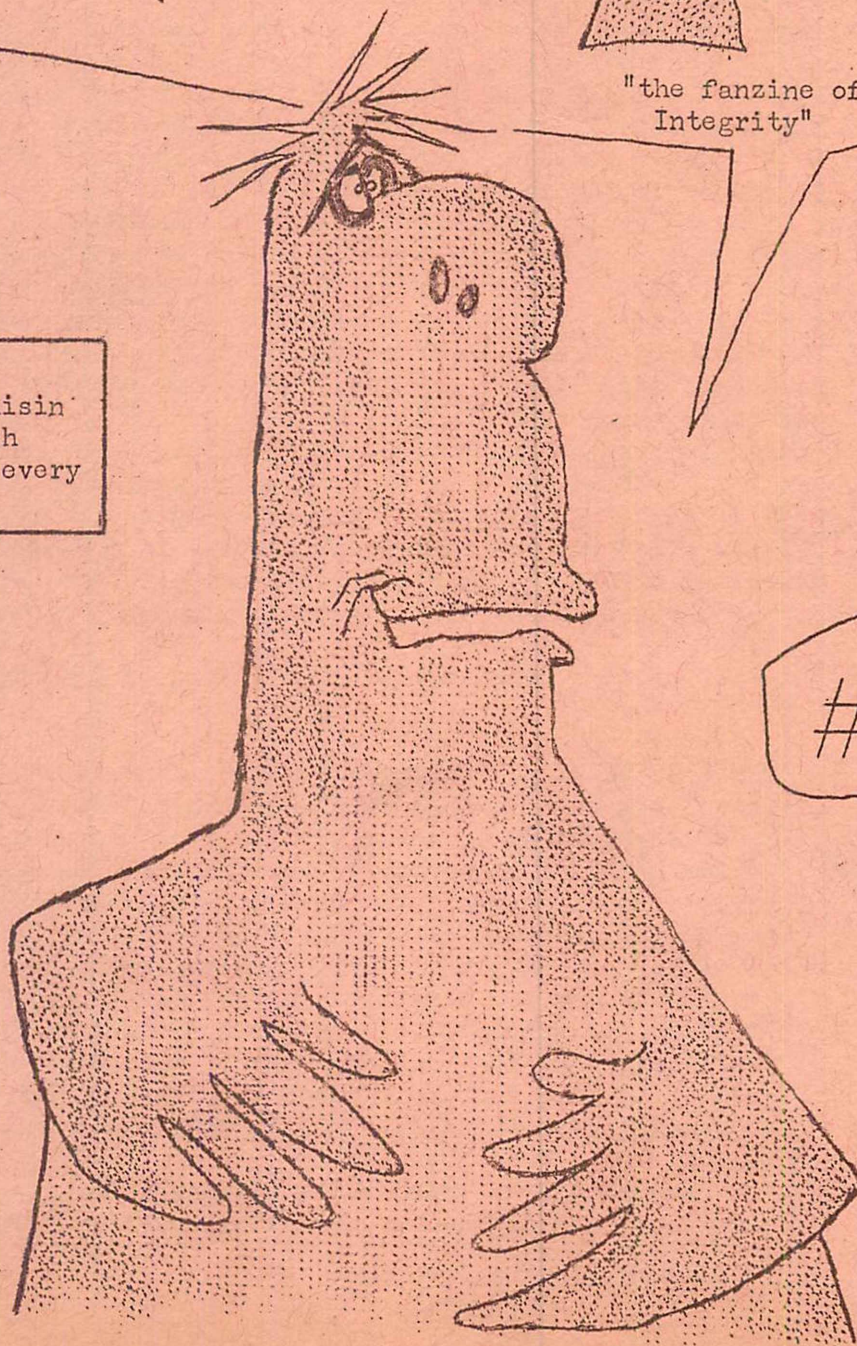


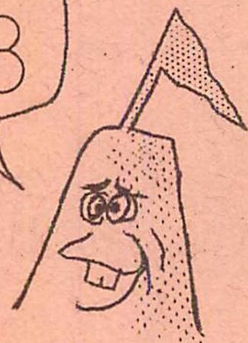
WOLF

"the fanzine of
Integrity"

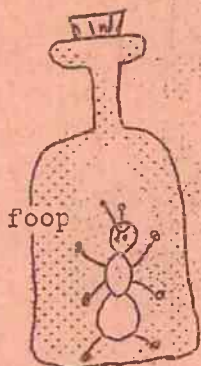
KIDS!
Free raisin
sandwich
inside every
issue!



#3



the ant in the bottle

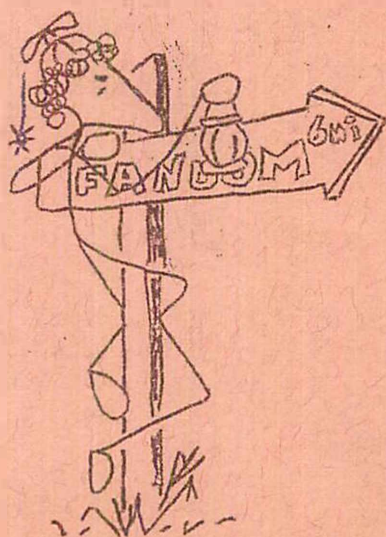


---being a suitably incongruous title for a clutch of stuff written by your humble and obedient editor here being first drafted on stencil in the best fannish tradition. (This on stencil writing enabling me to write a confusing sentence like the preceding one, giving the less slannish of you the impression that I, the editor, am being first drafted on stencil.) Take...eat...for this is my material given for you.*

IF ANY OF the more curious of you people are wondering at the size of this Lyddite compared to the size of the two previous issues, madly racking your tender little brains to try to figure why this issue is so much bigger than Lyddites #1 and #2,

let me set you more or less at ease by telling you that there is absolutely no reason for the greatly increased size of this issue except that it has more pages and words. I didn't go Big Time with Lyddite to get rich, I didn't do it to become famous, and I didn't do it because I don't like the hamburgers they sell in Woolworths'. I didn't even do it for the general hell of it, because that could be called a reason. I went Big Time with Lyddite for NO REASON AT ALL. If I find that this issue is not well received by Fandom at Large (something which strikes me as a distinct possibility), I will stop producing big Lyddites and begin turning out laughably small little Lyddite one sheets for Axe again, similarly for no damned reason in the known Universe. Don't be fooled by the cause and effect you might have inferred into these last sentences, gentle and variable (except for you, Gerber) fans; don't think that I will revert to producing little two page Lyddites because of this big Lyddite not succeeding, possibly---because even this will not be the reason I will do so (if I do so). For you see, gentlemen, I am not subject to the law(s) of cause and effect. I am living on a different plane of existence from all you critturs, you see; I am existing in a Universe that has never heard of cause and effect. Only a lower dimensional facet of myself is evident in this Universe of three dimensions; in my own continuum I appear to be a flake of dandruff.

Imagine a flake of dandruff writing on stencil. That's sort of a ridiculous image, isn't it?



THE LINE UP of contributors to this issue is really a great one, and I wish I knew who comprised it. Which is to say that as of now I have no idea what non Deindorfer material is appearing in this issue because I haven't received any yet. I am writing this editorial (or maybe you would like to call it a column, or even something obscene; if it will make you happy, you may) at what is (as you read this) a long time ago. None of the contributors to this issue have sent me their stuff yet. For that matter, none of them have even written it yet, because I haven't yet asked them to do something for Lyddite. I wish they would hurry up, though.

Exceptions are rather clumsy things because they make simple things appear all complicated and constipat-

*a Communion joke, I suppose

The Ant in the Bottle---II

ed, but I suppose that for the sake of completeness I should mention the exceptions to the preceding paragraph; namely, (1), the Rotsler illos in this issue, (2), the two Lee Hoffman illos in this issue, and (3), the Langston Hughes story in this issue. The Rotslers were sent to me recently by Bob Lichtman, which was very kind of him. You will note how I express my appreciation of them further on in these august pages (if this fmz does not appear in August that pun will be pretty well shot to hell). The LeeH illos were traced off of a LeeH letter and used, without LeeH's permission and/or knowledge. I am sure she won't mind their appearing here, though; they were too good not to reproduce for all of you out there. If she does mind, however, then I am sorry and will do all that I can to undo my impulsive act in printing them, like recalling every copy of Lyddite #3 and pasting black pieces of paper over the drawings. The Langston Hughes piece is reprinted from The Best of Simple, a paperback from Hill and Wang. I was very impressed with this story (which is called "Bop," if you missed seeing it listed in the table of contents or something like that) when I read it last year. I can remember resolving to myself, "I'm going to reprint this story in my fanzine when I get around to doing a fanzine. Yes I am." I even went so far as to write to the publishers of the Hughes tome for permission to reprint the story in "my amateur magazine," as I quaintly enough called it. I carefully explained that I was young and destitute and had no money to pay for copyright fees. To my surprise, I got a prompt reply stating that since I was poor I had permission to reprint "Bop" without having to pay the copyright fee. And so, here it is, in this issue of Lyddite. It's a beautiful little commentary on a facet of minority group existence, and on bop itself. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Incidentally, Hill and Wang stipulated that I send Mr. Hughes a copy of the issue of my magazine which his story was to appear in. So, if all of you people will bear with me for a short while, I will explain to Mr. Hughes just what the hell this magazine he is reading is. This, Mr. Hughes, is an amateur magazine produced by a devotee of science fiction for other devotees of science fiction. These other devotees also each publish their own amateur magazines, so that each receives the magazine of every other devotee. These magazines deal with our common interest, science fiction, as you can readily see by skimming through this issue.

I am sure that the readers of this magazine will agree that this explanation of mine is eminently clear without being oversimplified.

"AND NOW WE WILL demonstrate the workings of this fine watch by tying John Cameron Swayze to the blade of this outboard motor. Is he secure? Okay, start her up. Watch how that motor jiggles and bounces John around under water. That's a lot of shock for him to take. Okay, thirty seconds have elapsed....turn off the motor. Untie John....that's it. Here he is, after the thirty second grueling shock test. What time is it, John?"

"I don't know; my watch broke."

--- recent commercial for Timex watches

MOST FANS WHO have had personal contact with other fans know of instant communication---the joy of being able to meet somebody for the first time and of immediately being able to talk with him on things which you both have a great interest in and about which you have a great deal of common knowledge. I have had this experience a few times now in my fannish career; it is definitely one of the things that make me happiest that I am a fan.

But the thing is, up until a few weeks ago in a record store I had assumed that such instant communication could only occur between two science fiction fans. My experience in the record store modified that attitude, though, when I found that such a thing could occur between two jazz fans, of all people.

I was in the store that day to pick up a copy of "Giant Steps," an album by the jazz tenor saxophonist, John Coltrane. I am a great admirer of Coltrane's playing and had been madly buying all the Coltrane albums I could get my muddy little hands on. "Giant Steps" was one of the last Coltrane albums I had to buy to make my collection of Coltrane complete.

So there I was at the store counter, my record clutched in my hand. I paid the store's eminently reasonable cut rate price and took my record and turned to go, when I was confronted by a tall Negro who smiled and said quietly, "'Giant Steps.'"

"Yes," I said, "Coltrane."

"Gas," he said, "a gas. The second Coltrane chorus on 'Cousin Mary.' 'Naima.' Dig 'Spiral,' too."

"You hear the latest Coltrane on Impulse?" I asked. "The one made at the Village Vanguard?"

"Have it, man," he said.

"Coltrane killed himself on the blues on side two--- he went all the way," I said.

"Yes," he said, "and Dolphy really blew on 'Spiritual.'"

"Have you ever caught Coltrane in person?" I asked.

"Plenty," he said. "Latest was just last week down at Pop's in Philly. Second set he really went, you know? I mean he sailed on that horn."

"Say," I said, "do you play?"

"Yeah, tenor."

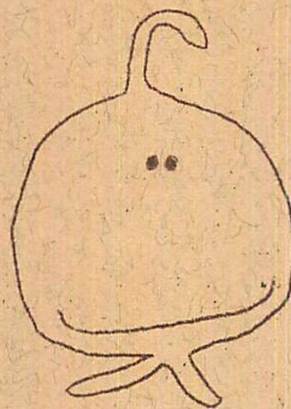
"I blow alto myself."

"Yeah?"

Anyway, we went on like that for some twenty minutes, just standing there in the record store batting our short clipped phrases back and forth much in the manner of two jazz musicians blowing fours. And we were communicating. We didn't know each other, had never met before, but we were on the same ground with jazz.

As I said, I had always thought this instant communication was limited to the rapport that you find in most cases between two science fiction fans who are meeting for the first time. Of course it was different in its aspect---short, terse; but it was no less instant communication, this communication between two jazz fans.

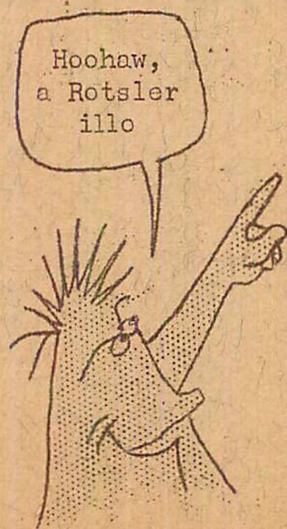
Finally we had said as much as we felt like saying, and I left the store, confident that I had found a sympathetic soul in the jungle.



"JAPANESE CHILDREN Are Taller, Fatter" reads the headline of a short news item in a recent copy of the Philadelphia Inquirer. The item goes on to explain how changes in the diet of the Japanese people and the introduction of vitamin capsules and such have resulted in a notable increase in the average height and weight of today's Japanese child compared with the average height and weight of the Japanese child of ten years ago.

"The stereotyped pint-size Japanese---bow-legged and near-sighted---will have to make way for a new image," states the article. "They're much taller and fatter these days," it continues, referring to the Japanese children. It advises us that, "Mother and father usually are shorter than their teenage sons and daughters."

You know, that article assures me. It really does, because it means that people who think in stereotypes will stop picturing Japan as this funny land with little paper houses and inscrutably smiling, busily scurrying little bow-legged, near-sighted people. They will now picture it as this funny



land with little paper houses and inscuitably smiling, busily scurrying tall fat people. And of course none of these tall fat people will be bow-legged and near-sighted, since according to this news item only pint-size people are bow-legged and near-sighted.

"CERTAIN GROUPS OF South Sea Islanders have a hundred different words for 'water,'" I said recently to Dean Ford. "They have a different word for, say, cool water in a shaded lagoon than they do for, say, the water rushing over the yellow stones of a babbling brook."

"And I'll bet they have still another word for the water rushing over grey stones, right?" said Ford.

"Why, yes, probably," I replied.

"Where did you find all of this out?" asked Dean.

"It was in a John W Campbell editorial in a 1957 or '56 Astounding, as I remember," I said.

"Well how come you never mentioned this thing before?" asked Dean.

"I guess I never felt sufficiently moved," I said. "But I was reminded of the whole thing today when I was reading some stuff about thermodynamics. It hit me that Campbell had said in that editorial that while these South Sea Islanders have all sorts of words for water and such, so that they can express all kinds of subjective things very concisely, they have no word for 'thermodynamics,' or for other technical type terms."

"That's a hell of a thing," said Ford.

"It certainly is," I said, "because can't you imagine what might happen if a South Sea Islander wanted to talk about thermodynamics?"



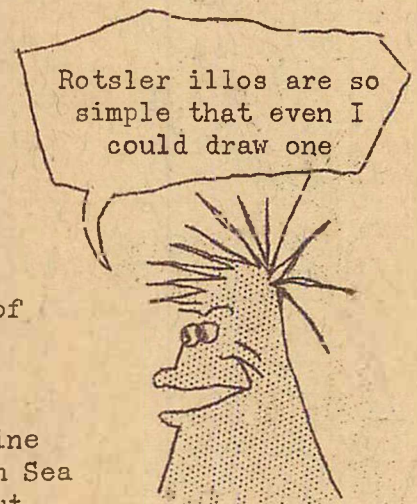
"He'd be strapped," said Dean. "He wouldn't be able to do a goddamn thing to contribute to a conversation about thermodynamics."

"Right," I said.

"Say," said Ford, "wouldn't it be a great thing to go to some South Sea Island and strike up a conversation with a South Sea Islander? Picture the scene: there I am, and I start talking to some Islander about water. We babble on, happily using the word for 'water lukewarm held lingeringly in the mouth' and 'water ice cold hitting you punch on the back.' Then, right the hell out of a blue sky, I say, 'Let's talk about thermodynamics.' South Sea Islander's face blanches, his eyes bug, he makes a gargling sound in his throat, and then runs away screaming. There I am loudly hoo-hawing and laughing like mad. Great scene, huh?"

"I just thought of a better one," I said. "You get this South Sea Islander you played that trick on, see, and you patiently teach him technical terms like 'vector,' and 'Doppler effect.' Even, if he can bring himself to hear it again, 'thermodynamics.' Then you let him get revenge on you for what you did earlier. You let him initiate a conversation on thermodynamics. You will both be happily talking about thermodynamics, when he will stop, and with a strange gleam in his eye say, 'Let's talk about "water in very cold form".' 'Oh,' you say, 'you mean "ice."'"

Dean and I talk like that all the time.



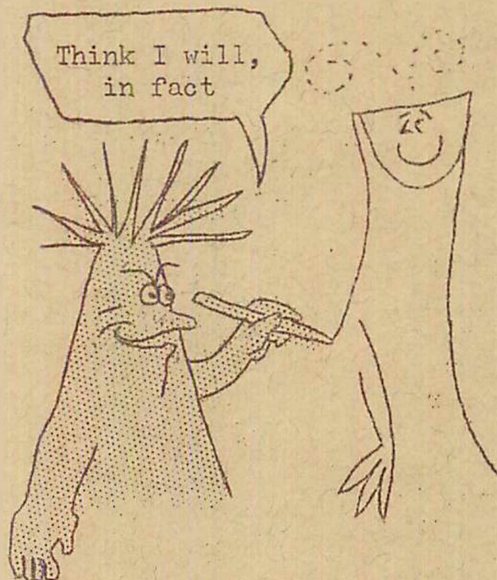
Did you know that every time you smash a little piece of whimsy a fairy dies?

---Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

The Ant in the Bottle---V

I THINK MOST of us are agreed that the orbital flight of John Glenn, Colonel, USMC, was a wonderful thing. I should think so, seeing that we are (as I told Mister Hughes) devotees of science fiction and like that. But you are not going to find us getting all goshwow about Glenn's flight, are you? I mean, we knew for years that something like this would occur, so that when it finally did we took it in stride.

But the radio and television commentators who gave the play-by-play of the Glenn flight gave a performance which reached new heights of goshwowery. Radio and television commentators are notably ingenuous as a matter of course, but during the Glenn flight they really outdid themselves.



I give you a few choice examples, jotted down while I was watching the flight on television:

"It certainly is hard to believe he's really up there." (Uttered about the time Glenn was entering his third orbit.)

"I can't become accustomed to the process of night and day going so rapidly for him when it goes so slowly for us."

Commentator introducing taped conversation between Glenn in capsule and Australian tracking station: "This conversation takes place on the backside of the world."

Remark of commentator upon patiently listening for all of thirty seconds to physicist explaining rocketry, this physicist having used the word "pyrotechnics" a few times: "The word 'pyrotechnics' reminds me of firecrackers."

Remark of commentator upon patiently listening for all of five seconds to playback of Glenn's heartbeat: "It's rather an amazing thing to hear

a heart coming out of a speaker that way."

And finally, one that made me feel really good, and probably made a few Russians happy, too: "President Kennedy has been working in his office all morning with the sound turned down. Nothing has been going on in the White House or Washington all morning."

I WAS FREELOADING a dinner at a neighbor's house recently, and the mother of the household said to her two tots about forty times during the meal, "Eat all of your food. You shouldn't leave any scraps on your plate. There are millions of poor starving children in China and India who would love to have the chance to eat those scraps."

my mother
I can remember/saying exactly the same thing to me when I was a wee proto-fan. You probably can remember your mothers saying it, too. It's a standard Mother Line, more or less, like "have you washed your hands, Kevin*?".

The thing is, I began to speculate about the implications of this line later, in my Study (a pine panelled room with ineptly stuffed and smelly animal heads)

*the "Kevin" isn't part of the line, though, in case you were wondering

It looks like Delmar records scores again. They're going to get 324 alto flute players all named Frank and record them in the men's room at Soldier Field. Tentative title for the album is 324 Alto Flute Players All Named Frank in the Men's Room at Soldier Field. If this album proves successful, the Delmar execs will get 324 girl alto flute players all named Phyllis and record them in the ladies' room at Soldier Field.

---George Crater

sticking out of the walls at various ridiculous angles). I mean, imagine a child taking this Mother Line seriously, and resolving to help the millions of poor starving children in China and India when he is able to. He saves his money for years, and by the time he is thirty years old he is ready to execute his plan.

He contacts an advertising agency and offers them a handsome fee to handle his account. He rents an office, hires ten secretaries, buys a bunch of office equipment, and waits for the advertising campaign to begin.

Soon, in every newspaper and magazine, heard during every station break of every radio and television station in the country, printed in sixteen foot tall letters on billboards from Weyauwega to Hagerstown (and points surrounding), written in smoke in the sky, is the slogan, "Save Those Table Scraps for the Starving Children of China and India."

The altruist's organization, catchily enough named the Table Scraps for Starving Tots Fund (TSFSTF), begins to receive huge shipments of table scraps from all over the country. In three months there are enough table scraps collected to fill the holds of forty freight ships. The forty freight ships are so filled. After much hoopla and speech making, the ships chuggle off to China and India. The millions of poor starving children of China and India are soon no longer starving. Mainly they are no longer starving because they have all committed suicide rather than eat some foreigner's lousy table scraps.

And our Image Abroad is thus shot further to hell, proving that no matter how noble the intentions of the United States, and/or certain of its citizens, other countries will go right ahead and misinterpret them.

A CLOTHING STORE ADVERTISEMENT I came upon recently advises one and all of its fantastic bargain sale. "You won't believe your eye when you come to our store," it says.

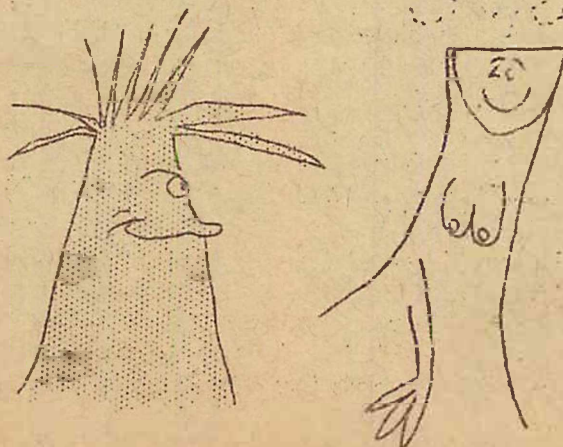
Can't you imagine how fantastically happy I was to find that line, knowing I would be able to surround it with a bit of cutting comment and stick it in this column?

SINCE THIS IS ostensibly an amateur magazine produced by a devotee of science fiction, I feel that it might be fitting to make some sort of mention herein of the science fiction I have read of late, this science fiction being Olaf Stapledon's The Starmaker (my science-fiction-book-to-be-read-for-1962; every year I set myself a quota like that). As a novel, this book is a complete failure, but as a philosophical speculation, it is one of the best books I have ever read. As Floyd C Gale or Schuyler Miller or somebody would say, you owe it to yourself to pick up a copy of this book.

There, that should be enough about science fiction.

SQUAREDOM HAS AT last caught up with bop. When somebody recently told me that the Guy Lombardo orchestra recorded Thelonius Monk's tune, "Round About Midnight," I simply did not believe it. "You are putting me on," I flatly told this person. But just last week my mother had her ricky-tick music station tuned in on the radio, and I heard the announcer say, "And now, here is the Guy Lombardo orchestra with its beautiful rendition of 'Round About Midnight.'"

They played this song about as you would expect them to. I could only compare it in my mind with the original Monk recording. I am now waiting to hear the Lombardo version of Ornette Coleman's "Lonely Woman." ---Dorf



MY DAYS IN FOLKNIKDOM

BY LEE HOFFMAN

(In a letter to Lee Hoffman I told her I had heard she was for a time a Big Name in folk music fandom after leaving stf fandom. In reply she gave me the entire story of her sojourn in folknikdom. I thought it too fascinating a tale to hide in the fastnesses of my letters file and persuaded her to permit me to print it in this honorable fanzine. --gd)

YES, IF IT IS NOT too immodest for me to admit it, I was a BNF of folkmusicdom... or folknikdom, if you prefer. However, the memory of folknikdom is shorter than that of fandom and I have passed and been forgotten with the rest by now.

Anyway, you being a stuff buff and odd information enthusiast I will tell you about it all.

First try imagining a fandom which is not at all oriented toward the written word. (That is the distinguishing feature of our fandom, you know. Bloch did something on the subject once that was quite acute. All about us having one thing in common---not stf, but words.) Well, there was this fandom consisting of little groups around the country, and lots and lots of individuals isolated from each other, all enthusiastic about records (the way early stfans were about stf-zines). Most of them played and/or sang. Where they existed in groups they gathered to play and sing together or at each other, and to talk about folkmusic---its origins, its destiny, its forms, and (mainly) each other---as singers/musicians and just simply as people engaged in gossip about others in the field. (Like fanclubs.)

Now, for the scholarly folklore buffs there were lots of publications---folklore journals and such---running scholarly (i.e., sercon) articles about folkmusic. And there was one current zine catering to the folknik class (though they weren't known by that label then). This was Sing Out, which ran non-scholarly articles, bits about Big Names in the field, and mostly songs---old folksongs, newly composed topical songs, parodies, etc.

Into the Greenwich Village hotbed of folknikdom I came with my fannish-fanzine orientation. Through Dick Ellington (a peripheral folknik) I met one of the local ingroup, Dave Van Ronk---folksinger (non-professional), anarchist, and so forth. DVR introduced me to various other folkniks and I found myself on the periphery of the scene.

There I was, a buff of folkmusic, an enjoyer of sitting around breezing and a general would-be ingrouper. Only I didn't play an instrument and I didn't sing. What was my natural talent? I operated a mimeograph.

DVR, being a young man with a lot to say about anything, particularly politics or folkmusic, took a stub of pencil into his grimy little hand and started writing; I started stencilling; and out came a folkmusic fanzine (labelled just that---"Caravan: A Folkmusic Fanzine").

I ran a hundred copies of this---about ten or so pages, mimeoed, featuring DVR's writing, and some gossip and small talk and reports of small local concerts (written by me somewhat in the way I used to do convention reports). I mailed copies to everyone I knew of who dug folkmusic, took a load down to a Village Shoppe specializing in the stuff (The Folklore Center) where I gave them to the proprietor as counter giveaways, and took the rest to Wash Square where I handed

them out freely.

Folknikdom went ape. There were loads of cats around with lots they wanted to say, but since there hadn't been any place much to say anything (excepting the somewhat politically oriented Sing Out) nobody put anything on paper. With the advent of Caravan they started writing.

Also, the proprietor of The Folklore Center came begging for more copies. It seems as soon as the thing got into circulation people had been jamming the store for copies. He offered to pay me for 100 copies of the next issue.

The next issue, by then, was in the works, also as a giveaway, but in an edition of 100. I went back to press and ran a second edition of 100 for The Folklore Center (taking out the cost in trade---records).

Soon, I had to put a price tag on the book.

I was running it monthly. It grew to some twenty plus pages, full of goodies---concert reviews, record reviews (the small companies specializing in folk-music discs were sending me free review records). John Brunner did a column about the British folknik scene. People from other states wrote and told what was happening around their parts of the country. A California shop asked for copies to sell. I wrote a gossip column about the local characters. I ran pages of What's Where, which listed all the concerts, radio and TV shows, etc., I could find out about, who had instruments for sale, and even listed those people who wrote in advising that they'd welcome the travelling folknik to 'drop in and stay overnight (with food).

Like, there I was with a fandom all my own---and the fans were going wild for the fanzine.

Eventually, I discovered myself with multilithed covers on the thing (courtesy of Ellington, who worked cheap) and cash advertisers. And an edition of 800. That was when I decided it was too big to mimeo and hand-collate. So I located a cheap offset printer, and consulted with prospective advertisers. Contracted enough advertising to pay the printer, set the whole thing up on a basis of covering costs at a newsstand price of 35¢ a copy, with the contracted advertising, and went offset, bi-monthly. It was being sold by subscription all over the U.S. and in several countries abroad, and in folkmusic shops in four or five states. It had the potential of becoming a full-scale little magazine, and even could have netted a bit of profit. But it was a hell of a lot of work. And one of my charming advertisers, a rather well-known record company in the jazz field as well as folkmusic, finked on their advertising. Namely, they sent in copy but didn't pay bills. If I could have collected the accounts receivable I'd have shown a rather nice little profit.

But not being the pushy type, instead of trying to turn it into a paying proposition, I got tired of the work involved and decided I'd rather do the sort of small scale fanzine it had been in the beginning.

Well, there was this cat who'd come in recently from the West Coast who'd long had ambitions of a folkmusic magazine of some sort. He told me one day that I was doing it all wrong---that he had learned more about editing a magazine from reading Caravan and seeing my mistakes than I knew. So I made a deal with him and turned it over to him lock, stock and barrel.

He immediately went class. Whereas I'd used all sorts of tricks in editing and makeup to save a penny wherever possible, he went artistic in layout---upped ad rates, went to a classier printer, etc. He turned out, I think it was three issues, and then disappeared completely. And as far as I know nobody's heard of Caravan since.

Meanwhile, I started putting out a folkmusic fanzine, mimeoed, entitled Gardylloo. But, as with Celsy*, I found the muse wasn't with me, and after about six issues, folded my zine and quietly stole away.

*nickname for Excelsior; the fanzine which LeoH published three issues of in late 1956 and early 1957

My Days in Folknikdom---III

In the first few issues of G'oo, however, I had fun. And, according to a friend, I "Made" a folkmusic trio. (Not the Kingston, however.) You have probably never heard of them, but this is what happened:

There were these three folkniks...(1) Tom Paley, who'd been around for years and was sort of a Bob Tucker of the ingroup---he'd been on the scene since almost the beginning, but not quite; he was much admired by the inner ingroup and practically unknown elsewhere, and he made real fine music. Also, he was a comic.

Then there was (2) John Cohen, who hadn't been as i*n as Tom, but was long around, was part of the same Folkdom (if there were numbered folkdoms), as Tom, more or less, played music I liked, and frequently played with Tom.

A newcomer arrived (3), Mike Seeger. Mike is half-brother to the famous Pete Seeger (folkmusicdom's #1 Face), the Seegers being a family of folklorists and folkmusicians. Mike had turned away from his brother's field where he was continually labelled "Pete's brother," and played country-western stuff.

Somehow the three of them fell together and began entertaining themselves by playing old-timey music from the 1920's and '30's. The semi-folk, semi-hillbilly stuff which is hardly Great Music, but which really can be jolly fun.

During Caravan's heyday, the local folkniks had organized a group called the Folksingers Guild and had sponsored a number of small concerts with various semi-professionals. (As if a bunch of fans got together and published a small prozine with their own material in it.) These had been fairly successful, so it was proposed that they sponsor one with the trio, which was called the New Lost City Ramblers.

Somehow the Guild flubbed and decided not to sponsor the concert, so six of its members insurged, formed a temporary group and produced the concert. The leader of this insurgent group was Dick Greenhaus (also in it was Jock Root---New York fan). I was not one of the group (nor was I member of the Guild, though I was a voting non-member).

Tom and John being friends whose music I liked, and being a couple of guys about whom one could make up stories, punch-lines, etc. (like the likes of Tucker, Keasler, et al), I got in on the pre-concert publicity. For some time I had been planning to do something about the old NRA Blue Eagle---use it in a fanzine or something, and it suddenly struck me...NLCRA, New Lost City Ramblers Appreciators, with a Blue Eagle clutching not lightning and gears, but a banjo and guitar. I presented this idea to Greenhaus. We had Ellington print up a mess of hundreds of tags about 3 x 4 inches, with the Blue Iggle on one side and the letters NLCRA and motto, "we do our part," and on the other side, "I am lost, please return me to 1932." Each tag had a piece of string attached, and shortly everybody was wearing one and every instrument in the Village was adorned with one. We were distributing them prior to any other concert publicity, and half the people who had then didn't know what they were about (like Courtney's boat) but for a moment they were the "in" thing. While we gave them away by the handful in Wash Square, The Folklore Center had obtained a bunch and was selling them for a nickel apiece. (I was busy telling people NLCRA stood for National Labor Council of Russian Anarchists, as I handed them tags which they proudly put on.)

Meanwhile, I was filling Gardylloo with Tom Paley stories, John Cohen stories and Mike Seeger stories.

Tom had long had a reputation for tuning. It seemed to be a sort of nervous habit with him on stage; but he did it. Whenever he played he spent ages tuning, and it was sort of a joke with people, and an embarrassment to Tom. Well, G'oo filled up with Paley tuning stories. The fictitious record company, Obscure Records, announced an album, "Tuning the Five-string Banjo" by Tom Paley, with a booklet, "1001 Witty Sayings to Use While Tuning Your Banjo in Front of an Audience," which G'oo was serializing, one saying at a time (each being an exact quote from some banjo picker who'd been tuning on stage and talking to cover).

There were Paley Tuning Songs: "Tune on, Paley, don'cha tune so slow;/How the

My Days in Folknikdom---IV

hell can I tune when the E's too low..."

Paley's tuning rapidly became a Living Legend.

And there were various other things.

Anyway, when the concert finally came off, the house was sold out, including the standing room. And the audience was primed; the whole thing was a set-up. Almost every member of the audience had been reading about the Ramblers in G'oo, wearing a NLGRA tag, and felt like he, personally, was part of the ingroup.

When Paley stepped out in front of the audience and tuned, there was a standing ovation.

With an audience like that, any performer had to respond, and the boys did. They were at their best. The whole thing was a blast.

After that the boys made a half dozen lps, gave numerous concerts, did a national tour (and reported finding the Chicago area flooded with NLGRA tags, which apparently had been bootlegged in) and played the Blue Angel.

Our publicity campaign had not only made the first concert a whopping success, it had given the boys the shove and confidence to really go out and sell themselves.

Since G'oo had been the primary medium in our campaign, Dick says I, personally, am responsible for the New Lost City Ramblers. But I refuse to take the entire blame. It happened to be the right time, place, and people. It jelled.

So that is the story of me, BNF of folknikdom.

There is sort of a tradition that on the first really nice Sunday of summer when Wash Square is open for folksingers, the old-timers who are around drift down and look over the scene. I went down this time, and ran into a lot of the old gang. First Fandom is Not Dead.

---Lee Hoffman

"And what's more, I think you stink," said Herbert.

"In the words of James Joyce, 'Whom will comes over. Who to caps over. And howelse do we hook our hike to find that pint of porter place? Am shot, says the bigguard,'" Alice retorted.

---Kiddies' 1955 Giant Jokebook

This might be a good place to assure Bill (or William, as he is known to his close friends) Rotsler that the running schtick on pages four through seven is meant as nothing more than a great fat friendly rib, and not as any sort of denigration. I say this because one can never tell how fans will take things these days.

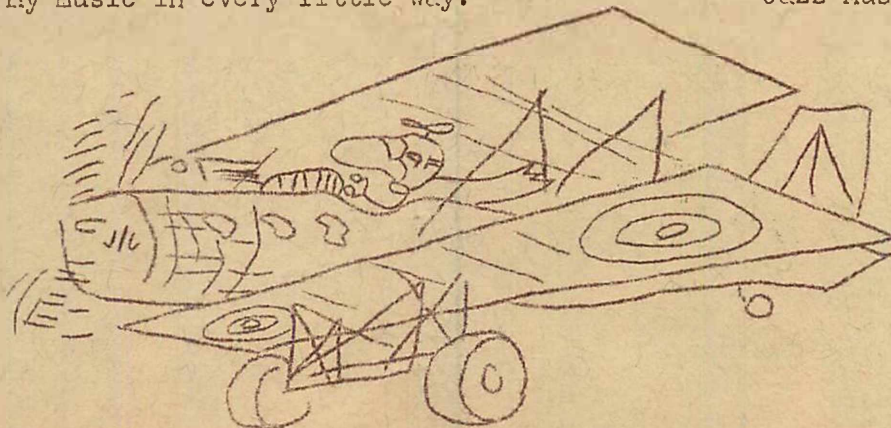
---Your Amiable Editor

"She's in her adolescent stage now---she's gawky. Just give her three years, and she'll blossom out into a damned homely woman."

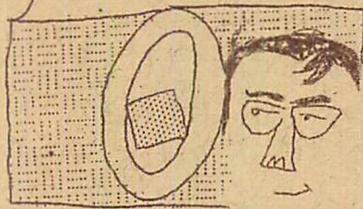
---Anonymous

"I used to blow an eight hundred dollar Selmer alto but the critics put me down so I picked up a horn for five dollars and patched it with scotch tape and now the critics like my music in every little way."

---Jazz Musician Anonymous



a portfolio
by steve stiles



JESUS
LOVES
ME.

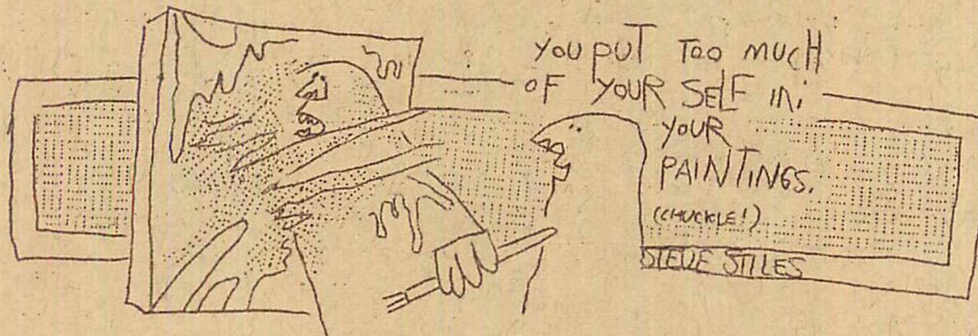


GEE WE CRUCIFIED
THE STRANGEST
GUY TODAY....

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE
LAST "MAN" CARTOON
I'M EVER GOING TO
DO. ➔

JOHN BIRCHMAN

WAP! YOU'RE A
COMMIE,
COM SYMP,
DUPE
LIBERAL, AND
DWIGHT D.
EISENHOWER
LOVER.



YOU PUT TOO MUCH
OF YOUR SELF IN
YOUR
PAINTINGS.

(CHUCKLE!)

STEVE STILES



HEY, JOE--
YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE A RICH
BERGERON
ILLO!

GO
TO
HELL.



STEVE STILES

BYO FOR
TAFF

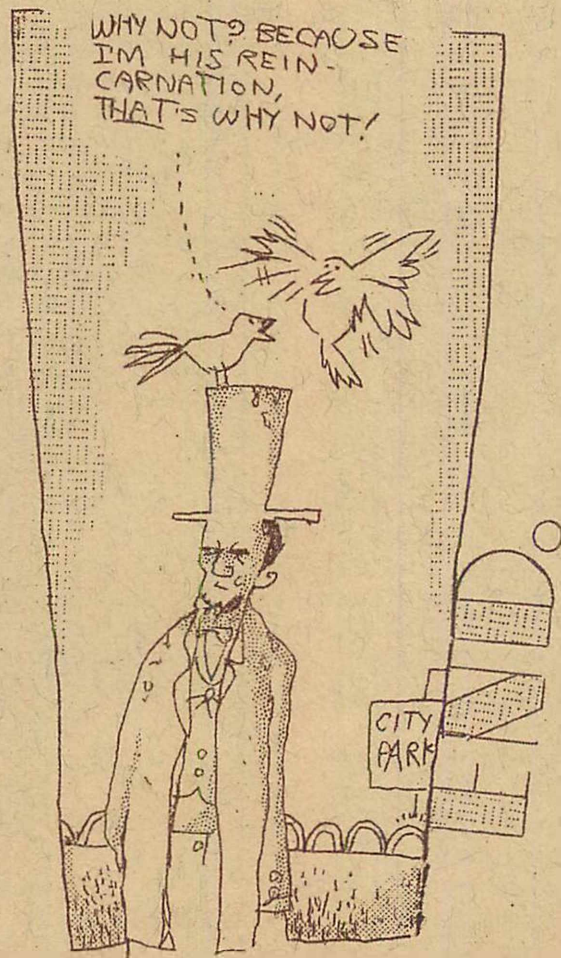
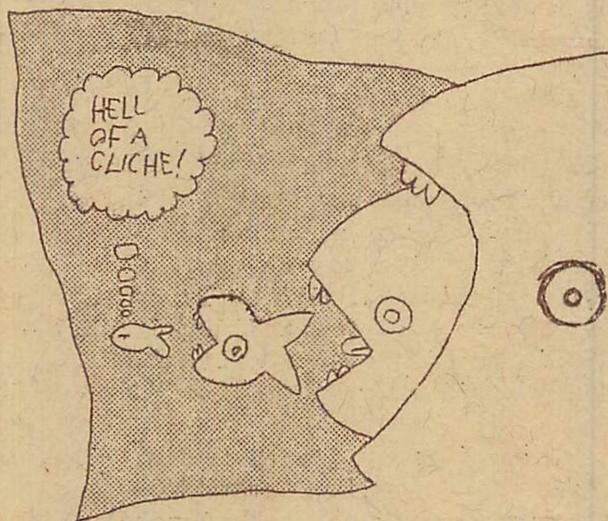


STILES
IS
LIVING
IN THE
PAST.

GOD LORD--720
WILD BULL
ELEPHANTS!



"... THAT'S
NOT
TOO
MANY..."



THE ENCOUNTER

— JOHN
KONING

Preface --- Several years ago a story called "The Hoax" appeared in my Cultzine, Usque-Baugh. It was reprinted last February in Ted White's FAPazine, Null-F. It concerned two fans: one was myself; the other, for purposes of characterization modeled after the editor of this fanzine, was named Gary Styles. Briefly, it told how Styles, in his neo-

fannish days a close associate of John Koning, had gaffiated to escape his rather egotistical companion, and several years later returned to activity under the name "Dean Ford." All went well until Koning discovered this hoax, and confronted Styles with his suspicions, indignant that he had not been let in on the secret. He was even more incensed when he learned that the main purpose of the hoax was to enable Styles to avoid him. Koning was so obnoxious about the whole thing, excoriating Gary in person and then printing a scathing "expose" of the whole Ford scheme, that Styles once more gaffiated in disgust.

The John Koning of that piece and this one bears, I hope, little resemblance to his true life counterpart, and both pieces are entirely fictional. --jk.

"THIS CONVENTION SWINGS!" I said to myself as I lay back on the bed and let the cigarette smoke trickle through my nose. I glanced around, taking in the old friends and the new faces....good faans all. This Chicon promised to be really fine, what with Willis coming and all. I'd probably be able to scrape a story or an article out of him, as well as picking up a new crop of artwork from the neos who were too self-conscious to realize they were good. Yes, it would swing.

I was in Nirenberg's suite, along with most of the really fannish people, waiting for Willis to show up. Noticing Jim Cade and Ron Castle sitting across from me examining a copy of Schistamatic excitedly, I leaned forward to strike up a conversation, but Ron suddenly whooped something about wanting to meet the editor and rushed out with Cade following closely. Sauntering over, I picked up the zine and leafed through it. There were a lot of Big Names there, but not as many as in some fanzines. My fanzine Dafoc, for instance. Still, I suppose I could understand Castle and Cade being excited over this neofanéditor Jacob Edwards, who showed so much promise. I laid Schistamatic down exactly as I had found it, making a mental note to get Edwards to write for me if he fulfilled all that promise.

After sitting around inhaling other people's cigarette smoke for a while, I wandered down to the lobby to meet Eugene Hyrb when he arrived from Youngstown. As I stood around, acknowledging the greetings of various old acquaintances who were checking in or going out, my eye was drawn to a tall, curly-headed fan who seemed to be watching me. When he saw me likewise watching him, he smiled and nodded, then turned and vanished in the crowd. His face was so damned familiar that even if he hadn't nodded I would have been sure I knew him. His name, however, eluded me, and before I could consider the matter further Hyrb arrived in a burst of laughing hello's and we were off to a round of parties.

Only slightly hungover, I was up the next day for the opening session,

The Encounter---II

leaving Hyrb snoring in our room. Dave Kyle was handling the introductions, as usual trying to hit everyone of any importance and managing to mangle about half the names. When he got to me it was, of course, "John Conning," though the way he enunciated it led me to suspect the error was deliberate. He had never forgiven Hyrb and me for our blasts at the Moskowitzes. Anyway, I was prepared for the mispronunciation and stood up for a little applause before Kyle hurried on to the next name.

I sat back down and resumed my conversation with Gary Deindorfer and Craig Cochran, who had removed his name tag to avoid the bunches of neofans demanding copies of Focus. We'd all been introduced, and I listened to Kyle with only half an ear as I told Craig and Gary about the new Apa I was planning to start. The names were sliding by me, with the more familiar ones arousing some interest, when I heard Dave intone "Dean Ford."

"I didn't think Styles would have the nerve to come to the con as Dean Ford, or even that he'd make another convention after that expose I did of him last spring," I laughed. By all rights they should have laughed too, if only to be polite, but they only looked as though they didn't get the joke.

"What are you talking about, John?" Craig asked, plainly puzzled. "Hoax... Ford... Styles...? Gary Styles isn't at the con, and Kyle didn't say anything about 'Dean Ford.' Even Kyle doesn't introduce hoaxes."

I wheeled around while the applause for Ford continued, growing louder and louder until it seemed to fill the room, and saw the curly-headed young man I'd noticed in the lobby, standing and bowing. For a moment, as he turned my way, everyone seemed to freeze, and in that moment Ford smiled at me across the hall, and was gone. I turned back to my companions as Kyle started introducing Art Camp.

"What do you mean he didn't say 'Dean Ford'?" I snapped. "Who was that tall fellow who was just standing up?"

"John, I don't..." Gary looked at me, then looked away. "He was just introducing Marion Bradley, John. If some tall guy stood up, I must have missed him."

I glanced around again; he was nowhere to be seen. "But...but..." I stammered, a chill running down my spine, and then rose and hurried away, muttering something about a mistake. I pushed my way into the empty kitchen which tomorrow would be used to prepare the banquet, then leaned back weakly, my back propped against the doors, my breath coming in ragged gulps.

"He's here!" someone seemed to be screaming. "He's here; he's followed you; he's come to get even!"

"Hold on there, Koning, old man. You know that can't be," I told myself, finding comfort in pronouncing the words distinctly, but quietly. "Dean Ford is just a name Gary Styles used to mask his identity. A hoax. He couldn't come to a con any more than Carl Brandon or Leslie Norris."

Someone, I realized, was playing a joke. Where had I seen that fan before? He was so familiar that I felt I must have known him well at one time, yet I couldn't place him. He certainly wasn't Gary Styles. At any rate, it was a joke I didn't much care for, but when you're as well-known as I am, you make a lot of enemies. In fact, making enemies had made me well-known. The final stroke had been my crushing exposure of that ingrate Styles as Dean Ford.

I bolted back into the crowd, anxious to be among people.

The con didn't seem quite so much fun after that. I stuck pretty close to Hyrb, not wanting to walk the convention halls alone, but even with that rather large friend for protection I couldn't help glancing around apprehensively every now and then. Ford, however, did not appear again that afternoon, and by the time the costume ball rolled around I had rationalized the whole thing as a case of bad nerves. Or, perhaps, a guilty conscience.

Neither Gene nor I bothered to dress for the ball. Really elaborate prize-winning costumes are too much work, and any other kind are a waste of time. We got there early and snatched a table with a good view of the floor and within good

range of the jazz combo. After a while Andy Main and Bob Lichtman joined us, and we passed the evening chatting with old friends and with each other. Gene had never been to a con before, but with his outgoing personality and friendly laugh he had no trouble getting acquainted. The convention seemed to swing again, and by the time the grand parade started filing around we had all had a few drinks and were feeling pretty good. The area around the table was filling with spectators, so we rose and started circulating. Bob, Gene and Andy pushed their way to the front of the crowd to get a better view of the costumes, while I leaned against one of the entrance arches for a smoke. I struck a match and bent my head to light my cigarette but a draft blew it out. Before I could strike another, an arm gaily wrapped in some silvery costume material thrust a lighter in front of me. I lit up and turned to thank the man attached to the arm. My eyes were still partially blinded by the lighter flare, and as they cleared I recognized the smile behind the masked face and the room darkened. I felt suddenly giddy and reached out to steady myself against the arch. I wanted to speak to Ford, to grab him by the lapels and shake him until he told me what was going on, but when I regained my balance he was once again gone, leaving only the memory of that enigmatic smile.

....Mr. Robert Bloch ripped the end from the envelope. Opening the slip he read, "The Hugo for the Best Fanzine of 1961 goes to...John Koning, for Dafoc!" The applause was a whispering tidal wave, pushing me to the podium. I seemed to be walking down a long tube with a golden statuette at its end, the reward for all the sweat and tears poured into my magazine. Bloch extended the award to me, seeming a tiny figure miles away with long, terribly long arms which held a shining Hugo that loomed over me, huge and silent. I reached for it, and then screamed. It was a statue of Dean Ford, smiling at me in bronze....

I ran down the dimly lit hall, the noes hard on my heels. If I were to get into the Focus-group party in 770 I had to shake them. Suddenly I found myself in a cul-de-sac, wheeled, prepared to charm my way through the crowd, and screamed. There was no crowd. There was just one fan. Dean Ford....

My notes rustled slightly as I carefully placed the crisp sheets on the podium, and began my speech. Fan Guest of Honor; justification for all the feuds I'd fought to gain prominence, the enemies that now must have been smarting in the audience as they saw me on the stage. I looked out at them and clutched the podium, screaming. The auditorium was empty; I teetered on the edge of a black pit. Empty but for one fan ...silent, smiling at me. Dean Ford....

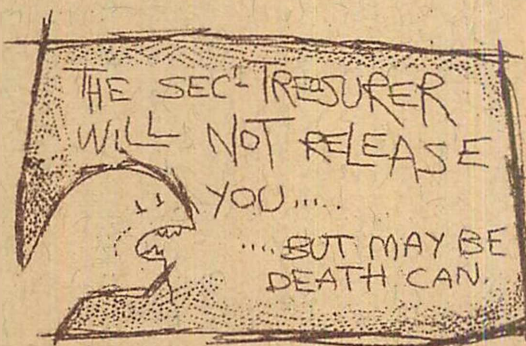
Hyrb stood over me, shaking me and slapping my face. "For God's sake, John, stop screaming. You'll have the cops in here in a minute. What's wrong with you...you drink too much?"

I clutched at his arms, unwilling to let him release me. "He's here; Gene; he's after me. Dean Ford...I killed him, but he won't stay dead. He doesn't want to be dead. I was wrong. Gary Styles couldn't have been Ford. He lied to me ...he lied. Ford lives, he..."

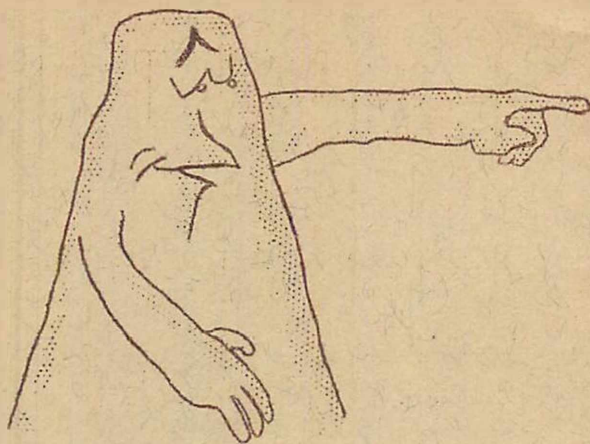
Gene slapped me---smack!---across the face. "Stop it, Koning, stop it. You've drunk too much...get hold of yourself and I'll get you some aspirin from Gary's room."

As he went out the door I could see a group of curious fans talking outside and trying to see what all the noise was about. I ran to the door, slammed it,

(continued on back cover)



ACCEPT NO SIMULACRUMS DEPT.



A GENUINE BIFFABLE

by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little boy who lived all by himself in a small house in the country. His name was Harry, and he was about seven or eight. On Saturdays and after school he mowed lawns in the neighborhood and gathered eggs from chickenhouses and milked cows and did a bunch of other silly farmer things. He needed to do this to make money so that he could afford to put out his Fanzine.

About four times a year he sat down at his typewriter with a big batch of stencils and he opened the Big Box which he kept under his bed. The Big Box had a slot in the top into which the little boy dropped everything he had written during the past few months. So he would open it when it came time to put out his fanzine and he would select the Choicest and Best things in it and he would type them onto stencils and run them off out in his Garage.

One day he sat down at his typewriter and decided it was time to put out another issue of his fanzine. He reached under his bed for the box, pulled it out, and opened it up. He looked inside. There was nothing in there but a letter from his Aunt Clarence asking him to "drop in" on her if he ever happened to be in Maine, or "Vermont."

The little boy didn't know quite what to do. He sat and scratched his head for a while and typed "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog" a couple of times. After typing "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party" for the five hundredth time he slammed the lid down on his typewriter and gave up. Suddenly, however, a Thought struck him right between the eyes. He got down on his hands and knees and rummaged under his bed again. He pulled out a rather smallish yellow box on which was neatly lettered the slogan, "Letters of Comment -- Last Issue." He opened it hurriedly, great excitement growing up within himself. "Maybe," he thought, "I can run a bunch of funny letters from my Friends on my Mailing List."

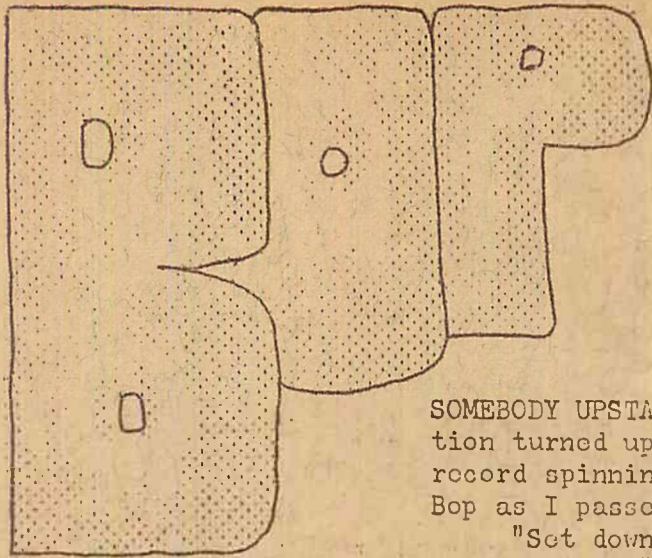
Two days later, when they found the little boy out in his backyard with an empty yellow box beside him and a bullet in his groin, they had a big bonfire in his memory and everybody toasted marshmallows and said what a Really Grand Guy he was.

---Biff Demmon

Did you know you can buy a record of sobbing in lp and stereo? High fidelity, the whole business---just nothing but sobbing. All kinds of talented sobbers; for example, Kim Stanley does fourteen choruses of sobbing like you never heard in your life. Let me tell you, it's fantastic. And you ought to hear Jason Roberts---picks up the second verse. Fantastic, oh boy. Creative Anguish.

---Jean Shepherd

iamacantaloupebutidontmindbecauscitisa fineandpureandgoodthingtobeacantaloupetoda



—LANGSTON HUGHES

SOMEBODY UPSTAIRS in Simple's house had the combination turned up loud with an old Dizzy Gillespie record spinning like mad filling the Sabbath with Bop as I passed.

"Set down here on the stoop with me and listen to the music," said Simple.

"I've heard your landlady doesn't like tenants sitting on her stoop," I said.

"Pay it no mind," said Simple. "Ool-ya-koo," he sang. "Hey Ba-Ba-Re-Bop! Be-Bop! Mop!"

"All that nonsense singing reminds me of Cab Calloway back in the old scat days," I said, "around 1930 when he was chanting, 'Hi-de-hie-de-ho! Hee-de-hee-de-hee!'"

"Not at all," said Simple, "absolutely not at all."

"Re-Bop certainly sounds like scat to me," I insisted.

"No," said Simple, "Daddy-o. you are wrong. Besides, it was not Re-Bop. It is Be-Bop."

"What's the difference," I asked, "between Re and Be?"

"A lot," said Simple. "Re-Bop was an imitation like most of the white boys play. Be-Bop is the real thing like the colored boys play."

"You bring race into everything," I said, "even music."

"It is in everything," said Simple.

"Anyway, Be-Bop is passé, gone, finished."

"It may be gone, but its riffs remain behind," said Simple. "Be-Bop music was certainly colored folks' music---which is why white folks found it so hard to imitate. But there are some few white boys that latched onto it right well. And no wonder, because they sat and listened to Dizzy, Thelonius, Tad Dameron, Charlie Parker, also Mary Lou, all night long every time they got a chance, and bought their records by the dozens to copy their riffs. The ones that sing tried to make up new Be-Bop words, but then white folks don't know what they are singing about, even yet."

"It all sounds like pure nonsense syllables to me."

"Nonsense, nothing!" cried Simple. "Bop makes plenty of sense."

"What kind of sense?"

"You must not know where Bop comes from," said Simple, astonished at my ignorance.

"I do not know," I said. "Where?"

"From the police," said Simple.

"What do you mean, from the police?"

"From the police beating Negroes' heads," said Simple. "Every time a cop hits a Negro with his billy club, that old club says, 'Bop! Bop! . . . Be-Bop! . . . Mop! . . . Bop!'"

"That Negro hollers, 'Oool-ya-koo! Ou-o-o!'"

From The Best of Simple by Langston Hughes.

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Bop---II

"Old Cop just keeps on, 'Mop! Mop! . . . Be-Bop! . . . Mop!' That's where Be-Bop came from, beaten right out of some Negro's head into their horns and saxophones and piano keys that plays it. Do you call that nonsense?"

"If it's true, I do not," I said.

"That's why so many white folks don't dig Bop," said Simple. "White folks do not get their heads beat just for being white. But me---a cop is liable to grab me almost any time and beat my head---just for being colored."

"In some parts of this American country as soon as the polices see me, they say, 'Boy, what are you doing in this neighborhood?'"

"I say, 'Coming from work, sir.'"

"They say, 'Where do you work?'"

"Then I have to go into my whole pedigree because I am a black man in a white neighborhood. And if my answers do not satisfy them, Bop! Mop! . . . Be-Bop! Mop! If they do not hit me, they have already hurt my soul. A dark man shall see dark days. Bop comes out of them dark days. That's why real Bop is mad, wild, frantic, crazy---and not to be dug unless you've seen dark days, too. Folks who ain't suffered much cannot play Bop, neither appreciate it. They think Bop is nonsense---like you. They think it's just crazy crazy. They do not know Bop is also mad crazy, sad crazy, frantic wild crazy---beat out of somebody's head! That's what Bop is. Then colored kids who started it, they know what Bop is."

"Your explanation depresses me," I said.

"Your nonsense depresses me," said Simple.

---Langston Hughes

I got my wife through the N3F. -- Don Thompson

Sveakis would make a fine fan, I think. One night a few weeks ago, about three in the morning, I heard a rather weird noise from the floor above mine of the fraternity house. Br-r-r-bomp, Br-r-r-bomp, Br-r-r-bomp, like. I ran upstairs and saw Val at the top of the stair case, preparing to roll a dumbbell down. Since I was in the way, he desisted, but I've always wondered why he was doing that. Then the other night, at 3 A.M., I met him walking through the halls wearing a vest and a weird hat and carrying a long barrelled shotgun.

---John Koning

Why fandom? That question has been on the tongues of every person that has ever considered himself a member of fandom.

---Richard Koogle

This minister said they're going to stock-pile important people in case of a nuclear attack. They're going to put them underground.

Now, who's going to select those important people? You see, the thing about guys that make pronouncements like this is that they assume that they're going to get on the list. No, that's true; the automatic assumption of anybody that sets up a thing like that is that he's going to be one of the first.

Is there anybody out there who thinks he's worthy of being stock-piled? Would you like to be in there until after the holocaust so that civilization can continue? I think we ought to throw a couple of bums in there. I mean, you've got to have them, too. They've got to be represented, because I've known some pretty good bums. And I've known some pretty rotten official people.

Now, it depends on what you call civilization. Do you call all the machinery we've got civilization? I can see this poor minister. The first person he gets is a guy that designed this computer. And then there's the guy that designed last year's Ford...

---Jean Shepherd

Hermione Gingold is writing a book, The Atomic Fallout Shelter Fun Book. She tells me, "I only hope I can finish it in time."

---anonymous gossip columnist

The Encounter (continued from page sixteen)

and leaned wearily against the cracked wood. "Oh God, oh God..." I sobbed, sliding down the door to the floor.

In the back of the crowd had stood Dean Ford, smiling.

I'll never go to another convention. I can't bear to be among fans in groups of more than five or six. I had hoped in this way to avoid Ford, but it's hopeless. Every now and then, in the auditoriums here at school, at basketball games, at dances, I catch glimpses of him. He is always smiling. I don't know why he smiles, but I know it's only a matter of time before I meet him face to face, and there will be no crowds, no other people.

Indeed, I meet him now every day, in a way. For you see, I've figured out whose face Dean Ford has.

Nine.

---John Koning

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Cover is by the editor. Interior artwork is by Lee Hoffman (pages 2 and 11); William Rotsler (pages 4, 5, 6, and 7); Steve Stiles (page 16--said cartoon being Old FAPA Joke, evidently); and Dorf (pages 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 17). For what it's worth, layout (except for Steve Stiles' two pages, which he stencilled all by his very own self, directly from his mind) is also by Dorf. Lyddite is a nonprofit publication, and this is issue number three. If there is a good response to this issue, a fourth will doubtless appear, complete (and replete) with a letter column, even. If there is a lousy response to this issue, it will shrivel up and die, or perhaps return to its previous status as a one-sheet rider with Axe. It might do both. This issue is being sent to close fannish friends, less close fannish friends, assorted fans who don't know me well but whose material I have dug, and a few other swinging people who don't fit into any of the previous categories. Other beings can obtain this fanzine by promising a letter of comment, enclosing thirty cents (this fanzine's ridiculous price), or sending material I like sufficiently to print in this gracile fanzine. And, of course, letters of comment and contributions are muchly welcome from those of you initially receiving this. By the way, John Koning and Redd Boggs, justified margining is a big fat drag---or perhaps it is just that I am pretty incompetent at it, and thus haven't reached that insane stage where it seems the desirable thing to do. Well, goodbye, gang, and remember...it's free expression if it isn't anything else. -QWERTYUIOPress-

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