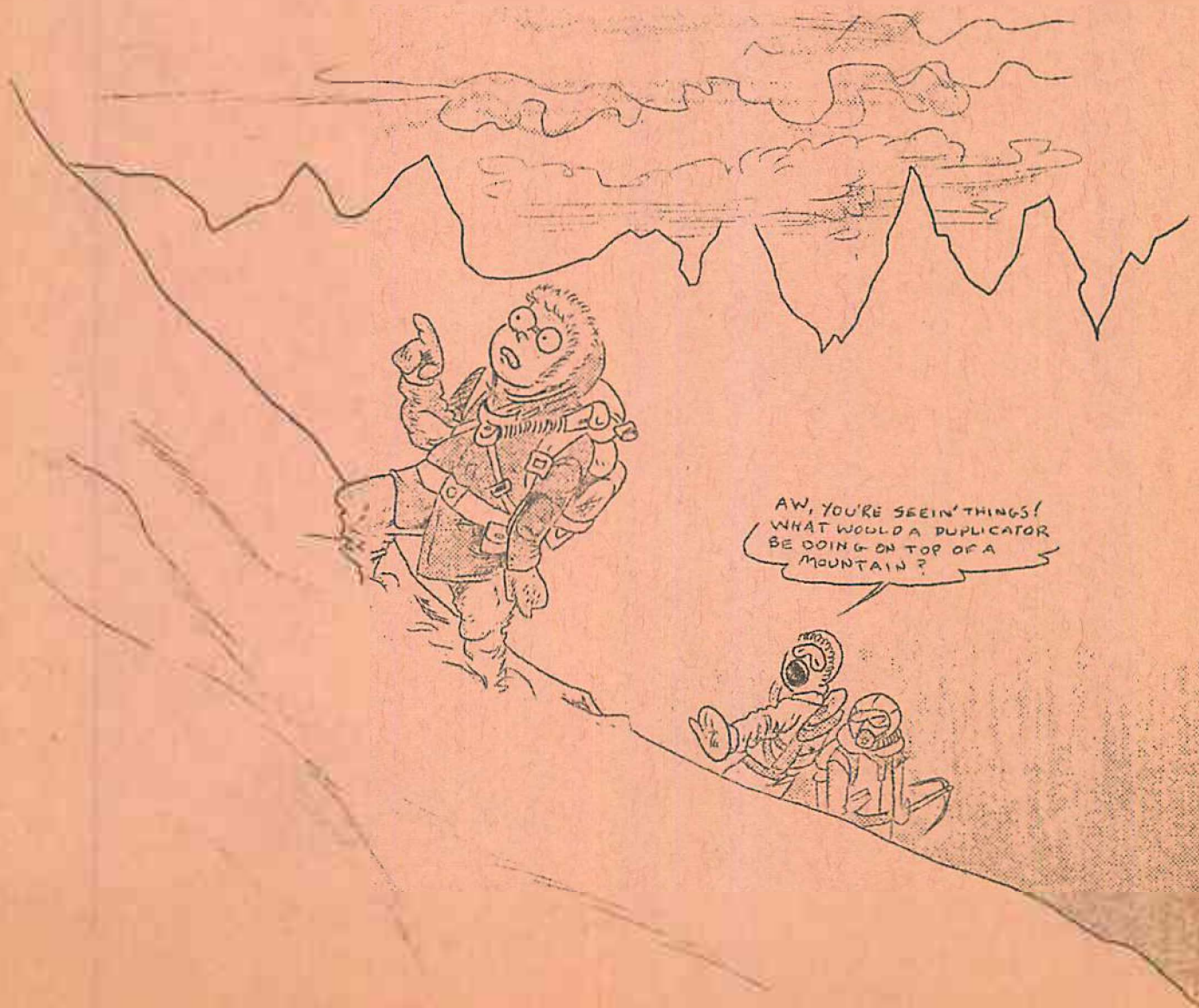


lighthouse

number 6, may 1962





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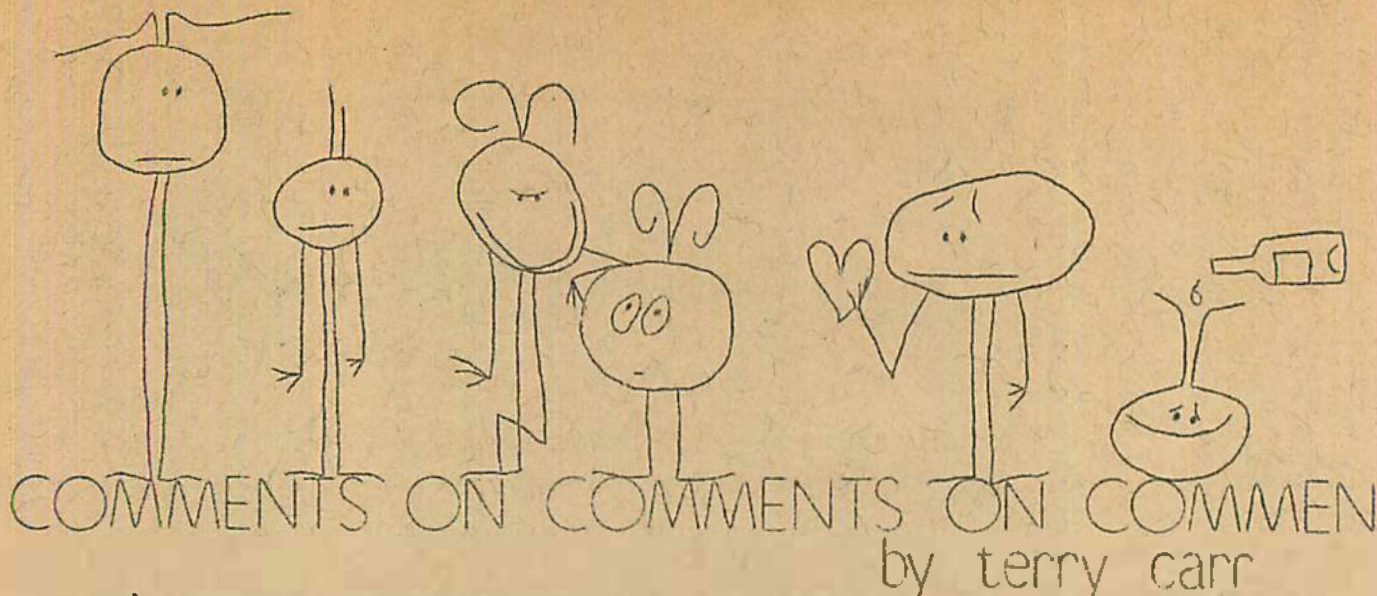
Comments on comments on comments on . . .	Terry Carr
Sun and Clap Happy	Carol Carr
Out Berkeley Way	Dave Rike
Looking Backward	Pete Graham

The cover is by George Metzger. The bacover and all interior illustrations (except for Rike's pages) are by Bill Rotsler. Dave Rike stencilled how own pages.

Readers who assume that this small issue is a sign that we burned ourselves out on the 90-page fifth issue will be in error. Those who come to the conclusion that we are merely saving our energy for the 100th mailing will likewise be wrong. The fact is that both of us have been busy with other things this past quarter.

We regret to acknowledge, in fact, our lateness in mailing out many of the copies of the last issue; even most of the contributors have yet to receive their copies. But we'll get to it any day now. One result of our tardiness has been the fact that almost none of our regular contributors got material in for this issue.

However, Bill Rotsler take note: not one Kteic letter has reached us since last September. Have you discontinued writing them, Bill, or has the chain been held up somewhere again? At any rate, we have no more Rotsler writing on hand. If you've given up the Kteic letters, Bill, feel free to whomp up a column out of whole-cloth and send it in.



SERCON'S BANE 9: F. H. Busby

I like your point (re the Leslie Norris hoax) that fannish hoaxes shouldn't involve direct lies. That was from the very first an unstated (unquestioned) rule we had about the Brandon hoax. After all, anybody can lie about such things and get away with it, people being what they are, but it takes a degree of ingenuity to so construct and play a hoax that nobody even asks you. As Willis said, we "paraded Brandon right through the heart of hyperactive California fandom for over three years" without being caught. When the Westercon was held in 1956, Carl was working at the gas station that weekend; when fans came up from Los Angeles for a weekend, Carl was up in Sacramento "visiting his grandmother" (which, we slyly hinted, was actually a euphemism for visiting his girlfriend). Nobody caught on--even Rog and Honey Graham, who'd asked several times to meet Carl and each time had been put off ("Oh, he was going to come over with us, but a friend of his came by as we were leaving..."), were croggled when we broke the news to them.

There was one time when we descended to lying, I blush to admit. Lars Bourne knew about the hoax: back in '53, before Brandon was anything but a convenient house-name for San Francisco fandom, Boob Stewart had sent a story to Bourne's fanzine and asked that it be published under the Brandon name because he didn't think it was very good and didn't want his own name on it. When, some time later, we decided to make Brandon into a fullfledged hoaxfan, we callously cut Bourne off our mailinglists (he was in a period of minac then anyhow) and hoped he wouldn't get wind of what was going on. But early in '58 Lars came down to visit Berkeley fandom, and asked us point-blank about Carl: "Carl is a hoax, isn't he?" Not quite knowing what else to do, and not wanting to give away the whole show because of a blunder made before the hoax had actually started, I replied, "Carl would be amused to hear that."

PHANTASY PRESS 35: Dan McPhail

Listing the Shaws as 63 publishers of 1961 is ridiculous, as they'd be the first to agree. 64 of their supposed 97 pages were published by Earl Kemp (WHY IS A FAN?). Oh well. By the way, did Marion Bradley publish 162 or 164 pages?--you have it once each way.

"The long article by Terry Carr on his brother Artie was a very good bit of writing." I don't know whether to take that as egoboo, assuming the story was so convincing as to fool you, or to be irritated because you apparently didn't read it. That was fiction, Dan: I have no brother named Artie, the brother I do have (Allan) is not blind and doesn't even like jazz, and I haven't been in college for over three years. Foosh.

What is a "loyal Tapan"?

ANKUS 3: Bruce Pelz

I can remember the first two lines of the theme for "It Pays to be Ignorant"--or rather, the chorus. I'm trying to find out the verses. One of them began something like, "I took my gal to the movies,/We had a wonderful time--" What's the rest?

Your doggerel in reply to A BIRD TURNED AN EYE conveys absolutely no message to me. I thought it was this unrhymed modern poetry that was supposed to be meaningless!

(Speaking of A BIRD TURNED AN EYE, Carol was thinking of doing a parody of it, to be called A DOG COCKED A LEG. One of the poems in it, a direct satire of one of mine, was to be, "At midnight, on an impulse,/You showed me/Two positions/That I had never seen." But she gave up the idea, because she liked the original poems.)

BU8798b 3: Ed Cox

The next person who says he can't tell my writing from Ted White's will hear from my lawyer.

CELEPHAIS 30: Bill Evans

When are you going to publish another issue of REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST? I miss it.

And yes, please do write us an article on Adventure.

WRAITH 16: Wrai Ballard

Your talk of your old 1927 Oldsmobile brought back memories. In the late forties, shortly after gas rationing went out of effect, my father bought a 1928 something-or-other; he paid around \$100 for it, and used it as a "second car". Though we had a new car at the time, all of us preferred the second car--I loved the curtains on the windows, the runningboards that you could stand on when the doors were shut, the wooden steering-wheel, etc. We finally had to sell it because the gas consumption was too high.

That's a lovely line: "...Betty Furness, looking just like another Little Orphan Annie, only less sexy."

SECOND OF A SERIES: Incompetent Los Angeles Fandom

I think this must be the first time a FAPA official has ever admitted that he's made a howling blunder in his duties, then shrugged it off with no attempt whatsoever to correct his error. One of these days you'll do something right, John.

THE RAMBLING FAP 29: Gregg Calkins

"...in America, naturally we think of our neighbors as being American. However, invariably the surest way to make a Canadian mad is to call him an American..." But Canadians are Americans. So are all of our "neighbors," this being North America. Undoubtedly one of the things which makes our "neighbors" think of us as smug and nationally egocentric is the tendency of so many of us to think that "United States" means "America," and vice versa.

I wonder if a survey might prove that fan conservatives (politically) prefer Analog to F&SF...?

THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS THE BEAT GENERATION: Bill Rotsler

Have you seen "The CONFORMERS," by Jack Wohl? It's "a P-S book," published by Pocket Books, Inc., sells for a dollar, and consists of cartoon after cartoon employing gags on shapes, somewhat in the fashion you've been exploring lately.

PHLOTSAM 19: Phyllis Economou

I didn't think "Pal Jesus" was very funny, but I didn't find it offensive--I just thought it wasn't very well done. But I'd gripe about

"old-time Negro or Jewish satire" because those types were offensive. Yet I found Norm Clarke's "How To Spot A Jew" very funny, and loved Roark Bradford's "Green Pastures," which was in large part a satire on unschooled Negroes. Dammit, any subject at all is open to satire, if it's done well enough--when a subject is closed to satire, it can only be because people's minds are closed to thinking about it.

And come now--Ed Martin's GROTESQUE was trash, all right, but it was far from unmailable. You're not really that much of a prude, are you?

Your little spiel about how sweet it was of the Mil bosses in your childhood home to "rule the toTHi in paternalistic manner" was dreadfully touching. If they really did handle things as nicely as you fondly remember, then you had an exception; in any case, I don't think it called for a remark like, "Under the same circumstances...I wonder how people would make out now with their strongly entrenched unions demanding seniority rights and all that." The fact is that the textile industry is the last major industry remaining which continues to block unionization of its plants. It does this, negatively, by smearing all unions as "integration!st" and, positively, by falling back on the paternalistic pattern of the mill town to which you refer. "Gon, let's you and me have a talk. How you know that in the past if you ever had any trouble you could always come and talk to me, and we'd see what could be done about it. But if that union gets in here, you won't be able to talk it out directly with me--you'll have to take your problems to some n----- foreman or union official. And how do you know he ain't a commie?" This stuff is particularly effective because the bulk of the textile industry is now in the South, where race-hatred and the paternalism pattern (Ole Marse up in The Big House on the Hill) are well-entrenched. The textile industry is the South's major industry today, and the average weekly earnings in southern states were, in 1951, \$14 below the national average; by 1960, the differential rose to almost :')22 per week.

Do you think my imaginary quote above was exaggerated? Here are some factual examples. When the Textile Workers Union attempted to organize Burlington Mills plant at Oordova, Worth Carolina in 1955, supervisory employees distributed a one-page article entitled "Total Ilongrelization". The article featured a photograph of Walter Reuther, "ilegrophile," presenting a \$75,000 donation to NAACP President Arthur Spingarn, "the Jew who has headed that trouble-making organization since 1939," and urged all "white Americans to take action if this Devil inspired program for compulsory mongrel!zation is to be defeated." At the Burlington plants in Altavista and Hurt, Virginia, the company distributed a piece of racist propaganda showing an ugly, slavering creature carrying a carpetbag and saying, "The NAACP sent me do'm here to desegregate you trashy bastards."

Prejudice against Negroes and Jews isn't the only brand employed by the mill daddies; when the union tried to organize the Jefferson Mills in Pulaski, Virginia in 1958, the company sent all of its employees a letter flouting the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision, attacking integration within labor's ranks, and asking: "Who are these men who run this union anyway? I will name some -of its chief officers to you: Rieve, Chupka, Botelho, Canzano, DuChess!, I-Iraglia, and Rubenstein. Where do you think these men came from and where do you think they live?" Jefferson Mills is owned and operated by Kahn A. Feldman, Inc., offices at 200 Madison Ave., Hew York- City.

And that brings up another point---this paternalism pretence by the mill bosses. In the past, in the South, it was to an extent true; today it is not. There is no communication between the workers and their bosses because (a) the textile industry, through a series of mergers, has concentrated itself in a few large corporations run by boards of directors, and (b) these hydra-headed daddies live in the

North, not the South.

So please don't speak to me of paternalism in mill towns.

As for long hair vs. short hair on women, I think you give the show away when you say, "They want their women to look chic, and this is just about impossible with long hair unless a woman has a very skilled hairdresser..." The giveaway word is chic--it's a word denoting "fashion," which in turn means artificially created esthetics.

Concerning your book problem: "When the spine and covers are off a book, what will make them solidly adhere again? Also, is there any known method of replacing the original boards on an old book when they have come off leaving the spine attached to the text?" In the Mending Division where I worked at the U.C. Library, such problems were quite simply handled by using "double-stitches," which are specially manufactured adhesives used in bookmending. You'd probably have to check with a bindery to see if these are available in any but bulk lots so that you could buy a few for your own use. In any case, this kind of repairing was so common in the Mending Division (five workers handled about 80 a day) that I don't suppose it would be too incredibly expensive to take such books to a professional bindery and have them repaired there. You might check into it.

HORIZONS 89: Harry Warner

I suppose the "famous fantasy figure" who "had his amateur magazine lost in the San Francisco earthquake" might have been Jack London. Or would it be Ambrose Bierce, whom I seem to recall was in San Francisco for a time?

BURBLINGS 10: Chas. Burbee

This contains some very fine Burbeestuff, including at least one line which seems to me as good as any you've written: "These damned glasses make me look like a sincere student of demonology while in reality I am a ragtime fan."

People who underestimate Burbee (and fanwriting in general) might do well to compare this issue's "My Barber is Dead" with Harry Golden's "We Waited for the Jewish Home to Open" in The Carolina Israelite, March-April 1962. Both are articles on friends who have died; each runs to about a thousand words. One was written by a best-selling author who runs his own professional publication filled with his own writings; the other is by "an ordinary guy, working for a living in a cheap shop" who publishes an amateur zine of his own writing. Burbee's makes Golden's piece even more clearly the piece of sentimental, superficial glup that it is.

VANDY 14: Duck and Juanita Coulson

Juanita, you'd probably have been interested in that Unitarian discussion group you almost went to. When I was in Berkeley, we sometimes went up to the Unitarian church there for their weekly discussion groups, which were very interesting. The pattern was usually a guest speaker, followed by questions from the audience and fading into round-robin discussion by all attendees. We heard a very interesting talk by a youth guidance counselor who worked at one of the state's "privilege prisons," for instance. On another evening there was a wide-open discussion of birth control; the scheduled speaker had been unable to make it at the last minute, and this topic just came up naturally as we sat around.

We attended a couple of their services, too. By far the most interesting was the one directed by the teenage group. Once a year they let the teenagers conduct Sunday services, sermons, prayers, hymns and all. There was a sermon on the brotherhood of man, one on the rights of men (during which the famous Castro quote--"If a man wants something, it's because in some way he needs it."--was brought in) and a whole lot

of other stuff. For hymns they chose Negro spirituals, and this led to one of the amusing incidents of the day; the congregation was not familiar with "Down By The Riverside" and though the younger members were trying to get some life into it it nevertheless dragged unbearably. Ray Nelson decided to do a little leading, raised his voice and started rocking it as it should be, clapping his hands and the whole bit. There was somewhat of a cacophany there for awhile, as half the people followed Ray and the other half tried to sing it as a pastoral dirge.

A little while after this came an interpretive dance number which attempted to combine elements of Christianity and paganism; a young man intoned a chant identifying the pagan gods with Jesus, Buddha, and the rest in a single concept of the Universal Essence, while a girl in a togalike dress danced barefoot before the altar and up the center aisle. It was just too much for one of the more conservative middle-aged women in the congregation, particularly as the girl was reasonably sexy: the woman rose during the middle of the dance and tromped out tight-lipped, shaking the floorboards in her indignation.

FAP 4: Les Gerber

"The Giant Killers" is a lovely story. It drags a bit towards the beginning, and is generally uneven in writing throughout, but the ending is an absolute delight. I was quite sure it would end differently.

SALUD 9: Elinor Busby

The fundamental difference between our attitudes toward fandom is clearly demonstrated by your remark that you weren't too saddened by Doc Weir's death because you'd had no contact with him on any more personal plane than reading his articles. I was saddened because Weir was an intelligent, well-read, and talented man. As you say, he hadn't been in fandom long, but in a way that added to the tragedy of his death: think what he might have contributed had he lived. He was around enough to show his immense promise. (And here you see another clear parallel with the death of Kent Moomaw--but I think Weir showed his potential even more clearly than Moomaw did.)

The idea of a brandonization of "Peter Pan" with Coventry as Never-Never Land is so distasteful as to almost induce me to write the thing myself. But I do like your line, "...the children lose their ability to fly when they grow up and hear about F. Towner Laney." Of course--they can no longer be fairies. (Was that what you had in mind?)

DEPT. OF UNABASHED EGOBOO

In the 98th mailing, I liked best the following individual pieces:

- 1) "If You Knew Jesus," by Norm Clarke, in DESCANT 7.
- 2) "In One Year and Out The Other," by Harry Warner, in HORIZONS 89.
- 3) "My Water-Brother Was an Only Child," by F. M. Busby, in SER-
CON'S BANE 9.
- 4) "The Woman Who Taught Me Lessons," by Harry Warner, in HORIZONS 89.
- 5) "My Barber is Dead," by Chas. Burbee, in BURBLINGS 10.
- 6) "Darkhouse," by Alva Rogers, in LIGHTHOUSE 5.
- 7) "The Kookie Jar," by Bill Rotsler, in LIGHTHOUSE 5.
- 8) "BT--His Pages," by Bob Tucker, in VANDY 14.
- 9) THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS THE BEAT GENERATION, by Bill Rotsler.
- 10) "Electronic Music," by Ted White, in NULL-F 25.

The best mailing comments, it seems to me, were those by Juanita Coulson. The best zine in a mailing full of fine zines was HORIZONS 89.

_____ carol carr

sun and clap happy _____

The squirrel in the tree
Peeps out at the world
Through peanut-colored fingers.
It has a paranoiac expression
And compulsive habits.

Dismal little field mouse--
You inspire nothing
But the song of the grass.

And you, idiot chipmunk--
What do you do all day
Besides sit on a stump
Looking foolish.

Anyone who can't
Tell at a glance
That the proud pigeon
Has delusions of grandeur
Isn't worth
His salt in cracker crumbs.

The very tick-tock second you left
I stepped into my feet and
The blues wailed away the world
As I played along the street
Where your hop-skip shoes went
Clickety-clack to a slip-stop beat.

I, father of a thousand poets!
I, aloof and often wildly incoherent!
I, Walt Whitman, offer you my formula
For a ripe old age!

O powerful 4-way vitamin!
O wild and dismal Alka Seltzer!
O soft and spongey wheat germ bread!

I sing of my resistance to colds,
And other dread diseases!
I am strong and free as the animals!
See! See! I walk among them!
They welcome the sound of my footsteps!

Follow me--Walt!
I will be honest with you:
Buy only patent remedies!

O powerful Luden's Cough Drops in 3 delicious flavors
plus Honey Licorice!
O delicious Dentine Gum which prevents cavities and
halitosis.
Allons! To the corner candy store!
I, Walt Whitman, brought back by popular demand,
Will show you the way!

One silent spring day after the rain
I stood by the window
And watched you walking in the woods.
I listened to the sound of your feet
Moving on the wet leaves.
I saw you bend down and touch something warm.
Later that evening you knocked on my door
And handed me a small dead bird.

Dead Dylan
Is flying with the herons
Over his Third Avenue
Milk Wood Heaven
While no one on earth
Can find the proper inflection
For his double-winged
Angel adjectives.

Ode to an Amateur Headshrinker

There is nothing I detest
More than a pseudo-analyst
Who looks inward and projects
His pathologic nastiness;
Who takes an ism from the air,
Too complex for him to wield,
Throws it out and doesn't care
How it lands, or why, or where,
And least of all how far afield.
No bounds inhibit his slimy touch
And if you act at all aggressive
He says you doth protest too much
And smugly labels you defensive.
There is nothing that I hate
More than a nut who decides your fate
By reading Freud at a halting rate
And spitting him out at a later date.

This morning I looked through our window
And saw you walking across the field
Laden with yellow flowers.
I wish you would come home and say
"These are for you."
I found them twenty miles from here
Growing wild beside a great rock."

I wish the yellow flowers would wither and die.
They were never meant for me,
But for the one who runs with you
Through the summer day.
I sit at home and wait for her to die.
Petal by petal.

Sun and clap happy dazzled ray drenched in bright
light from your toes up internally illuminated;

Rain and deep down profundities drip through your
fingers all darkly darkly dark and wise as your
grandmother;

Clouds and alas nothing shines through fingers and
toes clasp each other in melancholy.

DAVE RIKE

OUT BERKELEY WAY



Is it true that George Lincoln Rockwell accepted the Hugo for "Star Ship Troopers"?

No... Heinlien did. :-SIGH:-

GUESS WHERE I WAS?

OK, Where were you?

I was sitting in the Gas Chamber at San Quentin!

You should've stayed there a bit longer...

HERE I COME
excuse me!!

THIS WAS CONSIDERED THE BIGGEST
HIT RON ELLIK EVER MADE AT A CON!!

You mean he dropped it out of a 4th floor
window & hit a hotel detective on the head?

Uh, no-no... I just meant that he was
playing the leading rôle as the
Musquite Kid and

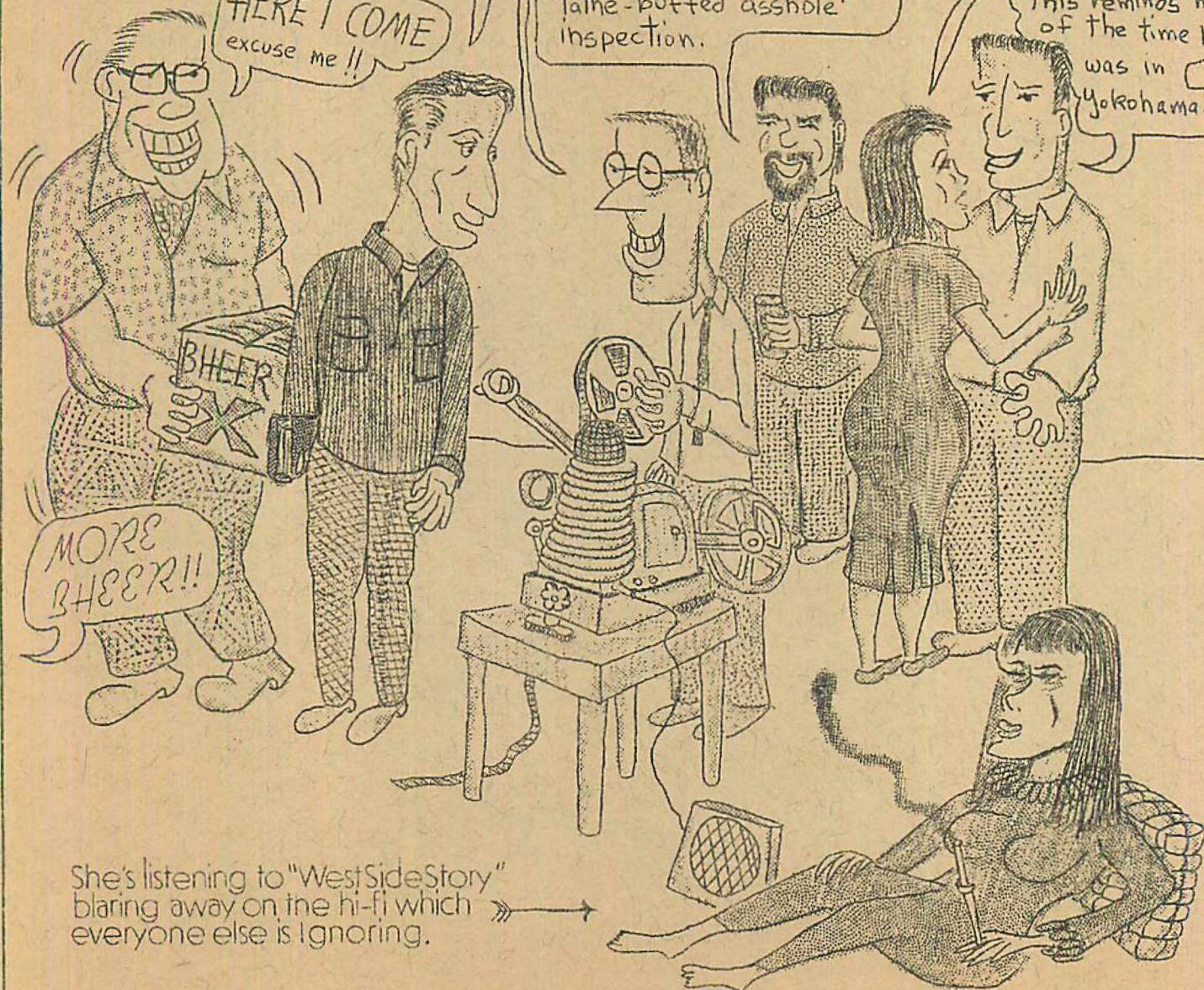
After the film we'll have a
"lathe-buffed asshole"
inspection.

HURRY JIM-
Kiss ME- my
husband's in
the john!!

BUT... BUT...

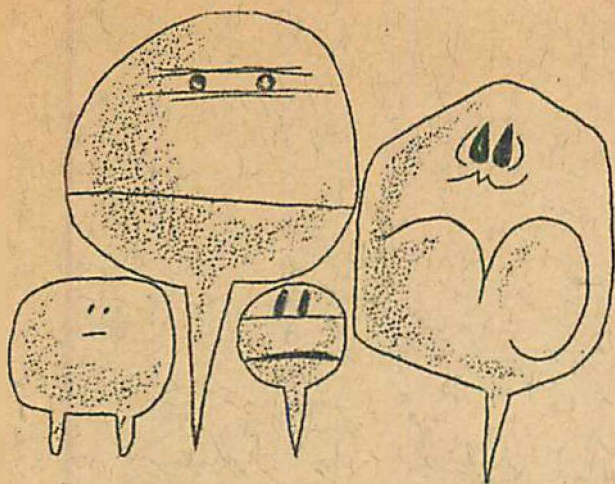
Oh that's alright-
you'll be the 5th one
tonight.

This reminds me
of the time I
was in
Yokohama...



She's listening to "West Side Story"
blaring away on the hi-fi which
everyone else is ignoring.

AFTER THE PITTCON, 1960



FAMILY

4/10

LOOKING BACKWARD

by pete graham

I am essentially a very compulsive person. I would even go so far as to say that I am anal, except that I don't really know what that means. My analyst hasn't told me yet. At any rate, I seem to have this insatiable urge, every time I move, or change jobs, or have sex, or do anything at all to change my demographic status, to set it down carefully in the opening pages of whatever fanzine I'm currently engaged in producing. This time it's LIGHTHOUSE and this time I've changed my job again. I'm now working for Service Bureau Corporation, a Wholly Owned Subsidiary of IBM, in a capacity which would take a great deal of explaining. Suffice to say that I am working in conjunction with an already written program for questionnaire data reduction--the kind of stuff I used to do on the conventional, non-computer machines--in producing various kinds of tabulated output for various kinds of market research type input. The computer is a 704, soon to be a 7090 (this will be of interest to about three FAPAns, which for me is a rather good batting average, I think).

At any rate, this is my first real entry into the white-collar world of which so much is spoken, and as the occasion arises I will be making a passing comment or to that will touch on that subject. (Does that sound pompous and patronizing enough?)

This is being typed in Terry and Carol's apartment on a lovely hot May morning when I would really rather be doing something else; almost anything else. But the chance to have a spot of mince in the mailing proved too tempting to pass by. The story of why there isn't a 90 page issue of LIGHTHOUSE this time is a long and arduous one, almost as long and arduous as the tale of the 20 copies of last issue still waiting to be mailed out. But it isn't the purpose of this paragraph to go into that. What follows is mailing comments; if your zine isn't mentioned it isn't because I read it and found it uncommentable, but because I was too bored or uninterested to get to it.

FANTASY AMATEUR: Officialdom

Nonono, LIGHTHOUSE is not just "Graham's"; list Carr, too, or at the end of the year McPhail is going to give credit for all those pages to me. My petition was distributed only to about 40 members, and was thus not a post-mailing. your usage of "the FAPA" is almost anachronistic; I haven't seen that since the early '50's.

SIMIE: Bjo Trimble

I read this, and wish I'd spent my time on something else; I'll only say that the concept of a "Speleological Photo Art" category is enough to

make my hackles rise and to make me firmer in my desire for FAPA to have nothing to do with the convention art shows.

MOONSHADE: Sneary & Hoffatt

Noted. (I haven't noted a fanzine for years.)

LE MOINDRE: Boyd Raeburn

You settled my mind on the technicality of FAPA money being used for non-FAPA purposes with a fine argument. The problem is, I am sure you extend the same argument on a larger scale to society as a whole, where it doesn't work; society has social responsibilities, which FAPA does not.

Was disappointed to find that Berton had written those two pages; I thought it was you and was interested in it for that reason; Pierre Berton...who's he to me? What's the rationale for the phone company's changing exchange letters to numbers? It gives them no more dial positions. My number is 212 OR 3-6025. I'm seldom home before midnight.

You and your typos. "Invalidate" is a fine word. I remember hearing of a Derek when I entered fandom; Pickles, by name. What Ever Happened To...? My theory is that R&B died c. 1953, and its commercialized descendant is R&R; they never coexisted save briefly. Also I perceive traces of R&B creeping back into music as R&R goes into decline.

HORIZONS I read and liked and SALES PITCH I read and didn't.

PHLOTSAM: Phyllis Economou

I don't know, do doctors medicate? Maybe lawyers don't legate, maybe they "litigate". Or is that what started this whole business? I didn't notice much offset or showthrough. I am sort of moved to comment on several things here but I don't quite know what to say. Your antiliberal sentiments leave me nothing to grab onto; it's as though you were to stand up at a meeting at which, say, I were speaking, and say "yaaaahhhh!" I could only reply "Yeah, well, sure, baby; what can I say?" An instance: your comments to Harness on his crummy Pal Jesus stuff. You don't know what bigotry is, your concept of "acceptance" is positively patronizing, but it would take pages to untangle the business and develop a coherent response to your incoherent statement. I just don't feel like it. The rest of the issue is much more blah than usual, too.

ANKUS: Bruce Pelz

What's so absurd about a conclusion that I don't give a damn about how smart a fan (read: person) is, just as long as he is friendly and witty? As a matter of fact, I'm sure I would prefer friends of mine to be not imbeciles, but it's not something I can stipulate beforehand as easily as I can the criterion that a friend be "friendly". Mental masturbation you would like define; how about self-interest (or -satisfaction) to a point which tends to exclude interest in or enjoyment of others; or enjoyment of others only in so far as they cater to the self interests of the subject. Having a formal punsession at the Chicon sounds a drag; to formalize it is to kill it. What is "Gernelshausen"? I heard a dramatization on the radio a decade and a half ago about a small town called Gernelshausen, presumably in Germany, which only appeared once every x-hundred years, only disappearing cataclysmically a few hours later. Is this what you're speaking of? Rich Brown's takeoff on herriman is nicely done; my only nitpick is at an overuse of "they haven't got it here" which made me laugh at first but became tiresome.

TARGET: FAPA: Rich Eny

I suppose it is safer for me to scold you for feuding with Ted than the other way around, but it has no relation to what I do. Ask Ted; I've told him to knock it off in the same way I've told you. "I'm not the one who writes page-length denunciations and goes out his way to pick fights,