

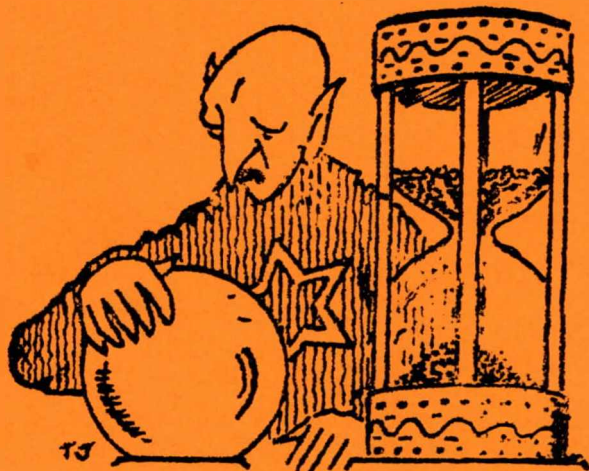


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CHALLENGER 12

summer 2000



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Editorial: CHAOS Theory

I'd hoped to have **Challenger's** 12th issue out before July 31st, the deadline for Hugo ballots, the better, I admit, to attract an extra vote or two. As the spring began, that goal seemed most attainable, since I had several articles left over from **Chall** 11 and almost half the issue done. Then life intervened. Boy, did it ever.

I changed jobs.

My mother went into a nursing home.

My grandmother died.

The building where I live went up for sale.

My car exploded.

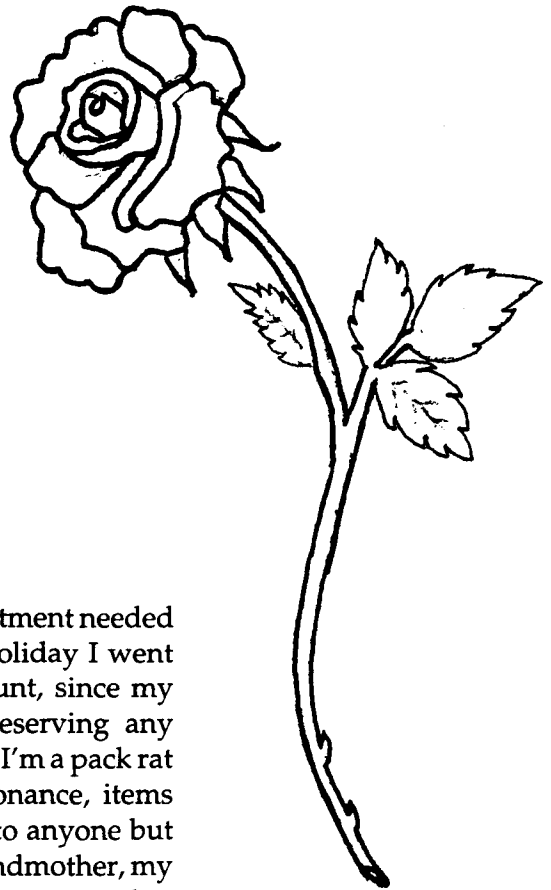
I fell in love.

One thing at a time.

In the spring of this year, Jefferson Parish's drug court fell victim to political machination, and I was forced to seek work elsewhere. After a short search, I found a position in St. John the Baptist Parish, just north of New Orleans, less money but more challenging work. As this issue heads towards press, I am learning the procedures and personalities — and enjoying my first sweats about the first degree murder suspect I am to defend in both this and the next parish upriver. Eventually **Challenger** will hear all about that case, but in *this* issue, I relate one of the strongest memories I will take away from Jefferson — the dreadful story of Joel Durham. (I should make the usual disclaimer here, that except for Durham's name and that of the victim, all other names are pseudo.) Anyway, my feelings are mixed — I'll miss some of the people and all of the money of Jefferson, but I have a better boss and a sexy commute through funky swamp to compensate me. And though the money situation will be grim, at least I didn't go a single day without a job.

I imagine there are few duties in life more painful than putting one's parent into a nursing home. In early June 2000 that task fell upon my brother in Buffalo, New York. The facility is new and attractive, and my mother definitely needs it, but nevertheless ...

Moving our mother to the home meant that her apartment needed to be cleaned out and shut down, and over the July 4th holiday I went north to help. I fear the trip turned into an heirloom hunt, since my brother is no sentimentalist and has no interest in preserving any memories except his own. Having the opposite problem — I'm a pack rat — I made a point of rescuing things with personal resonance, items remembered from my childhood, stuff of no significance to anyone but me: a book of Swedish songs that belonged to my great-grandmother, my father's high school letter and yearbook and slide rule, a vase or two that



belonged to my mother, and all the photographs I could carry. (I couldn't find the family album I most wanted.) My mother decorated with countless items of bric-a-brac; she put a pretty memory everywhere your eye lighted. However much of that I preserved by taking it home, I still felt like the lowest kind of burglar.

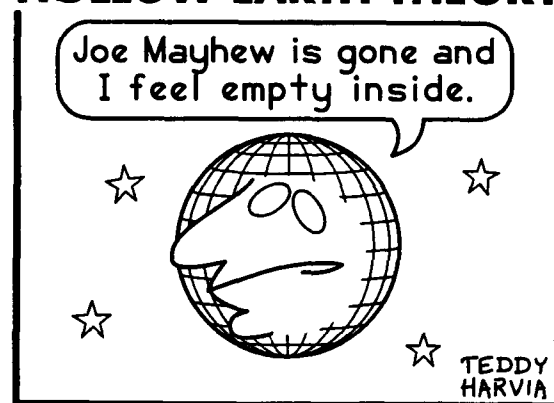
(I did take a few odds & ends over to the home for her — including a stand-up baby doll she used as a Christmas decoration. I swear the thing winked at me as I carried it inside.)

And of course there was junk of my own — ably assisted by my noble nephews, excellent dudes both, I sat in my brother's garage and filtered the contents of multiple soggy boxes down to three. Mostly there were apa mailings, the residuum of my early years in this ludicrous hobby. I leafed through dozens of foxing RAPS and K-a mailings. Every nerve shrieked in protest as I forced myself to cull out the most memorable zines and pitch the rest. *Yi*, that hurt. I saved SAPS 100, I saved pal Gary Brown's '70s masterpiece, an actual mailing of Dwight Decker's fictional apa, **Prime**, I saved fanzines by the late Cara Sherman. You'll find some samples of her unique trekkie-oriented art — and other material I saved — later in this issue. Her friends won't forget Cara; fandom shouldn't either.

You'll hear about my grandmother in due course, and we'll see what happens with my car and apartment house. As for the ultimate matter on my list of changes, let's just say that the usual delights of the DeepSouthCon — the Rebel and Phoenix and Rubble Awards, Hearts games, and the joyous company of my brothers and sisters of the South — were secondary this year. A friendship was born at that very convention in 1977. It shriveled the next year, was reborn at Confedation, helping make that the best con I've ever attended, and went into hibernation after Nolacon II. On Jekyll Island, Georgia, during the DSC, it came back to life — happy, trusting, hopeful, caring life. It's made the escalating chaos of this wretched summer bearable, because brothers and sisters, I got news: *love conquers all*. How will it work out? God knows, and He ain't tellin', but like they say in the good version of **Blade Runner**, however long we have, we have, so like they say at the end of **Camp Concentration**, let's sail till we come to the edge.



CARTOON PROOF OF THE HOLLOW EARTH THEORY



WE WILL MISS JOE MAYHEW FOREVER.

Teddy Harvia

Cont on p. 25

*An ongoing subtext to **Challenger** has always been the American War Between the States. Curt Phillips has been a consistent contributor to that interest, and your editor once spent an exciting afternoon with Curt being shown famous Civil War sites about his home town of Abingdon, Virginia. Here is a tale of that town, the late unpleasantness, and perhaps, a clue to Southern devotion to certain symbols others would think obsolete.*

RALLY TO THE COLORS!

Curt Phillips

In all of the history of my home town of Abingdon, Virginia there have been – as far as my extensive research on the subject can tell – exactly two residents who can legitimately call themselves *fans* in the sense of the word that we readers of **Challenger** would appreciate most. One is myself, and the other is my very good friend DonnaMarie Emmert. A kind fate decreed that DonnaMarie and I would be neighbors when we were both growing up and so we spent many a youthful summer day reading comic books, pretending to be Superman and Supergirl, and generally tearing through our neighborhood causing as much noise and excitement as possible. She was a good friend to grow up with but after high school she moved off to some mythical place out west called San Francisco and we lost touch except for an occasional chance meeting at some SF convention or another.

Eventually though, the life of the wanderer grew dull and unexciting, and DonnaMarie came home to Abingdon to become a Professor of English at one of the local colleges, and to make a name for herself as one of the top performing regional *storytellers* in the country. And just to ensure that she'd always have something to do on weekends, she bought the old Lowry house and proceeded to turn it into a Bed & Breakfast establishment.

You'd have to have grown up in the rural Green Springs community of Washington County VA to know about the old Lowry house, but I imagine there are places like it here and there across the country, particularly in the South. I won't actually claim that it's haunted, but as children we all believed it was. It had A Story and it had to do – as so many stories in this part of the South do – with the War...

In the Spring of 1861 Washington County was a collection of small farms and only three towns and the talk of succession and war rumbling up from South Carolina was more of an annoyance than a call to arms. The crops had to be put in the ground, and very little else was of any great interest. Indeed, in the first vote on the question of Virginia's succession held in February, Washington County's vote had been a resounding No. But then Ft. Sumter was fired upon and the war became an actuality, and a second vote was held, and many a farmer in Washington County reluctantly voted Yes.

Among them was a young man named David Lowry who had never traveled more than 10 miles in any direction from the small farm he'd grown up on before he walked to the county seat in Abingdon and signed on to fight for Virginia. Lowry was one of the first men from Washington County to volunteer when the War started, and he rode out of Abingdon in the late spring of 1861 as a member of the Washington Mounted Rifles. He may well have ridden along side Pvt. John Singleton Moseby – a lawyer from neighboring Bristol who later achieved his own measure of distinction in the War. (Who remembers "The Gray Ghost"?)

By the time of the Surrender at Appomattox, David Lowry had become the color bearer of a Virginia Cavalry regiment. As the soldiers of General Lee's Army were assembled for the final time, the Federal authorities ordered that the surrendered Confederates stack their arms and colors (flags).

To fully appreciate what happened next, you must understand the role of those flags in the armies of that era, and the importance they held to the soldiers who fought under them. Military flags had a practical function on the battlefield in that they provided the anchoring point for the line of battle. In the

noise, smoke, and confusion of a battlefield, the soldiers could look to their own particular regimental flag to orient themselves, and commanders at the rear could gauge the progress of their troops quickly by the advance or retreat of those same flags.

However the practical role of colors of the battlefield was overshadowed by their emotional role. Flags were the rallying point for units that had become disorganized. Many a time in either army a rout was avoided because the steady presence of the color guard provided a place to reform ranks and go forward as an army rather than retreat as a mob. The soldiers came to look on those colors as not just the flag of their regiment, but as Their Own Flag. It was considered the highest of honors to be selected to carry the flag, and the soldiers vied fiercely for that honor.

For the men in that war, change was continual and overwhelming at times. The places you marched to and fought at changed constantly, the officers who commanded you came and went, and perhaps most heartbreakingly, in a war that claimed the lives of over 620,000 young soldiers, the faces around you were often gone in an instant. Little wonder that one of the few things that remained constant, their flag, would come to be so important to them.

Remember too that in that war, the regiments fought in open fields, for the most part. Standing shoulder to shoulder in line of battle, a volley of fire from the enemy might not hit any particular man at who it was aimed, but it could hardly fail to hit somebody in that mass of humanity. And in the long lines of blue or gray uniforms across the battlefield, nothing would naturally draw the eye of a marksman more than the one thing that stood out: the colorful flags of the enemy, and the men who carried them.

I've read of an infantry charge at the terrible battle of Stone's River in Tennessee where in places the dead covered the field so thickly that it was impossible afterwards to cross the field without stepping on their bodies. In a single charge of that battle, one regiment won a somber distinction. As they advanced across the field with their color guard 5 paces to the front, the inevitable happened and the man carrying the national colors fell with a mortal wound. Before the flag could touch the ground, another stepped up to take it up, and then he too was shot down. The advance continued and the flags were shot down and taken up anew 8 times before the advance ended. 8 men who voluntarily gave up their lives rather than watch their flag fall.

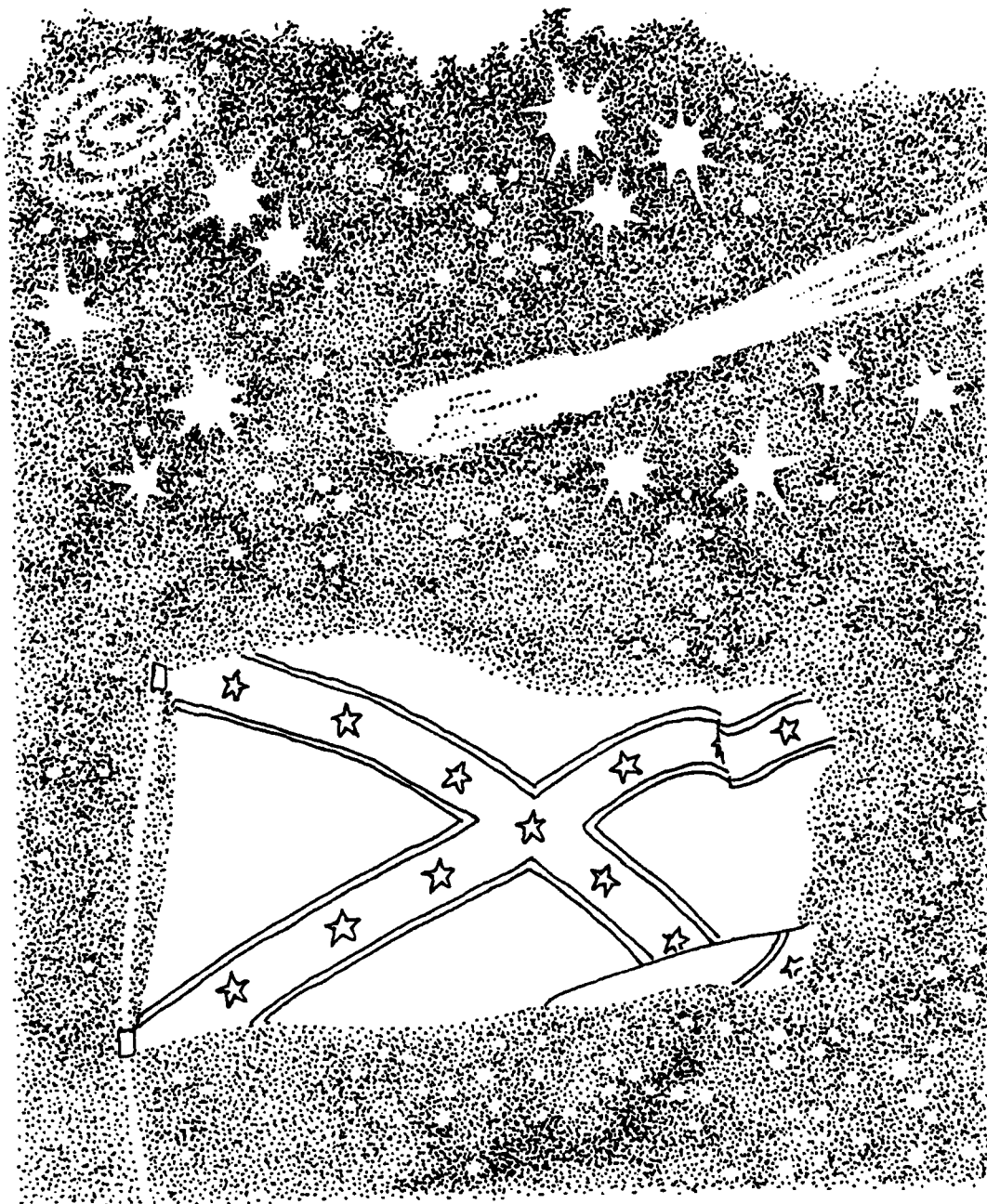
I don't know if we today can really understand what that depth of devotion felt like. We may be too different now.

Back to Appomattox and David Lowry: he stands on the field there with Gen. Robert E. Lee on the one side and the victorious Union Army on the other. The order comes to *stack arms and furl colors*. His flag is to be surrendered. His flag, under which many good men have fought and died, will never fly free again. Around him, most color bearers from other regiments are already sadly laying their flags atop the rows of stacked rifles and marching away. A few angrily tear their flags to small pieces and hide the fragments in boot tops or beneath tattered coats. What does this man from Washington County do? He removes his flag from the staff, quickly folds it and wraps it around his own waist and buttons his coat over it, and marches away from Appomattox to his home in the Green Springs community of Washington County.

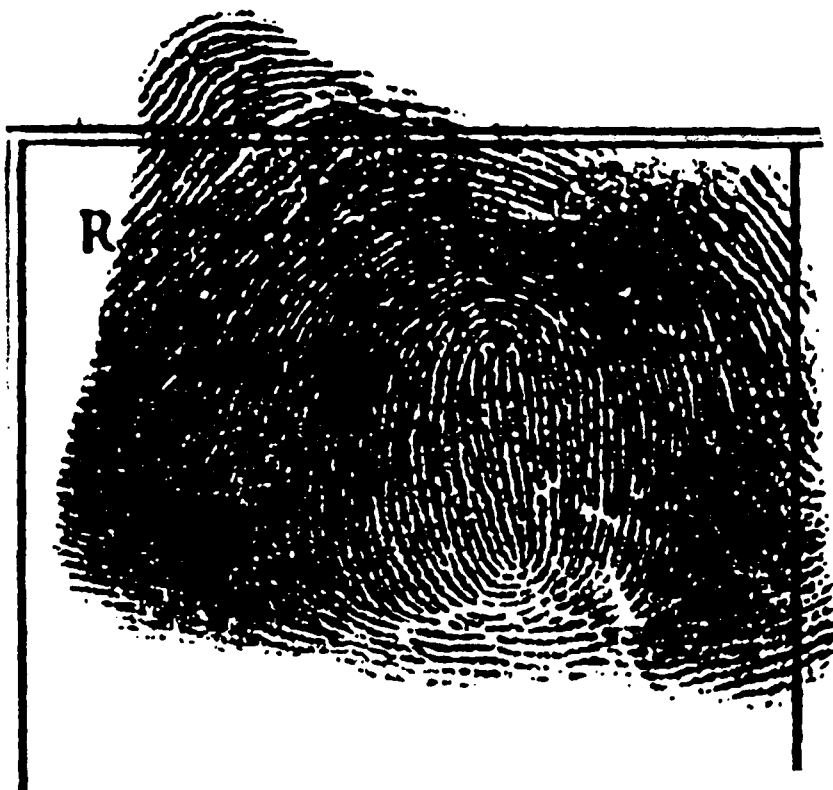
At any time that day, as he went through the formalities of surrender, he might have been searched by Union officers, or indeed, at any time during the many days it took him to come back home, any Federal soldier might have stopped him and searched him for any reason at all. Had they done so and found that hidden flag, David Lowry would certainly have been arrested: quite possibly he'd have been shot dead on the spot. Even after he reached home with that flag, for the next 12 years the South remained under occupation by Federal troops. Had they even heard a whisper that suggested that Lowry had a Confederate flag that he'd refused to surrender at Appomattox, they'd have arrested him.

In the years that followed, David Lowry built a fine home on the Green Springs Road (the same house that my friend DonnaMarie has turned into a B&B), started a business, raised a family that still lives in the community, and in his time he passed on and was buried nearby at the Green Springs Presbyterian Church. In the 1930's his daughter donated the flag her father had carried to the Museum of the Confederacy

in Richmond where you can see it today. It's distinction is to some, a subtle one. Those other Confederate flags that were surrendered at Appomattox and the others surrendered or captured elsewhere were all sent to Washington where they were cataloged by the Army, stamped with a large catalog number on the fly (the border where the flag is attached to the staff) and stored away for decades. Eventually many were returned through veteran's organizations to their former owners. Today you can see them in museums across the country and in private collections. But of all the Confederate flags known to have actually flown in battle during the War, as far as is known, only two still exist that were never surrendered. Now you know the story of one of them, and of the young soldier from Washington County who brought it home.



Illo by Ruth Shields



GETTING INTO ONE'S WORK

John Berry

My articles in previous issues of your excellent journal for the past seven years have dealt with my experiences in fingerprint cases which I hope have proved interesting and instructive to your world-wide readership, especially as I have indicated an occasional gaffe, attempting thereby to direct young experts to avoid the pitfalls I have encountered.

For this particular issue I have decided to recount my amazing experiences with a photographer 'of the old school'.

Some thirty years ago I was a wide-eyed and bewildered young fingerprint man, and after a couple of years or so of initial training, I was sent to minor crimes with a photographer whom I shall henceforth refer to as Arnold.

He carried a very old KODAK bellows-type camera, which he was reluctant to remove from its case because he experienced certain difficulties in reconstructing it to its operational state. Therefore, he was not pleased when I discovered a scenes-of-crime mark which required to be photographically recorded. I have always considered that his office associates used to sabotage the camera by removing a small but important item of mechanism in order to get him rattled even before he placed the black cloth over his head.

"Er, Arnold", I used to breathe "um - would you photograph this fingerprint, please?"

His face would turn an apoplectic red, and muttering obscenities about the parenthood of fingerprint men in general, and myself in particular, he would remove the various com-

ponent parts of the camera from its case, and survey them with a furrowed brow. Bearing in mind that his 'friends' had removed something important or replaced something from a different camera, it was obvious that its construction was not going to be a simple matter. Although he was an extremely experienced photographer, I was always somewhat surprised that merely putting the camera together should provide such a formidable problem for him.

Once he had the camera on its tripod, it used to wobble about, which was not conducive to recording clear ridge detail.....he used various items like string and chewing gum to maintain a stable base.

My scenes-of crime marks always produced favourable comment from my guv'nors and I modestly inclined my head when receiving their plaudits, not wishing to explain that I was frightened to get Arnold to photograph fingerprints unless they were exceptionally good.

Notwithstanding his many faults, which seemed to me to be of a psychological nature, he was always giving me advice about fingerprints and crime detection from this particular aspect.

Once we were called to fingerprint and photograph a decomposed body which had been immersed in water for several months. As this was my first 'stinker' he very kindly put my mind at ease by warning me of the perils of decomposition because of the ease with which horrible germs could be picked up, and wasn't it a pity that we hadn't brought

"Mickey D" ...

The Short, Savage Life of Joel Durham
Guy Lillian

After I returned from the 1999/2000 Christmas break, I learned of an event that had taken place while I was up north. As quickly as possible, I ran to the newspaper and bought the back issue which told me part of the story. Another part I already knew. Much I could never know.

Just before MagiCon, eight years ago, I sat in with a senior IDB attorney at a hearing for a murder case which later became nationally notorious. The defendant was named Joel Durham. He was young, looked like Leonardo diCaprio, and in jail they called him "Mickey D." He won that nickname after being accused of robbing a local McDonald's and killing the manager, a guy his age — 19.

The hearing was a *faux voir dire* examination of a jury panel, designed to establish whether Joel could receive a fair trial in Jefferson Parish despite heavy pretrial publicity. Durham's lawyer asked me to take notes as the jurors were questioned, one by one, and that meant 7 hours next to the killer, passing him peppermints, watching his leg bounce like a jackhammer, and listening to him mutter. At first I thought Mickey D just another crazy kid, but as his lawyer's interrogation of the mock panel wore on and on and on, I started listening to his mutterings. He talked to himself about the middle-aged citizens who appeared before us. Ugly words. Uglier. As I tossed him peppermint after peppermint, and his words grew more and more malignant, my perception grew: this wasn't just another crazy kid. This was a *dangerously* crazy kid.

Joel's past bore this contention out. The McDonald's shooting was the climax of an ugly record of violence. Durham had pipe-bombed a police car once and sent nails flying into the face of an innocent woman. A narc who'd purchased cocaine from him told me he'd routinely threatened the lives of buyers if they turned out to be cops. There was even a story that he'd joked about having his parents killed to pay his lawyer bills with the insurance.

This culminating crime was both vicious and depraved. While out for the evening in the party district of a Nawlins suburb, Joel and a friend discovered themselves short of funds. No problem for Joel; he instructed his pal to stop at a McDonald's, marched in, and pulled out a Glock automatic. *Don't hurt anyone*, begged the manager, Leo Kern. He gave Durham the contents of the till ... and, being 19 himself, couldn't resist looking Joel in the eye and adding, "I'll see you later."

"No you won't," Joel replied, and shot him through the heart.

Joel partied the night away with the gleanings. About \$60.

Durham's trial was as tempestuous as Jefferson Parish ever gets. It was so crowded that even my Drug Court judge had trouble finding a seat. Having less to do, I got in often. I gawped at the jury. Because of the heavy local publicity, the 12 good folk and true had been selected upstate, but neither that nor the fact that two of the ladies were gorgeous fazed me. That my virtual *doppelganger* sat on the panel *did*. He



Bryan Norris

looked more like me than I do — except that he had hair. (I decided never to buy a toupee. It wouldn't be worth it.) In all seriousness, the young, female-dominated jury seemed ideal for the defense. Durham was very young, white and a giggling teenaged witness had called him *cute*. It would be difficult for such a jury to convict such a defendant, and even more impossible for them to execute him.

But — the strongest state witness was a young woman, the victim's rapturously beautiful girlfriend. Would the jurors identify with *her* — and cook Joel on her account?

The answer was not long in coming. The defense tried — rather halfheartedly, I thought — to assert that the act was not a first-degree murder but a second-degree, which doesn't carry a death penalty. The jury sloughed them off. 12-zip, guilty as charged, and quick, too. Nobody was particularly surprised that the meat of Joel Durham's case came down to the penalty phase: *Would he be sentenced to death?*

The legal questions in a penalty phase involve the nature of the crime and the predilections of the defendant, with "victim survivor impact" thrown in for good measure. In brief, the argument over whether or not to feed Durham the needle would revolve around the character of the crime, the killer, and the victim, Leo Kern. He was ambitious, a go-getter, apparently possessive in a young man's way of his exotic girlfriend, but still a positive and productive young man. I often talked informally with his parents, a rotund pharmacist and his sweet, tacky "yat" wife, both forever shellshocked by their loss. (The D.A. told me that Mrs. Kern kept calling him, wondering if Leo would have survived had he turned his body this way or that. What do you say to a question like that?) The jury was bound to identify with their loss.

But what about Joel? I spoke with him, too. "G'mornin', Mistuh Lil'yun," he'd say. Once when I asked him how he was he replied, "Alive ... which is more than I should be." "Don't say that too loud," I advised. But beyond that bitterness I couldn't see much in Durham; a blank, unlined, porcelain exterior under which shadows surged and faded. The jury would sense the same essential emptiness. The prosecution would try to fill it with their perspective of Joel Durham: a conscienceless killer. The defense couldn't allow that. They had to take the blank, angry canvas that was Joel Durham and paint their own portrait.

They were good lawyers, too. Jenny Boudreaux, a rangy IDB in-fighter, and Colin Cernan-Jones, a lanky Brit crusader, an anti-death penalty abolitionist flown in especially for the penalty phase. Pretrial, he had harassed the district attorney with stacks of motions to forbid this tactic or compel this discovery, but he had batted most down in early hearings. I call the defense they mounted the "poor baby" defense, but I don't disparage it. In a death penalty case the defense lawyer must use every weapon at his disposal, and I believe my own application of the tactic helped keep my client Victor off the lethal injection table (see **Challenger** no. 2). But my case, if I do say so, was better than theirs. Durham's mother had suffered a mild coronary during the trial, and his father had been besmirched. That meant the defense had to rely solely on their social worker, and she was disastrous.

She was a solemn black woman who had interviewed everyone in Joel's family. His story was verbally abusive and had allegedly molested a retarded stepbrother in Joel's sight. His birth parents had been addicted to tranquilizers, and he had himself either attempted suicide or, the prosecution's view, simply OD'ed. The SW had reduced her findings to a wall chart, a graph over which multi-colored lines of arcane significance lanced hither and yon. All very prim. All very scientific. The prosecutor incinerated it with a phrase.

"Does Joel Durham have *free will*?"

The social worker paused. She studied her chart. As if the idea were something totally new to her consciousness, she repeated the district attorney's words. "Does ... Joel ... Durham ... have ... free ... will ..."

Fair question. Joel had above average intelligence. Was he helpless to use it? One question, and her beautiful chart, and worse, her entire point of view, were reduced to gobbledegook. Score big for the prosecution.

But the state in a death penalty case must do more than mock the defense. Because Joel in his earlier trial had pled guilty to mere possession of an incendiary device, and not its use, the DA couldn't call the ravaged face of the pipe-bombing victim before the jury. They could let the Kerns lament their loss, but

aside from that, they could only try to drive a stake through the Poor Baby defense. They called their own shrink to the stand, Dr. Drebbler. It was a big mistake.

That isn't his real name, since I admire the old gentleman. He's a forensic psychiatrist, in practice since the 1950s, and he was of great value to us in the Victor case. But here he was placed on the stand simply to rebut the social worker's testimony ... and, his mind slipping into age, he blew it badly. He rambled. He ranged very far afield. He gave opinions on Durham's sanity and culpability. Cernan-Jones tripped him up on specific points with previous testimony in previous trials. It was humiliating, a torment to watch. But more importantly, the defense called for a mistrial based on his exceeding the limits of his accepted expertise — and the judge denied it. A general murmur ran through the lawyers in the gallery. *Reversible error*, we murmured. I even said it to Durham: *This mistake will cancel any death penalty given out by the jury.*

But since you can never tell about appellate courts. So the jury still mattered, and the final arguments still mattered. The DA's argument was solid. The social worker and her chart were mocked. Free will was championed. Joe's intergalactic coldness — kill a man, boogie down afterwards, *brag* about it — was brought forth again and again. "Speak for life," the jury was told. "Vote for the death penalty to speak for the sanctity of life." It got to Joel; first his leg, then his head, then his whole body shook as the DA spoke.

In reply, Jenny reached for poetry. "Think of a child," she said, "looking for love but told he is worthless," recapitulating the family troubles that had, she said, molded the distorted being of Joel Durham. It came out wooden and didn't wash. The ugliness of Joel's life didn't overwhelm the disgust with Joel's crime; there was no sense of victimhood. Colin, speaking so softly that the DA, three feet away, complained they couldn't hear him. He pulled the old lawyer's trick of asserting worse crimes — child killing, mass murder, torture — as being more worthy of the Big Drop than this one. He got away with mentioning an old case where his client was executed, and how badly that affected his conscience. Lastly, he pleaded that execution was an awful thing to urge in Easter week, which it was.

I left at that point, and so had to call in to learn the judgment. Unanimous. Life in prison without parole.

Why? Why didn't they execute Joel Durham? The DA claimed later that it was because they didn't see the pipe-bombing victim, but I think it was because Joel was young and handsome and white. When challenged to defend the verdict, I couldn't ... any more than I could explain my own relief.

I was relieved, and I didn't know why. Joel probably avoided the needle because of his youth. Had that affected me? Did I feel *protective* of the baby-faced butcher? Maybe I partook of the common subconscious admiration for the psychopath, the envy we feel for the creature unrestrainable by civilized law. Maybe, in a punk-rock way, I saw Durham as some sort of *angel of anger* — one letter separates such disparate words — a Jefferson Parish Clockwork Orange. Maybe it was just because I knew the kid. Maybe — just maybe — I felt that even such a horrible life as Joel Durham's is worth saving for its own sake.

I'm not sure anymore that this is true.

Jefferson Parish's fat Chinese sheriff, Harry Lee, professed disappointment, saying that Joel was the meanest person he'd ever seen, and no one ever deserved the death penalty more. But the state penitentiary at Angola was no busful of warm fuzzies for Joel. A story had circulated during his trial that mere video of his purty face provoked a fatal knife fight between rival inmate claimants to his person. He went to Angola a convicted killer, but he stayed as somebody's turf. There matters stood until Christmas, 1999.

A few weeks earlier a number of Cuban prisoners, being held in rural Louisiana, revolted in their prison, took hostages, made demands. The insurrection was eventually resolved without blood. At Angola, six young inmates — killers all — observed this incident and took example from it. Among them was Joel Durham.

The photo of Durham printed in the newspaper told much about the changes prison life had brought to Joel. Jefferson Parish's Leonardo DiCaprio had lost his fancy haircut and grown an inmate's goatee, and

the dull sleepy hostility in his gaze had evolved into the convict's equivalent of a *two-thousand-yard stare*. Remember James Jones' description of GIs on Tarawa and Guadalcanal turning just such a face to the world — empty of everything except the readiness to respond to anything with instant irrevocable violence. Joel Durham was ready for Christmas 1999.

Apparently Durham and the other young killers went into a prison building where classes and meetings are held. The six inmates surprised a guard and forced him into a bathroom with their secretly-sharpened hand-made knives. Flight across the swamps to the river in their minds, they demanded his keys. Put yourself in his shoes. Imagine looking into those empty eyes and their two thousand yard stares, and knowing as surely as you know your own name that there was *no way out* — and yet *no*, he said *no, you can't have them*.

What? What was he saying? Freedom just a matter of a twist of this screw's keys and he is saying NO???, and so they stabbed him with their inmate shivs, and he still wouldn't do it, wouldn't give in to these ... *people* he was sworn to control. Or maybe the blood lust was up in these people, people who already had a taste for it, and so one hand — whose, we do not know — brought up a ball peen hammer, and beat in the guard's skull.

They hid his body in a bathroom and took the civilians in the building hostage. Now what were they thinking, trapped inside the building? Did they imagine they'd outdo the Cubans who'd held the world at bay short weeks before? That somehow, doors would swing open for them that never did for the Cubans, and they'd make a dash across the old plantation for the river, the swamps, for a few hours of even desperate freedom? They tried, they started to negotiate release with the surrounding SWAT team, but then the cops found the guard's body, and all talk ended.

Let's put ourselves into other minds now, the killers' minds, Imagine what it must have been like, in the single room Joel and his mates had left, waiting for them to come. Did they talk? Stare at the doorway, knowing what would be coming anytime, anytime now? Reminiscence? Plan? Finally it did happen. Finally the SWAT team tossed a concussion grenade into the room with the inmates and Joel Durham charged out — the cops said — wielding his hand-made knife. I bet it didn't really happen like that. I bet they went in looking for him, hot in their eyes the dead guard with his head resculpted by the ball peen hammer. Perhaps they were wrong to do that, perhaps someone should have shouted "No, wait!", but within seconds it didn't matter. They shot Joel right between the eyes.

The short, savage story of Joel Durham had come to its inevitable conclusion. We who knew him were certain he stabbed that guard himself, and may well have handled the hammer. We all know the questions. Doesn't this put the mock to all of our liberal posturings? Wouldn't it have saved innocent life to have socked Joel Durham onto Death Row at the outset, where, even if he could plan escapes and mayhem with like-minded pals, he would have had no access to ball-peen hammers? How do you like your blue-eyed boy, Mr. Life Without Parole? Yes, I remember Durham waggling his fingers hi-there at his baby nephew when his teary sister brought the child to his trial, and how he wept with one of Cernan-Jones's assistants uring breaks. So there was humanity there, somewhere, and tragedy in the waste. But —

I also remember one time when he was sitting in the prisoner's dock at our courthouse, and I for some reason was goofing across the room with another attorney, and I either turned or lowered the paper I was scanning ... and Joel Durham was eye to eye with me, just watching, no expression on his face, just watching, and I don't know what made that look the coldest, meanest stare I'd ever seen, but it froze me, and I will never forget it.



Supervisors: Three Vignettes

Robert Whitaker Sirignano

HE got out of Vietnam in 1970.

He came back and got a job at the post office. He seemed friendly enough. He was thin. He was well-dressed. He was careful. He tried to be friendly.

He held a few parties in his apartment and when the drinks and the smoke had been passed around, he brought out his book.

His book was a collection of his polaroid photographs, taken while he was in combat. They showed nothing but carnage. But it was more personal.

He'd had an automatic timer and he'd set up the shots. He was shown holding up a corpse, looking into the camera, beaming with the weak satisfaction I've seen in hunting photos — hunters holding up deer.

It was not just one photograph. It was several dozen pages.

He was holding a head. He was holding an arm. He was holding a leg. He was holding a child.

Most of them showed himself, he said.

People did not want to look. People left the apartment at a rapid clip.

He had other parties, other times when he propped open his book. Fewer and fewer people involved themselves.

He began to be left alone at work and after work.

You could understand that most people did not know what to do or say.

He got married. He took the album on his honeymoon.

The book was dropped off the boat by his bride and never recovered.

The marriage was annulled.

Years later, he became a supervisor.

He is now fat and slovenly and chews tobacco. He carries around a cup and spits in it frequently.

You could talk to him and talk often, but you would not learn anything about him. His eyes take in information. They stare back, uninvolved, blank and distant. If you know personal information and ask, he stares behind you. There is no twinkle of personal interest, no smile and no concern. He does his job.

Thirty years later he still gives me the creeps.

Mr. Furious

One day a few years ago I put in a ten-hour day during the Christmas season. The machine I operated canceled around 175,000 pieces of mail. I lifted trays weighing 25 pounds up from one place to another. After six hours I began to feel tired. A good "tired" that you feel after a good workout. And four hours to go.



And by the end of the tenth hour I was feeling pretty tired and eager to leave and drive home for a sound sleep.

After all the mail was done I cleaned up around the machine, picking up trash and letters that escaped the system. I was ready to go.

The supervisor saw a letter sticking out of a corner my eye had missed. One letter.

He ranted at me for four minutes. There was no one thing that he said that was memorable in any way. The pressure of his anger allowed for time to enlarge. The four minutes felt like half an hour.

It seemed the ten hours previous and the 175,000 letters no longer made any difference. The one letter had all of his attention, was his reason to explode and rain down his most easily accessed emotion on me.

I never found it difficult to understand how a postal worker with less mental and emotional restraint would not hesitate to pull out a gun and blow the brains out of someone giving them this kind of continuous treatment. But this was one of many incidents dealing with this supervisor over two decades. No wonder the workers called him "Mr. Furious."

He was an ex-Marine. He did two tours in Vietnam. He claimed that he wanted to do three, but was rebuffed. (It's been suggested it was psychological.) He was short. This was the key to understanding his temperament: an angry, vicious Napoleon complex. I know in high school he was attacked on a daily basis until he joined the wrestling team and made the Delaware State championships.

At one point he was arrested for shooting his mother, but charges were dropped when the obvious was pointed out: he shot the man who was on top of his mother trying to rape her.

It used to be worse when he drank. He took in vodka, the drink drunks claim you can't smell on someone's breath (wrong). The obnoxiousness of his anger gained a slurry tinge.

A worker who was fed up with his nightly binges and ranting anger called the police and told them, if you see *this* make of car at the stoplight at around *this* time of night, you will come away with a drunken driver. Mr. Furious was arrested, charged with DUI and hauled off. He sobered up. For a year he was driven from home to work by the Tour MDO, who continued to guzzle vodka.

The alcohol was removed, but not the rage. He was still angry, obnoxious and tyrannical.

There was a day a worker dropped to the floor after drinking too much and rolled over onto his back. Mr. Furious bent over him and his tie flopped into the fallen man's face. The man moved the tie away. At this point Mr. Furious claimed the drunk was trying to strangle him, and with this lie and the proper paperwork, the man was fired.

Mr. Furious assaulted another postal supervisor with a broom handle over a small argument dealing with giving an employee a day off after a holiday. This was witnessed by a handful of people, none of whom would step up and defend the man Mr. Furious had pinned to the wall. The man assaulted was demoted to clerk. Mr. Furious, being a veteran, was given two years' probation. He behaved himself, but at the end of the two years he became a walking snot.

One recent bit of manipulative work was his discovery that if he moved the lunch hours forward by half an hour, he could negate a small raise the Mail Handlers' Union had just received. He bragged about it.

I just stay out of his way. I have discovered that over the years, just keeping low and quiet is enough to stop him from finding an opening to attack. I wait for his retirement.

I will not shake his hand.

G.I. Joe

There's a supervisor I call G.I. Joe. He's tall and lanky and sports a drape hair style that's gone from red to gray over the years. His face is warty and he has a slash for a mouth, which is set on neutral. He's an ex-Marine drill sergeant.

I don't know how I got onto the subject of "How do you view yourself?" He said he knew he was a good supervisor, "because," he said, "I've had death threats."

He smirked when he said this. I believe he felt that this statement is the highest kind of compliment

he could receive.

Once a woman fell off a chair, landing on her hand. The impact broke her wrist. G.I. Joe would not let her leave to go to a hospital, insisting she finish off the tour and there there was nothing wrong with her. After the diagnosis and the X-rays and cast settings and follow-up complaints from the union, he calmly stated, "I didn't know she broke her wrist; I'm not a doctor."

(An aside here: if an accident takes place at work, a lot of paperwork must be done. Disregarding procedure is one way to avoid "needless: filling out of forms.)

One man who had a bad work record, showed up drunk, and called in sick frequently was fired without going through the proper due process. Gi. Joe skipped several procedures (such as counseling) and went directly to termination. The drunk showed up a few weeks later with a two-by-two chunk of wood with several nails on one end. He located G.I. Joe's car and did a job on the paint and a tire and several scores on the windows.

Another man, tired from working weeks with more overtime requested than he felt he could handle, asked to go home early. G.I. Joe said, "No, you must work, and there is overtime tonight. If you leave you will be fired." And when the tour was over, the young man — who had just gotten married, had a kid and a new house — fell asleep at the wheel, drove his car into a tree, and died.

As for G.I. Joe? No remorse, no concern. It's his job. He's a good supervisor. After all, he's had death threats.



Continued from page 8

any rubber gloves.

There it was, on the slab, looking very nasty to an inexperienced operator like myself. Arnold immediately lit a cigar which he puffed furiously, stating through clenched teeth that it successfully combated the sweet stench of decomposition. He didn't offer me one, though.

One quick look at those horrible hands convinced me that the epidermis and dermis had not retained any ridge detail, and I therefore declined to touch it.

Arnold then announced his intention of photographing what was left of the face. The introduction of the 35mm camera has enabled this type of photography to be easily performed, but with the old bellows KODAK it presented difficulties. Arnold said he had successfully dealt with this type of situation quite frequently. With much nail-biting he eventually fitted all the parts together on the tripod and asked for a chair to be placed at the foot of the slab by the bloated feet. He stood on the chair and clicked his fingers for me to hand him the camera and tripod. He placed his feet on both sides of the slab, lifted the tripod and fitted it carefully in place.

"Climb up behind me and put the black

cloth over my head," he ordered.

I considered this to be a risky operation, but with the prestige of my department at stake, I did as directed. I very carefully descended the chair, and there was Arnold, utterly delighted, gradually moving the lens of the camera to focus on the face.

Arnold's initial forward movement was imperceptible, and only an alert eye would have noticed it. Gradually, gravity took over, and although Arnold didn't seem to realize it, the tripod, camera, black cloth and chiefly himself were descending irrevocably upon the body, conforming the while to the Missionary Position.

I must confess that I had my eyes closed when the impact took place, although the sickening squelch will haunt me forever. People said that Arnold was elderly and should have retired some time ago, but the alacrity with which he parted company with the corpse certainly indicated to me that not only was his mind functioning on all levels, but he also possessed fantastic physical reflexes.

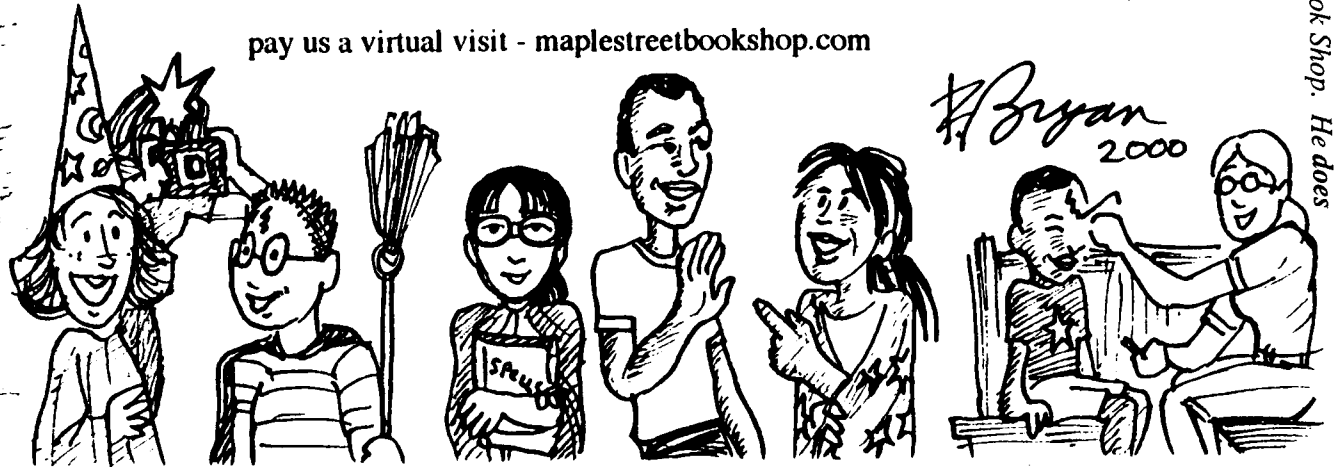
He did retire shortly after this incident.

*John Berry's years as a fingerprint expert for the British police translated themselves into a series of articles for the industry magazine, **Fingerprint Whorld** (get it?). This is our second reprint from his voluminous files.*

Wherein the Magic of Myth meets the Monsters of Media

Coffee in hand, attempting to cast a wake-up spell, I saw them gathering on the porch of the Maple Street Children's Book Shop. The evil chain bookstores had opened a midnight to begin selling "Harry Potter & the Goblet of Fire", the 4th in an amusing series of fantasy books whose loyal readers have a decidedly fanatical leaning. Luckily our book shops have similar fans as well; as I donned cape & lightning bolt scar to portray our hero, a sizable crowd assured me our party was a success. I encouraged the kids to choose a house from the sorting hat (a purple mardi gras hippy hat with moons & stars), reflecting on the controversy from religious right types who are crying that the books are about witchcraft. Oh Please! They're not textbooks, they're made up stories. A little reality goes a long way and a little fantasy won't kill you. As the kids and not a few grownups munched on gummi frogs & drank "butter beer", hunkering down right on the steps to start reading, I figured despite possible media overkill anything that gets people excited about reading is a good thing. Maybe as the faddish glamor fades it will prompt a search for more good reads. As I wiped off my scar and prepared to go back to being a muggle, I decided that we can all use a little more magic in the world.

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Challenger's resident artist works at the famous Maple Street Book Shop. He does resemble the world's favorite sorcerer-in-training.

GOING NATIVE

The Human as Other in Selected Works of C.J. Cherryh

J. G. Stinson

"I write about people who See, who See things differently and who find the Systems stripped away, or exchanged for other Systems, so that they pass from world to world in some lightning-stroke of an understanding, or the slow erosion and reconstruction of things they thought they knew."

— C. J. Cherryh, Introduction, *Visible Light*, 1986, Phantasia Press

Introduction

The phrase "going native" often carries a negative connotation, that of regression from a "civilized" mode of thinking and/or behavior. In the novels of C.J. Cherryh discussed here (see Sources List), "going native" is not a regression. It is a lateral shift to a different way of thinking, of being, of experiencing one's environment.

The characters Elizabeth McGee (*Forty Thousand in Gehenna*), Sten Duncan (*The Faded Sun*), Raen A Sul hant Meth-maren (*Serpent's Reach*), and Thom (*Cuckoo's Egg*) all absorbed, to varying degrees, elements of the thinking, behavior and worldview of their "adopted" nonhuman (though in at least two cases, humanoid) cultures. These characters also share a well-known human trait: they are all outsiders to their own cultures, mavericks of varying kinds. Three took conscious steps toward alien cultures, the fourth had no choice.

The reasons for moving away from human culture are specific to each character. McGee is a Union scientist who discovers a nasty underhandedness in her government's treatment of the "residents" of Gehenna, and tries to change that treatment, even when events catch her unprepared and force her hand.

Duncan is a Surface Tactical officer in the Alliance military, a survivor of several missions, who is captured by humanity's foe, the mri. Duncan learns that the mri are more after his his own heart than humans, and does all he can to protect them as the last of their kind journey homeward.

Raen is a child when her clan is slaughtered, her immediate family and most of her kin murdered in a House vs. House battle in which she is the only survivor. The insect-like majat take in the starving and half-mad Raen, and she comes to rely on and trust them more than she can ever trust any human again. She makes the majat the instrument of her revenge, though in the process of seeking that revenge, she herself is changed.

Thom, a human baby raised by an alien, must seek answers from his foster father concerning his own origin, his difference, and how he came to be among nonhumans.



Discussion

Forty Thousand in Gehenna (Elizabeth McGee)

This book is one of several set within Cherryh's future history known as the Alliance-Union universe. Humans have expanded into space from Earth via commerce, and the Earth Company's previous stranglehold on its merchanters and space stations is broken in the Company Wars. There come to exist three economic powers among humans: the Earth Company, weakened but still active; the Alliance, a loose confederation of stationers and spacers; and Union, a government formed by scientists.



Union's eventual wholesale use of cloning (resulting in the cloned humans called azi) is viewed by the Alliance and the Earth Company as reprehensible at best. The Alliance and Union also have their confrontations, which result in Union's covert plan to seed potential Alliance space with as many of its own colonies as possible.

The story of Gehenna is a generational one, beginning with the original "born-man" government personnel and azi who first arrived there. The colonists expect other ships to follow, but these ships never appear. The born-men die, from age and disease and violence, and the azi are forced to begin their procreative programs earlier than they expected. The native lifeforms aren't as well understood as the colonists were led to believe, and the azi children grow further and further away from their bewildered parents, drawn in fascination to the "aliens" of Gehenna.

Although arriving later in the story than most of the other viewpoint characters, Elizabeth McGee is pivotal to the conclusion of the story because she is the first to see (and be allowed to see) that there is something new evolving on Gehenna. The human-azi colony society that the Union government left on Gehenna has collapsed, along with most of its culture, and in its place a partnership between azi descendants and the native calibans — sentient nonhumanoids — is rising. Gehennans and calibans taught each other about each other, and in the process both groups gained new perspectives of themselves that changed their world-views. The two species construct enclaves called Towers in which they both live. New ways of thinking pass between humans and calibans, and at the end of the book this intellectual cross-pollenization is brought into use, in order that humanity might make sense of another, even more different culture.

McGee enters the story after several generations of azi have passed, when a Union ship finally returns to see what has happened to the colony they started on Gehenna. She meets and helps a wounded Cloud Tower child, Elai, and is later allowed into Cloud Tower to observe the struggle between Cloud and Styx Towers for supremacy in Gehenna's settled area.

Elai, who became leader of Cloud Tower several years after first meeting McGee, has her own reasons for allowing McGee into her life and her home. McGee is willing to go along with Elai in order to gather information on the culture that has developed between the azi descendants and the calibans. But when she rides to battle with those of Cloud Tower against Styx, McGee must decide whether the "new" humans of Gehenna deserve her help and loyalty more than her own government. She decides for the Gehennans, and in doing so promotes further contact between them and the Union government, albeit at a slow pace. This is a pace Elai prefers, caliban-like, and McGee's superiors have the good sense to heed her advice.

McGee is a scientist, sent to Gehenna to study and observe the interaction between the azi descendants and the calibans, and to attempt to learn more about what happened to the original colonists. What she discovers is more alien than she expected, yet her mindset is such that she can eventually determine how the Gehennans think, how the calibans communicate with each other and with humans. She isn't locked into a certain way of seeing things, and thus is able to achieve a gestalt-like jump of comprehension. Other scientists assigned with her on her mission aren't as flexible, and end up paying a fatal price for their narrow-minded

perceptions.

The Faded Sun: Kesrith/Shon'jir/Kutath (Sten Duncan)

The events chronicled in the *Faded Sun* books are set about 400 years after the Gehenna colony's founding.

Three years after Alliance ships first encounter the regul, the two species are at war. The mercantile regul employ another species, the humanoid mri, as their soldiers. The human-regul war lasts for forty years. Mri warfare — based on an honor code and a ritualized form of combat — is neither recognized nor adhered to by humans, and the mri are forced to learn their opponents' ways. When their property and interests are threatened, the regul begin giving orders which prove deadly to the mri, and thousands of them die needlessly.

For their service to the regul, all the mri asked was that one world be ceded to them for their homeworld. That world would only be inhabited by regul and mri, and never surrendered to any foe while their contract was in force. But the regul conveniently ignore this vital element of their deal with the mri when they begin peace negotiations with humans.

Sten Duncan is an Alliance Surface Tactical (SurTac) officer, selected as an aide to George Stavros, the human soon-to-be-governor of a new human region of space whose base is on a world called Kesrith. The problem is that Kesrith is the mri homeworld, and humans aren't supposed to be on it at the same time as mri. When Duncan encounters a mri in the regul government building on Kesrith, the meeting touches off a series of events that will end in disaster for the mri.

Duncan is an orphan, a veteran pilot of the human-regul war who can swiftly survey and assess new environments. Once he and Stavros are on Kesrith, he begins to suspect that the regul aren't tell Stavros everything he needs to know. Duncan asks for — and receives — permission to go on an unannounced walking tour of the regul's port facilities. On this tour, he meets Niun, another mri who will have a major impact on his life.

Trained to survive and work alone amidst fluid situations, without family or roots of any kind, Duncan is perfectly positioned to be strongly influenced by a major change in his life. His military experience has made him a maverick by necessity. His lack of rank and knowledge about human plans make him expendable, and he knows it. His dislike of the regul soon turns to hatred, and his respect for the mri as opponents in war grows into an attachment that his species will condemn as unnatural.

Duncan's first long-term experience with the mri is as Niun's prisoner. Last, he saves the lives of the last two mri left in known space, and his growing devotion to them is used against him — and them — when the three are put aboard a ship to follow a navigational record made by the mri. The record leads back to the original mri homeworld, and a choice for Duncan about where he belongs.

In the end, though, Duncan's choice is almost inevitable. Made obsolete by the war's end, lacking any socially accepted purpose, and believing in a clear-cut form of justice that has no gray areas, he aligns himself with the mri because he can't stand the thought of the regul wiping them out. What he eventually finds is a home, in the most unlikely of places, and among the people he has come to regard as his family.

Cuckoo's Egg

Thorn is a male human, cloned from the cells of the last human alive aboard a spaceship which arrived in shonunin space just after the shonunin achieved space flight in their own solar system. The shonunin had constructed bases on their moon and at least one space station before the human ship arrived. Surprised and afraid, shonunin ships fired on it, then chased it down and boarded it. The last human on the ship was killed during capture, but managed to send a final message.

The entire ship was taken by the shonunin, broken down and analyzed. The scientists realized they had a scientific gold mine, and shonunin technology took a quantum leap forward as the captured human tech began to be introduced into shonunin culture.

Duun is a shonunin hatani, a member of a kind of philosopher/judge guild. The shonunin government, after the discovery and capture of the human ship, brings a question to Duun in his capacity as hatani: what do we do with this new knowledge? Duun's answer is to have more space stations built, and to have a human

clone developed and brought to full-term.

After many mistakes in the cloning, Thorn is born. Duun takes him to his ancestral home and raises him to be a hatani, without knowing whether he will succeed, whether Thorn is even capable of becoming hatani.

Nine years after the human ship's capture, the shonunin listening posts in space begin receiving signals that they recognize as human, but cannot translate. Duun, receiving this news, adds another part to his judgment: when the human child is old enough, he will learn his own language without being told the purpose of such learning.

Duun hopes that Thorn can eventually send a message in return to the humans nine light-years away ... if Duun can only keep Thorn alive long enough to do so. Other shonunin interests are bent on preventing Duun's plan from coming to fruition. Not only must Duun push Thorn to his physical and mental limits without even knowing what he might be, he also has to keep Thorn from being killed by rival shonunin. Along the way, Duun wants Thorn accepted as hatani as well.

Thorn, lacking human parents, nevertheless exhibits human emotions and reactions. He wants to know who he is, but is afraid of the answers he might find. He wants to be a part of shonunin life, but knows that he is different from the shonunin as a race. He wants to please Duun, but he fears he'll never be able to do so.

Being the only human among a planet full of nonhumans automatically makes Thorn a maverick, even though he's raised as shonunin. He cannot change the parts of him that are human hardwiring, and this both frustrates and scares him. When Duun finally reveals what Thorn's purpose is, Thorn wants to turn away from it. And when Duun relates the tally of Thorn's accomplishments in shonunin culture, Thorn's response is, "Do you love me, Duun?" But even this human reaching out is shonunin-tinged, because it's the question a hatani would ask.

Serpent's Reach (Raen a Sul Meth-maren)

While Elizabeth McGee, Sten Duncan and Thorn are involved with alien species that are more human than not, *Serpent's Reach* describes a human alliance with a species that is alien even in its apparent kinship with earthly creatures.

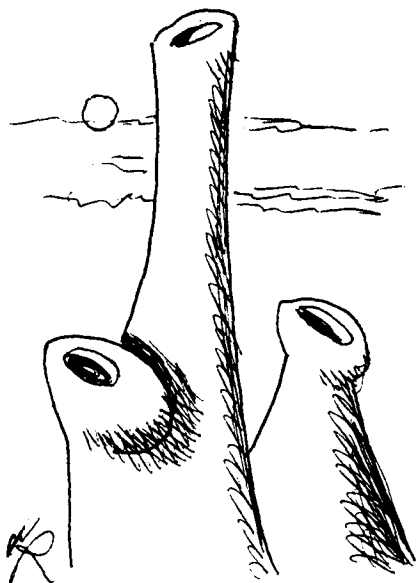
The majat, native to the planet Cardin and others in the quarantined Alpha Hydri III system, are similar to insects in their physical appearance, hive-mind behavior and social structure. The resemblance ends there. Majat are much taller than humans, and their jaws can snap off a human head in an instant. There are

four types, or hives, of majat. They were delineated by humans into four colors of hives for ease in telling them apart: red, blue, green and gold. Each majat wears a badge which allows humans to tell which color hive it belongs to.

One merchant family, the Kontrins, successfully made trade and living arrangements with the majat where others failed. As a symbol of their authority and their lineage, each Kontrin receives a permanent jeweled mark on the right hand. Among Kontrin and other humans, it acts as currency. They are known to the majat by this mark, and it is the only way majat can distinguish them from other humans.

The nearly immortal Kontrin — the Family — are segmented into 27 Houses, each with its Septs and Clans. Raen a Sul hant Meth-maren is a teenaged member of the sept and House "which held the land." The Family uses assassination as a political tool on each other, especially those whose ambition makes them impatient.

Other Houses covet what the Meth-marens have. Two of them mount a take-over, and Raen emerges from a bloody struggle



as the last Meth-maren. She escapes death by hiding in the forbidden majat tunnels, where she is found and nursed back to health by blue-hive majat. As she heals, she contemplates what her mother once told her: "Revenge is next only to winning." Thus, she begins to plan the destruction of the Septs that annihilated her house.

Forced into orphanhood, Raen adopts the blue-hive majat as her family. She manages to wipe out one of the Septs that murdered her House, but is forced into exile from Cerdin. She spends years wandering the system, going from one planet to another, and everywhere she goes, disturbances in the hives follow after her.

To the Family, Raen is definitely a maverick. To be precise, she's a loose cannon. No one in the Family has any definite idea what her agenda is, or if she has one, and that uncertainty makes her enemies nervous.

When she decides to go downworld to Istra, two local company executives tell her a tale of food shortages, sabotage and the lack of needed licensing to avert crisis. The licensing can only come from Kontrins, and none of the Family have responded to the Istrans' pleas for help. Raen decides to take on their cause, and draws the attention of the Family even closer to herself.

Raen begins to plan a revolution, but in the midst of it she discovers that the majat are going through their own revolution. She uses this conjunction to her advantage, and the Reach society and government goes into collapse. When outside contact is finally made again after decades have passed, Raen is still there, and she has her own terms for renewed trade. She has gone from being bereft of everything she knew to having everything, and wanting only the reassurance of the majat.

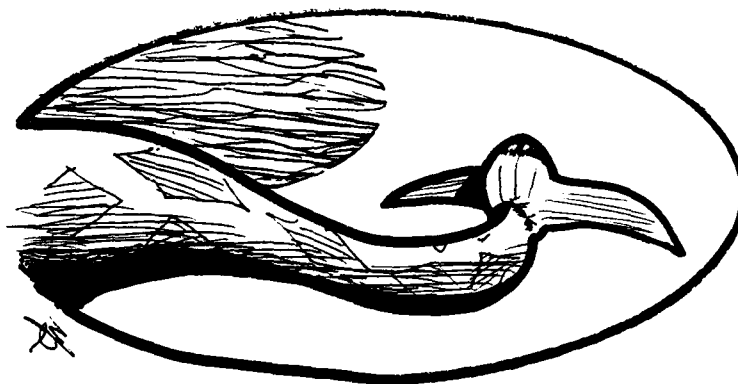
Conclusion

In each case, flexibility of perception is key to the resolution of the story. If Cherryh's "mavericks" didn't have this flexibility, their stories would be far different, and far less interesting.

Sources:

1. **Forty Thousand in Gehenna**, C.J. Cherryh. Phantasia Press, Huntington Woods, MI: 1983. 316 pages.
2. **The Faded Sun:Kesrith**, C.J. Cherryh. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Garden City, NY: 1978. 248 pages.
3. **The Faded Sun:Shon'jir**, C.J. Cherryh. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Garden City, NY: 1978. 243 pages.
4. **The Faded Sun:Kutath**, C.J. Cherryh. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Garden City, NY: 1979. 280 pages.
5. **Serpent's Reach**, C.J. Cherryh. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Garden City, NY: 1980. 312 pages.
6. **Cuckoo's Egg**, C.J. Cherryh. Phantasia Press, Huntington Woods, MI: 1985. 206 pages.

Note: since the character of Sten Duncan appears in all three books that comprise **The Faded Sun** series, I have chosen not to use separate footnotes for each volume. TFS, according to the author herself, should have been published in one volume.





Lovecraft's Dick

Gene Stewart

Theme song: "Don't Fear the Reaper" by Blue Oyster Cult

TRAVELLER'S GREETING: Welcome to **Samsara Club**, an eminent, numinous adjunct to the Open Kloster of the Invisible College of the Deniable Realm.

Every effort of the club is dedicated to meditations on Greed, Anger, & Ignorance, called Samsara in the Buddhist tradition. It's what keeps us snared in this illusion.

Here **Kabatas** and **Katabas**, twin brothers, preside. They were left on the snowy doorstep of the mountaintop Ten-Shun monastery, sole place of learning in the tiny kingdom of Imago-Karsh, which is tucked somewhere between Nepal and Tibet.

Raised and educated by the monks, each brother has developed a personality of his own, and distinct opinions. They showed an intense interest in the world's public discourse and although they rarely agree entirely, both now work in the Kloster's exhaustive secular library, each volume of which having been packed in by Sherpa over the centuries. Their assignment is to monitor the collective singularity known glancingly as reality, especially the parts in which the impossible is but prelude. Their window is the world of words, and they issue occasional missives from their Shared Journal as open letters, one of which follows.

It's the spiritual, not the material, that concerns them there, just as it's the noumenal, not the phenomenal, that concerns us here. Imagination, not politics. Questions, not answers.

KABATAS, SHARED JOURNAL: Just reread "The Colour Out of Space" by H. P. Lovecraft and found it refreshingly good. It was not over-written. Rather, it struck me as eloquent and only slightly archaic. Many passages – the type often cited, and derided, as purple prose – are, in fact, well-crafted and scan smoothly.

Lovecraft's prose in this 1927 story is not as flowery as, say, Algernon Blackwood's could become in many of his classic stories. (Needless aside: If you want purple prose and emotional outburst, try *Violin* by Anne Rice. Yeow.) It falls between Victorian convolutions and the looming spare concision of Hammett, Hemingway, and the hard-boiled school, from which sprang such sf notables of the direct style as Philip K. Dick, for example.

In this sense, HPL and PKD wrote at opposite ends of a continuum, with HPL more ornate, and PKD simpler and more direct. However, the logical development of HPL's plot was meticulous, dispassionate, and anything but gushy. It was idea-driven, not emotion-driven, and it moved with a clockwork pace that was obviously thought-out, planned, and carefully executed to orchestrate effects on the reader. It was neither old-fashioned nor the mad scribbling Lovecraft is often accused of – and if I'm discerning the steadying hand of August Derleth here, then his invisible rewriting may indeed have been worthwhile, and not Bowdlerizing, after all.

Lovecraft's fiction was an early enthusiasm of many of us probably because it's such rich material, with many savvy references presented during intelligent story development. He knew science, he understood even fairly obtuse theories, and he exploited them on an accessible level in fiction designed to reveal an appalling glimpse of man's insignificance in the larger scheme of the cosmos. This echoes what every child feels, especially bright, sensitive children, and if it explains HPL's appeal, it also underscores why his work tends to lose its grip as we mature and come into our own sense of power and control. Essentially, Lovecraft maintained an immature, undeveloped sense of the world, a child's view of vast, incomprehensible forces. In this, it's similar to some of Philip K. Dick's themes.

That Lovecraft eschewed dialogue to a great extent in favor of direct narrative seems, from a mature rereading, more a stylistic choice than a limitation or inability. He echoed Poe, probably his single heaviest influence. It seems to me that HPL didn't want to concede the stage to his characters, preferring to remain in control of tone and pace, overall shape and incidental details. In any case, I was pleasantly surprised to find that a story I'd first read at age 12 or so not only holds up, but offers something more for the experienced reader. It's especially interesting in terms of being a kind of precursor for PKD's later blossoming. HPL's work is quite different, yes, but it parallels PKD's work in many ways, and echoes themes and notions essential to both.

Philip K. Dick would later take up some of these themes and notions and bring to bear upon them a much wider, much deeper set of philosophical and theological references, even as he de-emphasized the scientific, materialist view Lovecraft held onto so tightly, in favor of a more mystical interpretation.

One PKD parallel I noted in "The Colour Out of Space" is that Lovecraft, as with PKD, doesn't bother explaining the oddities that afflict his characters. Things just are. The people must deal with them as best they can, and often they cope not at all well, usually due to flaws of character or errors of judgment.

Neither HPL or PKD wrote about great leaders except from a common man's point of view, and although Lovecraft was more the *übermensch* type and Dick a democrat of the first water, both focused on regular, if often eccentric, folks to carry their stories.

In other words, PKD and HPL shared a more complex view of people than is evident in most of the fiction published contemporaneously with theirs, and each tended to present stories from the ground level. In each case, this allowed a steep, sometimes staggering perspective on vast cosmic indifference and man's struggle in a cold, often hostile, always baffling world.

No, HPL and PKD were not kindred souls, nor even similar minds. Their work remains distinct one from the other, with far more differences than similarities perhaps. And yet the parallels can be interesting and instructive in a comparative, contrasting reading of both, and both reward a mature return to childhood haunts.

Kabatas, over and out.

KATABAS, SHARED JOURNAL: Katabas here. As is so often the case, my brother has cobbled up a wobbly logical structure to support his half-formed thesis. Comparing and contrasting HPL to PKD leads

only to confusion. They were diametrically opposed sorts of people, and would have loathed each other had they ever met.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was a bigot who seethed with rage and impotent hatred at the mere sight of anyone he considered an immigrant. To him that meant anyone of ethnicity other than his own English Puritan blueblood type. That he wasn't a Nazi is explained mostly by his 1937 death. Had he witnessed 1939, he would have stood and applauded, perhaps. My brother's correct only in that HPL clung desperately to an unevolved, fearful view of things. He was a baby lost in adult woods when it came to philosophical underpinnings, human insight, or compassion. Further, Lovecraft was terrified of women to the point of literal impotence and, although he was briefly married, remained what was back then termed an inveterate bachelor. These days latent homosexuality would have been diagnosed by the average ten year old, and it likely wasn't entirely overlooked even then.

His racist bigotry and unresolved sexual orientation coalesced to make him a misanthrope, which in turn darkened the cast of his fiction. He wrote from fear, loathing, and hatred of beings he wished mostly ill, and his view of the vast, indifferent, and often malign cosmos stemmed directly from his own maladjustments.

By contrast, Philip Kendred Dick abhorred bigotry and spoke for the common man eloquently and consistently. He enjoyed people, especially misfits and outcasts, the alienated and the ostracized, and was often quite sociable. He also becomes more relevant as we mature by focusing his work's deepest and most difficult material precisely upon individual free will, choice, and the consequences of action in a reality where almost nothing is for certain, perhaps especially self.

PKD fought against collectivism such as John W. Campbell's all-Aryan all-the-time ethos in sf, and peopled his stories with quirky, off-beat characters who flew in the face of the competent man myth by prevailing despite being supremely unprepared to do so. In refusing to goose-step along with the militarists such as Robert A. Heinlein, PKD compassionately embraced the counter-culture and wrote revealingly about drug-rehabilitation, social disenfranchisement, and the stark alienation visited upon nonconformists. He wasn't a planner with plans for everyone, but instead a kind of poet of the working-class drone who just wants an incremental improvement and maybe some space to breathe now and then.

PKD was married several times and genuinely liked women, both as lovers and friends. He also paid the price for his own nonconformism when his offices were raided, manuscripts were scattered, stolen, and burned, and wire-taps and other nefarious pressures were applied by the Nixonian Stormtroopers. So clear was his vision of freedom, liberty, and dignity for the individual that collective forces rallied against him.. It was a pressure that may eventually have driven him mad and even killed him, if that's one's interpretation of his '74 "event."

The event was an epiphany which he struggled in his last years to reconcile with his understanding of reality. Many now believe he experienced a genuine vision, an old-fashioned glimpse of God, a revelation. Its pressure prompted some of PKD's most important, compelling, and controversial fiction.

In contradiction of my brother's assertion, PKD in fact wrote of leaders quite often, and it was this revelatory satirical tone he employed when depicting powerful people that directly led to his low-level persecution by the same jolly night rangers who nipped at John Lennon's heels, for example. "Faith of Our Fathers" was a short story no true Nixonian wanted published, after all, and **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch** spoke directly across the decades to those of us who have seen Bill Gates gobble up market share like Can-D.

I'd argue that PKD shared virtually no view of or attitude toward humanity with HPL. They were most certainly not kindred souls or like minds, my brother got that small detail right at least. A look at the works of both these writers is indeed instructive, but mostly in the progress we've made toward becoming empathetic, compassionate beings. Lovecraft was an android, a replicant, while Philip K. Dick was a sentient human being worth more than a second look, be it from maturity's perspective or not. HPL's work embodied greed, anger, and ignorance, while PKD's work struggles and strives against those very things that hold us back from spiritual rebirth.

Lovecraft was darkness, Dick was light, and therein lies the wub.

Katabas over and out. Be soon and write well, huh?
Everything's watched but the paranoia, so come back soon. The Club is now adjourned. You may return to your greed, anger, and ignorance forthwith.

Frater Liber here. Now that the brothers have stepped aside, I'd like to add only that I enjoy the work of both writers mentioned here, and apparently I have much to think about regarding them.

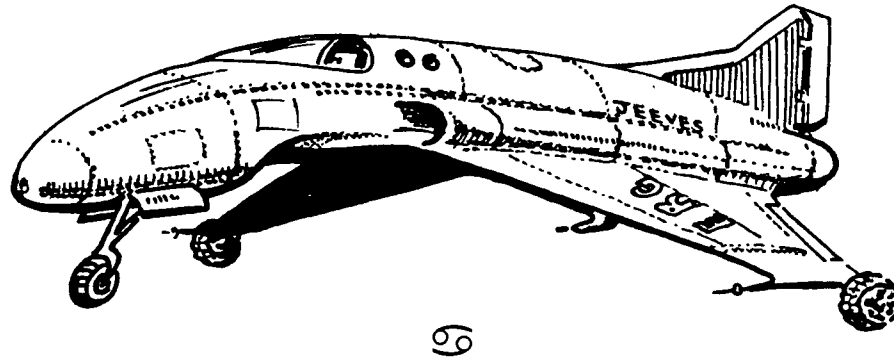
Well, it's been incriminating, yet exculpatory. May we all find peace, light, and love, or at least the perfect gift of kindness for a new millennium, should it ever open the watery Eye of Aquarius.

Light in water on stone.

Tschüß wisely --

Samsara Club

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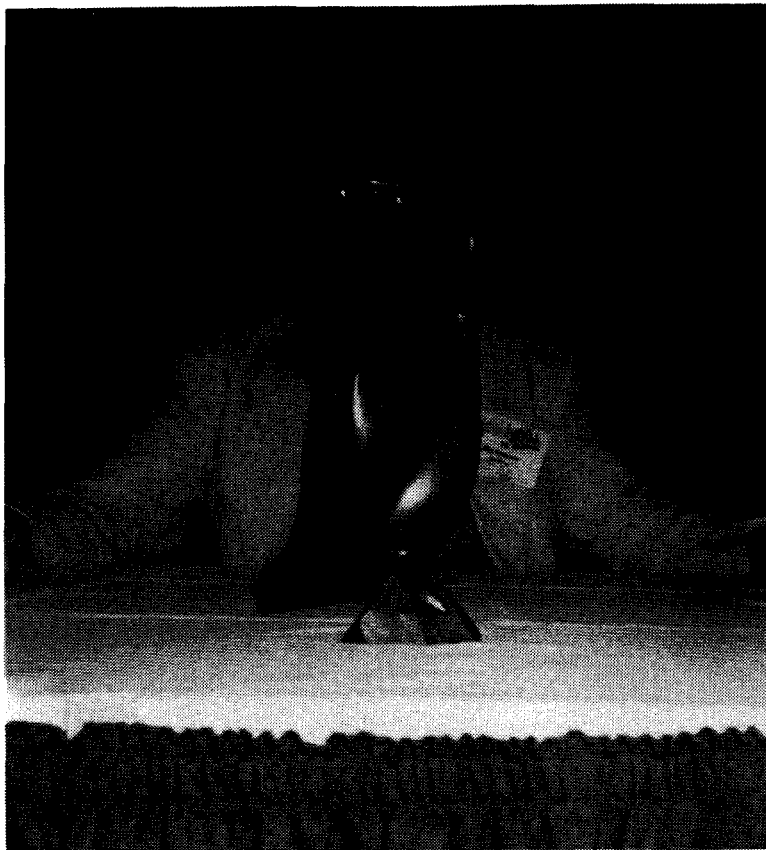


EDITORIAL *Cont. From page 4*

Now, as to the issue in hand — **Challenger** #12. My editorial attempts to impose the theme of "America" onto its pages were completely ignored. Contributors sent in whatever they wanted. So you get Faust and France and fingerprints, crime, the Civil War — what a surprise — and C.J. Cherryh, and even a work of fiction (**Challenger**'s first, but not its last; Charlie Williams has a piece coming up in #13 that will cement his growing reputation as not only a talented artist, but a fine and sensitive writer as well).

But eclecticism has its rewards. This grab bag contains some very fine writing. I'll save the themes for another day. America, after all, will still be here. (Speaking of which, in case there's the slightest doubt about it, this zine endorses **Al Gore for President**. He's the smarter man and I think he's the better man. I know he represents the better philosophy.)

So onward. If this zine reaches you before our SF community gathers in Chicago, please find me at the worldcon and say hello. I'll be the fat bald guy in the glasses and the WigWam Village tee shirt. If it reaches you afterwards, then I hope we had a good time ... be sure to attend the 2001 Birmingham DSC ... and *let's get silly in Philly!*



D ... S ... **SEA!**

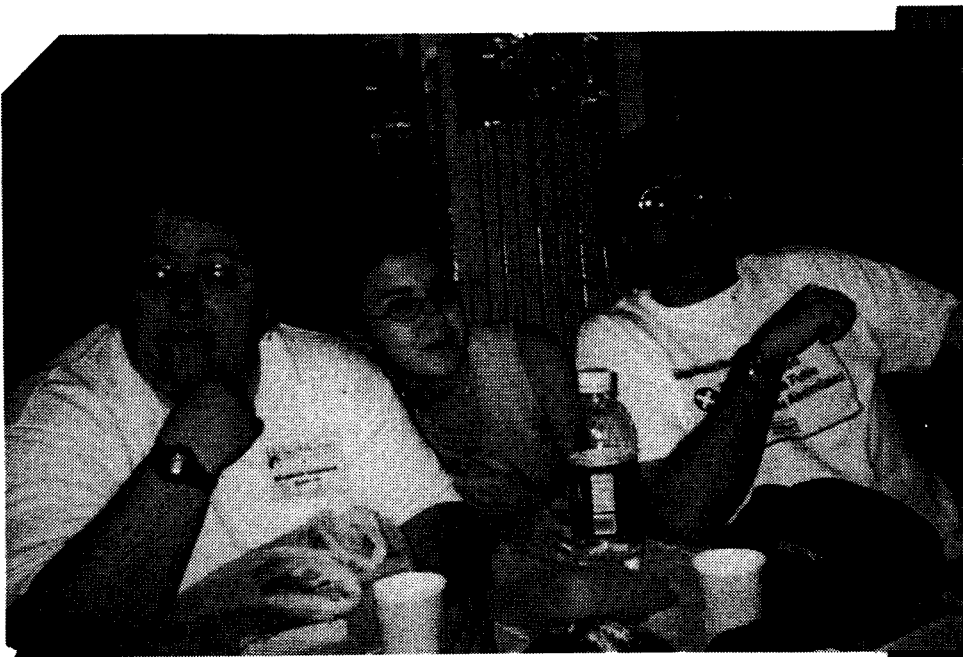
The 2000 **DeepSouthCon** was held in late May on the sands of Jekyll Island, Georgia, and Southern fans gathered from as far away as Seattle! Being Southern, you see, is a state of mind ...

Here con chairman **Bill Francis** displays one of DSC's unique awards. Below, **Toni Weisskopf**, editor of Baen Books and lifetime rebel, is honored with the **Rebel Award** for what she has done for Southern fandom. Toni's **Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook** is a masterpiece in regional fan history, and she is the current Official Editor of SFPA. This honor completes the hat trick for Toni — she's the first person to win all three of DSC's awards, **Rebel**, **Phoenix** (for pro activity), and **Rubble** (for what she has done to Southern fandom).



Opposite: **Liz, Allie and Jeff Copeland** look seasick! **Janice Gelb** explains breast implants. *Now I understand!* On the beach, **Gary Robe** returns a baby shark to the sea, and finally, Artist GoH **Ron Walotsky** is greeted by **Rose-Marie Donovan**.





THE HISTORICAL FAUST: THERE WAS ONE ...

... But his mundane exploits were transformed into fantastic legend. In **Challenger 6**, I wrote an essay on the literary Faust. In **Challenger 7**, Gene Stewart wrote about a historical Faust. What Gene said intrigued me and I did some digging on my own. I came up with **The Sources of the Faust Tradition: from Simon Magus to Lessing** (1936) translated and edited by a Philip Mason Palmer and Robert Pattison More. It is a compilation of documents, authored by some of the 16th Century's greatest men. (Unfortunately, stopping to explain their greatness would impede my article's flow. So I have placed information about them and the documents in an appendix.)

I found that Gene had discovered a whole new Faust I had never heard of. The original Faust was not a wizened scholar who made a pact with the Devil, but a disreputable fortune teller. After his death, urban legend started working. Each retelling embellished the legend further. From a common scoundrel, Faust became the above archetype who sold his soul to the Devil for knowledge. And power. My reading confirmed Gene for the most part. And I have used his anecdotes as starting points.

Faust originally called himself George Sabellicus the younger Faustus, Faustus being Latin for a happy or Fortunate person. Johannes Trithem, AKA Trithemius, reported that in a 1507 letter. Next, a Konrad Muth referred to him as George Faust in 1513. I bet he found himself being called that more than Sabellicus, Faust being a German proper name. After 1528, Faust is referred to as Faust or Dr. Faust until Philipp Camerarius called him John Faust in 1591. I bet inspired by the first Faustbook, which referred to him as D. Johann Faust. Christopher Marlow's 1590 play returned him to his original moniker, Dr. Faustus: Latin being a universal language then and Faust apparently an uncommon English surname.

As I said, the original Faust was a disreputable fortune-teller. Johannes Trithem was the first to mention this. Sabellicus/Faust ducked a 1506 meeting with him at Gelhausen rather than be confronted by the hostile and prestigious Trithem. Trithem did not have a very high opinion of Sabellicus. He described him as "a vagabond, babbler and rogue who deserved to be thrashed for his irreverence." Sabellicus claimed to be king of the necromancers, an astrologer, magus, palmist, diviner, and much more. In Gelnhausen, he had boasted that if Plato and Aristotle passed from the memory of man, he could reconstruct their philosophy -- as the prophet Ezra reconstructed much of the Old Testament. In Würzburg, he boasted that the miracles of Christ were not so wonderful and that he could do all the things Christ had done. In Kreuznach, he proclaimed himself the most learned alchemist of all time. Despite these boasts, Trithem suspected him ignorant of learning and a fool.

It galled Trithem that Sabellicus' boasts were believed. In Kreuznach, the magistrate, Franz von Sickingen, a man very fond of mystical lore, had him appointed school master. However, Sabellicus could not resist, what Trithem calls, most dastardly lewdness with his charges. When found out, he fled.

Other sources called Sabellicus, now Faust, a braggard, a con man and a pedophile. Konrad Muth letter had the same opinion. Faust was a "mere braggart and fool." His claims, like all diviners', are idle. For instance, his physiognomies, readings of personality from body type. Muth bemoaned that the ignorant marvel. Kilian Lieb reported Faust had boasted that he was born at a time propitious for prophets, June 5 when the Sun and Jupiter were in the same constellation. Also Faust proclaimed himself Commander or Preceptor of the Order of the Knights of St. John at Hallestein.

Joachim Liebhard in his letter to Daniel Stibar was of that opinion too. He complained that Faust had taught Stibar superstitions and fooled him with juggler's tricks. He should have told him something important



Illos by Joe Mayhew

like whether the emperor would be victorious or not.

Philip Begardi claimed Faust traveled the world; and made his name known in medicine, chiromancy (i.e., palmistry), nigromancy (i.e., the conjuring of spirits), physiognomy, crystal gazing, and like arts. He gave himself the title "The philosopher of philosophers." However, many complained he had cheated them. When he fled Worms, many accused him of having left with ill gotten gains.

So notorious was Faust that he was banned from at least two cities. From Ingolstadt on June 17, 1528. The city records told of how Dr. 'George' Faust was banned for soothsaying, and asked to spend his

penny elsewhere. And how he pledged not to take vengeance or make fools of the city's burghers. It is not clear to me whether the authorities made him take it or he did it to save face. Authorities in general probably feared his magical powers very little. On May 10, 1532, a Doctor Faust was refused entry into Nuremberg because of his reputation as a sodomite and necromancer. According to Lercheimer, Faust was allowed in Wittenberg for a time, but he eventually had to flee because of his outrages.

On the other hand, some of Faust's customers were satisfied. Hans Muller, chamberlain to the Bishop of Bamberg, wrote that his master paid ten gulden to a Doctor Faust for a horoscope. The Waldeck Chronicle reported that a Dr. Faust foretold that Francis I, the Bishop of Münster, would recapture his city that very night from the Anabaptists, very radical Protestants. Philipp von Hutten wrote to his brother Mortiz von Hutten. Philipp was a leader of the Welser troops in Venezuela. He praised Faust for predicting the expedition would be a disaster. Philipp eventually died in Venezuela. About Faust's fortune-telling powers, I do not have enough information to know to what extent he could tell the future.

My sources cannot agree on Faust's death date. Gast's 1548 account of his death presumes a date closer to 1540 than other estimates. Wier remarked that Faust's adventures seemed to stop around 1540. On the other hand, Wambach dated the Homeric shades' incident to 1550; and in an August 16, 1561 letter, Conrad Gesner announced Faust's recent death. 1540 seems a good date. It was when his death first was talked of and when the fantastic stories of about Faust began abruptly.

The authors all agree on Faust's horrible and fantastic end. Gast had him strangled by the devil; and on the bier his head twisting behind his back, though righted five times. Gast remarked, "God preserve us lest we become slaves of the Devil." Having their heads being twisted behind their backs was how Dante had fortune-tellers, which Faust was, punished in hell. Wier added his death was in the Duchy of Württemberg and at that instant the house shook.

The further we get from Faust both in time and firsthand knowledge, the more fantastic his exploits. You could say Gast kicked it off. One tale of his was not very fantastic. Of course, he vouchsafed it as firsthand. When he dined with Faust, he saw him give the cook various birds he had never seen in that region. He could not figure out Faust's source. As I said, not particularly fantastic.

However, Gast also had fully fantastic tales he gainsaid from hearsay. He had heard Faust had a dog that at times assumed a human shape and served food. Was it depression as someone has claimed? It was a belief of the time that free confessions of witchcraft, very much like Faust's magic, were the result of melancholy, i.e., depression. On the other hand, a demonic familiar would have been an integral part of Faust's legend.

Also according to Gast, Faust had a demonic horse. According to Wambach, it allowed him to fly. In fact, it allowed him to be the 16th Century equivalent of a jet setter. And it had the appetite of a jumbo jet to boot. Wambach claimed that once when Faust had gone to Prague, his drinking partners lamented his absence and one jokingly called on him not desert them. That instant they heard a knock on the door. They looked out the window, and saw Faust leading a horse.

"Don't you know me?" he asked a servant. "I am he whom they [his drinking partners] have just called."

The servant let him in and led him to them. Meanwhile the innkeeper's son took his horse, saying that he would give it plenty of feed. Then the innkeeper asked Dr. Faust how he had returned from Prague so quickly.

"That's what the horse is for," replied Dr. Faust. "Because the guests desired me so much and called me, I wanted to oblige them and to appear, although I have to be back in Prague before morning."

Presently, the innkeeper's son entered and said: "Doctor, your horse eats as though he were mad; he

has already devoured several bushels of oats and continually stands and looks for more. But I will give him some more until he has enough."

"Don't," replied Dr. Faust, "he has had enough; he would eat all the feed in your loft before he was full."

At midnight the horse issued a shrill neigh heard throughout the entire house.

"I must go," said Faust. The horse neighed like that three times. Then Faust mounted him, and in full view rose into the air.

Philipp Melanchthon, the Lutheran leader, had another tale of Faust flying. This time not as successfully. Faust tried to fly in Venice, as the magician Simon Magus had in the *New Testament*. With similar results: Faust was dashed to the ground. However, in another tale of Melanchthon's, Faust successfully transported someone, even if the person did not actually fly. Faust was supposed to have eaten a certain magician, discovered a few days later in a cave. I take it Melanchthon's tales were told more as moral instruction than for their historical accuracy

Faust's pact with the Devil was supposed to be the basis of all Faust's wonders. As you would expect, many authors mention it. There is the tale of the monk Klinge, which I will mention later. Also, Philip Melanchthon claimed Faust knew beforehand, the Devil would come for his soul and was uncharacteristically downcast.

Wier about the same time said it more graphically. He claimed that a melancholy friend with a black beard and a dark face approached Faust.

"I surely thought you were my brother-in-law," Faust declared, "and therefore I looked at your feet to see whether long curved claws projected from them."

I much doubt the historical Faust spoke of a Satanic pact very often -- even with all his boasts. It is not impossible; just that I doubt it. Where people have claimed Satanism, further investigation has almost always turned up nothing, either then or now. This is true both for accusations of witchcraft then and accusations of Satanism and Satanic ritual abuse now. I realize I am in the minority. People, for fanaticism, cynicism, thrills, and other reasons, really want to believe someone -- at the very least Faust -- made a pact with the Devil.

The later Faust was a party animal and some of his wonders took place at parties. Wambach gives this tale. Faust invited guests to a party, but there was no sign of preparation. He knocked with a knife on the table.

Someone entered and asked, "Sir, what do you wish?"

"How quick are you?" asked Faust in turn.

"As an arrow."

"You will not serve me," replied Faust. "Go back to where you came from."

Then he knocked again and another servant entered and also asked: "Sir, what do you wish?"

"How quick are you?" Faust again asked.



"As the wind," he replied.

"That is something," remarked Dr. Faust. But he wouldn't do.

Faust knocked a third time and yet another servant entered. He said he was quick as the thoughts of man.

"Good," said Dr. Faust, "You'll do." And he went out with him.

When he returned, he had his guests wash their hands and sit down. Soon the servant returned with two other servants, and each brought three covered dishes. In all thirty-six courses were delivered: game, fowl, vegetables, meat pies, other meat, fruit, confections, cakes, etc.

Then beakers, glasses and mugs were placed on the table empty. Dr. Faust asked each guest what beer or wine he wished to drink. He placed these beakers, etc. outside the window; and they returned with the desired drink. Next, the guests heard the most charming music they had ever heard, apparently from harmoniums, fifes, coronets, lutes, harps and trumpets. A most pleasant night.

While Faust could be a good host, Camerarius claimed Faust's hospitality had a mean streak. At a party, some drunken 'friends' pestered Faust for a trick. He asked them to pick one. They wished him to make a full grown vine with ripe grapes appear. Difficult since this was the end of December. He warned them not to move or speak until ordered. Then there appeared a beautiful vine with grapes of marvellous size and plumpness. Faust allowed the 'friends' to take their knives and hold a bunch of grapes, but cautioned them to await his signal. Suddenly the vine disappeared in smoke and his 'friends' found their knives poised over each other's noses. Camerarius said it would have served them right because they had fallen into the sin of curiosity, seeking knowledge forbidden to man. That was indeed considered a sin in the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

Faust became a minor football in the controversy between Catholics and Protestants, which at this time often broke into fullscale war. The Faust myth was basically written by Protestants and we hear more of their viewpoint. This is how Gast, a Protestant minister, pictured Faust dealing with the decadent Catholic Church. One night, he put up at a certain rich monastery. When a brother placed some indifferent wine in front of him, Faust requested a better vintage given to nobles.

The brother said, "I do not have the keys, the prior is sleeping, and it is a sin to awaken him."

"The keys are lying in that corner," Faust pointed out. "Take them and open that cask on the left and give me a drink."

The brother refused. Angered, Faust said: "In a short time you shall see marvels, you inhospitable brother."

He left early in the morning without saying farewell, and sent a raging devil who stirred up the monastery by day and night. The devil moved things about both in the church and the monks' cells, so no one could sleep. Finally, the monks had to vacate the monastery and ceded it to the Count Palatine, whom, I suspect, was a Protestant. Whenever the monks tried to re-enter their former monastery, there was a great disturbance.

Count Christoph added that the monks Faust took revenge on were at Luxheim in the Vosges mountains. Also, he claimed Faust sought vengeance not because of inferior wine but because they denied him a bed for the night.

Whichever version you use, there is great contrast between the effect of Faust's powers on them and on Melanchthon. While Melanchthon claimed no personal contact with Faust, Lercheimer fathered it on him.

One day at ten o'clock Faust told Melanchthon, "Sir, you continually rebuke me with abusive words. One of these days, when you go to the table, I will bring it about that all the pots in your kitchen will fly out of the chimney, so that you and your guests will have nothing to eat."

Melanchthon replied, "You had better not. Hang you and your tricks."

Melanchthon being a holy man, Faust's threat, unlike with the monks, did not come to pass.

To this Protestant crowing, the Catholics did not remain silent; they had their say. Wolf Wambach also tells of Faust having rebuked a monk. In Erfurt, Faust was the talk of the town and many nobles came to meet him. People worried lest he lead astray the youth and the simpler adult villagers. Because the keeper of his inn, Anchor House, was a Catholic, someone suggested the Franciscan Dr. Klinge try to steer Faust from his evil ways. The monk was brought to Faust, and he pointed out that black magic, like Faust's, would bring God's wrath and eternal damnation. He urged Faust to repent.

Dr. Faust replied, "My dear sir, I realize that you wish me well; I know all that, which you have just told me. But I have ventured so far, and with my own blood have contracted with the Devil to be forever his, with body and soul. How can I retract? Or how can I be helped?"

Dr. Klinge pointed out, "It is possible if you earnestly call on God for grace and mercy, show true repentance and do penance, refrain from sorcery and communion with demons, and neither harm nor seduce any one. We will hold Mass for you in our cloister so that you will without a doubt get rid of the Devil."

"A Mass here, a Mass there," said Faust. "My pledge binds me too absolutely. I have wantonly despised God and become perjured and faithless toward him, and believed and trusted more in the Devil than him. Therefore I can neither come to Him again nor obtain any comfort from his grace which I have forfeited. Beside, it would not be honest nor would it redound to my honor to have it said that I had violated my bond and seal, which I had made with my own blood. The Devil has honestly kept the promise that he made to me, therefore I will honestly keep the pledge that I made and contracted with him." Spoken like a gentleman, albeit a perverse one.

But the monk was not happy. "Well, then go to, you cursed child of the devil, if you will not be helped, and will not have it otherwise." Faust apparently being an academic, Klinge reported his conversation to the university rector and the university council; and they expelled Faust. Wambach commented that Erfurt had gotten rid of a wicked man.

It is true that not all went well afterward: Klinge experienced a period of melancholy. However, he emerged a stronger defender of Catholicism than ever.

What also set the stage for the scholar who made a pact with the Devil was Faust's association with university towns. In death, although not, as far as I can see, in life. According to Wolf Wambach, he talked his way into lecturing on Homer at the University of Erfurt. He claimed to his classes to be describing the real Priam, Hector, Ajax, Ulysses and Agamemnon. Some students requested that he make them appear. Faust agreed to, in the school auditorium at a designated time. There, each Homeric hero did appear as if still fighting the Trojan war. Also, the Cyclops Polyphemus, the giant with the eye in his forehead, appeared, a leg hanging out of his mouth. Fearing he would devour some students, Faust motioned him to go. Polyphemus hammered on the floor with his great iron spear, the building shook, and then he vanished.

The faculty were less enthusiastic about Faust's claims. Faust recited several quotations, which, he claimed, came from lost comedies of the Ancient playwrights Terence and Plautus and offered to bring manuscripts of them back for a few hours. They suspected that the Devil, Faust's master, would slip in offensive passages and declined.

Were the Homeric heroes materialized with a magic lantern as someone has suggested? I think it is simple enough to chalk this up to urban legend, i.e., rumor, arisen years after Faust's death.

On the other hand, even in death, Faust the con man, braggart and sodomite did not completely disappear. Lercheimer reported Faust had lived like a vagabond everywhere; and was a parasite, drunkard and gourmand, who supported himself by quackery. Manlius claimed Faust wandered everywhere and boasted of many mysterious things. One was that all the Holy Roman Emperor's Italian victories were his doing. He called Faust a scoundrel who led a very wicked life; and said that again and again his dissolute habits nearly got him killed.

Wier wrote there was nothing Faust could not do with his foolish boasting and promises. Also, that while at Battenberg he was imprisoned in the house of its ruler, Baron Hermann. While the Baron was away, his chaplain, a Dr. Johannes Dorstenius, treated Faust leniently because Faust had promised the naive man great knowledge. But Faust played a mean trick on him. He counseled him rather than shave to rub his beard vigorously with arsenic. Not only was the hair burned off, but the skin and the flesh as well. Wier claimed that Dr. Dorstenius several times complained to him of this, rather indignantly. Wier was less the skeptic when he reported the house shook at Faust's death and his head was twisted thereafter.

Why did the Faust legend take hold and transform Faust from con man, perhaps educated and aristocratic, to a scholar gone astray? Rumors of demonic pacts were numerous in Faust's time. The Devil was on everyone's lips. Everyday life was filled with indirect pacts. There were direct pacts too. According to Protestants, the Catholic Church had made a direct pact; and, according to Catholics, Protestant churches had made a direct pact. Witches, through their Sabbath, were said to pledge the Devil direct fealty. They also made individual direct pacts. These activities were considered a clear and present danger. An era of active witch hunting, it was a prelude to the really massive 17th Century witch hunts. The only thing that set Faust apart from witches was his social status.

APPENDIX: AUTHORS AND CORRESPONDENTS MENTIONING FAUST

Many authors used, and were known by, their Latin names in the 16th Century. A few, like Melanchthon, by their Greek names. Whether I use the Latin or Greek name is as arbitrary as 16th Century usage except when I sometimes do not know the vernacular name, or the Latin or Greek one.

BEGARDI, PHILIP - From his **Index Sanitatis** (1539). The city physician of Worms.

CAMERARIUS, PHILIPP- From his **Operae Horarum Subcisivarum** (1591). He was a lawyer and 'protector' of the university at Altdorf. I imagine that means he administered it.

CHRISTOPH von Zimmern, COUNT FROBEN - From **Zimmerische Chronik** by him and his secretary Hans Müller. It was written before the Count's death in 1567.

GAST, JOHANNES - From his **Semones Convivales** (1548), a very popular, and very entertaining, book. He was a Protestant clergyman at Basle in Switzerland.

LERCHEIMER von Steinfeld, AUGUSTIN - From his **Christlich Bendencken und Erinnerung von Zauberey** (1585). A professor of mathematics at Heidelberg at the time, he had been a professor of Greek. Given the Greek contribution to Mathematics then, both were closely related. Lercheimer and its noble title are pseudonyms; His real name was Herman Witekind, originally Wilcken.

LIEB, KILIAN - From his journal of July 1528. He was a prior at Rebdorf in Bavaria. Either a magistrate at Rebdorf or official at the Rebdorf monastery, I do not know which.

LIEBHARD, JOACHIM - Latinized as Joachim Camerarius. From a letter to Daniel Stibar, August 13, 1536. Liebhard was a teacher of Greek and philology who enjoyed an international reputation. In 1536, he was involved in reforming the university at Tübingen. Stibar, latinized as Stibarus, was a city councilman of Würzburg.

MELANCHTHON, [D.] PHILIPP - Greek for his vernacular name, Schwarzert. From **Explicationes Melanchthoniae** (1594), published by a former student of his, Christopher Pezelius. It reproduces Melanchthon's commentaries on the scriptures between 1549 and 1560. In short, not long after Faust passed from the scene. Melanchthon was an associate of Martin Luther's and next to him the most important figure in the German Reformation. After Luther's death, he became the head of the Lutheran church. From 1518 on he was professor of Greek at Wittenberg.

MANLIUS, JOHANNES - A onetime student of Melanchthon's. From his **Locorum Communium**

Collectanea (1563). He gives extracts and quotations from Melanchthon's lectures and accounts of other learned men.

MUTH, KONRAD - Latinized Conrad Mutianus Rufus. From his letter to Heinrich Urbanus, October 3, 1513. Muth was a Canon of the Church of St. Mary's at Gotha, and was ranked by the humanists with Erasmus and Reuchlin even though he never published any of his writings. Urbanus was a steward of the Cistercian cloister Georgenthal at Erfurt, and a student and later friend of Muth's.

TRITHEIM, JOHANNES - From his August 20, 1507 letter to Johannes Virdung. Tritheim, often Latinized as Trithemius, was Abbot of the St. James monastery at Würzburg at the time. He was a humanist and physicist, and had a considerable knowledge of higher, more intellectual magic, which he was very discrete about. Virdung of Hasfurt was a professor at Heidelberg and mathematician and astrologer to the Elector, i.e., ruler, of Palatinate.

WAMBACH, WOLF - The parts about Faust are thought to have been entered by him. From the **Chronica von Thüringen und der Stadt Effurth of Zacharias Hogel**, published in the 17th Century. Supposedly, its original source was the Reichmann-Wambach chronicle of the mid-16th Century. Reichmann was Wambach's brother-in-law. Supposedly, the story of Klinge came to Wambach fairly direct.

WIER, JOHANNES - Also spelt Weir and Latinized as Wierus. From his **De Praestigiis Daemonum**. 4th ed. (1568). Wier was a Dutch physician and an opponent of the witch hunt. Also he seems an opponent of 'superstition' in general.

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WIGWAM VILLAGE – END OF THE TRAIL!

It was always too good to be believed – the worldcon dream to top them all. WIGWAM VILLAGE – in the heart, or at least somewhere along the veins, of beautiful Cave City, Kentucky. But like all truly beautiful things, it was too good for this world.

The committee for a worldcon in Wigwam Village in 2003 admits defeat. The forces of Toronto and Cancun have with insidious cleverness and depthless pockets outflanked the forces of Native America. They actually had *presupporters*. They actually bought *ads* and put on *parties*. Such extravagances are too much for the poor but poverty-stricken advocates of the Wigwam.

The magnificent Wigwam Village Motel still stands, never fear. Its owner and operator recently indicated to your humble correspondent his intention of installing a swimming pool, the better to attract customers. The pool will no doubt be known as “Gitche-Goomie”. The **Challenger** staff urges all of fandom to hearken to its doors ... and dream of what might have been.

And do not despair. We have not surrendered our dream!

EVERY ROOM A CON SUITE! BARS GALORE! JUST DON'T ASK ABOUT THE CON CHAIR

...

ANGOLA STATE PENITENTIARY IN 2006!

The Challenger Tribute: Cara Sherman

from Mark Proskey
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Cara Sherman has passed away. Just thought I'd let you know. Sorry.

I hadn't seen Cara for 25 years, and it had been 16 or 17 years since I last spoke with someone who knew her. Chancing upon an old illo she'd drawn, and using it last issue, I wondered about her, and Mark's note followed. Alas, alas.

Cara was a member of comics fandom in 1974, during the heights of my involvement in that medium, when I worked in New York for DC Comics. She published a zine called **Ni Shon** for Kapa-ALPHA, the great comics apa, and a trekkie zine called **Vulcanalia** for general distribution. She filled each with jolly natter and fan fiction in italic type and cartoons starring her two great heroes, Spock and **Mister Miracle's** Big Barda. She made a costume once based on the Kirby creation and wore it in a Seulingcon masquerade. I recall her moving to Colorado late that year and don't know what happened to her after that. It hurts to know I missed her.

Yes, in "our fandom," **Star Trek** is anathema and comics are suspect. But comics, at least, were my fandom for a long time, and I wanted to remember that sweet lady Cara and hail her good name one last time.



*Love,
Cara*

Greg Benford's speech/essay on "The South in Science Fiction" drew strong response from some of Challenger's most distinguished readers. The first even bears its own title ...

WHERE YOU FROM, BUDDY?

David Drake

I read with interest and some amusement Greg Benford's essay explaining why the South hasn't made a significant contribution to science fiction. I have a few thoughts on the subject.

In 1946 William Faulkner was a finalist for a thousand dollar prize in a mystery short-story contest sponsored by *Ellery Queen's Magazine*. He was furious, as he notes in his journal, at being beaten by a hick from North Carolina.

This incident shows not only that Faulkner considered Southerners to be rubes, but that he was capable of being wrong on both parts of a very short statement. The winner was just in the process of moving himself and his family from New Jersey to North Carolina, using the contest prize money to fund his relocation.

As for being a hick, the winner may have succeeded as much through being an insider to the field as through the merit of his story. The three judges had deadlocked, each choosing a different story. (The third member of the top echelon was Pulitzer Prize winner T.S. Stribling, a Tennessean who also wrote science fiction.) To make the final choice the judges called in Rex Stout, who — perhaps not coincidentally — was a friend of the man whose story won.

The winner was Manly Wade Wellman, a former journalist and now science fiction and fantasy writer, who was about to reinvent himself (again) as a mainstream novelist and Southern historian.

I mention this to show that it's hard to tell where writers come from unless they set themselves up as regionalists. Is Robert Heinlein a Southern SF writer because he was born in Missouri, a former slave state and member of the Confederacy? But if Heinlein, the most important writer of science fiction in America, isn't a Southerner, how do you define Southerner?

Perhaps more to the point, how does Greg Benford define Southerner?

Heinlein didn't write about the South; he wrote science fiction. Fritz Leiber didn't write about his home city of Chicago when he wrote science fiction, but the urban fantasies he created during the same period are set solidly there: not in New York and certainly not in Los Angeles. The difference appears to me to lie in the requirements of the genre, not in the region or even (particularly) in the taste of the individual writer.

Without making an exhaustive study of origins, I can think of only one region which had a disproportionate effect on modern science fiction: Metropolitan New York. Many writers moved to the city in the '30s to be close to their markets, but the homegrown product would have been impressive even without the influx. Yet what is there in "Nightfall", the most brilliant collaboration of Campbell and Asimov, to suggest Newark or New York City?

Let's consider my late friend Manly again. He was born in Kamundungo, Portuguese West Africa (now Angola). He moved before World War I to live with his mother's relatives in Arkansas. He went to high school in Utah and then graduated from Wichita University, now Wichita State, on a football scholarship. He spent two years at Columbia University in NYC, then returned to Wichita as a journalist in the '20s and early '30s while breaking in as a freelance writer.

In the mid '30s Manly moved back to NYC (and later northern New Jersey), becoming for a decade one of the most successful writers in the SF field. (His 1946 earnings from writing were \$8,900. Ask your parents or grandparents what kind of income that was at the time.)

And then Manly moved to the South, where he lived the rest of his long life, and where he wrote one of the most unequivocally Southern fantasy series: the John the Balladeer stories.

As I said at the beginning of this essay, Greg "explanation" amused me because he simply states that the South hasn't had a significant impact on science fiction. Something one learns very quickly as a lawyer (and I think Guy will support me on this one) is that sometimes the best way to deal with an awkward question is to pretend that it's already been answered.

But begging the question as Greg does isn't really an answer to it. The jury's still out on the question, "Is the South less important to science fiction than other regions are?"

EPISTLES

EPISTLES



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Congratulations on the Hugo nomination! I hope — as do all right-thinking boys and girls — that **Challenger** walks off with it to the gladsome hosannas of adoring thousands. If that doesn't happen, have an A&W on me.

Found the address by Greg Benford ["The South and Science Fiction"] interesting. He is surely correct that the south didn't much contribute to the making of contemporary U.S. SF, especially when one limits the focus to the 1930-1967 period. But I might take issue with a couple of things. (1) Poe wrote not only fantasy but SF too and it was extremely influential. Poe influenced everybody, not only the great French poets and fiction writers, and not only Doyle in his creation of Sherlock Holmes, but also Doyle's SF stories owe him a lot, and Jules Verne and H.G. Wells both gladly acknowledged the appearance of his shade before them.

(2) And Poe was not the only southerner who wrote SF in the 19th century. Herman Melville's "The Bell Tower" is a terrific piece of work. And must I remind us of Mark Twain? He, along with Bellamy and London and Fitz-James O'Brien, was in the forefront of SF after Poe and Hawthorne. We are talking world-class worldwide here, bebs.

(3) And not all SF of the "Golden/Silver Age" period is up&atom rahrah bullyboy Heinlein stuff either. Plenty of elegaic visions of defeat. **The Martian Chronicles** is one of the most elegaic of all books — and so is **Fahrenheit 451**, come to that. We must also mention **Against the Fall of Night** and, most especially, **A Canticle for Leibowitz** which concerns not only defeat but reconstruction too. And **Challenger** readers can supply other titles by the dozens.

It's true that happy endings outnumber the unhappy ones, but that's a consequence of pulp publishing. I doubt too that "southern identity" rests on this Faulknerian irredeemable blood guilt and lost

cause stuff either. The south has an enduring and hard-bitten relationship to the future: Oak Ridge is merely one of its numerous names.

I must say how thoroughly I agree with Mr. Benford on his disapproval of the "gruntless" pastoral utopias of fantasy. When I read the work of student writers who attempt this sort of thing, it is apparent that they have never hoed a garden, much less plowed with a horse or mule. So they don't know how much skill, as well as brawn, is involved in simply trying, with an animal, to sight a straight furrow and to get it plowed in a straight line. I'm afraid they've never even squashed a tomato worm.

And that, I think, is the reason the south didn't produce SF of the fashionable kind during that crucial formative period. We-uns is agricultural and SF steadfastly ignores this subject as proper matter to write about. Maybe this will change now that genetic engineering is giving us Roundup Ready seed and all the other changes that will be as important in a few years as computers have been. I don't know why SF never has dealt with agriculture — or even food. These are absolute basics and the changes in them will affect every area of civilization. If one asked a list of good SF writers to name significant inventions over the time of human history, I doubt that any of them would mention the moldboard plow — but that is easily one of the most significant.

But I'm grateful to Mr. Benford for nettling me into thinking about this subject. I'd be very interested in what others have to say.

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Once again, thanks for a massive issue of **Challenger**. Our postman is in intensive care from a sprained back, but will recover.

I really enjoyed the various legal tussles and goings-on. Your account of the car-theft is both informative and in some ways frightening in the delay of it being handled and the tit for tat plea bargaining

involved and I presume that is to speed up things (and costs). Frohvet's driving accidents were interesting if not frightening in their view of ups and downs in the law as regards sense and not so sensible.



I was amused by your experiences in meeting celebrities and many experiences paralleled my own. Others didn't; as a kid I saw King George V from a few yards and later filmed the Queen from about ten feet. Not so happy was waiting in the rain for several hours (when in the RAF) to see King George VI flash by in a limousine — and being expected to wave and cheer. I did neither.

During the war my great-aunt once served lemonade to George VI and his family. Is it true he stuttered?

Tom Feller's book review on teenage killers was a saddening indictment on modern society and then idiocy of some members. I don't care what the do-gooders say, I lay much of the blame on film and TV violence and lack of moral guidance in the old "Crime does not pay" era.

An excellent photo page which unlike many such, was not a series of soot and whitewash images.

I particularly enjoyed Joe Mayhew's account of cartooning. My own first pro sale was around 1954, but in 1959 my cartoon sales really took off. Over some 40 years I sold 400 to one magazine alone and my Soggies were also sold to Monsanto (Industrial Safety) and made into a brief advertising film for a cine mag.

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In *Challenger* #11, it seems many people have jury duty stories. In my particular situation, I have nothing but jury duty stories of not getting on juries. Back when I was still living in Los Angeles County, I

was grilled by defense attorneys to the point of expecting they might throw a piece of cheese on me. I only once got as far as being an alternate on a jury. That lasted until they called the first witness, who happened to be a detective I'd worked with years before. Oh well. Strangely enough, a co-worker of mine from the Crime Analysis Section managed not only to get on a jury but one a jury for a "three strikes" trial at that. She was rather surprised by that turn of events herself. I don't know whether the defense thought a female Hispanic crime analyst in her thirties would think much differently than any other crime analyst. However, the jury in question convicted the fellow with very little deliberation.

The jury duty situation in Ventura County is much easier than it is in Los Angeles. You get called for one day and if you're not chosen, you are off for another two or three years. I list my occupation as *Los Angeles Police Department — Retired* and I've never yet been called for a jury selection. I think it's a great system.

Actually, if I were ever on a jury, I would play the situation straight. Even though I know perfectly well that the suspect did it, I'd still have to be shown that the prosecution had its ducks in order. After all, I am being paid the big \$5 a day to be impartial.

You've hit on the real question a jury is supposed to consider: not whether they feel the defendant is guilty, but whether the prosecution has presented a case proving that guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

Of course, juries ignore all that legalistic mumbo-jumbo and go by their gut instincts, by which lawyer they like the most, by whether the defendant is scary or cute, and so on.

Had you grown up in Los Angeles, your reactions to movie stars would be far different than those you describe in "Shooting JFK". Like there are thousands of actors in Los Angeles. The millionaire actors live in Beverly Hills. A lot of the actors who are not millionaires but are doing OK live in places like Sherman Oaks, where I grew up. Actors just aren't a rarity. When I was in college I was dating the daughter of an actor. She made the comment that if you wanted to see a lot of actors you should visit the Unemployment Office in Hollywood. Even successful actors have periods of unemployment every year, and they do collect those unemployment checks.

Under the heading of "it's a small world," the actor's daughter in the last paragraph (who is now married to Jay Leno) had a girlfriend whose father was implicated by Jim Garrison in the Kennedy assassination plot. He was involved in right-wing political groups in Southern California. Nothing came of the implication aside from getting the man's name in the news a few times.

In Tom Feller's review of "Babyface Killers", he mentions that most school shooters and most serial killers are white males. This may be because there are exceedingly few white street gangs. Blacks or Hispanics with murderous inclinations can always join a gang and conceal them under the general heading of Business as Usual.

Mike Resnick's article "Memorable Meals" reinforces my long-held suspicion that I pay much less attention to eating than many fans do. My ex-wife used to say I ate like I was fueling a machine. I'd always believed that was exactly what I was doing. While I may not remember many meals, I certainly remember every case of food poisoning I've ever had. The first dose was from a piece of banana cream pie. Banana cream pie still looks good, but I've never eaten any since that time. I can remember the *worst* meal I ever ate. The meal consisted of sardines. The second worst meal I ever ate was at one of those restaurants which serve nothing but healthy crap. Now I instinctively know that eating all that healthy crap will put you in an early grave as surely as anything will. However, I sort of had to order something, so I tried a vegetarian burrito. How bad could it be? I found out. I spent the rest of the day trying to wash the taste out of my mouth. When I got home that evening I resorted to brushing my tongue. If bad taste confers power on medicine, that burrito must have been about the most powerful medicine in the Western hemisphere.

*My worst meal was served by my elementary school — a slab of rancid grease called a porkburger. *Ick* still nauseates me to remember it — just as it infuriates me to recall the bitchy alcoholic cafeteria worker who made me clean up after myself. I'll have something to say to her in Hell.*

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Having calmed down and torn up my initial lengthy rant, I will differ from Dr. Greg Benford's assessment of the South only on one crucial point rather than the dozen or so I could dispute. I take strenuous exception to Dr. Benford's assertion that "the South was a distinct nation, the Confederate States of America." At the time in question, the South was a portion of the United States of America in a condition of rebellion. Treason does not extinguish sovereignty.

So — to repeat a point I asserted last time — were the Texans at the Alamo traitors to their lawful government? Were the colonies traitors to George III? Remember — many Southerners in 1860 had

fought in the Mexican War, and many also had grandfathers who had exchanged fire with redcoats.

Revolution was in their blood. "Whenever any government becomes destructive of [life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness] it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it." Was the secessionist movement treason or revolution? Wasn't it Lincoln's point that the disparate regions of America had to come together ... as they never had before? And wasn't that the end result of the Civil War?

I don't know what, if anything, you heard about the Palczynski case — it was big news locally, probably not nationally. In brief, this Joseph Palczynski had a longish history of minor run-ins with the law and with beating up a succession of girlfriends. Apparently he beat up once too often on the latest incumbent, one Tracy, and she left him and was taken in by a friend. Palczynski went there, shot the friend and the friend's husband, dragged Tracy out literally kicking and screaming. A neighbor tried to intervene and was shot to death as well.



At some point Tracy got away from Palczynski — it was unclear whether this was before or after he murdered another woman in one attempted carjacking and wounded a toddler in another. Somehow he got to Virginia (making it a federal case and bringing the FBI into it), broke into a house there, kidnapped a man and forced him at gunpoint to drive back to Maryland. Oddly, Palczynski let this fellow go unharmed. Then broke into another house, tied up and robbed the couple who lived there and their 4-year-old, but otherwise did not harm them.

Then shot his way into the home of the girlfriend's mother and held her and two others, including a child, hostage for four days, variously issuing bloodcurdling threats and firing out the window at police. Eventually he fell asleep; one hostage escaped, then another. The tactical squad went in hard and fast, and shot Palczynski full of a fatally large number of 9-mm holes. They said he was reaching for his (several) weapons. I'm inclined to take their word for it.

Last I heard, the State's Attorney's "preliminary" finding was that it "appeared" to be a justifiable use of force. Well, duh.

Moving on to better news, and what could be better news than finding that **Challenger** received a well-deserved Hugo nomination! I didn't quite sit here giggling like a blathering snorg, but it was a near thing. Should you win, I will cheer as loudly as possible; if not, I hope you feel justifiably validated by making the ballot. Two things leaped out at me about the Charlotte in 2004 ad. First it appears *not* to be scheduled for Labor Day weekend (the DragonCon factor?); second that the mail drop for a North Carolina bid is in Georgia.

Not unusual in this day and age. The last Orlando bid was based in Boston.

Nice to see the "illustrious" Joe Mayhew talk about his life in fan art. I don't know about the "Muse of Cartooning", but there is a patron saint of artists: Saint Fra Angelico, 15th Century painter. At the canonization ceremony, which was held at a Vatican chapel bearing several of his frescoes, some stickler questioned whether enough miracles had been credited to Fra Angelico. The Pope pointed to the art and said, "Here are his miracles!"

On page 63, in response to Gene Stewart, you claim that human relationships are not the strong suit of SF/fantasy and invite readers to cite exceptions. Off the top of my head: Gillian the witch-orphan and Herrel the shapechanger in Andre Norton's **Year of the Unicorn**; Cordelia and Aral in Lois McMaster Bujold's books, especially **Shards of Honor**, always struck me as having a believable relationship; Miri Robertson the ex-soldier and Val Con the scout and "agent of change" in Steve Miller and Sharon Lee's Liaden Universe books; the various forms and personae of Katie and Briton in Alan Hruska's overlooked **Borrowed Time**.

*I would add the love affair between Mandella and MaryGay in **The Forever War**, which rang exquisitely true.*

Your editorial calls for people to write about America, "what we are like as a people." That may be too large a scope for my feeble talents. However, in a review of Elizabeth Moon's **Change of**

Command, I wrote that "It is an apt portrait of a society coming unglued because narrow loyalty to to persons or factions has taken precedence over broader loyalty to the society as a whole and its principles." Maybe it's not a bad thing to have every schoolchild recite the Pledge of Allegiance: now all we need to do is make them understand what they're promising!

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The various letters in **Challenger** #11 commenting on #10, in particular about the Columbine tragedy and similar youth violence, brought to mind something I found appalling in the aftermath of the Pearl shooting. Some of Luke Woodham's friends were immediately charged with conspiracy; they were not allowed to attend school for the rest of the year; then, six months or more later, all charges were dropped for lack of evidence.

The most appalling part, to me, was the Pearl DA's rather grudging comments about it, which showed he really didn't want to have to admit the total lack of evidence that they had anything to do with the crime. In a warped sense, it was rather funny how the prosecution progressed of the young man who was accused by Woodham of having influenced him. This defense was totally dismissed in the prosecution of the case. This, Woodham was *not* influenced, and was personally and singly guilty of the crimes; but once he was convicted, the prosecutors were ready to try the kid who influence *wasn't* the cause of the violence! As it happens, there never was a trial; the defense arranged a plea and the boy was sent to a "boot camp" facility for a few months.

*The entire country got a lesson in prosecutorial excess during the impeachment folderol. Such impulsive, corrupt, abusive and borderline illegal behavior doesn't occur all the time, of course, but a DA wields the power of the state, and when one goes too far, he should be yanked back, hard. But the people buy the bullshit that if someone is accused of a crime, they must be guilty — and it's left to the true heroes of American law, the defense lawyers to *kof* sustain the traditional liberties *hoo* that have made this country*
**snicker* great ...*

"The AVP Solution" was very interesting. I hope this system is given a chance in a lot of places; anything the attempts to do more than just warehouse criminals is worth trying.

More John Berry! I love his writing!

He's in this issue twice!

I am sure I'm not alone in being struck by the timing of Joe Mayhew's essay; I heard about his passing before I had read that far into **Challenger**, and there was

a bittersweet pleasure in reading his autobiographical piece. I will miss his work so much, and I'm sure his friends will miss him even more.

Charlotte and Jerry Proctor's articles were hilarious, and the Charlie Williams illos were perfect. Has Charlie ever made it to the Hugo nomination ballot? He deserves the honor as much as anyone, for he truly *illustrates* the fanzines that are fortunate to receive his work, and does it superbly.

Wait till you read his Civil War tale, next issue.

No, Charlie has yet to receive the nomination due him. Let's see to it.

Re Mark Evanier: he's working with Sergio Aragones on various comic book projects, including various incarnations of **Groo**.

*Sergio is a future **Challenger** cover artist — or rather, a drawing he did for me in 1974 is slated for a future **Challenger** cover.*

Mark has also written for Saturday morning cartoons.

You mention the Walter Brooks series about Freddy the Pig; I too am a fan of the series, and enjoy re-reading them every few years; the whimsy holds up very well. They wouldn't be approved by modern school reading selectors; the vocabulary is too advanced for the target age group these days.

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Challenger #11 received and read. The various legal stories have re-affirmed the wisdom of being an honest citizen, so as to avoid the capricious justice of the courts. I recently finished reading the autobiography of H. Allen Smith, best remembered for his humorous books but who was a newspaper reporter for most of his life. In his autobiography **To Hell in a Handbasket**, Smith writes:

"In theory a jury panel was made up of representative citizens. This was the average man, the man in the street ... They render judgment. I have carefully refrained from all criminal activities throughout my adult life for the simple reason that I do not want such people passing judgment on me."

You know, you could read that two ways ...

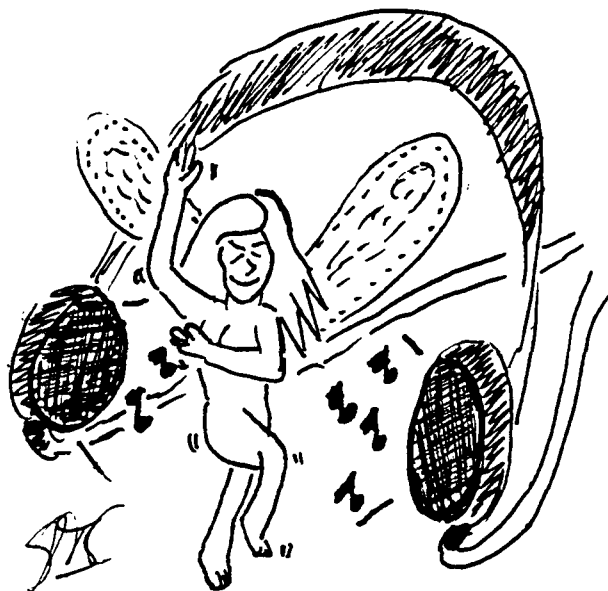
Y2K: From my conversations with the computer techies at work, I wasn't too worried about the approach of doom. (By the way, this letter is being typed three days after the Earth was supposed to be doomed by a planetary alignment. There is no belief, however ridiculous, that you can't get at least a dozen people to believe it.) However, I did lay in supplies and do disaster planning. Canada was traumatized by the ice storm of 1998, which left Ontario and Quebec without power for weeks.

Alberta has never had such a storm, but we all know it is possible. Most Calgarians I talked to agreed that if they were stocking food and supplies it was because all the fuss about Y2K reminded them how fragile our society is against the force of nature.

Karen Pender-Gunn
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I have to say we have only a very small number of shootings here in Australia — might it have something to do with the fact that gun ownership is very small here? (Sorry, just throwing a cat among some pigeons.) If you don't have a gun, you can't shoot anyone. Simplified way of thinking about it but it makes sense to me.

I'm in favor of gun control, of course, but don't believe that guns themselves cause the ongoing violence in American society. A good deal of it seems due to the classic militancy — not militarism — of the American spirit. We're individualist frontiersmen conquering a wilderness for our hungry kin, enlightened self-interest blazing before us like a beacon ... frying anything or anyone who gets in our way, be they indigenous aboriginals, or rival imperialists from Japan, or the dude from the next street who craves our cocaine turf, or the campus jock who bullies us for being small, or any other enemy who catches our imagination. How does Australia differ? Same language, same heritage — after all, your ancestors were also kicked out of every decent country on Earth. But your problems seem subtler to American eyes, and all of your violence and insanity is focused into your football ...

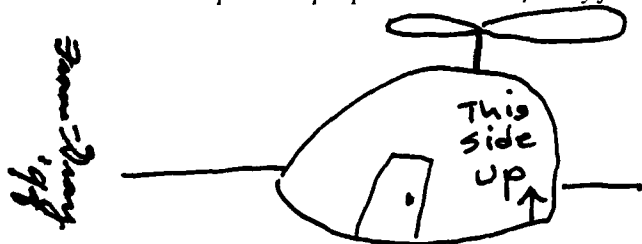


I read your tales from legal life with great interest. There is a strange mixture of grief and hope in these stories. It must be hard to just stand back and not get involved in your clients. Nurses have to do the same thing but sometimes you get involved in certain cases. Would it be the same with your good self?

Sure ... but you're right, it's a mistake. Cf. "The White Sustenance" in Chall #8.

The leaving of high school isn't such a big thing here. I suppose I must have got some sort of magazine at the time but it's long been put away or lost. We get a certificate of some sort but the important time is when you get to university. Even that is changing now. It used to be that a Bachelor of Arts was enough to get you a good job, now you need a Bachelor in something better — Computing Science or Engineering. The universities weed out the chaff very quickly and we used to take bets on the students (when I worked in a university library) who wouldn't be there by second term. If the student had a new car (given to them by parents for passing their exams) and a shiny, new briefcase and a jacket in the latest fashion — kiss them goodbye!

Story from my first days of law school, which I started at Louisiana State University. Woman in front of me at the campus bookstore was buying dormitory stuff — wastebasket, notebooks, towels. Everything she bought was emblazoned with the LSU insignia. I imagined all that stuff was for her kid, getting ready to enroll as a freshman. She herself was 100% country, tattered, worn, poor, and I could picture the rest of the story from that: the kid's frustration at not fitting in with the more sophisticated suburban brats, his/her desperation to adapt through the incessant partying that was LSU's undergraduate trademark, and the disillusionment and disappointment that would inevitably follow. I hope those people had me completely fooled.



I was pleased to see yesterday that the two fish in my pond that I had had been taken by birds were actually there and looking fatter and healthier than ever. Clever fish had hidden themselves even from me. So, that was a good piece of news to end this letter with!

Tola Varnell

[Writing about Challenger #10.] The story about Lew Tabakow caught my attention. It had been

years since I had heard anyone mention him. It made me a little sad, but it was a tender, good sad. Brought back fond memories of him. Memories of my own meetings with Lou, and the wonderful stories others told me about him. When I heard of his passing years ago, I was greatly saddened and shocked. I knew he was ill, but he was a fandom legend, and legends are supposed to live forever. I guess in a way, he does live forever. As long as some of us mention him and tell others about him, he is living forever.

I also enjoyed the picture of you at age 16. I'm one of those strange people who enjoys pictures of people back when.

Somewhere on the net I'm shown sucking in my cheek at a NOSFA meeting ca. 1971. I remember being that thin, and having hair!

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Thanks for **Challenger #11**. As always, I enjoyed your mix of your own writing and the articles you've solicited from others. Reading a well-edited fanzine is like attending a dinner party whose host has brought together a group of people well balanced in terms of mutual interests and varying viewpoints for an evening of stimulating conversation. Now if you could bring some of these folks together in the flesh, and follow Robert Farrar Capon's rules for successful dinner parties — with particular attention to his prescribed minimum of one bottle of wine per person — you would have a memorable meal indeed. And you would have Mike Resnick to chronicle it for your next issue.

I've been to only one of the restaurants Mike mentions [in **Chall #11**]: The Student Prince in Springfield. I'm glad someone as well-traveled as Mike shares my fondness for the place. Their seasonal game menu is indeed impressive, and they cook buffalo as well as anyone in South Dakota. But I prefer their regular menu with its formidable selection of German dishes. German food must be eaten in the proper setting. Subtlety is not a feature of German cuisine. Bratwurst or hasenpfeffer are not meant to be eaten by candlelight. But a noisy *bierkeller* makes conversation impossible — and provokes the fear that someone will break out with the *Horst Wessel Lied*. The right atmosphere for German food is crowded, noisy, and full of kitsch. And that's a pretty good description of The Student Prince.

*A German girl in my North Carolina writing class once prepared a concoction called **furherzangenbowle** [sic] for our class party. T'was made thusly. Over a bowl of red wine place a clean*

metal screen. Put a large sugar cone in the center of the screen, and pour a bottle of rum over the cone.

Set it ablaze. Continue until the sugar cone is completely consumed. Drink. Wake up three days later in bed with a walrus. We didn't produce any great literature in my writing class, but jeez, what parties.

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Imagine, in about a month's time, while I do not receive many fanzines anymore, I received **Stet**, **Mimosa**, and **Challenger**, each altogether splendid. Three such fanzines! Each worthy of a Hugo, absolutely, no question. No, fandom is still alive and well, and I must add, maturely self-confident of itself, as witnessed in these. I am relieved that, inasmuch as I do not go to the big convention. I shall be relieved of the necessity of choosing.

Hey, supporting members get to vote, too!

Anyway, Lynne Taylor's cover is very charming, three bird-people, or harlequins in great masks, lovely, although they do, for some reason, appear to be holding frankfurters!

I have no particular comments on the legal articles, but I order an extra auto registration card for each of our two cars, so both my wife and myself can carry them in our wallets. Mr. Frohvet's dad would have been wiser to adopt this simple expedient.

Concerning celebrities, I apologize, but inasmuch as I collect *aural* autographs, I feel compelled to speak to them when I see any. I do not burden them for written autographs, as a rule. (There are exceptions.) I have written of them elsewhere, but, just to list a few:

Recently we saw Anne Jackson, fine actress and wife of actor Eli Wallach, at a restaurant and later, at a play. I told her at the latter of buying a copy of an early play starring the two of them, and signed by each, as a birthday gift for my wife, who is idolatrous of them. (She hung back and said not a word!) Miss Jackson was delighted. At Lincoln Center one evening, after the opera, we were returning to the car and stopped to wait for the traffic light to change. A man and his wife asked politely if we might suggest a good restaurant nearby. My wife looked and gaped. "Aren't you 'Kramer'?" she asked with awe. He said, "Well, I'm Michael Richards." I do not think I ever received a curt response, especially when they saw I had no pen in my hand. Years ago, a few weeks after seeing Herschel Bernardi in **Fiddler**, we ran into him near Times Square. We congratulated him, upon which he engaged in some Q & A with my son about the meaning of the play. We also saw Sammy Davis, Jr., met by a family of tourists, who had a camera with them. He

insisted on posing with them while someone took a snapshot. One time I did not talk with a star was at the Whitney Museum, years ago, when we recognized unquestionably the people-shy Woody Allen, with a tall blonde. He was the only man in the museum with a hat on, a slouchy thing designed to hide his face and his suspiciously glaring eyes but making him all the more evident. I felt like hollering "Hey Woody!" but refrained. Another time we spotted Barbra Streisand at the Metropolitan Museum gift shop. I was dying to see if she remembered me and my wife from decades before (small chance indeed!) But figured if I said anything the crowd would envelope her. I hoped we might meet in the corridor by chance, but alas, we didn't.

Several times, I had a pen. The most memorable was after a play in London, with the wonderful Rex Harrison and Claudette Colbert. They signed our **Playbill**, but Rex, for whom we had to wait half an hour, came downstairs weary, but saw my wife, with eyes glowing, stopped, held and did not release her hand for another half an hour, chatting amiably. I treasure this **Playbill**, people I admired, and fine memories forever.

How about an autograph, Mr. Lillian?

Martin Morse Wooster
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My favorite article this time is Mike Resnick's piece about all the enjoyable meals he has had. Resnick's fan pieces are always good for daydreams (\$2,500 for a meal at the Four Seasons Los Angeles — *but of course*. A little breast of impala while observing the wildlife in Botswana — *mais oui*.) But on the other hand, he should be commended for making enough money to do activities the rest of us can only dream about. But Resnick is also quite good at explaining his enthusiasms. I've always enjoyed Resnick's fanzine articles, and am happy to read him in **Challenger**.

My one experience with jury duty wasn't quite as exciting as the four writers in this issue. I checked in, watched a video with **60 Minutes'** Ed Bradley about why serving on a jury was important, and then waited. The local library had provided books, so I took a copy of Michael Moorcock's **The Warhound and the World's Pain**. There were nine trials scheduled in county court that day, but by 11AM most of the trials had been dismissed (in one case because the defendant didn't show up). So by 11:30 I left with my magnificent check for \$15 — and can honestly say that the Montgomery County Government paid me to read Michael Moorcock.

Gene Stewart raises some interesting

arguments which I have a hard time agreeing with. I don't agree that SF is the only genre which "Golden Age material is kept alive with constant references and customs." What about all the mystery writers who are trying to do pastiches of great detectives from the '30s? How about all the writers of today who are producing Jane Austen pastiches? I also don't think the relationship between today's top writers and the past is a battle. Rather, I like Greg Benford's idea that modern pros are like jazz musicians, who borrow riffs from other writers, but then use them to create modern works that respect the past.

I hope Jerry Proctor is amused by his embrace of Y2K paranoia. It's sort of funny now looking at how much stuff many of us packed away, and one wonders what happened to the local millionaire who stored enough food and ammo "to last out the siege of Leningrad." I hope he gave some of his hoard to the poor! But in hindsight, the dreaded Y2K menace assumed that inevitably civilization would crumble because computers couldn't recognize the year. Perhaps the lesson we can learn is to think twice whenever anyone assures us that "inevitably" the world will be doomed from global warming, famine, etc., etc.

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A brief note on **Challenger #10**. As always, excellent production values, although at one point my copy goes 53, 55, 53, 54, 55. Does anyone need an extra page 53 or 55?

Behold the perils of letting an overtired editor collate.

You also have some excellent articles. Mike Resnick's piece on Lou Tabakow was outstanding; no surprise, Resnick can write, and Tabakow was an engaging subject. Our paths didn't cross that often, but Lou was a charmer. Susan Higgins' "Mountain Sue" was an intriguing look at a path I never took, and choices I never had to make. The closest I ever came to catching my dinner was when I was about six, out at my grandmother's place and she had me run down a chicken for her. She chopped off its head, as I got to watch the live bird converted into a delicious dinner.

Let's hope you never dream about a planet inhabited by giant intelligent chickens.

Joe Mayhew's piece on Katharine Anne Porter was an all too brief encounter with a woman who is famous, not to mention interesting, and leaves you wanting more, though I suspect Joe gave us all he had.

I liked Joy Moreau's look at Gargantua, and am reminded that a female mountain gorilla gave birth to her fourth baby, a male, here at the Washington zoo. At the time I saw Gargantua in the movies, but never

live. Joseph Major's "The Revolution In Nihilism" discusses the Columbine shootings fairly soon after the event. Over the course of time it came out that one clique of jocks, headed up by a boy who became the state wrestling champ (and drove a Humvee to school,) got away with outrageous bullying. Enough so that Harris, the ringleader, who was on medication anyway, went over the edge, and it didn't matter that the people he *really* wanted to kill had all graduated. Share the blame around, the bullies and the teachers who enabled them both own some responsibility for what happened.

Your own essay on Eddie was – is – a bit unsettling. Violence does get passed along, as Columbine demonstrated.

What else? Elegant layout and a classy letter column. But you already knew that.

Still nice to hear. Thanks!

Rodney Leighton
R.R. #3

Tatmagouche NS B0K 1V0 Canada

Congratulations and best luck on the Hugo nomination. But you are up against **Stet 9**, no?

Actually, no. Stet's epic 9th symphony wasn't Hugo-eligible last year, though it's a shoo-in for a spot on the Philly ballot.

Scanning, I noted your comment about me being everywhere and I wondered what in the hell you meant. Outside **Fosfax**, I don't do too much any longer. I occasionally pop up in **Batteries Not Included** but usually with a different name. I did have that piece in the **SFCB** but I suspect that is the end of that since I despised Julie's editorial and said so. But I was amazed when I came to **The Reluctant Famulus 55** and find myself listed among the contributors. Say what??? I had a letter from Tom sometime in 1998 [but] haven't had any communication of any sort with that chap since.

Stet 9 is quite fantastic. I disagree with your criticism.

It was mild criticism; I treasure the editors and the zine.

Only people with enough money to waste and the interest in doing so belong to cons and receive worldcon books. Granted that it is possible I am the only recipient of **Stet** who could not afford to attend a worldcon and would not want to anyway, but I found a lot of interesting info in the Hugo and fan fund categories. And I am not much interested in either. If, in fact, a number of people who do not attend worldcons receive **Stet**, they might well be interested in learning that it is time to rename the Best Fan Writer award the Langford award and give the Hugo to someone else.

Some bastard(s) pulled my mailbox out of the ground last night. Gotta go fix it.

Good luck!

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Challenger 11 has arrived, and it has been worth the wait.

The cover to this issue...by Lynne Taylor. Is that Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk, the multi-Aurora-winning fan artist from Coquitlam, British Columbia? Or is this Lynne totally someone else?

Beats moi, but this Lynne deserves all the awards she can get. Could someone send me the Fahnestalk address? We'll settle this mystery, and I'll beg for some more great artwork.

Your letter to **Time**, in some ways, reflected my own letter in this. America has power to spare, more money than anyone else, and the ultimate power in this world, yet lacks for schooling, knowledge and wisdom. If America could be smarter, more knowledgeable and wiser than any other country, then its power would be well-placed. I hope the invitation to comment on America doesn't drive a wedge between your American and non-American readers. When I make such observations, they are not malicious, but are intended to provide some insight. I have Robert Burns in mind...*what a wondrous gift to gie us, to see oorsels as ithers see us...*

Not to worry. No one paid any attention for my theme suggestion for this issue.

I've already written about my own experiences with jury duty. I also had to deal with employers who wouldn't complain about doctor's appointments or other excuses, but had difficulties with the idea of jury duty. The law here says that an employer must pay you for that day of doing your civic duty, and most employers don't like that. One employer demanded that I beg off; it was a busy time in the office. When my deferred duty came up again, and I had to go, my then employer complained bitterly, and my job was threatened. (He couldn't have done anything to me without breaking some labour laws. I'm always amazed at how some employers forget they were ever employees themselves, and see all labour laws as obstacles to their making the maximum of profits. I suspect that if they'd lived several centuries ago, they would have imported slaves.)

I've never been starstruck by actors, singers and other performers. Canada never really had a star system, although it now seems to be forming. We have our own Walk of Fame on King St. W. in Toronto. I have met some Hollywood actors, and many of them are nice folks. Sylvester Stallone, David Letterman and Paul Newman were in Toronto this past weekend to watch the annual Indy race that takes place here. Stallone was in town to shoot a movie about racing. Because I was at a media convention this past weekend,

I saw some of the featured actor guests. John deLancie was a little growly all weekend, but mellowed out when we presented him with a bottle of his favorite Jim Beam. Patricia Tallman was smiling and pleasant everywhere. Richard Hatch was there, plugging his new **Battlestar Galactica** movie. The highlight of my weekend? Seeing some old friends I hadn't seen in years, and accomplishing all the tasks we were assigned, either by ourselves or others.

You have a healthy attitude towards the famous. Would that the famous always had a healthy attitude towards us.

Joe Mayhew's "My Illustrious Career" may have been written with a hint of self-deprecation, but now it must serve as a swan song perhaps, or a final goodbye, or an epitaph, for Joe has joined the long line of good friends and fans to leave us over the last few years. Yvonne and I had known Joe for some years, and his rapid decline and death were a bad shock for both of us. Reading about his decline on the Trufen listserv did little to cushion the blow. Henry Welch has already mailed out a Joe Mayhew Memorial issue of his fine **Knarley Knews**, with lots of Joe's art and cartoons. We miss you, Joe, and Chicon will be lacking that certain spark.

You speak for all.

The world DID end on the eve of December 31, 1999...however, our reality was backed up on disk, and that's what we enjoy now. Give it a few years...someone like Harry Turtledove will write an alternate history story to describe what should have happened with Y2K. I'll bet that story is already in progress on someone's WP...that ol' Y2K bug must have hit Jerry Proctor's article, for substantial parts of it have been repeated within pages 41 to 43.

I figured that it was good enough to read twice.

Sally Syrjala's letter, as she says herself, gives us a glimpse of the pain behind the smile. We are all poseurs, hiding our bad memories behind our happy, smiling faces. Sally, in spite of her childhood memories, obviously chose to do better than did her father. My memories of my father are not pleasant, though he was not abusive...he was often too busy working to be much of a father, and I know that he was working hard to provide for us, yet in many ways, my two brothers and I had to grow up without him. We have a choice of reactions to this...we can emulate him, and be as bad as he was, or we can learn from his mistakes, and make the effort to do better.

Try also to use your imagination and see the world through his eyes. It will help.

Going on to Kay McCutcheon's letter, we often look for what we lacked as children in our adult lives, which is a normal thing...as a result, not having friends as a child means now that the friends I have in fandom

are very dear to me. Other parts of Kay's letter connect with what I'd written previously...we structure our children's lives so that nothing is spontaneous or really natural. We take away all the dangerous things in their lives, even those that might teach more than hurt, and swaddle them in a cotton batt reality, free from sharp edges or other harm. As a result, I find today's children emotionless and sterile. We bring them into the world, only to deny them any chance at a childhood, or laughter, or friends, or fun.

Oh, I know some kids who laugh and have fun. My nephews, for two ... who make it harder to leave Grand Island, New York, every time I visit them there. It may not be science fiction, but it's true.

R. A. Lafferty has been discussed in other recent fanzines. Dan Knight of United Mythologies Press in Toronto will help to keep Lafferty's fine fiction and legacy alive. It's a shame his state of health may mean an unfortunate announcement soon.

The day we lose The Cosmic Ray is a day that should hide its face.

Yvonne works for a satellite imaging company in the north section of Toronto called Optech Inc. Some of the equipment the company builds were on these landers those darned Martians keep shooting down. I guess they've got their own no-fly zone, or we're violating their air space.

Joy Moreau's article was a joy to read, and a look at a different life, that of the circus. I know there are many people against circuses because of the distinct possibility of inhumane treatment of the circus's animals. Organizations like Cirque du Soleil show that animals aren't really necessary in a circus. Yet, a circus (and zoos, aquariums and other animal displays) increases public awareness that these animals are alive, and need help and protection. A short time ago, Yvonne and I had the opportunity to have our picture taken, sitting on either side of Qadesh. This is a photo-op Mike Resnick would probably like. Qadesh is a 500-pound Bengal tiger, and probably the biggest kitty cat you've ever seen. If Qadesh were any more laid back, he'd be horizontal. Some people expressed disapproval of Qadesh being the household pet of a family in Mississauga, west of Toronto, but at least we know a lot more and have much more awareness of Bengal tigers, their proper habitat and their endangered status. Qadesh may help save other tigers by simply being here. A local fan, Mike Ridout, is a friend of Qadesh's family. He has a standing invitation to go and play with the tiger any time he likes.

Why not? Expensive to buy food for tigers ...

I, too, remember **Astromancer Quarterly** from Joe Maraglino in Niagara Falls, NY. Much of the art that appeared in those zines were from Linda Michael, and much of the software and hardware Joe

used came from now-gafiated fan Tim Pruitt. The last time I saw Joe was just over a year ago. He was always the unadvertised chairman of Contradiction, the Buffalo/Niagara Falls area SF con. Yvonne and I attended most of the Contradictions, and usually enjoyed ourselves. But as such fannish projects do, the con died, and another group in town, the Buffalo Fantasy League, led by Joe Fillinger, decided to fill the gap with a new con concerned with horror and SF, called Eeriecon, as part of the club's 50th anniversary of existence. We missed Contradiction, so decided to go to Eeriecon. On the Saturday night of Eeriecon 1, Joe Maraglino walked into the main convention area, unshaven and looking rather bedraggled. Joe looked around, saw me, and asked how the con was going. I said it was a lot of fun, and it was good to be back in Niagara Falls. "You can't be enjoying *this* piece of garbage?", he said...he walked out the hotel door, got back in his car and drove off, and I haven't seen him since. I asked others about Joe's sudden appearance...they said he was bitter about the death of Contradiction, and the unsuccessful Niagara Falls in '98 Worldcon bid. Linda and her fine art seem to have disappeared, too.

I miss both of them. The last time I saw them I inadvertently but seriously offended a beautiful and sweet young lady who worked for Joe, and I fear that's kept them from responding to the Challs I send. But they're A+ people and I hope they degafiate soon.

Rick Feinberg mentions Irene Vartanoff...I met Irene in Toronto in February. Yvonne and I were FanGoHs at Ad Astra 2000, and Irene's significant other, Scott Edelman, formerly of **SF Age**, I believe, was the editor GoH. Of course, I've known Irene's sister, Ellen, for many years through Worldcons.

Ellen is simply one of the warmest and nicest people I've ever known. Art by her appears elsewhere in this Chall. I last saw her at Confederation; where is she now?

Gene Stewart mentions the movie **Bicentennial Man**. With **What Dreams May Come**, these two movies were among my favorites over the past year. Neither did well at the box office, and I know that my appreciation for these movies puts me in a minority. I remember the Asimov short story and the Richard Matheson novel these movies come from, and remember enjoying those tales. I thought the actual presentation of the stories in the movies were fairly good, and the retelling of these stories were fairly faithful, but it could be that the movies reminded me of the good times that came from reading the stories in the first place. Did I like the movie for spinning a familiar tale, or because of the fond memories that came back to me?

WHAT TH- ATE: Redhead SEXUAL

fantasies

STARRING: *Guy Lillian*
and some of comicdom's
most voluptuous redheads.



Among the papers I found in my brother's garage were xeroxes of old ditto masters - the originals of what Th- Ate, a K-a zine by my late friend from NYC and comics fandom, Neal Pozner. The zine dates from the early '70s, and features various redheaded comic book heroines and a certain long-haired lad with a notorious predilection for such ladies ... Here and elsewhere, a shameful sample ...

The trailers for each made me nauseous, so I stayed away.

I have most of Richard Matheson's SF on my bookshelves, and my interest in Matheson goes back to more that Gene mentioned, namely **The Twilight Zone**. I agree with you, Guy: the best television show of all time, especially for me. As a kid, the opening sequences scared the hell out of me, but the stories sure caught my attention. Serling's writing was great, as were those from Matheson and Charlie Beaumont. Sure, there were a few stinkers, but there were some successful experiments...the script with no dialogue at all, "The Invaders", starring Agnes Moorhead. No continuing characters were needed; just good story, good writing and a twist at the end to send that thrill up your spine. When CBS tried **The New Twilight Zone**, I was riveted; to me, they recaptured the original with great stories and characterization, and fine acting.

I thought the tales lacked punch in the new show.

You can admire genius like Matheson's, Beaumont's, Serling's, but you can't replicate it.

And finally...I have hopes that you will have a rocketship all your own [after worldcon]. Like you say, the scutwork makes it *feel* like a fanzine, not only from the faned's Point of View, but also from the reader's. Chicago, here we come!

Of course I won't win the Chicon Hugo, but what a high to get nominated, and be spoken of so well by the fannish community I have come to love and rely on. I will always be grateful.



Robert Sabella
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Thanks for **Challenger** 11. It was another fine issue with lots of meaty stuff. Congratulations on

your Hugo nomination. It's too bad so many fans who probably have never read a single fanzine in the past year continue to vote mindlessly for Dave Langford and **Ansible**. True they are deserving award-winners, but what has he won now, at least 10-15 times for Best Fan Writer and Best Fanzine combined? I am a proponent of limiting the number of wins in the categories where repeat wins are possible: Best Editor, Best Artist, Best Semi-Prozine, Best Fanzine, Best Fan Writer, Best Fan Artist. Some possibilities might be three maximum lifetime wins or two years ineligible after a win.

I too support a rule change limiting the number of consecutive Hugos one could win in the categories you mention. The majority of fans seem to disagree.

Therefore, I call on multiple repeat-winners to withdraw their names from competition for a year. Langford's reason for not doing so seems to be that he doesn't want to place his judgment above fandom's. Despite his lamentable youth - he's younger than me - I respect Dave too much to doubt his motives. But I believe it would be an act of humility and generosity that would only spread fandom's ultimate egoboo to other deserving talents.

I don't have any exciting "days in court" to relate. My only courtroom experience was the one time I was summoned for jury duty. I was placed on a murder trial involving a man's murdering his girlfriend after living with her for several years. The presiding judge asked if anybody on the jury would have a problem dealing with the murder objectively knowing that he had physically abused her for several years prior to the murder. I quickly raised my hand and admitted that the fact he had been abusing her would likely prejudice me against him. So I was dismissed from the jury.

I enjoyed Mike Resnick's "Memorable Meals" but it made me realize that one of the (many) differences between a successful writer like Resnick and a failed wannabe is the quality of meals one gets to enjoy in one's lifetime. There is damned little chance that a teacher like me will ever visit a single one of the best foreign restaurants he recommends, nor can I afford to eat at the best and obviously expensive American restaurants he touts (much less visit those cities). So while it was enjoyable reading, for me it was as much science fiction as most of Resnick's other writings.

"The Zine Dump" was good since, as usual, it recommended reading material I am not familiar with. Perhaps I'll send **VoP** to some of them in hopes they will be willing to trade with me.

That's the point!

Thanks again for some fine reading and good luck for the Hugo.

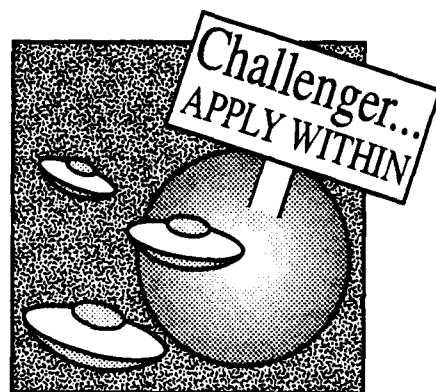
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Mind you, there's not much I can personally contribute to an issue of law and order. My one experience is that of a week on jury duty back in the '80s, and not even so well remembered as Marty Cantor's. Odd, really, how I've been busy rescuing the memories of childhood and schooldays and letting everything later go sailing by. Although for 'my' cases, this was never the vast majesty of the law. Indeed, it was hard to understand why a jury was necessary, as one was the theft of a beer barrel from a pub (bar); the other was malicious wounding in another pub, with a broken beer glass. The one over-riding memory that I still retain must be the camaraderie of the jury room; on our last day we were sitting there chatting away and reluctant to leave. Until it was pointed out to us that the relatives and friends of the man we'd just found guilty of malicious wounding were still in the building, and they might not be too pleased to see us there.

Not much in the way of celebrity spotting, either. The very first time that fame arrived to this neck of the woods was when they were filming **Lady L** at Castle Howard, our local stately home, with Sophia Loren and Peter Ustinov. (That was later to gain much more coverage with the TV adaptation of **Brideshead Revisited**.) Even closer to home might be when the film crews came to Malton to make one of the several movies based on the James Herriot books, **All Creatures Great And Small**. This was the version starring Simon Ward as James, and Anthony Hopkins as Siegfried; the opening scene, where the country bus pulls in to "Darrowby" is actually the market place in Malton, and the town features several times throughout the film. Not that there was any rise in tourist numbers as a result.

In June 1982, we had a more unwelcome celebrity, and national recognition; it was then that the double killer Barry Prudom took refuge here and left our twin towns in a state of siege. He killed again here, shooting the police sergeant, David Winter, who'd been suspicious and stopped to question him, and then went to ground. After that, the proverbial ring of steel descended; all cars leaving the town were being stopped and searched, there were armed police on every street corner and police helicopters in the sky; and appearances nightly on the national news. It culminated on the Saturday night when he held an old couple hostage in their home; and then on the Sunday morning, surrounded by the police who'd tracked him down to the local tennis courts, he shot himself. One after-effect was that the police called at every house in the town, checking that nobody else had been left tied up; that

was the last major appearance in the media until last year's floods, but that's another story.



Well, if I ever came across Oliver Stone — if that's the right phrase, as he'd certainly be making his presence felt — I'd want to shake his hand. Not due to his films, some of which I've yet to see, but for the attention to period detail which led him to add a Nash Metropolitan to **The Doors**, parked up in a driveway; the car of my childhood dreams.

He probably had it towed there!

Why I ever became fixated on such an unlikely candidate in the years of the gas-guzzlers with their multitude of fins and acres of chrome is still a mystery. Perhaps that it was so compact and sporty, compared to them; or that it was British-built for the American market? A dream in all senses as while we were living in a country village none of us could afford a car, or could drive anyway; and all I ever saw of it was in pictures. Until what must have been some twenty years later, when one passed me on a Sunday afternoon on a motor rally through Malton, in the flesh as it were. More recently I actually realised part of my dream, and am now the proud owner of not one but two Metropolitans; partly, because they're diecast metal models, one of them the convertible and the other the hard-top, my original fixation. But I still haven't given up hope of the real thing.

Actually, I've now the opportunity to view **The Doors** any time that I like, keep re-running the clip with the Metropolitan over and over again, instead of waiting for the BBC to fit it into their schedules again, and that probably at some unearthly hour. Yes, I'm now a belated member of the VCR generation, with all the wealth of cinema open to me; and what do I do? Instead of haunting the local video store I tape programmes off the TV, towards a collection that'll eventually rival my books and magazines. It wasn't meant to be that way originally. In my country childhood we didn't have a tv,

couldn't afford trips to the local cinema; and yet, through radio and the daily paper, I acquired a love and knowledge of films and film-makers that was almost encyclopaedic. But then, I suppose, science fiction intervened; certainly, when I made the break to live and work in London with its multitude of cinemas, I could count my visits on a hand that was missing some fingers. I'm still as interested as ever; but it hasn't yet translated into reality.

Finally, thanks for the timely glimpse into the world of the survivalists. I suppose this is science fiction writ large, science fiction in action; but I must admit to a chortle or two when the end of civilisation as we know it, via the Y2K bug, didn't happen; only another thousand years to go! Mind you, after the next asteroid impact I'll be quite prepared to say, sorry I doubted you; that is, if there's anyone left to apologise to...



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Reading all those courtroom tales reminded me of my first session of jury duty, back when I was still single. As it happened, my official mailing address was still at my parents' place so when I got the summons for the downtown court I was able to request a transfer since my "home" was over 20 miles from the court (I was about five miles from my parents' house). Thus my service was transferred to one of the suburban courts that just happened to be about a mile from the apartment. Between court hours, a lovely run of spring weather and working for the County (and thus on full salary) it was really almost a vacation for me.

The one fly in the ointment was The Case. This was a busy court so we were required to be there every day. Long about the end of the first week, after a few calls and send backs, a bunch of us were sent over as a jury pool on a minor case (misdemeanor trespassing at a college library). However minor it was, no one had told the defendants. Nor had they listened to any advice they may have gotten because they had each chosen to represent themselves. This meant that each juror would be questioned by the prosecutor, the first

defendant and the second defendant. I leave the grim details to the imagination, but three days and two juror pools later we were not yet a full jury and lucky me hadn't gotten tossed out.

It was either the end of day 3 or the start of day 4 on this empaneling that we were told that they had settled out of court. I don't know why the change of heart, but it was a good thing as the level of annoyance with their questioning was to the point where the jury was likely to have been pissed enough to recommend life-without-parole for criminal idiocy.

Oh well, at least I found a good Thai restaurant in the deal.

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My profound thanks for #11 and the several back issues. You have a wonderful fanzine and, as I said earlier, I'll be voting you as #1 for the *HUGO*.

The articles concerning your activities as a lawyer are thoroughly enjoyable. The court experiences of **E.B. Frohvet**, **Lew Wolkoff**, and **Marty Cantor** were most interesting. I just wish I'd known about the desire for our courtroom experiences. I've served on five juries (twice as foreman), been dismissed from two juries, and spent my time in the jury room once.

The statement by **Giani Siri** "that the more people you add to a group the more the IQ of the membership drops ... Mobs have no mind" is fact and we certainly have seen the proof of that recently.

"My Illustrious Career" by **Joe Mayhew** was most interesting. His comment that there are fanzine cartoonists like **Sheryl Birkhead** and others who are deserving of *HUGO* nominations, but are never nominated, is very true. I keep nominating Sheryl for both Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Writer, but, so far, she hasn't made it. There are some fanzines I keep nominating for Best Fanzine and only one appears once in awhile and the others never as yet.

*I too nominate Sheryl every year ... and Charlie Williams, and Bryan Norris. I'll continue until they abolish either me or the award. My philosophy is, all things being relatively equal, them what ain't got a Hugo yet need it more than them what has. Of course, special occasions intervene. I voted for Joe Mayhew this year as a tribute, and, in another year and another category, couldn't resist voting for Michael Whelan's **Summer Queen** painting, even though Whelan was dominating the Best Artist contest at the time.*

100 pages with LOC's taking up some 30%

and fanzine reviews another 12%, incredible.

Gene Stewart: I smoked for some 35 years and was doing 2 ½ packs a day when, with some outside help, I was finally able to quit. It was perhaps the hardest thing I've ever done, but I did it. That was now over 10 years ago and I do not have any desire for a cigarette. If I could do it, then anyone can do it if they wish to badly enough.

Marty Cantor: It appears, as a result of our E-mail exchanges, that we both were at Pasadena City College, but at slightly different times.

The whole issue was outstanding. Good luck with the Best Fanzine *HUGO*.

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I don't often write LOCs nowadays, haven't got the energy, but **Challenger #11** is something special and I ought to write to show my appreciation of this interesting fanzine.

Of days in court I have had two ... once when I took my mother to Worcester to do jury service. I only remember that one of the cases was of a policeman who was found Not Guilty of fiddling his car tax disc.

The other time was during Maggie Thatcher's time (spit, spit) when I protested against the poll tax and was summoned before the "majistraits". Trembling with stage fright and indignation, I stated my opposition to the tax and got fined and ordered to pay. Not very interesting or exciting. It upset my wife.

It is my opinion, and shared by many people I'm acquainted with, that the law is an ass, favours the rich, and makes lawyers rich. [*I wish it did!*] The truth (?) or facts seem to be of little consequence.

JFK thingy ... what gets right up my nose is this ... it seems adulation of celebrities ... most of whom I have never heard of ... so adolescent. And as for that bloke Stone having your car towed off, he's got a bloody cheek, arrogant bastard should be jailed for car-napping or something ...

I was a junior school teacher for many years and I could tell which kids were going to grow up as, well, vandals, hooligans and possible criminals. It seems, often, to run in families ... which means, I suppose, that the children are influenced by their environment. Not that it's invariable, I knew one girl from one of these families who was as nice and uncriminal as you would find anywhere.

I don't know if Brit TV features daytime talk show hosts who send unruly kids to "boot camps," but we have Sally Jesse Raphael and Morey Pauvich, and their shows border on the atrocious. Almost invariably in these things, a single mother having

troubles with an adolescent asks these vipers to send them to a jail-like facility, where they are howled at by huge guards and wardens to shape up and fly right. Terrified out of their wits, the kids weep copiously, promise to obey their mamas, the menopausal zeroes in the studio audience cheer, the kids go home ... and, since all kids behave just as their immediate environment expects them to behave, the cycle repeats. Recently Pauvich did such a show featuring 7-year-olds. He should have been arrested for child abuse, but still the audience applauded. With such moronic crap common in our society, don't be surprised if that witless cluck George W. Bush wins the presidency next November.

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Dear Hugo Nominee Guy:

Doesn't that make you feel good! Let's say it again: **Hugo Nominee Guy H. Lillian III!**

Say it again in 2001!

Trial by Jury (Marty Cantor): I would have had concerns about the ability of the deaf woman to keep up with the case. However, as Marty points out, having to have an interpreter meant that deliberations could be deliberate. Nevertheless, I can see where this would be used on appeal as an argument that the verdict was not handed down in full knowledge of the testimony ("Your honor, how do we know that the translation was complete or correct?") Whereas excluding deaf people from the jury is also grounds for reversal. "If she can't hear shit, you must acquit!"

Spousal abuse is a minefield. To begin with, women's advocates are perturbed that police do not seem to be concerned about such charges. For example, there was the policeman who answered one of Nicole Brown Simpson's plaintive calls, and spent most of his time chatting with O. J., ignoring her battered state. (Since this was the infamous Mark Fuhrman, a reasonable person [which says something about the science of jury selection] would conclude that Fuhrman was not involved in a plot to frame O.J.) And this was a documented case, thanks to its subsequent (and associated) celebrity. How many more less-famous women are left helpless before their friendly enemies?

Yet the police have an opinion on this. (It is always calming and conclusive to consider only the Enlightened Opinion, but ...) As a police matter, spousal violence is frustrating to deal with. All too often, particularly when the batterer is not a Celebrity, the wife refuses to go any further. This may be from

identification with the oppressor, financial need, masochism, or depression, but nevertheless it does follow from the complainant having legal standing. Giving the justice system the power to override the complainant's decision is not a desirable outcome in these cases, either.

Not to mention that often, spousal violence is two-way; battering husbands look for their type — battering wives. (And sometimes, husbands are battered and wives are the batterers. This behavior is particularly ignored by those wishing to promote the opposite; I have recently read a book on precisely this topic, **Abused Men** by Philip W. Cook.) One of the largest categories of police on-the-job deaths is when dealing with spousal abuse cases, which can turn *exceedingly* violent in response to the intervention of an outsider.

Shooting "JFK": Given the recent decline in Woody Allen's career and personal life (two sets of events which are coming to resemble each other), somehow I do not quite take as harsh a view of your having disgusted him as you seem to. It was bad enough seeing every movie he made feature a much older man lusting after a teenaged girl — it's worse realizing that this a case of art imitating life!

As for seeing Bob Hope on Bourbon Street doing what comes naturally, it seems he had a reputation, both in real life and reel life, as a woman-chaser. In the movies, of course, he failed to get the girl.



American Grotesque: An Account of the Clay Shaw-Jim Garrison -Kennedy Assassination Trial in New Orleans by James Kirkwood had been the definitive tale of the Truth or Consequences Inc. Garrison & Russo Combined Shows. However, that book became out of date when Stone dropped his brick. Hence the publication of **False Witness: The Real Story of Jim Garrison's Investigation and Oliver Stone's Film JFK** by Patricia Lambert, which not only adds to the account of the trial (the maneuverings with the witnesses from Clinton were appalling) but shows how much it was that *JFK* deserved an award from the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films

as a shining exemplar of the middle category.

Babyface Killers reviewed by Tom Feller: Cruelty to animals is one of the three signs of serial killer potential noted by the FBI's VICAP, though it has been contraindicated of late. The other two are bed-wetting and pyromania. Does this mean that Beavis and Butthead are going to become the Gen-Y Henry Lee Lucas and Otis Toole — the notorious serial killer pair (or perhaps alleged serial killer pair) of the seventies.

Games Homicidal Maniacs Play: One of the attractions of Doom was that it was possible to add things on. Players designed their own Doom scenarios, as Milt's lecturer discussed.

It was possible to buy add-ons that changed the monsters. For example, I have an add-on that puts the face of Rush Limbaugh on every monster. I have another that populates the playing area with giant floating heads of Bill Clinton. Given that the original game of such, Castle Wolfenstein, had SS men who shouted "Schutzstaffel!" when they saw the player and "I'm bleedin'!" when they were shot and killed, this is not an unexpected thing.

On the apolitical note, I have a Doom Xmas setup that has a winter wonderland background, puts little red and white fur-trimmed Santa hats on the humanoid monsters, turns the cacodemons into giant floating Christmas ornaments, and plays Christmas

carols as background. This one crashed my computer when I tried to run it.

Good!

Alternatives: the AVP Solution: Yes, but has this been followed up? I remember reading about the peace initiative that imported children from the Catholic and Protestant communities of Northern Ireland to spend a summer together in the United States. If there was a follow-up it did not get noticed. How many of these kids grew up and decided to light out for the States? Did any of them afterwards work for peace in Ulster?

Add to that the demonstrated habit of cons to,

well, con, one wonders. When dealing with men who will charm total strangers into marrying them through the mail, one has to look carefully on any such performances. And besides there is a motive — it looks good to the parole board.

End of the World Games: When I was in college it was the coming hyper-inflationary crash. I used to get mailings from magazines offering to sell me freeze-dried foods (for only a 150% markup), silver coins (for only a 200% markup), and so on. The mailings also painted lurid pictures of a devastated, demoralized populace somehow unable to function, but willing to destroy the few provident folk such as took the magazine. Twenty-five years later, these fevered dreams were trotted out for retro style.

Poul Anderson: Actually, if you look it over, Communism had "sexy" uniforms and showmanship. Consider, for example, the early Chekist look, with the sleek leather overcoat, belted in back, topped by a leather cap. Or the basically plain, yet gorgeously adorned Soviet Army uniform.

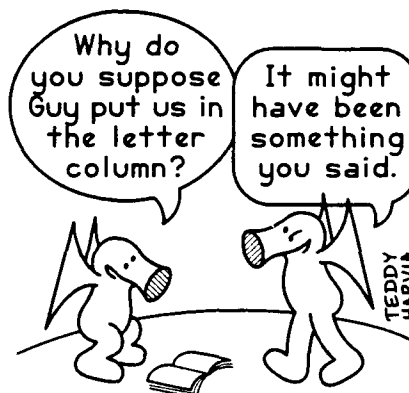
And as for "showmanship", consider the May Day parades, with endless lines of soldiers, proletarians, and the like goose-stepping (yes, the Germans got that from the Russians) past Lenin's tomb, bearing great red banners overhead saying "Glory to the Great Stalin" or whoever the Great Leader of the World Proletariat was, while planes flew overhead towing even bigger red banners.

Their poster art was particularly noteworthy. The Thirties and Forties were enlivened by great photo collages showing the Great Stalin, his beaming face about a thousand times larger than anything else in the poster, presiding over pictures of toiling Stakhanovite proletarians and his current band of closest collaborators. (The advantage of photomontage was that when a Politburo member was unmasked as a covert Trotskyist-Bukharanite-Zinovievite terrorist wrecker in the pay of foreign intelligence services, confessed his crimes, and was shot, a new picture could be pasted in. Regular photos required extensive retouching work which never quite worked right.)

Sally A. Syrjala: Having read (extensively) the record of public agencies working at suppressing child molestation, I am less than confident about the efficacy or results of those agencies working at suppressing domestic violence.

Joe Mayhew: Allow me to quote something I wrote a few years ago on the topic of "There, but for the Grace of God, go I":

... The famous British forensic pathologist Sir Sydney Smith, in a discussion on the final hours of murderers, makes a relevant comment about saying that sentence under any circumstances:



"I have been inspired to echo the famous words uttered on a similar occasion by the sixteenth-century divine, John Bradford, and say, 'But for the grace of God there goes Sydney Smith.' I have always refrained, however, lest I tempt Providence, knowing the fate of John Bradford. The grace of God apparently deserted him in the end, for he was convicted of heresy and burned alive."

— *Mostly Murder*, pp. 308-9

Henry Welch has the right idea about responsibility in schools, if one not exactly feasible. Recently, for example, there was a case of a student who assaulted the principal at his school, and while beating the principal up, informed him that he would be suing the school under the Americans with Disabilities Act. The ADA prohibits schools from expelling disabled students, suspending them for more than ten days, or separating them. The idea was to give wheelchair kids an equal chance; the result has been that every violent child becomes certified as disabled, thus uncontrollable.

Gene Stewart: A more significant factor in the Dan White trial seems to have been that the alleged evidence of premeditation turned out to have alternative explanations. For example, his use of an alternative entrance to the City Hall, one that bypassed the front-door metal detectors, was cited as evidence of premeditation — yet, it turned out that city employees regularly used that route for precisely that reason, and White had formed the habit of doing so.

The Stars My Destination would not be that hard to do, particularly as the scientific errors could be ignored. Imagine the opening scene of Foyle/Arnold waking up, panting as he realizes his oxygen has run out again, struggling into his suit, groping desperately among the reserve tanks, and just barely getting back into his little cuddy, opening the tank, and passing out as the gas streams out. And that's just the set-up! (How

they do the Scientific People's tattooing is going to be fun.)

Rogue Moon would fit in fine as a sfx extravaganza, particularly the scenes inside the moon maze. I don't think its talk scenes would go over very well, such as the poignant bit with the scientist explaining the teacher in High School.

A Case of Conscience is doubly so — who is going to sit still for the long, intricate (and worse of all, *wrong* — even then) discussion of Catholic theology? Even if it does have an entire planet blowing up?

Considering that Robert Ressler and John Douglas have both discussed the origins of forensic profiling in Sherlock Holmes, that at least is not entirely "unrealistic". What I find objectionable about mysteries is the recurring theme of the amateur who outthinks all the professionals. As de Camp found out, and Douglas confirmed, the amateur who stands around offering advice is more likely than not the perpetrator. Some serial killers are police groupies. (And I did read recently a mystery novel that had that very idea.)

Similarly, the sort of military SF common these days, where a race-class-gender integrated band of mercenaries overcomes all difficulties; or a spaceship commander does a first-rate emulation of sailing-ship war at sea, albeit with casualty rates that would have seen the bold commander beached at best, shot at worst, is simply absurd. It is, as our editor says in his own context, dishonesty.

Marty Cantor says that "[without] access to firearms, those kids at Columbine would not have been able to shoot their victims." They would have had the impetus and time to perfect their bomb-making. One of the reasons for the SWAT teams' cowardice was the fear of bombs in the school.

There is an interesting point about the militarization of police to be considered. Every little burg and hamlet seems to have its very own SWAT team, snappy black Ninja outfits, cap-A-pie body armor, and submachine guns fit to make Buck and the gang drool as the centerpiece of their armamentarium, anchoring stun grenades, tear gas projectors, shock batons, and so on. Another excuse these gallant constables used for not going into the high school was that they were outgunned. Meanwhile the teacher bled to death.

Against unarmed people, however, they are far more violent. Reading about the storming of suspected drug dealers in such cases where the charges were unfounded leads me to wonder what they do to the real thing. Battering the door down, waving firearms in all directions, making the victims, or suspects lie down under threat of instant shooting ... it makes me think that the route to success for a team of burglars would be to dress like a SWAT team and break into houses,

businesses, etc. using that same methodology. Who would know the difference?

When it comes time at Chicago, remember:
WIG WAM WIG WAM WIG WAM

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If I was on a jury I would put little weight on any eyewitness identification of a stranger. Didn't the car thief [who tried to steal your automobile] leave any fingerprints?

Only smudges.

Why would you scan **Challenger** into a website? Aren't all the issues already electronic texts? If you scan it in you will have to OCR it and then add the HTML triggers — you could hardly leave it all as graphic files, the storage would be enormous. Why not convert the existing files directly to HTML? I find that it takes me only an hour or so to convert my zine from FancyFont to HTML — some of it can be done with global commands.

Swell! What the hell are you talking about?

Giani Siri's article on AVP is fascinating — it would be interesting to know the statistical data on the long-term effect of it. I saw a TV program recently that seemed to show that a certain group of convicted murderers had demonstrable deficiencies in the prefrontal cortex — even though some of them were of above-average intelligence, they could not control their impulses (even in non-threatening test situations). So they might not benefit from AVP much. But it seems it would benefit many inmates — it will be interesting to see if it is actually tried, or found "too expensive" by the criminal justice industry — like treatment for drug addicts.

Don't expect any such sanity in the coming decade — not with the Republicans back in the White House. As James Lee Burke's Dave Robicheaux says, their idea of justice is hair on the walls.

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Thank you for your latest ish, once again I am unable to comment as fully as I would like (my computer is off to the technical doctors for one reason) please don't give up on me. My eyes being rather sore at the moment I haven't read all of the items yet (I will though) but I have read your editorial. Having worked with disabled people with physical, sensory and learning impairment problems I am all too aware how vulnerable they are in the law (even though I am, to say

the least, articulate I felt magistrates were more aware of my wheelchair than myself when I was called as a witness) it is not only people like Cindy but deaf people are not provided with signers at an early enough stage, people with a speech impairment are regarded as half-witted. While laws protecting the civil rights of physically impaired people are stronger in the USA than here in the UK I suspect for those with learning difficulties the situation is no better there than here. In Cindy's case surely it would have helped if the DA had brought witnesses to testify to her success in coping outside of an institution? Otherwise it is just a question of education, not for Cindy but for those who should be aware without education that special needs does not mean inability to recognise and describe people.

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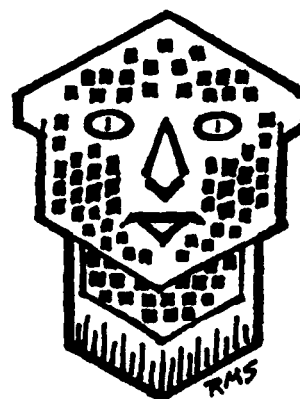
I will start this loc with a "congratulations" on your Best Fanzine Hugo Nomination. I am not going to write anything about it how it could not happen to a nicer guy because we then have the problem of a seeming oxymoron, "nicer Guy," to try to overcome.

You write about **Chall #10**, "[it] was also my first attempt since the early '70s to use a fanzine to make a coherent social and political statement." The danger in trying to have a fanzine do that is to run the danger of having said fanzine becoming just tendentious crap. The fact that **Chall #10** did not turn into tendentious crap was solely due to the fact that it did *not* have a coherent social and political statement. The fact that individual articles may make such statements is never a problem; however, when an entire zine attempts (and succeeds) in this is when it loses its fannish soul and falls flat on its paper face and becomes an uninteresting bore. You failed in your attempt at boring us and succeeded in staying fannish. The result in this was that the zine was *more or less interesting*. Keep up failing this way. Please.

You also write, "My [Time] letter benefitted from the editing, of course, but I resent the rewriting. It makes me feel old. I've never used the word 'youngsters' in my life! (At 50, maybe I should start.)" Listen, youngster, when you get to be *my* age you can start feeling old. Or, maybe, decrepit. There are many of us old pharts who would be pickled tink to be 50 again. Remember, you can be a boring old phart at any age, and childishness is ageless. It is best just to be a fan as ageism is little found in our hobby.

You write that you are a celebrity freak. I am just the opposite and have written of my attempts to avoid the celebrities with whom I am in propinquity

(such as the time I was about ten feet from the Canadian Prime Minister [and standing just behind Suzanne Somers who was also listening to the Prime Minister], quickly moving off when he started hand-shaking with the audience), I remember one time when I was walking around a comer in Carmel when Clark Gable walked around the comer going in the opposite direction. Living where I do, running into celebrities is sort of an "occupational hazard" as it were. Once, driving down a freeway offramp, I was stopped at the light at the bottom when a very old (and beautifully preserved) automobile pulled into the lane next to me. I gave a thumbs-up of appreciation to the driver who smiled back — it was Jay Leno. As for Robert Culp, he was with his son in the row behind me when Robbie and I were at a special showing of the *Cirque De Soliel* put on for the staff of the Canadian Consulate in Los Angeles (and for invited guests). As Robbie's husband (she worked for the Consulate) I did get to go to all kinds of interesting events to test my mettle at not meeting celebrities.



And then, turning to page 29, there are those glorious pictures of Robbie. A wonderful tribute, You write, "Now she lives in England, and we miss her on this side of the Pond." Yes.

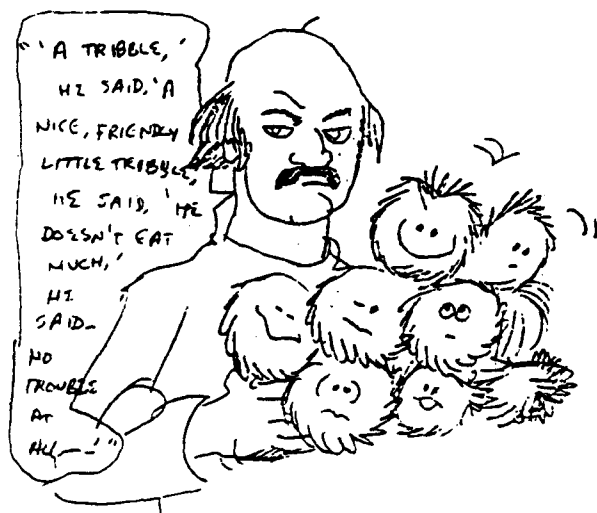
Because of some creative collation, after looking at page 38, a group of pages starting at page 29 is interpolated into my copy and I get to look at Robbie all over again without having to turn the pages back. Not that I would ever mind turning back those pages to again look at Robbie, but it was nice seeing her turn up again in your zine.

As a penance, I am excising none of the comments I received about my terrible collating job in #11.

You write a bit about your experiences on the Trufen mailing list. That is one of the three fannish lists where I spend much time 'twixt writing zines and locs. I feel quite at home there, a perfect place for my brand

of smart-assery. I must admit, though, that dealing with between 600 to 900 e-mail postings each week does take up a bit of my time. It does help that I am retired and have all of this theoretical copious free time in my possession.

In your all-too-correct deconstruction of Oliver Stone's **JFK** you miss the one important thing which, to me, should send Stone to eternal damnation: the so-called "realistic" pseudo-documentary style of its presentation will continue to mislead all too many people into thinking that what he has presented is truth. Assholes who perpetrate (or perpetuate) falsehood in public matters deserve to be slowly deconstructed cell by cell, then put back together again to feel the pain. If you wait awhile until I get really angry I will think up some *really* nasty punishments for those who contribute to the degradation of the body politic.



Memorable Meals — the thought of somebody writing this is ineffably depressing. I absolutely love food, especially good food, and very most especially great food — and I just cannot afford to indulge in this passion. With all due respects to the writing skills of Mike Resnick, I did not read this article. At the few times I have been able to attend Worldcons, I usually ate as much as possible in the Green Room if I was on panels; otherwise, I usually ate at the cheapest available place. Of course, the few times I had the money to indulge in something better, the results were usually glorious. Life would be better if I had never had to experience the difference and could have always eaten at the better places. Fortunately, I like cheeseburgers.

You write of **No Award** 46, "I think what I enjoyed most about [it] ... was the nifty graphics work. Cantor has obviously put in some valuable time teaming

his word processing, and his efforts make for an inventive and attractive layout." I thank you for that. Guy, but I must say that a good deal of credit for the graphics of **No Award** goes to the Publisher 2000 programme I use. I consider my graphics sense to be minimal; however, producing a weekly zine for APA-L (with the layout for each started from scratch) with an attitude of trying to push the layout envelope in an extremely user-friendly, software programme designed for desktop publishing has given me clues to making layouts interesting and attractive. I think that I could make a zine (of interest to nobody except those who want to poke around in layout possibilities) of nothing except the first pages of my APA-Lzines since last Fall. Um — there might be residual interest in the names of the various zines (no two alike) — each one a pun on a SF book. (**The Three Feces of Time**. Etc.)

As for **Stet** 9, since it was distributed this year, if it does not get nominated for a Hugo next year, there is no justice in this world.

Guy, I know how you feel about getting your very first Hugo nomination. And I can tell you, it does not go away with further nominations. At least, it did not go away for me for any of the three times **Holier than Thou** was nominated ('84, '85, '86). It even beat out winning **DUFF** because I knew that winning that fan-fund was a possibility as I had filed to be a candidate. I must say, though, that the absolutely out-of-the-blue egoboo which most blew me away was opening an envelope from Seattle and discovering within a letter asking Robbie and me to be Fan Guests of Honour at Norwescon/Alternacon. That was the first and only time for that honour, and I still get a warm glow when I think about it. And I had a wonderful time at that con, too.

*This is my **third** nomination, but the first for Best Fanzine — and the first I actually deserve. I know what you mean about being Fan GoH; that's happened three times for me, too, and despite the painful shyness that is my most endearing trait, they were wonderful experiences, all. HINT HINT*

And lest we forget ...

Lloyd Penney
412-4 Lisa Street
Brampton Ontario L6T 4B6 CANADA

Indeed — we all will miss Joe Mayhew. Yvonne and I met Joe some years ago at a Worldcon, don't remember which one, and we clicked immediately because Joe spent some of his childhood in southern Ontario, and he knew downtown Toronto in the early 60s. A mercy that he is freed, and more comfortable now. Chicon will be quiet without him, and should there

be a rocketship with his name on it, I hope it is accepted by one close to him, we should all roar in applause, and as you say, lift a glass in his name.

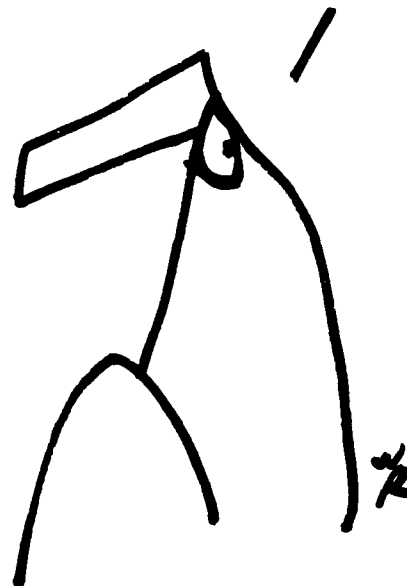
Susan R. Higgins
P.O. Box 925711
Houston, TX 77292-5711
SIZIE52@aol.com

Please send all my soft heart felt feelings for the loss of Joe Mayhew. May his art live forever in us all and may he reside within our hearts to give us a little taste of what a real good person he surely was.

WAHF — Harry Andruschak, Fred Argoff, Chris Barkley, Vince Docherty, Rose-Marie Donovan, Tom Feller, Binker Hughes, Janine Schouten, Joy V. Smith, Henry Welch (no, local thieves haven't discovered aluminum siding — yet). A special thanks to Taral Wayne for his "germaine" e-mail: Confederate money and copies of those neat and very gory Civil War gum cards put out 40 years ago by the **Mars Attacks** people. They inspired many a fist fight when I was in the 4th grade in oppressively yankee Buffalo, New York!

Illustrating this section of **Challenger** are Ruth Shields, Teddy Harvia, Terry Jeeves, Scott Patri, Nola Frame-Gray, Neal Pozner, Randy Cleary, Sheryl Birkhead, Ian Gunn, Korra'di, Cara Sherman, and William Rotsler.

END OF THE LCCS
AND NO WARNER...



epistles

One of these **Challs** I'm going to have to write the story of my year at DC Comics — and the article I wrote about Julius Schwartz. It appeared in our fan magazine, **Amazing World of DC Comics**, and no less a personage than Alfred Bester praised it to Julie himself. When I read the first chapters of Julie's autobiography, **Man of Two Worlds**, it was like falling back into that year.

Man of Two Worlds has a dull title (I preferred mine, "Strange Schwartz Stories"), but its subject matter *shines*, for it is written in the first person, and what a first person that is. This guy *invented* fanzines. He was the first super-agent in the SF genre, initiating the careers of Ray Bradbury and Robert Bloch and making the best sales ever for H.P. Lovecraft and Stanley Weinbaum. And let's not forget Bester — who created the **Green Lantern** oath. If I ever win a Hugo I'm going to lead the entire worldcon in reciting it. "In brightest day, in blackest night, no evil shall escape my sight ..." It's all here.

Then he became a comic book editor and strung up the imagination of America's youth like Christmas lights. That's here too, the re-creation of **The Flash** and all the DC universe that followed. Bringing **Batman** and **Superman** to new life ... and then, after retirement, returning to fandom as an uncrowned king. That's all here, too.

Schwartz lists his awards in an appendix. One honor is conspicuous in its absence. There's a Hugo category for "Best Related Book," for a collection of artwork or a collection of non-fiction. Or an autobiography. *This book must win that award in Philadelphia.* Ah has spoken.

BRING ON THE FEAST

Gene Stewart

Challenger 11 was excellent overall but the outstanding piece for me was Gregory Benford's "The South and Science Fiction". It raises points I've discussed elsewhere, albeit in different terms, and it sets up a dichotomy useful for analyzing science fiction's current strengths and weaknesses.

His initial point, that the South's role in imaginative fiction has leaned more toward fantasy than science fiction, at least in the general view and with many fine exceptions set aside, touches upon Poe, progenitor of modern

genre fiction. Certainly Poe is thought of generally as a writer of Gothic horror, but he did also pioneer if not define the detective mystery, urban fantasy, and science fiction genres even as he produced mostly witty, humorous pieces.

Poe's bona fides as a Southern writer are beyond reproach so it's well to remember the balance his fiction struck between the body and the mind. Despite being inordinately proud of his own mental abilities, and proving it not only with *recherche* epigrams in Greek, French, Latin and worse but once by solving the first 99 of 100 cryptograms sent to the newspaper where he worked – the hundredth was gibberish, as he declared – his work was often forthrightly sensational in the original sense of the term – stories of sensation, of how outre events would feel to ordinary people caught in them. In a sense it was vicarious thrill driving such fiction, the frisson of grotesqueries.

However, his work also embodied the mind as never before, such as in "The Gold Bug", which also included cryptography, and even the most vivid of his stories were impeccably controlled in tone, elegantly arranged in form, and precisely executed to function as a response generator. He wrote as if each story were a science experiment being performed remotely upon readers – and like the best space probes, they've kept working long beyond the expected limits of design.

Perhaps this is because Poe's fiction combines the Apollonian with the Dionysian. He remained rooted in landscape and certainly remembered his history, not to mention Classicism's ideals, but he also looked forward to new forms and even to the possible triumph of mind over matter, as in his eerily prescient if overwrought work of nonfiction, "A Vision", which anticipated quantum theory concepts by almost a century.

So even from the beginning of modern genre fiction the South, where shadowed tangles of history and passion have always evoked a faded grandeur, of nature if not of antebellum charms, has never lacked depth of resonance.

As Benford points out, much of what now passes as the Southern cause is a work of imaginative fiction anyway, a fabrication of skewed ideals, myth-making mingled with a nostalgia for what never was and a blindness for much that's undeniable. This often lends Southern fiction a schizoid feel, a detachment literally as if their past differs starkly in many important ways from the majority's, which in fact it does, the noumenal being as vital as the phenomenal in this discussion.

From the Southern Renaissance comes not only fables of the Reconstruction but an optimism shared by all forward-looking minds, a faith in the future, an eagerness to build anew and arise as a Phoenix from war-strewn ashes. Here the Apollonian light shines on the shadowy Dionysian past, and of course this deepens some shadows even as it removes others.

Science fiction's loss is that it has tended to prefer the shine of chrome surfaces to the dark tangles of roots, vines, and memories. Digging deep, a Southern tradition, has been generally avoided in favor of facile overviews, such as "The Marching Morons" of Pohl and Kornbluth, Heinlein's *Future History*, and Asimov's *Foundation*, as far back as at least H. G. Wells's *Shape of Things to Come*. Can it be the old dichotomy between the Plantation South's organic heritage and the Industrial North's technological history?

More than other genres, sf avoids the organic in favor of the engineered, perhaps because it was

engineers who first hammered out the shape of modern science fiction during the pulp magazine boom era between World War I and World War II. Surely this is technological, a remnant of the Industrial Revolution that was so kind to the North and so hard on the South. And being focused on science, which is most tangibly evident in technological innovations – always presented to the buyers as progress, an advance, a march toward Panglossian perfection – science fiction lent itself to shiny surfaces. It was bright, clean, streamlined, modern, and advanced. It was Art Deco rocketships and girls in brass brassieres.

Thus science fiction was the first genre to spring not from the organic, fractal, tangled concerns of sweaty people struggling against the press of wilderness and the weight of history, but from the designed, linear, elegant proofs of robotic logic and the 1939 World Fair's imagery. Science fiction, the literature of ideas, distanced itself from complex, unpredictable, messy emotions in favor of electron cascades and brave new math.

Hugo Gernsback's "scientifiction" sprang from hobby magazines focused on electronics. It was cathode rays and hot vacuum tubes instead of **Cat on a Hot Tin Roof**. It was prurient, prudish, and pure, every Vulcan gal's dream.. All this icy logic and engineered can-do competence smacked more of Ford's assembly lines than tar-paper shacks and paddle-wheel steamers.

When the Confederacy declared itself an independent nation, Lincoln, a good lawyer at least, at once changed the terms of the debate by calling it a secession from a union. In doing so he reinvented the United States in terms we now consider modern. He applied a new logic in order to frame a new concept of nationhood and government, and was called the Great Tyrant as a result.

What the South did is at once more direct and more complex. It performed what was essentially a science fictional experiment by taking several steps along an alternative time-line. This is why that most uncivil of wars has proven one of science fiction's most alluring and enduring topics. It begs for reconsideration from new angles. It inspires further thought experiments, this pivotal chunk of time, place, and blood.

If, as Benford asserts, few historians have written science fiction – and indeed Harry Turtledove's the only one I can think of if Paul Linebarger/Cordwainer Smith doesn't quite count – then by the same token few have resisted the temptation to ponder science fictional questions, the most basic being What If ... Perhaps, then, their science fiction has been confined to conversational asides, a footnote here or a digressive paragraph there, but it's been there, a scent of cool water on a hot sleepless night.

Another excellent point Benford raises is the fact that science fiction, never an angel, has tended to look outward, not inward or even homeward. This has made it more sweeping and grand but often at the expense of insight or personal involvement with the very real ramifications that always stem from change, no matter how well-planned. "Ever upward," cries science fiction. "Forget any fall of Man and focus on the stars."

While noble, this sentiment can lead, if indulged in too literally, to pains in the neck, stumbles into piles of manure, and even tumbles into inescapable crevasses. A cognizance of our feet of clay might let us take more realistic steps toward falling not on our faces but upward, and that cognizance is exactly what a more organic approach may lend us.

Benford mentions science fiction's role as literary outsider and rightly points out that Southerners have a born sense of alienation that offers a useful perspective. Science fiction's strengths come from such skewed, surprising vantages.

Recently, for example, Bruce Sterling, a Texan, published **Distraction**, a novel largely set in and using the tropes and sensibilities of the South. It stood any science fictional conventionalities on their pointy heads and even its discursive, conversational style evoked Faulkner more than Heinlein. (And please note that much of RAH's tone came from Twain, anyhow.)

While I hadn't been putting this dichotomy in the terms Benford employs so effectively, I had been pondering the intricate interplay between what seem conflicting sets of sensibilities. Recently, for example, I completed my first ever science fiction writing workshop, via email, with Professor James Gunn presiding. Gunn's an old pro with fifty years of publishing to draw upon – he wrote **The Immortals** and **The Listeners**, for instance – so I knew I could, if I but paid attention, learn from him. And learn I

did, but not perhaps in the way I expected.

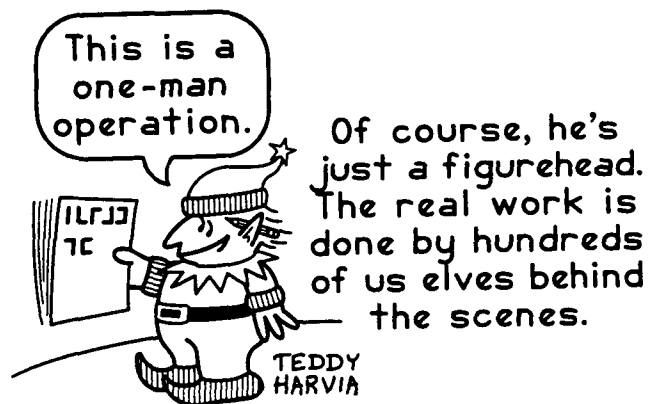
For one thing, the thing most pertinent to this discussion raised by Benford's article, my approach to writing clashed with Gunn's somewhat. He designs stories, engineering them in detail and revising until form follows intended function, whereas I tend to grow my fiction, often from scattered seeds, in an act of combined faith and organic discovery. His workshop helped define more clearly the very distinctions Benford's article makes. And the strongest lesson was precisely the one Benford isolated in his superb speech: science fiction needs more substance; more depth and recognition of our shadowy, tangled nature; more resonance with our past, not only what it means to us but also what has abided through the outer changes. To thrive in the fractal future science fiction must open up to less-predictable forms, to darker motives, and to deeper roots. In a sense it must grow up and mature into a less-adamant, less-binary worldview, one that can embrace failure as a kind of grace and know the basics as blessings. Our reach for the stars requires balance, and that means having our feet planted firmly on all we have been up to this gleaming instant of promise and sheer joy.

To jump so high, we must first crouch down and gather ourselves. Apollonian and Dionysian; engineered and husbanded; Northern and Southern; designed and discovered; built and grown; phenomenal and noumenal; surface and depth; light and dark; idea and voice; competent man and landscape feature; Golden Age and New Wave; hard and soft or hard and easy – no matter how the dichotomy is framed, it reveals the vast benefits to be gleaned and garnered from a more balanced, inclusive approach to what constitutes science fiction. Inflexible reader expectations and coercive fan responses cannot suffice to define even a market, let alone a genre of genuine literature, and a hidebound attitude toward the parameters of science fiction can lead only to stasis, entropy's death.

Benford's essay reminds us to revel, at least now and then, in the body as well as in the mind. By creating a holistic tone and by encouraging a more balanced consideration of science fiction's proper topics and styles, Benford's novels lead by example and his work emphasizes the vastness of what's possible, if only we try. His status as a Southern writer gives credence to his assertions that there are more worlds both outside and inside us than we are accustomed to acknowledging in our general discussion of science fiction.

He seeks to make humanity in its entirety science fiction's domain -- a local phenomenon in which the locality is both cosmic and yet still human. He calls for more Southern spice and flavor in our future literary cuisine, which evokes the Big Easy, New Orleans, and Mardi Gras, and letting the good times roll.

By all means bring on the feast.



THE ZINE DUMP

*Publications received between 4-16-00 and 8-1-00. Italicized zines did not appear this time.
This section of **Challenger** is dedicated with great respect to **Bill Danner**.*

If you'll scan this issue's editorial, you'll see that among my activities of the early summer weeks was going through boxes of apazines received in the early '70's. I brought home many — including the entire 100th mailing of SAPS, the mighty Spectators Amateur Press Society, and epic issues of many great SAPSazines: Art Rapp's 100th **Spacewarp** ... a volume of Burnett Toskey's **Compendium**, with its weird color cover ... the silver-covered **Is:5**, a historical appreciation of SAPS, the awesome work of my fellow Berkeleyan and brief New York roommate, Tom Collins, from whom I would really, really like to hear. Also rescued from the Buffalo landfill, Gary Brown's masterpiece for comics fandom, **Prime**, probably the best practical joke I've ever seen in fannish print. Find these gems noted amongst the contemporary publications that follow, mostly fannish with a few punkzines thrown in, because they were such a joy to read.

Aces / Paul McCall, 5801 W. Henry St., Indianapolis IN 46241 / pmccall@Indy.net / \$10, no subs

Adventures in Crime & Space / Lori Wolf, 609-A West 6th St., Austin TX 78701 / e-mail: acs@eden.com; web: www.eden.com

after/shock/thoughts / vol. 2 issue 1 / Sabina E. Becker, 670 King St. E., Cobourg, Ont. K9A 4J8 Canada / coldfire@sympatico.ca / \$2.50@ Cdn/US / A first anniversary for this powerful personal publication. "Lions and Tigers and Thoughts! Oh My!!!" Sabina uses her first anniversary issue to reflect on her fledgling writing career and the liberating, intoxicating joys of doing a fanzine. She makes it sound true. She disses silly laws, such as that forbidding "crimes against nature" (Louisiana's version of this idiocy was recently affirmed) and brags about committing this sort of felony often in her past. My virgin ears flame with embarrassment. On to hockey — Sabina is Canadian — and articulate, just fury over the Amadou Diallo murder by New York cops. I disagree with her about the death penalty (I've seen crime scene photos), but enjoy her survey of a site devoted to the last meals of executed killers. The Net has her off and running, describing an attempt to sell Alaska on eBay, a per-



sonal ad (I can't answer it — lawyers forbidden), Cuban politics, double dactyls, SUVs ... *puff* *pant* this is exhausting! No rest for the weary when every page of a zine is a distinct pleasure!

Ansible #153-5 / Dave Langford / 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU, U.K. / U.S. Agent: Janice Murray, P.O. Box 75684, Seattle WA 98125-0684 / SAE or. / The usual fun reports on British do's, including Eastercon and plokta.com; too many fannish

operations and too many RIPs, including the first word I'd heard about Bill Danner. (Pause to type dedication above.) #155 lets fly with scads of award winners — I'm astonished **Hannibal** lost both the Stoker (to Straub's **Mr. X**) and International Horror Guild Awards (to Stewart O'Nan's **A Prayer for the Dying**). Dave seems to beg people *not* to vote him another Hugo; I'm sure he's kidding.

As the Crow Flies / Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle WA 98166-1953 / bearlodge-@msn.com

Asphalt Jungle / Unknown / Rodney Leighton occasionally ships me batches of oddball publications, and here is a well-produced collection of short, relentlessly glum fiction, not at all fannish and not much fun, unlike what follows ...



Atom 2000 & The Bleary Eyes & Wholly Berry & The Adventures of Hemlock Soames / Ken Cheslin, 29 Kestrel Road, Halesowen, W. Midlands B63 2PH U.K. / 3 pounds or \$8 @ / Oh, these are wonderful things — the collected efforts of Brit fandom in the 1950s, produced in facsimile and delightful in the extreme. Fanzines included faan fiction in those days, and much of what was writ was classic.

The Australian SF Bullshead 145 / Marc Ortleib, P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict.. 3131 Australia / mortleib@vicnet.net.au / "A maundering newszine" by and for Aussie fandom, as it slides into the afterglow of the '99 worldcon, available in paper (\$6 Aussie) or electrons ("a once off \$10 fee").

Baloney #1 / The Tumbler Twins, a.k.a. Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas NV 89107, & Tom Springer, 15515 NE First Circle, Vancouver WA 98684 / LOCs to Tomsprung@aol.com / contributions or trade / Good news, Arnie Katz is back,

with a new co-editor and a new zine. The Ross Chamberlin cover, Rotsler interiors and anecdotes (and posthumous column), emphasis on fanzine ingroupishness (Robert Lichtman, learn to duck!). Joyce Katz article ... what else could it be but a Katzine? Also contributing besides Joyce, Rotsler, and the co-editors are Ken Forman and Bill Kunkel, Vegants and vets of **Wild Heirs**. Bound for glory.

Banana Wings 15 / Claire Brialey, 26 Northampton Rd., Croydon, Surrey CR0 7HA, U.K.; Mark Plummer, 14 Northway Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE, U.K. / banana@tragic.demon.co.uk / One long article — the editors' Aussiecon trip report — fills the issue with evocative downunder detail, and fills the reader with envy. Like Christina Lake's **Never Quite Aboriginal**, this is an epic story, making one feel — and mostly enjoy — every step and "twitch" along the way. This is especially true since the complex, literate writing style of both contributors demands (and rewards) close attention. Nice illos, some plucked from Ian Gunn's Aussiecon advertising; how awful that he never lived to see the event for which he so cheerily propagandized.

Barmaid #9 / Yvonne Rowse, Evergreen, Halls Farm Lane, Trimpey, Worcs., DY12 1NP UK / yvonne@hallsfarm.softnet.co.uk/trade/Hey,ifImsoflirtatiousletme readwhatIwrote!

Baryon Magazine 77 / Barry R. Hunter, P.O. Box 3314, Rome GA 30164-3314 / \$1 or t.u. / "Conan the Librarian" by Brad Foster ... *nyark!* More cool book reviews by Hunter and others; my notice was grabbed by all the e-books scanned. Our libraries as well as our lives head for the screen.

Batteries Not Included Vol. VII #4-7 / Richard Freeman, 130 W. Limestone St., Yellow Springs OH 45387 / \$3@ / Richard Pacheco's article — about how fidelity to his wife led to his losing his wallet and coating his ass with poison oak — is the screamingly funny highpoint of #4, but there is also a good review of a porn-relevant episode of **Friends**. Good news in the next issue — the talented Pacheco's writing is at last to be published in hardback form, and I'm sure there's a porn pun to be made from that phrase. His reprinted diary entries from his puff-'n'-stuff days are hilarious. Active "actor" Dave Cummings' pieces on life inside the business are less incisive and more prurient, but there's no denying he has the job we dreamt of as hairy-palmed adolescents. Good reviews throughout, especially in #7, which also includes an appreciation of Jamie Summers. If you haven't caught

on from previous reviews, **BNI** has a stable of enthusiastic and intelligent contributors to rival any SF fanzine, and treats its subject matter with striking thoughtfulness, if not the irony it probably deserves.

The Bibliofantastic #17 / C.F. Kennedy, 39 Claremore Avenue, Scarborough ON M1N 3 S1 Canada / itsmysite.com/necessarydrift / Attractive collection of artsy personal writing and poetry; its many ads are creative enough to entertain on their own, even if several are for other publications of Kennedy's Necessary Press.

Bento / David Levine and Kate Yule, 1905 SE 43rd Ave., Portland OR 97215 / david.d.levine@intel.com; kyule@spiritone.com / "editorial whim or the Unusual"

Ben's Beat 60 / Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck NJ 07666-2626 / The 100th birthday of **The Wizard of Oz** has been hailed by the Library of Congress ... and Ben Indick, in his nifty cover article here. Reprinted illustrations from the original printings add to the friendly nostalgia as Frank Baum's masterwork — and the contributions of such artists as Maxfield Parrish — are savored all over again. Reminding me suddenly of a Little Men meeting in ... must have been '68, at Alva & Sidone Rogers' house, when Sid smilingly showed me the set of Oz she had read as a little girl, and which had set off that most unforgettable of fannish ladies on her own yellow brick road. Thanks for jogging that memory loose, Ben. There is more — Ben's signature "Broadway Beat" hails **The Dead**, **The Lion King**, and many other plays. Discusses Arkham House, Steve King's on-line authorship, and so on. **Moby Dick**, Gertrude Lawrence ... there is no floor to Indick's depths. However, tsk, I must point out that **Finnegans Wake** does *not* have an apostrophe!

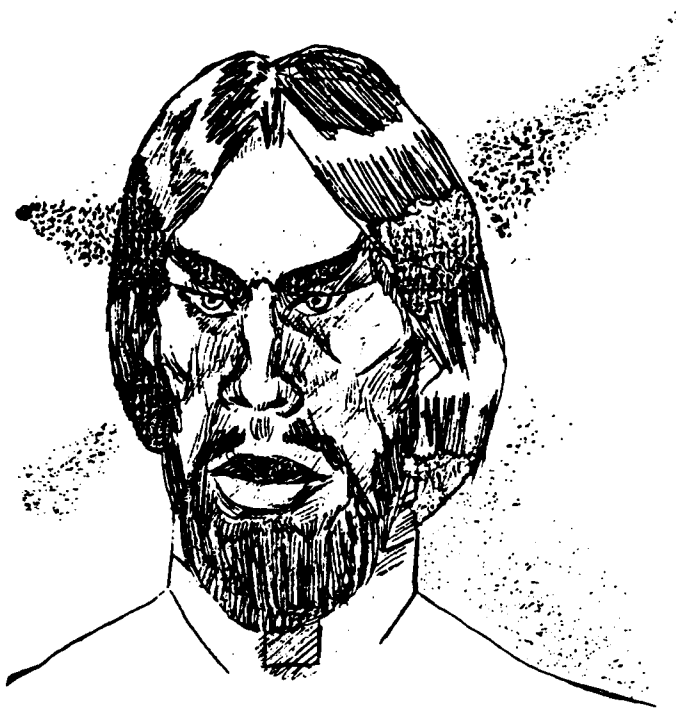
Bogus 4 / Sandra Bond, 46 Stirling Road, Lodnon N22 5BP UK / sandra@ho-street.demon.co.uk / editorial whim / A zine of cool natter produced specifically for <plokta.com> last May, with entertaining pieces on bees, fleas (the performing kind, actually, the "Performer" persona of panel-manning fans), impossible American slang ("cattywampus" — my ex used to say that all the time!), music. That's a lot for four pages!

Brooklyn! No. 28-29 / Fred Argoff, 1800 Ocean Pkwy #B-12, Brooklyn NY 11223-3037 *new address* / \$10 per 4 quarterly issues / Received with a righteous letter about nice Jewish girls and their tendency to do open-

heart surgery on boyfriends with nice dull knives. A hymn to the magnificent borough, filled with facts and factoids — don't ask me the difference — photos of this Brooklyn and that, from the beauty of Prospect Park to the junkheaps off Kent Avenue, lexicons ("Noo Yawk Siddy"), maps ... One of my favorite bits in #28 deals with Brooklyn's celebrity cemetery, wherein the bones of Boss Tweed, Leonard Bernstein, Lola Montez and Frank Morgan, the Wizard of Oz himself, vie for space. Jolly old town!

Chicon 2000 Infobot News / Chaz Boston Baden, <hazel@chicon.org> / Extremely informative worldcon e-zine, rich with goodies about the then-upcoming worldcon and activities in the fantastic host city. I know the con is either over by now or soon will be, and the **Infobot News** is no more, but I wanted its creators to know how much I dug it.

Chicon 2000 Progress Report 6 / Terry Patch, Chicon 2000, P.O. Box 642057, Chicago IL 60664 / chi2000@chicon.org / membership / A fine Eggleston cover entices member A2151 to cast his gaze towards September — it cannot come soon enough. By now it has probably come already, so let me here praise Chicon's excellent graphics and clear instructions to help fandom prepare for worldcon — a daunting challenge no matter how many Hugos you've seen awarded.



Conferring with Earthquakes #5 / Brin-Marie McLaughlin, 247 19th Avenue Apt. 6, San Francisco CA 94121-2353 / brininsf@aol.com / <http://members.aol.com/brininsf/index.html> / A charming chatzine. Like me, Brin recently underwent her first root canal; though neither of us felt anything, she had it worse. She could *hear* the tooth doc at work, and I was zonked senseless on novocaine and nitrous oxide. A rousing paean to California radio personality Ronn Owens follow; Brin credits the guy with practically raising her and her delight on meeting him is infectious. Her birthday gives the editor determination to lose weight. Not too much, Brin; your life seems pretty damn nice as is. (Thanks in advance for the WigWam buttons!)

The Conquest of Glory / Burnett R. Toskey, no address given / The seventh volume of the editor/author's "Compendium", with a full color mess of a cover by L. Garcone, this is an 80,000-word novel Burnett wrote in college. It appeared in SAPS in 1974; I admit that I still haven't read it. But what a lot of work — for Paul Stanbery, who typed the whole 105-page m.s. onto stencil!

Covert Communications from Zeta Corvi / Andrew C. Murdoch, 508-6800 Westminster Hwy, Richmond B.C. V7C 1C5 Canada / raven@wolf.spydernet.com

DASFax Vol. 32, No. 5-7 / Sourdough Jackson, 31 Rangeview Dr., Lakewood CO 80215 / jjackson@bwn.net / One thing I like about clubzines is the sense a foreigner gets of what it's like to be a fan in another place. The meeting minutes and announcements are all well & good for this purpose, but best are the street maps directing folk to various parties. There are several here, and damn, I wish I could follow their directions to the promised good times. In these issues of what must be the highest (above sea level) fanzine going, Sourdough gripes about his computer, Laura Givens, a confessed "movie slut," adeptly praises the year's surprise SF hit, **Frequency**, Fred Cleaver reviews Aldiss' **White Mars**, apparently a direct response to Robinson's more colorful Martian titles, new author Hilari Bell's **Navohar**, and the latest Rudy Rucker. Corny filks abound. #6 of this volume sports a gorgeous Alan White cover and a scary editorial in which Sourdough describes the death of a drunken driver. **This Here**, take note. #7 is fronted by a Finlayesque Linda Michaels piece, which reminds me how much her art is missed.

Delusions of Grandeur #7 / Cali Ruchala, 100 E.

Walton #31H, Chicago IL 60611 / \$3@ / A superior production and attractive product from outside of SF fandom, these are pieces of a Slavic bent, well-written, funny, informative. ("Sex and the Single Slav" ... now really!) Through amateur magazines the world comes closer!

Detours / Louis Russell Chauvenet, 11 Sussex Road, Silver Spring MD 20910-5436

De Profundis 328-331 / Marty Cantor, c/o LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood CA 91601 / Marty's first issues of the LASFS clubzine are lighthearted, witty, and readable, a good start to what must be a difficult and time-consuming duty. But he has much of his work already done for him in the club's wacky "menace"; #331 concentrates on June 2000 meetings of the LASFS, where Karl Lembke lays out the facts with able wit. The lotus-eaters have fun with their club and Marty has fun with his zine. Shame on him, though, for not providing the addresses of fanzines received. Lots of Rots ... sler art. He'd've liked that.

The Devil's Work Vol. 2, Nos. 54-55 / received with **Resin and Sulph** / Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 1368, Boulder CO 80306-1368 / Apazines from one of fandom's senior publishers, for FAPA, SAPS, and PEAPS (Pulp-Era) respectively. Norm has an encyclopedic knowledge of the field and the fandom and often uses it to argue arcane points of lore in both.

The Devniad / Bob Devney, 25 Johnson Street, N. Attleboro MA 02760 / The on-line declamations of a guy who should win a fan writer Hugo one of these days, as soon as fandom stops voting by robotic rote. In #63, the latest edition to pass before my eyes, Bob concentrates his wit on a recent vacation to Rhode Island's Block Island, which sounds nicer than the island communities off the North Carolina coast — where you're an outsider if your great-grandfather was the first of your family to settle there. Bob also talks science fiction, of course, and movies, over which he is almost as much of a nut as I am. He'd already have a Hugo if this were a just world.

Ditto #13 - PR 1 / unstated, but received with **Stet #9** / Neil Kaden, 801 Timberwood Circle, Fairview TX 75069-9183 / kaden@alum.mit.edu / <http://www.circlenk.com/ditto> / If fate be kind, I'll be there.

Ditto Haze / Bill Bowers / 4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati OH 45238-4503 / eWorlds@Outworlds.net / Another ongoing online auction, apparently designed

Another example of Neal Pozner's savage satiric touch from the golden era of comics fandom.



to enable the editor to attend the next Ditto. If it's the one in Dallas, he may well meet me.



Earth/matriX / Charles William Johnson, P.O. Box 231126, New Orleans LA 70183 / <http://ce-atl.postgrado.unam.mx/matrix/hinicio.htm> / Not a fanzine; ask about a price / I ran into Charles while I was xeroxing **Challenger** #11, and he provided these "extracts" from a 1997 work, **Science in Ancient Artwork**. They're mathematical analyses of such doodles out of antiquity as the Great Pyramid and the Aztec calendar, with ruminations on Fermat's Last Theorem and alternatives to Pythagoras tossed in. I'm too stupid to follow the math but humble enough to enjoy trying.

Erg 149 / Terry Jeeves, 66 Red Scar Dr., Scarborough, N. Yorks. YO12 5RQ U.K. / 41st anniversary issue of a true venerable. Terry begins matters exulting over a new PC, the gift of British fandom, which will get him an e-address and all the joys of the Internet. Movie thoughts follow, memories of Laurel & Hardy, Robinson & Cagney, the silent **Ben-Hur**, Flash Gordon, **Things to Come** and a Harry Houdini serial in which the master "escapologist" fought evil robots! Continuing the cinematic motif, Penelope Fandergaste laments a ludicrous end-of-the-century poll which named Harrison Ford as the greatest film star of all time. Sorry, Bogie. After general nattering, James Veran rather grumpily debunks the millennial celebration through an article on differing calendars, LOCsters propound on this&that, and Jeeves offers a page of books for sale.

Ethel the Aardvark No. 91 / Paul Lewis, Melbourne S.F. Club, P.O. Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Vic. 3005, Australia / MSFC_Ethel@eGroups.com / \$15 (for Australia), \$25 (overseas) for 6 issues / My first look at the MSFC's

bi-monthly clubzine, and it's a model for its kind. Excellent layout, varied contents. This issue sports a funny (?) cover, a sharp editorial on Internet piracy, the usual club news and social stuff ... the long, personal Swancon report by Sue Ann Barber features well-reproed photos from the event, although that of Connie Willis doesn't do her justice; she looks like Bill Gates on steroids. A fine sfnal article on artificial intelligence by Elaine Foster is the zine's most challenging bit, but I think I most enjoyed Stephen Smith's "Member Profile" interview of the MSFC librarian, Emily McLeay. Forget Spock and spaceships; beautiful and witty 17-year-old girls are the real reason dudes join SF clubs!

Fanzine Fanatique / Keith A. Walker, 6 Wire (?) St., Greaves, Lancaster LA1 9WF U.K. / Kwalker777@aol.com / I can't read the ghastly font in which Keith prints his address, but the body of this zine about zines — mostly Brit — is sharp and clear, as Keith deftly and entertainingly describes the multitudinous publications that come his way. His review of **Chall** #10 is kind, except when he expresses awe at my having been in the hobby for 30 years, and makes me feel old. I started when I was 2, Keith.

File 770:135 / Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Drive, Monrovia CA 91016 / MGlycer@compuserve.com / \$8 for 5 issues / Mike's eulogy for Joe Mayhew goes beyond his long, informative and affectionate reminiscence; the bacover of #135 features a wild Mayhew riff on "Leaders" and trademark fillos appear throughout the zine. Halftone cover and many other illos are by Alan White, and of course, there is much other info here: Forry Ackerman's "Dr. Acula" lawsuit (which he won), Mike Resnick's "Tour de Eiffel" (read about it here in his "French Diary"), the sale of **SFC**, Julie Schwartz's wonderful autobiography, and much else. Mike beats me to the punch reviewing Arnie Katz's **Baloney!**, eulogizes Bill Danner, updates us on the George Pal time machine in a great squib by "Fanboy 1" (Alan White), and through Steven Silver, takes us through a jaunt on **Jeopardy**. Silver is the third person I've known to be on that show, and the first to win. Despair, despair; how can little ol' **Challenger** compete for Hugos with publications as vast and skillful as this?

Flashback / Jerry Page & Jerry Burge, 193 Battery Place NE, Atlanta GA 30307 / \$6@, no subs or trades

The Floating Fan Vol. 1 No. 4 / Pamela Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Wantage, Oxon, OX12 7EW, U.K. / PJBoal@aol.com / Trade

For the Clerisy Vol. 7 No. 39 / Brant Kresovich, P.O. Box 404, Getzville NY 14068-0404 / kresovich@hotmail.com / \$2 or trade / Ah, so that's what "clerisy" means: people who read books for pleasure. Now I know. Brant begins by discussing "The Lure of the Net", addiction to the Internet's limitless supply of diversions. Brant also writes of his own disgusting addiction, at least in these eyes — to *physical exercise*, surely the worst idea in human history. Then, astoundingly but entertainingly, he's off on the new Japanese prime minister, whom he remembers from a scandal while Brant was teaching beneath the rising sun. There's much more — a good review of John LeCarre and a book on "real" spies, reviews of non-fannish zines (I've only seen two of these), and a lettercol on many topics from names known and new. Brant's photo, by the way, is at <http://lostland.con/eliphoalbum>. I haven't seen hair combed that way outside of photos from the Wild West.

For Dickheads Only / Dave Hyde c/o Ganymeadean Slime Mold Productions, P.O. Box 611, Kokomo IN 46903 / This Phil Dick aficionado wants another issue and won't stop listing **FDO** until he gets one! Or ... rather ... until after he gets one ...

Fosfax #199 / Timothy Lane c/o FOSFA, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville KY 40233-7281 / \$3 or. / The Elian Gonzalez case has the friendly wingers of **Fosfax** frothing in this issue at actions a Republican administration would have considered restrained to the point of sissy. I'm only sorry the feds waited as long as they did to get the kid back with his old man, although I don't blame Elian if he misses Marisleyis. Tons more, and a dense but interesting lettercol; **Fosfax** is the most successful politically-oriented zine out there.

Galactic Patrol Gazette #1 / MCFL, P.O. Box 1010, Framingham MA 01701 / info@mcfi.org / www.mcfi.org / A flyer announcing Boston's 2004 bid. A turnaround in the bean city's hotel industry has made another Noreascon affordable. Facilities, of course, are great, and there is no more experienced krewes.

Girl Cult Vol. 1 #3 / Joannie, 48 Craig St., London ON N6C 1E8 Canada / Neat lesbian zine sent here by Rodney Leighton, with one excellent illo by Anthony Veilleux, some lousy poetry trying hard to be angry, a cartoon calling for gays to adopt the middle initial of "Q.", possibly to terrorize Jean-Luc Picard, and indeed a photo of a prospective juror who showed up for court in her **Star Trek** uniform.

Gloss 1 / Victor Gonzalez, see **Squib**; Lilian Edwards, see **The Wrong Leggings** / trade / Again, since I keep asking you to see things, you should see **Squib** to properly appreciate Lilian's opening salvo on the status of women as depicted in an article there. She apologizes too much for her outrage — these are serious matters worth getting upset over. The remainder of the issue is heavy with convention stories (Corflu and Eastercon), themselves heavy with names familiar to the participants, but lightened by a brilliant sequel by Victor to **The Enchanted Duplicator** dealing with the challenge of electronic fandom. Finally, Andy Hooper, in teeny tiny type, reviews **Britzines**, accusing me of "heavy-handed flirting" with Yvonne Rowse. *Bah!* Andy needs to loosen up his ... belt.

Green Stuff / Murray Moore, 1065 Henley Street, Mississauga Ontario L4Y 1C8 Canada / mmoore@pathcom.com

HeartattaCk #18 / Kent McClard, P.O. Box 848, Goleta CA 93116 / heartattack@ebullition.com / \$1.50 each / Another gift from Leighton, a punkzine with enormous distribution (10,000!), with lots of ads, agonizing letters, gay fiction, band and zine reviews. I don't see any of our crowd mentioned, but there are zines called **Galaxy 666**, title of a Pel Torro masterpiece, **R'lyeh Rising** for Lovecraftians, **Jawa**, and **Robots 1, Humans 0**. Alas, the Berkeley boy has grown old: this much anger without something objective to sustain it gets real tedious real quick.

Ichthyo-electroanalgesia / Sean McLachlan, P.O. Box 3734, Tucson AZ 85722-3734 / e-mail: c638125@showme.missouri.edu



Idea / Geri Sullivan, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55408-4315

Is:5 / Tom Collins, then of 4305 Balcones Dr., Austin TX 78731 / E-mail? Not in 1972! / \$3 then / I knew Tom from Berkeley, where he was probably the best editor of **The Daily Californian**, publishing brave papers throughout the Third World Liberation Front crisis and the war over People's Park. I didn't learn that he was a fan until years later, when he turned up in RAPS, and then SAPS, for whose 100th mailing **Is:5** was published. Later, Tom attended the epochal 1972 DeepSouthCon and joined SFPA, and when I moved to New York, he and I briefly shared squalid digs on New

York's deservedly notorious lower east side. Shortly thereafter Tom discovered Est and grew so evangelical on the subject that it became a chore to talk to him. Anyway, **Is:5** is still one of the most beautiful zines I've ever seen, despite the primitive font (desktop publishing? in 1972?); its silver wraparound cover (drawing by Helmut Pesch) is still striking. The content revolves around the history of SAPS, so only Spectators and fan historians would probably find it of much interest, but there is a fine article about Lafferty's **The Devil is Dead**, and a speech by Delany on his contemporaries — remember when Chip, Zelazny, Disch and Joanna Russ were setting SF ablaze with fresh language and news ideas? Dammit, I miss Tom Collins; Est aside, he had the right stuff, in Berkeley and in fandom, and I regret that I didn't buy his new fanzine, **Apollo**, the last time I saw him, in 1976. If anyone knows of his present whereabouts, I'd like to know. Maybe he has an extra on hand.

International Revolutionary Gardener / Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU U.K.

Jomp Jr. / Richard A. Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Dr. #302, Alexandria VA 22306 / dengrove@erols.com / <http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Rampart/7076/t.u>

The Knarley Knews #81-82 / Henry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 / welch@msoe.edu or LethaWelch@aol.com / \$1.50 @ / Knarl returns to his discussion of credit cards, offers for which flood his house. He cleverly suggests that in banks' lust for sucker customers lies the answer to retiring the national debt. A glum Gene Stewart piece on gory human nature and a spiffy personal riff by Alex Bouchard complete the issue. #82 is a heartfelt memorial to Joe Mayhew, who provided the excellent cover and all the interior illos. "His death is a great loss to our community," says Knarl, and so say we all. Charl Proctor reviews books, and again I must mention **KK's** long and superlative lettercol, which provides its

contributors a Cult-like medium for exchanging views on topics ranging East to Up to North to Down. Mixing metaphors wildly, I have to say that LOCsters provide continuity and community to the genzine game, and hooray for them.

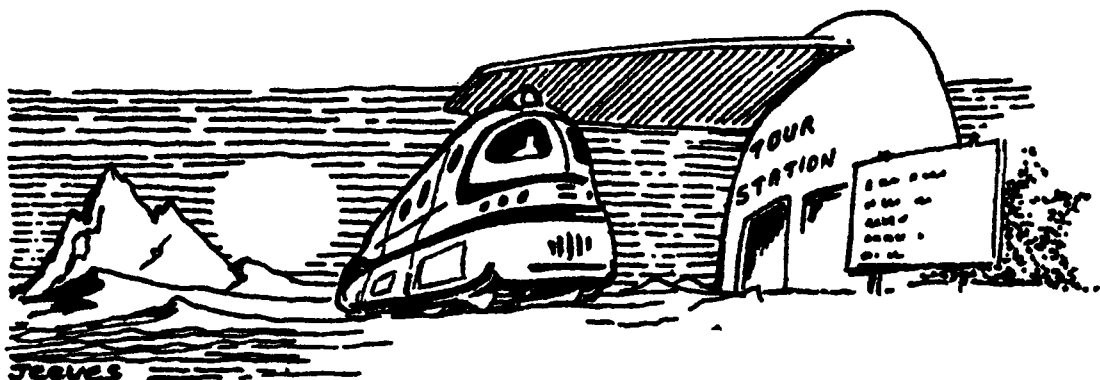
Kronos / Debra A. Hussey, 115 38th Ave. N., Nashville TN 37209 / dah2@hotmail.com / Southern and city fannish news, electronically presented in an easy, breezy style.

Lofgeornost #59 / Fred Lerner, 5 Worcester Ave., White River Junction VT 05001 / fred.lerner@dartmouth.com / Intelligent musings on the future of representative government open this most interesting apa/perzine; Fred's alternatives to one-man/one-vote are thought-provoking. Elsewhere Lerner declaims upon Swanwick and Heinlein, and prompted by certain readers, the anti-science bias of Stephen King, whom he admits to not reading. Segue into same-sex marriage and "cross-cultural" dining; he should have visited Buster Holmes and sampled the universe's best red beans'n'rice, not that gay bonding was involved. Plans for a Baltic journey are announced, and in FAPA mc's Lerner mentions learning of other Lerner's. There's no other Guy Lillian in the world, but a Lillian Guy died in Florida just last year!

Mainstream / Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins, 3522 N.E. 123rd St., Seattle WA 98125 / jakauffman@aol.com, suzlet@aol.com / \$5 or trade

The Match! No. 95 / Fred Woodworth, P.O. Box 3012, Tucson AZ 85702 / subscription free / Attractive anarchism zine, uninteresting but for the spiffy typesetting, which reminds me of Bill Danner. I'd rather read about slag than this boring quasi-political paranoia, but the antique printing is delightful on the eye and fingertip.

Memphen 267-8 / Michael Kingsley, P.O. Box 820534, Memphis TN 38182-0534 / Trade / The Memphis club's newsletter, featuring nice cover art by



by Sylvia Leung and Tom Foster. Lots of information: other Memphis clubs, internet sites of interest, Hugo and Chesley nominations (did they spell it right? yes; thenkew), reviews by locals.

Mimosa / Richard & Nicki Lynch, P.O. Box 1350, Gaithersburg MD 20885 / e-mail: jophan@zdnetwork.com NEW / website: <http://www.Jophan.org/mimosa> ALSO NEW / \$4 or.

Multi-Dimensional Space / Science Fiction World Monthly / Haifeng, No. 11 section 4, South people's Road (Renmin nan Road), Chengdu Sichuan, 610041, People's Republic of China / Received with *Nebula*, "The first fanzine of China."

Never Quite Arriving 8/Christina Lake, 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8QA U.K. / christina.l@virgin.net / Trade / Colors theme this issue of *NQA*, all Christina except for the lettercol, and it's delightful, as Ms. Lake is a fine writer well-versed in the personal chat that forms the substance of the contemporary perzine. Here she shares thoughts about new-found domestic bliss (for me, "bliss" has always been the first syllable in "blister"), millennial parties, the Indonesian portion of her 'round-the-world trip (during which the [Tony] Blair [witch] project won the British elections), job natter. Breezy lettercol featuring some unfamiliar names, much engrossing talk.

New Kind of Neighborhood / Ylva Spangberg, Disponentg 3, S-112 62 Stockholm, and Lennart Uhlin, Hogsatrv 22, 5 tr, S-181 58 Lindigo, Sweden / ylva_s@yahoo.com, lennart@sfbok.se / "the usual, we suppose" / Not only does Scandinavia evoke thoughts of fabulous buh-lon-duhs; a set of my great-grandparents came from there. Writ in better English than I find in most American fanzines, this one has editors with cool names, exotic A4 paper, and glorious humor. Best is Ylva's fantasy about Stockholm winning the 2003 Eastercon. Took me a minute to realize that 2003 hasn't happened yet, and that I was reading an apt, wry joke. Uhlin's "What I Learned at the Con" involves a real local relaxacon, and the first line tells all: "The Gafiation was canceled." A reminiscence of a conriver's first efforts is quite funny; Spangberg's closing rhapsody to aestheticism is, in its mordant way, even funnier.

No Award #7 / Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St. #105, N. Hollywood CA 91606 / martyhoohah@netzero.net / Marty's striking computer layout work continues to improve and impress: for a zine that doesn't heap on the art, this is a handsome

publication indeed. Great content, too: parts 3 of both Len Moffatt's marvelous LASFS memoirs and Ed Green's shivery account of the Los Angeles riots, a grand review of Thom Digby's "wacky" fanwriting (but *not* a coin-operated ...), a funny piece by Milt Stevens on possible TV series for the coming years (which serves as a fine balance to his grim squib in the last *Challenger*), a survey of Britfan packrats by Ann Green, also chucklesome, and a thoughtful review of *Twink* by Joseph Major, who did the honors for *Chall* last issue. Joe's insights are, as ever, compelling. Very good writing, a cut above the usual, and most attractively and originally presented.



Nova Express Vol. 5 No. 3 / Lawrence Person, P.O. Box 27231, Austin TX 78755-2231 / e-mail: lawrence@bga.com / 4/\$12 U.S.; 4/\$16 Canada & Mexico; 4/\$22 International / An interview with Neil Gaiman is the cover subject of this issue of fandom's best sercon genzine, and it's a strong, personable, informative article — excellent illos, too. Surely I've mentioned that the *Sandman* oneshot, "Dream of a Thousand Cats", is simply one of the finest comics stories I've ever read — and one of the scariest (Dennis Dolbear read it and swore never to open *Sandman* again). Other good material includes Russell Blackwood's survey of Greg Egan, with a dizzying section on *Teranesia*, and Patrick O'Leary's awed "failure to analyze" Gene Wolfe. Grand book reviews — NE seems conscious of its central place in sercon fandom and strives to earn it again and again.

Opuntia #45-45.5 / Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7 Canada / \$3 @ or. / Con-running is the topic of the whole-numbered *Opuntia*, and personal writing dominates the half-issue — a lunar eclipse, job natter (Dale's a gummint worker) ... He ruminates on the late A.E. van Vogt, and takes his readers on a beautifully-described walking tour of a scenic park in Canmore. The mountain trails sound

tiring but the views sound infinitely rewarding. I wanna go walk in the woods!

Out of the Kaje / Karen Johnson, 35 Mariana Ave., Sth Croydon, Vict. 3136, Australia / karenji@labyrinth.net.au / usual, whim, trade, or \$3

PhiloSFy/Alexander R. Slate, 8603 Shallow Ridge Rd., San Antonio TX 78239-4022/alex_slate@hotmail.com
NEW / trade preferred — let's see a zine to trade for!

Pink Mind Wallabies / Karen Pender-Gunn, P.O. Box 567, Blackburn Vic 3130 Australia / fiawol@ozramp.net.au

Plokta issues 18-19 / Steve Davies, 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, Berks U.K. RG30 2RP; Alison Scott, 24 St. Mary Rd., Walthamstow, London U.K. E17 9RG; Mike Scott, 2 Craithie Rd., Chester U.K. CH3 5LJ / locs@plokta.com / www.plokta.com / Oh, I get it! #18 was stapled on the right because it was supposed to be a *Japanese* fanzine! Everyone on the cover, including the cuter-than-possible *bebe*, sports a kamikaze kerchief, and the word "Borokusu" keeps appearing over a column of ends & odds on every page. *Banzai!* Cool domestic matters form the substance of the issue, buying beds, cooking Christmas dinner, putting on a convention, uses for old corflu (yes, I have a bottle — half-empty, I'm afraid, not half-full). #19 sports a jolly Sue Mason cartoon cover, projected scenes from <plokta.con>, and the interior offers plenty of well-re produced photos of fans amok. (So that's Yvonne Rowse! Eat your heart out, Hooper!) Unfortunately, this most in-groupish of zines is too in-groupish at times; I don't know the people and therefore don't get the joke. Quibble and quibble, oh jealous GHLIII: the **Plokta** cabal careens on in the best zine of its kind.



Poor Richard's Almanack #2 / Millennium Philcon / P.O. Box10 / Huntingdon Valley PA 19006-0310 / Great artwork — including a funny Lynn Perkins cover and Teddy Harvia bacover — marks this second p.r. for the 2001 worldcon. It's far too early for any solid information about the convention hotels or schedule, but here we have enthusiastic squibs about the GoHs (Greg Bear, Stephen Youll, Gardner Dozois, George Scithers, Esther Friesner) and the requisite membership map in many shadings ... #1504A is one of between 16 and 67 members from Louisiana!

Prime 76 / Gary Brown, now of 4930 Haverhill Commons Cir., #23, West Palm Beach FL 33417 / garyb98294@aol.com / In the spring of 1972 Gary was Central Mailer of the great comics apa, Capa-Alpha. (I know I'm misspelling its name.) Among the more prominent members of both K-a in particular and comics fandom in general was Dwight Decker, who later became the English-language translator for Perry Rhodan. Dwight had written a series of faan fiction stories based on a fictional comic book apa called **Prime**, which included characters based on real fans — prominent among them the radiant Wendy Fletcher, whom I saw in person once in my life, at the '71 Westercon, sketching a dragon while Tim Kirk watched. Anyway, Gary, in concert with Carl Gafford, came up with an incredible practical joke — a real distribution of **Prime**. He contacted other K-a members, swore all to secrecy, assigned conspirators zines to do under fictitious names, and *voila!* Decker never suspected a thing. It's probably the best gag, and one of the best tributes, I've ever seen in genre fandom. Gary is super-active in SFPA, Dwight is still around ... where is Gafford these days? And Keith Durbin?

Probe 110 / Deirdre Byrne, P.O. Box 781401, Sandton 2146, South Africa / sfsa@newhorizons.co.za / "for sale and exchange" / Much turns in this handsome pub on the Nova Awards competition for short South African SF. Arthur Goldstuck's survey of the contestants is intriguing for what won and why. Fiction plays so dominant a role in **Probe** that other material is labeled "Etc." Among the et ceteras, an Aussiecon report by Steve Levitt, which includes a telling conversation with Silverberg, Greg Benford's GoH speech, and a panel on "I" fandom, the mere thought of which makes me bolt for the street. Levitt ponders the cultish heirarchies in fandom — he should start a fanzine if he want to learn about heirarchies — and contrasts Oz fandom with its Afrikaaner counterpart. A heavy sercon article on **The 5th Element**, of all movies, leads to more fiction and poetry — **Probe** is obviously the outlet for much

fannish energy, various and building. Criswell predicts a serious South African worldcon bid before the first decade of Century 21 is past.

Proper Boskonian / Lisa Hertel, c/o NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0203 / pb@nesfa.org / NESFA membership + a \$16 subscription, \$3/issue or.

Pulpdome No. 20-21 / Camille Cazedessus, P.O. Box 2340, Pagosa Springs CO 81147-2340 / cazbooks@frontier.net / www.stationlink.com/pulpdome / \$24 next 6 issues in USA, no trades

Quasiquote 2 / Sandra Bond, 46 Stirling Road, London N22 5BP, U.K. / the usual, "1 pound limey or \$2 yankee" / sandra@ho-street.demon.co.uk / Sandra informs me that QQ is a genzine, not a perzine as I said last time. A perzine, however, is a *personal* zine, and her personality informs every letter of this 44-page pub, despite the rich mixture of 15-year-old art (the legacy of Dave Rowley & Joy Hilbert) and contributions by Mark Plummer and Simon Amos. Two coups for QQ are the first part of Ulrika O'Brien's TAFF report and a cleverly constructed lettercol. Like many such publications, Sandra's is a fanzine about fanzines — but I'm glad to see her opine about the real world, too, or at least the world as seen by the quasi-historian David Irving. While Ms. Bond reacts gleefully to the results of Irving's libel case (he lost), she neglects to say why — he's the loon who declaimed against the existence of the Holocaust. Anyway, hail Sandra, new Brit agent for **Challenger**, and her cool per-... *herzine*.

Quip #8 / Arnie Katz, Cindy van Arnem, then of New York / It's spring, 1968 ... and here's the eighth issue of one of the *seminal* zines of the era. (In joke — Arnie calls "seminal" the word of the issue.) The Ross Chamberlin cover, with its superb shadings, would still be remarkable today, and the material within ... well, let's list the contributors: Burbee, Warner, Geis, Lupoff, Busby, my SFPA mentor Lon Atkins, and even Ted White. Artwork is by Joe Staton, Steve Stiles, Atom, Johnny Berry, even Andy Porter (if you call that an illo). You can't get much better than this — even if the ancient twiltone does make my skin crawl. I must make special mention of Atkins' fan fiction here, "Time Enough". Lon remains the greatest apen I have ever encountered. He gave SFPA a standard for apazines that it still follows. This story, wherein a young neo encounters a veteran fapated fan, literally embarrassed out of fandom, is a wonder; I've never seen better fiction writ about the hobby. If **Quip** is, as it claims, a "vulgar and ostentatious fanzine," bring on more.

Quipu / Vicki Rosenzweig, 33 Indian Road, 6-R, New York NY 10034 / vr@interport.net / Trade

The Reluctant Famulus / Thomas D. Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave., Adrian MI 49221-1627 / E-mail: tomfamulus@dmci.net / \$3

Scavenger's Newsletter No. 196 / Janet Fox, 833 Main, Osage City KS 66523-1241 / foxscav1@jc.met / \$2.50 per sample copy / Described as "a monthly small press marketletter for genre artists and writers," this is much more various and entertaining than its description, with interviews (this time with horror editor Christopher Hennesser-DeRose), book reviews, fiction, and of course lots of listings of small press publications looking for contributors. Nice fantasy cover by Misti Turner.

The Sci-File #164 / Science Fiction Weekly / <http://www.scifiweekly.com> / Media-oriented e-zine with some good material on **Titan A.E.**, and a review of a Heinlein reference work to keep us prehistoric print nuts happy.

SFSFS Shuttle #141-142 / Carlos Perez, c/o South Florida SF Society, P.O. Box 70143, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33307-0143 / Fans love to make lists, and centering this issue of the Florida clubzine are lists of members' favorites in the SF field, including their greatest filkers, best radio shows, and favorite soundtracks. Add: a couple of solid reviews, LOCs (hi, Harry!), a wondrous photo of the editor and his mama in Starfleet regalia, a list of members and a calendar of birthdays and events. #142 adds what every fanzine needs: a picture of Pamela Anderson on the cover. (Well, it looks like her.) I see the SFSFS debated the Hugo nominations on July 15th; I wish I'd been to *kof* help. The next day they enjoyed **X-Men** — terrific, wasn't it? New chairman Perez contributes a well-written editorial about not much of anything, but the accounts of club meetings in '00 reveal a group with a serious bent. Reviewers take on Bujold, Weber, Elizabeth Moon. Under the "Department of Redundancies Department", they announce "A piano has been donated to SFSFS has been donated a piano." Damn thing doesn't play, either!

Son of Grafan No. 42 (suborbital) / Michael FcFadden, 608 Ellwine Dr., St. Louis MO 63125-3604 / Grafan@aol.com

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 7 No. 7 / Julie Wall, 470 Ridge Road, B'ham AL 35206-



2816 / jllwall@usit.net / SFC membership or. / Julie was elected to a third term as SFC President at the last DeepSouthCon, so we have several more excellent **Bulletins** to look forward to. This 7th issue of Julie's epoch contains some righteously welcome personal writing. Julie provides a lively and atypical New York trip report (who else ever wrote about The Gap and Duane Reade Drugstores?), Tom Feller, Naomi Fisher and others natter about various Southern conventions, Tom reviews fanzines — thanks for the Hugo endorsement! — and my fellow barrister, Pat Gibbs, reviews books. There's a comprehensive list of Southern conventions to come, a few LOCs, an ad for next year's DSC in Birmingham, and a welcome roster of SFC members. Good art throughout by Randy Cleary. Brother and sister rebels, we rule!

The Space Cadet Gazette / R. Graeme Cameron, 1855 West 2nd Ave. #110, Vancouver BC V6J 1J1 Canada / graeme_cameron@mindlink.bc.ca

Spacewarp 100 / Art Rapp, 1700 Park Drive, Baltimore MD 21222 / From SAPS 101, October 1972, comes this volume of reprints by one of the Spectators' true venerables. Its material goes back to the first year of **Spacewarp**, 1947, and it's a nostalgic blast to scan it. Never mind that the print is uneven mimeo, this

stuff is eternal. Fannish verse, fannish cartoons, a mimeo made for \$3.75. Rapp was a master — I love it when he casts *I Ching* for his fellow SAPS. Mine reads in part, "Care of the cow brings good fortune."

Squib #5 / Victor A. Gonzalez, 905 N.E. 45th St. #106, Seattle WA 98105 / squib@galaxy-7.net / trade / Much, much to this 22-page issue. Received (and should be read with) **Gloss**, blue to its pink, it opens with an extremely sad and touching memoir of Ardis Waters by Ted White, to which article Lilian Edwards responds passionately in **Gloss**. Together the pieces make for a disturbing portrait of a woman adrift and the fan community in which she drifted. Christina Lake evokes much the same feeling, contributing a gloomy series of convention vignettes marking fandom as a rather desperate vehicle for rather desperate escapes. Len Bailes lightens the mood with whimsical suggestions for Corflu programming. Victor mulls over Trufen's first year — his worries about opening it beyond a closed circle of pals reflects the old attitude about fanzines. D. West's graphic satire "Crime Cat Crusader!", starring Victor, reminds me of **Brown Bottle**. I like what Victor does with his lettercol, seamlessly and skillfully segueing from correspondent to correspondent.

Squiggledy Hoy 4 / Bridget Bradshaw, 19 Hill Court Road, Cheltenham, Glos GL52 3JJ, Great Britain (n.b.) / e-mail bugshaw@cix.co.uk / webpage <http://www.cix.co.uk/~bugshaw/> Bridget prefers that her mail be addressed to "Great Britain", not "U.K.", which she says could be confused with the Ukraine. Very cool Britzine describing the editor's recent move, her garden, and her work, complete with a collection of newspaper stories and etymologies for Hoys. A diverting lettercol joins an article by Eeb Frohvet — they all seem to be talking about sex! Wow! Maybe **Chall** should talk more about sex — I'll have to take a memory boost.

Steam Engine Time Issue 1 / Bruce Gillispie, 59 Keele St., Collingwood, Vic. 3066 Australia, Paul Kincaid & Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent CT19 5AZ, UK / gandc@mira.net (Bruce), set@acnestis.demon.co.uk (Maureen) / Beautiful Dick Jenssen covers enfold a new fanzine from co-editors who couldn't be further apart geographically ... yet more in sync. Designed to fill the chasm left by the likes of **SF Commentary**, this is a strong collection of intellectual criticism of some of SF's most compelling writers. Immediately it wins me over with a fine essay — by a professional scholar — on Cordwainer Smith's epic **Rediscovery of Man**, one

of the essential volumes of our genre, and later, sweeps me away completely, helpless, ripe for ravaging, with a grand appraisal of R.A. Lafferty by Aussie Elaine Cochrane. Smith and Lafferty — add a piece on Phil Dick and I'd make a shirt out of this zine and wear it daily. There is much more, articles on Olaf Stapledon and British SF, Iain Banks' **Wasp Factory** and the SF Masterworks series. Several contribute their candidates for the 20 essential SF works of the past 20 years, and I'm delighted that most agree with me and include Stan Robinson's Martian trilogy. A valuable, refreshingly intelligent publication, **Steam Engine Time** reminds me of what it was like to truly think about what I read, and simultaneously of the spontaneous emotional joy of encountering the high genius of **Norstrilia** and **Past Master** and the low genius of **Space Chantey**. Someone in this able krew take on **Valis** and **Camp Concentration**, please!

Steelhead / The **Plokta** Cabal / Prepped for the Iron Faned contest at the last Corflu, which it won, I understand, **Steelhead** is salmon-themed, salmon-colored, salmon-obsessed. "Good old palsy-walsy salmonsy-walmonsy! I'll never eat salmon again!" Quick! Where's that from?

Stet / Dick & Leah Smith, 410 W. Willow Rd., Prospect Heights IL 60070-1250 / How will they surpass #9?

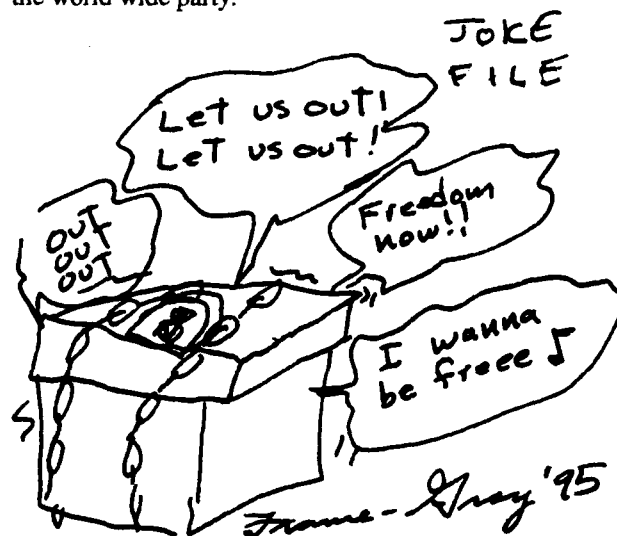
Tangent / David Truesdale, 5779 Norfleet, Raytown MO 64133/internet-103133.1350@compuserve.com; <http://www.sff.net/people/Dave.T/index.htm> / \$5 @, \$20 one-year sub. / Still knocking'em dead online.

This Here #2-5/ Nic Farey, P.O. Box 178, St. Leonard MD 20685 / nfarey@comappspect.com / trade / Strong, rather nervous perzine dealing with wrestling, the editor's conviction for a third offense DWI. (In Louisiana, a defendant can be charged with a fourth such offense *before* he's charged with his third ... go figure!) "I am in fact suspended, revoked, and expired," he writes. "No wonder I feel so tired all the time." Nic's argument with Harry Andruschak about drunk driving, his attack on the "one size fits all" treatment for his malady, his provocative portrait of his fellow probationers, all mark this zine as worth following. As valuable as such insights are, it's a relief to read on and find music reviews, news of the WCW, the story of a nasty "waspt" sting, and LOCs. #4 responds to **Squib's** squib about Ardis Fisher with both sympathy and regret, so it isn't all DWI talk, though the photo in #5 of "somebody's mother" — more piercings than St. Sebastian and a tattoo reading

"Fugly" — makes me wish I drank. Let's hope his marriage keeps Nic from another DWI. It'd be a shame to lose him.

Thyme / Alan Stewart, P.O. Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria 3005, Australia / a.stewart@pgrad.unimelb.edu.au / The or \$A 3; subscription \$A 15.

Tortoise Issues 8 / Sue Jones, Flat 5, 32/33 Castle Street, Shrewsbury SY1 2BQ U.K. / sue.tortoise@talk21.com / trade / Sue recently announced in a clever e-missive that **Tortoise** will be appearing three times a year instead of four, which is both devastating and heartening. Three times is better than twice! Issue 8 has a patriotic focus, and stays on theme admirably, with numerous essays, vignettes and anecdotes on being English. Sue waves the Union Jack with fading reluctance as the zine goes on, with a cool historical-literary reverie "By Shrewsbury Clock" and a prose ode to a faraway mountain, soon to be hidden by summer growth, the most lyrical pieces. Her account of the aerial death of a "performance artist" named Cadman, explaining an obscure epitaph on a country tombstone, is worthy of a teleplay. Says Sue, "There's an English background noise that surrounds us. It becomes part of us, gets into the bone, a cultural tinnitus that we don't notice — until it vanishes, or we find ourselves talking to someone who doesn't share it." The way she writes of it, I envy those who do. Interleaved: How Sue and Siberia (her cat) celebrated the world wide party.



Trap Door No. 20 / Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442 / locs2trapdoor@yahoo.com / the usual or \$4@ / The fanzine fanzine editors love, **Trap**

Door features clean layout, great article-specific artwork (cover and many interiors by Steve Stiles), and terrific content, much written by senior zineheads who bring their experience and skill to bear. First among these is Robert himself, whose opening "Doorway" describes a ghastly car accident necessitating weeks of recovery, the death of his mother, and a most therapeutic trip to Yosemite, among the world's great tonics. Very good news: Robert intends to publish **Trap Door** more frequently, and already has articles on hand for the next installment. On hand for *this* installment, Carol Carr, with exquisite anecdotes about Avram Davidson, Davidson himself through a fine fantasy poem, Greg Benford on Hollywood, Jim Harmon with medical woes, Alice Sanvito reliving a great Russian massage, George Metzger and Jeff Schalles and a reprinted piece from the great George Burbee. The substantial lettercol includes Christopher Priest. Lichtman intends to change his successful format; not too much, I hope.

Trash Barrel / Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., N. Hollywood CA 91606-2308 / *Trade* / *How's the hat?*

Tripe Reportcard 39 / Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills CA 91344 / *The Temple of Amon at Karnak!* Bruce & Elayne's postcards have never come from a more compelling or exotic locale. Nice Egyptian stamp, too.

Twink 18 / E.B. Frohvet, 4716 Dorsey Hall Dr. #506, Ellicott City MD 21042 / The u. / One of my favorite zines, balanced, interesting, never too much to handle, with excellent art by Margaret Simon and Franz Miklis. Frohvet's editorials are always cogent, and his ongoing series about black characters in SF is well-turned. In #18 it broadens to discuss black SF *writers*, beginning with Samuel R. Delany and his early novels, which I consider his best. Excellent writing is the goal of the Clarion workshop; Robert Sabella's long memoir of his '72 experience there is excellent writing itself. His description of Clarion terrifies me; Harlan Ellison once asked me to "try writing," but at the time he hadn't read anything I'd written. Most gratifying, Eeb's editorial; I think he was happier about **Challenger's** Hugo nomination than I was! Someday I hope to return the favor.

Vanamonde Nos. 353-362 / John Hertz, 236 S. Coronado St. No. 409, L.A. CA 90057 / *Trade* / What would I do without my monthly dose of **Vanamondes**? Surely no other zine is so eclectic. Memorials for Charles Schulz and Don Martin — talk about disparate cartoonists! — front two of these one-sheet issues of

John's **Apa-L** zine, and **Loscon** reports fill two more. I especially like John's report on a Rotsler panel ... and the ever-more-frequently mentioned SF icon, Freddy the Pig! Hertz raps on the religiosity of **Frankenstein**, **Lunacon**, **Genghis Blues** ... if you're interested in any topic, any subject, just hang on; John will get to it sooner or later.

Visions of Paradise #84 / **Halcyon Days #84** / Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake NJ 07828-1023 / bobsabella@nac.net / Robert's diary entries cover the first three months of 2000. Fei Fei Li — hey, Ruth, hoist Fei Fei! — pens "Letters from Tibet", describing a frightening ritual known as "sky burial," where the dead are chopped and ground and fed to falcons. Fortunately, the glories of the Himalayas overcome the gruesomeness in Fei Fei's account; these are beautiful pages. Robert, a fine reviewer, turns to an Avram Davidson collection, **The Joy Luck Club**, **Dark City**, a work on Italians and Shirley Jackson's **We Have Always Lived in the Castle**. (I read it as a teen, remember little of the plot but everything of the tone: pure chill. As Stephen King said so deftly, Shirley Jackson never needed to raise her voice.) A nice appreciation of **Ben's Beat**, some bad jokes, and it's on to the letterzine, 15 pages of good LOCs.

Wabe #1 / Jae Leslie Adams, 621 Spruce St., Madison WI 53715; Tracy Benton, 108 Grand Canyon Drive, Madison WI 53705; Bill Bodden, P.O. Box 762, Madison WI 53701-0762 / jaeleslie@aol.com; billzilla@mailbag.com; benton@uwalumni.com / t.u. / Attractive first issue of a zine primarily but not exclusively intended as an outlet for Wisconsin fans. In addition to articles by its three editors, for instance, Andy Hooper contributes a reprinted piece on his diabetes. The editors' stuff is various in subject (Corflu, magic, birdwatching[!]), with "22-second Fanzine Reviews" interwoven. A nicely-turned, well-produced, niftily-titled premiere.

Westwind #248 / George Nyhen, NWSFS, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124 / mwsfs-info@sfnorthwest.org / free to members; dues \$20/year / Handsome official organ of the Northwest Science Fiction Society, this issue features a nifty cover by Steve Adams parodying Grant Wood (see the original in Chicago!), an ongoing interview with the director of a local production of **The Island of Dr. Moreau**, club announcements, birthdays and meetings, forthcoming conventions, and so on. I'd like to attend VikingCon; the South's regional colleges don't know squat from science fiction.

The Wrong Leggings Down Under 5 / Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh EH10 4JE U.K. / L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk / t.u. too / Australian trip reports have become a fanzine sub-genre, and here is a spiffy one, from the sexy cover (by ?) through the photos on the back. Lilian may lament her chances of matching the fine pubs that have preceded her to Oz, like her "sister" Christina Lake's **Never Quite Aboriginal**, but she contributes excellent, evocative, energetic writing to the Aussie oeuvre. Interrupting the downunder material is Christina's rundown of recent developments in the British fanzine scene, illustrated with amusingly warped photos. As anyone could gather, scanning the above listing, the Isles are in excellent shape, fanzine-wise.

Zygote Vol. 6 Issue 1 / Tom Schmidt, Kerry Ryan, Cindy Little, 1474 Wall St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2S4 Canada / So we close with the special "hard-boiled" issue of "the Canadian Literary Magazine focusing on new writers" -- yes, another present from Rodney Leighton, but one as fun as most have been grim, as these novice wordsmiths take on the detective genre. Well-done.

Illustrating this section of **Challenger** are Ellen Vartanoff, Teddy Harvia, Cara Sherman, Neal Pozner, Joe Mayhew, Mercy van Vlack, Terry Jeeves, Randy Cleary, Ruth Shields, and Nola Frame-Gray.

Challenger

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Continued thanks to **Richard
Brandt** for getting
Challenger on line. Spot a
typo? Alert B'rer Brandt!

APOLLO

in N.O.

*An Encounter from 1971
by Guy Lillian*



It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. In the last years of the sixties, the first years of the seventies, America was involved in two ongoing acts. One was folly and evil, the other a transcendent expression of national will, imagination, and ability. On October 27, 1971, two members of the Apollo 15 crew made a publicity visit to New Orleans. Newly graduated from the University of California, not yet accepted into the writing program at the University of North Carolina, mooching off my parents while waiting for the future to happen, I went downtown to see them. Subsequently, I wrote up the encounter in a SFPazine, *Spiritus Tuesday*. That article, exactly as I penned it, follows.

I feel I should explain some of its attitudes. Though I was 23, a veteran of Berkeley, a hippy (though a drugless one) and a liberal, I was also a science fiction nut and, considering that Apollo 11 had made the first lunar landing on my 20th birthday, a big fan of the moon program. Many of my contemporaries weren't; like many doctrinaire liberals of the time, they felt spending money on space wasted resources that could have better devoted to social ills. I didn't quite agree. Their outrage was, I thought, misdirected.

There was indeed tremendous, tragic, disastrous waste in those days, but the space program didn't cause it. There is a wall on the Mall in Washington where you can read the cost of the true cause of that waste, name by name by name.

But though I knew that Vietnam was the true culprit in our national trauma, some of the anti-establishment rhetoric of the times crept into my appreciation of the moment when Apollo 15 came to call. Hey — I was 23.

23 and desperately uninformed. Although I knew Dave Scott's record (he rode GT-8 with Neil Armstrong, when only Armstrong's cool piloting kept them alive, and Apollo 9, which tested the Lunar Module in Earth orbit) and had followed 15's lunar adventure, all I could think of when I saw him and his CM pilot, Al Worden, was the astronauts' dopey post-flight p.r. role. NASA had them waving from floats at football games, schmoozing Republicans at New Orleans banks. Later, when a minor scam involving postcards toted down to the moon had gotten the whole crew yanked off flight rotation, their whole flight felt corrupted. Although I admired the men for their trip to the moon, I was disgusted by what came after.

In fact, I didn't understand how important and how successful their mission was until very recently. Urged by Nicki Lynch, I finally rented the superb HBO series, *From the Earth to the Moon*. In it I learned how Scott and LM pilot Jim Irwin had taken lunar geology (or "selenology," you could say) to new scientific heights. Aesthetic heights, too. When Scott ended the long debate about where his LM, the *Falcon*, should land by choosing the most beautiful site ... well, that was clearly a guy I should've called "Sir," not "Buster."

I also have no idea why I was so offended by their posing with G.I.s. Though I hated Vietnam, and was right to do so, I *hope* I wasn't stupid enough to blame the soldiers. In case you wondered, "Anna"'s "post-coital" terror dealt with the death of the *Soyuz* crew in 1971, and the Frolich I mention as regards the paintings was Dany Frolich, an artist pal.

Lastly, a word about the facing illo. It was done with a technique all my own. On a Durst enlarger I blew up one of my photos to 8 x 10, then traced the images of the astronauts onto white paper. I then retraced the drawing onto mimeo stencil, using a tool uniquely suited for the task: the point of a scissors. I added the moon from a magazine cover. I've never heard of anyone else illustrating a zine in that fashion. Personally, I thought it looked kind of spiffy, and still do.

SPIRITUS TUESDAY

On October 27th, Dave Scott & Al Worden of the Apollo 15 crew came to New Orleans on a public relations tour. I caught notice of their forthcoming visit a few days earlier in the Times-Picayune, noted where they would go while in town, & on the appropriate morning braved downtown NOLA traffic to get close to the site where I'd have the best chance to meet them. I'd picked their 10 a.m. appearance at the Whitney Nations Bank at 208 St. Charles. There they were to open an exhibition of space program-type paintings by local artists -- the kind of gig heroes on the inactive list do on public relations tours. Later on that day they would attend the premiere of Moonwalk One at a theatre much closer to my home than downtown, but I had a noontime dental appointment & I wanted the afternoon free to suffer. A 9 a.m. news conference was too too early for a sleepover like me. The bank appearance would be it.

I got there by wheel & hoof in plenty of time. I found out which entrance they'd use & positioned myself on the sidewalk there with my new Hanimex Praktika Super TL (a camera, stupid) From some TV reporters I got the word when their white city cars tooled up through the narrow NOLA streets. Passersby strolling past looked at the small commotion at the entrance & let their eyes squint a minute, wondering what was up, before going about their downtown business.

The first car held some NOLA official; the second what Don Markstein once referred to as "precious cargo". Later I would meet, absolutely through accident, one of the dates friends had arranged for one of the precious cargoes while they were in town, a most heavy & with-it young lady, veteran of the Summer of Love at the Haight & various music scenes in New York. My celestial starlight image of an astronaut would swozzle back to earth -- hell, they're only human -- but on October 27th I hadn't met the girl. Yet still my thoughts were caught by the mundane. These two guys climbed out of the backseat of that 2nd white car, the daller & darker with his familiar baby face & a Navy blue suit & tie, his sandy haired crewmate in a natty sports coat. They contrasted, these two fellows who shook hands with bankers on the entrance steps. As if something had put them together -- as if they hadn't been drawn together. CLICK-- turn & face me, bastard -- CLICK.

Inside the main bank lobby, the picture exhibition & a hundred beam-eyed employees waited. I dashed in ahead of the astronauts to frantically adjust my shutter speed & f/stop. Indoor work with Pan-X, ASA 32, is a risky business at best, nyahh. The strobes from the newsreel cameras helped some. The illmatched pair entered the main room. A self-conscious U of secretaries & tellers had formed. They came in, with bored distracted smiles, and everyone applauded, even as they whispered "Which one's Scott? Which one's Worden?"

Worden? What happened to James Irwin? I'd thought we would get 2 moonwalkers on this visit -- but there aren't any flies, after all, on Al. The girl I later met (through Pat Adkins and Dixie Wagner, thanks be to whom) liked him fine, had fun on their date. I wouldn't remember it till later, but that sandy-haired square in the sports coat had once drifted in utter weightlessness all alone, literally poised between atoms further from anything than any man before him. 100,000 miles out in space in no planet's grip ... he was out of it then, he's out of it now. "I'm a hawk," he kept (emphasis) telling the girl. "What do you think of the hippy movement?" Yeah, nobody's ever been as alone as Al was on his space walk last summer. It was impressive. It's also impressive how much he missed while here on earth.

The tellers and such were impressed, as they and I thronged about

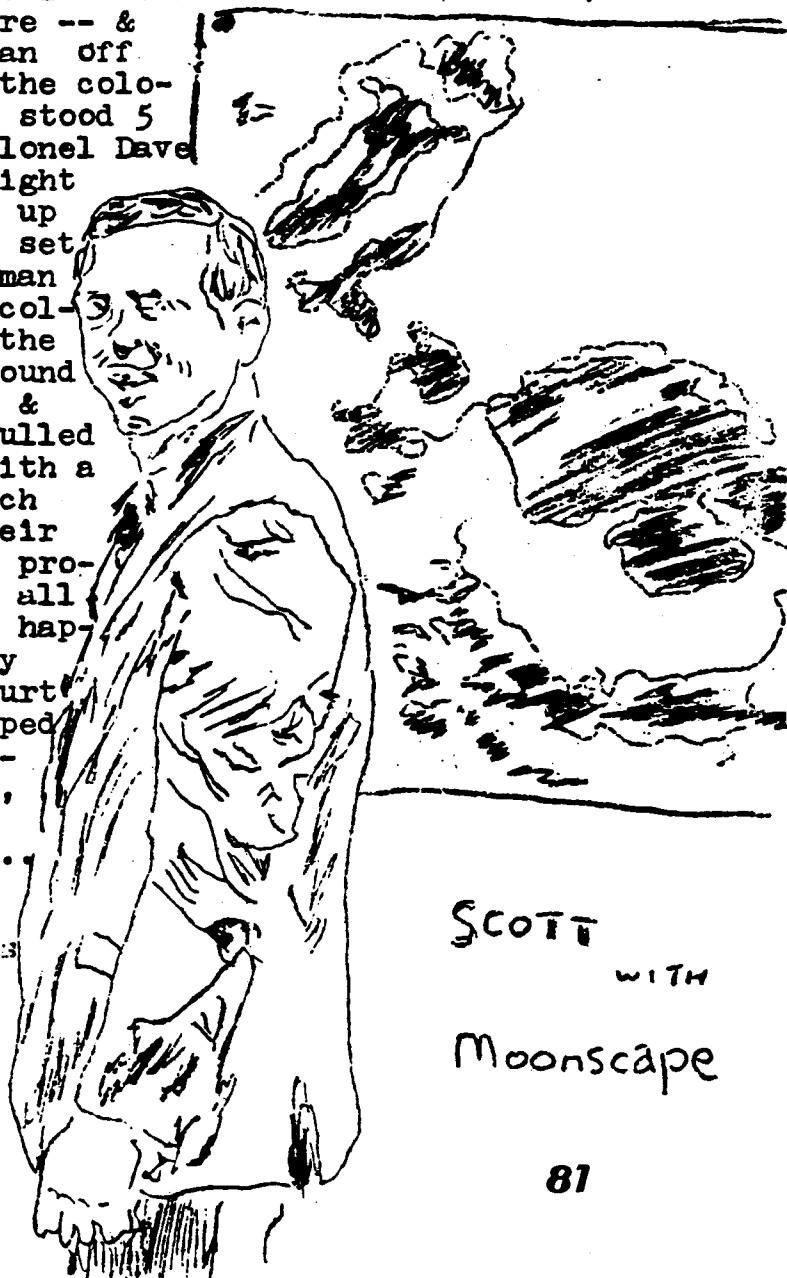
the astronauts as a bank man drew them over to the construction whence hung the exhibition. Secretaries caught each others' glances & broke into mad clenched giggles. A suited man explained to a gal in all deepvoiced surety, "Yes, the dark one in the navy blue suit is Worden & the sandy-haired one is Scott." I paused from my CLICKS, "Uh," I offered, "no . . ."

Scott & Worden & the bank manager strolled about the exhibition in a cursory examination of the paintings. They posed in front of one work for the news people & faked a walk in front of one wall for the TV cameras. Their complete lack of interest in the paintings was evident, and when the horde of tightgirdled secretaries roared in to trap them for autographs, autographs, I took pause to look them over myself. Oh, needed Frolich, did that exhibition. Needed imagination & balls desperately. There weren't more than one or two memorable canvases on those prefab walls -- mostly Mid Am painting-housewife kitsch.

I crowded over behind the glom of secretarial flesh, & tried a few CLICKS in the direction of the spacers' heads. Took a look at the face of the vital one . . . Scott . . . and I'm not being callous. At Edwards Air Force Base five weeks before I'd searched for Buzz Aldrin, head of the flight training school there -- & second man on the moon (first man off it!). A vacation in Europe for the colonel had botched my plans. Now I stood 5 feet of flesh & elastic from Colonel Dave Scott -- 7th man on the moon. Eight men have hit that ball of light up there -- only 8. The first pair set down on my 20th birthday. This man had flown twice while I was in college & on that 2nd trip driven the moon buggy amongst the hills around Hadley Rille. Minds more mature & perhaps sharper than mine had mulled the psychology of astronauts; with a lunar veteran in front of me such considerations should've run their paths in my head to a couple of properly vague conclusions. I knew all of this as I CLICKed. It wasn't happening. I recognized Scott's Boy Scout face (the neck wrinkles hurt that image, up close) as it dipped to the dutiful signing of autographs onto blank deposit slips, & though I know my head & background demands such questions . . . well, it just didn't seem like that big of a deal. The 7th man on the moon stood there, & I was not excited. When Scott's eye had caught mine as he rounded one of the exhibition uprights, what were my words to the 7th man on the moon, as I faced him?

I said, "Hey, buster."

The secretaries



SCOTT
WITH
Moonscape

were shooed away, an autographed photo of Hadley Base was presented to the bank manager, a couple of pugfaced G.I.s came forward & had their pictures CLICKed between the heroes. I said "Oh God" in what I was surprised to find as disgust. The astronauts were whirled away out a side door, & I walked outside, to wait and CLICK by their cars.

I'd been bugged by the trip with the G.I.s and, I just realized, by the whole reality of Dave Scott and Al Worden. In my unconscious the old debate about "priorities" had been re-run ... a debate I've always found stupid, since money isn't the real distinction, but concentrated public attention, between the equally shafted space & welfare programs. I found no answers in the presence of a man who has been there. The post coitum fears of Cloyne Court's "Anna" -- see page 30 of SM4 -- came forward once more. Scott couldn't answer her -- at least not through me. 2 guys I'd seen & CLICKed, & there was a little bit of sidewalk bitterness at the lack of heady exaltation, of adolescent thrill, hero-worship, in my response.

Instead ... I considered ol' America. Scott had been to the moon & had come home to his planet and made eloquent pleas for restoration of the two lost Apollo missions & more funds for space. He was as good a man as the America he represented had ... & he did not satisfy me. I considered him in as loose and liberal & multipointed perspective as I could...and he came out as the great engineer, the voice and triumph of technical America, unbeatable, 7th man on the moon. There was the question of America, & on October 27th I got a look at a man who represented America's present excellence, the technical.

There we are first-rate. Dave Scott drove a car around on the moon -- so there is no denying that. But we have lost the world -- politically we are assiduously mediocre, hypocritical, slowhearetd, dull. We see a football culture -- philosophically, morally, ethically, we are worse than 3rd-rate, we don't even make the ticket. What nation is this, that has gone so myopically down its one road that the other avenues a civilization must have curl dry with neglect?

My sidewalk mind didn't make such lyricisms as I waited for Scott and Worden to emerge from the International House, an exclusive club with "members only" embossed in the glass doors, where they'd gone from the bank. I determined that I should touch David Scott; shake hands. 2 years ago, when Mike Collins had come to town for his victory parade, I'd seen and CLICKed him on parade ... but I hadn't touched him, and regretted the lack. Maybe, I Mailerishly considered, some secret of inarticulable vacuum has seeped into this man's hand ... maybe some touch of the moon remains ... who knows? An answer or two, maybe ...

As I leaned up against the wall a NASA man came up. "You waiting for a picture, young man?" I was the only man, young or old, hero-hunting on the street. "Follow me." And he led me inside.

I'm amazing. I once got into a Regents' meeting & a California Republican "ssociation convention -- both times, into the jaws of Ronald Reagan. I made the S.F. Examiner front page once shaking hands with Bobby Kennedy, a week before he died. A political quasi-activist of absolutely no credentials, I stood ten feet behind Eugene McCarthy on the UC Greek Theatre stage while he spoke to 15,000 brothers and sisters. And so forth. In fandom, the roster is ridiculous. Making up Gordon Dickson is the slightest. GHLIII has luck with celebrities...and it hadn't dimmed. The NASA poobah led me through the "Members Only" doors, a lobby, a high, vast meeting hall dominated by a long stairway, a statue of a pelican ... to a side door marked MEN'S BAR. "But you have to make it fast," he said. And held the door open for me.

It was dark. A bar to the left. Figures bent elbows before it.

SPIRITUS TUESDAY

A small room. A corner table not seen at first for a cigarette machine by the door. Facing the door from that table were the calmfaced Scott, the animated Worden. Scott looked up at me with no change in calm expression. I fumbled my f/stop to 1.8 & my film speed to slow, slow. It was hellish to focus in such light. But CLICK ... I said "Thank you"... Scott nodded, once, sharply, his face the same. I flashed them a V sign over the cigarette machine as I beat a giddy retreat.

That should've done it -- it should end there with my top thrill, my (until then) most intimate contact. Outside I considered leaving then ... but the Collins memory came up and I waited by the door. When Scott came out I said "Colonel..." and he said "Good to see you here, nice to have you come" or some other such heroistics, and we clenched hands. I turned and walked the blocks back to my car.

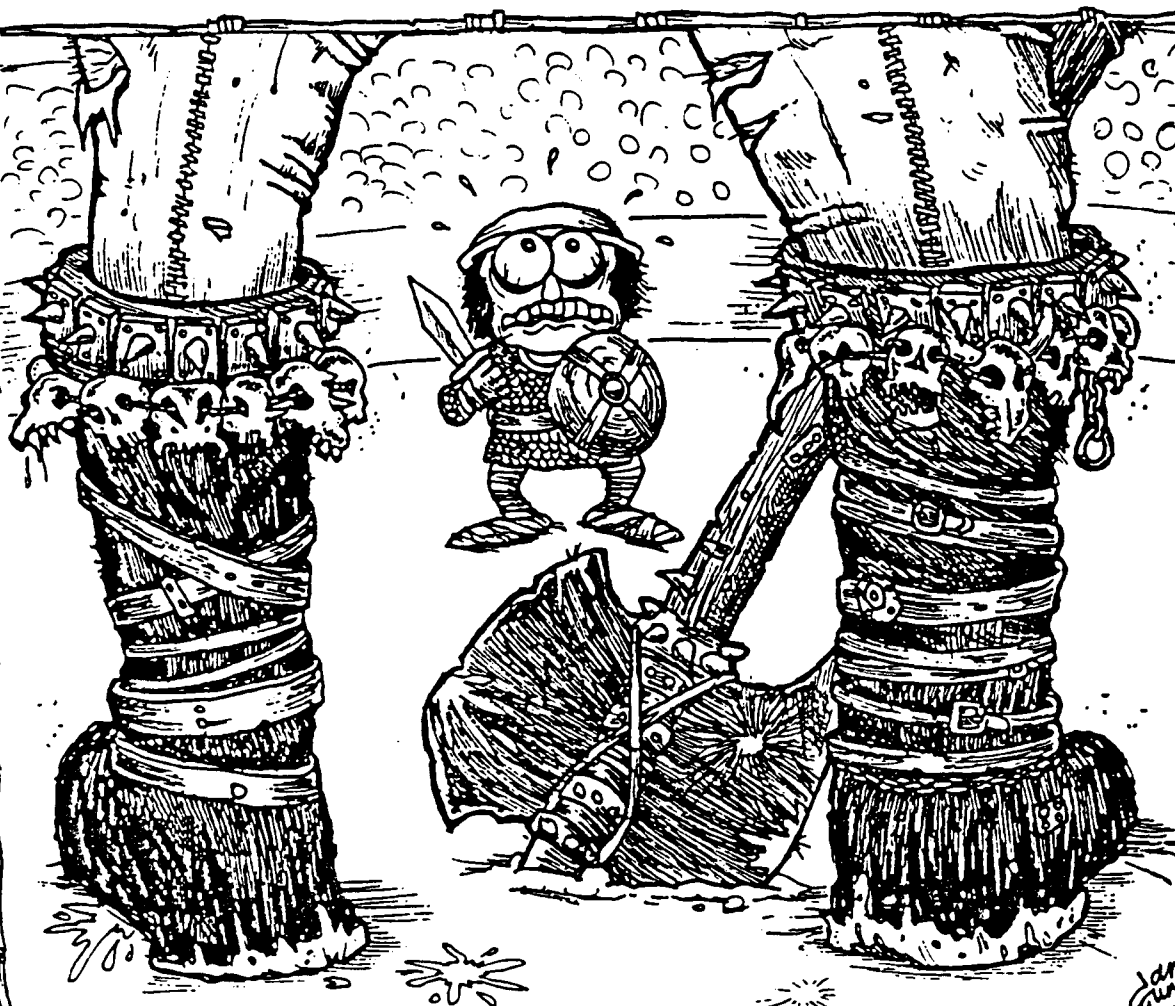
Scott's handshake was ironstrong and solid and firm. There can be no argument with that handshake, which spoke for the whole astronaut schtick -- unarguable purpose. And it told me some other things, too. I remembered the scene on Luna where Scott, who has always physically enjoyed spaceflight, picked up a piece of scrap material & announced that he would demonstrate a scientific principle. He heaved the scrap a few feet, pirouetted a few times and bounced onto his sixth-weight ass. "Just what principle was that supposed to demonstrate," said Houston. Well, I touched the hand that threw that scrap. It's funny to think on and extrapolate that.

I felt the residue of Scott's grip drift from my hand. Was an off-color grin the only message? I don't know. Having touched a hand that touched the moon, I still had no thrill about it --- the giddiness passed -- the questions came back with a vengeance ...

Yes, they came back. But the moon had never left, and as I drove that night I found myself looking at Luna as she hung there in the sky. On October 27th, the day the astronauts came to New Orleans, it was a halfmoon up there in our sky. A moon on the wax. And I'd seen 2 square flyboys that day, and thought about them and the country I share with them, & come to no conclusions at all, but I turned my eyes from the moon, to the road a minute, and down to the steering wheel, where with amusement and perplexity and awefilled wonder I considered my steering hand.

Look who's in the arena with the big boys!

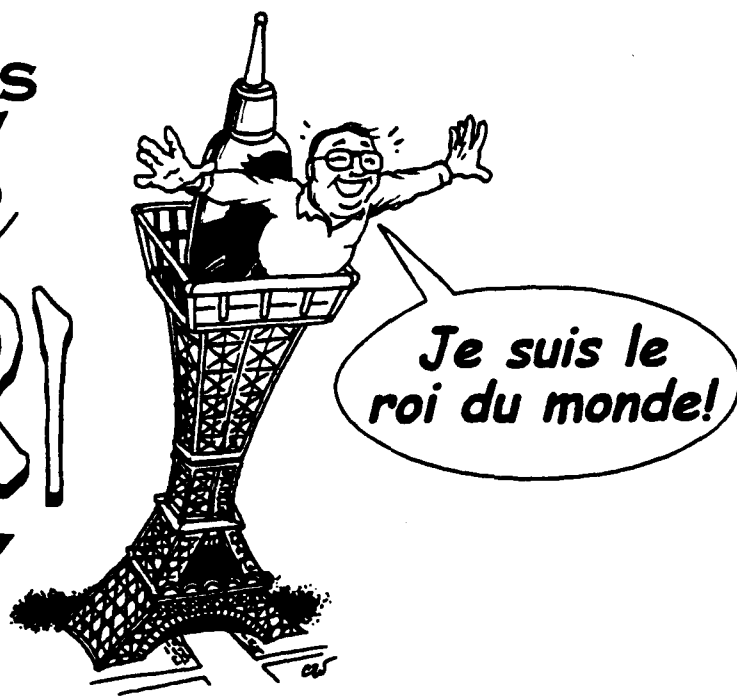
CHALLENGER



The editor and contributors to Challenger wish to thank the members of Chicon 2000 for placing their zine on the Hugo ballot! Contact us at P.O. Box 53092 New Orleans LA 70153 or GHLIII@yahoo.com for sample issues, and check out our website, under construction at <http://www.crosswinds.net/~ghliii>
See you at Chicon!

Between July 1st and the first day of Chicon 2000, Mike Resnick had something like 15 books published. Somehow, in his busiest of lives, he found time both to visit France twice – and write about it! Zut alors!

MIKE RESNICK'S *French* SAFARI DIARY



Part 1

Friday, May 5: Went to airport. Got on plane. Slept. Not a wildly exciting day.

Saturday, May 6: We landed at de Gaulle Airport at 8:50 AM. The Etonnants Voyageurs festival had thoughtfully booked a charter train on the other side of Paris that was scheduled to leave at 9:15. The odds of our landing on time, getting our luggage, clearing customs, and reaching the other side of town in anything less than two hours were astronomical. So it was Pierre-Paul Duristanti, my erstwhile translator, to the rescue. He met us at the airport, took us to the train, led us through a transfer that took us under half the city to a large station, and then we boarded our third train of the morning, the Bullet Train to Rennes.

(One comment about the Parisian subways. They're safe and efficient, like those of London. But Carol had bought us a new, huge piece of luggage, kind of a closet on wheels, so that everything we took for a week could fit in it. The Paris subways exist on half a dozen different

levels -- and they are connected by stairs, not escalators. I thought I was going to die lugging that damned suitcase up and down.)

I'd always wanted to take a bullet train, to skim through the countryside at 200 miles per hour...and we actually did a little of that, for maybe ten minutes. Mostly we raced across France at a stately 30 miles per hour, sometimes a little slower.

When we hit Rennes we transferred to a fourth train – by now we realized that getting to Saint Malo was complicated that were it not for Pierre-Paul we'd probably be pulling into a station in Brussels – and finally made it the lovely seaside resort of Saint Malo.

The festival committee had booked us into the Hotel Atlantis Bleu Marine, a very charming 3-star hotel backing up to the sea. We were on the top floor. As we were walking down the corridor to our room, Norman Spinrad burst out of his room, cursing a blue streak. He hated the place, and wasn't going to stay there one minute longer (which did not make an overwhelmingly favorable first impression on us.)

But once we opened the door of our room and found that it had a beautiful balcony overlooking the sea, we were a little happier. (The source of at least some of Norman's displeasure was that the charter train we had missed managed to misplace everyone's luggage. I may have been the last writer to arrive, but I was the only one in possession of his luggage. The other reason is that we were a couple of miles from the festivities, and he wanted a closer hotel.)

We went downstairs, found a little coffee shop a few doors away, and stopped in for some lunch, where we ran into Connie Willis and her brother, Lee Trimmer, and also Brian Aldiss, who was getting ready to pick up his well-deserved Nebula Grandmaster Award the following week.

As mentioned, the hotel could have been better located in terms of the festival. It was a two-mile walk each way. The first time I did it with Pierre-Paul (while Carol unpacked), I was exhausted; by the 7th time I walked it a couple of days later, I didn't even work up a sweat – demonstrating, I suppose, that if you're dumb enough you can get used to *anything*.

We'd had a 9-hour flight and 5 hours' worth of train rides, and although we had arrived too late for opening ceremonies (which, I am told, consisted of a few speeches and a lot of champagne and oysters), we decided we were tired enough to skip the evening's festivities as well. So while everyone tramped off for dinner and a cocktail party aboard a boat, we found a

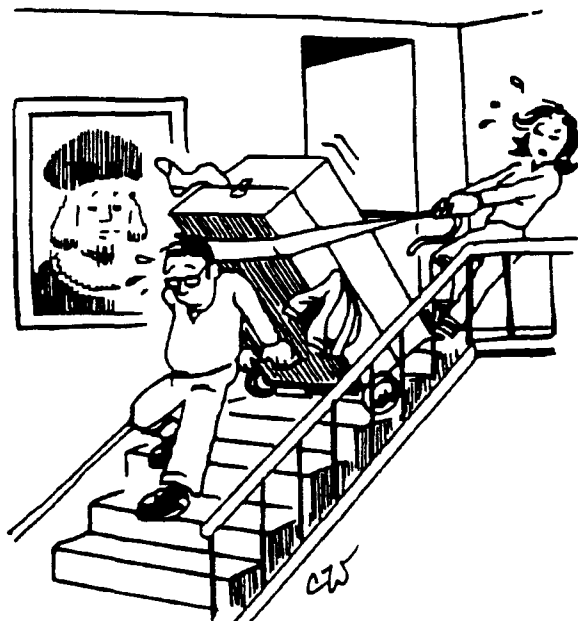
French pizza shop and were tucked away in bed at 10:00, having been up and on the go for about 35 hours.

Sunday, May 7: Ran into Connie and Lee for breakfast. Connie is a truly sweet woman who would never dream of saying No to anyone, and she seemed mildly surprised that God hadn't struck us dead for not attending the shipboard dinner the night before.

Turns out that, because no one in authority had seen me yet, they decided I must be feeling ignored, so to make amends for it, I was invited to lunch with Richard Matheson, Orson Scott Card, and the mayor of Saint Malo. Nine course meal. Unfortunately, 5 of the courses were fish, which I don't eat – but three of them were dessert, which I definitely do eat.

The festival wasn't quite as thoroughly organized as the ABA here, or even some of the better-run conventions. You hunted up your publisher when you thought of it and autographed at his table when you felt like it. Since I have a number of French publishers – Flammarion, Denoel, and Gallimard (a new one) – and I write for a number of the magazines – **BiFrost**, **Galaxies** – I just made the rounds of the exhibits each day, and every time I came to one of my book or magazine publishers I sat down and did half an hour's worth of autographs. Pierre-Paul left in the afternoon, but promised to meet our train the next night and show us to our hotel. Among the American contingent I saw Jim Morrow, and I'm told Jonathan Lethem was there but I never ran into him.

There was another cocktail and fish party in the early evening, followed by another huge dinner. Some of the English-speaking SF writers exercised a little independence and decided not to go. Instead, Carol and I, Connie and Lee, Scott and Kristine Card, and British sf writer Paul McCauley snuck off to a wonderful little restaurant that Scott had found the night before. We had a delightful dinner and chat that lasted maybe three hours, and then made the long trek back to our hotel. (When I was Guest of Honor at a convention in Nancy a couple of years ago, that committee did the same thing as this one: it put all the English-speaking writers in the same hotel. It's thoughtful, since it gives us old friends to visit



with, but it does hinder our ability to meet the local fans.)

Monday, May 8: Breakfasted with Connie, Lee, Paul McCauly, and Brian Aldiss, who was quite under the weather, having posed for photos all the previous afternoon in a driving rainstorm.

Connie and I both noted that we had half a dozen or more official photo sessions with pro photographers, which we almost never have in the States. The French are evidently much more interested in Capturing The Moment.

I made the autograph rounds for the third day, stopped long enough to attend my one panel, which seemed to be about Africa – it certainly wasn't about science fiction – and consisted of myself, a British writer who wrote a novel about three Jamaican homosexuals in a men's room, and a French doctor who wrote about tropical diseases and African magic. Fortunately my pal Stephan from *Galaxies* was one of the moderators, since the other one had never read a word any of us had written.

About 5:30 we were all herded into a building across the street from the festival, and then shepherded onto five buses, one for each cluster of hotels. We took the buses all the way to Rennes, where, much to our surprise, we found our luggage waiting for us.

Since Pierre-Paul and I had tried the bar car on the way in and found that they didn't have much in the way of food, Carol suggested we all buy huge ham and cheese sandwiches on French bread to take along, and while everyone else starved until the train arrived in Paris at 10:30, the Resnicks, Willises and Cards pigged out on enormous sandwiches.

Pierre-Paul was there waiting for us, and took us to the hotel we had chosen after an exhaustive Internet survey – and let me tell you, we chose the right one. It was the Hotel Brighton, a 3-star hotel directly across the rue de Rivoli from the Tuileries, which are the mile-long public gardens behind the Louvre. The Brighton has 5 floors, and our room – #515, remember it if you ever get to Paris – had a bedroom, a small sitting room, a bathroom, and two balconies overlooking the Tuileries. In fact, when you stood on the balcony, you could see the Eiffel Tower, the Arc

de Triomphe, the huge Ferris wheel, the National Assembly, the Orsay Museum, and the glass pyramid at the Louvre, all lit up like Christmas trees. They were so bright that you could almost take a book out onto the balcony at midnight and read by their light.

Almost.

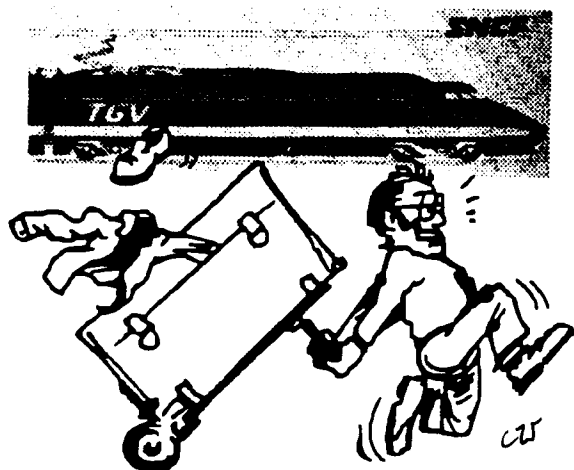
The hotel had two elevators: a service elevator that went to the fourth floor, which worked; and a regular elevator that went to the fifth, and which was out of order. So once again I got to carry that enormous, million-pound suitcase up some stairs. (Well, actually, Pierre-Paul carried it. But he's 20 years younger than I am, and was just showing off.)

Carol wasn't hungry, so Pierre-Paul and I went down to a little coffee shop on the corner, bought him a beer, and had some typical Parisian dessert – creme caramel, creme brulee, whatever. And when we said good-night and I went back up to the room, I found Carol taping her ankle. There was a slight step, maybe 4 inches, between the bedroom and the sitting room, and she'd forgotten it and tripped over it.

Tuesday, May 9: We love walking through cities, and Carol decided her ankle was up to it, so after having breakfast in our room, we went out the front door, turned right, and began window shopping our way to the end of the rue de Rivoli. We turned at the Place de la Concorde, walked a block or two to the Champs Ellysees, walked through about a mile and a half of public park, and then came to rows and rows of stores again as we neared the Arc de Triomphe. The street didn't really have much to appeal to us, but we started walking down some side streets, and that's where we found all the internationally-famed designers and exquisite and exclusive little boutiques. After a couple of hours we turned around and walked back to the hotel.

We stopped at the room, each picked up the book we were reading, then went back out. We bought a couple of sandwiches and a couple of bottles of water, walked over to the Tuileries (where hundreds of people meet, visit, eat lunch, drink wine, and feed birds), pulled a couple of chairs into the shade, and ate and read our books and watched the birds and the gardens for a few hours.

I had a photo appointment at Flammarion at 3:30 – evidently my five photo sessions at Saint Malo weren't enough – so Carol went upstairs to take a nap and rest her foot and I took a cab to Flammarion. Less than a minute after I got there all the power went out, trapping some people in the elevator. The photographer explained that while his studio was in the building, he couldn't photograph me there since there was no power, so we went outside, found some famous buildings, and took the pictures there. Before we had finished a couple of hundred people had stopped to watch and wonder which American movie star I was. I finally explained that I was Harrison Ford, this was what I really looked like, and the artists would touch up the photos before the public got to see them.



**Faster than a speeding...
well, you know...**

We'd made arrangements to meet Connie and Lee for dinner. Pierre-Paul took us all to his favorite restaurant, a wonderful little place across the Sienne called Bar de l'X. (Say it fast: it's Bar Deluxe.) It was a tiny restaurant, capable of serving maybe 12 people at once, half of us sitting out on the sidewalk – but oh, did they have great food. They are said to have the best meat in town, and the proprietor, who seems, Ghod knows why, to have a crush on Pierre-Paul, explained to us that she drives 50 miles outside of Paris to get the cuts of meat she wants.

(I promised Connie that I wouldn't tell everyone how she got drunk on three or four different flavors of wine and danced naked on the

table, so I won't.)

Though we took a cab to get there, we decided to walk back, dropping Connie and Lee at their hotel along the way. It was maybe a three or four mile walk, taking us through wildly popular sections (you can tell, because every third building in Paris is some kind of eatery, and in the popular sections you can go blocks without seeing an empty chair), and then through an exclusive, expensive area of clothes designers, art importers and the like. Lovely walk.

Wednesday, May 10: Breakfast in the room, as usual. Carol did her gift shopping in the morning – we always get something for Laura, and something for Darien, the girl who cleans our house and takes care of it and the cat whenever we're gone – and then we bought lunch and went back to the Tuileries with our sandwiches and our books.

In the afternoon I had an interview with Aurelia Jakmakejian, a journalist who works for **Livres Hebdo**, the French equivalent of **Publisher's Weekly**. I didn't really want to go out searching for any more addresses, so I talked the hotel into letting her come there and interview me in the breakfast room. (Most 3-star hotels serve breakfast, but no other meals, and the breakfast room sit, pristine and empty, the rest of the day.) It took a couple of hours, at the end of which she said she'd be joining us for dinner.

It seems that I'd been teasing Pierre-Paul on my Listserv and on the Delphi network for more than a year that I would only come to the festival and Paris if he would take us to Maxim's and the Crazy Horse Saloon, one of the more expensive and notorious nightclubs in Paris. Well, no one was about to spend \$200 a head on what has come to be considered rather mediocre food at Maxim's, but Pierre-Paul actually convinced Gilles Dumay, my editor at Denoel, that I wouldn't come if he didn't take Carol and me to the Crazy Horse. And Aurelia not only enjoys the Crazy Horse, but decided that Carol might feel a little awkward being the only woman at the table while all the men were hooting and whistling at all the naked ladies on stage. (Wouldn't have bothered Carol at all, but I decided not to mention it since Aurelia obviously wanted to see the show.)

So we meet Gilles in the evening, and he takes us to one of his favorite bars, and then it's on to La Table du Perigord, a restaurant specializing in duck. (Pierre-Paul also told him I love duck, which happens to be the truth.) Aurelia joins us, and we have a wonderful meal. I have a duck appetizer in some exotic sauce, and then a huge leg of duck for the main course. And as I'm eating my duck leg it starts thundering, and as I'm finishing off my Grand Marinier soufflé the heavens open and it pours.

This is when we find out that we are a few blocks from the subway, and once it lets us out we are a few blocks from the Crazy Horse, and no one has thought to bring an umbrella. So we decided to skip the Crazy Horse this year, and try again in the fall of 2001, when I've been invited back again as the Guest of Honor at the International SF Festival of Nantes. I'm sure the same girls will be a year older and wiser and more mature, which is all for the good, since I've never had much to say to naked 18-year-old girls (at least, not since I was 19.)

Thursday, May 11: Breakfast in the room again, which Carol loves. I'm less thrilled with it, because the maid tends not to come by until about 2:00 PM, and that means the table where we eat is totally unusable until then.

We walked across the Tuileries and the river and went to the Orsay Museum in the morning. This is where they store all the French impressionists: Monet, Renoir, van Gogh, Gauguin, Seurat, Rodin, Degas, that whole crowd. Big building. It used to be a train station; now it holds thousands of paintings and sculptures on its three levels...though it's still tiny compared to the Louvre, which is over a mile long and has five levels and is far and away the most impressive building I've ever seen.

I prefer the artwork at the Orsay. Lots of naked women, hardly any crucifixions. (You have no idea how hard it is to appreciate the Louvre's two thousand crucifixions when you are a color-blind Jewish atheist.)

We were going to eat in the Tuileries again, but it started pouring, so we walked up and down the rue de Rivoli, which is protected by an overhang, and used our favorite method of choosing a French restaurant. All of them, classy

and non, are wide-open affairs, flowing out onto the sidewalks. We would simply start walking past them until we came to one that was crowded and where everyone seemed to be happy; then we'd grab a table and order a meal. We've done it maybe a dozen times in Paris, and have yet to be disappointed.

For a change I wasn't scheduled for any photo sessions or interviews, and since it was too wet to consider going anywhere, we went up to the room and read and napped the afternoon away. Then 8:00 rolled around (no one in that city ever seems to eat early), and we went down to the lobby to meet Jacques Chambon, my long-time editor at Denoel who had moved over to Flammarion a couple of years ago and taken me with him. Pierre-Paul joined us, and we drove off in Jacques' very roomy car to one of his favorite restaurants, La Cigale. I had ravioli in a fabulous cream sauce for an appetizer, a mouth-watering filet in luscious gravy for the main course, and a chocolate soufflé (with chocolate fondue sauce) for dessert. I don't remember what Carol had, but I think all three of her courses were soufflés, even the one with all the vegetables.

We spent a few hours talking business and non-business. Jacques wants to start a matching set of my books, almost a Resnick line, to which of course I have no objection. The Denoel books start reverting soon. Jacques tells me that Gallimard, which just bought Denoel, will want to keep (i.e., buy) them, and that they'll get better circulation there, but Jacques is the guy who made me a star in France, and I tend to be loyal to people who are loyal to me, so if he wants any of the Denoel titles, I'll make sure he gets them. (Jacques gave me the nicest compliment I think I've ever had on the Galactic Comedy trilogy, to the effect that he knew nothing about Africa and African history before he read **Paradise, Purgatory and Inferno**, and when he was through with them he felt like an expert.)

He drove us back to the hotel at about 11:30. Carol went up to pack, and Pierre-Paul and I went to the corner coffee shop for some coffee and dessert – and who should come by a few minutes later than Jacques, who found a parking place just a couple of blocks away and decided he was enjoying the conversation so much he didn't

want to go home.

We broke up about 12:30 – the subways stop running at 1:00, and Pierre-Paul didn't want to walk home, since he lives halfway across the city – and that was how I spent my last evening in Paris. (On our previous trip we'd stayed at the Grand Hotel du Champagne, about a mile away. Not as nice a hotel, but surrounded by all-night brasseries, so we could always sneak out at three in the morning for a cup of coffee.)

Friday, May 12: Up at dawn. Off to the airport. Got to watch **Anna and the King** – produced by Ed Elbert, who's also producing **Santiago** – for the second time in a week, and came home to some awards (2 HOMer wins and a Seiun nomination), some movie option money, some GalaxyOnline.com money, and my 32nd check (royalties, reprints, foreign sales) for "The Trials and Tribulations of Myron Blumberg, Dragon", known in the Resnick household as The Piece Of Fluff That Refuses To Die.

Part 2

Well, I *thought* I was all through telling you about Paris for awhile.

We got home, spent five days catching up on mail and bills and laundry, then went down to Jekyll Island for DeepSouthCon, stayed in Florida for a week, and wound up at Oasis, the Orlando science fiction convention. We flew home on May 29, having spent most of the month on the road, and I, for one, was looking forward to not leaving home again for a couple of months.

There was a fax waiting for me. It was from Jacques Chambon, my editor at Flammarion. My novel, **The Dark Lady**, which appeared here in 1987 but had just been translated and published in France in 1999, had just won the prestigious Tour Eiffel Award, and could I please fly to Paris and accept it on June 8?

How prestigious can it be, I faxed back. I've never heard of the damned thing.

That's because no American has ever won it before, answered Jacques. You should be deeply honored.

Okay, I'm deeply honored, I said. Can't they just mail me the trophy or plaque or whatever it is?

They can, but they're rather you came and got it yourself, said Jacques. There will be a lot of people at the ceremony.

That's a long way to come for a goddamned trophy, I complained.

Well, in addition to the trophy, they're also going to present you with a check for 100,000 francs, said Jacques.

Which put a whole new light on things. I checked the exchange rates and found that 100,000 French francs translated into \$14,237.

So OK, I'll come, I said begrudgingly.

Then I went to Delta, which owns 108 of the Cincinnati airport's 120 gates, and has never offered a cut-rate fare to a Cincinnati in the recorded history of Man.

How much for a pair of tickets to Paris, leaving June 6, coming home June 9, I ask.

\$2,005 apiece, they answer.

Could you speak more distinctly, I say; I know it's ridiculous, but it sounded like you just quoted a fare of more than \$2000.

I did, answers the clerk.

But I just took the same goddamned plane to the same goddamned location for \$491 a ticket not four weeks ago, I scream.

But you ordered those tickets three months in advance, and you're ordering these tickets a week in advance, she explains sweetly.

Keep 'em, I say. I fax Jacques and tell him that I'm staying home, that the price for tickets is ridiculous.

We'll pay for your hotel, offers Jacques.

Big fucking deal, says Mike; I'm staying home.

I get three quick faxes about how this award is more important than I think and I really should come. In the last fax, he says Flammarion will pay half my ticket.

Carol decides to stay home, and suddenly I find myself in the position of either agreeing to go, or of telling Jacques and the award committee that I am so cheap that I'm unwilling to spend \$1,000 to pick up my \$14,000 check. So I go back to Delta and buy the ticket.

I got a lot of comments about this when I mentioned it online. The most typical came from Tony Lewis:

"You mean they're paying you money to

fly to Paris so they can pay you more money? How can I get in on something like this?"

So I pack my bag – much smaller and lighter than the closet on wheels Carol had me drag in early May – and off I go.

Tuesday, June 6: No one at the Delta office would give me a seat assignment when I forked over two grand for the ticket. I'm a big man, and I like to sit on the aisle, where I can at least stretch my feet out a little, so I get to the airport at 1:30 PM for a 6:50 PM flight, just to make sure I get an aisle seat. I walk up to the check-in counter, show the lady in charge my ticket and passport – and *again* they won't give me a seat. She tells me I can get a seat assignment 90 minutes before takeoff. I ask why, since I've paid for my ticket, no one is willing to give me a seat? She gives me a look that I have seen on exceptionally retarded cattle and nowhere else outside of Delta employees, and I just sigh and go out for lunch with Carol.

I show up at the gate at 2:45 and ask for a seat assignment. I should have known better. The guy there – much brighter than the lady at check-in; he has the look of a steer with an IQ of at least 50 – tells me that I can get it from him 90 minutes before flight time, or I can walk down the hall to the Delta Information Booth and they'll be happy to assign me a seat.

So I go there, and find myself about 15th in line. Seems New York is socked in with thunderstorms, and a few dozen Delta passengers who were making foreign connections through New York are being forced to find new routes. There are four clerks working the booth, and even so it is 4:55, more than two hours later, when it is finally my turn. I walk up and ask for an aisle seat. They give me a window.

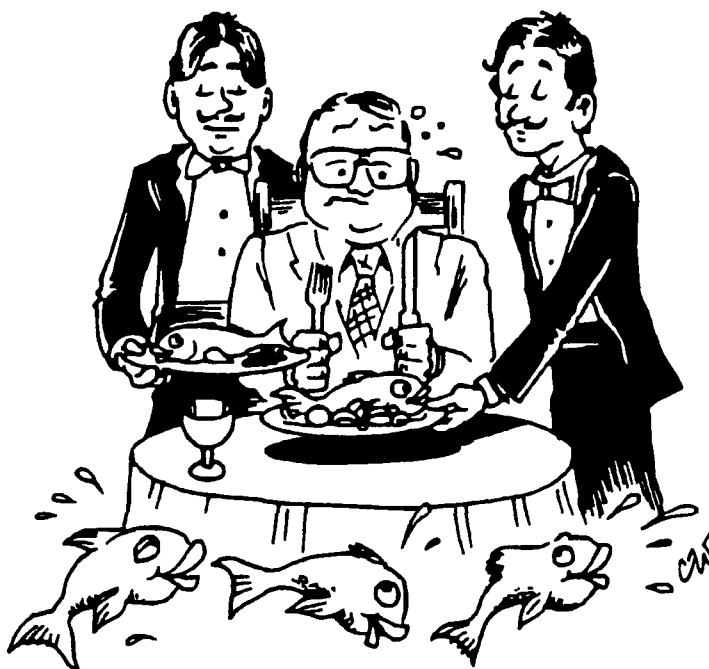
Comes 5:20, I walk up to the guy at the gate and ask to change seats. No problem, he says, giving me an aisle with even more leg room than I had anticipated, since it's the exit row.

Gee, he says, I wonder why they didn't give this to you when you purchased the ticket.

I look around for Delta employees to kill, but all I find are people trying to get to Europe without touching New York.

The plane takes off only 20 minutes late – excellent for Delta – and the flight is uneventful.

I find myself setting next to a very pretty, very earnest young girl who is reading **Flowers for Algernon**, which gives us a basis for conversation, and after we talk a bit I find we have something else in common: Africa. She and some exceptionally devout Christian friends are flying to Togo to spend the next three months working in a leper colony. I figure if leprosy is the worst thing she catches in West Africa, she'll be ahead of the game.



WHERE'S THE BEEF?

Wednesday, June 7: We land at 8:50 AM, and I find that Madame Nebout, who runs the Tour Eiffel Society, has sent her uniformed chauffeur to pick me up. I know this because he is holding up a card with my name on it. I say "Hello". He says "Bonjour". I say, "Where are we going?" He says "Jabber jabber jabber" in a language that sounds like French. It seems that Madame Nebout has sent a driver who speaks no English to pick up a writer who speaks no French.

I follow him to the car which turns out to be the first stretch Lexus limo I've ever seen. I try to get into the front seat. He has a conniption fit. I get into the back seat.

We start driving. He says "Jabber jabber jabber Tour Eiffel jabber." I say, "I don't want to see the Eiffel Tower. Take me to my hotel." He

says "Jabber jabber Tour Eiffel jabber." I make it simple and say just one word: "Hotel". He nods, smiles, and says "Tour Eiffel", and I get the definite notion that what we have here is a failure to communicate.

After half an hour of aimless driving, we emerge from a tunnel and he points to a world-famous restaurant: "Maxim's". I say "Hotel". Five minutes later he points again: "Place de la Concorde." I say "Hotel". Then it's "Louvre." I say "Hotel or I will cut out your French heart and eat it for dinner." He smiles; obviously I like the Louvre.

I can sense that he is about to take me to the Eiffel Tower, if only because he mentions it four or five times, and I pull out the address of the hotel, thrust it in front of his nose, and say, once again, "Hotel".

"Ah, hotel," he says, and my blood pressure drops half of the 100 points it has risen.

We go to the Hotel Delavigne, which is about a block from Flammarion, 2 blocks from Rivages, and 3 blocks from Denoel – all of them major science fiction publishers. In fact, there are upward of 20 publishers within a half-mile radius. I get out and walk in to register, and he jabbars at me again, and I hear him mention Jacques Chambon, and I grab him by the arm and drag him to the front desk and ask the clerk to translate. It seems that he has congratulated me maybe 20 times for winning the Tour Eiffel Award, and is under the impression that "Hotel" means "Thanks".

Also, Jacques will phone me at noon. I shake his hand, tell him "Hotel", and he smiles and leaves.

Problem is, it's 10:00 in the morning and they won't have my room ready until noon. I leave my bag at the desk and decide to walk around, since I've been sitting at the airport, on the plane, and in the limo for the better part of 12 hours.

The hotel is very near the Odeon, which is kind of like a hub with eight or nine streets going off in different directions. I walk down each for a block, no more, because I don't want to lose track of where the hotel is. I pass a couple of interesting bookstores, and I walk a little further, and suddenly I look ahead and walking toward me is Pierre-Paul Durastanti. He figured that neither

Flammarion nor the Tour Eiffel committee would make any arrangements for me until the ceremony the next day, so he decided to hunt me up and spend the day being my guide and translator. I can't remember the last time I was so happy to see anyone (well, at least anyone of his gender).

We grabbed a quick breakfast, checked out some bookstores, and went back to the hotel at 11:45, only to find out that Jacques had already called and would call back at 12:30. My room was ready, so we went up to it.

Remember that I did potential tourists a huge favor by telling them to reserve room 515 at the Hotel Brighton? I'm about to do you another one: *never* stay in room 51 at the Hotel Delavigne. My bathroom at home is, quite literally, larger than room 51. It is newer and cleaner. It has more shelf and closet space. It is air-conditioned – and believe me, room 51 *needed* air-conditioning. Paris was hot as hell, and when I opened my window – it opened inward, thereby preventing me from laying on the bed, which was parked just under it – far from getting a breeze, what I got was a look at the wall of another centuries-old building. (On its behalf, I will say that the staff was remarkably friendly, and breakfast was served in a charming brick cellar with sloping walls and arched ceiling.)

Jacques called to tell me (surprise!) that he couldn't possibly see me today, but he'd pick me up at 10:00 in the morning for the ceremony. That left the whole day free, as Pierre-Paul had known it would. Having had breakfast a whole hour ago, we decided it was time for lunch, and we stopped by Rivages, where I met Doug Headline, the science fiction editor, and Nicolas Cluzeau, a freelance editor who bought one of my stories for an anthology while we were there. We visited a bit, then Nicolas left and Doug took us out to a fine local restaurant, Le Temps Perdu (which means "The Lost Time", and indeed one could observe entire editorial staffs losing all kinds of time while they sipped their espresso.)

After lunch Doug went back to his office and Pierre-Paul and I took a bus to the Museum of Natural History. Very impressive, with a nice display of African animals. We were considering going to the dinosaur exhibit, but it was in an adjoining building, and they wanted us to pay

another fee, so we walked around the extensive gardens instead. Then we came to a sign pointing to a zoo and we followed it. Somewhere in Paris there is a major zoo, the equivalent of the Bronx Zoo or Brookfield Zoo. This wasn't it. The most exciting thing we saw was a sleeping kangaroo, and after about half an hour we left and took another bus a few miles to a store that has Paris' best selection of out-of-print English-language science fiction.

We stopped by Denoel, which has published about 15 of my books, visited for a few minutes with my current editor, Giles Duman, and a local SF writer who was pitching some SF book or other, and then the four of us went out for a drink. (They had wine and beer, I had water.)

Finally, at about 9:00, we wandered over to the Bar de l'X for dinner. The couple who run the place remembered me from three weeks ago, tried their best to get me to drink some wine (I stuck to water), and cooked up a mouth-watering filet and a desert made of something moist and chocolate in a vanilla sauce that was every bit as good as it had been the last time.

I get to the room at about 11 at night. I haven't slept since Monday night, and I'm pretty tired. I figure I'll sit by the window (as I said, you can't lay on the bed when it's open), get a bit of cool air for a few minutes, then shave and shower and go to sleep. I sit down and turn on CNN. I blink. I open my eyes. It is 8:00 in the morning. I am still clothed and still sitting.

Thursday, June 8: I grab breakfast in the cellar, then get into a jacket and tie and wait for Jacques to pick me up. Pierre-Paul has decided he hates ceremonies and isn't coming, which is a shame, since I am enough of a realist to know that *he* is the one responsible for the book winning the award.

We stop by Flammarion to pick up the publisher, a charming young woman who can't be 30 yet, then drive to the Tower. We flash our engraved invitations and get into a special line to the elevator, which takes us up a few hundred feet and lets us off at a broad platform.

We're ushered into a huge room that holds a couple of hundred people. There are bottles of Dom Perignon everywhere, and maybe twenty pounds of Baluga caviar, and I begin to get the

impression that this is not quite like a Hugo ceremony. The impression is confirmed when I am introduced to the Mayor of Paris.

At 11:00 sharp we sit down, me in the front row, and Madame Nebout gets up and starts talking in French. Every few minutes I hear my name mentioned. Then I hear some other familiar names, and Aurelia, the reporter who interviewed me last month and is sitting directly behind me, leans forward, does a little quick translating, and explains that **The Dark Lady** beat out the last two Hugo winners, Joe Haldeman's **Forever Peace** and Connie Willis' **To Say Nothing of the Dog**, for the award.

Then the Mayor climbs onstage and starts speaking, and Aurelia and two other girls I know start whispering in my ear, and this time it's not a translation, it's a catalog of the crimes the Mayor will soon be standing trial for, including the old Chicago specialty of having the populations of entire cemeteries vote for him and his party.

Suddenly Aurelia pokes me in the ribs and I jump to my feet and turn to see what the problem is, and she gestures me to go up on stage, that I have been Summoned. So I climb up on the stage, while everyone watches and waits, and then I stand there like an idiot for ten minutes while the Mayor continues reading his speech, part of which includes the fact that we are old friends and he loves my books.

Then comes the highlight. He presents me with a three-foot-long one-foot-high replica of my 100,000-franc check. We hold it up together, and 30 or 40 press photographers come up and blind us with flashbulbs for the next ten minutes while the TV cameras capture us trying not to stagger sightlessly off the stage and into the audience.

Then Madame Nebout hands me the *real* check, and a gold medallion with the Eiffel Tower on it, and I somehow intuit that it's time for me to give a speech.

So I walk over to the microphone and decide to see if anyone can understand English. I explain that Pierre-Paul Durastanti, my translator, deserves half the fame and honor and glory, and I freely give it to him, but I think I'll keep all the money. Ninety percent of the audience laughs, and I realize with some gratitude that I don't have to speak in monosyllables. So I talk for five or ten

minutes, and then we pose for more photos, and I meet a bunch of well-dressed men and women from the American embassy, most of whom feel compelled to pose for still more photos with me. Then I give seven or eight brief interviews for radio and TV.

Finally we walk across the platform to the other side of the Tower, and there is a fabulous display of science fiction artwork which I get to see while I am still being interviewed by a couple of daily newspapers.



Then we adjourn to one of the most elegant dining rooms in all Paris, a few hundred feet above the ground. (If you watched the movie **Company Business** with Gene Hackman and Mikhail Baryshnikov, this is the restaurant where they were trapped by the Russians.) I get to sit next to the window, with an absolutely fabulous view, and Madame Nebout sits opposite me. Jacques Sadoul, who is the John Campbell of French science fiction and whom I had met at a number of Worldcons, sits next to her. Jean-Pierre Marliac, a member of the jury, sits next to me, and between the two of them, they manage to translate just about everything Madame Nebout and I say to each other for the next three hours.

The meal was as good as it was supposed to be. The first course was shrimp in a cream

sauce. Then tomatoes stuffed with crabmeat. Then a salad. Then something that looked like lox (I don't eat any fish except shrimp and lobster, so I can't tell for sure what it was.) The main course was a 12-ounce filet that was so tender you literally didn't need a knife to cut it. Then a soft, cold cheese that looked like (and almost tasted like) ice cream. Then real ice cream in a bed of fresh strawberries. And finally espresso. I didn't drink any wine, but the liveried waiters kept bringing a steady flow of it, in all colors, to the table.

Madame Nebout's chauffeur, old Tour Eiffel himself, was waiting to take me home, but this time I had Jacques Sadoul with me – he was going to Flammarion, a block away from the hotel – so we managed to travel a direct route.

Jacques Chambon was picking Pierre-Paul and me up for dinner at eight, and having nothing better to do, I lay down at 4:00 and took a three-hour nap. Pierre showed up with Cathy Martin-Legat, who owns the biggest science fiction bookstore in France and whom I had met at the ceremony. Her store is in Toulouse, which, Pierre tells me, is one of the reasons he spent so many years living in Toulouse before moving to Paris last year.

Jacques came by in his car and picked us all up, and suggested that we go to the Bar de l'X, since he'd heard such wonderful things about it. We didn't have the heart to tell him we'd been there the night before (especially since he was paying), so we went again. This time I had duck, and it was every bit as good as their filets...and since I don't change winners in midstream, I had the same dessert again. Cathy left us at about ten, and Jacques, Pierre-Paul and I stayed there until after midnight, basically laying the groundwork for future sales. (Jacques still wants to start a Resnick line.)

Then Jacques dropped us off at the hotel, Pierre-Paul walked to the subway station, and I went to sleep.

Friday, June 9: I heard the alarm ringing so I reached out and turned it off. Then, bleary-eyed, I trudged to the bathroom, shaved and showered, and started getting dressed.

And looked out the window.

And realized that it was dark.

I checked the clock. It was 5:00 AM.

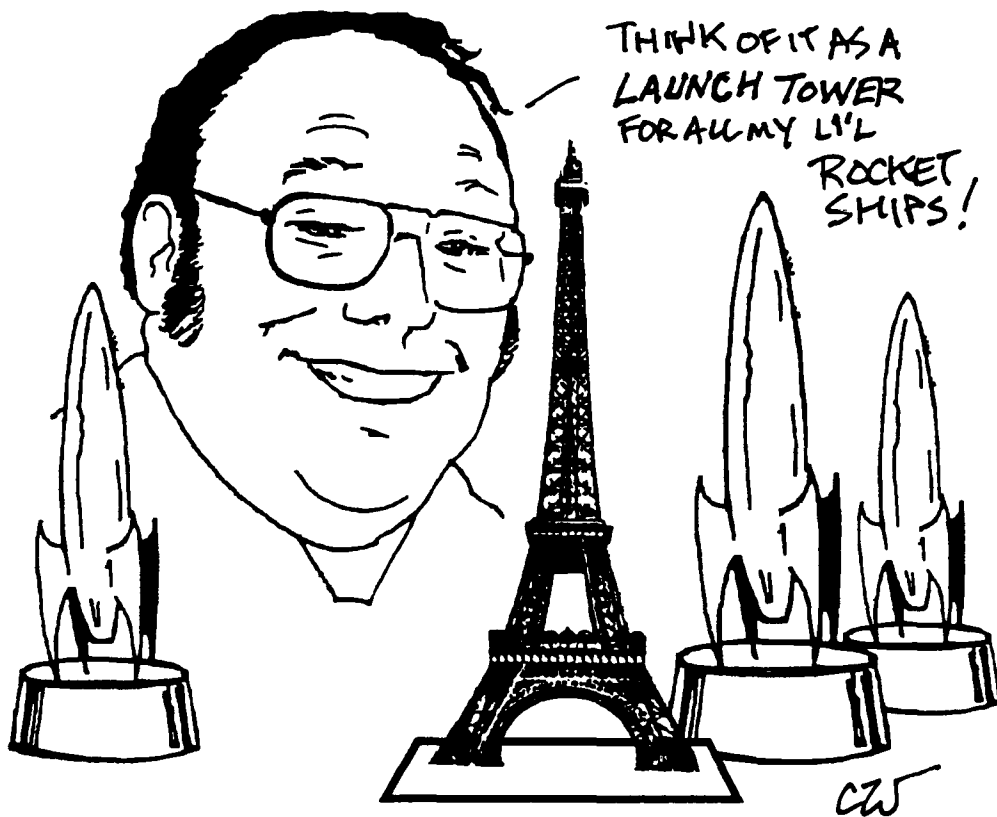
Turns out I had heard the alarm in the next room ring. The guy had an 8:00 flight to the States, and I turned off my alarm at precisely the same time he turned his off, so I never knew it wasn't my clock that was ringing.

So, fully dressed and totally packed, I sat down, opened the window, turned on the television, and watched CNN for the next four hours. Then I grabbed some coffee, came upstairs, and watched it again until 11:30. Finally I turned it off and checked out, and met Pierre-Paul in the lobby at noon. He had thoughtfully volunteered to be my guide to de Gaulle airport via subway,

which cost about five dollars, rather than the thirty-plus dollars a cab would cost.

We got there, I popped for lunch, and we said good-bye. Then, pulling my suitcase on wheels and carrying my oversized facsimile 100,000-franc check – talk about an attention-getter! – I boarded the plane, slept for seven of the eight hours, and came home to the news that what had become my favorite novel, **The Outpost**, was sold to Tor, and that one of the Miramax execs who loved Carol's and my screenplays had become an independent producer and wanted a new Resnick Project.

It's been a nice few days. I think I may keep writing science fiction for a profession.



Challenger 12

The Yellow Leaf

Susan R. Higgins

It was early fall, the leaves hadn't started changing yet. There was a cool crispness in the air, a promise of what would come. I could hear a chain-saw mummer far off in the back woods. Someone, perhaps Dave was cutting up firewood for the long hard winter to come.

Marlow was out in the field on his tractor. He was bringing in the hay. I waved and he saw me and waved back. His blue overalls looked baggy on him, even from here. He was wearing his favorite red shirt; the one Christine gave him three years ago. He called it his lucky harvester's shirt. A yellow straw hat covered his face, making it look dark in the bright afternoon light.

Fall was the time of year when things died. Christine died two falls ago. Father the year before. Mother just last fall; and my little sister, Cora ... poor little dear. Doctors didn't expect her to live long enough to see the first leaves change into their fall plumage.

"Joanne would you please, please, please, please, please, *please* go and check anyway? Please?"

Her coal black eyes stared out at me from a shrunken jaundice face. A light film was forming in them. The same way Sunshine's eyes did just before she died. I had that cat longer than I had my baby sister, and I had loved her. Now, Cora was pleading with me, with her dead eyes. I had to look away for the fear of being swallowed up into them, and her taking me along was just too much to bear.

"Ok, ok. I'll go see if I can find a yellow leaf. Geewhiz."

"Thank you." Cora's voice sounded like the dry crackling sound that a fire made as it ate up wood in the fireplace. It made me shiver and it was eighty degrees outside, seventy-five degrees inside.

"Fall hasn't come yet Cora. I don't think there will be any leaves, especially yellow ones, but I'll look anyway."

"Yellow ones are always the first", Cora said in a whisper. "Yellow ones are always the first to die."

"They ... they are not the first to die Cora." I leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. "They are the first to live. Now rest awhile. I'll find a yellow leaf. And when I do, I'll carry it carefully in your leaf box. Then I'll present it to you in such grand style, that Marlow and Uncle Shane will think I'm nuts, and Aunt Linda ... well, she'll just tsk, tsk and shake her head."

Cora smiled. A weak smile, but it was a smile just the same.

I followed the red dirt logging road up behind the house and headed towards the pond. Blackberries grew there in wild abandon and I could feast while looking for a yellow leaf. Sometimes blackberry leaves were the first to show yellow. But Cora wouldn't want any of them. She wanted the impossible. She wanted a yellow maple leaf. They usually didn't start turning colors until after the first good frost. Only a miracle could bring a frost thick enough a



month early to change the leaves. Cora didn't have a month. She would be lucky is she had another week, perhaps less.

The willow tree by the pond sometimes had yellow leaves early. Many trees did. It was usually due to the heat or lack of rain or whatever, but this sort of thing didn't happen to the maples. Not until fall ... real fall, when the air is so crisp, it hurts your nose to breathe it in.

Three golden leaves, yellow like Cora's hair. Almost as yellow as the whites of her eyes and fingernails and sallow skin. Three golden leaves. Although they were birch leaves, they still might give Cora hope. Perhaps, she'll even save herself, if just for a little while longer. Carefully I placed them in Cora's leaf box.

As I turned to go home, I saw it. A yellow leaf clinging tenaciously from the broken branch of a maple tree at the edge of the woods. Other leaves hung from the branch, but they had already turned brown. Tentatively, I approached the leaf and reached out to stroke it. It felt smooth and cool to the touch. I traced one of the vein lines, that ran along its center. Yellow, a bright, vivid yellow. It reminded me of going back to school in the fall. It reminded me of dark rainy days when children wore their galoshes and bright yellow rain coats. It was as yellow as the sun on the first day of spring, and it was right here within my grasp. I emptied the leaf box out onto an old hollow log and placed the box beside them. Carefully I plucked the leaf from the dead branch, tucked it gently the bottom of the box, and closed the lid. With a light heart, I carried the leaf home to my Cora Lee.

"A golden leaf for my golden haired child ... made from stitches of lace, a snowy face and freckles made of air."

"Oh Joanne. You're so weird sometimes."

Cora struggled to open the box. Her face lit up when she looked inside.

"My leaf! My magic yellow leaf. Oh Joanne..."

Tears streaked her face and dripped off her bony chin. A miracle had happened for Cora. A yellow maple leaf; an impossible thing for this time of the year; a time when fall was still four weeks away on the calendar. I didn't ask why it happened. I didn't want to know. All I cared about was the look on Cora's face.

"Jo ... Joanne. Thank you."

"You're welcome. But why a yellow maple leaf Cora?"

"This yellow maple leaf is magic. It will never wilt, turn brown or ... well, you know what happens after that."

"Yes, I do."

"Its magic will rub off onto me and then I'll be yellow. Then I won't wilt, turn brown or..."

Cora's voice trailed off and she sank back into her bed.

"Cora?"

"Hush. It's my nap-time. I must rest so I can save my energy. Turning yellow is hard work you know."

A slow smile spread across Cora's face and pressed up into her gaunt cheeks. A faint giggle spilled out from her dry chapped lips and her eyes lit up. It was good to hear her laugh and to see her smile again.

Cora slept soundlessly all through the night. A raging storm, loud with thunder and bright with flashing lighting invaded my sleep. Cora slept through it all. She could always sleep on nights like this. I always wondered how.

Tomorrow, I'll look in on Cora and see how she's doing.



My Grandmother

On Mother's Day, 2000, my grandmother died of oldness in Lancaster, California. Her name was Nora King; she was at least 94, and her passage from life was quiet, peaceful, quick, and serene. My brother thought my mother took the news well; me, I took down old photographs and old memories, and looked them through.

Granaw — my name for her — had a difficult childhood, dirt poor on an Arkansas farm. The earliest photo I have shows her mother — one strong cookie, from everything I know about her — and her six children before a sheet hung in their farmyard, posing for the traveling photographer. The father of the family had just died, and there is a sadness of the faces of the boys that breaks my heart — even though I knew them as relatively happy old men. The pretty eldest girl seems proud of her youth and beauty; how could she imagine 1920, and the flu? Granaw, on the end, seems a bit glum.

In most of the pictures I have of her, there was a touch of sadness ... with vivid exceptions. In the wedding photo of my parents, for instance, she's downright cackling, having unloaded the second of her two daughters, and during a visit here in the mid-'70s with my folks, she teased me by flirting with a couple of old dudes, and in the photo is giggling like mad. Her sadness disappeared when she was around her brood. And many of that brood were there when sleep came that final day and she passed from life.

She knew seven generations of her family, up to and including a mess of great-grandchildren and at least two great-great-grandchildren. During my Berkeley years her first grandbaby — me, I — would ride the 'Hound south over many long weekend and leech off her kindness. I was always welcome. She never cared about my long hippy hair or even my silly Pancho Villa moustache when I grew it. She never cared about any of that stuff; she just loved me, loved us all, without reservation and without condition. When I was newborn, they tell me, she was the only one who could quiet my restless tears.

I last saw her — and my uncle and my aunt, two of the three children who would predecease her — in '96, after the worldcon. I kept telling myself to get back to that California desert, but ...

Now when I return to the Antelope Valley, and I will, it won't be the same. But let me tell you something. As little as I sometimes seem to believe it, her message remains. Her faith remains. It has always been here, it will always be here; I just need to listen to it.



Following: the wedding photo mentioned above, with two Guy Lillians in attendance. The dazed-looking galoot in the center is my father. Below, my grandmother with her eldest grandson, September 1996, and ca. late 1926 with my Aunt Flo (standing) and my mother (in her lap). Bacoover: with her family, around 1912.

