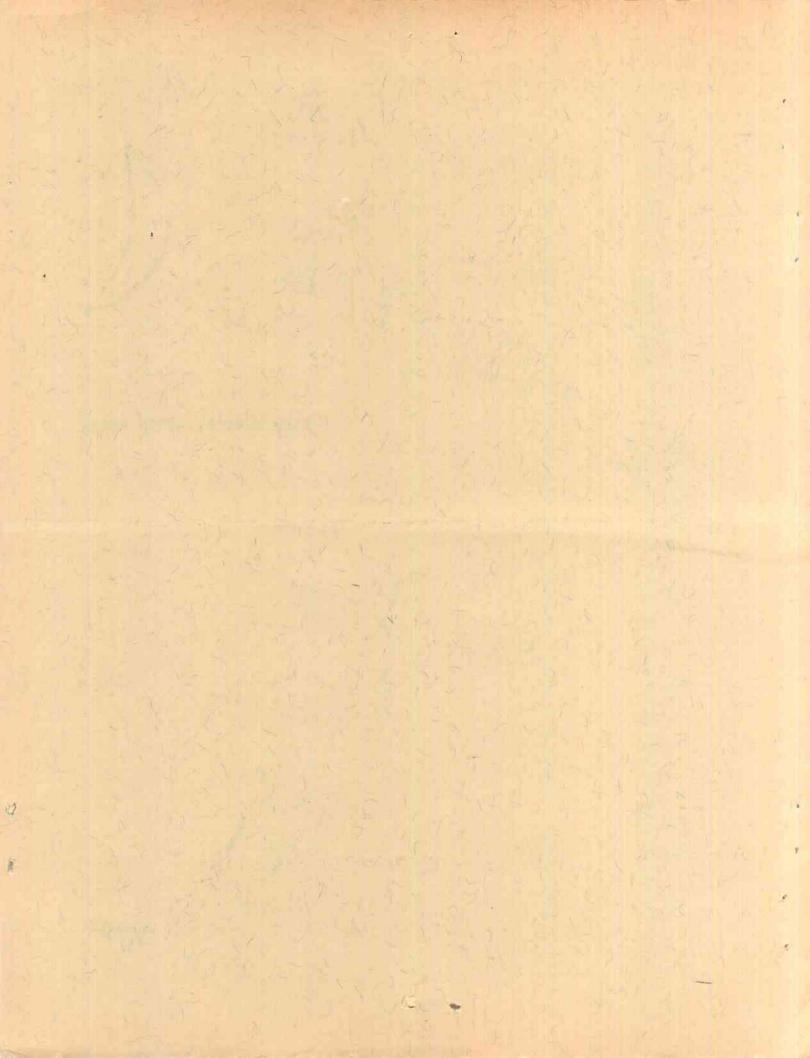
WALES TARRESTANCE #1/w TUESDAY AFTER LUNCH



BANNAPPLE GAS

Well, hi there, space guys and space gals, clustering around the media furnace. This is another fanzine from Lenny Bailes, ghost doctor reborn into the modern world of Accounting Students.

I've been swimming in the atmosphere of fanzines and fandom for another six months now, and it has wrought a few changes in me. The guy who used to co-edit Quip is, I guess, a little more active in the persona than I thought, having been summoned from limbo by the efforts of people like Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden.

I didn't get much reaction to the last issue, und zo decided to try again. The original second issue of <u>Tuesday after Lunch</u> was to have a cover by John Ingham depicting Hugh and Fred (Dan O'Neill's two cartoon characters from which the title was derived). They were to be sitting between two stereo speakers with thick headphones on listening to Buddy Holly in a living room buried with fanzines so thickly that the door couldn't open.

Well, I was thumbing through Dan O'Neill the other day and decided that this metaphor (while possibly still applicable for some) has outlived its usefulness for me. So onward and closer to the center, I will try to reflect what is real to me now.

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All written contents by Lenny (or Len) Bailes unless otherwise noted.

ART CREDITS: Gabrielle Jackson: 4, 6, cover, bacover William Rotsler: 13, 14
Jeanne Bowman: 9, 10, 16
Mel White: 17
LB: cover, 3

Mimeography by Dave Rike, w/thanks.

WHISTLESTAR #1/w Tuesday After Lunch, from Lenny Bailes, 504 Bartlett Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 is available for in order of preference: letter of comment, your fanzine in trade, postage stamps, your good will, pretty smile, intention to back me up with rhythm guitar; till the morning comes...

THE GOLDEN TORT: In part one of this epic (last issue), we learned how our hero dropped out of grad school, fandom and Los Angeles; how by ingesting various chemicals and refusing to look for a job he passed through the magic gate into plastic-scene

exile, where telepathy is real and souls are astrally wafted through the night in search of psychic affinity.

Our hero discovers ragged bands of his fellow exiles battling cockroaches, food stamp bureaucrats, and other powers that rule this strange new country where every day may be the last (at least for a recognizeable identity-valence).

The coalescence of shape with sunrise tells a daily story of evolution, for this is all a dream we dreamed one afternoon long ago.

After journeying at the behest of Chinese magic to the shattering of the 5th planet and holding the line out there against incomprehensible aliens, our hero wakes up to hunt for breakfast, seeing the sinister snaky tendrils of last night in the colorful weeds that choke the shrubbery beside the hotel.

Dream within dream, dawn within dawn, our hero perceives concentric rings of thought. The outermost levels echo off the talking strings of guitars; almost sound. He almost speaks in answer. Apocryphal lyrics of popular songs become a newspaper that holds the underworld together. Our hero compares the shapes of his dreams with those that meet him in waking life. What is there to do in the world after all our minds have commingled in a waking dream? Yin and Yang, the black and white pieces on a big gameboard -- a polarization which is to be avoided if possible. Discovery -- the experience behind the front our eyes perceive, spiritual proofreading, these are the concerns of the day. Find a landing place for the last lonely eagle.

Tales of great intensity often prove to be the ones with the largest flaws. So, the telepathic wizard Garcia has been banished by the Commonality of Blue Light for gross debauchery.

Mind speech attempted at local taverns often results in a punch in the face.

But the stories bound into the nature of things should be told, and so they are, in guitar stores throughout the City. The populace of the many collared land rises each day to commute and file, drink Coca-Cola and watch the 6:00 news. The memory of wearing their itchy neck torcs and gabardine trousers causes blue-jeaned pilgrims to shudder in horror. And the Levis and brightly colored shirts mark us as outcasts; inferiors barred from the temples for our suspected thoughts, unable to convince employment counselors of our sincerity.

So stories are told at guitar stores. Here, others gather, drink coffee and spend all day tuning and noodling. Sometimes themes are

derivative and other times thought shies away from the well-known string carrying wonders of the world. It may be bad luck to style oneself after the great ones. There is virtue in discovering one's own tune.

But the power of I. Magnin's is mighty, and our hero's skill yet small, so at the close of Part I we discover him reluctantly returning to the scene of psycho-temporal dislocation. By flexing his ten fingers in the ancient ritual pattern ASDFJKL: ASDFJKL: he affects a subtle karmic change in his destiny. His hand is stamped, he is issued his book of paper amusement coupons and begins a transition.

: - Part II -:

Returning to the world where the rent is paid, the clock obeyed, and private thoughts a bit more staid, I began to visit book stores again. Can you imagine a fan who hasn't visited a bookstore in 5 years?

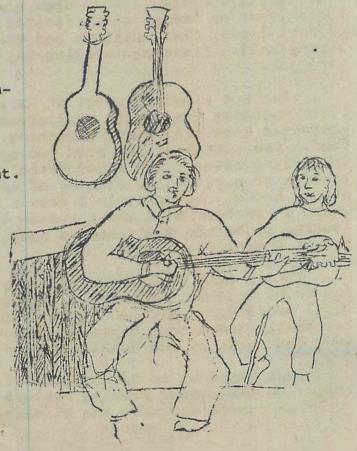
Where were the heros who spoke to me in dreams? Neatly filed in alphabetical order in record cartons. Fantasy was once more compressed between paper covers, as I became again a mild mannered, bespectacled absorber of history -- such as is frequently found at science fiction conventions.

In fact, that's where you could soon find me again. I visited Octocon I and passed like a ghost before people I had once thought were life-long friends. I bounced insignificantly off their gazes as they hurried about. I found out who my friends were, both among the Cosmic Charlie Society and the Gilbert and Sullivan freaks, and won't forget.

I was glad of what conversation I could find amongst science
fiction fans again. For awhile
I didn't attempt to integrate all
of the things I had experienced
in solitude with the world of gainfully employed bibliophilia. I
knew I had calmed down. I was a
trained philosopher, so said my
B.A., and subjectivity might have
a much broader range than I thought.

At the 1977 Octooon I met Philip K. Dick for the first and only time and he told me all about time-travelling at his dentist's office. I tried to listen intelligently.

Of course we all know how flakey and embarrassing it is to come on like this kind of stuff is real, right? Back here on the Milieu side. All I knew from my own perceptions was that a considerably larger spectrum of reality



had been revealed to me than a bookworm was used to focusing on.

Spectrum of things; the light they reflect.

So in 1977 I worked for the Government as a clerk-typist and started to buy things. One of the first purchases I made was a Guild D-25 guitar. I almost became the roommate of a fellow D-25 player named Mark, who wore his long hair down to his backside, but we quarreled soon after meeting over traffic directions to a David Grisman concert. So instead of Noe, I moved into Eureka Valley. I wandered into the house of a sandy haired young man who had lots of sf paperbacks in his room. When I confessed I'd read one or two Ace doubles, myself, he got out his back issues of Trumpet and told me about the great sf club he'd been part of back in Dallas. Then he told me stories about the mysterious science fiction writer who lived across the street from us and practiced Aikido.

I was introduced to eager young Elizabeth Lynn, who was reading her work at the used bookstore on Castro Street. After a little while Terry Carr wondrously started appearing on our block (or maybe he drove his car across the bridge). Jerry Jacks became a fixture of sartorial elegance in front of a nearby Persian grocery store; he had become Elizabeth's roommate.

Despite these workings of destiny I did not become a fan again. I spent most of my evenings at Mark's house in Noe Valley where a voice still entreated me to pass through the transitive nightfall of diamonds. (Diamond was actually about two blocks east of us). Mark and Stephen, his roommate, played guitar every night, working through arrangements of their songs, and at first I would sit and watch, later joining in and giving them some of mine. For about a year (until sometime around when gasoline became an expensive collector's item) an herbal cloud floated serenely over a pleasant cacaphony of Neil Young, Chris Hillman and the Crazy-Fingered Tortoise Shell String Band. I stopped working for the Government and found a part-time job.

When not playing guitar at Mark's I hung out in the Meat Market Cafe, watching the pretty waitresses, listening to the old Dave Mason cassettes they played and sketching. I sketched a picture of a forked road. One branch of the road led up to a mountain surrounded by a spiralling river. The other branch went down past a shimmering peacock to a city-like cluster of tall buildings connected by walkways. At the top of the mountain I drew a man with a beard and open hands under a crescent moon and three 5-pointed stars. At the crossroads, looking up at the empty-handed mountain man, I drew a lady holding a bag of groceries.

Then I quit my crumby innocuous job typing resumes and transcribing Heinz Ketchup commercials from soundtrack cassettes to become a legal secretary. Big law firm, thick carpets, beautiful wooden desk tastefully inset into a private alcove with word processor; complimentary bank account and double-time on weekends.

Just hop down to Sansome Street every morning and walk past the beggar on the corner playing Montoya on his guitar, flip my ID to the building guards and into the elevator.

Those lawyers were a witty, well-educated bunch, too. They never misplaced a comma in the daily litigation I prepared which repossessed gas station franchises from bankrupt proprietors and guaranteed no insurance company would be unfairly made to pay out medical coverage to some worker foolish enough to be injured at his job. They served good wine at the office parties.

One day I opened the <u>Bay Guardian</u> during one of my two hour lunch breaks and discovered there was to be a massive sit-in at the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Plant to protest its going on line.

"Right on." I said that evening to Mark; "Power to the people!"

"Yeah," said my friend Stephen as he tuned his LS-6 and shot me a funny look out of the sides of his Spanish eyes.

The next day I went into work and discovered that because of my special competence I had been chosen to work that weekend on a choice brief defending Sandia Weapons Laboratories against a Government injunction to shut down unsafe working conditions.

I stood there in my white shirt and sports jacket. My fingers reached upward and stroked at my throat. Omigod! What was this strange thing I was wearing around my neck!?

Within a week I had rejoined the ranks of the unemployed.

--Nextish The Non-Borne Singer-Part III of the Plastic-Scene Exile

I'M NOT ANGRY ANYMORE: Hey you, S-F weirdo! Put down that flower pot you were stringin to the ceiling and listen up before your reactionary habit patterns place you even further outside the social swim.

I'm talking Winkie-Dink and You in the '80's; I'm talking computer games. Punch, punch, punch, magic screen, light up my world. If you want a slice of life Apple has got it for you. Check this out:

POOYAN Datasoft/Apple II

This adaption of Konami's coin-op is a strange version of "The Three Little Pigs," with the player cast as defender of the pigs' four-story brownstone on the right side of the screen. Hungry wolves appear at top left and float to the ground holding onto balloons, which is the only time they are vulnerable. By moving the joystick you can raise and lower your pig from the roof of your house in a basket. Your pig has a bow and



unlimited arrow supply, but the arrows bounce right off the wolves. The only way to destroy them is by popping their balloons, or getting them to let go by tossing a piece of meat their way.

4 1 2 . 12

All of this is easier said than done because the wolves keep throwing deadly acorns for you to dodge as you try to set up clear shots. The paranoia becomes acute when one or more wolves lands safely on the ground and begins scaling your house. They appear in the windows on each floor and try to push you out of your basket, and you have to dodge them, too. Nice graphics, but the player is at too great a disadvantage to have much fun.

--SF Chronicle, 4/1/84

And I thought all there was to this video craze was wandering down endless hallways armed and ready to disintegrate giant crabs. Hey, hexa-flexagon, magic square, you think you're smart because you know who Martin Gardner is? Plug it into the wall. The kingdom of Disney scientists isn't out there waving its rulers at you anymore, it's in your living room ready to get drunk and play electronic slapjack with you.

The guys who design these games are deep. Here's the future for you through their eyes:

SPARE CHANGE Broderbund/Commodore

The amusing setting for this new game is a videogame arcade, of all places. On the single screen you see token booths, a telephone, a jukebox, a cash register, a bank vault and a box called the "Zerk Show." You race your little man around and try to grab any available tokens from the change booths and then deposit the tokens in your bin. Simultaneously, two creatures are after the same tokens.

Your object is to deposit at least 10 tokens in your bin before the creatures can deposit five tokens in theirs. The strategy deepens when you find there are not enough tokens to go around, and you must replenish the token booths with rolls of coins from the cash register, which also runs dry and can only be replenished with a bag of money from the bank. While you're busy elsewhere, the creatures might be stealing the collected tokens from your bin! Fortunately, the creatures love to dance and can be stalled momentarily by slipping a token into the jukebox.

When you have stored enough tokens, a door to the Zerk Show opens and in you go to collect your points, watch a little cartoon, and prepare to face the next wave.

Just an hour ago, as I started stencilling this I had the pleasure of watching Jesse Jackson address the Democratic Convention on T.V. It's hard to say which video program is more fun. I guess some kids will stick with MTV.

THE WELL-TEMPERED DISCLAVIER: "I really like Van Morrison," a pretty face said to me in the midst of a smoke filled room at the DisClave held at the Sheraton Inn in New Carrollton, Maryland.

I brightened, and took a breath, sitting between twin beds where the semi-somnolent figure of Ted White towered looking over the cloudlike landscape of Lynn Steffan and Linda Elanchard and rich brown at the distant edge.

"Yeah," I said, warming up and flashing an Aquarian smile, "and The Band is really good and the Grateful Dead."

"Oh, I don't know them so well." Overhead the smoke thickened a bit, but the tableau remained otherwise unchanged.

"Well, what bands do you like?" I asked a bit more unsurely. This was a pretty girl who wanted to be friendly, and who obviously did not want to go Out There and listen to people discuss their Dungeons & Dragons personnae.

"Oh, I like Blondie."

"Blondie?" A face glided down from the Adrien Belew drenched upper atmosphere of the party and the somnolent Ted White snapped into life.

"I met Deborah Harry last year after one of Blondie's concerts."

"Really?" Geologic strata were shifting here.

"Yes, you see I was once a disc-jockey and ..."

It was too late. The smooth urbane charm of fandom's favorite musical eclectic and soft-drink connoisseur soon held the young lady enthralled in a worldly web of anecdotal charisma.

As King Crimson gave way to Siouxee and the Banshees on the cassette machine I decided that the forces of Woodstock had had it for the evening. I wandered down to the lobby. It was hot and I was flashing on old Marlene Dietrich cabaret scenes when on a whim I walked past the abandoned registration area into the darkness where no fanzine fan ever ventures after sunset.

"What is reality, where is life?" I asked myself as the whirring sound of film projectors grew steadily louder. I entered the movie room and beheld Merlin Ambrosius instructing the young Arthur on the duties of a king.

Standing in the back, eyes glued to the screen was rich brown, preparing himself to be transformed into a falcon.

"Whether you be saint or fiend, those you touch, through time and persistence, will eventually be successful in doing to you what you have so casually done to them."

-- Donald Kingsbury, <u>Courtship Rite</u>

Make it Snappy: Short sentences communicate best (4 words). A finding of researchers at the Cybernetics Institute (8). Fifty percent of adults can't understand a sentence longer than 13 words (12).

((Or even what a sentence is-LB)) -- SF Chronicle, This World



SPIRIT LIZARD DANCE

Jaime got up early one morning & went out lizard hunting before breakfast. He brought in a big blue bellied fence lizard; the biggest & fat test he'd ever caught.

And you know what? It hardly even ran away and was real easy to catch. It was quite wide in the belly.

BY JEANNE BOWMAN

I put on my maternal protector role. "Jaime," I said with quiet authority, "I think

you have a pregnant lizard. You must not handle her too roughly or I'm afraid she will die." It was no certainty on my part, but the advisory prompt was too good to resist.

Jaime took her to school to share with the understanding, "I won't let people hold her because we have to be gentle, 'cuz she might be full of eggs." Everyone was in ok shape after school, but Jaime wanted a playmate.

He put the critter in one of his outdoor cages - an old sink with a busted window screen cover. His friend Gabriel came over & they went out on the prowl. Meanwhile, I was sort of busy with important things and somehow the lizard succumbed to the attentions of sturdy Jesse's 3 yr old embrace. All the way. When she didn't move anymore Jesse carefully arranged the dry grasses & put her back.

The big safari returned and went directly to the holding area. Wails arose. Cries of pained disbelief. Mortal anguish. Oh oh, the lizard's dead. Tear stained cheeks disguised brain accelerated feelings of grief into fratricide. Time for me to do some judicious intervention, turn this disaster into a win and reduce the noise before someone got hurt. My flash of inspiration, "Hey, maybe we could dissect the lizard & see her eggs."

Jaime's eyes brightened while Gabriel burst into tears.

"But Jeanne, it's dead. Jesse killed it. Its spirit might be mad.

Gabriel is obviously an appropriate name for this minx angel faced

child. He had never had a hair cut in his life when I first met him, and it always felt some way entirely appropriate. (Gabe was born & raised on the farm in Tennessee & up til recently none of that tribe cut heir hair) He has a genuine revulsion for people drinking cow's milk, having been raised a total vegetarian, and being protective of the baby cow.

"So Gabriel," I ask, "how can we make peace with the lizard spirit?"

"Jaime," he says, "we have to do something or it might come get us or hang around and be mean to you. Or to Jesse ... Let's do a lizard spirit dance."

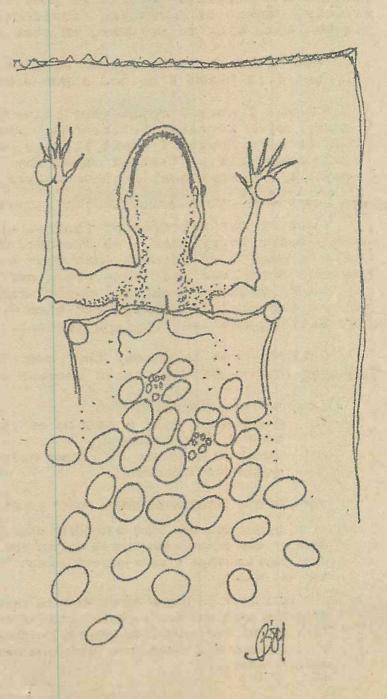
"Right, guys, go send off the lizard spirit & then we can look inside her."

Off they went, whooping and dancing, stomping, chanting and dancing. Much serious gyrating and encircling of the corpse.

"Goodbye Lizard spirit."
Be nice. We're sorry. Go
away and leave Jesse alone,
he's just a baby. We love
you." Laced with ululations
and increasing giggles. "We
love you." "I'm not a baby."
"We love you."

They all came in ready for science. We performed our kitchen cut up. Sure enough, she was full of eggs. Golden yellow eggs in a pair of spiral clumps, growing from pinhead sized up to a maturity which could substitute for soy beans any day.

Her body lives in the freezer now, and occasionally Jaime will take her out & study her with Jesse, or show her to anyone who might look a bit interested.



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STARTING AN INNUENDO

BY DAVE RIKE

"All the World's an Allusion" was the motto of <u>Innuendo</u>, a fanzine Terry Carr and I started back in the mid-50's. Terry thought of the title. I think he picked it up in an English Lit class somewhere; at least it sure seems like a Shakespearean word. Can't you picture the paranoid Macbeth in your mind complaining to his Lady, accusing Banquo of spreading "invidious innuendoes" about him, while all the time they're scheming to stab him in the back if they can?

The motto might have been my idea. If it was then it was probably the firs time I coined a pun worth repeating.

Poets, I guess, think they're very hip and cool, or erudite and lterary, with involved references. While that might work for T.S. Eliot or Ezra Pound, I doubt it goes well with fan writing, that has to be accessible so that it makes some sense on the first reading; though it's always neat to have deeper meanings woven through the surface story.

Most of our attempts at fannish writing that we did at that time ... we being Terry Carr, Bob Stewart, Pete Graham and myself ... drew from the wealth of fannish lore that we had eagerly sought out and immersed ourselves in. Many times our parties would consist of drinking bheer, talking fanac and maybe writing or drawing something, reading one another's fanzines, and then (with a mild alcoholic glow on) just sitting back and feeling fannish. We were that heavily into it.

Getting down to cases, this example chosen to illustrate the Innuendo principle was picked because ...

- (a) it was short.
- (b) published only a couple of years ago, so the references aren't too obscure.
- (c) because I wrote it, thus allowing me some insight into the author's thinking.

TREKKIE CON SHCCKED AT SPOCK "HIT" RUMOR

Organizers and fans attending Star Trek or other Sci-Fi (1) media cons in the DC-Baltimore area during the past month have been in turmoil over stories that a self-styled Vulcan "hit squad" is in the area hunting Mr. Spock.

All that is known about them is that they are from the Falls Church, Virginia area and are reported to wear t-shirts emblazoned with the letters FIAWOL and propellor beanies on their heads. (2) Their leader is a mysterious Mr. White, who disguises himself with horned rim glasses and a goatee. (3)

An inside source who met secretly with this reporter in a basement of the National Gallery in Washington (4), says that they plan to infiltrate Star Trek cons by posing as publisher's representatives so that their name badges identify them as Dealers...

The plot consists of a ten year old girl (5), wearing rubber ears, to stand in the center of the main exhibit hall, crying out loudly that no one would socialize with her because her father does killer fanzine reviews. (6) When Mr. Spock comes forth to console her, the hit-squad will attack with spray bottles filled with Coors Light. "That stuff is really mean, man, it'll peel paint off walls and flush anything down the drain." stated Deep Toke (7) our secret informant...

It is known that the mysterious Mr. White has been writing inflammatory letters about Mr. Spock to DC-area newspapers.

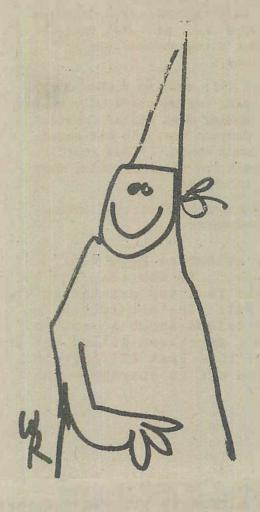
This originally appeared in the letter column of Pong #33/34, 19 April, 1982 as a supposed "newspaper clipping." It was inspired by a clip of a letter-to-the-editor by Ted White that was printed in the Washington Post that was reprinted in Pong #31. In that letter Ted was critical of Trekkie-dom, especially the talked-about boycott of the then-forthcoming film Star Trek II if Mr. Spock was killed off in it. Ted ended his letter "I will go to see 'Star Trek II' only if enough of the principal characters are killed off to guarantee that there will be no 'Star Trek III.'"

Notes

- (1) Pronounced ski fee, of course.
- (2) A perfect disguise.
- (3) At the time I wrote this (1982) it was almost 18 yrs since I last saw Ted. He now has a neatly trimmed beard.
- (4) In <u>Cover</u> #10, Jeff Schalles told a story of how he and some friends ducked down into a basement to smoke a joint and ended up being rousted from an ancient secret passageway by submachinegun-toting Secret Service Agents. "The story was pure fiction," I was later told.
- (5) Kit, Ted's daughter, who lives with him in Falls Church, VA.
- (6) In Yandro #253/4 (Sep'81) Sandra Miesel had an loc where she mentioned that her daughter "Mite has given up her ambition to be a murderous book reviewer because she fears people will point her out at conventions. 'That little girl writes killer reviews,' and no one will speak to her. But we said that hadn't interfered with Buck's (Nickname of Rob't J. Coulson, co-editor of Yandro) socializing in the least." This bit becomes tied into the Pong nexus as it was mentioned by Ted in a "killer review" of his own.
- (7) In All of the President's Men Woodward & Bernstein had a secret high-level informant they named Deep Throat who contacted them in deserted parking garages late at night. "Toke" is the way you smoke a joint.

There weren't that many allusions that I felt needed explaining. However, just in case, FIAWOL means Fandom Is A Way of Life. Propellor beanies are what eager-beaver fans (all trufans & followers of the fannish god, Roscoe) wear (and sometimes nothing else) while they're out there mixing it up with strong drink, wild women and other fans...

12 Instead of staying at home and writing articles like this.one.



-- ADVT --

On the distant planet Pernox, once every 200 years neuritis and allergies threaten the colonists as waves of Blcch descend from the heavens.

To provide fast relief from psychophysical stresses that threaten their way of life a strain of Mutant pharmacists quickly evolves known as

The Daryon Riders

In an inevitable breakdown of the caste system imposed on the colonists from birth, they inadvertantly travel along their subjective time streams and become spaced out, arriving at someplace far from their original destination.

Incomprehensible to their peers they are discovered in a chameleon like metamorphosis of each other's egos and fantasy personnae in

The Last Weir

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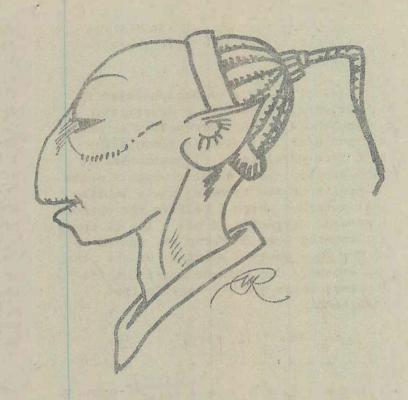
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TIZUERY



REDD BOGGS: I read Tuesday After

Lunch #2 and am impressed with your "collection of synapsegrams," and especially by your "Down and Out in San Francisco," or "The Many Collared Land," as you call it. The thing starts out slowly, but when it gathers speed and depth, it really sweeps along. A friend of mine (a semifan, as a matter of fact) lives in a cheap hotel on California Street, maybe not quite as low as the Golden Eagle Hotel you mention. It is depressing just to visit, let alone live in -- but nowadays he lives there by choice...

The possibility of "young toughs" breaking into rooms in cheap hotels on the days when food stamps were issued hadn't even occurred to me. Such a burglary could be disastrous. A year or so ago, when I was on food stamps, I lost all my supply thereof, about the tenth of the month, and nearly starved the rest of the month. They told me later that maybe they could have issued replacement stamps, but I didn't know that then. I lived on about \$1 a day for food.

Who in the world was displaying copies of <u>Skyhook</u> at Con-Stellation?

((Gary Farber, who brought his fanzine collection with him from Seattle)) I recently acquired issue #4 (which maybe was displayed at Corflu?), but I hadn't seen any other copies in over 20 years. Bill Blackbeard has a file of them, and my other fanzines, and several times has rolled open the file drawer where they repose and invited me to look at them. I always refrained from doing so, with the same reluctance one feels when given baby pictures of one's self: somebody strange and even alien, yet "Hey, that was me!"

On the other hand, I hate airy bullshit like that you quote from Joan Vinge on page 5, and Anthony Burgess is a writer I can't read, much less enjoy. I did see him on my mother-in-law's TV once on the "Tonight" show, maybe. He was sardonic and witty. I remember that he admired American holidays. He said Britain doesn't have a Thanksgiving, because it doesn't have anyl hing to be thankful for. But as a writer I don't find him a "pleasant surprise."

The poem on page 8, "Sunday Cusp,"

is really impressive, the first three lines and the last four being particularly choice.

((Joan Vinge's paragraph taken in its original context is a description of a black hole — the terminology is consistent with that used in speculation by modern physicists. I juxtaposed it with another quote about a woman's state of consciousness to bring out a subliminal metaphor which I believe the author intended. Actually, I see a lot of women at Grateful Dead concerts who remind me of The Snow Queen's heroine, or the other way around. Can thought exist outside of Einsteinian space — any further analysis?))

/P.O. Box 1111, Berkeley, CA/

ELIZABETH LYNN: I particularly liked
"Woman stamps budgie to
death" and your own "many collared land,"
which made me nod appreciatively in the
bathroom. (I also hate pictures of green
people with many arms.

/2101 8th St., Berkeley, CA/

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Time telescopes and passes so rapidly at my age that I would have guessed you'd been gafiated for a year or two. But I'll take your word for it that it's been a dozen years since the last time you were active in fanzine fandom.

Curiously, Tuesday After Lunch was the second fanzine on the same theme that arrived here in early February. Jeff Kleinbard's narrative of his years of wandering and drugging and searching came at much the same time. It's longer and more explicit but it still has some parallels with yours. As I told Jeff, it's impossible for me to empathize properly with the experiences both of you have had, because of my stodgy nature and milktoast behavior. But I can think back to how differently I felt and thought when I was a teenager or in my twentles.

One section of <u>Tuesday</u> that did strike home hard to me was the part about

your dreaming spells. For some reason, I've begun to dream wildly and prolifically every blessed night, usually in a depressing vein that leaves me vaguely scared and apprehensive when the alarm clock goes off. I can't imagine what's causing it, unless I've acquired a chronic infection that gives me a slight fever most of the time. In the past I didn't dream much except when suffering from a cold or some other illness that sent the temperature up. Worse yet, a couple of times in recent weeks I've confused a dim memory of a dream with real life. Last week, I ransacked this house for a lost check, a day before it arrived: obviously, I'd dreamed that it had been among a day's mail.

I hope you achieve a satisfying compromise between ideals and realities from now on. And I wish I could have been at Corflu so we could have met, but it was just too far to go and too much trouble to arrange for house protection in my absence, much as I would have liked to attend a con whose primary purpose was the happiness of fanzine fans.

((I think we did meet once, Harry, in 1963 at DisCon. I was probably in the company of Fred Lerner and Carlton Fredericks at the time.
There's also a good possibility that CORFLU '86 will be held in Falls Church, Virginia.

I illustrate my superlative grasp of reality a little more in this issue))

/423 Summit, Hagerstown, MD/

KEN RUDOLPH: I got your fanzine (better late than never!) and read every word. It's the only fanzine I've gotten in years. Which just shows how totally gafia I've been.

One of my favorite authors is
Anthony Burgess (the live not read
End of the World News yet.) You make
It sound very worthwhile to read. His
book Earthly Powers is my vote as the
best novel of the past several years.

These days I'm mostly into thrillers and historical fiction. The peners are akin to S-F in that they create worlds -- but I find the S-F worlds boringly remote to my personal being.

/6220 Hollymont, Los Angeles, CA/

JEANNE BOWMAN: The mentioned but till now non-existent letter of comment on Tuesday After Lunch #2. First off the cover sent me back to the summer when Watergate was constantly on television. I was in Boston at the time & sat in the room with it & The Grateful Dead's double album, new, and the humidity & a rabidly deteriorating case of internal infection adding immeasurably to an indefinite innuendo & youthful lethargy. . I drew. I drew lots of pictures of the insides of rooms. With rubber tree plants and symmetrical avocado plants and blank windows, chairs, empty walls & my feet. Or my friends shoes & feet. No cats.

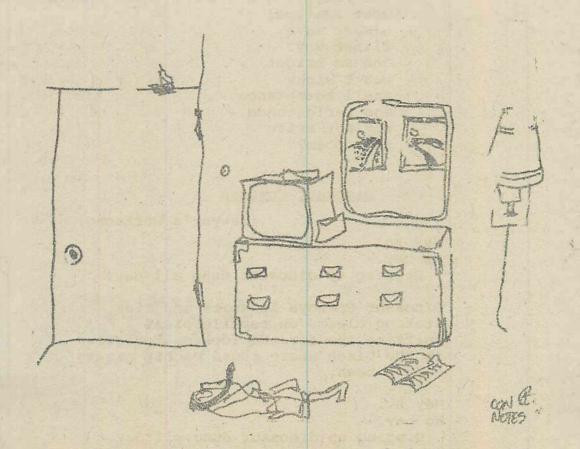
So months after CORFLU & the chal-

lenge of "See. Do. Print." the poems & artwork are what I remember & rereading I know why much of the content
didn't register - Hey, here I am & I
want to connect. It's too close...

Was at NorWescon - my first really official convention and was getting ready to leave & made a picture which the sense of what I had felt in your bits had been in my mind.

And now I find the most acute phrasing in "not so much (one) who could memorize a lot of things." I wonder sometimes, now, if that's all there is in fandom - there is such a huge amount of discourse & agreement about incredible trivia. The risk you take in being yourself in this amazes, appalls & astounds me, gosh wow, I can talk like this, maybe after lunch, but gloryoski, on paper, too, to strangers, (but they don't stay that way) yet they do, what an exercise in patience.

Which doesn't say a thing about

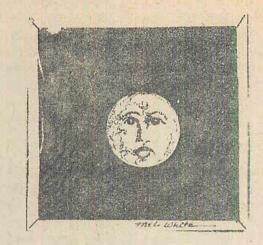


the intelligence which informs the pores of it all & becomes quotes of contekt & reviews...

((Feel free to talk some more))

/ P.O. Box 982, Gien Eilen, CA/

WAHF: Ruth Berman, who's starting a new career as a French Professor at the U of M, Mel. White and Arnie Katz, famous old fanzine fan who unfaanishly sent money, which is, I guess, a better response than being ignored. Mind you, this isn't a threat to anyone on the mailing list yet, I'd rather have your letters than be consigned to the heirless region of Outre Space. Write -- I like big lettercolumns



POEMS

Chairspell

Cheerday
meet see real
almost move
flinch why?
One so bright
can't sight
small acceptance
ego reflectance why not write
this poem?

Dinosaur Cowboys

(lawyer's worksong)

Hey ho!
Ho hey.
Digging up dinosaur dung all day!

Dinosaur Cowboys in suits and ties staking claims on reptile pies. Sniffing the air and looking for green in the place where those mighty giants have been.

Hey ho!

Ho hey.

Digging up dinosaur dung all day.

The song of the dinosaur cowboy.

You've Been Gone

Newspapers rattle and a bus throws its passengers predictably forward at sunset.

Familiar patterns surround and ripple the subconscious at shiftchange.

Transistor nets capture unvocalized waves and culled by musicians the thought census echos beats in common, common, common from clapping carbon disks fixed in black plastic.

The questing mind is extended, rebounds, its extra cycles pass unfound;

until somewhere, somewhy

Far seeking voyagers assemble on an inkling.

At gathering a song begins and questions carried on many roads are cast aside, washed away as hands reach out and juin in communion.

Guitars and drums ring out in joyous affirmation of a well-remembered coronation.

The kings and queens inside us dance once more outside of common time.



WHISTLESTAR #1
Lenny Bailes
504 Bartlett St.
San Francisco, CA
return requested
July 21, 1984

TO:



Joe D Siclari 4599 NW Fifth Ave Boca Raton, FL 33431