

INK GUN BLUES

The wind in the mail slot sings a sad refrain
of intentions running that got lost again
A told B told C the news
and I'm in the cellar with the
ink gun blues ---

"You play it like a flute," Teresa Nielsen Hayden said at DisClave. "You keep squishing ink in and cover some of the holes with your fingers until it glops out of the clogged places."

"Dave Rike said stick it in boiling water for eight hours."

"You have to open it up and take the shaft out so all the little tubercles can drain," said Ted White. "I have a hundred of them in my basement."

Let's wait till later says the telephone
Sleek young lady'd rather be alone
Last night I played in an old cafe
At a socialist poet's free buffet

"Poetry is having nothing to say and saying it."

-- reader at Rose and Thistle Coffee House

Pearl Swirl/whose necklace is really safety pins and bells/ I like the way your pinafore swells/ Sad eyes would be dreamy your concern/ for cliches spoken over coffee urn/ makes me less steamy// Nag me again righteous beggars/ I want you rant/ Tin pans clatter/ Calvin Carp's lament for matter, brotherhood and NBC/ why William Strunk should never be// I'm just passing through this anarchic cheeselog 'cause I'm cold/ sniffing when the air gets old/ But my thought's power must light your house/ or Pearl splits with Wharf Rat/and I'm a mouse //

"When's Whistlestar coming out?" asked bright, eager Robert Lichtman at a 3rd Saturday party as he flashed a Trap Door at me and pushed a Don Elliot novel away from the potato chip bowl.

"I don't know," I said. "Remember last issue I said I might publish Grateful Dead artwork and geometry proofs if I didn't get any response."

"Geometry proofs might be interesting," said Grania Davils.

"That's actually been most of my life for the past six months," I added, "getting up at 6:30 every morning to teach high school kids about triangles and fractions."

"Where's Jeanne Bowman?" I demanded, changing the subject.

"She went to a massage class," Robert Lichtman said keeping just the right note of deferential sorrow in his voice.

I can make it by myself
with lots of good stuff on the shelf
Read Jung's Man and Symbols twice
and Batman reprints go down nice
Piles of fanzines by my shoes
remind me of the Ink gun blues

"I'm a crow, I'm a crow," people in the student union at UCLA would whisper to each other in 1969 whenever a certain psychology student approached our table. Some people would throw down their Herman Hesse novels and flap their arms while others calmly continued discussing Louis Pauwls.

Can it be true, I wonder, that a well known astral traveller who publishes a wonderful fanzine and transcribes Philip K. Dick tapes without a foot pedal is currently waiting for an itinerant Indian to strike him on the back with a copy of Web of the Witch World, thus to shock him into attaining higher right-brained enlightenment?

"There are pictures within pictures for those who know how to look." I learned this first from Dr. Frederick Wortham in Seduction of the Innocent. While it's true, I realize, that Andre Norton does not use mushrooms, I find that I, myself, have taken to powdering Michael Bishop novels and mixing them with Niacin. Well, caw, Paul Williams! Say a prayer for the last lonely eagle.

Oh Muskrat smooth your rumpled coat
and don't discard my tattered note
Corregate and fold my brain
endorphins soak up all the pain

I won't refuse
the ink gun blues

I must add my voice to the righteous sentiment expressed in the fan press recently about uncontrolled gossip. It is obvious that most of the gossip one reads is sorely in need of some editorial proofing. And who is better suited to this task than the best, the man who's been universally acclaimed as tops by professionals and amateurs alike?

The next time you are overpowered by an urge you can't resist, immediately first draft your story and mail it to Terry Carr, who will sort through, select the best, and publish a huge supplement to his long awaited issue of Interzone '84.

By the way, Victor Gonzalez, may I suggest that if Ted & Terry don't come through with columns for you the tape of the last night of CORFLU which you recorded would make a great monthly feature.

But now, with the Westercon just four days away I find that my pen begins to feel a trifle heavy as the natural buoyancy of the soul appears insufficient to push the point across the paper. I sit playing chess with my Neil Young soaked ex-roommate (earlier guitar in the living room, having given way in the summer heat to cafe tables, and with it my energetic commitment to the showbiz of twilltone.) The heat has also caused various exotic flowers of the Mission nightgarden to bloom in their potentially sultry celebration of summer. And that is basically the chief thought in my brain with my kingside position protected as I look around me. I wish I knew how to say that without sounding like a chauvinist voyeur to the women I would lure away from their

movie listings and/or boyfriends. I've given up dropping Marge Piercy novels on the table and gone back to reading SHAZAM comics, the way the God Lord intended. As I let this bit of emotional flab out from under my headband and watch my pawn position, I have a fleeting kind thought for Barry Malzberg and violins, but am already conscious that several molecules of my imagined gestalt empathy complex have recognized the pattern of these emissions and returned to consuming nachos and cheese dip. So, wistful algorithmic protoplasm, wherefore do fingers continue to strike typewriter keys?

Across the tracks from Cogenton
some wide eyed rainbow people run
And I run with them for awhile
because of someone's ancient smile

In Cogenton it's dance is dance
I just look on and read Jack Vance
It's hard to lose
the ink gun blues

ESCAPE FROM THE PRESSORPODS

The gentle suction of pseudopods seeking to lock him into the symb-cycle of his Fiduciary was easily overcome, for he was a clever, efficient being. It was easy to serve the Host-With-The-Most, anticipate where the tentacular macroorganism wished to conduct its transactions and laugh during facilitation

Monitor support systems. Check. Many checks. He, too, grew stronger with each exchange. And now, now it was time to fly with the Brötherhood of Sky. Time to leave the Chair, get into a Concerned Terraformer's T-shirt and go. A lot the slow witted Sears-sucking macroorganism knew about that!

Leisure ... renewal of the quest for the righteous center of the soul ...

"And just think," his chair rhapsodized politely, "about how many times you've found it already!"

Whereupon the chair fed both of his hands into the disk drive and peg-legged it over to the door, leaving four coasters behind it on the soft handwoven carpet.

Full and Center, Left and Right
crank a page to life tonight

Don't make people too upset
watch the feed, don't crumple yet

It's life puts on the screws
that cure the ink gun blues ...

(harmonica solo)

"Don't throw away your empty ink tubes, now," Dave Rike admonished me over the telephone when I called to report success in getting my new Gestetner 466 to produce a readable copy.

"Okay, sure." Here comes another famous household tip for faans, I'll bet, from the genius who makes lightboxes out of old hairdryers and avant garde furniture from piles of ditto machines.

"I'm thinking," Dave Rike continued, "of melting them down and making bullets."

"Oh." I said. "I didn't know you were into that."

"Not for defensive purposes;" Dave continued scornfully. "Do you think I'd trust my life to the Gestetner Corporation? No, I just need a good hole puncher for thick stock cardboard."

* * *

Whistlestar will appear eventually. I may print up enough copies of this to run as a rider, or perhaps it will just be distributed to the hard core who have Responded.

This has been INK GUN BLUES, created and managed by Lenny Bailes of 504 Bartlett Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 to celebrate the Summer gathering of the Brotherhood of the Sky and his return to the world of Non-Euclidian Geometry until September. Who will catch Galileo's math book?

Lenny Bailes
504 Bartlett Street
San Francisco, CA 94110

July 4, 1984 (In Franklin's Tower
there hangs a bell)

TO: