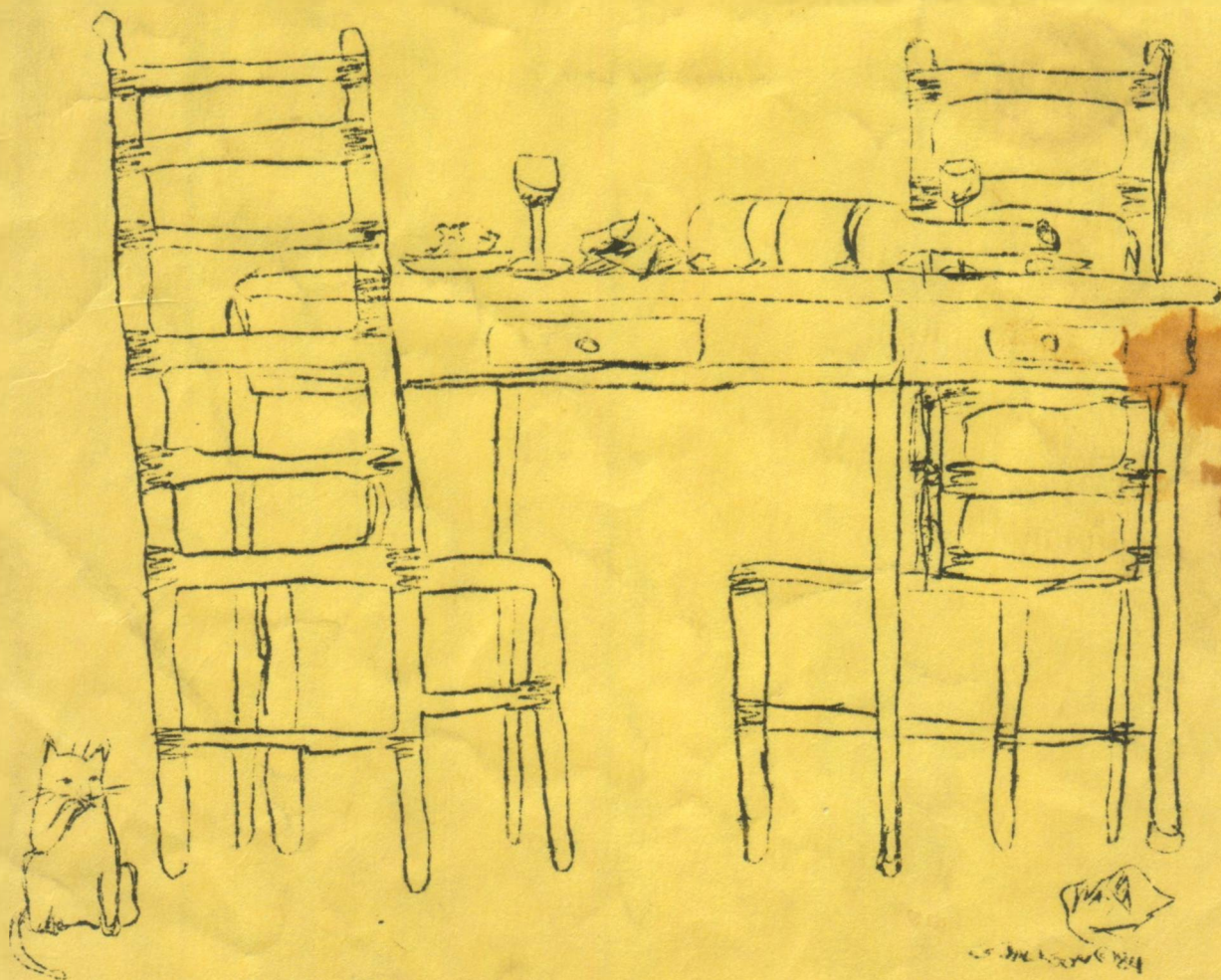
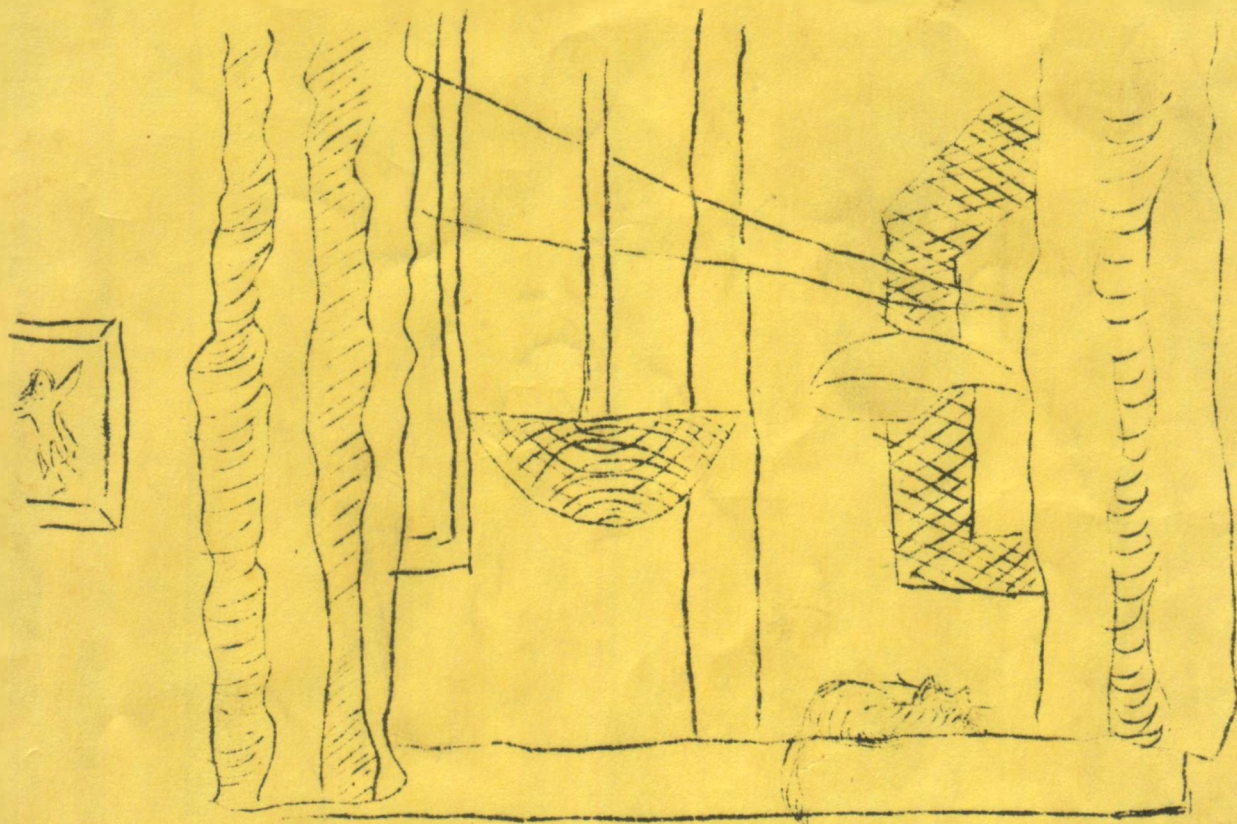


TUESDAY AFTER LUNCH #2



TUESDAY
AFTER LUNCH

BANAPPLE GAS: Well, in less than a week CORFLU, the first fanzine convention will be happening. I've been going to regional conventions for the last three or four years and wandering around a stranger in what I once felt was my own country. I have seen strange sights at these gatherings, stranger than ~~1844 1844~~ science fiction writers leaping out of chairs to cast aspersions on each other's sex lives, which was about as far out as it got at one time. Stranger than sitting in stairwells and hearing echos.

... Stranger than watching elves throw waybread into the halls of the stentorious Sam Moskowitz. All this has passed into legend.

In the Bay Area the sons of Rocky Horror have passed their popcorn to bright eyed graduates of the Screen Extra's Guild. These come to convention after convention to gaze at the wonders lovingly set out for them and guarded by sword carrying computer programmers. But as they throng, stroking their rubber spiders, they have small awareness of those elder elves who have removed themselves from ken, leaving only Norman Spinrad to conduct seminars on socialism.

I attended Con-Stellation, my first worldcon in a long time in the Fall, combining the trip to the East Coast with a visit to my family. That's mostly why this collection of synapse-grams has come into existence.

At Con-Stellation amidst the free soft drinks and escalators, hidden behind the U-Build Worldshop and Dial-A-Monster exhibits was the Hall of Roscoe. And upon entering I saw things I hadn't seen for 12 years and Bruce Pelz (who I had seen more recently).

TWIG, SKYHOOK, LIGHTHOUSE, ENERGUMEN, NOPE, and here on the same table with YANDRO were issues of QUIP! Hey, that was me! And I'd never even seen the last issue. And there, over there was APA-L. I used to be a part of this. My spirit slept here with the Ancient Ones.

(There were also issues of QUANDRY, SF-FIVE YEARLY, STELLAR and VOID, but you've heard a lot more about those recently, chances are, so I'll try not to o.d. you with their names. They were fun to read.)

And here was RAFFLES from the late 70's. Look at that, cartoons! Life had gone on. Fanzine fandom was more than Charlie Brown and a powerfully sustained memory in the mind of Falls Church, Virginia. (Which is not to take anything away from the time and talent expended by those people to keep fanzine communication alive)

I took a copy of WOOFzine home with me and as I leafed through it on the plane I realized that I was missing something which had once utilized a lot of psychic energy. People all over the country some of whom I might even be able to relate to. This was better than reading Irwin Shaw novels about sex in the motion picture industry.

THE MANY COLLARED LAND: Lots of water under the bridge since I last sat at a typewriter with a little triangular blue bottle next to it. Some of you may have wondered what became of me since my small paragraph in the final issue of HOT SHIT chronicalling my arrival in San Francisco in 1972.

Actually, the story is simple - under the influence of a few psychotropic drugs and lots of marijuana I simply forgot how to read and write in a conventional manner for four or five years.

I discovered, apparently, that I was someone who wanted to sketch and play the guitar, and not so much a little friendly clown who could memorize a lot of things. I couldn't hold a 9 to 5 job anymore, because instead of shuffling paper my hand kept sketching pictures of musicians.

Soon, having no money but San Francisco General Assistance, I moved into a \$12 a week room at the Golden Eagle Hotel in North Beach. My neighbors were mostly other odd people with a compulsion to draw and write poetry intermingled with drug dealers.

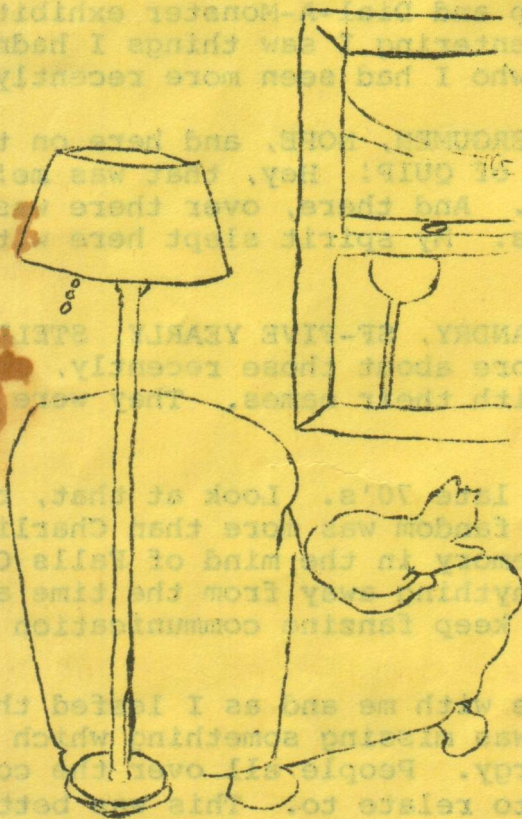
At this time I was very psychically susceptible to my environment. 25 years of safe middleclass living had convinced me that I was incapable of making a foolish move, and my head was full of good rock n' roll songs all by heros.

Living in North Beach made me discover the Chinese, and the fact that the Earth was alive. I did a lot of walking, and the compulsive urge to read for company which had been with me all of my life manifested itself in my noticing street signs, patterns where groups of streets were placed geographically.

I read names and addresses of companies that made the food I ate and the clothes I wore. I tried to guess the names of the trees I saw, and measured the differences in sunrises.

The situation in San Francisco, however, was getting worse for people without money. I moved into even cheaper hotels owned by an Indian family which is well-known in this city for failing to provide heat in rooms and closing its eyes to its clientele. (Well, they accepted me; and even if young toughs systematically broke in on the days when food stamps were issued, it was a roof in the rain.)

Still being permeable to environment, I also absorbed from the tightwad Indians.



I became, for the second time in my life, a complete vegetarian. (The first time around was for macrobiotic health reasons. All the pretty girls with long curly hair were into sitting cross-legged and eating oranges and nuts.)

This time it was more spiritual. I had begun to have Significant Dreams - all the cows confronted me and said, shame! That type of thing. I think a little Indian culture osmosed into me in my sleep. I still have an instant dislike for pictures of three eyed little men and green women with four arms, but beyond that there is a certain depth of soul and spiritual devotion. The women all rise to the dawn in bright colors, singing, and their children are very mature for their age.

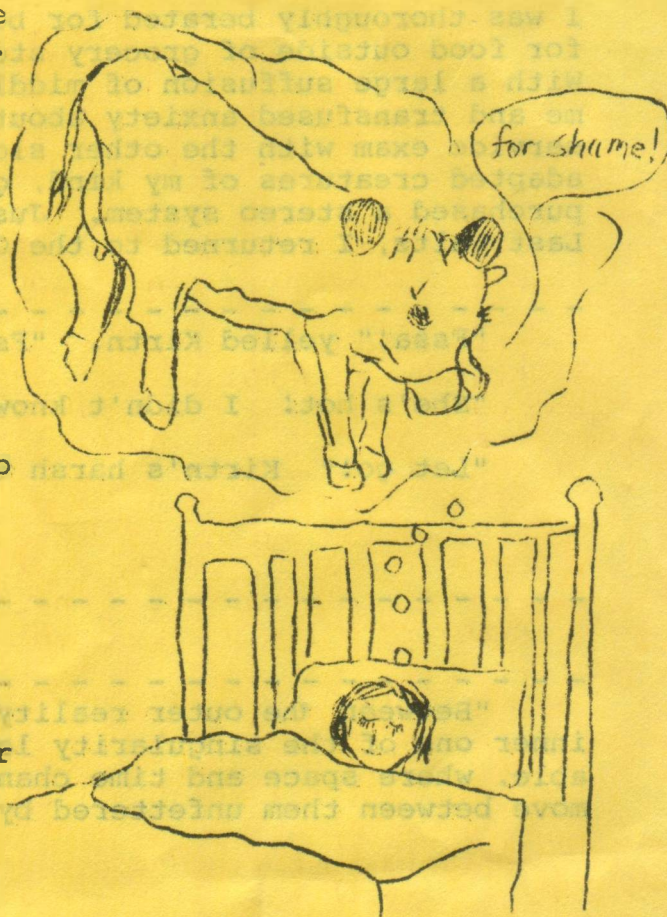
I spent most of my days trying to write songs and started getting into acrylic paints.

The songwriting I was trying to do was different than the ver-sifying I had done while in college. I was no longer grabbing pieces of W. S. Gilbert and trying to do tricks with them to make people laugh. I was trying to express powerful impressions of beauty and inner feelings, awkwardly approaching them in a Moon - June kind of way, and wanting no part of manipulating frames of reference. My imagination was active, and I kept visualizing things that I wanted to draw.

I was seeing how little of the world I really knew, and trying to find something that felt honest. Mostly I was forming low-watt versions of early New Riders of the Purple Sage crossed with Salvation Army hymns. I used to lie, cheat and step on people's feet ... The mind trying to understand its circumstances; if I was unemployed and poor, thereby unwanted by Society, obviously I must have sinned, have done something wrong, been too arrogant and selfish in my Former life and I was doing penance. This explained things.

In the middle 1970's (around 1976) I became involved in my dream life. The subconscious was flexing its muscles, and it seemed that each night there were amazing stories being told to me. One time I woke up and turned on my little transistor radio and found the KSAN disc jockey playing Seventh Sojourn from the Moody Blues. I began to think that disc jockeys had strange mystical powers.

I thought that this life might go on forever, the daily routine of four walls, buying food and introspection, but then someone called my name you know, I turned around to see, it was midnight in the Mission and my mother had decided to come out and visit me.



I was thoroughly berated for being a bum (I had taken to singing for food outside of grocery stores when the food stamps ran out). With a large suffusion of middle class Jewish guilt running through me and transfused anxiety about my future, I went to take the civil service exam with the other slothful verbally and mathematically adapted creatures of my kind, got a job, rented a place to live and purchased a stereo system. Just a little too late to attend The Last Waltz, I returned to the Galactic Milieu.

"Fssa!" yelled Kirtn. "Fssa!"

"She's hot! I didn't know anyone could be so hot and live!"

"Let go!" Kirtn's harsh tone said more than words.

-- DANCER'S LUCK

Ann Maxwell (Author of Fire Dancer,

"Between the outer reality of the universe she knew and the inner one of the singularity lay a zone where infinity was attainable, where space and time changed polarity and it was possible to move between them unfettered by the laws of normal spacetime."

-- THE SNOW QUEEN

Joan Vinge

A NATION WHERE TIME STANDS STILL

Kinwarton, England -- The headline in the Daily Express read: "Woman stamps budgie to death -- Staff saw pet-shop horror, court told." The woman was Margaret Hastick, 21 years old, a customer who lost her temper and took it out on a budgerigar (parakeet).

Returning to England for a visit is a tonic for anyone frazzled by the pace of change in modern life. It is the country of set pieces, of stamped budgies and pop newspaper styles unchanged since Evelyn Waugh parodied them 50 years ago. If Proust had been English he would not have needed a madeleine to remember the past. It would have been there all around him.

-- SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE,
(Anthony Lewis) 12/28/83

TUESDAY AFTER LUNCH #2 is written and published by Lenny Bailes of 504 Bartlett Street, San Francisco, CA 94110. Cover and art on p. 3 & 4 by Gabrielle Jackson. Copies available for 20¢ stamp, your fanzine or letter of comment, while they last. It may be less than 13 years before the next issue comes out. I guess 5 this is a Bailesania Publication. Love is love and Not Fade Away.

WHEN WORDS COLLUDE: In these days when names like Delaney, Aldiss, Carnell, Moorcock and Vonnegut have been pickled in the juices of their own ruminations a new novel by Anthony Burgess comes to me as a pleasant surprise. Based mostly on reading A Clockwork Orange I had lumped Burgess in with Moorcock; acid-punk slush directed toward a part of the psyche which smells sort of cheesy.

Now that the tastes of our subconscious have been mined and found to compel a lot more paperback sales than our old rational egos, science fiction has become more like the fast food industry (a conclusion I'm sure most of you reading this have already responded to on some level).

The End of the World News is one of those books, like early Vonnegut, which can be taken as either science fiction or social protest. In the world of the future, Burgess says, we will be so used to inputting stimulation that we will all want to do at least three things at once - Hence a novel with three simultaneous sections, so you can flip from channel to channel if you wish.

So, the world is due to be destroyed in the early 21st century by a wandering planet --

In Vienna Sigmund Freud finds his home being invaded by agents of Hitler's Third Reich. One representative of far away Great Britain spirits the doctor and his family away to safety, out of control of the Reich's psychiatric council. To the click-clack of train wheels we revisit the significant moments of Freud's life as he rides through Europe. (Burgess tells us this was really written to be a television series)

Once again we may thrill to the first meetings with ^{Alfred} ~~Irving~~ Adler, Kraft-Ebbing and other mighty superheroes of the mind. See Freud meet Havelock Ellis in the bathroom at their first International Convention. And, of course, the incomparable Carl Jung strokes his moustache inscrutably throughout Freud's recitation of Oedipus Rex.

The counterpoint to these stories is a musical, Trotsky's in New York.

Trotsky's in New York!
Let his name be hurled
higher than the Woolworth Building.

1917 -
We've seen it coming
hearing its roar
and ominous humming.

In good - ah, I guess you would say, Red Barn style, the libretto proceeds and a recruited chorus dances in accompaniment to romantic duets between socialists and socialettes in Old New York.

In and out of the segments depicting Freud's aging and struggle with cancer and the construction in 21st Century Kansas of a space ark to escape the devastation of the approaching planet Lynx Trotsky 6

wanders and sings his haunting aria:

All through history
mind limps after reality
And what is mind?
Bursts of Electric sparks.

Out of clashing consistency
or physical actuality
love's in the mind,
but it isn't in Karl Marx.

The End of the World News by Anthony Burgess, McGraw-Hill, 1983.

POEMS

Open Mike

Sitting in a desert of created exhaustion
just as I'm about to give up and
cry, "waiter!" a man with
pliers and steel-rimmed glasses
walks by me singing Robbie Robertson songs.

Punks

What's behind the null disguise?
He does, she does
Who are you today, was?
Watching calculating eyes
add up that the loser cries.
What's that flicker - who denies?
Laugh while cliché dreaming dies:
Bluff the dark till someone tries.

$$Q_i = Q_f \pm e^0$$

Quantum sufi
skims on light
seeking songs
to fill the night.

Sunday Cusp

The height ... I see the height;
the words you spoke then,
the worlds I speak now.

I live in the San Francisco Comics,
Discover the New York Times -

My games/
Your ironic knowledge,
Your contact and social grace/
The truths I've found hiding in
odd pages of fantasy
and guitar strings.

In this life - in this life -
how can I tell you, who polish your connection
to be free of it -

I, the one who hungers to connect?

The height ... I see your patient chores
and the tolerant amusement they've
empowered to you.

"The worlds I speak now?"
Am I really in this one?

Just one moment fading; it was
the ghost of your face ...
someone's face ...

Newsprint ...



Sunday Copy

The height ... I see the height
the words you spoke then
the words I speak now
I live in the San Francisco Comics
Discover the New York Times -

Your ironic knowledge
Your contact and social grace
The truths I've found hiding in
odd pages of fantasy
and quiet strings

In this life - in this life -
how can I tell you, who polish your connection
to be less of it -
I, the one who hangs to connect?

The height ... I see your patient choice
and the tolerant management they've
empowered to you.

Tuesday After Lunch #2
Len Bailes
504 Bartlett Street
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Jan. 26, 1984

"The words I speak now?"
Am I really in this one?
Just one moment, I think; it was
the ghost of your face ...
someone's face ...
newspaper ...

TO: