do with Hieronimous machines or whatever. Sticky machines lost out, the poor mad fool. He used the wrong approach. Sticky hands would've been much better. So she took up astrology instead. I get letters with

pages of strange mystic portents. Ah me, how can science ever progress in the face of such odds? If she thinks she should only make it with scorpions who am I to quibble?

But just think: L. Ron Hubbard in a house full of junkies. I just had to tell you.

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(Here's another Special Feature of this issue's lettercolumn: a brief debate between Philip K. Dick, boy Hugo-winner, and Vic Ryan, by day a mild young psych major at a university whose name you'd recognize if I could remember it. This all results, as Lths readers with long-range total recall will remember, from a Phil Dick article a couple of issues (12 years) ago about drugs, hallucinations and the quest for reality, and thence from Vic Ryan's letter of criticism in our last issue (c. 1 year ago). Phil wrote a reply to Vic, and I passed it on for a re-reply; unfortunately, my seldom renowned efficiency broke down after that and I never did get around to giving Phil another whack at it. He and anyone else may consider the subject still open in these pages, however, should these letters spark interest: ?)

## PHILIP K. DICK

I'd like to comment on Vic Ryan's retort to my article on, ahem, psychotomimetic drugs:

- (1) If he can't follow what I'm trying to say, how then can he say my whole contention is full of hot water?
- (2) The idea which I present as to the origin of the hallucination -- its location, so to speak -- can be found in Erwin Straus' article in Existence (Basic Books, New York, 1958) called AESTHESIOLOGY AND HALLUCINATIONS. The view may be new to Ryan, inasmuch as it is not held much in the U.S. but rather by the European existential analytic movement.
- (3) My statement that schizophrenic private language can be comprehended very thoroughly is not mine, as Ryan claims, but that of Carl G. Jung (vide The Psychogenesis of Mental Disease, Pantheon, N.Y., 1960). Since this was one of Jung's most important contributions to depth psychology I cannot believe that Ryan has never come across it -- if, as he says, he has been researching a thesis on psychedelic drugs.
- (4) As to psychiatric success with psychotics, specifically catatonic schizo-phrenia: vide p. 40 footnote of Jung's Symbols of Transformation, Harper, N.Y., 1956. Also Harry Stack Sullivan, Clinical Studies in Psychiatry, W. W. Norton, N.Y., 1956; all material pertaining to the catatonic state.

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- (5) Ryan calls the notion that tinkering with someone's neurosis may unearth a psychosis "ancient and unsophisticated." I suggest he read through a very fine volume, Psychotherapy of the Psychoses, Basic Books, N.Y., 1961. (I forget which page, so get busy reading, Mr. Ryan.) Also Jung's Memories, Dreams, Reflections, Pantheon, N.Y., 1961, gives a good example; also vide Sullivan's Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry, W. W. Norton, N.Y., 1940; An Outline of Abnormal Psychology, revised edition, Modern Library, N.Y., 1954.
- (6) I don't think Ryan has the meagerest idea of Kant's analysis of sense-perceptions. All I can suggest here is that he sit down and read Kant and see what it's all about.
- (7) The Ehrenwald book which Ryan has never heard of is Telepathy and Medical Psychology, foreword by Gardner Murphy, W. W. Norton, N.Y., 1948. Unlike Ryan, I am not surprised that he has never heard of it. I am interested in Ryan's statement that, without ever having seen the book, he has "an idea what I might think of it." I wonder how Ryan plans to gain new knowledge if the only books which he respects are those which he has already read. Strange mind, there.
- (8) Ryan sees nothing important in the discussion as to whether hallucinations are overly-acute perception. I think it is important. This is the actual nitty-

gritty of Ryan's beef with me and mine with him. Take, as an instance, the possibility that the paranoid is actually picking up unconscious hostile thoughts of people near him; if this is so then we have a new and valuable instance of ESP -- and in addition we know that we cannot cope with a paranoid if we have such buried hostile thoughts: this is a strong warning as to how such an illness has to be handled. In fact -- but the hell with it; I've probably lost Ryan's attention long ago.

(9) I'm afraid that paranoids function far too well, Mr. Ryan; that's why it's so hard to break down their system. Read any textbook on the subject -- especially

Sullivan (supra).

Here endeth my sermon. Amen.

## VIC RYAN

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to comment on Mr. Dick's letter before the long time-lag set in and both of us lost interest. (( \*sigh\* ))

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Since Phil seems to have made an honest effort to educate me and bend my intellect toward the better things -- such as European psychoanalysis -- the least I can do is confess my sins in the matter. One was in not reading Ehrenwald, rather trusting in Mr. Dick's renowned communicative abilities. This has been corrected, incidentally. I read the Ehrenwald book -- for a paper on the epistemological consequences of the psychedelic drugs -- and found it just as Philip had said.

Gibberish.

My second, and indescribably worse, sin seems to have been my failure to accept Jung and/or Sullivan as the be-all and end-all of psychological or psychiatric thought. Jung I like. The idea of a "collective unconscious" fascinates me, but only romantically. Professionally, the idea isn't worth much, at least if we're to believe the behavioral geneticists. Sullivan, on the other hand, I respect professionally. He brought psychiatry down from the clouds and made it a viable interpersonal concern. But as far as understanding the schizophrenic's private language is concerned? Sure, he -- and others -- can point to rather brilliant successes, cases where clinical intuition has been upheld by discovery of empirical fact. But this isn't quite what I'd mean by "comprehend." No doubt there is a psychological determinism underlying the psychotic's language and grammar; but it simply isn't accessible to most of us, most of the time. The hang-up here is one of language: what Phil seems to be suggesting is that the psychotic's language is "capable of being comprehended"; my point is that it is "usually incomprehensible." The same sort of hang-up seems to be operating in the discussion of how well a paranoid "functions." We'll dismiss the category of paranoid schizophrenics, who almost by definition suffer from thought disorder and an inability to interact with their fellows, and concentrate instead on the rare "pure" paranoids, the ones with the full-blown, tight little pseudocommunities and delusional structures. They "function" in the sense that they are not subject to any gross behavioral disturbances as an everyday event. Under most conditions they will get along in the world. But they certainly aren't functioning as most of us are functioning, and they certainly lack the flexibility and situational plasticity required by most functioning adults.

It's only fitting and proper, I suppose, that P.D. downgrade my background in the literature; after all, I can't claim to have read everything ever published by old reliable Basic Books, as he has. Nor do I read Fate magazine, which, if my brief acquaintance some years ago serves me properly, deals with this sort of stuff. I have read Sullivan (The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry), which I consider a good book, but more a refreshing change of emphasis than a Bible or even a classic in the field. Social psychologists love it, but its clinical usefulness is negligible. I've read quite a bit of Jung, but mostly on anima and the introversion-extraversion typology. And, believe it or not, I have read Kant -- at least all of the Modern Library edition, although it was a painful process that I didn't undertake willingly, and one which wasn't altogether successful. I did catch a thought here

and there concerning perception, however.

I'll probably check your "very fine volume" on the matter of producing psychosis through "tampering" with neurosis, but for every "very fine" reference you can give me I should be able to throw back half a dozen that hold just the contrary. Respected men like Eysenck and Szasz, to name just two, don't feel that this is the case. Arming ourselves with references proves nothing, but I suspect I favor the opinions of practicing psychologists over practicing science fiction writers. I'll also buttress my view with clinical experience -- as an observer, Mr. D. -- which you may or may not choose to argue with. To view neurosis and psychosis as lying on the same continuum of behavioral disturbance is simply unproductive. The neurotic is a stable person, in his own fashion; rarely is he so reliant upon a single defensive stance that tampering with it can precipitate a psychotic break. He is used to dealing with all sorts of tampering at the hands of a cruel world.

Mr. Dick, I'd respectfully suggest that you dim your enthusiasm for Jung and Sullivan, who may be entertaining writers and good names for dropping at cocktail parties or in fanzine lettercolumns, but carry about as little weight as phrenologists in modern clinical settings. Better have your friend at Basic Books stop sending you those sensational tomes; there's much better stuff being published else-

where.

P.S. In truth, I'm hostile to neither Basic Books -- of which I have a couple of dozen -- nor Mr. Dick -- whose writing I enjoy. I even have a Xeroxed copy of his article, because I find it thought-provoking. I only object to its being considered serious psychology or psychiatry.

( With the Special Sections over with, let's go on to some general comments on last issue of LIGHTHOUSE, buried in the mists of antiquity and legend though it may be: >)

RICHARD MANN, 327-B Walsh Hall, Grand Forks, North Dakota, 58201

Andy Zerbe's remarks about Ranch Romances interested me, because I, too, recently discovered westerns. The first ones I bought were the Ace doubles, always a favorite with me; however, I had to buy a copy of Ranch Romances and burst the whole bubble.

The first copy I bought came at a bad time. I had other work to do, so I never did read the thing. I merely noted the lettercolumn and other features. That lettercolumn is a fascinating thing. In it, people plead for someone to write them letters and start correspondence. It's a pen pal finding bureau. Most of the letters are from lonely old people or young girls looking for romance (what better place than RR?), but there is an occasional one from someone who looks like he might be an interesting person.

I suppose the next step is logical. I wrote a letter to them, stating a few things about myself and very carefully not promising to write to anyone and everyone. They printed it in the letter column of their November '65 issue. The issue came out in mid-August, and since then I've received a few letters.

"A few letters" amounts to 73 letters, to this date. ({October 23, 1965.})

They are still coming in, a couple every other day, five or six a week, even three months after the issue first appeared. They are primarily from high school girls who are looking for pen pals and who knows what else -- maybe 55 or 60 of them fit into that category. Most of them are about one paragraph of five or six lines. About 40 of the 60 read like this: "I am a girl 15 years old with brown hair, standing 5' 1" and weighing 198 lbs. I go to school. Please write me a letter."

I can think of more exciting things to do with my spare time. Nevertheless, I was rather surprised to get so many letters from such a small-circulation magazine whose readers are evidently not literarily-oriented people. Even then, most of them, when questioned about it, state that they don't read the stories: they're too silly

or some such non-specific term.

When I found my name in the magazine in August. I had to buy that issue. In a blue funk over some fanzine or other of mine that just wouldn't come out right, I read the thing. It was a bad mistake. The issue had a fine cover: a lovely redheaded girl was fighting off something offstage along with her rugged husband or boyfriend or some such and a gatling gum. It was a good cover, really, and the contents should have been as good, if perhaps not as melodramatic.

They weren't. Virtually every short story in the magazine would be rejected anywhere else, and the novel they ran was just mediocre. The short stories were written quite badly, with no style or even a decent plot to them. It's been said that there are seven accepted plots for westerns, and no variations are really different from these. This may be true; I couldn't say. However, I do know that if you took these seven plots and expressed them in their tritest form, and handed them to Barton Werper for writing, this is what you'd get -- the contents of that issue of RR. It was dismal.

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The novel, MISSION TO SONTAG by Wayne D. Overholser, was little better than the shorts. It was stock plot #3 or even worse, written with a sort of professional competence but with absolutely no brilliance or even a flash of difference. It was inflated and padded at every opportunity, and it left me feeling like cold oatmeal. And it was a reprint, for ghod's sake!

I'd say, Andy Zerbe, that the magazine is pretty well shot. It may one day have been good; I don't know. However, presently it is a dismal sort of thing that's evidently bought by many people just for the lettercolumn. As for RR having its pick of the best of the western short story field...well, I'd say that they take each and every western short story that comes in, and take it gladly.

(\frac{\text{Well}}, the fact remains that RR does pretty much have its pick of the best of new western short stories...it's just that the market is so nonexistent that only amateurs and/or lousy hacks who couldn't sell elsewhere have any reason to write new western shorts. The idea that some fans have that a small sf magazine field should make for better magazines is a fallacy. Actually, the ideal thing is to have maybe 20 or more magazines, which will attract a lot of writers...then you read the three or four top magazines and you'll find some good stuff.\(\frac{1}{2}\))

BEN SOLON, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Illinois, 60613

Jack Gaughan's article on Hannes Bok was quite well done; offhand, I'd say CORNFLAKES AND COLESLAW is about the most comprehensive piece to appear about Bok since his death -- and the only one I've seen that had something to say about the man's work. Bok's art has always impressed me; he was one of the few really outre artists to take up sf/fantasy illustration. It's a damm shame that he couldn't have realized more from his devotion to the field.

MINOR DRAG was enjoyable, particularly the comparison of the last TAFF race with the presidential election, which had me in stitches.

Metzger: What is a "horny" letter? I mean... Where I come from, "horny" is ised in reference to a man's...ah...equipment. Don't know about you, Mr. Metzger, but I've yet to receive a letter that was so equipped.

({In California, where George and I both come from, the term "horny" has a somewhat looser meaning: it implies a state of mind, not necessarily just one of the body.

(Apropos of Jack Gaughan and Bok, by the way: I don't think Jack has ever mentioned this publicly, but he's done a few little tributes to Bok and his art instruction of Jack, in published cover paintings. Take a look at the covers for two Ace books, for instance: The Coils of Time by A. Bertram Chandler and The Maker of Universes by Philip Jose Farmer.

(And I noted at the Tricon Art Show that George Barr has lately been doing some

rather impressive Bok-imitations. ?)

ALEXEI PANSHIN, 2515 Arrowhead Road, Okemos, Michigan

The piece about the Tolkien books being faggish may have been 70% in jest, but it was only when I read it that I realized that the limp-wristedness of The Lord of the Rings was the unarticulated thing that had bothered me about them since I first bought them at the time they were originally published. All that time and a mild distaste and I'd never tried to figure out why. And the article hit it.

FRED LERNER, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey, 07407

I know Gina Clarke's article on homosexuality in The Lord of the Rings was done with tongue in cheek -- but it was a persuasive essay, and just in case someone more gullible than I gets to thinking that maybe there is something to Gina's argument, it might be a good idea to point out a mitigating circumstance.

The Lord of the Rings was written in the tradition of medieval English and Continental literature; and many of the scenes of male affection are straight out of Malory or Sir Gawain. Tolkien is quite familiar with Sir Gawain and the Green Knight: he coedited the standard text edition of that poem, and his translation of it will be published shortly. There are several places in Sir Gawain where our hero

"...acoles he the knyght and kysses hym thryes, As saverly and sadly as he hem sette couthe."

Of course, Gawain is the target of a full-scale seduction attempt by the wife of the knight he kisses, and the attempt fails.... Perhaps Gawain was a little, uh, unusual.

At any rate, I would be very careful about seriously applying modern psychological standards to The Lord of the Rings; but I must confess that I have often read some of the scenes Gina quotes with embarrassment. If only he had based LotR on Beowulf....

I am looking forward to seeing the Marxist interpretation of The Lord of the Rings. The series promises to be the best literary criticism since The Poch Perplex.

(When last heard from, Gina wasn't seriously considering doing that article; her reference to it, in her original article, as forthcoming was simply a gag whose point was that a work like LotR would look kind of funny viewed in any specialized light.

(However, there was at least a brief discussion of LotR from a Marxist point of view in, I believe, XERO a couple of years ago. John Boardman argued that the world of Middle-Earth wasn't nearly so well and fully conceived as its adherents claim -- that Tolkien obviously knew his stuff when it came to philology and such, and he'd done an impressive job with the languages and cultural patterns in LotR. but that in other areas of knowledge important to world-building JRRT was less interested and consequently had left large gaps in his background. What, for instance, of the men who worked in the shipywards of Belfalas? Were they paid sufficiently? Were they unionized? When I first read it, I thought it was a hilarious example of judging a work by the wrong standards, an unconscious reductio ad absurdum. The more I think of it, the more relevant the criticism seems to me, however. After all, in these great sagas of knights and kings, who does do the work which keeps such feudal societies going? And who makes up the armies of the opposing forces? By and large, I've noted, writers of sword-and-sorcery or indeed romantic adventure of most any kind seem to be conservatives politically. The idea that kings are romantic is a conservative one, to start with. And Andy Main pointed out to me recently that the whole concept of glory in killing other men is basically a romantic fantasy. War and killing may be at times unavoidable and necessary, but they are never glor-

(\(\frac{\frac{\chi}}{\So}\) I think John's point was well taken: writers who romanticize medieval societies and mores have to be keeping one eye shut when they look at their worlds. And Tolkien's world is thoroughly believable only to a confirmed romantic who will do just that.\(\frac{\chi}{\chi}\))

DON MARTIN, West Main Road, Little Compton, Rhode Island, 02837

On George Metzger's column: I'm afraid I can't muster too much sympathy for the trials of his army life, though he does admit he has it soft. And he's so right about the diseases to be picked up in Korea. I could tell you about one gal a number of guys got friendly with (slight understatement) but who wouldn't let herself be seen. (This was in a hole in the ground.) Turned out she had a bad case of leprosy.

Enjoyed Gaughan's piece on Hannes Bok. Bok was certainly one of the few greats in the field of sf art. And he could write, too. Why doesn't some p.b. publisher print the complete version of The Elue Flamingo? I understand it was cut about in half by Merwin when it appeared in Startling. With some of the junk being printed

in p.b. today, I can't see how this has been overlooked.

((Unfortunately, that last sentence can be taken differently than I think you intended it.

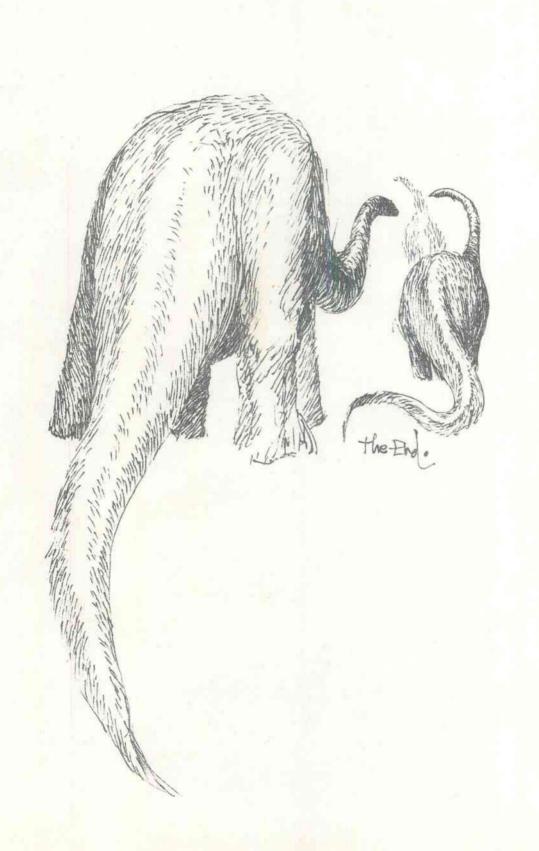
(As for the nonappearance of the Bok novel in paperback, there are probably any number of factors. For one thing, it's fantasy of a style not particularly popular in today's market. For another, Bok's name is unfortunately pretty much unknown to most readers. Third, most of the people I've talked to about the novel haven't liked it. (I tried to read it myself years ago and was unable to get into it.) And for the capper, Bok's estate is in such a mess, so goes the report, that nobody would know who to buy the rights from anyway.)

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WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Banks Mebane, who had good words for Jack Gaughan's article and Pete Graham's column, especially the TAFF spoof; Earl Evers, another who found Jack's piece fascinating; Ronald R. Eberle, who liked Jack's article and found that Metzger's army misadventures reminded him strikingly of some of the ones he'd had as a company clerk in Germany; Peter Singleton, who liked Metzger and TAILGATE RAMBLE; Tom Purdom, who says he was cured of a growing interest in trying rock-climbing by reading Pete Graham's piece on the sport, and who also says, "Metzger continues to bring back memories and put down on paper an accurate picture of an experience which I've shared -- the army."

Finally, I had letters from Jim Blish and Don Wollheim, who argued with each other over the Ace Tolkien editions. Since this particular brouhaha has been well settled between issues of LIGHTHOUSE, and since extensive discussions and arguments on the matter have already appeared elsewhere (YANDRO, NIEKAS, and the SFWA Bulletin, in particular), I decided to omit any further material on it in these pages.

This omission is one reason why the lettercolumn is comparatively short and scrappy this issue, since comments pro and con on the DAW article made up a goodly percentage of the letters received. (For the record: They averaged about 50-50 pro and con.) However, I must add that I was disappointed in the letter response to last issue overall: it was the lowest audience feedback I've ever had on any fanzine I've published in nearly fifteen years. I'm not exactly sure why -- it wasn't a bad issue, nor was it lacking in controversial material. I do seem to have noticed that other fanzines have had much the same trouble lately, since lettercolumns these days are either short (ZENITH SPECULATION, for instance) or, if lengthy, badly in need of editorial trimming (NIEKAS and DOUBLE:BILL are examples here). YANDRO, a monthly for almost fifteen years, seems to be the only fanzine capable of consistently drawing a substantial number of lively, interesting letters. Along with Dick Lupoff, I blame this largely upon the rather preposterous proliferation of small apas, which draw off so much fannish energy from general-circulation fanzines these days. There have been a number of comments lately about the fading away of genzine publishing and how it's too bad so few fans have the energy to publish genzines; I'd like to suggest that the fault is primarily in the lack of response which these energetic faneds get. I know this issue of LIGHTHOUSE would have appeared much sooner had I had more letters.



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