



4

challenger

CHALLENGER no. 4

spring-summer 1996

Guy H. Lillian III, editor

Dennis K. Dolbear, associate editor

P.O. Box 53092

New Orleans Louisiana 70153-3092

504/821-2362 (GHLIII)

504/831-9271 (DKD)



Cover: "Darkside" by Victory (Victoria White)

CONTENTS

	author	page
Harry Browning Moore	<i>Jack Stocker</i>	3
Bob Shaw - Gunslinger	<i>Jerry Proctor</i>	8
Midnight Rambler	<i>editorial</i>	10
The Rosicrucians	<i>Rich Dengrove</i>	15
The Al Side	<i>Alan Hutchinson</i>	20
AIDS Heresy & the New Bishops	<i>James Hogan</i>	21
The Challenger Photo Page		34
Jeude! Jeude! Jeude!	<i>The Challenger Tribute</i>	35
Hind Legs	<i>Guy Lillian</i>	46
Utopia	<i>Mark Verheiden</i>	56
Epistles	<i>the readers</i>	57
Contributors		91
The Fanzine Dump	<i>the dumpsters</i>	92
The Ryan Moment	<i>Dave Ryan</i>	100
More Pix		101
At Helen's House	<i>Guy Lillian</i>	102

(c) 1996 by Guy H. Lillian III. Unsigned material by the editor. Contributions on paper or disc welcome; process is WordPerfect 5.1; disc will be returned. All rights revert to the author or artist. Sorry; no e-mail address. Available for almost any reason imaginable, but also for \$5 in our dreams. GHLIII Press Publication #824, April-May, 1996.

Challenger no. 3's editorial concerning the late Harry B. Moore attracted a great deal of notice. Here Dr. Jack Stocker of the University of New Orleans fills us in on the man behind the tragedy.

HARRY BROWNING MOORE:

A Few Anecdotes and Recollections

Dr. Jack Stocker

(The following has been compiled by Jack Stocker from his personal recollections and conversations with a few of Harry's colleagues and acquaintances. While such conversations occasionally permitted a confirmation or correction of details, it must be underlined that these are recollections across, in some cases, more than 40 years and regardless of how convincing one's memories are, the events are not otherwise documented. It is agreeable to thank, in particular, Don Daigle, John Guidry, and Bob Reinhardt for their contributions).

Some very brief background: Harry Moore was born in New Orleans in the very early nineteen twenties and grew up in the family home on Orange Street in the lower Garden District. His house was one of historical distinction, reportedly once owned by General Butler (of Civil War notoriety), often visited by celebrities (Lafcadio Hearn was specifically mentioned), and that had on display memorabilia reflecting the family's social standing (e.g. a fan from the Queen of Comus).



His mother was English, proud and very mindful of her ancestry. Harry's middle name underscored a family descent from the English Brownings of literary distinction. His father was Irish. Harry was an only child. He was provided with a strong classic's background - he could read Latin and Greek, recite the Roman Emperors in chronological order.

Harry served in the Navy during the early years of World War II and subsequently obtained a Bachelor's degree from Tulane. He

did a limited amount of graduate study there (see below), left before completing his degree, and applied to the Southern Regional Research Laboratories (SRRL), a branch of the USDA, in the late forties. He was employed there for the next 30-35 years.

Since most of the following paints Harry as, to put it charitably, a far-out eccentric, perhaps even around some bend, it must be underscored that he was an erudite person and exceptionally well-informed in those areas of interest to him. He read widely, handled several modern foreign languages comfortably, and was good conversational company. There was the touch of pedant about him; I suspect that to be the origin of the title "Professor" he acquired. (*End of Background*)

Graduate study in chemistry at Tulane in those days was carried out in Richardson Memorial Bldg., a very old, very solidly built, un-air-conditioned, open and screen-covered building. (Those chemical reactions requiring cooler temperatures or dry conditions were uniquely difficult). Further, the local rat population was given to scampering along the ledges alongside the screens. This particularly angered Harry who was driven to filling a laboratory squirt bottle with sulfuric acid and attempting to target any animal that was unwary enough to present itself. Needless to say, the corrosive effect of the acid decimated the oversized screen and further destroyed some campus-beautifying flowers planted below at the behest of the college president's wife. This eventually brought Harry to the attention of the Chemistry Departments' Chairman who pointed out that Harry was liable for the damage. Harry is said to have replied that, in that case, he wanted the discarded screen. Apparently the conversation was not amiable; Harry was subsequently told that yes, he could have the discarded screen, and that he needn't bother to register for the following semester. That

concluded his graduate studies; he then applied to the regional laboratory. In those days all applicants had to take a Civil Service exam, read German comfortably, etc.; he is said to have gotten the single highest test score recorded and the Laboratory was pleased to hire him in spite of his academic record. I was told he never rose in SRRL ranks due to his personal eccentricities. At SRRL he worked predominately in cotton research including the structural evaluation of cellulose, flame proofing the fabric (which carried military support), and washing-durability studies. It was during this latter period that an episode occurred that illustrates Harry's rarely displayed magnificent sense of whimsy. It is somewhat involved and the telling must be begun before Harry's involvement. Senator Fulbright, active in Congress's Agriculture / Appropriation affairs, maintained an interest in and a personal relationship with some SRRL personnel. He sent an administrative assistant to visit the Lab and return with a report. Of course the visitor was given the maximum red carpet treatment including a tour of the working laboratories (e.g. hydrogenation of cottonseed/vegetable oils, protein nutrition products, extensive cotton exploration, etc.). Harry's then current activities included repetitive washing of cotton samples to determine the fabrics continuing flame resistance, strength, durability and other properties.

Fifteen inch square samples of previously treated cotton khaki were tested. Such squares may have properties specifically related to the direction of weave, varying according to warp or woof called "filling"). To clarify direction, an arrow was marked in one corner of the square. At the time of the visitor's passing, Harry was darkening these arrows to make them more distinct. When the visitor inquired about the significance of the arrows, Harry is reported to have replied, respectfully and most solemnly, that his

activities were part of the Mohammed Prayer-Rug Project; that there was a very large market for such products in the near east and the arrows were designed to always point towards Mecca to insure proper use. Further, if the Muslim was smoking he could badly burn himself and so the Lab was working on flame-proofing the material. Needless to say, the guide hastily led the visitor away. At the end of the tour, the visitor commented on the wonderful work being carried out in the regional laboratory, particularly "the prayer-rug project". Apparently there were no subsequent repercussions except that Harry conveniently became inaccessible to visitors.

Harry apparently chose the fabric washing project from among his options because management welcomed his choice as one where they didn't have to watch him too closely and he welcomed an arrangement that permitted him to wash his own clothes for free.

His frugality is legendary. He never threw anything out, including aging food. Some examples: following his father's death, he wore the inherited suits for many years even though the father had been a portly man and Harry was markedly slender. He tried to shrink the waists of the acquired underwear by a process analogous to mercerization (involving a treatment with caustic). It was successful in that it shrank the waist. However it also shrank the leg length making the product useless.

He had one of the old Studebaker models that had similar fronts and backs and looked as if they should be equipped with propellers. He drove that car for 20-25 years until it essentially fell apart. Towards the end it was badly rusted out but still running.

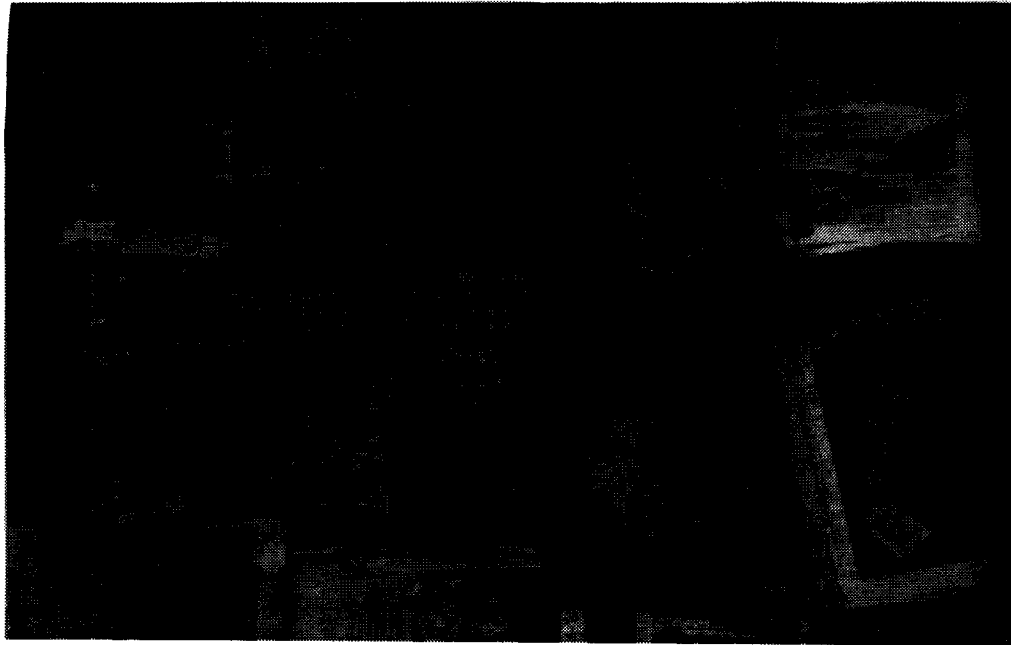
Perhaps the most intriguing anecdote illustrates how recollections sometimes embellish the actual event. I was told how Harry was convinced that his colleagues

were stealing the food he would stash in the community refrigerator. Accordingly he announced to them that he had injected his stored grapes with a deadly chemical and he was warning them to leave his grapes alone. Needless to say, they did. After perhaps an undisturbed week, Harry apparently decided that this was a dreadful waste of potentially edible food, looked up the appropriate antidote, took it, and ate the grapes! It turns out that the true story, while a touch less threatening, was equally bizarre. Harry had injected the grapes but with phenolphthalein rather than something more deadly. Consumption of this chemical indicator is not harmful but temporarily turns that person's urine a bright blue. If not expected, this development would likely provoke major alarm.

Visitors familiar with Harry's habits knew better than to accept food as part of Harry's hospitality. One look at his kitchen with his sink and other available surfaces loaded with dirty dishes and utensils washed only for immediate needs was adequate deterrent. On one occasion an unwary visitor accepted the offer of a coke. Harry then lifted the door off the refrigerator (the hinges were broken) to disclose the total contents - one coke in lonely splendor. This was poured into a glass (condition not specified) and ice scraped from the walls of the ice-tray area then added as coolant.

Harry had the reputation of being a full-scale hypochondriac. He didn't believe in physicians and consulted the Physicians Desk Reference for self-treatment. He is said to have utilized lab chemicals to synthesize his own medicines.

Perhaps the strangest anecdote is of a time when a visitor to Harry's home on Orange Street asked about some of the pictures on the wall. Harry's response was: "I'm allergic to metals. Do you mind if I put on my gloves". The bewildered visitor



admitted to no objections, so Harry removed a pair of yellow vinyl gloves from a pocket, put them on, proceeded to remove a gun from another pocket and, using the gun as a pointer, proceeded to give a lecture on the pictures of interest. (This anecdote is faithfully reported as told to me by the visitor involved. It is cross-confirmed by an unrelated **report that** Harry always wore his vinyl gloves when he shopped in the supermarkets).

Harry's deep and abiding interest in the field of science-fiction was probably his single greatest commitment throughout his adult life. My first meeting with him in the early fifties when I was a graduate student at Tulane gave me a proper inkling of this. My fellow graduate students, aware of my own interest in science fiction, suggested I should meet with Harry to talk about our shared enthusiasm. We met and I proudly described how pleased I was to have only recently

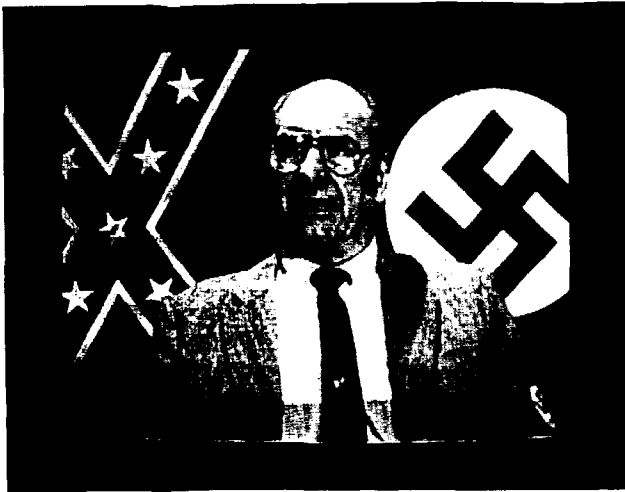
filled in a gap of missing issues in my collection of a popular science-fiction magazine from the mid nineteen-thirties. He smiled and said he recognized the feeling. He, too, had recently filled in a gap in his own collection involving issues from the *eighteen nineties!* His collection was legendary and there is some question as to where some of it has gone. Items known to his friends and other visitors have not surfaced since his death. His collection should have had a very significant value - possibly as much as 100,000 dollars or more, if he had protected it for its collectible value. One contributing tragedy -- not of Harry's making since it followed his death in the Spring of 1995 -- involved the epic New Orleans flood of May 1995. Harry's books had continued to be stored in his frame house and as much as a foot of water penetrated it. Obviously anything on the floor, which meant in his case throughout

the house, even when it was in sealed boxes, was mostly water logged beyond rescue, particularly since it was not discovered until approximately five days after the flooding. But even more damaging in the long run was Harry's own collecting habits. He didn't just read his books, he held dialogues with them. He pasted clippings in them. He wrote comments and supplementary material in the flyleaves and borders of pages. He expressed disapproval by scratching out (even cutting out) author's names or other contents that annoyed him or of which he disapproved. He clearly used and enjoyed his books and while he seemed to know their value, his storage and treatment of them suggested that he was indifferent to that knowledge. A number of the books were autographed by major authors in the science-fiction field,

often with acknowledgment to Harry. He was recognized by his peers in this area; he was chairman of the 1951 World Science-Fiction Convention, held that year in New Orleans. It is said that the "Cons" before that year were relatively small affairs. The success of that year's meeting, chaired by Harry, led rather directly to the greatly increased interest in subsequent years. Such a meeting these days can attract more than 20,000 attendees.

He is, of course, a local legend and, many more stories of his uniqueness could be added (and others will undoubtedly surface) as he continues to be a source of fascination to local audiences. Rest in peace, Harry Browning Moore. Some of us remember you vividly and fondly.

SEPARATED AT BIRTH ... AND HOW!



Rabid racist asshole Herbert Poinsett

and



**lovable Julius Schwartz
(shown here with
Lillian van Hartesveldt)**

Bob Shaw was a great friend of Birmingham (Alabama) fandom, and B'ham did its best to return the favor. Here *Birmingham News* editor Jerry Proctor, SCAer and husband of Rebel winner and Hugo nominee Charlotte, remembers s.f.'s ultimate Hibernian.

BOB SHAW -- Irish Gunslinger

by Jerry Proctor

I've read several tributes to Bob Shaw and they were all profoundly sad as, I suppose, they should be.

But I prefer to remember the good times with Bob: the fun, hilarity, witty stories, philosophical discussions, tobacco smuggling, shooting trips and even our scavenging expeditions to the thrift store.

Did you know Bob practiced with the blow gun until he could write his initials in darts on a tree? Or that he was deadly accurate with a rifle up to 100 yards? Or that he fancied shooting almost as much as drinking and pipe smoking? Or that he thought Colt manufactured the .44 magnum?

That last question was how I met Bob. A bunch of us showed up at BoshCon to chide him about one of his stories, which referred to a "Colt .44 magnum." We understood that, as a benighted Englishman-Irishman, he would think all handguns were invented by Samuel Colt. But in truth this particular weapon since its birth had been sole property of Smith & Wesson, those gunsmiths who once celebrated their revolvers with:

*Be afraid of no man, no matter what his size,
When trouble threatens,
Call on me and I will equalize.*

Bob took the news gracefully and accepted when we invited him to go shooting with us.



Says Charlotte Proctor: "Bob commissioned this photo to show to friends at the Red Lion pub — He could pass for a redneck — until he opened his mouth!"

He had had a small opportunity to fire a gun since he was a teenager. In England it is a mortal sin. And for our part we were willing to do anything to undermine the repressive and mindless gun laws of Great Britain.

Frank Brayman, a member of our party, brought

along his entire firearms collection, which included a Springfield and an 8mm Mauser rifle, both merciless kickers. We returned Bob to the con with a severely bruised right shoulder, but he had loved every minute.

Thereafter we attempted to take Bob shooting each time he set foot in the States. On one memorable foray he actually got to fire my S&W .44 magnum and its vicious recoil literally took a patch of skin off his palm.

On another occasion I introduced him to my Schmidt-Rubin (that's a .30 calibre Swiss Army rifle to you feather merchants). The Schmidt is an extraordinarily gentle and forgiving weapon but in Bob's hands it became a regular banshee. Her ejected one spent case which flew straight back and cut him between the eyes. It was doubly unfortunate because he was suffering an attack of influenza at the time. We rushed him home for intense recuperation.

On our last outing we let him fire a series of "assault rifles," which, as every liberal Democrat knows, are wielded only by drug dealers and are manufactured solely to kill policemen. Afterwards Bob gave them his blessing and absolves them of sin. We supplied him with color photographs of the event with which he could amaze his compatriots back in Blighty.

Damn! If I had known it was to be the last time I would have arranged something more spectacular -- say, shooting a gallon jug of gasoline with tracer bullets. A regular *Gotterdammerung* on the firing range. Regrets, regrets.

My last service to Bob was introducing him to the American thrift store, an enterprise, I understand, which does not exist in Great Britain. He considered it an enchanted place where one could buy socks for 59 cents, shirts for \$1.98 and full-length raincoats for five bucks (he bought two plus a carry-bag with the initials of the previous owner, "B.S.", on it.)

He even discovered a full-length European-style leather coat for \$24 but was unable to fit his considerable bulk into it. I bought it instead. It's hanging in my closet. I wear it on cold, wet days that remind me of a London drizzle.

I do hope that wherever Bob is now there is nearby a celestial firing range of infinite length, where the scores are all 1,000X, and where every bullet fired whizzes through the same hole in the center of the bullseye ... forever.



MIDNIGHT RAMBLER: editorial

And so we are come to **Challenger** number 4, concluded in the spring and mailed in the summer of 1996. As with my previous issues, I've been hammering away at this thing for months, through which period topics for editorial bombast – matters *demanding* comment, by God – have kept on accruing, piling up, flattening under their own weight, a mush.

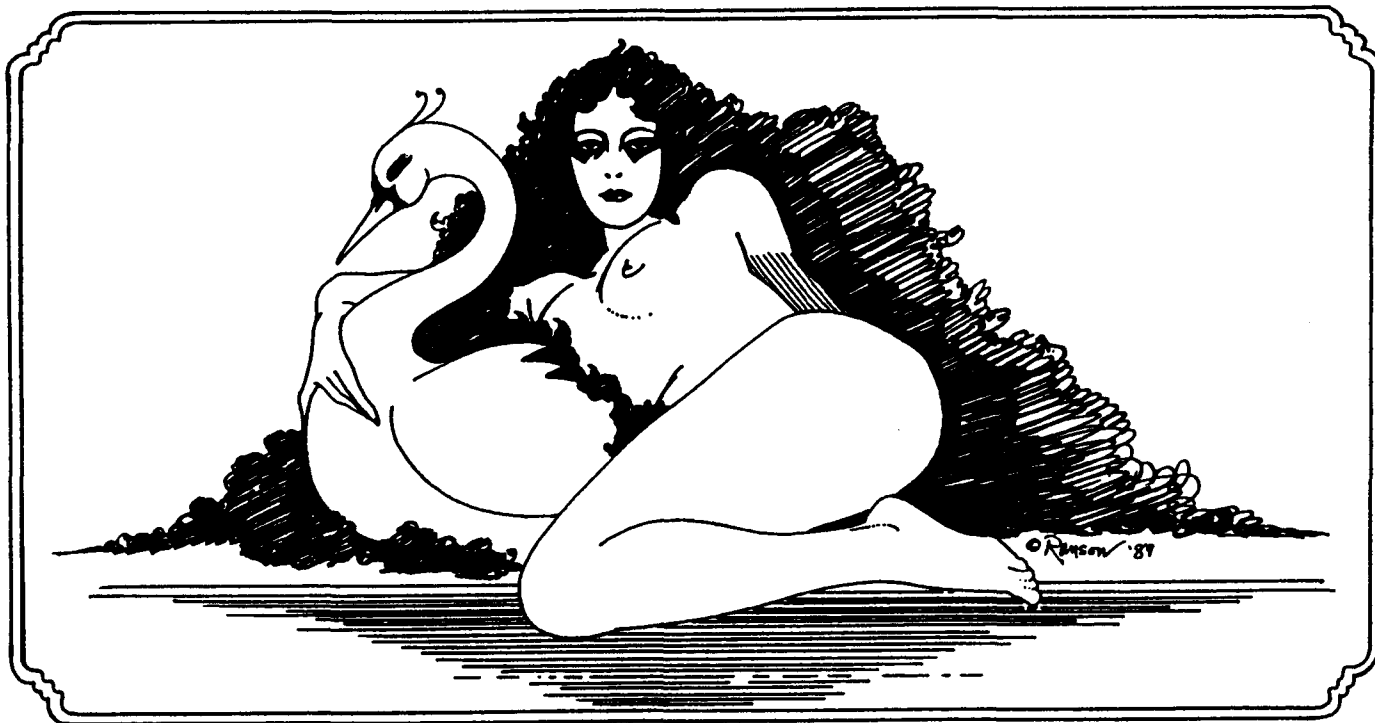
But now I am ready to publish – ready to assemble the lot into some sort of order. Let's see what sense I can make of all this sentiment.

1) Photos from news magazines have been haunting me lately. Such as those, from **Time** and **Life**, of the Hensel twins, Abigail and Brittany, dicephalic, cojoined ... the product of a single egg, imperfectly split. In the coarsest terms possible, they're like a character out of **Universe**: a two-headed kid.

You may have seen them on **Oprah**. The girl on the right, Abby, controls the right side of their shared body; Britty, on the left, does the same for her arm and leg. Neither can feel sensation in the other's dominion. Yet they walk, ride a bike, swim, tie their shoe-

laces, and so far, seem happy.

The Hensel Twins are six now, the oldest children of two remarkable people, Pat & Mike Hensel, parents of Abby and Britty. Reading their story in **Time** and **Life**, one senses the stress on their midAmerican lives; the pretty mother has deep circles under her eyes; the stalwart daddy nervousness, worry ... and shame ... behind his optimistic and supportive words. You can tell that the incredible duty which has befallen these people is taking its toll. Strain tells on them. Despite the love they have for their daughters,



they still wish they were not as they are. Imagine the guilt.

But observe the devotion. As with all good parents of "different" kids, they are there, always, trying to give their special daughters the one gift God denied them: normalcy. They sense, they know, that what's best for their remarkable children is that they be *unremarkable*. That they be accepted, and loved, not because of what they are, but because of *who* they are. Or, rather, just because.

I can't help but contrast their story with another in the news, spring of 1996. Here we return to the tragedy of Jessica Dubroff, the 7-year-old girl killed trying to become the youngest person ever to fly across the United States. Her parents do not fare well in the telling of her story. The mother comes across as a drifty, dreamy California nitwit, mouthing vapid New Age platitudes about letting her child grow up at her own pace. That translated out to indulgence on an epic and epically stupid scale. Jessica's father — who died with her as bad weather trashed her Cessna — emerges as a greedy fool, pushing his daughter into a ridiculous and dangerous stunt for the simple sake of fame. (It's been established that he had her take off into that Cheyenne storm, despite her fear, so they could make the *Today* show.) And so a beautiful and intelligent child who could have had a fine life is reduced to a grease spot because her creepy parents wanted her to be more and more special.

A clear lesson. *Normalcy is not mediocrity. Being ordinary is not being dull. You don't have to be special. It's okay to be yourself.* Had Jessica's parents understood understood what the Hensels understand, their daughter would still be alive.

And lastly on this topic, there is the birth to note of a perfectly normal little boy. His name is **John Elliot Lillian**, and he is my nephew, the second son of my brother Lance and sister-in-law Marie, and along with his

brother Steve he is simply one of the finest lads in the world, which is special enough for his folks and me, thanks.

2) Related topic. Here's a word that's been disappearing from the fannish lexicon, and all to the better: *mundanes*. For whenever I've heard that epithet over the last decade I've been tempted to respond, "Mundanes like who? *Christa McAuliffe*?"

The end of last January brought the tenth anniversary of the fall of the shuttle **Challenger**, from which this fanzine derives its name. While I was, and remain, a bit upset that Christa and her crew were not immediately honored by commemorative stamps, I was pleased that their sacrifice was so widely remembered.

I've said before in these pages that the destruction of the **Challenger** changed perceptions I'd maintained for years. In a way these were congruent persuasions to fandom's traditional fear of "mundanes," a dismissal of people who weren't different in the same way I was. Adolescent loneliness and angst clings to fannish types longer than it does other people; I resented that, believed that my continuing solitude was due to hostility from the world without, and like all paranoids, lived my life to fulfill that grim belief.

Well, the world is not hostile. How hostile is this table? That wall? That cloud? The world is a *thing*, and as such is neither hostile nor happy nor forgiving nor sexy nor anything else. Its people? Far too numerous and various and mutable to fit *any* description. So let's not fool ourselves: when we complain about "mundanes," it's us doing the rejection. Sure, we share a dream most people don't: the distant, impersonal future. Some of our postures — our costumes, our lingo, our conventionneering, such idiotic wastes of time as fanzines — bring a smile, and sometimes not a kindly one. Intolerance *is* out there.

But the intolerant are not everyone, and if you need proof of that, consider that

person who could not have been more "mundane," an everyday schoolteacher, a woman who waitressed at a Howard Johnson's to put her husband through law school, who gave her life trying to move mankind towards the stars.

Mundanes? Like Christa McAuliffe?

We should reject rejection. We should tolerate tolerance. We should search for what is common and excellent in people— not a contradiction — not flail for that which separates and alienates us from others.

Christa McAuliffe had a lesson for her charges in her middle American school: *Ad astra. Seek the stars.* For those of us in science fiction, who claim to have held that view all along, her lesson is perhaps more shaming, but every bit as uplifting. What I'm saying here, again, is that the ordinary indeed may be excellent. That you don't need to be weird or even noticed to be of magnificent value to yourself, other people, your society, or even to the race of Men.

My family and the Hensels — and McAuliffe — have one thing in common. They've all claimed to be ordinary people. If you want, they were being humble, but I see no reason not to take them at their word. Once we do so, then their example blasts the old fannish contempt for "mundanes" into ash and obliterates our ancient paranoia. They are people of awesome quality who don't feel awesome. But in their humility they contradict themselves.

If these are ordinary people, then perhaps ... assuming they're right ... then generally speaking, underneath and beyond it all, people are okay. Aberrations aside, *everything's all right.*

Dangerous idea. Let's keep it quiet. But let's embrace it forever in our heart of hearts. To quote myself, from my first fanzine after the fall of the **Challenger**: *If she was of the common clay, then the common clay is shot through with diamonds.*

3) Speaking of aberrations, I must warn

certain readers about an article I plan for next issue. It's about a case I had when I was new to defense work, the serial rapist I simply call "Eddie."

There is no topic more fraught with emotion than rape. As a man, as a defense lawyer, as a liberal, I am of a million different minds on it myself, ranging from homicidal anger to bleeding heart compassion. Dealing with Eddie was one of the most disturbing and illuminating experiences of my life. I'll go into why in the body of my piece. But be prepared now for a point of view that may be bothersome. In me, you see, pity for the victims — and downright admiration for one in particular — didn't crowd out compassion for their attacker. I know that sounds very New Age and p.c., but those of you who will be offended and disgusted by Eddie's story need to know how integral that feeling is to my understanding of my profession. I caution you that my article will deal with a man who both raped and was raped, and the feelings you will find in the squib include what understanding I could manage, and the pity I could not avoid.

If you're one of the sad sisterhood of the assaulted, let me add here the words you have undoubtedly heard ten thousand times before, in hopes that you'll believe them. My experience as a man in society, as well as what I was taught by example by my father, shows me that it is taking responsibility, showing honesty, demonstrating compassion that mark a *true* man. A rapist is not a true man. The actions of a true man, a gentleman ennoble the world around him. A rapist despoils that world. With all my respect, love, hope and protest, accept this as true: men are not like that. *We love you.*

4) Plans. I *hope* to be in Los Angeles for the worldcon; I have my membership, I have my hotel reservations, I have made arrangements for time off from the public defender's office, I have no money ... so there's the rub. But I can't miss L.A.Con. Not only do I want to attend, not only do I have seldom-seen

relatives in the area, I have other business there.

While in the L.A. area I hope to drop in on a correspondent of mine, a longtime resident of Corona, Leslie van Houten. Yeah: her: **Helter Skelter**. I wrote to her at the start of my "Eddie" book project, hoping to glean some insight into issues of remorse and redemption implicit in Eddie's tale. Her letters have been, shall we say, illuminating.

Because the onetime Mansonite monster seems to have changed. I'll know better when I look into her living face, but from her TV appearances and her letters, the 20-year-old zombie who butchered Rosemary LaBianca no longer exists. In her place is a handsome woman whose horror and regret *seems* genuine — whose rehabilitation *seems* real.

Contrast Leslie with Richard Speck, the murderer of eight student nurses in Chicago 30 years back. A horrible and obscene video he made in prison was recently released. He too had adapted to prison life, but what he showed was far from rehabilitation. He had had she-male operations to grow breasts, and openly necked with his lover. He snorted smuggled cocaine. He smilingly answered another inmate's question as to why he killed his victims: "It wasn't their night." And he chortled, "If they [the authorities] knew how much fun I was having, they'd never have locked me up!"

Great the to-do. The politicians were ravenous with anger. The sensible ones demanded to know how a killer doing life could get hold of a video camera, have sex-change treatments and, worse, gain access to narcotics. Security was apparently porous in the Illinois prison system. But the hysterical were more ample in their anger. Speck seemed to be having a good time. Why, they demanded, wasn't this man *suffering*? Why, they further squawked, wasn't this man *executed*?

Speck had a heart attack several years

after the movie was made, and would have a hard time sneaking coke into where he is now. But someone in my position needs to answer their points no matter how deep into Hell Richard Speck has gone.

You have to realize this about men and women in prison. Actually, it's an axiom you can apply to people in any sort of challenging situation. *To survive, we adapt*. It's why our species has conquered this planet. Human beings don't let circumstances destroy them. We change what circumstances we can, and we change ourselves to fit what circumstances do not. So Speck, imprisoned forever, *learned to like it*. He adapted himself to the walls.



What can we do about this, if we must have suffering to be satisfied? Nothing. People *will* adapt. Indeed, we should recognize the limitations of imprisoning our miscreants. In some fortunate cases it will allow a disturbed mind the necessary time and control to grow and change. (Thus van Houten.) Sometimes, though, all it will do is put a wall between good people and bad. It will protect society by separating it from its aberrations. It will not satisfy our lust for revenge. It will not make it easier for the victim to heal. That burden remains in the victim's heart.

Bring back the death penalty? It's back. It's happening. (Check out this issue's lettercol.) Remember that Richard Speck *was* originally sentenced to death. His life was saved when the Supreme Court canceled all such existing sentences and insisted on a more equitable method of applying society's ultimate penalty (thus the bifurcated trials described in **Challenger** no. 2). He wasn't the only infamous murderer saved from execution by that decision. So was Charles Manson. So was Leslie van Houten.

Charles Manson and Richard Speck merely sustained their evil in prison. But Leslie van Houten seems to have grown into an acceptable human being, remorseful of her acts, willing to accept the consequences, determined to create a positive life. So ... on balance, all things considered, is it a good thing that decision came down from the Supremes? Assuming that van Houten has indeed saved herself, with the help of 25 years' imprisonment, was it worth the price? Not only the cost of keeping her alive, but Manson and Speck as well?

My opinion is self-evident. What's yours?

5) ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS I WISH PEOPLE WOULD ASK ME.

a) *Did you know the Unabomber at Berkeley?* First, as a lawyer and a liberal, I must protest that Theodore Kaczynski has not been charged in the Unabomber case and furthermore should be tried in an impartial courtroom, not the press. That said, let's get real here, so I'll say that no, I didn't know him; I was an undergraduate English major and he was an assistant professor of mathematics, and never the twain shall meet. Ne'ertheless, I must have set eyes on him. 1969 in Berkeley ... I wonder what he thought of People's Park? (Also at Berkeley at that time: Kathy Baker, of TV's **Picket Fences**. *Her* I wish I'd known.)

b) *As an unreconstructed Confederate, what did you do with the Civil War stamps honoring Grant*

and Sherman? I protest, first, that I have no gripe with Grant, as I regard him as a soldier who generally behaved with honor. Besides, he had the grace to refuse Lee's sword at Appomattox. Second, I note with deference the affection held for Sherman by our beloved Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, whose vampire romance starring the ~~detestable~~ Tecumseh remains, alas, unsold. Third, I answer honestly, I used them to mail in my taxes.

c) *Who/what should win the 1995 Hugos?* **The Time Ships** by Stephen Baxter. Ignore the ugly space opera cover on the HarperPrism paperback. It does no justice to the wise and exciting story beneath. It's a sequel to **The Time Machine**, considered by the smartest among us – amazingly, I number myself among them – to be the best science fiction novel of all time. (Considering what I think of **The Stars My Destination**, that's significant praise.) **The Time Ships** manages to be true to the original, while acknowledging the advances in physics and psychology since the century's turn. (Only a sex scene, mild and appropriate though it is, seems gently out of place.) It is brave, exciting, accessible work, and monumentally worthy of science fiction fandom's most precious bauble. If those qualities can overcome David Brin's better name recognition, it has a shot.

Other GHLIII votes: Harry Turtledove's disturbing alternate Civil War story, "Must and Shall," set here in New Orleans; **12 Monkeys**; James Gurney; various people nominated often but always left behind. I voted in the 1945 Retro-Hugos, but consider them a silly idea.

I *really* hope the worldcon keeps the **original artwork** Hugo. It's the only break we get from the endless (and frankly tiresome) parade of Michael Whelan awards, and it allows fandom to honor a wider range of accomplishment. If I can get to the L.A.Con business meeting, I'll argue this point there.

Continued on page 45

THE ROSICRUCIANS, OR HOW TO BE MYSTICAL FOR FUN AND PROFIT

by Richard Dengrove

At one time or another, we have all seen ads for the Rosicrucians in different magazines. In the '50s, the ads claimed Benjamin Franklin was a Rosicrucian, and Sir Francis Bacon and others. Now Ben is gone and the ads talk about reincarnation and cosmic consciousness. Although most of us were wary of sending away for the free introductory pamphlet, we were still intrigued. Who are they, we wondered.

For starters, the people of the ads are the AMORC Rosicrucians, or The Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis. There are three important things about them.

1) The word "Rosicrucian." They identify themselves with this magical, mystical word.

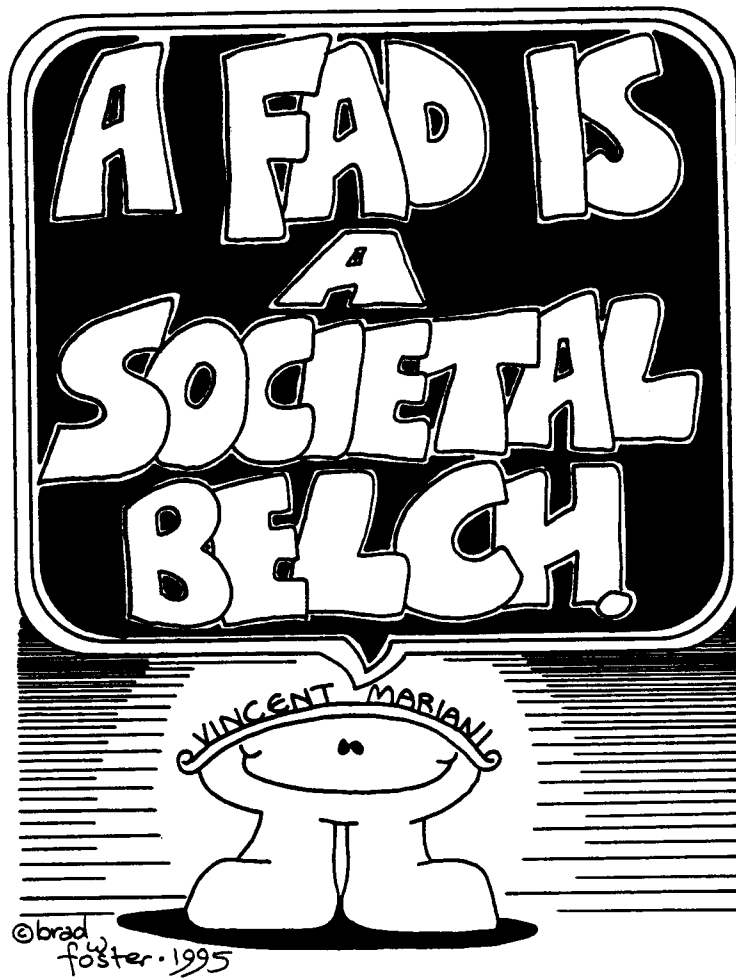
2) Secrecy. They have a home study course that promises the wisdom of the ages. Of course, it keeps the deepest wisdom until last. It is less well known but AMORC operates secret lodges mason style with twelve degrees adepts can ascend. While an AMORCian can just take the home study course, its purpose is to supplement the activities of the lodge.

3) AMORC also has an occult doctrine underneath this secrecy. You have to dig a bit to find it. Not only must

you penetrate the secrecy but several ostensible doctrines for the real one. A patient of my father, a doctor, gave him several shelves of AMORC books from the home study course, most now missing. I remember one entitled **Lemuria, the Lost Continent of the Pacific**. I thought I had

found AMORC's true doctrine, but I hadn't. A lot of occult organizations like to associate themselves with the "lost" continents of Atlantis and Lemuria.

I heard acolytes receive an experiment kit, like a kid's, teaching about magnetism, electricity and other Ancient Egyptian secret wisdom; and I was tempted to consider that the true AMORC doctrine. But it isn't. Until about the '60s, if you had an occult doctrine, it was a good idea to



associate it with science a la those experiments; and early pioneers of science like Sir Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Renée Descartes and Sir Francis Bacon.

I heard AMORC claims to continue the ancient mystery schools of Amenhotep IV and Solomon. While this is not AMORC's true doctrine, this is, for once, not entirely advertising either. Its founder wanted to place AMORC in the tradition of American Rosicrucianism, and this strangely enough does it.

No, the true AMORC doctrine is Positive Thinking. However, not Norman Vincent Peale, but Positive Thinking as it was practiced in the late 19th Century and early 20th Century. That held the occult doctrine that mind lords over matter, especially if you follow certain techniques. Imaging is one: you learn to concentrate on the object of your desire.

AMORC was founded in 1915 by H. Spencer Lewis, an illustrator of some fame. In 1927, Lewis decided that AMORC would be even more popular if he placed it in the middle of wacky doings, southern California. He moved the headquarters to San Jose, CA and an Egyptian temple like building. There, AMORC has made itself even more popular by displaying an excellent mummy exhibit and decent science museum to tourists. Nothing like a secret organization making its presence known.

Thus, Lewis built it into one of the most popular occult groups in the world. So popular is it its fame has spread to Africa where many believe it gives them powerful magic against witches. So popular is it AMORC has been widely copied, e.g., by Scientology and Silva Mind Control. However, it may not all be imitation. The Mayans are such an Hispanic ripoff on AMORC -- almost word for word I hear -- I wonder whether they might not be an affiliate.

Perhaps I am being too cynical here.

AMORC is not the only "secret" organization that has hyped itself. That has been quite common from ancient times onward.

At least AMORC has washed its dirty linen in public only once. In 1987 Gary L. Stewart became Emperor and he certainly made waves. In 1990, AMORC's directors claimed Stewart had stashed 3.5 million dollars in an Andorran Bank, and paid for a divorce and honeymoon out of Rosicrucian funds. Also, he had mortgaged AMORC's headquarters without the directors' consent. They ousted him as Emperor and invested the Emperorship in the 38 year old Christian Bernard, who had directed AMORC's chapters in France. Since then, AMORC's private matters have been private.

It may surprise some of you to learn AMORC is not the only Rosicrucian organization in the world, just the most successful. And Rosicrucianism has a long recorded history. It does not go back to Atlantis, or even ancient Egypt; but it does to the 17th Century. To the three Rosicrucian manifestoes, 1614-1616, known by these short titles: **Fama**, **Confessio** and **Chymical Wedding**. Then Europe first became familiar with the word "Rosicrucian." In fact, the Rosicrucians became the sensation of Europe, and caused a war of pamphlets.

The first two Manifestoes show characteristics similar to AMORC; the characteristics all Rosicrucians have in common.

1) The name Rosicrucian. Why did the manifestoes call themselves "Rosicrucian"? People have speculated that it has something to do with any one of a number of secret subjects: alchemy, Christian symbolism, Cabalistic symbolism, the secret of immortality, the English Order of the Garter. In his 1870 book, a Hargrave Jennings claimed the rosy cross is a phallic symbol used in ancient phallic worship. Which, of course, had been kept secret. All these people are off base. The meaning of

Rosicrucian is no secret when you look at the context. Rosicrucian is a Latin contractions for Rosy Cross. And the rosy cross is Martin Luther's coat of arms. The Manifestoes were trying desperately -- and vainly -- to wrap themselves in Church and state, the Church being the Lutheran Church. What better way in a heraldry crazed era than with a coat of arms. The first Rosicrucians also denounced the Pope and Mohammed, as good Lutherans should.

2) The original Rosicrucians had in common with other Rosicrucians that theirs was a secret organization with secret knowledge. Its legendary founder, Christian Rosencreutz (or Christian Rosy Cross in English), claimed to have obtained his knowledge in Arab lands, especially Fez in Morocco. Because academics derided this knowledge, he decided to keep it secret. This is the traditional rationale for secrecy. Not only was the knowledge secret, the membership was too. They supposedly went about the world incognito and healed the sick. Even recruitment was by secret means: wouldbe members would have to write a pamphlet and hope the Rosicrucians would find them worthy. While the first two manifestoes announce that the Rosicrucian secrets will soon be revealed to the world, they have remained secret to this day. Thus, AMORC and other groups can claim to have them.

3) The first Rosicrucians also had an occult doctrine. This made wrapping themselves in Church and state a vain hope. The Lutheran divines saw in them the views of that mad visionary, Paracelsus (1493?-1541); and their goose was cooked. In fact, the divines immediately labeled the manifestoes works of the Devil. The Manifestoes betrayed another influence, which was only a tad more respectable, that of the *Naometria* of Simon Studion. Both they and the shadowy Studion used the

symbol of the rosy cross, and both dealt with similar issues. Their differences are in emphasis. The manifestoes emphasized the occult, Studion armageddon.

Secrecy has been important for Rosicrucians ever since. Its core is not ideas but ambience, that air of mystery. We never know who the real Rosicrucians are: spiritual entities? metaphors? mysterious supermen? mages? charlatans? fellow Masons? Or some combination? This is difficult for many of us to grasp. We seek the deep doctrine that links all Rosicrucians -- but in vain. While specific Rosicrucians, like AMORC or the Manifestoes', have a specific doctrine, they only share their secrecy.

Because of this secrecy, some have pretended to be the true Rosicrucians. This includes an author of great literature. The first two Manifestoes are crude and anonymous. The *Chymical Wedding* is different: it is polished and probably written by a famous author, Johann Valentin Andreas(ae). His work is still admired. The Third Manifesto is also probably the best written alchemical allegory ever. Normally, they are irritatingly heavyhanded and restricted to alchemy; Andreas' has psychological and philosophical ramifications.

What is strange is this novel was most likely a hoax. Andreas claimed years later he had written it as a hoax, although he did not elaborate. There is no reason to believe Andreas would have written anything else about Rosicrucianism. Throughout his life, he opposed the occult, albeit probably more for religious reasons people then would, and less the scientific reasons we might. And he once singled the Rosicrucians out. Also, in the novel, he claims his families' own coat of arms as Christian Rosencreutz's and he describes as an allegorical castle that of a local potentate. Signs he was having fun. It seems

unbelievable that someone would write so elaborate a hoax, but the history of hoaxes is riddled with elaborate hoaxes.

On the other hand, this secrecy means some people not open Rosicrucians have been named as secret Rosicrucians: this has included the Templars of the Middle Ages, the 18th Century occultists Count Saint-Germain and Cagliostro, and Benjamin Franklin. Whole books have been written to prove someone a secret Rosicrucian, often on the flimsiest evidence.

Sir Francis Bacon, the early pioneer of science, has been claimed a Rosicrucian. While there is what looks like proof, it less than clinches the argument. It is true he borrowed some Rosicrucian paraphernalia for his *New Atlantis* published posthumously in 1627. The New Atlanteans send agents out to foreign lands incognito and they heal the sick gratis, like the Rosicrucians of the Manifestoes. Also, the New Atlanteans use a term from the first Rosicrucian Manifesto, "Under the shadow of Jehovah's wings." However, that an artist borrows from Native Americans does not make him a Native American, and that someone hammers a nail does not make him a carpenter. Bacon's book



did, however, inspire Sir Christopher Heydon in 1662 to write an authentically Rosicrucian utopia based on *New Atlantis*, his aptly named *The Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians*.

Renée Descartes (1596-1650) also was claimed a Rosicrucian although he would just as soon not have been. It is true Descartes had searched for the fabled Rosicrucian in Germany without luck. However, when he returned to Paris, he found he was accused of being a Rosicrucian. Not a good idea in France at that time: there was a Rosicrucian witch hunt on. Rosicrucians were regarded as witches and a clear and present danger. Then an idea came to Descartes. Since the Rosicrucians were widely known as secretive, he presented himself in public at every chance. And saved himself. Still, his philosophy has been claimed at least part Rosicrucian ever since.

At some point or other, there has to be some substance in Rosicrucianism, and doctrine has played a part. A revolution in it occurred in the 1633. After the first Rosicrucian furor ended in 1620, the English occultist and mystic, Robert Fludd, continued it on a smaller scale into the 1630s. In 1633, he claimed that the Brothers of the Rosy Cross were not necessarily Lutheran or Protestant, but ecumenical. Ever since the most important branch of Rosicrucianism outside Germany has been secular.

We see Rosicrucian influence here and there; sometimes more, sometimes less. It has been less in Masonry; but the Rosy Cross, or Rose-croix, is the Eighteenth Degree of Scottish Rite Masonry. By the way, Scottish rite originated in France, and this degree originated in the latter part of the 18th Century.

Rosicrucian influence was greater in late 18th Century Prussian history. From 1786 to 1797, Frederick William II ruled Prussia through a Rosicrucian lodge, the Golden and

Rosy Cross. He did this with his powerful advisers, Johann Biscoffswerder and Johann Wöllner, long time Rosicrucians. A member of their order had given Frederick an elixir in 1781 while he was still a prince. It cured him of a severe illness and he showed his gratitude as king. Rosicrucianism may have been radical in the 17th Century, but this Rosicrucianism was down right reactionary. It had the world famous philosopher Immanuel Kant silenced. This Rosicrucianism was also shortsighted: it left Prussia unprepared to resist Napoleon.

The influence of Rosicrucianism was great in the 19th Century, when it helped inspire many occult movements. I have little doubt Madame Blavatsky borrowed her Oriental, hidden masters from the Rosicrucians' more Western-oriented, hidden masters. Her Theosophy was the most important esoteric movement of the late 19th and early 20th Centuries, and the Oriental hidden masters was an important doctrine within it. Also, in the late 19th Century, members of the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia, quite a boring occult organization, spawned the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, one of the liveliest. In addition, a member of the Kabbalistic Order of the Rosy Cross, F.-Ch. Barlet, resurrected astrology, dead there for over two hundred years. Rosicrucianism continued to inspire movements in the 20th Century. Members of the Corona Fellowship of Rosicrucians helped start the first Wiccan coven in the 1939. Wicca, of course, is the most popular occult movement of the late 20th Century.

Today Rosicrucianism is far more than AMORC. In fact, Lewis had AMORC charted by the German OTO (Ordo Templi Orientis) in 1921, which did not stress its Rosicrucianism. During the '30s, Lewis had a yelling match with the leader of another Rosicrucian organization, R. Swinburne Clymer of the Fraternitas Rosae Crucis.

The most you lose in most Rosicrucian organizations is your money, but a recent one was far less benign. On October 5, 1994, 53 members of a cult called the Solar Temple killed themselves, or were killed by other members, in Switzerland and Quebec. The buildings they were found in had been set ablaze. The dead apparently included the cult leaders, Luc Jouret and Joseph DiMambro. This organization meets our criterion for being Rosicrucian. It called itself Rosicrucian. Four documents sent to the press claimed that the group believed its true leaders were the Elders of the Rose-Croix, who had left Earth. And they, the living members, were their servants. Several documents found at the scene referred to the cross and the rose. In addition, the Solar Temple was certainly secretive, having secret cliques within secret cliques Chinese puzzle box style. It was certainly occult. By killing themselves, its members felt they would become disembodied souls impervious to the ecological disaster to come.

The Solar Temple is not typical of Rosicrucianism, however. On the other hand, neither is this shocking, but in many ways reassuring, admission. Paschal Beverly Randolph, the first big promoter of Rosicrucianism in America, once said:

"Very nearly all that I have given as Rosicrucianism originated in my soul; and scarce a single thought, only suggestions, have I borrowed from those who in ages past, called themselves by that name."



THE AL SIDE *this issue requires an explanation. One night at the 1994 DeepSouthCon, in Birmingham, Alabama, Challenger associate Dennis Dolbear found himself temporarily evicted from his room. Alan Hutchinson generously offered him crash space, never realizing that "crash" in this case meant "as in a train." From Alan's SFPA report:*



Sometimes this fanzine lives up to its name, courtesy Jim Hogan.

AIDS HERESY AND THE NEW BISHOPS

James Hogan

Science is supposed to be concerned with objective truth -- the way things are, that lie beyond the power of human action or desires to change. Facts alone determine what is believed, and the consequences, good or bad, fall where they may. Politics is concerned with those things that are within human power to change, and beliefs are encouraged that advance political agendas. All too often in this case, truth is left to fall where it may.

When the hysteria over AIDS broke out in the early eighties, I was living in a town called Sonora, located in the Mother Lode country in the Sierra Nevada foothills of northern California. Since I had long dismissed the mass media as a credible source of information on anything that mattered, I didn't take a lot of notice. A close friend and drinking buddy of mine at that time was a former Air Force physicist with SAC by the name of Steve, who helped with several books that I worked on there. Out of curiosity, we checked the actual figures from official sources such as various city and state health departments. The number of cases for the whole of

California turned out to be somewhere between 1100 and 1200, and these were confined pretty much totally to a couple of well defined parts of San Francisco and Los Angeles associated with drugs and other ways of life that I wasn't into. So this was the great "epidemic" that we'd been hearing about?

More people were being killed by flu and falling off ladders. Ah, but didn't we understand? people told us -- this was being spread by a new virus that was 100% lethal and about to explode out into the population at large. You could catch it from sex, toilet seats, your dentist, from breathing the air, and once you did there was no defense. Civilization was about to come



DECAYING MONUMENT

ROZBLER

unglued. The species could be staring into the face of extinction.

But I didn't buy this line either. I can't really offer a tidy, rationally packaged explanation of why. Part of it was that although AIDS had been around for some years now, it was still clearly confined overwhelmingly to the original risk groups to which the term had first been applied. If it was going to "explode" out into the general population in the way that was being predicted, there should have been unmistakable signs of it happening by now. There weren't. And another large part, I suppose, was that scaring the public had become such a lucrative and politically fruitful industry that the more horrific the situation was made to sound, the more skeptically I reacted. Everything I heard contradicted what my own eyes and ears told me. I just didn't see people going down like flies. Nobody that I knew had it. Nobody that I knew knew anybody who had it. But "everybody knew" it was everywhere. Now, I don't doubt that when the Black Death hit Europe or smallpox reached the Americas, people knew they had an epidemic. When you need a billion-dollar propaganda industry to convince you there's a problem, you don't have a major problem.

So I got on with life and largely forgot about the issue. We moved to Ireland, and I got involved with work and other things. The regular AIDS line was dutifully reported in the Irish media, but I didn't pay much attention until I came back to California on a visit and met Peter Duesberg, a professor of molecular and cell biology at the University of California, Berkeley. Talking to him and some of his colleagues left me stupefied and led me to take a new interest in the subject. This has persisted over the several years since, and involved contacts with others not only across the U.S., but as far removed as England, Germany, Australia, South Africa, and

Argentina. We like to think that the days of the Inquisition are over. Well, here's what can happen to politically incorrect science when it gets in the way of a bandwagon being propelled by *lots* of money -- and to a scientist who ignores it and attempts simply to point at what the facts seem to be trying to say.

The first popular misunderstanding to clear up is that "AIDS" is not something new that appeared suddenly around 1980. It's a collection of old diseases that have been around for as long as medical history, that began showing up in clusters at greater than the average incidence. An example was *Pneumocystis carinii*, a rare type of pneumonia caused by a normally benign microbe that inhabits the lungs of just about every human being on the planet; it becomes pathogenic typically in cancer patients whose immune systems are suppressed by chemotherapy. And, indeed, the presence of other opportunistic infections such as esophageal yeast infections confirmed immunosuppression in all of these early cases many of whom also showed a hitherto rare bloodvessel tumor known as Kaposi's sarcoma. All this came as a surprise to medical authorities, since the cases were concentrated among males aged 20 to 40, usually considered a healthy age group, and led them to classify the conditions together as a syndrome presumed to have some single underlying cause. The victims were almost exclusively homosexuals, which led to a widespread suspicion of an infectious agent, with sexual practices as the main mode of transmission. This seemed to be confirmed when other diseases associated with immune deficiency, such as TB and dementia among drug abusers, and various infections experienced by hemophiliacs and blood transfusion recipients, were included in the same general category too, which by this time was officially designated Acquired Immune

Deficiency Syndrome, or "AIDS."

Subsequently, the agent responsible was stated to be a newly discovered virus of the kind known as "retroviruses," later given the name Human Immunodeficiency Virus, or HIV. The AIDS diseases were opportunistic infections that struck following infection by HIV, which was said to destroy "T-helper cells," a subset of white blood cells which respond to the presence of invading microbes and stimulate other cells into producing the appropriate antibodies against them. This incapacitated the immune system and left the victim vulnerable.

And there you have the basic paradigm that guided thinking through most of the eighties -- and still pretty much describes the official line today. This virus that nobody had heard of before -- the technology to detect it didn't exist -- could lurk anywhere and find you in all kinds of invidious ways. No vaccine existed to protect against it. Then it was found in association with various other kinds of sickness in Africa, giving rise to speculations that it might have come from there, and the media gloried in depictions of a global pandemic sweeping from continent to continent out of control. Once smitten there was no cure, and progression to exceptionally unpleasant forms of physical devastation and eventual death was inevitable and irreversible.

While bad news for some, this came at a propitious time for a huge, overfunded and largely out-of-work army within the biomedical establishment, which, it just so happened, had been set up, equipped, trained, and on the lookout for exactly such an emergency. Following the elimination of polio in the fifties and early sixties, the medical schools had been churning out virologists eager for more Nobel Prizes. New federal departments to monitor and report on infectious diseases stood waiting to be utilized.

But the war on cancer had failed to find a viral cause, and all these forces in need of an epidemic converged in a crusade to unravel the workings of the deadly new virus and produce a vaccine against it. No other virus was ever so intensively studied. Published papers soon numbered thousands, and jobs were secure as federal expenditures grew to billions of dollars annually. Neither was the largess confined to just the medical/scientific community and its controlling bureaucracies.

As HIV came to be automatically equated with AIDS, anyone testing positive qualified as a disaster victim eligible for treatment at public expense, which meant lucrative consultation and testing fees, and treatment with some of the most profitable drugs that the pharmaceuticals industry has ever marketed. And beyond that, with no vaccine available, the sole means of prevention lay in checking the spread of HIV. This meant funding for another growth sector of promotional agencies, advisory centers, educational campaigns, as well as support groups and counselors to minister to afflicted victims and their families. While many were meeting harrowing ends, others had never had it so good. Researchers who would otherwise have spent their lives peering through microscopes and talking to the contents of Petri dishes became millionaires setting up companies to produce HIV kits and drawing royalties for the tests performed. Former dropouts were achieving political visibility and living comfortably as organizers of programs financed by government grants and drug-company handouts. It was a time for action, not thought; spreading the word, not asking questions. Besides, who would want to mess with this golden goose?

And then in the late eighties, Peter Duesberg published a paper suggesting that AIDS might not be caused by HIV at all -- nor

by any other virus, come to that. In fact, he didn't even think that "AIDS" was infectious!

What he saw was different groups of people getting sick in different ways for different reasons that had to do with the particular risks that those groups had always faced. No common cause tying them all together had ever been convincingly demonstrated; indeed, why such conditions as dementia and wasting disease should have been considered at all was something of a mystery, since they are not results of immunosuppression. Drug users were ruining their immune systems with the toxic substances they were putting into their bodies, getting TB and pneumonia from unsterile needles and street drugs, and suffering weight loss as a consequence of the insomnia and malnutrition that typically go with the lifestyle; homosexuals were getting sarcomas from the practically universal use of nitrite inhalants, and yeast infections from the suppression of protective bacteria by overdosing on antibiotics used prophylactically; hemophiliacs were immune-suppressed by the repeated infusion of foreign protein; blood recipients were already sick for varying reasons; people being treated with the "antiviral" drug AZT were being poisoned; Africans were suffering from totally different diseases long characteristic of poverty in tropical environments; and a few individuals were left who got sick for reasons that would never be explained. The only difference in recent years

was that some of those groups had gotten bigger. The increases matched closely the epidemic in drug use that had grown since the late sixties and early seventies, and Duesberg proposed drugs as the primary cause of the rises that were being seen.

Although Duesberg is highly qualified in this field, the observations that he was making really didn't demand doctorates in specialized knowledge or rarefied heights of intellect to understand. For a start, years after their appearances, the various "AIDS" diseases remained obstinately confined to the

original risk groups, and the victims were still over 90% male. This isn't the pattern of an infectious disease, which spreads and affects everybody, male and female alike. For a new disease loose in a defenseless population, the spread would be exponential. And this was what had been predicted in the early days, but it just hadn't happened. While the media continued to terrify the public with a world of their own

creation, planet Earth was still going strong. Heterosexuals who didn't use drugs weren't getting AIDS; for the U.S., subtracting the known risk groups leaves about 500 per year -- fewer than the fatalities from contaminated tap water. The spouses and partners of AIDS victims weren't catching it. Prostitutes who didn't do drugs weren't getting it, and customers of prostitutes weren't getting it. In short, these had all the characteristics of textbook noninfectious diseases.

It is an elementary principle of science



and medicine that correlation alone is no proof of cause. If A is reported as generally occurring with B, there are four possible explanations: (a) A causes B; (b) B causes A; (c) something else causes both A and B; (d) the correlation is just coincidence or has been artificially exaggerated, e.g. by biased collecting of data. There's no justification in jumping to a conclusion like (a) until the other three have been rigorously eliminated.

In the haste to find an infectious agent, Duesberg maintained, the role of HIV had been interpreted the wrong way round. Far from being a common cause of the various conditions called "AIDS," HIV itself was an opportunistic infection that made itself known in the final stages of immune-system deterioration brought about in other ways. In a sense, AIDS caused HIV. Hence, it acted as a "marker" of high-risk groups, but was not in itself responsible for the health problems that those groups were experiencing. The high correlation between HIV and AIDS that was constantly being alluded to was an artifact of the way in which AIDS was defined:

HIV + indicator disease = AIDS

Indicator disease without HIV = Indicator disease.

So if you've got all the symptoms of TB, and you test positive for HIV, you've got AIDS. But if you have a condition that's clinically indistinguishable and don't test positive for HIV, you've got TB. And that, of course, would have made the problem scientifically and medically trivial.

When a scientific theory fails in its predictions, it is either modified or abandoned. Science welcomes informed criticism and is always ready to reexamine its conclusions in the light of new evidence or an alternative argument. The object, after all, is to find out what's true. But it seemed that what was going on here wasn't science. Duesberg was

met by a chorus of outrage and ridicule, delivered with a level of emotion that made it difficult to avoid the suspicion of closed ranks that didn't *want* to hear. Instead of willingness to reconsider, what we got was a resorting to various stratagems for concealing or denying that the predictions were failing. This is typical of politics, not science, referred to euphemistically as "damage control."

For example, statistics for new cases were always quoted as cumulative figures that could only get bigger, which contrasts with the normal practice with other diseases of reporting annual figures, where any decline is clear at a glance. And despite the media's ongoing stridency about an epidemic out of control, the actual figures from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), for every category, *were* declining, and had been since a peak around 1988. And this was in spite of repeated redefinitions to cover more diseases, so that what wasn't AIDS one day became AIDS the next, causing more cases to be diagnosed. This happened five times from 1982 to 1993, with the result that the first nine months of 1993 showed as an overall rise of 5% what would otherwise, i.e. by the 1992 definition, have been a 33% drop. Currently (1995) the number indicator diseases is 29. One of the new categories to be added was cervical cancer. (Militant feminists were protesting that men received too much of the relief appropriations for AIDS victims.) Nobody was catching anything new, but the headlines blared heterosexual women as the fastest-growing AIDS group. Meanwhile, a concerted campaign across the schools and campuses was doing its part, terrorizing young people over the ravages of teenage AIDS. Again, actual figures tell a different story. The number of cases in New York reported by the CDC for ages 13-19 from 1981 to the end of June 1992 were 872. When homosexuals,

intravenous drug users, and hemophiliacs are eliminated, the number left not involving these risks (or not admitting to them) reduces to a grand total of 16 in an 11 year period. (Yes, you did read that right.)

Infectious diseases strike typically after an incubation period of days or weeks, which is the time in which the virus can replicate before the body develops an immunity. When this didn't happen for AIDS, the notion of a "slow" virus was introduced, which would delay the onset of symptoms for ten months. When a year passed with no sign of an epidemic, it was upped to five years; when nothing happened then either, to ten. Now we're being told ten to fifteen. Inventions to explain failed predictions are almost invariably a sign of a theory in trouble.

(Note. This is not the same as a virus going dormant, as can happen with some types of herpes, and reactivating later, such as in times of stress. In these cases, major disease symptoms occur at the time of primary infection, before immunity is established; subsequent outbreaks are less pronounced--immunity is present, but reduced--and when they do occur, the virus is abundant and active. This does not describe AIDS. The delay before any appearance of disease is characteristic of the cumulative buildup of a toxic cause, like lung cancer from smoking or liver cirrhosis from alcohol excess.)

So against all this, on what grounds was AIDS said to be infectious in the first place? Just about the only argument, when you strip it down, seems to be the correlation--that AIDS occurs in geographic and risk-related clusters. This is not exactly compelling. Victims of airplane crashes and Montezuma's revenge are found in clusters too, but nobody takes that as evidence that they catch their condition from each other. It all becomes even more curious when you examine the

credentials of the postulated transmitting agent, HIV.

One of the major advances in medicine during the last century was the development of scientific procedures to determine if a particular disease is infectious -- carried by some microbe that's being passed around -- and if so, to identify the microbe; or a result of some factor in the environment, such as a dietary deficiency; polluted water; a local genetic trait; a toxin. The prime criteria for making this distinction, long adopted universally, are known as Koch's Postulates. There are four of them, and when all are met, the case is considered proved beyond reasonable doubt that the disease is infectious and caused by the suspected agent. HIV as the cause of AIDS fails every one.

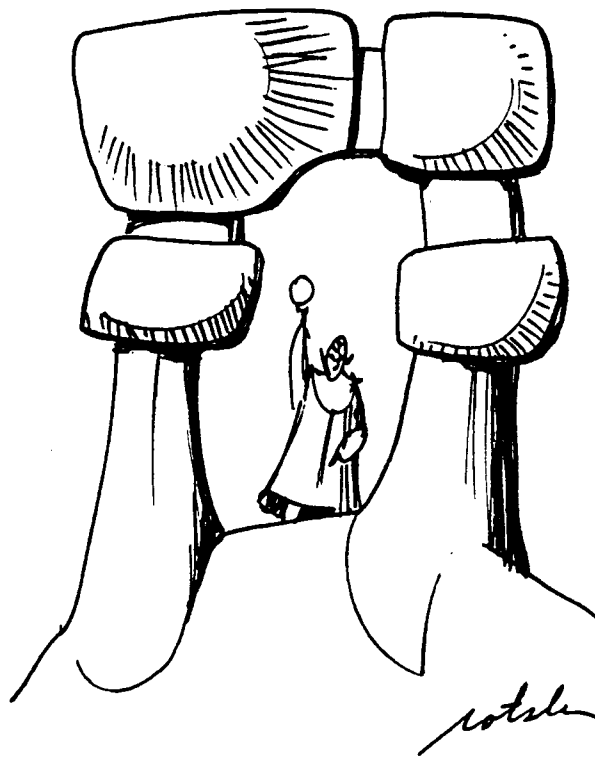
(1) *The microbe must be found in all cases of the disease.* By the CDC's own statistics, 25% of all official cases in the U.S. have never been tested for HIV. And anyway, by 1993, over 4000 cases of people dying of AIDS diseases were admitted to be HIVfree. The most recent redefinition includes a category in which AIDS can be diagnosed without a positive test for HIV. (How this can be so while at the same time HIV is insisted to be the cause of AIDS is a good question. The required understanding of logic is beyond my abilities.) The World Health Organization's clinical case-definition for AIDS in Africa (adopted in 1985) is not based on an HIV test but on combined symptoms of chronic diarrhea, prolonged fever, body-weight loss, and a persistent cough, none of which are new or uncommon on the African continent. Subsequent testing of sample groups previously diagnosed as having AIDS have given negative result in the order of 50%. Why totally different diseases from those listed in America and Europe, now not even required to show any HIV status, should be

called the same thing is another good question.

(2) *The microbe must be isolated from the host and grown in a pure culture.* This

condition is to ensure that the disease was caused by the suspect germ and not by something unidentified in a mixture of substances. The tissues and body fluids of a patient with a genuine virally caused sickness will have so many viruses pouring out of infected cells that it is a straightforward matter -- standard undergraduate exercise -- to separate a pure sample and compare the result with known cataloged types. There have been numerous claims of isolating HIV, but closer examination shows them to be based on liberal stretchings of what the word has always been understood to mean. For example, using chemical stimulants or other means to shock a fragment of defective RNA to express itself in a cell culture removed from any active immune system is a very different thing from demonstrating active viral infection. Despite the billions spent, no isolation of HIV has been achieved which meets the standards that virology normally requires.

(3) *The microbe must be capable of reproducing the original disease when introduced into a susceptible host.* This asks to see that the disease can be reproduced by injecting the allegedly causative microbe into



an uninfected, otherwise healthy host. It does not mean that the microbe must cause the disease every time. (Otherwise everyone would be sick all the time.)

Two ways in which this condition can be tested are: injection into laboratory animals; accidental infection of humans (deliberate infection of humans would be unethical). Chimpanzees have been injected since 1983 and developed antibodies, showing that the virus "takes," but none in twelve years has developed AIDS

symptoms. There have been a few vaguely described claims of health workers catching AIDS from needle sticks and other HIV exposure, but nothing conclusively documented. For comparison, the figure for hepatitis infections is 1500 per year. Hence, even if the case for AIDS were proved, hepatitis is hundreds of times more virulent. Yet we don't have a panic about it.

(4) *The microbe must be found present in the host so infected.* This is irrelevant in the case of AIDS, since (3) has never been met.

The typical response to this violating of a basic principle that has served us well for a century is either to ignore it or say that HIV is so complex that it renders Koch's Postulates obsolete. Yeah, right -- in the same way that bad detective mystery renders the laws of logic obsolete. And if the established criteria

for infectiousness are thrown away, then by what alternative standard is HIV supposed to be judged infectious? Just clustering of like symptoms? Simple correlations with no proof of any cause-effect relationship? That's called superstition, not science. Medicine just got put back two hundred years.

So how did HIV come to be singled out as the cause to begin with? The answer seems to be, at a press conference. In April, 1984, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, Margaret Heckler, sponsored a huge event and introduced the NIH researcher Robert Gallo to the press corps as the discoverer of the (then called HTLV-III) virus, which was declared to be the probable cause of AIDS. This came before publication of any papers in the scientific journals, violating the normally observed ethical protocol whereby other scientists would be given an opportunity to analyze and review such new findings before they were made public. No doubt coincidentally, the American claim to fame came just in time to preempt the French researcher Luc Montagnier of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who had already published in the literature his discovery of what later turned out to be the same virus. From that point on, official policy was set in stone. All investigation of alternatives was dropped, and federal funding went only to research that reflected the approved line. This did not make for an atmosphere of dissent among career-minded scientists, who, had they been politically free to do so, might have pointed out that, even if the cause of AIDS were indeed a virus, the hypothesis of its being HIV raised some distinctly problematical questions.

Proponents of the HIV dogma assert repeatedly that "the evidence for HIV is overwhelming." When they are asked to produce it or cite some reference, the usual response is ridicule or some ad hominem attack imputing motives. But never a simple,

clearly put statement of facts. Nobody, to my knowledge, has ever provided a definitive answer to the question, "Where is the study that proves HIV causes AIDS?" It's just something that "everybody knows" is true. Yet despite the tens of thousands of papers written, nobody can produce one that says why.

Sometimes, reference is made to four papers that Gallo published in *Science* after the press conference, deemed to have settled the issue before any outside scientists had seen them. But even if the methods described are accepted as demonstrating true isolation -- which has been strongly disputed, they show a presence of HIV in less than half of the patients with opportunistic infections, and less than a third with Kaposi's sarcoma -- the two most characteristic AIDS diseases. This is "overwhelming" evidence? It falls short of the standards that would normally be expected of a term-end dissertation, never mind mobilizing the federal resources of the United States and shutting down all investigation of other alternatives.

And the case gets even shakier than that.

Viruses make you sick by killing cells. When viruses are actively replicating at a rate sufficient to cause disease, either because immunity hasn't developed yet or because the immune system is too defective to contain them, there's no difficulty in isolating them from the affected tissues. With influenza, a third of the lung cells are infected; with hepatitis, just about all of the liver cells. In the case of AIDS, typically 1 in 1000 T-cells shows any sign of HIV, even for terminally ill cases -- and even then, no distinction is made of inactive or defective viruses, or totally non-functional viral fragments. But even if every one was a lethally infected cell, the body's replacement rate is 30 times higher. This simply doesn't add up to assault on a

scale credibly capable of causing disease. HIV belongs to a class of viruses known as "retroviruses," which survive by encoding their RNA sequences into the chromosomal DNA of the host cell (the reverse of the normal direction of information flow in cell replication, which is DNA to RNA, hence the name). When that part of the host chromosome comes to be transcribed, the cell's protein-manufacturing machinery makes a new retrovirus, which leaves by budding off through the cell membrane. The retrovirus, therefore, leaves the cell intact and functioning, and survives by slipping a copy of itself from time to time into the cell's normal production run.

This strategy is completely different from that of the more prevalent "lytic" viruses, which take over the cell machinery totally to mass-produce themselves until the cell is exhausted, at which point they rupture the membrane, killing the cell, and move on, much in the style of locusts. This is what gives the immune system problems, and in the process causes colds, flu, polio, rabies, measles, mumps, yellow fever, and so on.

But a retrovirus produces so few copies of itself that it's easy meat for an immune system battle-trained at dealing with lytic viruses. For this reason, the main mode of transmission for a retrovirus is from mother to child, meaning that the host organism needs to live to reproductive maturity. A retrovirus that killed its host cell wouldn't be reproductively viable. Many human retroviruses have been studied, and all are harmless.

(Some rare animal cancers arise from specific genes inserted retrovirally into the host DNA. But in these cases tumors form rapidly and predictably soon after infection--unlike the situation with AIDS. And a cancer is due to cells proliferating

wildly--just the opposite of killing them.)

HIV conforms to the retroviral pattern and is genetically unremarkable. It doesn't kill T-cells, even in cultures raised away from a body ("in vitro"), with no immune system to suppress it. Indeed, HIV for research is propagated in immortal lines of the very cell which, to cause AIDS, HIV is supposed to kill!--and in concentrations far higher than have ever been observed in any human, with or without AIDS. Separated from its host environment it promptly falls to pieces, which has led some researchers, looking skeptically at the assortment of RNA fragments, bits of



protein, and other debris from which its existence is inferred, to question if there is really any such entity at all! (Q. So what's replicating in those culture dishes? A. It has never been shown conclusively that anything introduced from the outside is replicating. Artificially stimulating "something" into expressing itself -- it could be a strip of "provirus" code carried in the culture-cell's DNA -- is a long way from demonstrating an active, pathogenic virus from a human body.)

For the same reason, HIV is almost impossible to transit sexually, requiring something like 1000 different contacts, compared to 4 for genuine STDs (which is

neither here nor there if it's harmless anyway). Hence, far from being the ferocious cellkiller painted by the media, HIV turns out to be a pussycat, a complete dud.

Most people carry traces of just about every microbe found in their normal habitat around with them all the time. The reason they're not sick all the time is that their immune system keeps the microbes inactive or down to numbers that can't cause damage. An immune system that has become dysfunctional to the point where it can't even keep HIV in check is in trouble. On their way downhill, depending on the kind of risk they're exposed to, every AIDS group has its own way of accumulating a cocktail of just about everything that's going around--unsterile street drugs; shared needles; promiscuity; accumulated serum from multiple donors. By the time HIV starts to register too, as well as everything else, you're right down in the lowest 5% grade. And those are the people who get AIDS.

This adequately accounts for the connection between HIV and AIDS. Machinery that is neglected eventually starts to rust. But, while finding rust on old cars, bicycles, tractors, and trains might be a good indicator that they're due for the scrap pile, it doesn't follow that the rust caused them to break down.

Similarly, HIV is a result of biological machinery run down -- a "marker" of belonging to a high-risk group that collects microbes; but not the reason for the various groups' conditions.

If HIV is virtually undetectable even in its alleged terminal victims, how do you test for it? The answer is you don't; you test for the antibody. That is, the body's own home-made defense--that you either acquired from your mother; or learned to make yourself at some time earlier in life when you encountered the virus; or were tricked into

making by a vaccine. In other words, your way of making yourself immune. Is this starting to sound a little bit strange?

Actually, it can make sense, given the right circumstances. When a person is showing clinical symptoms -- say, fever, with a rash, sweating, shaking, delirium -- that are known to be caused by a given virus (perhaps by satisfying Koch's postulates and other criteria), *and* a test has been shown independently to identify an antibody specific to that virus, *then* testing for the antibody in the presence of those symptoms can be a convenient and dependable way of confirming the suspected disease. But none of this is true of HIV. It has never been shown to cause anything, nor even a likely explanation advanced as to how it could. And the only way of showing that an antibody test is specific to a virus is to compare its results with a "gold standard" known to measure the virus and nothing else. Establishing a standard requires isolating the virus from clinical patients in the true, traditional sense, and for HIV that has never been done. What, then, if anything, does the "HIV test" mean?

A genuinely useful antibody test can confirm that an *observed sickness* is due to the virus thought to be the culprit. A positive HIV result from somebody who is completely symptom-free, on the other hand, means either that the antibody has been carried from birth without the virus ever having been encountered, or that the virus has been successfully neutralized to the point of invisibility. So in this context, "HIV positive" means HIV-immune. Interpreting it as a prediction that somebody will die years hence from some completely unspecifiable disease makes about as much sense as diagnosing smallpox in a perfectly healthy person from the presence of antibodies acquired through childhood vaccination.

The test can mean a lot of other things

too. The most common, known as ELISA, was developed (and patented -- Robert Gallo draws royalties of \$100,000 per year from it) for blood screening. Now, when you're looking for contaminated blood, you want a test that's oversensitive -- where anything suspect will ding the bell. If the positive is false, after all, you throw away a pint of blood. But if a false negative gets through, the consequences could be catastrophic. (Whether or not what you're screening for is a real hazard isn't the issue here.) But the same test started being used for diagnosis. And when people are being told that a positive result means certainty of developing a disease that's inevitably fatal, that's a very different thing indeed.

Here are some of the other things that can give a positive result. Prior pregnancy; alcoholism; certain cancers; malaria antibodies; leprosy; flu vaccination; heating of blood sample; prolonged storage of sample; numerous other viruses; various parasitic diseases; hepatitis B antibodies; rheumatoid arthritis. The WHO performed 50 million antibody tests in Russia over a twoyear period and found 50,000 positive results. Attempts to confirm these yielded around 300, of which 50 or so were actual AIDS cases.

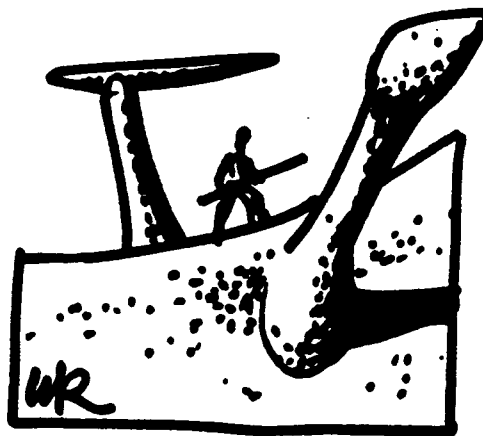
African AIDS affects both sexes equally and is therefore cited as a heterosexually transmitted epidemic and foretaste of what's in store for the rest of the world. The actual diseases are very different

from those reported in New York and San Francisco, however--the same that have afflicted those parts of Africa through history. Today they're called AIDS on account of correlation with positive HIV results. But we've already noted that lots of factors endemic to those regions--malaria, leprosy, parasitical infections--can test positive. Nevertheless, it is decreed that all positives shall be interpreted as due to HIV, making every instance automatically an AIDS statistic. Further, every case of "AIDS" thus diagnosed

that is not a flagrant homosexual or drug abuser is presumed to have been acquired through heterosexual transmission. It isn't difficult to discern an epidemic in such circumstances. People in desperate need of better nutrition and sanitation, energy-intensive industrial technologies, and capital investment are instead distributed condoms.

Over 90% of the inhabitants of Southeast Asia carry the hepatitis B antibody. And we all "know," because the newspapers say so, that an AIDS epidemic is ravaging Thailand. The last figure for actual disease cases that I found for this area populated by tens of millions was a little over 900. Perhaps what the papers meant was an epidemic of AIDS testing. Just like the inquisitors of old, the more assiduously the witch hunters apply their techniques and instruments, sure enough they find more witches.

In the cuckoo land of HIV "science"



anything becomes possible. Wood-burning is frowned upon politically these days. So how to dispose of the witches? The answer is to put HIV positives, sick and symptom-free alike, on the drug AZT, which is billed as "antiviral." Well, it is, I suppose, in the same sense that napalm or Liquid Plumber is antiviral -- it kills everything. AZT was developed in the 1960s as a chemotherapy for cancer but never released because of its toxicity. It's a DNA chain terminator, which means it stops the molecule from copying. It kills every cell that tries to reproduce. The idea is that a short, shock program of maybe two or three weeks will kill the tumor while only half killing the patient, and then you get him off it as quickly as possible. You *can't* take something like that four times a day indefinitely and expect to live. (Although some people don't metabolize it and pass it straight through; hence the few long-term AZT survivors that are pointed at to show how benign it is). Chemotherapies are notoriously immunosuppressive. The "side effects" look just like AIDS. Yet this is the treatment of choice. Nobody says it actually cures or stops AIDS, but the recipients have been told that they're due to die anyway -- which could possibly be one of the most ghastly self-fulfilling prophecies in modern medical history. The claim is that it brings some temporary respite, based on results of a few trials in which the augurs of biochemistry saw signs of short-term improvement -- although bad data were knowingly included, and other



commentators have dismissed the trials as worthless. In any case, it is known that a body subjected to this kind of toxic assault can mobilize last-ditch emergency defenses for a while, even when terminal. A sick chicken might run around the yard when you cut its head off, but that isn't a sign that the treatment has done it any good.

In the 15 years or so up to the late eighties, the life expectancy of hemophiliacs doubled. This was because improved clotting factor -- the substance they can't make for themselves -- meant fewer transfusions. The cumulative burden of constantly infusing foreign proteins eventually wears down an immune system and opens the way for infections. Many also acquired HIV, but the death rates of those testing positive and negative were about the same. A recent, widely published study cites the higher fatality rate of positives since then as proof that their AIDS condition was due to HIV. What it didn't take

into account, however, was that only the HIV positives were put on AZT. Nobody was giving AZT to the HIV negatives. Peter Duesberg believes that AZT and other "antiviral" are responsible for over half the AIDS being reported today.

Although you don't hear much about it in the mainstream media, a growing number of scientific and medical professionals are coming around to Duesberg's position or somewhere close to it. Many, especially in times of uncertainty over careers and funding, keep a low profile and refrain from public

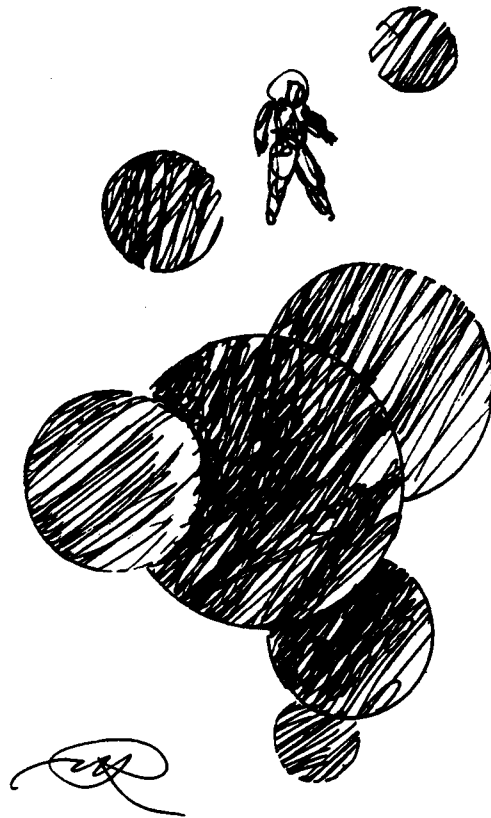
comment. When you see what happened to Duesberg, you can see why. One of the pioneers in retrovirus research--the first to map a retroviral genome, former recipient of the NIH Outstanding Investigator award and tipped for a Nobel Prize--he was subjected to vilification, abused at conferences, and his funding cut off to the point that he can no longer afford a secretary. In two years, he had 17 applications for funding for research on alternative AIDS hypotheses turned down. Publication in the scientific literature has been denied--even the right of reply to personal attacks carried in Nature, a prestigious, once-reputable journal, violating the most fundamental of scientific ethics. His scheduled appearances on talk shows have been repeatedly canceled at the last moment.

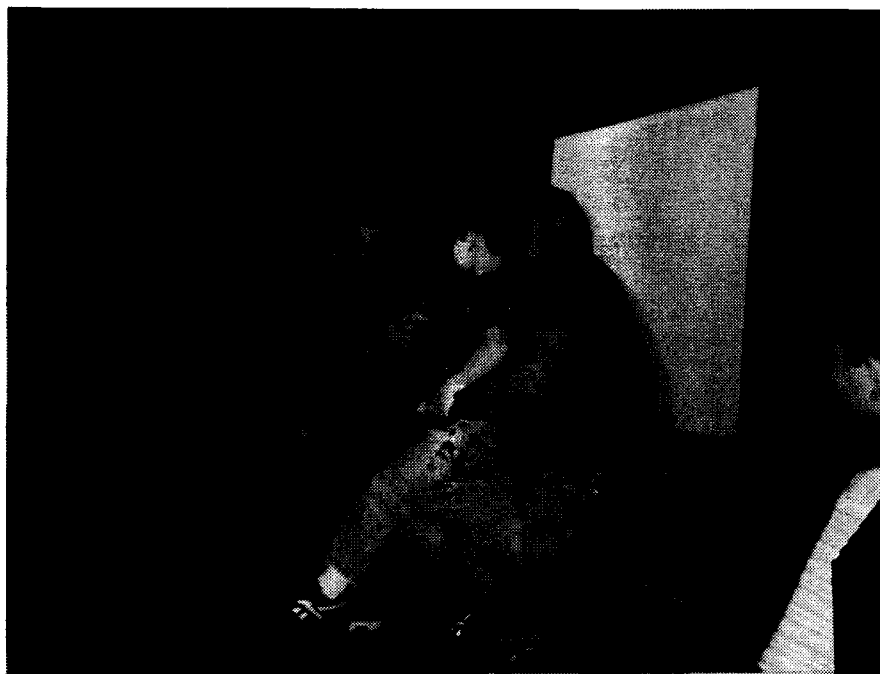
Duesberg is accused of recklessness and irresponsibility on the grounds that his views threaten confidence in public healthcare programs based on the HIV dogma. But scientific truth doesn't depend on perceived consequences. Public policy should follow science. Attempting to impose the reverse becomes Lyshenkoism.

In any case, what do those programs have that should command any confidence? After fifteen years they have failed to save a single life or produce a vaccine. (And if they did, whom would it be given to? HIV positives are immune already.) No believable mechanism has been put forward as to how HIV kills T-cells. And billions of dollars continue to be spent every year on trying to unravel the mysteries of how HIV can make you sick without being present, and how an antibody can neutralize the virus but not suppress the disease. Scientific principles that have stood well for a hundred years are arbitrarily discarded to enable what's offered as logic to hang together at all, and the best that can be done at the end of it all is to

prescribe a treatment that's certainly lethal even if the disease is not. Yet no looking into alternatives is permitted; all dissenting views are repressed. This is not the way of science, but of a fanatical religion putting down heresy.

The real victim, perhaps not terminally ill but looking somewhat jaded at the moment, is intellectual honesty and scientific rigor. Maybe in its growth from infancy, Science too has to learn how to make antibodies to protect itself from opportunistic infection and dogmatism. And in the longer term it seems that it can. Today, everybody remembers Galileo. How many can name the bishops who refused to look through his telescope?





VISITORS:

William Shatner beamed into New Orleans in April to retell old anecdotes and win new fans. Below, **Linda Krawecki** brought her new haircut home for New Year's.



THE CHALLENGER PHOTO PAGE



Riding an **Endymion** float this Mardi Gras, **George R.R. Martin**. (The cat in the hat is **Tom Hanlon**.)

The Challenger tribute ...

JEUDE! JEUDE! JEUDE!

an interview with Samantha by Guy Lillian

So who is this Jeude person, anyway?

It's a strange name ... Jeude is an Alsatian name, which means it's from a section of country between France and Germany. It has a French spelling, and originally had a German pronunciation: *Yoi-dah*. And then it became *Yi-dee*. We have *no idea* where we came from; we have a tendency to live forever unless we decide to die. We die when we want to die.

We have unorthodox ideas. My grandparents were hippies. There's no other way to describe people who did the sort of things they did at that time. If he saw something he wanted to do he'd take off and do it. She didn't care if he was home or not so long as when he did come home they could go to the bedroom and shut the doors and send the boys outside and get noisy together.

My father was very strait-laced. My mother wanted to be normal. My family is normal. My brother and sister are both statistically normal if you look at what's statistically normal for their age. It's unnerving at times. I wrote a terrific horror story about it. Think about it: what does "2.3 children" really mean?

Yet I turned out strange. I was a very quiet child. I was born in Vandenberg County, right outside the city limits of Evansville, Indiana. My father

had built this nice little house. They were moving in, and my mother thought she was having a stomachache, so she went upstairs and relaxed. Dad came upstairs after he'd finished setting the cuckoo clock his parents had brought him from Germany, and I was already out and looking at the world and trying to figure out what was going on. And Mom said "I feel so much better now; the



tummyache has gone away."

I was born right as the stars were coming out.

Gotta know what you did in the '60s.

I was one of the flower children who went down to the airport and met the Vietnam vets as they were coming home and took them home to depressurize, so they wouldn't go home to Mom and say, "Pass the fucking mashed potatoes." Make sure they are capable of real people.

The reason I didn't go into drugs is that if you've ever seen my body without the standard jacket, tie, and long pants is that I was the subject for a lot of experimental reconstructive muscular surgery, spinal surgery, things like that. At St. Vincent's in Indianapolis, mostly; spinal rod insertions. I and 149 other little girls had their spines opened up and a rod placed there. That's why I have the bad spot in my spine: when the doctor took the rod out he screwed up and uncovered the spine.

This is the same foolish doctor who told my parents to let me have my fantasies about living independently and ever marrying because I would be dead before I was 30 and no man would want to touch my ugly twisted misshapen body.

Anyway, I didn't -- and don't -- use drugs because in the first experimental surgery they decided to include me in the morphine addiction trials of the 1950s. I got twenty grains of morphine every day, which is enough to addict an adult, and I was 2 years old. I know what it's like to have morphine visions, I know what it's like to see the dragons crawling around, and unfortunately I'm also permanently addicted to anything with a morphine base. This means no codeine -- there are no painkillers I can take -- and if I eat too much poppyseed cake I start to get it.

The visions are great! But you see, when the visions wear off and you go cold

turkey, you vomit up your guts for the next four days. The price is too high.

I'm a strange flowerchild. Somebody called Donald and I hippies the other day, as an insult, and we were both so delighted.

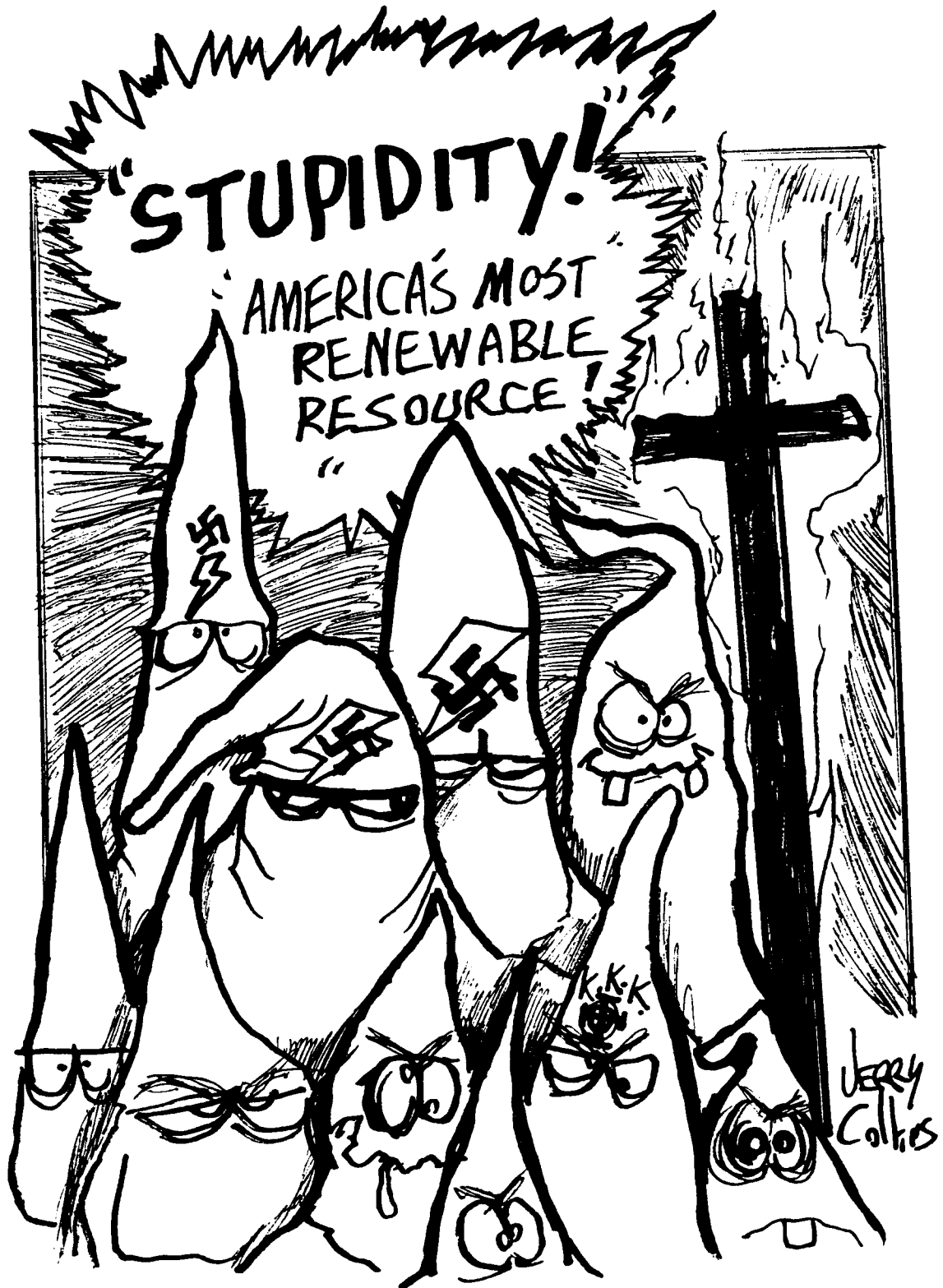
So where does Electrical Eggs come from?

We flash forward to 1975, and my first science fiction convention. It was Rivercon '75, the very first Rivercon. Thomas Burnett Swann was my favorite science fiction writer in the world, and he was one of the guests; nobody knew that he was terminally ill at the time. I went to meet him, and he was so nice to me.

Everybody at the convention was so nice to me. I'd been in high school, and my parents hadn't wanted us to go to schools where there were rough kids, instead we went to a school where there were *farm* kids. I was the kid who carried a knife because if I didn't I got beat up regularly. Before Rivercon, I had never been in a situation where people saw me and said hello and gave me a hug. I thought that I wanted to join this family, and do this for the rest of my life, and so I joined it.

When I was 8 weeks old, I got polio. It comes in three forms. One paralyzes the muscle, one destroys nerve tissue, the third type does both. That was what I got. I managed to recover sufficiently that I could walk, hold down a job, other quote unquote normal things. There's this charming thing called post-polio syndrome where, years after you've beaten it, all the muscles and nerves that were left over, that were carrying on double and triple and quadruple duty start dying, and evidently the syndrome hit me. In 1979 I became too ill to work and started to become too ill to walk.

Conventions were getting hard to do. Donald Cook kind of wandered into my life at a worldcon and never really walked out of it. He lived 400 miles away and ... yes, I'm an imported Atlanta bride. After my marriage, I



met a lady named Esther Breslau and her husband Michael. Esther and Michael were facing some of the same problems we were. Conventions said they had handicapped access and that was true: the access was definitely handicapped. If you had any kind of disability, generally speaking what you really needed wasn't there, and what you could live without was. I worked with the blind when I was in college, and had worked with the deaf as well, and one of our stalwarts, Marilyn Teague, grew up with deaf people and she signs as much as she talked. So I was pretty aware of what was needed, and what people would like to see in handicapped access. We put together Eggs in 1985 after working at Con*stellation and L.A.Con.

We tested Electrical Eggs at Lone Star * Chili Cookout in '85, and in '86 we went full-blown. That's when the organization came into existence. The name didn't, but the organization was there. Basically, what we do now is more or less refinements of what we

did at ConFederation.

We're a Georgia non-profit corporation, but we're having a devil of a time getting our 501 (C) (3). In 1987 Worldcon Atlanta Inc. gave us money to become a national non-profit corporation, and we've filed our 501 (C) (3) twice now, and each time, for some reason, they don't get to us until we've passed the expiration date and we're about to go about it for a third time. Maybe this time!

We don't get a huge amount of money in the fund-raising; most of the money turns around. We rent wheelchairs when we're at conventions. We've got 7 or 8 closed-caption boxes for video rooms. We just bought a braille printer, delivered in the tail-end of March; we've already had five orders for braille from various conventions for program books and other stuff. All of this we don't ask people to pay for; we pick up the tab with the money people give us.

*What honors has
fandom brought
you?*

I've lost count of the conventions I've been to. It seems every year we add more. This year I've gone to a dozen. We started in Kentucky. I've never missed a Rivercon. Rivercon I, as I said, was a magic convention for me, and it always has been. In 1988 I was one of the Guests of Honor. It was



Samanda as most of us see her — behind an Eggs table at a con.

the first time I'd been a Fan Guest. I was fan Guest with Somtow Sucharitkul and Kelly and Laura Freas. Kelly was a friend from Rivercon I, and Laura Freas and I were in graduate school at the same time, at the same dormitory, and used to see each other at Indiana University.

I think it was in 1991 that DSC gave me the Rebel Award. That was the same year that **The Ship Who Searched**, by Anne McCaffrey and Mercedes Lackey, came out. Its prequel, **The Ship Who Sang**, was one of the things that got me through high school. **The Ship Who Sang** was about a child who was born congenitally deformed but with a brilliant mind, and instead of living out the rest of her life in a basket, she was turned into a mobile brain, strapped herself into a starship and went out and lived her life to the hilt. I figured that if somebody whose body was in a lot worse shape than mine was could do something like that, then *I* could do anything.

Usually the children who become encased brains are infants. **The Ship Who Searched** is the story of a child who is 8 years old when she became totally paralysed, and managed to push, shove, and generally say, "I can do this, I will do this, if you don't like it, stand out of my way or you'll have a me-shaped hole in the middle of you" ... becoming a ship brain. I sat there and cried through the whole thing; it felt so familiar.

I was just starting to get over getting the Rebel -- I didn't expect to win it when I got it -- Mercedes Lackey was a guest at Rivercon that year, and I told her how much I'd loved **The Ship Who Searched**, and she said, "I sure hoped you would, kiddo, because I based the character on *you*." I had an even harder time getting over *that* one.

In 1992 Eggs was handling access at Magicon -- actually, Marcia McClure was doing the work; I was raising money with Esther. I was going to miss the Hugos and maybe it was just as well since I was dressed

really horribly that day and I didn't feel like I looked like much, and Esther and I had just sat down to dinner. Two of our runners came in and told me "You've got to be at the Hugos; we're doing something special there." I said okay, but could I finish dinner? They said no.

So I left dinner and had barely settled into my seat when Forrest Ackerman came up to the stage and announced the E.E. Evans Big Heart Award. He said it went to "the Mother Theresa of the wheelchair set, and if I were Cary Grant I'd say that it goes to 'Samantha Jeude-Jeude-Jeude'."

I pulled myself up onto the stage -- you would not believe the number of people who said I should not have done that -- and said thank you, basically, and once again, Donald was not aware that I was getting an award, so once again, he was not in the audience. And then stumbled down.

It was a nice thing.

I've gotten one other award, the Georgia fandom award, which is given out at Dragon*Con every year. Ed Kramer has always firmly believed that fandom is the best cure for people who are literate, imaginative, and have been kicked around like basketballs all their lives. He has always been a supporter of Eggs. He came to us and said would you please make my convention accessible when we were really starting to take the show to smaller conventions. Ed is extremely supportive. That particular year he decided that I deserved the Georgia Fandom Award, which is these two stone plinths with this silver dragon sitting on top of them holding a lightning bolt. It's really flashy and really cute. That was in 1994.

Well, let's hear it. What happened with TAFF?

Donald and I had planned to go to Intersection, the Scottish worldcon. We had

the money set aside. Donald and I became Mr. and Mrs. Atlanta in '95 by '92; Donald was the chairman; we'd been a lot of places and we'd made a lot of wonderful friends overseas and when I discovered that we had unexpected expenses we ended up losing the money. Everyone I knew overseas said "Run for TAFF." I knew nothing about TAFF, why should I run for it? Then Dick and Nicki Lynch said "Go for it, really, it's time TAFF had some new blood."

Dick & Nicki advised me, Charlotte Proctor advised me, I talked with George Lascowski (Lan) ... he said "Maya and I will each put you up for TAFF because we think you're terrific," which was extremely nice of him. He put all of his reasons into the next **Lan's Lantern**. It was like when I was in 2nd grade and two little boys had a crush on me. One of them went out and bought me a chocolate heart and the other one made me a Valentine with lace and plush ... one spent his pocket money on candy, the other on the material to go into that Valentine. I told George [Lan] I had never had such an incredible Valentines Day since ... until that **Lan's Lantern**!

They advised me, my friends overseas advised me, so I said okay, I'll do it. Then I got a call from Michelle Drayton, whose nickname is Cuddles, and Cuddles said "They've tapped me to do Access at Intersection, since you can't come. I have no idea what I'm doing. Would you please come and help me do this?" I'd been told over and over and over at various conventions that they needed to see someone like me in Scotland, i.e. very high profile, not unattractive, with that sort of forceful, pushy Miles Vorkosigan kind of personality to get past the image of disabled people looking like Stephen Hawking and talking like Stephen Hawking. I could take Handicapped Access overseas and maybe things will start to happen and people will start to show up. When Eggs got founded we had two people in wheelchairs at conventions;

the last year that I was involved with it, which was MagiCon, we had 15 3-wheelers and two dozen wheelchairs and 18 oversized print ... It's really expanded over here; and someone commented that there was only one fella attending cons over there in a wheelchair; maybe I could do something to bring the rest of them out of their shyness.

I have a terrible time promoting myself as a person. Despite all this talking about me I don't think there's that much to me as a person, but Eggs is important. Since there was no other way we could get there, I said fine. I'd do this for Eggs.

Sure I understand that there were a lot of people in the fanzine industry who resented me; they felt I was horning in on their thing.

How'd you hear about that?

Friends would call me, very outraged, and ask me if I wanted to hear what new terrible things people had said.

It really began about a week after the ballots came out. Like I said, I don't think I'm anyone special, and it really hurt that people would dislike someone sight unseen. The only thing that really gets me through such times is what my grandfather once commented to me, that people who hate other people without meeting them are either afraid that when they actually meet the person that person is going to be so much better than they are that they're going to feel like a pile of filth, because they are ... and that got me through some of the more obnoxious comments. And the others that they were people like me who were trying to hide behind a facade and didn't have the guts to break down the facade and come out and be themselves. That occasionally I've had the feeling that this is a nice person except when he talks about me.

But yeah, it hurt that someone I'd never met said that she hoped I got stuck in the London subways and died. It was on the Internet so everyone in the world read it.

Someone else called me "colonial" and some other unpleasant things; I e-mailed him privately and said "Look, this is why I ran for TAFF," and he e-mailed me back some things that were scatologically untrue, physiologically impossible and in general were just obnoxious. I said to myself, "Fine; you are a pile of dirt." He's recently started attacking Eggs and saying "You don't do things for people." That we're only there for wheelchair people. Unfortunately what he really means is ... Well, Eggs has kept a data base. If you ever need Access, we write you down. We keep track of what you need and what you've used at what convention. If we see your name and there's not a little symbol that says you had a temporary problem, like you were in an auto accident or had surgery or you broke your leg or something like that ... we keep that list so that if you show up for a worldcon and we're aware you're going to be there, we do what we can to help you.

Well, this fellow seems to think that he has the right to show up for conventions and never tell us what's needed, and it'll automatically be there, by announcing his name.

Example: We had a problem in 1986 with a couple of people, whom I'm not going to name again, who decided that since all of the public elevators were crammed they were going to use the service elevators which -- we'd worked it out with the hotel -- were allowed for masqueraders and disabled people, and that was it. Otherwise we'd lose the use of the elevator. He went back there and said stand aside to the fellow who was standing security. The fellow who was standing security was Albert "Cat" Sohlstrom - - Cat because he showed up on my doorstep one day, like a cat. He's a Vietnam veteran, 6'3". (I own basically half of him. We worked



out of a deal. He needed food, he couldn't afford food; he said for every ten pounds of food that you buy me you own a pound of me and right now I own 198 pounds of him. He's solid muscle, I mean he's one of these people who walks off a diving board, goes to the bottom, and then has to walk the rest of the way to the end of the swimming pool.) Well, this fellow came through and said I am so-&-so and I have these awards and I have a right to use this service elevator because I don't want to stand around, and Cat smiled very sweetly and said "But I have my orders, sir. You have to understand, if you aren't disabled when you walk onto this you must be when you crawl off."

This guy at that point realized that no, maybe this was something serious and *not* a perk. I guess he assumed that when they have these things that are listed for disabled people

that they were actually a perk for big names. There was a worldcon previous where a shuttle bus that had been gotten for disabled fans, and the tickets ended up going to big name fans and authors as perks, and the wheelchair people couldn't use the bus because it was full of big names.

Well, *we* were serious.

He's been very nice ever since.

Until TAFF, I didn't know there were such people prevalent out there in the fandom community -- of course, some of them I've read say that there are only 250 *real fans* in all of fandom because you have to do *their type* of fanzine to be a *real fan*. Considering the thousands of people I've met at conventions, the dozens of people I know who run fanzines, real or otherwise, I haven't seen that there's that much difference between convention fans and fanzine fans. The main difference seems to be that one group of people has enough energy to leave home and go places and see people, and the other group has enough money that they can afford to pay for the publication and the postage of a fanzine.

Postage is one of the reasons I was in fanzine fandom briefly in the '70s and got out. You see, gambling is illegal in Indiana and I felt that when I bought five stamps and only four of them would reach their destination, that I was gambling on which one would not go. But mailing costs weren't the only reason.

I made the mistake of reviewing a book that someone who was a big name fanzine person loathed and his way of handling it was to call me and threaten my life. The book was *Starships & Haiku* by Somtow Suchurikul. I reviewed in *Runway 37* -- Margaret Middleton ran that in the 1970s -- and said it was a very good book. I wrote that the story was written on many many levels and that in many ways it was a haiku that instead of being 17 syllables, it was however many words long it was. I said "If you enjoy haiku, and if you enjoy thinking when you read, you'll enjoy this book." This somebody wrote me

back and said "*Starships & Haiku* is a stupid book, it's terribly written and the guy isn't even an American! Praising him hurts all the American authors." I wrote him back privately and said "Look, the reason I came into science fiction fandom is that we didn't have this attitude of 'You're not one of us, so we can look down on you.'" He wrote back telling me that he was going to come to the city where I was living and stalk me and when he found me he was going to rape me and then he was going to pull my arms out of the socket and then he was going to blind me and he went into great graphic detail about all the things he was going to do and *then* he was going to kill me.

Is he still around?

Yes. I have seen him at a couple of conventions. I wrote him back and said I own half of an explosives ordinance person if you're foolish enough to follow me. At which point he stopped sending me threatening letters, but I started getting threatening phone calls. That stopped because I moved, again, and my phone number changed, again, and it was psychotic, it was stupid, it went away and I don't have to fool with it anymore. I got out of fanzines really because of the mail, although it was nice to get away from that guy, too. I write for fanzines, and stuff gets published hither and yon, but it's all over the place, it's scatter-shot, and in my opinion that's the way it should be.

Did Dan Steffan -- your TAFF rival -- and you ever communicate directly?

Dan never communicated with me. I knew the election was close. One situation that was really kind of frustrating: Jeannie Bowman, the lady who was running the TAFF ballot, was in California when and where all the terrible floods hit, and she lost some mail. I called her and said, in effect, you've listed

who's voted so far; here are 12 people whom I know have voted, have you gotten anything from them? She called me and said no, it sounds like there's a problem with the mail. Somehow it got out that she was *suppressing votes*. Somehow it went from "she's not getting them" to "she's not counting them" and people got irritated and for the first time in my life I posted on the Internet and said "No, the situation is the mail's been screwy because of the rains, and if your name isn't listed, send your vote in again." That's all we wanted people to be aware of.

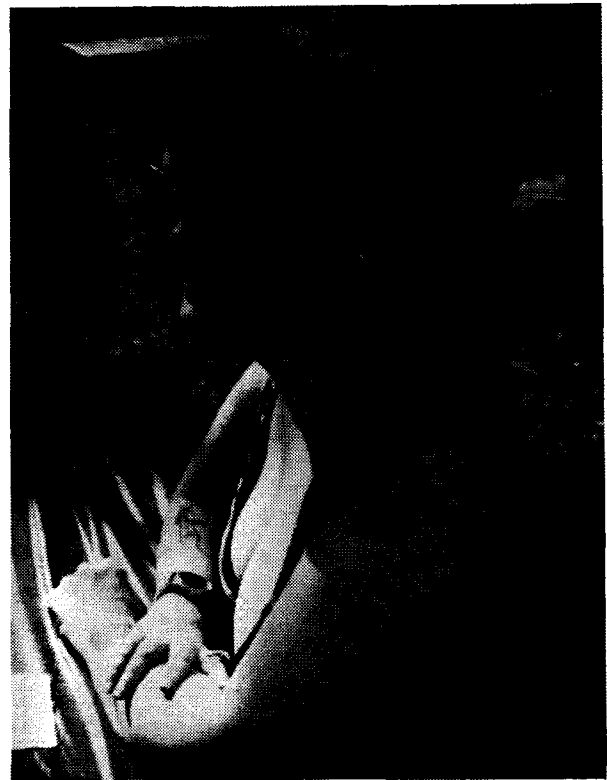
There were those who said I was trying to get people upset. At that point they were accusing her of all sorts of things, but fortunately she laughed in their faces.

Another thing that didn't help was that another candidate got his submission in 12 hours before the deadline closed, and somehow it got out that it was *me* who had been 12 hours *late*, and there were people who said "She should be disqualified if she has so little respect for TAFF that she doesn't bother to send it till the last minute." Then when it came out that it was another who was late [the issue] kind of vanished. That, I felt, was a little stupid.

One other thing that really irritated me was my initial TAFF statement was straightforward: This is who I am, this is what I've done, these are the awards I've won, this is why I want to go overseas. Well, I was told to spice it up, and one of the things that was suggested I say was that I got my Big Heart from my big hearts, you know, like Dr. Who. I was stupid and took this suggestion. Someone then jumped on the Net and said "She's talking about a 'big tits' campaign because she's got big hooters." That was the point when I really wanted to crawl through the lines and eviscerate somebody.

But I felt when Donald and I were part of Atlanta in '95, there were people who wanted us to go negative, and we did out

damnedest to make sure we didn't. Tim Ellingworth, who was running Glasgow in '95, was doing the same thing. We'd seen a lot of worldcon bids turn ugly and people fight and people hate each other and we didn't want to do that. I figured Dan Steffan and I were probably the same way, that we didn't want people to do this, and people were saying "let's you and him fight." I decided I wasn't going to fight; I didn't say anything on the



Sam shows off her tattoos.

Internet after that one time about the votes.

The margin was 10 votes. I got a call the evening that the ballots were counted. I called Donald up and said I lost by ten votes, and would you please post something for me on the Internet. He took it down word for word, which was basically "I've heard from Jeannie Bowman. The winner is Dan Steffan. I wish him good luck and I hope to read his trip report." As far as I was concerned, at

that point, TAFF was over.

There are some people who are bent out of shape about it, and all I can say is that I'm sorry their lives are so empty they have to be bent out of shape over something that's already a year old.

I've been asked why I don't run again. The problem is, as I've mentioned I have polio. The whole ugly name is "post-polio muscular atrophy and neurotropy syndrome." I just call it The Syndrome. The Syndrome has a number of stages, and usually people run through it in about two years. I've managed by sheer luck and the grace of the gods to stay in first stage from 1979 until 1994. In 1994 we discovered I was sliding into second stage. First stage, everything starts to get weak. It involves your arms, legs, body muscles. You start falling a lot; when you do sleep you don't sleep well and you awaken exhausted; people who are able to walk go onto canes or braces or onto a three-wheeler. In my case I said I'd kill myself if I went into a wheelchair, so I got a three-wheeled cart instead. Second stage involves deep depression and the smooth muscles start to go, for the digestive tract and other areas. I realized at that point that if I won TAFF I was going to be extremely lucky if I actually could halt the progress of the damn disease where it was. I more or less did, then something wonderful/horrible happened last year. Donald had been working at Georgia Tech and they hadn't been treating him very nice. Turner Broadcasting called and told him they wanted a MacIntosh wizard; would he please come and work for us for a 50% pay hike. We went onto an HMO, the HMO doctor gave me a prescription which triggered The Syndrome, which had been inactive, and it activated again. Now, I've lost most of the use of my upper legs and upper arm. The right arm's decorative.

At this point, if I were foolish enough to run for TAFF again ... Well, I can't sleep on floors anymore. Sometimes I can't sleep at all and I sit up all night and stare at the walls

and get depressed.

One of the things that really helps is being matriarch for a Klingon club. When Eggs needs warm bodies, they descend en masse ... not just my "family" but any local Klingon, to lend a hand. That's helped a lot. Really, the boys take care of me when Donald's not there. I'm the only person in the world who has 150 mothers, most male.

I mentioned going up on stage at MagiCon to get the Big Heart Award, and you would not believe after the presentation how many people who knew me came up to me and said, "Sam, we're so glad for you, *don't you ever do that again!*"

Let's hear them plans for the future!

My plans for the future are grandiose. At this point I don't need to go to many conventions because they've seen what Eggs does, and copy it. To be honest, as long as they do what needs to be done, I don't care if they give credit to Eggs or not. No I can't really say that; my lawyer will stomp on me.

Basically, I want to get to the point where everybody understands what Eggs does, and why we do it, and they do it themselves, and we don't have to do anything. At which point I will do braille printing for people who send me stuff.

We have what we call a "Bare Minimum Not Quite a Full Hand Book" for conventions. The full handbook has been in production since 1988, but we keep saying we need to update this and update that. Eventually it's going to get done, but right now what we've got is just a test version. The manual is idiot-proof; we've tested it on idiots. It's \$5. Our address: P.O. Box 308, Lebanon GA 30146.

The grandiose thing I'm hoping is that as Eggs gets better known and conventions start doing the stuff themselves ... well, when I first got involved with science fiction, I was writing fiction. I got to the point where the editors were saying "Send me something."

Then I decided to do Eggs, and the demon in the back of my head told me I couldn't do both, and the writing dried up.

Two years ago, the writing *stopped* drying up. I've got two novels done, one of which two publishers have asked to see, and a large number of short stories. Everything's out in the mail, gods grant a lot of the stuff will sell, and I will have my chance to infuriate, piss off and in general pull hair out of all my friends by walking up to a podium and picking up a Hugo maybe somewhere around 2002.

So: come and make a donation!

Editorial: *Cont. from page 14*

d) *How was DeepSouthCon this year?* Outstanding! Only 200 or so members, but Southern fandom's "home" convention has never gone in for bulk — our largest topped 900 members, but that was because I was Fan Guest of Honor (the pro guest, Stephen King, agreed). Our emphasis has always been on the community of like souls, and said community danced and cavorted merrily on the shores of Jekyll Island, Georgia. BeachCon, the 34th DSC, was delightful.

Jekyll Island was an intriguing locale. At the turn of the century it was apparently a locus for the nation's wealthy, who built modest "cottages" there, each about the size of your average city hall, if the city is Pittsburgh. (The island was only accessible by sea at that time, so the cost outlay was impressive.) The mansions are abandoned now, but have been restored and are available for tours and such. The island itself was hung with Spanish moss and most inviting for bike rides and walks, and despite temperatures in the Atlantic best described as "still wintry," the beach was wonderful. *Viz:* one of the convention highlights was a sand castle competition. (Won by Naomi Fisher, for a lifesized mermaid.)

CoH Harry Turtledove was a congenial

— and tall — presence. The traditional awards were given to Gary & Corlis Robe (the Rebel, for fan achievement), and Jack Haldeman (the Phoenix, for professional work by a Southern resident), the Hearts Championship of the Universe was ordained, we Southern fans romped and frolicked and got sunburned. Wherever you were that April weekend, it wasn't as good.

Next year, Jackson, Mississippi for **DeepSouthCon 35**. Write to Tom Feller at Box 13626, Jackson MS 39236 (email: CCWS74A@Prodigy.com). Dates June 6-8, 1997, cost \$15 to 12-31-96. No beach, but the same people. Y'all come.

e) *Are you looking forward to the fourth Alien movie?* Only if they correct the horrendous plot misstep in *Alien³* and *bring back Newt*, hale & hearty! Otherwise, *fuck* their movie!

Ahem I better quit now.



All names in the following account -- except mine -- are false. Nothing else is.

HIND LEGS: my first appearance in appellate court

by Guy Lillian

In the summer of 1994 I received a call from a client I'd represented some months before in municipal court. She was calling for a friend of hers. The friend's name was Rose, arrested for possession of cocaine.

I: The House on Palmyra Street

Rose Belasco, a middle-aged white woman, had been living with her boyfriend, a large black guy named Sam King, in a ramshackle house on New Orleans' Palmyra Street, a black residential district. Forget the images you have of oak-shaded avenues banked by elegant mansions and cloven by clanging antique streetcars; this was the *other* New Orleans: old buildings sagging under the weight of years and humidity and neglect and poverty and crime. In this house, according to the confidential informant who notified police, the crime was cocaine dealing, and the criminal was Sam.

A confidential informant is usually described as a "concerned citizen" in the police reports, but sometimes he's simply a rival dealer removing competition by playing fink, or even a cop. Often he's a street bum exchanging information for his freedom; in other words, to stay out of jail, he rattles on his sources. Nevertheless, his word is enough to support a search warrant *if* the cops corroborate his story with an independent investigation. In this case, the cops sent the C.I. back into the house on Palmyra Street with marked money. Procedure was to search him first to make sure he had no cocaine on him before he went in. Therefore, when he came out ... without the money, but with some funny little "off-white" rocks that look like taffy or detergent, i.e., crack cocaine, *ergo* ...

A search warrant was sought and issued. It mentioned the premises at the Palmyra Street house and its curtilage. It *specifically* crossed out searching the persons of the people found there.

The cops -- accompanied by DEA officers -- roared up the stairway and into the house. I'll quote from my brief:

Defendant [Rose] was found on a bed in a back room. [Sam was with her.] Also in the house at the time of the raid were Elizabeth Bean, Susan Cody, two white females, Steve Mason, a white male, a black female named Melody, last name unknown, and a black male named Richard Fillmore.

Some introductions are in order. Both Elizabeth and Susan were former clients from municipal court in New Orleans, met through other clients in my Jefferson Parish dope work. Then, they had been hauled before the bar of justice for the euphemistic crime of Obstructing a Sidewalk. Steve was a gay fellow who bartended in the French Quarter. Richard Fillmore was a handyman doing some repairs on the house; Melody was his girlfriend, in the wrong place at the wrong time. Except for Richard and Melody, when the cops literally burst in through the front door, the household was scattered throughout the house, asleep. Within seconds everyone was up against the wall, and in handcuffs.

The cops searched the premises. They found no dope. They did find a pistol underneath the pillow in Sam's bedroom, on the same bed where Rose had been sleeping when the cops burst in. Rose

was a convicted felon, on probation for drug possession. Sam had no record. Back to my brief:

Rose Belasco was arrested for being a felon in possession of a firearm, a violation of La. R.S. 14:95.1 (Transcript, p. 5). It should be noted that Sergeant Marino stated that Sam King, whom he misidentified as "Mr. Belasco," was both the target of the investigation and the first person arrested (Transcript, p. 5).

It was never established which happened first, Rose's arrest or what happened next.

The four females in ---- Palmyra were taken, one at a time, into a bathroom and subjected to a full body search by Special Agent Diana Wade of the Drug Enforcement Administration, a participant in the raid. During this search the defendant was forced to strip off her one article of clothing, a shift (Transcript, p. 14), and submit to a probe of her buttocks and vagina by Officer Wade (Transcript, p. 15). The other women were also taken into the bathroom (Transcript, p. 15), and according to the uncontested testimony of Susan Cody, she was searched in the same intrusive fashion (Transcript, p. 18-19), even though she was only being held for investigation and was not under arrest. Agent Wade admitted that she did not

know whether or not Miss Cody or any of the other women were under arrest at the time that she searched them (Transcript, p. 15-16).

I imagine you've foreseen the results:

Cocaine was discovered in the defendant's vagina (Transcript, p. 15) and she was arrested and charged with violation of La. R.S. 40:967 (C), Possession of Cocaine. None of the three males present at 3101 Palmyra was subjected to a strip or body cavity search.

And no one else was arrested. Later that day, Elizabeth Bean gave me a call and asked me to



go see Rose. She was held at the Orleans Parish House of Detention, one of the city's older jails, and I got to wait 45 minutes on a narrow stool in a filthy, smelly visiting room while the clamheaded guards brought her down to me.

Rose was the most pleasant-looking woman you could imagine, fiftyish, chubby, maternal -- Elizabeth said every street girl in the French Quarter regarded her as a protector and friend. Leaving that aside, she seemed hardly the type to serve as gun moll and pussy-packer for a notorious drug dealer. Her voice and manner fit her appearance: she seemed a sweet and likable soul. I instantly wanted to help.

Trouble was, she was guilty as hell, and in several worlds of trouble. She was charged with possession of coke, a sentence of 0-5 years possible. In another case, Judge Irving Walters had her on probation, backing up another five-year sentence. That meant (1) if she was convicted on the current rap, she could get five years, (2) Walters could revoke her probation, and conceivably give her consecutive time, and (3) she could be "billed," i.e., charged as a multiple offender, and thrown into the clink for one-half to twice the *maximum* sentence available on the original crime. In other words, *ten years*. *Flat* time: no 2-for-1 good behavior reduction. Time to run in circles, scream and shout.

Bur: she had been subjected to an illegal search.

Dealing in narcotics like cocaine is against the law of the state of Louisiana. The government of the state of Louisiana is empowered to enforce its laws. However, as this is a country more fearful of tyranny than it is of anarchy, governments within its purview are restricted in how they may perform that duty. Some of those restrictions are set forth on a piece of paper you may see if you visit the National Archives in Washington, D.C. Or some post offices. Or your almanac, or that dusty civics textbook you held open to hide the copy of **Heavy Metal** you read during Social Studies in high school. The first ten amendments to the American Constitution. The Bill of Rights.

This is the fourth of those amendments:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

On the face of it, everything connected with the arrest of Rose Belasco seemed to be screwed up beyond constitutional recognition. The warrant didn't mention Rose's body. The search didn't seem reasonable. The cops had coursed way out of line when they forced her to strip in front of a stranger, female stranger or not. Out with this bullshit!

Trouble was ... the Fourth Amendment does not stand alone. It's been interpreted in many different ways. The question became, how would the courts interpret it as it applied to these facts?

Rose arranged for a gay friend of hers to pay me for my efforts in advance. Sam King, who hadn't spent a day in jail, offered nothing. But I was just as glad not to be working for the actual dealer. Better to work for his victim. I filed a Motion with the court to suppress the evidence as unconstitutionally seized and girded for war.

II. The Court

I liked Lawrence Petruzello, the judge in Section X, Orleans Parish Criminal District Court. He went to law school with Dennis Dolbear, reasonable, approachable ... but also dark, intense and somewhat gloomy. Rumors floated that his daughter had had a problem with cocaine. Nevertheless, considering the extremity of these facts, I thought we had a chance as we came up for our Motion

hearing. As the hearing rolled on, I thought we had more than a chance. For one thing, the police officer allegedly in charge of the raid proved himself a Grade A lummoX.

Sergeant Enrico Guano of the New Orleans Police Department seemed a pleasant enough sort of guy, but being pleasant doesn't make you competent. Grinning and blushing, he tried to claim that their confidential informant had indeed told the cops that Rose hid Sam King's cocaine stash in her vagina. So why wasn't that little bit of info in the police report? Why wasn't her person included in the search warrant? Why search every vagina in the place? The judge covered his grin with his hand. Guano giggled. "I didn't know you could get a warrant for vaginas," he answered.

A proper warrant could have been easily obtained. Had there been a suspicion that the defendant was hiding contraband within her vagina, as asserted at the motion hearing, long after the fact, by Sergeant Guano (Transcript, p. 12), a warrant authorizing search of the defendant's body was readily obtainable. --- Palmyra is located within the city limits of New Orleans and magistrates are accessible to the police. Guano admits he did not know a warrant could be obtained for a body cavity search (Transcript, p. 13), but ... this statement is at the least disingenuous and at the most disgraceful for any trained police officer to make.

I brought up a constitutional standard for intrusive body searches, a case called **Schmerber**. It forbade intrusions *into* the prisoner's body -- such as stomach-pumping or blood-drawing -- except when the evidence might otherwise be destroyed. It's called an "exigent circumstance." I found precedent that it also seemed to apply to strip searches, and waved my arms for a while, arguing heatedly that this repulsive action should not be permitted. Guess what?

Judge Lawrence Petruzello, Section X of the Orleans Parish Criminal District Court, denied defendant's Motion to Suppress. Three justifications were cited by the trial court for the body cavity search performed on Rose Belasco: (1) that the search would have been performed anyway at Central Lock-Up, (2) that a strip search differs from a search wherein a stomach is pumped, and Schmerber therefore did not apply, and (3) that the officer acted reasonably in protecting herself against possible weapons secreted in the defendant's vagina. The defendant could have been hiding "things that are ... dangerous to the officers in very strange places" (Transcript, p. 28).

Hiding *what* that was dangerous? *Chlamydia*?

I noted an objection and ran for a **Boykin** plea bargain form. Time to cut our losses and take the issue "upstairs." First I had to make sure that the probation in Irving Walters' court would be no problem, the Rose wouldn't be multiple-billed, that she would receive a light sentence here. Though the assistant district attorneys insisted on billing Rose -- Orleans Parish A.D.A.s having no control over such matters -- it all worked out.

On September 12, 1994, defendant appeared before the court in Section X and entered a plea of guilty under the provisions of State v. Crosby, 338 So. 2d 584, 1976), reserving her right to appeal based upon the prior adverse ruling of the court. Subsequently she was sentenced to three years imprisonment at hard labor, her probation revoked and made to run concurrent, and further sentenced to three years' imprisonment at hard labor as a multiple offender under La. R.S. 15:529.1. Defendant now appeals the court's adverse ruling at the Motion to

Suppress hearing and asks that the ruling be reversed and her conviction and sentence vacated.

Which meant that *I* would be facing Louisiana's Fourth Circuit Court of Appeal.

III. Briefly Speaking

The first step in any appeal is the composition of a brief spelling out your position. I hied my ass to my alma mater, the Loyola School of Law, and its excellent library. I prefer it to the other law libraries in town because it has nice couches and you can take naps. Also, I know where all the books are.

Fourth Amendment ... Fourth Amendment ... Many are the ways the government has found around it. These days, thanks to the drug wars, little more than a jocose speed bump in the police's progress to a conviction. Who did I blame for that? The state or the miscreants? Dopers and I have always had a testy relationship. They seemed frightened, paranoid ... yet smug, contemptuous in their self-rationalizations, losers playing at being cool. But people being people and not a label, many were also interesting and tolerant and funny. So live and let smoke, I figured, as long as they didn't operate any heavy machinery or get my conventions busted. The government I held to a higher standard. America is supposed to temper its power with principle. Thus that Bill of Rights that Mr. Madison wrote, a document under constant attack from the right-wing. Thus also my motto: *dopers who think they're cool impress me as assholes; fascists who think they're cool impress me much less.*

I went on with my research.

As a preliminary matter, the seriousness of a body cavity search must be established. "The intrusiveness of a body cavity search cannot be overstated." Kennedy v. Los Angeles Police Department, 901 F. 2d 702, 711 (9th Cir. 1989). "A search of ... [this] type ... including the visual inspection of the anal and genital areas, has been characterized ... as demeaning, dehumanizing, undignified, humiliating, terrifying, unpleasant, embarrassing, repulsive, [and] signifying degradation and submission ..." Tinette v. Wittke, 479 F. Supp. 486, 491 (E.D. Wis. 1979) ...

I went on to attack the warrant in the Palmyra case as specifically excluding the persons of the folks found on site. That meant Rose was searched without a warrant, which meant that the cops *should* have been controlled by the **Schmerber** rules.

Schmerber v. California, 384 U.S. 757, 86 C. Ct. 1826, 16 L. Ed. 2d 908 (1966) is the controlling case when warrantless searches involving bodily intrusion are at issue. Schmerber held that a warrantless search of the interior of a person's body was forbidden by the Fourth Amendment except when three factors were present: a) a clear indication that evidence will be found; b) an emergency or exigent circumstance threatening the destruction of evidence should the intrusive search not be immediately conducted; c) a reasonable search performance.

I went on to attack the three reasons Petruzello gave for denying my motion to suppress. Most important, though I didn't know it at the time, was the argument that since Rose was under arrest, "the search would have been performed anyway at Central Lock-Up." I said that constitutional confines would still be controlling.

The purpose of a cavity search in an institution "is to protect prisons and jails from smuggled weapons, drugs, and other contraband which pose a threat to the safety and security of penal institutions." Fuller v. M.G. Jewelry, 950 F. 2d 1450 (9th Cir. 1991), at 1457. The arresting officers here never implied their search was to protect jail security; they were simply looking for evidence.

I think I did a pretty good job blasting apart his second point, that a visual strip search is different from "having one's stomach pumped." Fuller declared that Schmerber's standards govern "all searches that invade the interior of the body -- whether by a needle that punctures the skin or a visual intrusion into a body cavity." Thus armed, I could attack the facts with Schmerber. I admit to being a little pleased with one argument, sarcastic though it is and nasty though it sounds:

The evidence sought "stood no risk of dissipating with time such as by absorption or dissolution." Again, the Bullock officers cited no scientific evidence was raised advancing the idea that vaginal secretions might dissolve or destroy evidence, or eat their way through plastic to do so.

I finished with rhetoric attacking a case I find particularly and personally repulsive, and fascistic -- literally, really, truly. It's used all time to forgive police screw-ups, even screw-ups as obscene as this one.

Any defendant citing a flaw in a search warrant to suppress evidence thereby seized must face U.S. v. Leon, 468 U.S. 897 ... (1983). In Leon, the Supreme Court allowed that the existence of *objective good faith* on the part of the invading police officers could cure all but the most obvious bad warrants. "An assessment of the flagrancy of the police misconduct constitutes an important step in the calculus" of this standard. (468 U.S. at 911.) The exclusionary rule, wrote Justice White for the majority, "is designed to deter police misconduct." (at 916.) The test then becomes, was the conduct of the police objectively reasonable? It is defendant's assertion that even this extremely, and dangerously, broad and generous standard has not been met here. The reason is in Leon itself, at 923: "[A] warrant may be so facially deficient -- i.e., in failing to particularize the place to be searched or the things to be seized -- that the executing officers cannot reasonably presume it to be valid." The warrant in the instant case specifically excluded the persons of people located at 3101 Palmyra from search. Though Sergeant Guano asserted on redirect examination in the Suppress hearing that "[w]e had information that ... [a] white female ... at times .. secreted the cocaine within her vagina" (Transcript, p. 12) this fact was not mentioned in the application for search warrant. Despite Sergeant Guano's incredible contention that he didn't know a warrant for body searches was possible (Transcript, p. 13), there is no conceivable justification for the officers relying upon this warrant for the body cavity searches they committed there. The officers failed even to advance an "objectively reasonable" belief that their warrant, restricted to the premises as it was, authorized any of their actions against Rose Belasco. They simply threw her (and every other woman found in those house) into the bathroom, forced her to strip in front of a stranger, and subjected her to an intimate and humiliating inspection and intrusion in a patent and obvious search for evidence. The good-faith exception to the exclusionary rule fails to permit this repellant display of police recklessness and arrogance; the search must be disallowed even under Leon, as this search

was in bad faith.

Typed it up and toted it in.

IV. Riposte

A couple of weeks later the mail brought me a thick brief from the D.A.'s office, attacking my conclusions and offering new argument designed to keep Rose in jail. The state admitted -- right off -- that the information the cops had obtained from their snitch wouldn't have supported a search warrant against Rose. They went on with a whole slew of cases involving border searches -- wherein Border Patrol cops had done intrusive and strip searches of people crossing from Mexico, and been backed up by the courts.

A few days later I got a letter. The case was scheduled for *oral argument* before Louisiana's Fourth Circuit Court of Appeal on July 28. Be there.

The term is *a cold rush of shit to the heart*.

Arguing a case before an appellate court was a lawyerly duty I had never faced outside of law school practice sessions. Few were the war stories told me by more experienced attorneys of greater dreadfulness than being roasted by a panel of appellate judges. For those guys didn't let a lawyer simply read a speech: they interrupted him with piercing expert questions, interjected observations and criticisms, made speeches themselves ... and ground lawyers into paste. The one Supreme Court session I'd seen, during law school, had been horrible. No doubt showing off for the law students, the justices had come with their teeth filed and their stomachs empty, and had ripped one poor lady so badly her hands had still been shaking an hour later. *That would now be me.*

Had I had the strength, I'd've gulped. But ... "for everything there is a first time, lieutenant."

I knew that the judges I'd stand before would have read my brief, and the D.A.'s. My job would not be to paraphrase my paper, but to attack theirs. And it was vulnerable to attack. While comprehensive, its arguments were weak, since they came from precedents that weren't truly *on point*, as lawyers like to say. That was where their emphasis on border searches went awry. Remember **Schmerber's** insistence on "exigent circumstances." like imminent destruction of the evidence, before warrantless body searches were allowed? Border searches had a built-in exigent circumstance: suspects were caught passing through a checkpoint, under police control for brief moments only. How different from Rose, caught in her scumbag boyfriend's house, with no hope of escape! I didn't doubt I could dispose of those arguments easily. But the D.A. closed with strength.

It was tossed off almost casually, on the last page of their brief: **Nix v. Williams**. It dealt with a child killer who, while being hauled off to the clink, was sort-of interrogated by the cops without benefit of **Miranda** "you-have-the-right-to-remain-silent" warnings. He blabbed about where the body of the victim could be found, and he was of course convicted. The defense yowled about his Sixth Amendment rights to counsel. Well, said then-Chief Justice Burger, no harm, no foul: *the body would have been discovered anyway.*

You can see why Nix scared me.

Rose was under arrest at the time of the strip search; at least, so the cops claimed. She was bound for Central Lock-up. There she would have been gone over up and down and in and out, a full body search, as part of normal jail security. Those searches had been supported as constitutional by numerous Supreme Court cases, and the evidence thus uncovered deemed admissible. So, had the dorks who threw Rose into the bathroom *not* searched her there, they would have found the cocaine later when they searched her at the jail. *Inevitable discovery.*

I scanned Nix desperately. Surely there must be something to differentiate Rose's case from this damaging precedent. Wait ... wait ... Rose's gripe with the police was that they had violated her Fourth

Amendment rights. Nix dealt with the *Sixth* Amendment. What's the difference? A difference in *purpose*. Amendment VI guarantees assistance of counsel. Amendment IV forbids illegal searches ... and is designed *to deter police misconduct*. In other words, to *punish* police for fouling up. And the way you punish police is by *excluding the evidence*.

An answer ... but a risky one. The one Louisiana case involving a situation similar to Rose's had mentioned Nix off-handedly and without analysis, and had supported the prosecution. Would the Fourth Circuit support it again?

I wrote up an outline incorporating ... *everything*. I discovered I had no idea of how long I was supposed to talk. Would I have enough time, especially with all the mocking, probing, disemboweling interruptions the panel would put me through? I called Dennis Dolbear and asked him ... oh, no more than a dozen times, about the time limit. He never tired of telling me that he didn't know.

I didn't sleep much the night before the hearing.

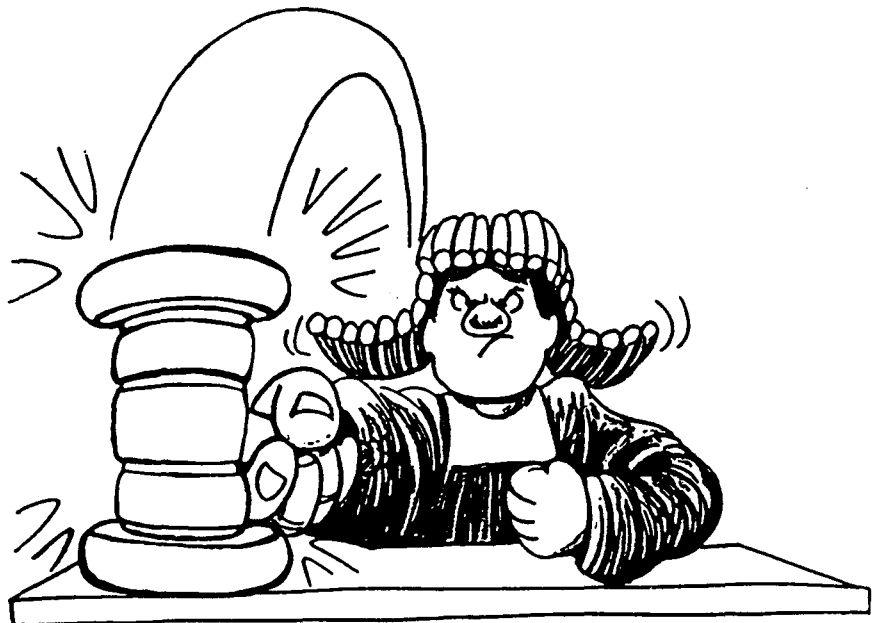
The day dawned hot. Days begin warm in the Louisiana summer, and they get warmer. As I parked in a lot two blocks removed from the Fourth Circuit offices, every pore on my corpulent frame opened and coursed with stench. My lower lip trembled. I could feel my heart trying to pound its way free of my rib cage. Into the jaws of death ...

V. The Heart of Darkness

I was stupid, and early, the first lawyer to nose into the small hearing chamber. It was on the 5th floor of the highrise, and it overlooked the Superdome, where I'd taken part of the Bar Exam, and had later taken my oath. For thirty minutes I got to sit and stare at the three big black chairs raised before me and play with the controls raising and lowering the rostrum and imagine the sneers and mockery of the depraved Republicans gunning from me from the bench and the malevolent human veal *rich* lawyers gathered behind me who would snicker then giggle then guffaw then throw things at my back as I squeaked then stammered then whimpered then sobbed my career away under the judges' relentless pound, pound, pounding ...

Then another lawyer entered and checked the docket sheet, which I had neglected to do. Ah ... he was second. I was, as always, Guy Lillian the Third. Other lawyers began wandering into the room. I knew only one of them, and he and *his* D.A. agreed to submit their matter on the briefs alone, and forego the oral argument. A possible escape from my terror? I decided, no. I *needed* to speak before the judges, I *needed* to attack the state's use of Nix. Besides ... here came the attractive Clerk to take her seat ... and the bailiff, saying "Oyez, oyez, oyez ..."

Three vampire-like creatures in swirling black robes swept in from



the shadows and sat in the chairs. Two were black, and one of those, a woman. "Call the first case," said the chief, a wizened white man.

I began to relax. The attorney on the first case was appealing a criminal conviction and had no arguments of any depth or merit, yet the judges *didn't say much*. The black male muttered something about *pro forma* waste-of-time appeals, but the lawyer ignored him, and left with his scalp. The second case was a more complex matter, but again, there wasn't any argument, since the other side didn't appear. No blood. Hey -- where was the D.A. to argue against *me*?

Rose's name was called and I bolted to the dais. The district attorney had sent no one to counter me. I need save none of my 20 minutes (note!) yapping time for rebuttal. So: I had the whole third of an hour to make my case ... that is, if the judges didn't wade into me.

I started out with a quick rundown of the facts. I mentioned **Schmerber** and jumped -- as I would four times -- on the state's admission that their snitch's info did not support probable cause for a warrant. I seized on the border search cases they thought so conclusive and followed the line of cases-- this one based on that one based on an earlier one based on yet another -- all the way back to the original and controlling case ... which cited **Schmerber**, and so backed up *my* point. Searches at U.S. borders were *not* the same as searches of private inland residences or private inland vaginas. I intermixed lurid outrage that a woman should be forced to undergo such a humiliating search without full benefit of legal process, and had a moment of heady delight when the black lady judge nodded and nodded and nodded ... at which point her male counterpart interrupted me.

"Wouldn't this [evidence] have been discovered anyway?"

Didn't miss a beat. "**Nix v. Williams**," I nodded, and flipped to the appropriate section of my notes. When the gal who had argued **Roe v. Wade** before the Supremes had spoken to my law school class, she'd mentioned her 3x5 cards, indexed and arranged so she could flip to any appropriate topic. I had no cards, but at least I could find the appropriate page. So I waxed eloquent about the purpose of Fourth Amendment cases: to deter police misconduct. I called the slovenly police work evidence of bad faith and atrocious behavior, failing even the super-basic, old-as-I-am standard of "shocking the conscience." Again I mentioned the D.A.'s admission that they had no probable cause to search Rose. And -- with, I swear, not a single thought of **Star Trek** -- I invoked *logic*.

"To use **Nix** to allow such a rotten search would be to say that it is all right for the police to foul up a search because *they didn't have to*. Because they would have obtained good evidence *had they done their jobs right*. **Nix** is a Sixth Amendment case. *This* is a Fourth Amendment case. The amendments have different purposes," I orated, glad they didn't ask me to expound thereon, because I couldn't have made much sense. "Our reliance on **Nix** in this case would be [legalism alert] *overly broad*."

The judge nodded. I was through it. I went on.

The older white man in the center finally spoke, for the first time. "You have two minutes, Mr. Lillian."

I needed half of that to finish out my notes and make a few rhetorical points. Strange: I had written almost exactly 20 minutes' worth of notes. I closed with a bang. "The Fourth Amendment was written to deter police misconduct," I said. Then I held up the state's brief. "There's the misconduct; *let's deter it*."

The chief muttered thanks, they'd take it under advisement, short break time, and with a flutter of robes like huge vampire wings, they were off the bench, and I was through.

How had I done? The other lawyers seemed both amused and impressed, whatever that meant. My God, I thought to myself. Had I really made *that* gesture? For I seemed to remember, while describing the search, holding my hands like I was *prying apart a bear trap*.

I left. But my blood was up! I wanted to go back and *do it again*. And quite honestly, I

wondered how my name would look in the law book where the court's decisions often end up.

VI. Endgame

We lost, of course. 2-1, along sexual lines. The key issue was the inevitable discovery rule. It didn't matter that the police had found the cocaine through an illegal search, since it would have come to light anyway when Rose had been taken to jail.

Glumly, I told Rose. She wanted me to take the appeal further, to the state Supreme Court. As her benefactor was hiding from Sam King -- he kept leaning on me to tell him the poor man's address; I think he owed him money -- he declined to pay me any more. But I went ahead and filed a brief anyway. I turned in my original plus eight copies. Their reply was quick, at least: 6-1 against me. Again, only a black female judge voted in my favor.

King began calling and threatening me if I didn't help him find Rose's gay friend. I told the drug-dealing gutter rat to climb his thumb and eventually, he left me alone. I gave my file to Rose for a *federal* appeal; she wanted me to handle it, but I couldn't do such madness for free. Besides, she was halfway through her sentence, and hey, we'd lost.

So the whole experience was a downer. Or was it? When I'd turned in my Supreme Court brief, I'd dropped by the courtroom to watch them in action. Seven men and women in black robes, listening to lawyers argue a civil service case, while other attorneys waited their turns. *I wanted up there.* I wanted to rail against the death by laziness and rationalization of the Fourth Amendment. I wanted to throw myself before the treads of onrushing fascism. I wanted to *fight*.

I'll be back. Doomed causes, after all, are the only ones worth fighting for.

On our cover and in our pages...

"Victory," a.k.a. **Victoria White**, works out of the Fantasy Gallery at 416 Westheimer in Houston, zip 77006. I spotted the superb front cover to this issue -- "Darkside"-- at last year's New Orleans Science Fiction & Fantasy Festival, and would not be denied. Victory herself provided the reduced copies of her other drawings, appearing hither and thither, uhh, hither. Many have appeared in **Plot Mag**; many are also available as prints. Contact her over the net at <http://www.fine-art.com/artist/victory.html>.

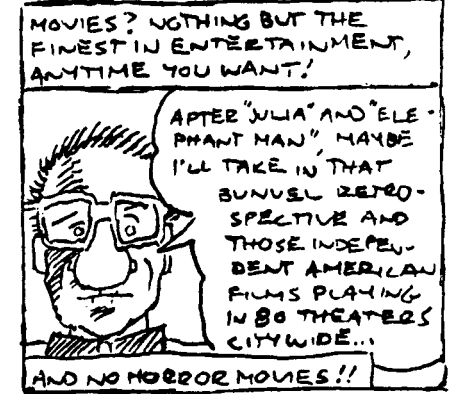
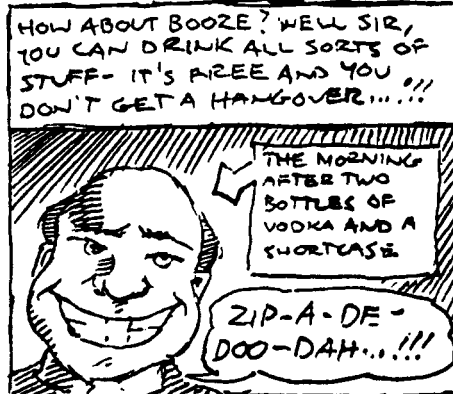
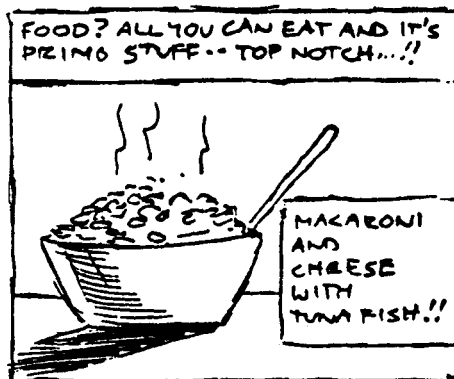
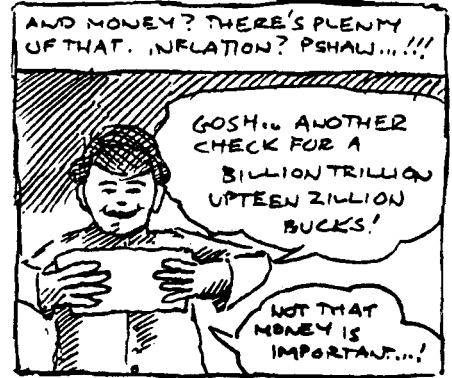
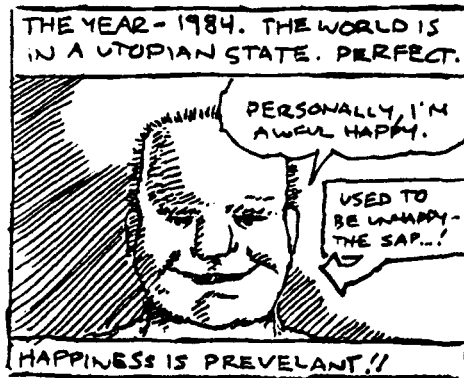
There's other excitement on the **Challenger** art front. **Mark Verheiden**, screenwriter (**The Mask**) and comics wizard (**The American**), was several years ago a member of SFPA, the glorious Southern Fandom Press Alliance. His occasional cartoons there bode well for his creative movie work to come. Mark's given **Chall** permission to reprint some of his gems, with only the proviso that we remind our readership that he did these drawings in 1981 and 1982, a long time ago. I think they're still great. Elsewhere, **Alan Hutchinson** provides another ace "Al Side", and we have fillos by **William Rotsler**, **Brad Foster**, **Peggy Ranson**, **Nola Frame-Gray**, **Jerry Collins**, **Sheryl Birkhead** and the late **Neal Pozner** and **Dave Ryan**, never forgotten here, dudes. Having thus depleted our meagre stores, **Chall** could *really* use some more spot art, he hinted piteously.

Next issue will show no such shortage, however. Recall that I served as Publications Chief for **Nolacon II**, the 1988 worldcon. Fan artists by the score submitted artwork for use in the various **Nolacon** publications, and I took great pleasure in using as much of it as I could in worldcon zines. Some, however, escaped utilization. Never one to waste fine artwork, I published most of it in apazines, but this art merits wider exposure. Though **Challenger** could never reach the thousands worldcon material goes to, at least it *will* let more people see this excellent material.

KICK BACK AND PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR

UTOPIA

IT'S A BLAST!!!



BY *MARK VERBEN*
'1981

SOMEONE WHO IS ALWAYS HAPPY EVEN WITHOUT UTOPIA!!!



the end

EPISTLES



Buck Coulson
2677W-500N
Hartford City, IN 47348

Personally I don't believe that any work by Earle Bergey is worth over \$100 -- and probably less -- but art is in the eye of the beholder and all that. I'm satisfied with our Finlay, Freas, Schoenherr, Lehr, and Gerard Quinn originals.

I used to receive a caving fanzine from a Missouri/Southern Illinois group, but I never caught the allure of caves. I've enjoyed being in Mammoth, Carlsbad, and Wyandotte -- the latter while it was still privately owned -- but have never been much interested in going where no man has gone before. Caves are interesting, certainly, but I've never become involved with them.

Linda Krawecka's article takes me back a long ways. I wouldn't have sent a valentine to everyone in my class, but my parents insisted, so I did. I had a crush on one of the girls, but I was too shy to talk to her; I didn't know how to talk to girls. It wasn't until I was in fandom that I discovered that girls aren't that different (mentally, at least) from boys. (Well, I didn't have all that many friends among the boys in school, either...)

Has anyone done research into what

happened at the '51 Nolacon to turn [Harry] Moore into a recluse? Obviously he met and mingled with people before the con, or he wouldn't have been chairman. Con-running is obviously a strain --

for several years, at least one fan couple on the worldcon committee got divorced shortly afterwards. But they didn't become recluses. Of course, some people are natural recluses, and once they've found a way of life they enjoy. They settle into it. I know one; his wife goes to cons, but he drives her there, she gets in touch with and shares a room with Juanita and I, and he drives back home. He used to go to cons, but told me once that "once I get warmed up enough to talk to people, the con is over." But he does have a wife; she just can't make small talk with strangers.)

It's too bad that the death penalty has been so nearly outlawed by juries, and liberals. "Jim" has probably been in some sort of torment for most of his life and will continue to be -- only more so -- in jail. We have outlawed torture, except when the victim does it to himself. It's a nice legal point, of course; if a self-tortured victim wants to end it, he can, along with his life. (But

not easily, if he's in jail.) And murderers have to be eliminated from society because of their danger to the rest of us. Still...

The death penalty is more and more popular in Orleans Parish, even among black juries, who can usually be counted upon to be generous with defendants. One suspects that the daily murders in their neighborhoods have taken a toll on their traditional mistrust of authority.

I try to avoid commenting on trip reports, because my envy might show...

I've no argument against expanding the human consciousness; it's the people who think they've succeeded -- with or without drugs -- who are the problem.

"Too often fanzines decay into grumpy letters of complaint about ill health and world ills; why?" Because fandom is getting older, Gene. The happy young insurgents of the 1950s when I discovered fandom are now old farts with receding hair, clogged arteries, and a belief that the world was bright and new when they were, but has since gone to hell. Even Harry Warner gets touched by the syndrome now and then, and he's probably the most amiable member of the older group. (Of course, there are exceptions; I was *never* amiable. Ask Harlan Ellison or Ted White or Piers Anthony. Or even Sandra Miesel, who claims I've "mellowed shamefully" over the years.)

"Nobility" of Pickett's Charge? "Stupidity" is a better term; Lee's stupidity, rather than Pickett's. A reminder that nobody is perfect.

The drug culture has come and gone in Midwestern fandom; I can't vouch for the Southern variety. The Midwest had druggies at its conventions, but they were tolerated when they wanted to be loved, so eventually they went elsewhere. Small loss; I can become interested in the visions of Manly Wade Wellman or L. Sprague de Camp, but not in those of some pothead.

The difference, Ned, is that people who are allergic to tomatoes only harm themselves (and annoy their families) by eating them. People who can't handle alcohol kill innocent victims -- mostly with cars, but now and then with guns. Aside from the fact that harming yourself frequently -- not always -- leads to disuse of the product, while

harming others frequently doesn't. Smokers harm mostly themselves and continue to use the tobacco, which would seem to be prime proof that tobacco is an addictive drug. Which makes tobacco a gray area; people should be allowed to harm themselves if they want to, but smoke can harm anyone in the area who breathes it, so banning it in crowded locations like offices and restaurants seems logical.

Ben Indick

428 Sagamore Ave.

Teaneck NJ 07666-2626

I think we have on rare occasion corresponded, long ago, but it was a pleasure anyway to receive **Challenger** 3. I no longer receive many fanzines, as I am retired and therefore do not have the time. Fortunately I still receive a few and these are the cream -- you know them, you get them too. Lan, Steffan, Sabella, Sadler (good to see him in this issue), Boardman, Girard, Lynches, the Katz mob, more too, all provocative and well-written. My own are a pitiable Thank'ee in return! And now **Challenger**, adult, beautifully assembled, a true treat!

I loved Elizabeth Binker Glock's fascinating "caving" piece -- no "spelunking"! I am too claustrophobic to explore. In Egypt three years ago I took two steps into the Great Pyramid's passage (leading to a bare room, I am told) and, gagging, beat a retreat. However, I love commercial caves, and have enjoyed many. Best of all, a mindblower, awesome beyond dreams, sculpture to make a Henry Moore bow, Carlsbad Caverns, an original work by the Master Artist, Himself.

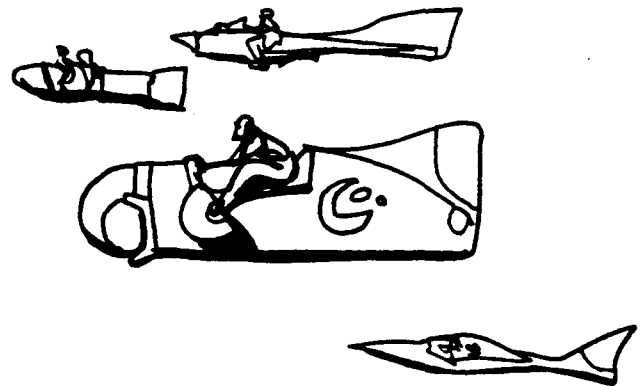
Krawecke is touching, but hell! she got *some* valentines at least, even if Teddy's was generic. I never got *any*. Your editorial naturally had to move a dinosaur, recalling the pleasure of pulps of our youth. Recently I obtained a copy of the February 1936 **Astounding Stories** because it has HPL's "The Shadow Out of Time" with Browne's gentle, ruminative art. It is a pleasure to have, although I am not a pulp saver. I wanted this because it was H.P. Lovecraft. (If you are a fan, you will be interested to know the complete mss. of "TSooT", hacked up here, has been found

and will be appearing, perhaps from Arkham House.) But in your essay, to find it all in such a manner, with letters, signatures and all in a mess! Unfortunately, I do think this is not unusual. Many fans are solitary and others, even their own families, do not share their obsession nor think much of it. Bill Benecke, a friend and co-member of a small group of us meeting at Steve Fabian's monthly, lived alone and was a fanatic collector of autographs at cons. He had many books as well. He did not show up one month, no calls either. We wondered. It turned out he had suddenly died. Whatever happened to his collection we do not know; his brother claimed to have given it to a library. Probably much was tossed into the garbage. However, I recall a marvelous collection of drawings by Edward Hopper I saw in a Nyack Museum (his birth home). The owner was a garbage man who had found them, thrown out. Now they bear his name! My spouse, not a lover of fans, would say it is typical, but you and I know better, Guy, don't we? Don't we?

Your sequel [More! Moore!] is funny, although not for you. I suggest if you can find a typical issue [of a pulp] to buy it, as I did with my lone *Astounding*. It is enough. Such cupidity on the part of Moore's heirs after you apprised them of its value is not unique. As for the shoddy shape of the stuff, I have seen such false description in far larger auctions. A very dear SF friend of mine for decades -- by mail, in a distant city -- died many years ago. He had a great collection, distributed all over his house, up each step, on tables, under the piano, the attic, the cellar, etc. He once wrote me that after his death I would be given my choice of any one of his books. This included treasures. (We used to swap books as gifts every Christmas anyway, albeit not treasures.) I will tell you that unless I were approached, I would never have taken this offer up, and maybe not then. Well, perhaps because he did not put it into his will, or perhaps because their lawyer did not look hard, I was never asked. And I did not ask either. Indeed, I offered to suggest venues for selling the collection if it was not wanted. His daughter dumped the whole thing

to some dealer and then had the chutzpa to ask me how to invest the money in books. After dumping a complete set of Arkham! I was disgusted at her disposing so blithely of her father's dearest memory and cut her short. I hope my kids will keep my stuff. Who knows?

Your Simpson piece resonates in the "Jim" story. In each a jury reacted with surprising swiftness and also each claimed to have intuited aspects untouched by investigators. Most whites assume O.J. got off because of race. Maybe. Probably. You supported Jim and later figured the jury was right. Whatever, O.J.'s prosecution is disgracefully peddling its soul to publishers, each of whom, I hope, will lose its shirt.



I trust Ricia and you loved Show Boat. It is a marvelous show. In our recent visit to New Orleans (see below) I noted the rear-paddleboat Natchez, a pretty enough tourist sight but merely cruised around the harbor, sometimes with a band, but not Kern! Nor did Hal Prince direct its movements.

We had quite an adventure getting to Show Boat; not only was the winter weather over New York dreadful, our subway train first stalled, then exploded, and it was only blind luck that we were able to find a cab into Manhattan. Still, we made it to the show, and the show was pure magic. When the character Joe sang "Ol' Man River" and hit those low, low notes, I thought rivets would pop out of the seats.

I am sending my humble zine with a brief account of our recent visit to New Orleans, which we loved. I always do accounts of our trips, usually with an attached photo, and some have been reprinted (and lengthened) in *Lan's Lantern*. Tom Sadler will use my latest, on Middle Europe, and if you wish an outsider's possibly ludicrous view of your home city feel free to use it. Incidentally, the illness I suffered has not reoccurred, thank goodness, nor did extensive tests reveal its causes.

So Harry Warner is a TV freak!

Well ... I wouldn't put it that way ...

I wonder how he squeezes it in between LOCing every single fanzine ever published, all of which make their way to his mailbox. My fellow FAPAN used to save space in his own zine by compacting the letters and lines, without paragraphing, so that his zine appeared to be one long word. He finally gave up and made it legible, which is good, because Harry has earned his stripes as SF Fandom's historian.

I gulped to see Jerry Collins art and quickly checked the date. Alas! not current. He was a star in my zines many years ago, and I still miss him. Do you know where he is and how he is doing? Such a talent, however disorganized. Your other art is fine, particularly the cover.

I have been doing some stories. I have one each in two Barnes and Noble imprints. I think that it [writing] can be a learned skill, for me anyway, and I am getting better. In this case I learned -- with only five days till deadline -- of a book requesting stories no



longer than 750 words, fantastic, B&N again. I was steamed that no one told me, because after all I was "in" with them now. (Hoo hah.) And I know one of the editors, which is no guarantee, but still better than *not* knowing any! So, not knowing whether they even still wanted any stories, I challenged myself to do one a day. It is hard to keep it down to 750, but I did on the first one, barely on the second, and I wrote a third, the easiest and funniest of the three, which came in at 650, on day three. They only pay \$35 each, but I am doing it for fun. If they miss, I think they are good enough to enlarge a little and try elsewhere. Like Challenger!

Please!

I read an interesting article in yesterday's *NYTimes*. I forget which state it is, Texas, I think, is doing away with food stamps and giving the recipients a charge card to use. They can only use it at specific places which have the technical stuff to handle the card, a computer system to see that it is still all right. It prevents selling stamps, for one thing. I had a clerk one time in my Bronx pharmacy who often bought them. He would save lots of money on food and the sellers could buy drugs or booze. The card could not be used for tobacco or liquor. Still, it is only as good as the store is honest, because finagling is easy. I think it would be a good idea, and would also be less noticeable than tearing out stamps, with the denigration it incurs in public.

Mayor Guiliano of NYC proposed having welfare people help out in the schools on routine class breaks and such, instead of having teachers do this. Probably a good idea if some dignity and a minimal salary accompanied it.

We ate out with good friends, born-again Republicans, and I am amazed how touchy and protective [the man] is of an opportunistic, selfish, greedy shit like Newt Gingrich. That crumb's last outburst, you recall, blamed the welfare system for a lunatic murder, and that was only his latest foot in mouth episode. With a little luck: he will prove himself so dumb in his shrewdness that he will become too much of a liability for the GOP. I am meanwhile unhappy about sending our troops to war zones, especially a quagmire like Bosnia, but

I concur with Clinton anyway. However: If it is for a specific and a limited time only! We still have almost 50,000 soldiers in Korea, after all these years! And a raft in Okinawa and Europe. It stinks.

By the way, we liked Gallatoire's!
Next time you're in town give me a call; Dolbear and I know some locals' spots you'd enjoy as much. (Of NOLA's grand dining experiences, I always preferred Breakfast at Brennan's.)

Darrell Schweitzer
 113 Deepdale Rd.
 Strafford PA 19087

A copy of **Challenger III** turned up in the "everyone look at this" basket, so I guess you must have sent one in to **Worlds of Fantasy & Horror**. My first impression is that you have nice printing & layout, all benefits of the computer age and cheap photographic printing. I for one do not regret the passing of the mimeograph.

My second impression is that there is a lot of anger in this fanzine, what we used to call "bad vibes" in the old days. I don't actually see how someone's criminal record is relevant to what he does in fandom, though. If you want to complain about a person, at least stick to what he's done in fandom or prodom, rather than on what we might call (for lack of better terminology) mundane time. I can't believe that everyone in fandom is all that innocent. I can think of one venerable fannish figure who had a reputation for having been arrested on what they used to call "morals charges," and I don't mean Walter Breen either. I'm not mentioning names because I'm not sure it's true (though the person in question is dead); with Breen, it was true. He was in jail for precisely that (or had been arrested for that; I am unsure of the details) when he died. This strikes me as a far more serious matter than passing the occasional (or frequent) marijuana pipe around, or even getting together with your friends and indulging in mushrooms.

I can't agree that whatever a person does outside of fandom should be ignored inside the genre. I don't want a Breen or a dealer trolling

anywhere around kids, let alone at a place/event I go to have a good time.

Of course I agree about the relative harm such people do, but consider the harm anyone who flaunts the law -- in public -- might do to a convention. He could get the con busted, he could get the concom sued, by the hotel or by an underage attendee's family ... No, no, anyone who wants to do something illegal at a convention should keep it cautious and keep it private, just to keep it courteous.

I actually find myself wondering when precisely Curt Phillips stopped going to conventions because of his concern over the "drug problem." Was it twenty years ago? Fifteen? I think it's been at least ten since I saw a marijuana pipe passed openly at a party. It used to be quite commonplace, even at the pro parties. However, one soon learned that if you didn't want to smoke it, all you had to do was politely pass it on to the next person. Now a combination of anti-smoking sentiment and a lower tolerance to drug use have put an end to this practice. It's also been a long time since I've passed a *private* pot party at a con, the sort that takes place behind a locked door but is detectable by the characteristic fumes. Possible hotel detectives are no longer as tolerant of this sort of thing as they were 25 years ago. Maybe if Curt would start going to conventions again, he'd discover that things had changed.

More anger: you on Kent State. Yes, I remember how it felt, but those four did not die in vain. They helped re-energize the anti-war movement, which was sagging about then. Most historians seem to indicate that the anti-war sentiment didn't become a *majority* opinion until after Kent State, the revelation of My Lai, and the invasion of Cambodia. Even then, it was no sure thing. The one time I truly felt ashamed to be an American was when the public rallied behind William Calley. There was even a sicko "Ballad of William Calley" that made it onto a few backwoods radio stations. But a lot of people seemed to feel "It didn't happen and they deserved it anyway," or that Calley was this poor, honorable soldier who was just doing his duty to

God and country and trying to stay alive. Well so were the guys at Auschwitz. Very few of them wanted to be there or enjoyed their work. My feeling at the time was that Calley should have been shot. While there were doubtless many other people responsible, this didn't make him less guilty. Even more disturbing were constant rumors that this sort of action was standard procedure, and that My Lai was only the case we found out about.

This might surprise everyone, but I actually have some sympathy for Calley. He was a limited man dumped into an insane situation and expected to impose sanity on it; instead, he became insane himself. I frankly don't know what I would have done with him, in terms of retrospective justice; but a hero he was not; you're right that the adulation heaped upon him was repellant. The bottom line is that America just didn't understand and couldn't handle Vietnam.

O.J. Simpson: Yes, of course we all know he is guilty. He's the Lizzie Borden of our time, with exactly the same problem: there is no other plausible theory of the crime. So no matter what he says or does, people *know*. He will never live a normal life. He will never be "forgiven" outside of some parts of the black community. He will be robbed of the one thing he's based his life on, celebrityhood. He *can't*, ever, go out and be the beloved, public figure he once was. He's like an actor who is banned from the stage forever. I am encouraged to note that he has failed to show up at the various self-promotional events he's been scheduled for, usually because of fear of being hounded by N.O.W. -- as well he should be. He's not innocent. He -beat the rap, which is very different. He'll go down in history that way, and there's nothing he can do about it.

I'd like to see media figures constantly reminding him of his disgusting "pledge" to "devote the rest of his life" to finding the "real killers." How's the investigation going, O.J.? Any suspects on the golf course?

Anyway, I do not think he will get off completely free. He will be slowly ground down by public awareness of his guilt. While he seems

to be a pretty tough character, who brazened it out once he recovered his composure, he could crack, and his life could end in suicide.

However, you weaken your own argument (p. 12 and following) when you start talking about the mindset of black people, particularly black women. How could you know? Have you made an extensive study of the sociological data? Do you have intimate knowledge of what goes on in black households? Are you perhaps married to a black woman, and therefore have some contact with this culture through your in-laws? No, I don't think so, if you have to drive around and observe ordinary black people the way you describe yourself doing at the top of page 13. What you've got here is bad debating technique, an enormous opening you're leaving for an opponent.

I work daily around black people from the lower economic environment, crack users and their families; I've worked closely with black people from the middle class at Charity Hospital and the state unemployment office; now I argue law side by side with black lawyers and occasionally do so before black judges. I listened to the responses of black folks of every economic stratum to the Simpson verdict, and to the rationalizations afterward from Oprah Winfrey on down. The general black reaction to the verdict is historical record. The fact that I understand where that bitter response came from doesn't mean I must deny that I saw it, nor ignore the fact that it was inhumane, unrealistic, racist and stupid.

Your account of the Harry B. Moore house & collection is also a downer, though what I was left wondering was whatever happened to the really unique stuff, like the Lovecraft correspondence and the original artwork.

Who knows? Gone.
The pulps are replaceable. The Gray Lensman issue of *Astounding* can be had in near-fine condition today for less than the cost of a hardcover book -- maybe about \$15 or even \$10 -- if you know where to look. The "Buck Rogers" *Amazing* sells for astronomical prices in the comic-book field, but among SF or pulp fans, copies can still be had in at least two figures. I

got mine as part of a lot, for what averaged out to about \$5.00 a magazine.

But we are always encountering horror stories like this, about the collections of old-time fans being dispersed or destroyed like this. The worst in recent years was the case of Bill Benthake, an elderly New York era fan who was an incredible autograph-hound, and by inference must have had one of the largest collections of signed first editions in the universe. Even I signed huge quantities of books for him. (But he did me a kindness in return. When my *The Shattered Goddess* was remaindered, and the publisher, in violation of the contract didn't offer me the remainders first, Bill went around to various stores in the New York area and bought about 200 copies for me, which he let me have at \$2.00 apiece. I don't know what he paid for them. If he made a profit, bless him. I sold them for \$6 apiece.)

When Bill died, his relatives, who apparently despised science fiction and everything Bill had devoted his life to, threw his collection into the dumpster. All of it. Signed Stephen King firsts, Arkham House books, everything, a good half-million dollars worth, maybe.

I encountered another case recently. A junk dealer at a flea market had some very interesting books. He told me that he was emptying out a house in West Philadelphia, and that there were thousands of books and magazines. This had been going on for weeks before I discovered him, but for the remaining 4 or 5 weeks of the flea market season, it became worth my while to get up at 6AM every Sunday and meet this guy when he unloaded. Each time I went away with my car trunk full.

The dead man had had interesting tastes. A lot of vintage mystery paperbacks. Some rare horror. Not at Night anthologies from the 1920's. A lot of hero-pulp paperbacks. Literary first editions, early New Directions etc. One Donald Grant book (*Act of Providence*). A Ron Goulart book on comics. A crate of Mad imitators from the '50s, plus one issue of Mad which ironically contained an article on how to put out an imitation of Mad. Some science fiction magazines. A lot of

mystery magazines, including very obscure ones. One of the Stephen King issues of *Startling Mystery*. I got all this at \$1.00 for hardcovers, 25¢ for paperbacks, and lots of deals for whole boxes taken at once. Here was somebody who read some SF, preferred mystery and horror, went through the trouble of sending for books from England (I even found his name on a Blackwells receipt in one book, but it didn't mean anything to me), so he wasn't just a casual reader. He had a few small-press fiction magazines from the '70s, so he may have been on the fringes of fandom.

I felt like an archeologist trying to piece the story together from the evidence. Was this a fan? Who was he? I could tell that he didn't take special care of his books, though he didn't let them rot, the way Moore did. It might merely have been an advantage of the less-damp Pennsylvania climate.

Of course I was treasure-hunting. This was the sort of guy who *could* have owned all the major Arkham House books, and they would have been out on the pavement at the flea market for \$1.00 a copy. If so, I missed them. I still did rather well by him, though.



Harry Andruschack
P.O. Box 5309
Torrance CA 90510-5509

Received Challenger #3 today. A bit of a surprise, since I receive few fanzines nowadays.

And I doubt if I have anything important to say this time around after reading the zine. I did note a lot of writing about drugs, for and against use, for and against legalization and so on. But ... NOT ONE DAMNED COMMENT ON TREATMENT? We have a major drug crisis in this country, helped by 12 years of Reagan and Bush cutting funding for treatment. Clinton has done little to restore money to treatment programs, and I doubt if his vaunted National Health Plan would include much of it.

Yes yes, I know I know. I am a teeny-weeny bit biased here, since it was a treatment program that saved the life of *this* alcoholic. I am now over 11 years sober, active in AA as the Secretary of the Sunday night "We Agnostics of Torrance Group of Alcoholics Anonymous," and I have seen the wreckage of all those who bought drugs.

That includes marijuana. From conversations with the dual-addicted in recovery, I get the impression that ... YES! ... pot is addictive, but only for a minority of users. And I am talking physical addiction. Just as alcohol seems to be physically addictive for maybe 10% of the population, which of course includes me, grass seems to be se}ectively addictive. This seems not to be understood by those who want it to be 100% addictive or 100% non-addictive.

O well, what else? Being gafia, my last con was the 1993 Corflu. I have not even bothered attending the local sci-fi cons put on by the local sci-fi club (lasfs). I minaced out of FAPA as my old spirit-duplicator broke down beyond repair and I was unable to find a replacement...they have all been junked, even those that were in working order.

Nowadays my social life is centered around various Scottish social groups. Tomorrow, for example, is the annual St. Andrew Day banquet held by the local St. Andrew Society. I will be reading a poem by McGonagall as part of

the program. Burns suppers come in January.

Oddly enough, I see nothing wrong with the O.J. Simpson verdict. Given that Mark Fuhrman did say he would manufacture evidence against mixed-race couples, I think there are grounds for reasonable doubt. *Did* he plant the evidence? Who knows? But here again I must inject some anecdotal evidence to the effect that you can hear story after story in AA, NA, and other 12 step meetings about police planting evidence. It does happen, you know.

I noticed my name being taken in vain on page 81. In response to the question "What is it about the post office that makes people flip out so?" I can answer: stress and frustration, or maybe frustration and stress. The Post Office is a pressure cooker style of environment, with managers and supervisors who know nothing of labor relations after World War One concepts. Moving the mail as fast as possible, "making the numbers" as high as possible, that is what is important. Quality of service is quite secondary, I assure you. Move the mail, even if you move it to the wrong location. The welfare and happiness of the workers is not even in consideration.

Without the Unions, the situation would be far far worse as there would by opposition whatsoever to the many supervisors who believe the 13th Amendment to the Constitution should not be made to apply to the Postal Service.

Dave Drake
Box 904
Chapel Hill NC 27514

I didn't hear about Kent State when it happened. My first knowledge of the massacre was an issue of an underground paper -- *The Berkeley Barb*? I've probably got it somewhere still -- that a friend sent me. The account made me so angry I felt sick. All I could think of was, "If those bastards want to kill somebody so bad, they're welcome to have my job and I'll go back to law school."

I was riding a tank in Cambodia at that time, as a field interrogator (MOS 96C2L94, if anybody cares) with the 11th Cav.

Jack Chalker has spoken with pride about

his service with the National Guard during the Vietnam War, and I know one (count them, one) National Guard ground unit served in Nam (with distinction). Ever since I learned of Kent State, though, a National Guardsman to me is a murderer commanded by cowards.

Again this will surprise you, but although I hold those killers at Kent fully responsible, and still would jail or bury the lot, I don't look down on the whole Guard. A citizen's militia is probably not a bad idea. Its effectiveness depends on its leadership, of course ... and the decency of its mission. Two failures at least in the Kent State case.

Alexis A. Gilliland
4030 8th Street South
Arlington, VA 22204

Challenger #3 arrived the other day, a nicely turned out piece of work, though at 95 pages a bit on the long side. Your editorial take on the 1970 shooting at Kent State demonstrates very clearly how one's memory is selective, weeding out unwanted details. Two paragraphs evoke the excitement of your own anti-war activity, but the segue to Kent State in the here and now is almost pastoral. You say nothing about why the National Guard was sent in, or how they -- high school graduates in uniform -- were treated by their peers who had college exemptions from military service. I followed the incident closely at the time, reading about it from a variety of sources. What a pity I have to rely on my own selective memory.

Your judgment on the National Guardsmen, "unspeakable cocksuckers," is heartfelt, impassioned, and so lacking in charity as to be utterly wrong. The poor bastards were not trained in riot control, and some fool general sent them into a riot armed with ball ammunition. Once there, the students treated the guardsmen with the same energetic disrespect they had rehearsed on other authority figures, taunting, jeering, throwing rocks. For what it's worth, a jury acquitted the National Guardsmen of whatever charges were brought, because the jury felt the shooting had been provoked. What I particularly remember is

that the anti-war riots, which had been widespread, stopped abruptly after the Kent State shootings.

That jury was only reflecting the common national prejudice of the times, which was murderous resentment of anyone who opposed Richard Nixon's policies. I see no reason to give its findings any more respect than that of the Mississippi panel which freed the Klansmen who murdered Goodman, Chaney & Schwerner, or the lumpheads who acquitted Simpson. A jury verdict means that the government cannot punish the defendant for the specific crime of which he has been accused; the rest of society must accept that consequence of the verdict, but no one need buy a bigoted jury's idiotic rationale.

And you misremember the weeks following the massacre: as I said in my editorial, it galvanized political opposition to the war; it raised the sights of the anti-war movement from the streets ... to the people. Well I recall pounding suburban pavements collecting signatures on the McGovern/Hatfield amendment against the war. It took a while -- longer than we college kids had patience for -- but eventually, Americans being smarter and better than the murders at Kent had implied -- it worked.

At the time I was still a hawk on the Vietnam War, and the spin I chose to put on Kent State was global; that the anti-war demonstrators all over America weren't serious. That they looked on the whole business as a lark, but once they saw they could get *killed* demonstrating, they stopped doing it pronto. As a verdict on the anti-war movement, "not serious" holds up pretty well, and is perhaps the source of your intense anger as you relive your memories. After all, when one felt so strongly about the issue, how could one *not* have been serious?

Sigh. Only in 1970 the U.S. Government wasn't serious, either. In his 1968 campaign Nixon declared he had a secret plan to get the US out of Vietnam, and from the Haldeman diaries we learn that this plan was to abandon our South Vietnamese allies by making a separate peace with North Vietnam. Only, of course, the timing had to be right; get out too soon, and by the time the

1972 election rolled around, the North would have taken over the South and the electorate would just naturally hold losing the war against RMN. So Nixon continued that war for most of his first term before putting his plan into effect at the Paris Accords in the summer of '74. President Nixon was reelected right on schedule, and the South didn't fall until the spring of '75, also right on schedule.

Had Nixon been forthright about betraying our allies "in the National Interest" and done it at



once, we might have been spared 20,000 dead in Nam, and, closer to your heart, the innocent bystanders at Kent State: Allison Krause, Jeffrey Miller, Sandra Scheuer, and William Schroeder. Innocent bystanders in America have names and faces and memorials. In Nam, they were used to swell the body count, and for its last two years that whole war was being waged for the sole purpose of reelecting President Nixon. I suppose

I have a little anger from those days myself.

Closer to my heart even than those four names is that of Jimmy King, my cousin, which you will find inscribed on the Vietnam Wall. In 1958 he taught my timid soul how to climb trees; ten years later he taught me that the Vietnam War wasn't worth what he gave it.

I don't think our government is serious about drugs, either. Your editorial commentary on drugs in #2 was a bland restatement of the official position, offering little in the way of either comment hooks or original thinking, so I passed on it. Still, it provoked some interesting responses. In his letter, Milt Stevens offers the LAPD's idea of serious choices: His suggestion of letting the government "sell confiscated drugs at bargain prices" to disrupt the drug infrastructure has been tried on an ad hoc basis, notably in New York's 31st precinct, and Philadelphia's 35th. Alas, the result was the total corruption of those precincts, all the way up the line. Some of the cops weren't even cashing their official paychecks they were so flush with money stolen from dealers, and from the resale of confiscated drugs to other dealers.

Not all of his ideas are unworkable, though. For domestic affairs, the Chinese method-summary (i.e. no constitutional rights for the accused) execution of dope dealers and users, worked, at least for China. For foreign affairs, he suggests "military force," a polite euphemism for the invasion and occupation of the cocaine producing areas in Central and South America, which surely ought to work better than what we are doing ... at least until we have to invade Afghanistan's poppy fields. These ideas, conservative ideas, tough on crime ideas, would be enormously expensive in terms of American blood and treasure, but they might well end American drug abuse.

How we are "fighting" the "War on Drugs" is pretty pathetic. Congress, by way of showing that they are tough on crime, enacts mandatory sentencing laws which fill our jails with first time offenders, most of whom are poor and black. Talk about unfunded mandates! Alabama, for one, has refused to approve bond issues to build new jails, and the result is: "Out with the

old, in with the new" as prisoners typically serve about 20 percent of their sentences. Virginia has also balked at the major expansion of penal system proposed by our Republican Governor -- who would have cut education to pay for it -- while Massachusetts is farming out prisoners to Texas.

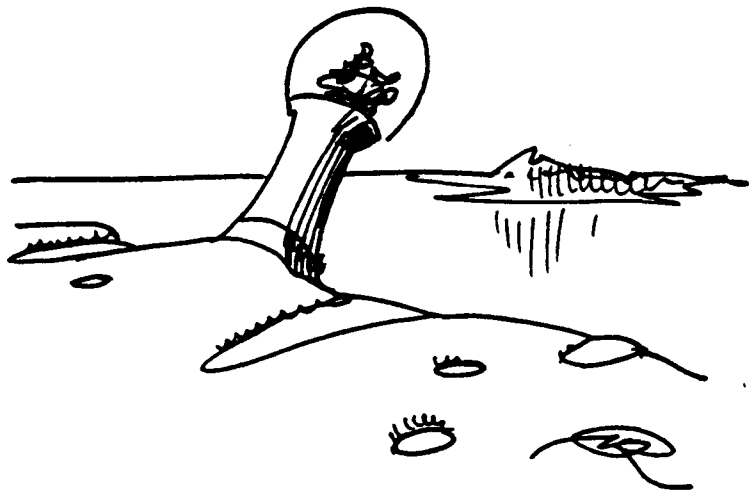
In the field, the DEA provokes paranoia about UN takeovers by flying around in black helicopters, and gives substance to the fears of the militia movement by routinely bursting into houses in the middle of the night, often with bad information. Do they ever apologize? No, though once in awhile they lose a lawsuit for damages. At the border the DEA interdicts about 10 percent of the incoming drugs, an involuntary tithing which serves only to keep prices high on the street. To catch appreciably more would be inconvenient, requiring so much inspection that international trade would grind to a halt as each and every shipping container waited interminably to be certified as squeaky clean.

Still, every so often the Feds *do* crack down on one of the drug lords, the French Connection, the Medellin Cartel, the CIA's own General Noriega, and most recently the Cali Cartel, all of whom (except Noriega) were described as "supplying 80 percent" of the morphine or cocaine sold in America. Invariably, smaller entrepreneurs take full advantage of this opportunity, and a new drug lord pops up like Kleenex in a box, driven by the insatiable demand of the US market. A funny thing, the reason the Soviet Union fell was because in the long run a Repressive State will always lose to the Free Market, and Capitalism will triumph over Lesser Ideologies. With regard to drugs, the US has become the Repressive State, while those energetic entrepreneurs on the side of Capitalism and the Free Market are the bad guys.

Did I mention that we are filling our jails? Consider the number of state and federal prison inmates; the baseline number was about 200,000 from 1961 to 1974. It has climbed

steadily ever since, with a 1995 figure of 1,004,608 in state prisons (up 9.1 percent) and 99,466 in federal prisons (up 6.1 percent). At the end of 1994 the US incarceration rate of 565 inmates per 100,000 population beat out the Russian incarceration rate of 558 per 100,000. By way of comparison, our rate is 8 to 10 times higher than in other industrialized nations in Western Europe. America is Numero Uno in locking up its citizens, and the boast that we are "The land of the free and the home of the brave" is a nasty, sarcastic echo from an earlier time. The principal reason for the incarceration increase is, of course, the halfassed way we have chosen to fight War on Drugs.

Perhaps we should change our approach, he said. What we are doing is working badly, and since we are unwilling to go the Chinese route (which does us credit) maybe a little rethinking is in order. Something radical, like: Stop treating the problem as a war and start treating it as an epidemic. Which means prophylaxis, including education of the young, and humane treatment for the addicted victims. This is admittedly a soft and liberal sort of proposal, but it is preferable to the choices offered by Mr. Stevens, and I submit that it is preferable to our present policy. A disclaimer; I drink beer or wine in moderation, and use quite a lot of caffeine. I don't smoke tobacco or pot, and I don't do recreational chemistry, so my interest is not personal. However, if we start treating the drug problem as an epidemic, it is clear that we



must stop jailing the victims, which means in turn that the drugs themselves must be decriminalized if not made 100 percent legal.

Legal drugs? Egad! We can begin by noting that alcohol and tobacco are drugs, but legal. Even though they do a lot of damage; smoking is implicated in lung cancer and heart attacks, while alcohol induces brain damage, cirrhosis of the liver, and is involved in many, if not most, traffic fatalities. It is probable that legalizing marijuana and THC, its active ingredient, would not increase the total damage, but merely spread it around in more categories. In other words, yes, there would be an increase of marijuana-related morbidity, but it would be mostly at the expense of alcohol- and tobacco-related morbidity.

What about the hard drugs, then? Well, we already have in place the methadone maintenance program, offering the substitution of the less pleasurable methadone for the preferred heroin. If we can get rid of our Puritanical aversion to giving pleasure to others, especially the poor and undeserving, I see no reason why cocaine and heroin maintenance programs couldn't be set up, as well. This has been done in England, with the consequent reduction of drug-related crime. The Brits, of course, have socialized medicine, which makes for the easily controlled distribution of all sorts of drugs. Granted, the program may not have reduced the overall levels of addiction which must, to some extent, reflect the desire to escape from an unhappy social reality.

America, of course, has a much happier social reality than dreary old England, in spite of our awesome incarceration rate. Even so, if welfare were reformed to include access to one's drug of choice, it might do wonders in the way of tranquilizing a whole lot of young, poor males whose sober consideration too often leads them to view crime as the least evil choice available. Congress wants to be tough on crime? They lie! What Congress wants is to get reelected. Well look, Congress: The last time crime declined for ten years in a row was after the 21st Amendment repealed the 18th Amendment, and with it, Prohibition.

There were lots of guns, and gangsters using them during the Prohibition Era, but it wasn't gun control (the Sullivan Act comes to mind), or more ruthless and clever enforcement, or even the invasion of Canada that brought an end to the killing, it was the relegalization of alcohol. Why? Because repeal eliminated the profit motive for bootlegging and moonshining. Once alcohol was back to being a commodity, like wheat or cotton, it ceased to be the exclusive property of lawbreakers. At which point these law-breakers no longer had any reason to fight over the control of a busted franchise. (This was the Depression, remember; cannabis sativa, renamed marijuana, was outlawed to provide employment for those suddenly redundant enforcement officers who used to chase those now unemployed law-breakers.) To be sure, after repeal there *was* an increase in alcohol abuse, and its related pathologies, but this was offset by the drop in crime and official corruption. Treating drug addiction as an epidemic to be controlled and minimized should have pretty much the same effect. That should do for now.

Fred Herman

112-15 72nd Road, Apt. 409

Forest Hills, NY 11375

fah@cunyvmssl.gc.cuny.edu 1/ 24/96

Hi there!

Thanks for sending me **Challenger #3**. Very nice cover (and interior) art, by the way; since the only other heavily illustrated zine I receive at the moment is **Wild Heirs**, I'll have to try to get used to cartoons and filler illos by people other than Bill Rotsler.

Whoever the goddess you wrote about is, I certainly hope you either marry or have already married her. I'm reminded of someone I met at Arisia in 1992 and corresponded with for a year; I met her, and felt about her, pretty much the same way, although in my case the story did not have a happy ending: a number of what I think were misunderstandings -- partially -- led to our breaking off contact exactly a year later, at the same con. (Shed no tears. I am currently accounted for, though the wondering always remains.) May your story end more happily.

Agreed that the universe is big, beautiful, wonderful material (and future real estate, one hopes). So how do you feel about the new planets discovered at 70 Virginis and 47 Ursa Majorae, the 1500 new galaxies just found, and the likelihood of there being at least five times the number of galaxies previously thought? (The irritant: we've discovered far more of the universe than we'd expected, yet used far less than one would have thought in, say, the late 1960s. The colonies, alas, are nowhere in sight, even as the country seems to be getting somewhat more interested in space again.)

Regarding your "Midnight Rambler" comments on apas: For some reason, I've been less than successful with them, even though I belong to two (APA-NYU and **The Leisurely Researcher**). Partially the problem is the (sometimes) implied pressure to respond to everybody, every issue, partially it's coming up with new material which is not a response to someone else, but it can also be simple economics. In an apa with a copy count of 60, it's not affordable unless I can keep my entire contribution down to one or two pages. So, although I appear in the abovementioned apas, I do so sporadically. Zines of the **Challenger/Wild Heirs** variety are much easier, since only a low is required, and the material one writes *outside* of the letters page ~ can affordably be of much greater length than an apa zine.

But that's just my view. **Challenger's** a fine zine; I look forward to more of it.

Tom Feller
Box 13626
Jackson MS 39236
ccws74a@prodigy.com

I'm surprised you had so much trouble with a text scanner. When I was still doing **Smart-Ash**, Rickey Shields and I occasionally used text scanner. We started about 5-6 years ago, when Hewlett-Packard first came out with one. (Rickey works for a HP dealer and gets to play with all the new toys.) Our initial results were much as you describe. It would have been just as

fast to have typed the text in. However, they improved over the years until the scanned-in text needed little editing.

I agree with you that anyone who wants to publish a fanzine should try an apa first. I think the greatest benefit is the discipline of having to make a deadline. I'm planning to put out the **SFC Bulletin** on a regular basis, which my apahacking trained me to do.

Studying the award winners in any particular art form is a good education. I spent a couple summers in my youth reading the Hugo, Nebula, and Pulitzer winning novels. I have not seen every movie that won the Oscar for Best Picture, but those I have hold up well.

*Indeed! **The Life of Emile Zola** ('37) is still stirring, and **Leaving Las Vegas** has little advantage over **The Lost Weekend** ('45). True, **The Broadway Melody** ('29-'30) is a bit dated, but **Casablanca** ('43) is as good as it ever was.*

(Although mentioning that movie is cheating.)

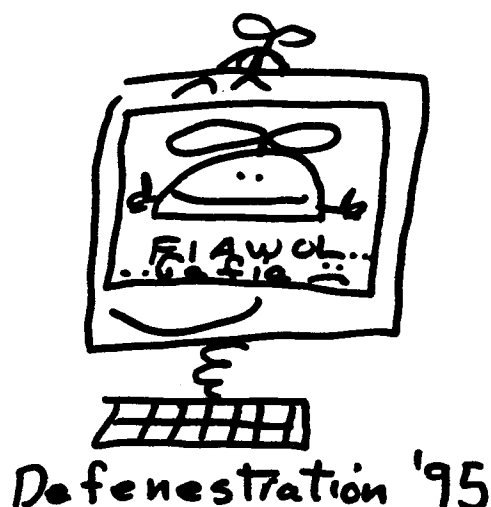
I'm a little puzzled by Gene Stewart's comment that most fanzines lack articles. Does he not read zines such as **File 770**, **Mimosa**, or **Fosfax**? Or does he mean something different from the pieces that appear in those zines?

Regarding the Confederate Battle Flag, I am enclosing an article that ran in the December 4 edition of the **Clarion-Ledger**, Jackson's daily newspaper. It describes a recent Ku Klux Klan rally in Mississippi. Here are some relevant passages about the flag (the italics are mine):

Some 10 or so members of the Ku Klux Klan -- seven men and three women -- were carrying tables and T-shirts and Confederate flags and electronic equipment from their vehicles onto the gazebo on the square. Included on the gazebo were an American flag, a Christian flag, and a Confederate Flag. On either side of the [speakers], as they addressed the audience, stood a Klan member holding a Confederate flag attached to a cedar club.

Like it or not, the Klan and other racist organizations have co-opted the Confederate battle flag, making its use by organizations such as the Southern Fandom Confederation impossible.

So let's take it back! There's no reason our



understanding of American history and Southern heritage should be controlled and poisoned by the dogs who want to turn both to their own ignorant agenda! We are proud Southerners because of the character of men like Lee and the courage of the boys in butternut and gray ... inchoate virtues utterly foreign to those who have polluted the Stars & Bars with their tripe.

Actually, the flag has not been the symbol of the SFC for several years. The current symbol, the patch emblem, actually resembles a St. Andrew's Cross more than the Confederate battle flag. There was more support for the patch than I anticipated, and I haven't found anything I like better, so I'm keeping it for the time being.

As you may remember from our days in LASFAPA, my company does pre-employment drug testing. Many of us had qualms whence started, but it has turned out to be one of the best decisions the head of the company ever made. The greatest benefit is that everyone can have confidence that the guy next to him can pull his weight. Other benefits are fewer accidents on the job, less employee theft, and lower employee turnover.

Thank you for the kind remarks about my first issue of the SFC Bulletin, and let's see some

more issues of Challenger.

Elizabeth Osborne
137 Emerald Lane
Lima, Ohio 45802

I got and read issue No. 3 of Challenger and really liked it. I was never a watcher of Northern Exposure but very few producers of TV can leave well enough alone. Get a good product and they run it into the ground. A good example of this was Twin Peaks. I watched very closely the first year but the beginning of the second year just lost me and I never watched again.

I was very pleased with Dennis Dolbear's trip account of London. I went there with my family in August 1991 and saw many (but not all) of the sights. I wrote a trip report that Lan's Lantern is printing. I loved the city and it was great to read again about so many of the sights that I loved. On the other hand, I always got a good night sleep in London, no one yelling "Streets of Fire" in my ears! I'll glad that he enjoyed St. Paul's Church. I thought it was wonderful too. I got a thrill on seeing the Duke of Wellington's grave (first carved for Cardinal Wolsey no less) and the two story high memorial for Charles Gordon. A pity that he is not really buried there (his body was never found). I had always thought that the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields was a small music college somewhere in the countryside of England (with 50's style buildings). Guess my surprise when I found out that it was a church near the middle of busy London. Since Dennis visited the National Picture Galley, I wondered if he saw the statute of George Washington outside. No one believes me when I tell them there is a statute of George Washington in London.

I loved the story [by Linda Krawecka] on Valentine's Day. Not because of the story of heartbreak but because I had just got a copy of the movie Rodan. I, however, never saw until after I read the article.

Rich Dengrove's article on Witches was good but it seemed that he focused on late medieval, early modern period as though witchcraft was from that period. In fact, witches

were mentioned in Classical literature, including the early biography, *The Golden Ass*. Witchcraft was also illegal in the pagan Roman law codes. I also read in my historical research during the reign of Charlemagne of a noblewoman who lost her sister. The woman was charged and found guilty of witchcraft. As punishment, she was sealed into a barrel and thrown into a river. A rather strange story.

Henry L. Welch
1525 16th Ave
Grafton, WI 53024

Thanks for Challenger 3. I found some aspects of the issue to be very unusual in that they gave me good comment hooks when other more apparent items did not.

I found Dr. Binker Glock Hughes' cave article very close to my heart. As a long time caver and NSS member (approaching 20 years) I found the issues responsibly presented. Unlike such movies as *Batman Forever* where they give the impression that the BatCave is only a few hundred years old, the age of most caves is staggering in human terms. I find an almost unbelievable arrogance in people who will wantonly destroy something that took thousands of millions of years to create.

When I visited Mammoth Caves the tour guide pointed out smoked initials early tourists had left on the roof, and the stubs of small stalactites some had snapped off as souvenirs. "Nowadays they'd get a jail term," he noted. If they survived to reach the surface.

Conservation is obviously a key interest of the NSS. On a side note, it's hard to tell since I haven't been there in years, but it sounded like Binker was describing the Garrison-Chapel Valley. I know this isn't the only place with a caving shack/barn, but ...

I agree quite a bit with Harry Warner, Jr. in regard to *Northern Exposure*. My wife and I used to watch *Northern Exposure* starting with the second season. I guess we found the fresh themes to be a welcome change from most TV fare. Unfortunately we found the last season to be

a huge letdown. With Joel going native (among other bizarre personality mutations) and the musical time slots we gave up. I don't even feel the urge to watch the missed episodes in syndication.

Fred Chappell
c/o English Department
University of North Carolina
Greensboro NC 27403

Thank you for sending along Challenger #3. I was taken by the Long John Silver cover and enjoyed leafing through at random, observing names in the LOCs from the good old days: Willis, Warner, Speer, et al. Didn't read your editorial until last.

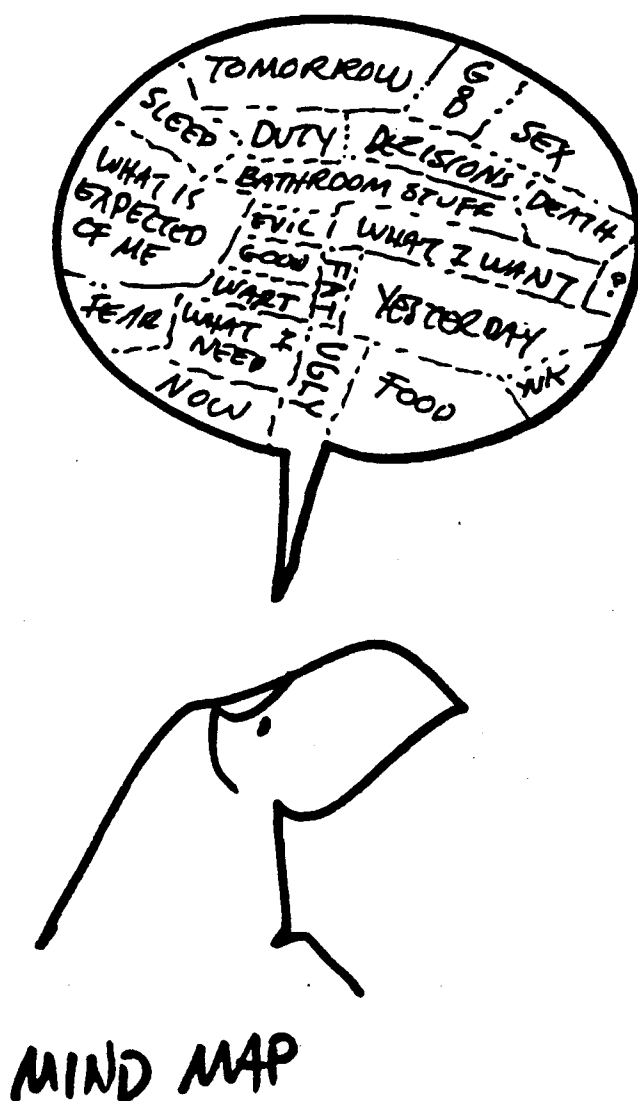
That struck me strangely. I remember Harry Moore. When I met him at the first Nolacon (I must have been 15 rather than 13), he was a quiet and genial and polite person, ready to be forbearing to the no doubt obnoxious adolescent I must have been. I remember being impressed 44 years ago by his collection and can almost recall some of the paintings. Also, I'd never been in a house with a courtyard.

It saddens me to think of his later years. The kind of change that came over him is probably common enough, but I know only a few to whom it has happened and each time am made to remember more strongly how they used to be ...

I suppose the news about Mr. Moore was not really a blow for me. But a palpable nudge, nonetheless.

Challenger is neat and legible and wonderfully readable. I enjoyed it all -- the con report, the columns, even the fmz listings. It's obvious that some things have changed while I've been absent from fandom, but that many have not.

I might take exception to the notion that all my work is concerned with the poetic mind. But then I might not, since I consider most minds to be poetic -- only sometimes muffled in that respect because of dailiness, hard knocks, sorrow, and fear. But don't tell my students I said so; I tell them something entirely different.



MIND MAP

John Thiel
30 N. 19th Street
Lafayette, Indiana 47904

Challenger certainly lives up to its name; very challenging publication. As I understand it, you were President of the Southern Fandom Confederation for a term, and as I didn't receive

their Bulletin, I know nothing of it. How'd you get to be President?

Assassinated Meade Frierson, my predecessor.

No. I lie. The dull truth is that when Meade got sick of the job I got myself elected at a DeepSouthCon and served three terms before passing the buck to outstanding successors like

P.L. Caruthers and Sue Francis.

I am assuming that this zine is available for the Usual when I say that I had better get busy and LoC it if I want to receive future issues. And I would -- it has something of the spirit of earlier fanzines, such as those revolving around Air Wonder Stories.

A good psychological interpretation of a witch hunt is worthwhile reading, but do you know what I've found to be the least available material on witchcraft? Historical documentation. It's hard to prove with literary evidence that there really were witch-hunts in Salem. Those have usually been described in passing rather than with direct documentary evidence. A person who put together a serious book on the topic with full historical description could, it seems to me, make a fortune -- not that he would be able to spend it right away.

A lot of the writers in the issue seem to bring on topics that are similarly sidereal. I think that substantiation would solve a lot of the problems with the "parallel worldism" concepts some of the fanzines are complaining about. Has one really seen what one has seen, or is one's evidence at best phenomenological? Especially space phenomena and items somewhat displaced in news coverage like the Challenger program.

Here's hoping to get issue #4.

You hold it now.

Joe Green
1390 Holly Avenue
Merritt Island FL 32952

Thanks for issue No. 3. Challenger is rapidly becoming my favorite fanzine (it starts with the name, which has obvious resonance with me, and goes on from there).

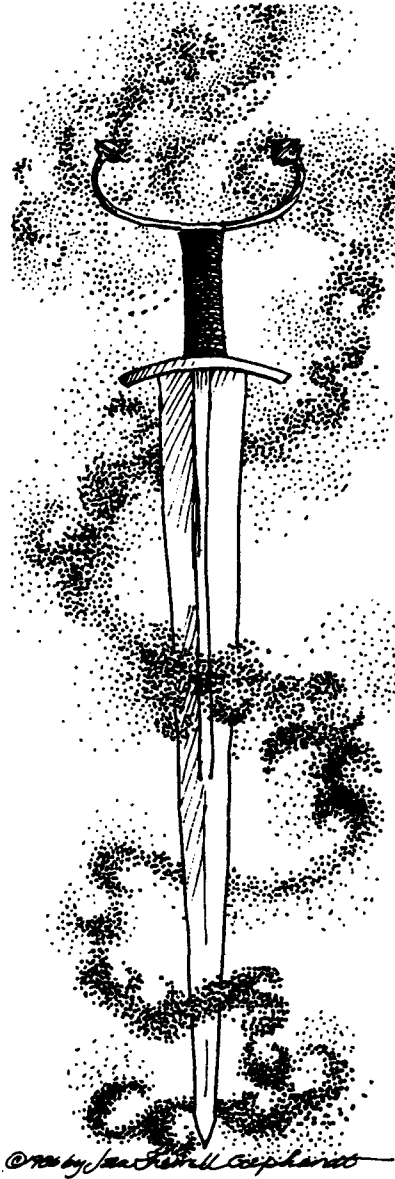
You carried the first notice I received of Harry B. Moore's death. I regret very much that you never got to meet the Harry B. Moore I knew

(and I always called him Harry B., especially after he said I was the only one who did, and he wondered why). For many years he was one of my closest friends -- warm, generous, outgoing and giving. One has many casual friends in life, such as you and I, but most of us can count a lifetime list of really close friends on our fingers -- usually of one hand. And for me, Harry B. was one of those.

I met Harry B. in person when I was seventeen, after a year or so of correspondence. He and a friend, Earl (?), were returning to New Orleans from Torcon I in Toronto, and he swung by Northwest Florida specifically to meet me. We hit it off so well he invited me to visit him for a week, and my father borrowed enough money (there being none in the house at the time) to pay my busfare back. That was the first of my many trips to New Orleans, where I met and mingled with a generation of fans who preceded even John Guidry, Justin Winston, and other young newcomers to the N.O. scene (such as Jim Mule and Guy Lillian, among many others). The last time I saw him in person was in the summer of 1964, when I was relocating from Seattle to Northwest Florida and we (wife and two kids) stopped in N.O. for a week's stay with Harry B., then living in the house in Harahan. So we were very close friends from '48 to '64, and remained in touch via correspondence for several more years after that last meeting.

I couldn't begin to describe all the kindnesses Harry B. did for me, asking nothing much in return except my friendship (well, there was the ringjob I did on his old Chevrolet in return for a ride back home, but that's another *looong!* story; remind me, some night when the wine has flowed, the bottle count has gone from "A" to "F," working on "H," and the hour is mellow). He saw an advert for an electric water heater that worked by being attached to a bathtub faucet and heating the water as it passed through. He ordered it for us, because our house had no water heater (big pans on the kerosene stove, and carry the hot water in). It didn't work worth a damn, of course, but it does show his

thoughtfulness. He loaned me money once when I was desperately in need, unemployed and in danger of losing my mobile home and car. He took



me to lunch at Carpenter's, then (maybe now?) one of the most exclusive restaurants in N.O., where he had his own personal charge card. He

loaned me rare books, read my early stories when they came out, sent me a subscription to *Science News* to (as he so graciously put it) help me think of some new ideas instead of the derivative stuff I was writing. He took me to my first New Orleans strip show. We raced a hurricane across the Mississippi coast in the dead hours of a predawn night, when the Gulf in the moonlight was like a sheet of glass, preternaturally calm, ominously still -- and the storm came smashing in behind us, before we reached Florida. Oh, yes ... memories, and a friendship deep and abiding, that I thought would last forever. (And remind me to tell you of the stray fan he took in in 1962, and how said fan soon stole two very valuable vases, hocked them, and split for Texas, where the cops caught him. He had a sister in Seattle, where we lived at the time, and I went to see her to try to get the vases back, or at least their value. She and her husband had no money, but she did talk to her brother in jail, and learned where they were. Harry B. promptly went and redeemed them by paying the pawn ticket. The N.O. police had an incontrovertible case, and wanted to extradite the thief from Texas and slap him in jail for a few years. Harry B. was torn -- he had liked the guy, until he proved to be a con artist. Since I had been instrumental in getting the vases back, he finally asked me to make the decision -- jail for the kid, or let him go. I thought about that a great deal -- the sister was a decent person, and I talked to her, she consulted her minister, and they were all undecided. Had the young thief learned his lesson? Would jail perhaps straighten him up, actually be good for him in the long run? Agonizing choices, with me making them for a friend who didn't want to take on that awful responsibility, for his sister whom I'd just met, for myself and my own conscience -- eventually I decided that three or four years in a Louisiana prison were more likely to do him serious harm than straighten him out, and recommended Harry B. not press charges. He didn't, the N.O. police got very upset with him but had to live with it, and the young thief was released from jail in Texas and went his way. (I've always wondered what happened to him, this young man whom I saved from serious jail time;

did he learn not to steal? Go on to a life of crime? enter politics and become a U.S. Senator?)

But alas, as they say in a lot of great literature, it was not to be. The cynicism and misanthropy which had always lurked in the background of Harry B.'s personality became stronger and moved to the forefront, where they began dominating his life. I paid him back the money that had saved me when I desperately needed it, and I continued to send him copies of my books and stories, but I noticed his responses were becoming infrequent -- and they eventually stopped completely. I went to the Harahan house once, while back in N.O. attending a con with friends, and (apparently) no one was home. I left a note on the door: *"Hey, Harry B! I am in town, at thus and so hotel. Call me, we'll come back out ..."* but there was no call. Was he inside, lights swiftly out when the knock sounded? I don't know. Perhaps I don't really want to know. Despite the growing misanthropy, the rising tide of distrust of everyone and everything, I thought I should be an exception ... I had always been a true friend, *me* he could still trust ... but it was not to be.

That's the Harry B. Moore I knew. I regret very much that you only got to meet him in stories, as the local fannish legend. You don't know what you missed.

On other matters in #3, I don't normally read travel articles, believing that travel, like sex, sunsets and symphonies (and that's only the "s"s"!) should be experienced, not read about. But Dennis Dolbear hooked me, perhaps because he saw a lot more of London than Patti and I have in two visits to England. A little lengthy, perhaps, but very well done. Your own short item on the back page was excellent, human and moving. Harry Warner's article on "Northern Exposure" was also very interesting, for those of us who loved that show. Rich Dengrove's article on witches was informative, and said a lot in a few words. The letter column was good . . .

I sincerely hope you don't get tired of putting out **Challenger**.

Not while I get letters like this one!

Pamela Boal
4 Westfield Way
Charlton Heights
Wantage
Oxon OX12 7EW
U.K.

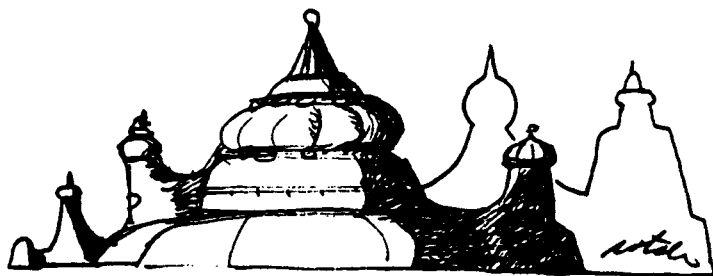
I was born in London and lived there for the first 17 years of my life (including the war years) but thought the London I knew and loved had completely disappeared. Thank you Dennis Dolbear for your entertaining account of how you found at least some of my London.

You mentioned the reduction in the number of book shops. I will add to that fact that Foyles (our son is general manager there) is no longer the biggest (single shop) bookshop in the world, a bigger one opened in Japan two or three years ago.

Robert M. Sabella
24 Cedar Manor Court
Budd Lake NJ 07828-1023

Migod, you are a name from the past! I recall reading your letters in the pages of DC Comics when I was a teenager. Like you, I graduated from comics to science fiction, and I have now been a *fan* on and off for the past 28 years.

Thanks for **Challenger #3**. Most of it was interesting, but parts were absolutely fascinating! Your writing was the best in the issue, particularly your memoir of Harry B. Moore, your inside look at the public defender's office, and your passion about such issues as the Kent State Massacre.



Nowadays it seems too many people are either totally apathetic about *everything* or their only passion is about things of selfish interest to themselves, such as making more money, or cutting back their own taxes at the expense of other segments of society. I have several relatives like that, and you can guess how well I get along with them! You have a healthy attitude which I appreciate (and hopefully share).

I also am fascinated with awards of every type (if not quite as obsessed with them as you seem to be) and I await your article about awards eagerly. Hopefully it will not be another year until your next issue, but since **Gradient** is a much-smaller semi-annual, I really have no legitimate gripe here, do I?

Teddy Harvia
701 Regency Drive
Hurst TX 76054-2307

Great trip report by Dennis Dolbear. Visiting monuments a thousand years old that do not belong to an extinct civilization, but a thriving one, can be a moving experience. London was impressive, even with the noise, dirt, overcrowding, and subway strike.

I loved your pun about the unfocused photographer accused of murder. It clicked!

Terry Jeeves
66 Red Scar Drive
Scarborough
N. Yorks. YO12 5RQ U.K.

A really great cover, Frolich has a touch of [Vaughan] Bode's, but less grotesque. On caving -- sorry I fuss, maybe it's a touch of claustrophobia, but you ain't getting me down holes. Interesting though. "True Hearts" -- ye gods, what a crazy game "Stallions" sounds -- how old were the players?

The editorial on pulps really brought back the nostalgia of the era. I've just started selling off my collection to insure it goes to someone who wants it rather than suffer a

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

similar fate [to Harry Moore's collection]. I've sold some Ifs, all my Galaxys and Astoundings 1930 to 1953. Know anyone wanting 1936 issues?

The O.J. Simpson trial seems a travesty and farce. Ridiculous to allow such an affair to be a TV spectacular. Did he ever explain his fleeing in a car? Not the act of an innocent man.

"A Fart of a Fiendish Scheme" reminded me of TV subtitles when atmospheres cause distortion -- "Juice" for "Jews" was one beauty I saw. Enjoyed the cartoon on page 18 but wonder if many non-American readers will get it as "pecker" isn't in common use over here.

Ahem

I enjoyed the London trip report even though London is a place I try to avoid these days. Too busy and impersonal. Last time I was there misdirections drove me twice around Marble Arch. A nicely illoed piece full of life and action both text and illos.

Witches/demons/nasties etc. It's all in the mind such trivia depend on their existence on the mentality of the individual, the age and the society. "God" has equal standing -- or non-existence. It all depends on beliefs.

I appreciate (and share) your appreciation of Astounding's Doc Smith/Van Vogt days, but sadly they are no more. I've just discontinued my Analog sub -- end of a 63-year love affair. Modern Analog is too bland, heroines (heroes are out) must be black, lesbian and underprivileged. Illos (I won't call it "artwork") seem stuck on characters eying each other pensively or looking at a VDU. Bring back Dold, Wesso, Schneeman etc.

Excellent LOC section and overall very good artwork, top-notch printing and a zine to be proud of. Hope you can keep'em coming.

*Swell my head with such letters and I will
certainly try.*

Milton F. Stevens
5384 Rainwood St. #90
Simi Valley CA 93063

From your account in Challenger #3, it sounds as if Harry B. Moore had gone beyond the moreorless normal states of fannish reclusiveness and introversion. One might suspect that the

attacks he experienced before, during and after Nolacon I might have helped him along the road to complete paranoia. Of course, being worldcon chairman can lead to paranoia, hysteria and general mental breakdown even if one isn't normally inclined to be that way.

Your mention of the \$6,750 price for an original Earle Bergey cover definitely did something to my sense of wonder. I admit I'd like to own a Bergey original. It's not that I think Bergey was such a tremendous artist, but his covers are associated with my earliest contacts with science fiction and have a considerable nostalgia value. This led me to include him on my nominating ballot for the retrospective Hugos, even though I think Lawrence Stevens was the best artist practicing in 1945. But for \$6,750, I think I'd pass.

And \$300 for a copy of Amazing with the first Buck Rogers story? I'm sure glad I own all this stuff already or I couldn't afford it. Your mention of the Lensman issue of Astounding brings to mind one of my favorite collector stories. I first acquired a copy of that particular issue about 30 years ago. Upon inspection, I discovered it was autographed. Having E.E. Smith's autograph was nice, but the interesting part was to whom it was autographed. The inscription read "To Robert A. Heinlein, whose work I have admired since reading 'If This Goes On,' (signed) E.E. Smith." If it were authentic, it wouldn't have seemed to be the sort of thing Heinlein would have parted with, but I couldn't think of any reason anyone would have faked such a thing. I kept that particular copy for about a dozen years until I eventually met Heinlein. I asked him about it, and he wasn't aware it wasn't still in his possession. So I gave it back to him, and he sent me a hardback first edition of Farmer in the Sky autographed on the day of the first Martian landing. I've since acquired another copy of the Lensman issue.

As Harry Warner notes, TV ratings and survival are certainly a strange business. For many years, it seemed like the TV industry would cancel any series I liked. This led to me not even owning a TV set for about ten years. With cable, there is enough non-network stuff that I can get at

least some use out of a TV. It is strange that the ratings now don't just numbers of viewers, but also the age group of the viewers. If a show attracts "the wrong sort of people," it gets the axe. They express their ratings in percentages. So if there are only 100 people in the entire country still watching network television, a network is happy to have 51 of them watching their show. This is all supposed to be for advertising dollars, but somebody seems to have missed the fact that most TVs have mutes. I personally don't listen to any advertising, except for movie trailers. If I had to listen to the advertising, I wouldn't bother watching TV.

Rich Dengrove might be interested to know there are still a few practicing witches around. In Los Angeles, most of them come from rural Latin America where such things are still commonly believed. They do a lively trade in spells both benign and not so benign. I guess it beats trying to sell oranges on the freeway on-ramps. Gypsies still deal in spells, but I don't know whether they actually believe in that sort of thing or will merely try any scam which might work.

Roy R. Wood
4709 Rutherford Drive
El Paso TX 79924-6904

Charles Broerman was kind enough to forward a copy of your *Challenger* fanzine, #3 as a matter of fact. Not my usual reading fare, but quite enjoyable nonetheless. The illustration in the rider [More! Moore!] woke a few memories. Difficult to believe though that anyone would pay \$6,750 for a *Thrilling Wonder Stories* cover by Earle Bergey. During that era, Bergey was severely panned by most SF fans.

At one time I owned a copy of that particular magazine. I had quite an accumulation of the old pulp mags of the late 1940's, from 1946 until early 1950. However, most disappeared over the years; went into moving vans and never came out again. All I have left is a run of *Astounding Science Fiction*, Oct. 1948 - Oct. 1950 inclusive with some odd issues before and since. But I do

have a library of almost 800 books, mostly paperback and predominately SF.

Concerning *Challenger*, I particularly enjoyed the dissertation on witches by Rich Dengrove and the political satire by Tom Sadler. As for your editorial comments, I can agree with them, but I feel that I must add a bit about the Vietnam War. I don't derive any joy from the events at Kent State, and similar demonstrations other places, but Vietnam should be taken in context of its own time. We had a treaty commitment to South Vietnam and we didn't honor it. The U.S. proved to the entire world that our word is utterly worthless. I was there and I believe it more worthwhile to have protected Vietnam then than to be intervening in Bosnia now.

Regarding the controversy over drugs and alcohol, I have decidedly mixed feelings. In the end though, it comes down to this; it's your brain. If you want to fry it, go right ahead. As a matter of fact, I believe anyone should be able to do anything he wants as long as he/she doesn't harm anyone else in the process. Emphasis on not harming anyone else. The difficulty with drugs and booze is that the user frequently does harm someone else.

Just in case you see fit to include this in your "Epistles," may I insert a personal plug? Anyone out there who remembers the young teenager from Boone, North Carolina, drop me a line; I'd love to hear from you. I'm at long last becoming active on the pen pal circuit again after being in FAFIA status for some 45 years. These days I'm a retired Army Master Sergeant; spent 30 good military years as a communications electronics technician and then was an electronics instructor for 10 more at a local tech school.

Brad W. Foster
P.O. Box 165246
Irving TX 75016

Man, it's a kick getting these thick issues of *Challenger* showing up in the postal box. Way too many zines these days are kind of flimsy in both weight and content. Afraid when Cindy and

I get our first issue out as editors of the Texas SF Inquirer, it'll be a bit thin, due to the budget, but I hope it will at least be interesting.

Your tale of the difficulty in getting a workable scan off of Dennis Dolbear's trip report reads like of those stories where someone has gotten a bit too caught up in the new technology. I mean, figuring in all your time involved not only in going through the thing line by line to decode it, but also the time at Kinko's and scanning and such, wouldn't it have been easier/less time consuming to have done the old-fashioned transcribing? Of course, it did give you a nice two-pager here to talk about the weird typos that resulted, so actually it gave you a plus.

Harry Warner's lament on the end of Northern Exposure was certainly heartfelt, but he himself makes it quite clear he thought the series was deteriorating, so why should it have been kept on, when even a loyal fan like himself was no longer enjoying it? Too many shows do just that -- squeeze out that last bit of advertising bucks, even when the creative juice has long since run

dry. Keep the good memories and enjoy the reruns, Harry. And keep an eye out for the next interesting thing to come down the pike. (Since Harry says he only watches one regular series at a time, he could still be watching and hating NE episodes, and possibly not even being aware of anything else.)

My favorite part of the London report was at the bottom of page 55, top of 56, with his discovery of not only something you find to be a personal treasure, but one which you can obtain for next to nothing. Ah, those moments are few, and must be treasured!

As far as what [Canada's] Aurora Award looks like, I *think* that's what one of the folks on stage at the Hugo ceremony at Conadian was showing us, and it looked lovely as a series of glass plates, set at different angles to each other, rising from the base. What was an extra nice touch was, viewed from the top, those pieces of plate seen on end spelled out the name of the award. Very nice. (Or was I just dreaming the whole thing?)

Widespread tolerance of the drug culture at conventions (from Curt Phillips' letter). I don't see that any more than a "tolerance" of smokers or drinkers or gamers or anything else. Now you might run into the occasional extra-rude person involved in something you'd care not to be, but, all in all, I've had not problems finding the stuff I like, and avoiding what I found bad news.

Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Road
Gaithersburg MD 20882

I think I probably already said it, but ghreat Frolich cover -- try to keep'em coming (a vain hope, I know, but worth a try!). I kind like that killer insect illo [on More! Moore!], but the b&w doesn't do it justice and it *does* depend on just how much the buyer wanted it.

I've never done spelunking for spelunking's sake, but just as I changed my major for my Master's degree from Geochemistry to Solid State Science, I went ahead with the field trip requirement ... across the Canadian Shield. At one point, we had a letter from the Canadian



government allowing us to bring any *nuggets* we could carry back across the border. This referred to silver, as there had been some problems in the past. At one of the mines there was no way any of the females in the group was allowed down. Aside from the usual superstitions, it seems that they had, once, allowed women to visit and the first one down the elevator (you'd have to see them to understand this) stuck her head out and was decapitated. So that was the end of that. On the other hand at *Alnico's* mine, we went waaaaay down and knew there were trucks rumbling around over our heads and still far underground. It gave me a funny feeling to get down into the end of one of the shafts, where it was mud and digging to go and root for anything I wanted to cart out and exactly what was over my head. I think I'll pass on spelunking as a sport if you don't mind.

George Flynn
P.O. Box 1069
Kendall Square Station
Cambridge MA 02142

Dennis' London trip report was entertaining. I've been to many of the places he visited, and several more are high on my list for whenever I get there again. I note that you didn't catch all of the scanner-induced glitches: I'm particularly fond of "the street signs had been taken down ... and simply had never Oxen replaced" and "Covent Garden Markey Square itself, tamed in song and story."

Speaking of typos, I'm pretty sure that in my loc I disparaged "American historical *literacy*," not "legacy."

Re Proper Boskonian's "very detailed con reports (Evelyn Leeper seems to dissect every panel)": And that's after they're edited down!

Rodney Leighton
R.R. #3
Pugwash, Nova Scotia
B0K 1L0 Canada

I read "Midnight Rambler" and was amazed at the copy rate you get. I figured out what it would cost me to copy this issue ... 300

copies of 96 pages each. The very best rate I could find, I believe, would be *nine cents* per page. Add on 7% Federal tax. Add 11% Provincial tax to the total. \$3,078. Another \$1,000, at least, for postage. That, along with becoming totally paranoid about producing and sending stuff to people who might not want it has led me to cease all publishing.

There's no guarantee I'll find #3's amazing two-and-a-half cent/page printing rate again; I lucked into it last time because the Quik Copy had had a slow week and needed an influx of bucks. I wish you hadn't given up publishing because you're worried people might not want to receive your stuff; fandom is supposed to enjoy hearing from a variety of people, including total strangers. Has anyone been so crass as to tell you to stay away from their mailboxes?

I [recently] began wondering where all the femmefaneditrices were. Yes, I was lured into fandom by a female ... Leah Smith. Yes, I know that Stet was supposed to be a joint effort but I always perceived it as Leah's zine, Dick being in the background. There are a fair number of couples publishing, like Nicki & Richard Lynch, the Welchs and a few I haven't seen. But, are there many fanzines published entirely by the fairer sex?

Well, Geri Sullivan does that fantastic Idea, which I need to someday obtain. Bridget Hardcastle does Obsessions and I understand there are a few other Brits doing zines. Australia has Jean Weber with Weber Woman's Wrevenge. Canada's Margot Dame put out an issue of Hissy Fit. I can't think of any others. Can you? Any ideas why?

Pugwash is an Indian name, meaning "deep water," taken from the harbor. Some things do change [locally]. This summer, a guy about ten miles away was murdered, apparently because he gained legal custody of his son by his first wife, which prevented her from obtaining a house through welfare. So, her boyfriend and another guy came up and slit the poor bastard's throat. And, yes, the Pugwash group was awarded part of a Nobel prize. Actually, Cyrus Eaton had a

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

summer home here, in the village, and he started the thinker's conference with something like seven people. The things are now too large for Pugwash but this is what led to Joseph Rotblat and others establishing the "Pugwash Movement" aimed at the elimination of nuclear armaments and world peace.

I can see why people would want to eliminate nuclear arms, but why eliminate world peace?

Ned Brooks
713 Paul Street
Newport News VA 23605

Good issue. I have had that problem with the scanner too -- sometimes the results can be improved by fiddling with the intensity and contrast and dpi settings, but a lot of trial and error seems to be involved.

Wrong about the layout of Gettysburg in my case -- I would have a hard time remembering the layout of any battle even if I had ever seen it, my mind just doesn't work that way ...

Milt Stevens' letter about the LAPD drug wars does not inspire much confidence in the advance of civilization -- similar draconian "solutions" to the presence of an unwanted minority were proposed by every tyranny in history, from the 14th century witch-hunters to the 20th century red-baiters and fans of apartheid. This is one American citizen who is certainly too "squeamish" to condone wholesale slaughter or poisonings as a solution to anything!

Rich Dengrove
2651 Arlington Dr. #302
Alexandria VA 22306

All the people in *Challenger* are very busy this time around. On the cover your space pirate is going "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of bay rum" while a schmoo stands on his shoulder. Maybe later on he'll climb up some rocketship with a sliderule in his teeth a la 1950s Kelly Freas.

Binker Hughes is busy spelunking. She's braver than I am and more rugged. I couldn't go miles on my knees or be fit enough to fit through those little holes. But of course she's more rugged; she's a woman.

For the record, Binker is a most charming and

feminine lady.

A pubescent Linda Krawecka is busy playing Godzilla with her man, Teddy. She never realized that while a man would jump at the chance to play Godzilla with a woman, he'd never invite that same woman to the prom.

You, Guy, are busy back in 1970 vicariously demonstrating at Kent State. Fortunately, you weren't there in 1972 when I was. By then it had returned to being a party school. People told me the student body as a whole was politically concerned for maybe six months, maybe less.

You are also busy with your book collecting, women, apahacking and looking up at the sky. But what aches most is your unrequited love, some pieces of Harry Moore's collection, and your unrequited dislike, O.J. It is best not to dwell on the last two: life's not only unfair, it has three aces up its sleeve at all times.

Tom Sadler is busy explaining the "Contract on America" to Dr. Windlebeam. A task as hard as any undertaken by an *Challenger* contributor. I've known people like the good doctor. In 1963, I tried to explain the Christine Keeler affair to a Turkish fellow who was having some trouble with English. He finally said, "Isn't that horrible, having a Christian Killer loose?"

Harry Warner Jr. is busy trying to figure out why they canceled *Northern Exposure*. I disagree with his conclusion, though. Given my sister's experience in Hollywood, high school sorority egoboo is probably less the reason and take-no-hostages war within the network is probably more the reason.

Dennis Dolbear is busy on his tour of London. It is actually several tours. One is a personal tour, which are a dime a dozen. Another is a tour for English lit majors and another is for historians; they are a dime a dozen too. A tour for science fiction and fantasy fans is something new, however. Perhaps he could come back the next year, formally organize one and make a bundle.

Of course, I myself am busy. A nest of witches always keeps you busy.

Watch your back, Rich.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
P.O. Box 20610
Seattle, WA 98102

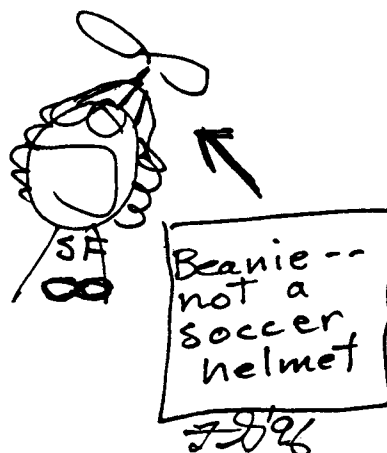
Hi Guy.

Me been meaning thank you for Challenger 3. I spoze by now you got #4 and #5 out. Me always very behind while do travel, hunt for book to read, or to put in my antiquarian fantasy catalogs that smart readers them like shop in. Me very wise and literate soul, you know, cuz me like books so much, am trying be good writer too. Is true you nineteen year old? Me think fanzine read like old geezer fanzine. That high praise.

Speaking of old, last week in paper I see story old nuns some with Alzheimer in head, others still jolly old gals think good sharp things, making jokes Bishop's small dick, like that. Turns out ones who get Alzheimer cannot write good sentence structure when teenagers before they nuns. They write essays about "Why I want be nun," this way back 1917, there big war back then, you not remember, being nineteen. Them nuns that still darn smart, they write real clever sentences when they young, say like, "Be nun for God, help world," but them fated to Alzheimer, them write, "Be nun for devil," they not understand how it work.

I used worry I would get Alzheimer so would not drink Coca Cola if in cans, for fear aluminum get me and me become stupid when old. But seeing how I make good living from writing sentences, I no worry now. No need fear aluminum cans anymore. Me can also start using again aluminate under-arm deodorant, friends stop complaining, "Why you stink?" Oh, and I know good joke about Alzheimer. "Old-timer disease." Pretty good huh.

Also them old nuns give their bodies to science. That how the science know for sure the senile dead ones have Alzheimer and not generic stupid-sickness. What I not understand is how give body to science when they give body to nobody when they alive? What if science decide use body to experiment in disgusting way? What if science men necrophiliacs? It okay, nuns sign paper say



go ahead science, my body all yours! I used to carry driver license that say, "Go ahead you science guys," me think maybe someone get head run over by truck and need new brain, can have mine if I dead. But no more. Throw license away.

There one more thing about that nun story that bother me. Why they become nuns in first place? Story in paper not even say they was Catholics. You think they was?

Right!

Nola Frame-Gray
P.O. Box 465
Inglewood CA 90307-0465

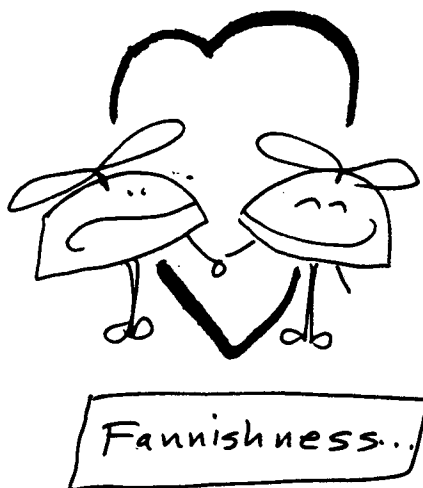
Again, I thank Ted White for my receiving this fine, albeit eclectic zine. To think, were it not for him and his ... ah, colorful review, Challenger and I might never have met. Fortunately we have and I continue to enjoy each plump, multifaceted issue. To think, for years I have raged against this tradition of showing unclad females in all their glory -- but never the menfolk. To think I was here as Challenger broke new ground showing us that marvelous illo [by Dave Ryan] wherein a certain dickhead ... er, a certain part of the human male anatomy got put through the ahh ... wringer. Talk about your "Main squeeze." never again will I decry the lack of

male nudity in SF fanzines! I promise, I promise ...

Gee, I've made history.

Good piece about spelunking by Elizabeth Hughes. I was crogged when I read: "In any room, you walk to other passages that enter it, and look at the room from each angle. Cave rooms don't look the same from different vantage points, so you need to know What It Will Look Like When You Come Back ..." I thought that was something *everybody* did when they're in a new place. I guess my assumption has to do with the fact that I had to teach myself this trick just to be able to navigate around city streets since I was too nearsighted to read street signs. Still, I have to wonder. Is this something that Hughes had to consciously teach herself while she was learning cave climbing unique to Hughes or so other rock climbers, cave climbers and the like have to learn this as well?

Here's a quote from your editorial: "[Harry Moore had] obviously collected owned wonderful things. But he'd treasured none of them. He seemed to have treasured nothing. He'd let the wonderful things rot and he'd let his house rot, and he'd let himself rot ... and I had to wonder, what for?" I've know several people in my life who adore collecting things but lack the capability to keep their treasures in good condition



... or to keep track of them for that matter. Just because I don't where a particular beloved book of mine is, it doesn't mean that I don't treasure it any less. Your comments hit home because my dear husband is the same way. You might not guess, by looking at the condition that his things are kept, that he gives a fig as to what happens to them or not. For Louis Elver, the true worth of a book is not the possession of it, or keeping it pretty, but the chance to read it and to share it with others. He is, as he likes to call himself, a "book pusher." He likes pushing those books that he likes at those he loves.

Lloyd Penney
412-4 Lisa Street
Brampton ON
Canada L6T 4B6

The cover's a wonderful one to sit and look at, to find all the details in the artwork. I have some of Dany Frolich's artwork elsewhere in my home ... on a beer cup brought back from Nolacon II. It's for the Krewe of Atlas for the 1986 Mardi Gras, depicting The Best Years of Our Lives, and Float #16: Thanksgiving.

Dany makes his living designing Mardi Gras floats, cups, posters and other paraphernalia; I refer you to my article about him in Let the Good Times Roll, the Nolacon II souvenir book.

I have seen programmes on caving ... they show the wonderful mineral formations, the huge dark areas and the creatures that can live in them, and one programme showed underwater caving. Watching the programmes, though, is about all of caving I really want. Just Not My Cup Of Tea. Speaking of which ...

Aaah, that's better. A cuppa to keep me going. Childhood was a rough time for me, especially when it came to being liked by others. I was smaller than just about everyone else, I was a year ahead of everyone else, and I wore dark-framed glasses, and my marks were good. I was the class browner, and everyone knew it. I knew that if any Valentines came my way, they were cruel jokes, and this lasted right up to high school.

The disposition of a science fiction collection is a menial task for mundane relatives,

and a tense time for fellow collectors. Unfortunately, in a case that happened in Toronto some years ago, a local fan died, and the vultures started to circle overhead. Phil Stephens was a Torfan in the late '70's and early '80's, and was a talented person with makeup and vacuforming plastic to make authentic costumes from movies like Star Wars. (Some of his work appeared in the old series *The Starlost*, which was largely shot in studios in Toronto.) Phil died of an epileptic seizure in his early '30s, and soon afterwards, some locals had the temerity to call his grieving parents, and ask to have some of the costumes and props he'd made, claiming he'd promised the goods to them before he died. What we thought was friendship towards Phil on the part of a few was actually greed to possess some of Phil's work. Their avarice was disquieting.

The most repellant thing about the O.J. Simpson trial was the sensational media coverage. It made "stars" of everyone involved, everyone got a movie or book deal, and the beginnings of a career talking about the case (both Clark and Cochran have been to Toronto to talk for \$\$\$\$), and justice was left in the dust. Not only did it clog the airwaves and the cable stations like CNN, but it even clogged the cable news services here. I phoned CBC Newsworld to complain that the coverage of Canada was sacrificed for the utter nonsense of a sensational entertainment trail in another country, and its resultant ratings, but to no avail. Newsworld's coverage paralleled CNN's, and real news in the United States and Canada was forgotten. Did O.J. do it? I DON'T GIVE A GOOD GODDAMN! WHO CARES? And, I know I'm not alone.

You discovered a great fan artist at a Kinko's. How many of us have done that? Yvonne did some years ago. His name was (and is) Phil Saunders. (Another Phil! Something in the naming, I guess.) Yvonne was taking our local con flier in to be printed at the Kinko's in downtown Toronto, and she gave it to the clerk behind the counter. He ran off 2000 copies, brought them over for inspection, and shyly asked if he could have one, saying he liked SF too. That

clerk was Phil Saunders.

He came to the con, made a pile of fannish friends, lived in a local fan shack for a few years, put his artwork into many art shows, and enrolled at the Ontario College of Art with the encouragement of fannish friends who enjoyed his cartoons and artwork. He attended cons between study sessions, and shortly after graduation, was hired by Nissan. Phil now is a lead designer and conceptual artist Nissan's studios in San Diego, another fannish success story. We figure he wouldn't be where he is today if Yvonne hadn't gone into that Kinko's.

Dennis Dolbear's article on London is timely because of the Scottish Worldcon just past; I just wish he'd had the trip during the Worldcon itself. Dennis, come to Toronto sometime ... we've got a Kensington Market, too. Think you'll ever get to Hay-on-Wye, the town of bookshops? I read about it in British fanzines all the time. Great trip report, overall.

It may be tough to find a copy of Clifton and Riley's *They'd Rather Be Right*, but I do have a copy, the Donning Starblaze edition. Damned if I can remember where I got it, but it's still mint ... and not that great a read, as I recall.

True, but I kinda liked Bossy the computer.

To go with the Hubble picture of the 6-trillion-mile high tower of cosmic dust, today's Toronto Star has a Hubble picture of literally hundreds of galaxies in a maximum distance shot. Gorgeous to see; after being fitted with glasses, so to speak, the Hubble has become a great tool for observing the universe.

That photo is indeed stunning, galaxies like ... grains of sand, to coin a phrase. A suggestion to NASA: a slick coffee table book of the best shots from the Hubble.

I'd like to find out how NRA members feel about the new mandatory gun registration programme in Canada, which will help the government keep track of the stream of illegal guns coming here from the U.S., and will connect guns with their owners in the event of a crime committed with a gun.

The Aurora Award has an interesting

design. When it's viewed from the front, there are curved and straight metal plates mounted on a wooden base, and a maple leaf punched through them. When viewed from *above*, the curved plates form the interlocking letters S and F. In Winnipeg [at the worldcon], Dick Lynch said that when he thought of the origins of the Hugo (hood ornament for a car), he'd rather have an Aurora.

Any plans on going to L.A. Con III? Yvonne and I will be handling the sales part of the Fanzine Lounge, so we are expecting to see a number of faneds come through our doors ... or whatever, not knowing what our lounge is going to look like.

With luck and pluck I certainly do plan to be there. I've never seen an L.A. Con and I'd love to write one up in Chall. Stops planned in Dallas, Tulsa, Boulder CO and maybe my old stompin' grounds, Berkeley. (Can anyone suggest cheap crash space in those first two towns? or any touristy places I should visit en route?)

Gene Stewart
HQ USAFE-IN
PSC 2 Box 6151
APO AE 09012

Challenger 3 reached me the last week of December 1995, and I'm gladdened of heart; it's a great ish, *full* of good things. In content and competence, it exceeds many "pro" zines, and certainly holds its own with all other zines. Sir Lillian, you can be proud.

"Welcome to the Underworld" proved that the subterranean is cool in all sorts of ways (see Foucault's *Pendulum* by Umberto Eco) and that Dr. Hughes can write evocatively and informatively.

"Three Hearts" by Linda Krawecka reads like fiction. It captures the cusp of change from one phase of childhood to another as well as I've seen it done. Good stuff.

Guy, your fittingly tripart Editorial prompts several basic comments/observations. First of all, you can write. Your stuff cuts through the crap, and your handling of moods, atmospheres, and emotive moments is expert. Part

I [re Harry Moore] about broke my heart. I've seen collections fall into decay, and I've also seen the apathy of mundane relatives casually destroying treasures, but your experience with Moore's estate was particularly tantalizing, in the mythic, sadistic sense. **More! Moore!** simply sealed the tomb of hope.

Part II [on Kent State] struck me as a tad overwrought (all's fair in lobe & hyperbole, eh?), but the feelings are genuine and, these days, all too rare. People do forget. Santayana had it right, alas, and P.C. ignorance has it very wrong. Have you read James A. Michener's book on Kent State? It's meticulous and even surprisingly condemnatory, considering the source (no pun intended; jeez).

If you'd like a more positive visit to Ohio, please check out the Great Serpent Mound. It's well worth it. It's the largest effigy mound and offers a sense of lost history that would surprise you hardly at all, eh?

Part III [on the Simpson trial] prompts me to urge you to loosen up, let your *real* feelings out.

"Fiendish Fart" cracked me up. There is a theory that language is innately patterned and thus nonsense is almost impossible, and this piece seems to bear that out to an extent.

Tom Sadler's "To Contract or Not..." was a long row hoed for few fish-heads planted. Yes, smoke and mirrors dominate the current spate of D.C. reality, but I disagree with the ultimate thrust, that it doesn't matter. It matters because, if we let them tap-dance things past us in a hasty blur, then we're not being cognizant of government, and that plays into their hands. Sure, [he Contract with America] will be forgotten in six minutes, but how many years, even decades, will its ramifications dominate? Better we know the source of our sorrows, methinks.

Alan Hutchinson's "Al Side" was a cock-up -- why set such a prime knuckle-dragger of a pun at a bus stop? Simply thinking of the Freudian potential for humor in the basic set-up has me picturing all sorts of other settings & scenes. By the way, this is my first cartoon critique since I noticed in print somewhere

(Fantasy Rotator, I think), that Gary Larson tended to over-caption out of insecurity.

Harry Warner, Jr.'s "Alaska, Poor Yorick" proves at least that he did, indeed, know the recently interred. It reminds me that all audio-visual entertainment is collaborative by nature, and when the entire group involved, or all the groups in the case of independent production companies linked with networks, then even good shows with good ratings can atrophy and fall off the vine. Also, it seems a shame that such a tasty confection is no longer available, but as luck dictates, there are other forms of mind-candy.

Ricia Mainhardt, Ghu bless y'heart, lass. What a warm, wonderful tribute. How much does treatment like this *cost*?

"Jim" is rivetting, compassionate, and real. It's some of the best writing ever to appear in a 'zine. It's both effective and affective, in the best sense emotional without sentimentality. Forget More! Moore!, let's have more of *this* vintage! This kind of writing helps keep you on an even keel, doesn't it? Works for me.

Dennis Dolbear's "LonDDon" is an evocative whirlwind walkabout that puts me in mind of a pal's "audio verite" tape he made as he did much the same things in London a year or so back. Great piece. Chance, and opportunity, favors the prepared mind, eh? All great cities should have as appreciative and articulate a spokesman as DD in London.

Rich Dengrove may want to look at Elliott Rose's excellent *A Razor for a Goat* from the U. of Toronto Press, 1975-ish, for further analysis of the root cause of the Witch Hunts. Eric Hoffer's *The True Believer* is much to the point, too. People are too often xenophobic sadistic apathists without an ounce of compassion for the less fortunate, is what it usually boils down to (as any episode of *Cops* proves), while on the flip side, the downtrodden and ostracized are usually desperate for some semblance of power or personal validation, and muttering curses and scaring the gullible is a tried, true method of getting a little of one's own back from the better-off in the community, who are so often also the

least charitable. [Signs reading] WILL WORK FOR FOOD meet all too often with [signs replying] GET A JOB ELSEWHERE in our Rushed, caring NewtCo country.

In other words, human nature sparks off this nonsense, whether it's demonizing witches, Jews, Reds, or Liberals. Elaine Pagels' excellent book on the devil pertains, too.

As for Dengrove's article itself, we never find out anything substantive. He sets his goal, then fails to reach it.

It never moves beyond quoted summations and bald, unsubstantiated assertions. I live in a village in Germany at the moment, for example, so the phrases "... even in Germany" and "... especially in Germany" instantly perked my skepticism. Why "even" and "especially"? No substantiation is offered. Is this good enough?

One is left with the suspicion that he got it out of a book, or books. He's recapitulating the two he's cited, it seems, but never leaps beyond them. "German peasant witch" is very probably an unexamined regurgitation of someone else's nonsense. Has Dengrove ever been to Germany? Has he made these observations? If not, then cite the specific source, please, or take un-P.C. personal responsibility.

Are their peasants in Germany, as the text of the article asserts? Please note that it's an assertion couched as a foregone conclusion. What's the operative definition obtaining in the article, in the purview of the discussion, or in the writer's references? In other words: according, ahem, *to whom*?



As yes, the old quoted authority, usually some academic who pubbed to keep from perishing. And in this performance not even citations are offered.

Claptrap results. This is the flaw of most scholarship on this type of subject, in which subjective pattern-shifting is considered sporting and actual research -- meaning actual experience of what one is attempting to discuss -- is eschewed like poison troll-farts. (Espionage is another area of inquiry notorious for daisy-chain references.) When structuring an essay, one must answer the rhetorical question with which one frames the material to be covered. Failing to do so destroys an already weak argument or analysis. No amount of references compensate for such a flaw, and original research counts for much, but only when confirmed. (Remember Margaret Mead's debacle.)

No, sorry, this article makes no cogent points and does little to allay my despair of clarity in discussions of these matters. Come to Heidelberg and stroll through the Museum of Alchemy, or see if a local coven might let one sit for a few cycles, but *do* something original, rather than simply rehashing ivory tower spew. Even Robert A. Heinlein found it easy to meet witches.

"The Ryan Moment" certainly elevates the marvels of the Chrysler Building to new heights. Dave Ryan must have been brave, indeed, and Southern fandom the toughest of the tough.

You said it, snort, stomp.

"Midnight Rambler" -- Hubble's great, yes, and the universe big, but have you wondered if scale is a matter of perspective subject to a flexible point of view? (Trying to be concise hurts clarity at times -- as you mention to Dr. Welch the Engineer, p. 73.) I mean, what if the six trillion mile tall nebula views *us* as loomingly huge, due to our mental or even, Thoth restrain me, spiritual gravidas?

GRATCONULATIONS, Guyzillian, on 25 years of proud beanie-wearing, and here's to 25 more at the very least, Theo Blanco's objections be damned as obvious droolery & dreck.

Who's Theo Blanc- ... Oh. Oh!

Awards often honor the givers far more

than the recipients, by co-opting the excellence of accomplishment represented by the word "awarded" into the award itself. Nobel laureates enhance the award's lustre, while those awarded get a flurry of attention and some fairly big paydays. It's an interesting symbiosis, I agree, and there are variants coarse and fine.

A best-seller list, for example, is fabricated attention-getting, a method of arousing interest by pretending it matters how fast or how many copies sell, or units move. While considered an honor and discussed like an award, the Number One Best Seller is often actually not really the book selling fastest or best throughout the country, but only in specific, often rigged retail outlets. Thus it might simply represent a large investment in advance money being recouped by the editorial board.

On the other hand, the Academy Awards are supposed to represent the best judgment of professionals. All the arguments about Hugo versus Nebula, for example, revolve around who is one's peers and who can best judge and is it all just popularity -- professional considerations, and artistic ones, too. Nobel Prizes are awarded by special committees appointed by the Swedish Parliament and the politicking is at least as awful as what goes on behind the major genre awards. Yes, awards help sell because they attract attention and seem to bestow some imprimatur of quality. Still, they are mostly at root scrambles (what's the plural of]?) for the latest golden apple, and Paris is no longer a judge, alas.

"Epistles" kind of tweaked my racism-alert in col 1, Section II, paragraph 1, p. 66. And all the talk of "... honest attempt(s) to explore and expand human consciousness ..." is characterized by some folks as evidence of gullibility. There are even some who blame/credit the CIA for sprinkling the lysergic acid in order to short-circuit the very ideals of the youth movement that led many to drugs. And it sure seems to have taken the steam out of positive change; stoners don't often *do* anything, and when they rouse themselves, it's often a debacle.

Please place me on record as being an R.A. Lafferty fan from way back. Well, the

'70's, anyhow.

Brautigan's *The Abortion* is a great book, and yes, the library for unpublished books is fandom, or ought to be, ideally -- what else? Samizdat for the unfettered, shelfspace unlimited, and quite a turnover of browsers & wowsers.

Rich Dengrove replies: E. R. Stewart has several objections to my article. First he asks why pick on Germany? It is the only place where witch persecution is reported to have survived into the '70s. Having said that, I apologize if it seems like I was picking on Germany and Germans. Maybe I should have made this clearer: in Germany of the '70s, witch hunting was an isolated phenomena. I doubt anyone is going to find it by personal experience, even if he lives in a German village. The only way to learn anything about it is from news reports. Also, I know of instances of witch persecution in France during the '20s and Britain during the Turn of the Century. In the '40s, Vance Randolph reported some people in the Ozarks feared witches and others who may have been members of a satanic witch cult.

Germany was not that far behind.

A second objection of Stewart's is that I make unsubstantiated claims. Yes, mine was meant as a popular article, not a scholarly one; you do not give elaborate citations in a popular article. In point of fact, I give my two main sources, 1) Cohn and 2) Kors and Peters. For the record, I got the material on modern Germany from Jeffrey B. Russell's *A History of Witchcraft: Sorcerers, Heretics, and Pagans*, 1980, pages 140-44. He in turn cites the German authors Johann Kruse and Hans Sebald. Also because my article was never intended for a scholarly publication, I did not give a working definition of the word, "Peasant." I do not know how it is used in Germany; usually when it is used by academics in the United States -- as opposed to snobs -- it is not insulting. Often it simply means a European farmer.

A third objection of Stewart's is that I got my information out of a book rather than observing it from experience. Far be it from me to knock

personal experience, but I cannot see how you can learn much about this issue that way. How can anyone observe a tenth of one percent of the Witch Hunt from personal experience? Even experiencing the surviving artifacts can hardly give us more than that. The Witch Hunt happened over hundred of years ago and in many nations; far beyond the experience of all of us. Stewart himself is not shy in suggesting we read several books on the subject. One of which is Elliott Rose's *Razor for a Goat*. That had a better reputation at one time than it does today. And the same criticism has been leveled against Rose that Stewart has leveled against me: his assertions are unsubstantiated.

He claims that I never reach a conclusion. I do, I thought I made it clear enough. There was no witch hunt until the witch and her harm were considered materially real; something "sane" people saw in full possession of their faculties.

The witch hunt disappeared when people no longer considered the witch and her harm materially real. Not a spectacular conclusion; but it has been forgotten in the welter of claims about mother goddesses, Satanic cults, superstition, sexual repression, etc. On the other hand, the people who lived through these things were loud and clear on that point.

Murray Moore
377 Manly Street
Midland ON L4R 3E2
Canada

I like your [signature] mark, your G. It is elegant, flowing, distinctive. I henceforth will think of the space which it occupies in *Challenger* as the zine's G spot.

Are you sure retyping Dennis Dolbear's London trip report would not have been faster than scanning the pages and then correcting the gibberish? I am reminded of a small classified ad which made such an impression on me that I cut it from *The Globe and Mail* and saved it. The ad begins, in caps **URGNETLY NEEDED EXCELLENT TYPIST.**

Challenger 3 is a thick and worthy

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

genzine. The second adjective is not an automatic companion of the first adjective. I read **Challenger 3** just after the deadline for voting for the 1995 Fan Activity Achievement Awards. I sorted my 1995 fanzines and made a smaller pile out of which I picked my favorites of 1995. **Challenger 3** would have been in the smaller pile.

Dennis' London trip report at 29 pages was not too long. Egoboo, too, to illustrator Bryan Norris. Reading "LonDDon" roused in memory nostalgia about my only extended trip alone to a big city, by bus on a U.S. Thanksgiving weekend to New York in the late 1970s.

Such writing is the best advertising. Holding a Corflu in England us being discussed currently. The obvious drawback that I can see to holding it in London is that foreign attendees would spend most of their time seeing the sights.

I admire, but am not surprised at, Harry Warner's discipline. Watching one regular television series at a time shows that Harry has true grit. So many fanzines to write and read and LOC, so little time. He has his priority.

Coronation Street is the only regular series that my wife Mary Ellen watches. Curiously, then, it was she who recommended **Northern Exposure** to me. I wasn't immediately fixated but became so, a constant viewer to the end. The wonder of **Northern Exposure** is not that it ended on a lower note, not that it lasted so long, but that such an intellectual series was ever popular. **Northern Exposure** is proof that writing is the core of successful entertainment. The script made the characters, not the actors.

I do not think, Guy, that apas are dying, rather than that apas have multiplied. The 1995-1996 **New Moon Directory**, I understand, lists nearly 200 apas from around the world.

Separate mentions of Richard Nixon and Flashman cause me to nominate Oliver Stone as the ideal director of a movie version, should Flashy ever time travel to Washington D.C. in the 1960s-early 1970s. Stone has shown him adept, as is George MacDonald Fraser, at mingling fact and fiction, most recently in the movie, **Nixon**.

Although I didn't have room to reprint your favorite Nixon anecdote, I enjoyed it a great

deal. (Nixon is caught by a postal clerk with no money to pay for a package.) My own treasured Nixon story involves seeing him in his underwear in 1962, far too grisly a tale for these pages.

Russell Chauvenet
11 Sussex Road
Silver Spring MD 20910

The main thing wrong with our "justice" system is its adversary nature, making a trial into a fight between lawyers, rather than a search for truth. A welcome quirk is the possibility of a civil trial for damages that the criminal trial failed to establish.

If a time ever comes when a feature in poor old **Detours** [Russ' FAPazine] is "continued on page 90" you will know that either Russ or the world is coming to an end. Yet you pull it off nonchalantly. Awesome.

Six double column pages on **Northern Exposure**, of which I'd never heard before?!? The effect of Harry Warner, Jr.'s knowledge wakens my Sense of Wonder every time. Yet there's no doubt your 4-star article is Dennis Dolbear in London, well worth saving from its 1991 appearance in SFPA. I liked it a lot, though my most exciting adventure in London was a few games of chess at a friendly pub. (I've also played chess in Paris, Amsterdam, Edinburgh, Palma de Majorca and Stockholm. Knowing a bit of chess can make you welcome the world over!)

Next time you visit New Orleans come to St. Louis Cemetery No. 1. Within mere feet of the grave of Marie Laveau, the voodoo queen, chess master-of-masters Paul Morphy sleeps in eternal peace. I once found chess pieces left in tribute on his tomb.

Rich Dengrove is always a thorough and interesting researcher but I'm not interested in witches no matter how hard he tries.

I like your project of making a collection of books which have won awards. It does offer some reasonable chance of becoming complete up to the time you die, and maybe your descendants could keep it up to date for a long while thereafter. A good epitaph, if you need one: "He

kept his collection up to date." Are you still missing **Only Begotten Daughter**, **Thomas the Rhymer** and **The Suiting**?

Found the first two. The Suiting remains off the rack.

Bill Legate
Box 2807
San Rafael CA 94912

You may remember an issue of **Reason** a few years ago with several essays on narcotics, whether to legalize, and different ways to do it. I haven't heard any ideas on the subject that weren't addressed there. It's anybody's guess whether some or all will be legalized, unless the social disruption from drug users becomes worse; but if and when, don't you think corporations will be formed to market the stuff, which will buy government regulation as suits their interests?

I did an awful lot of all kinds of stuff 30 years, but then lost interest. It seemed to depress me. I loved the Tennessee sour mash until 15 years ago, but lost the craving. I do smoke tobacco. The busybodies haven't confounded me on that one yet. My one other current "vice" in that broad category is the occasional beer with pizza. (As if anyone cared about these details.) But it is probably because I haven't used the illegal stuff for so long, and don't care, that I don't think it's very important what is eventually done.

The death penalty is important, though, and will be for as long as we have (in whatever vocabulary) reverence for life. As far as I'm concerned, society has to have and does have the power to inflict the supreme penalty; but I don't feel very comfortable about it.

I recently watched as two killers were sentenced to death. Both instances were terrible -- in different ways. The first time, rogue cop and multiple murderer Antoinette Frank faced Judge Frank Marullo in New Orleans. Marullo's more liberal than I am, if you can imagine, but after he had read the formal terms -- "taken to a room completely shut off from public view and there injected with chemicals ..." -- he looked flat into her eyes and said, "I think the sentence is

appropriate in this case. Take her away." I felt chilled and battered, but maybe it was worse to hear another judge pass the same judgment conversationally. "Well, okay, I sentence you to death, and may God have mercy on your soul, and good luck." Yih.

To backtrack a minute: I once sat in on a meeting discussing crowd behavior at a social function, and the cavalier type of person, usually young, who smokes a joint in full view of policemen who are charged with arresting lawbreakers at such functions. We wanted to issue a statement that would cool these folks out, but seeming to lecture them would be awkward. I cobbled together a kind of observation that the policemen working these shows would far rather enjoy the music than have to deal with visible lawbreakers. It seemed a simple truth at the time, and we incorporated a version of in the announcement. It was well enough received.

If one wanted to spend the rest of his life watching old movies, there are so many fine ones. Jack Benny in **To Be or Not To Be**. Everyone should have seen **Black Orpheus**. **A Night at the Opera** may be the funniest of the Marx Brothers. And if it's to your taste, **The Girl Can't Help It**, 1956 (with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield and Edmond O'Brien) had music by Little Richard, Fats Domino, the Platters ...

Bill goes on to request the complete lyrics to "Springtime for Hitler" from The Producers. Personally, I love old film noir like The Killers and White Heat. I always wished I was one of those urban tough guys, like Edmond O'Brien, who went to prize fights, called cops and gangsters by their first names, listened to jazz until 5 in the morning, drank whiskey from the bottle and dated "dames." Well, I do know a few cops.

Brin-Marie McLaughlin
247 19th Ave. #6
San Francisco CA 94121-2353

I laughed and laughed and laughed some more at "A Fart of a Fiendish Scheme." Even with all of the modern advances, character

recognition is apparently still best left to a sturdy pair of eyeballs in good working order. As you may also know, the Apple Newton message pad has its very own special kind of myopia, as demonstrated:

What you write: "For sale -- slightly used Newton 110 package."

What the Newton *thinks* you wrote: "Fog Salt -- scratchy news Walton lies perhaps."

I'm also pleased to see that Jim Hogan's BayCon article made it into your publication. My husband John founded and chaired the first two BayCons in its current incarnation, and he

remembers the incident fondly.

Lest I leave anyone with the impression that I am recommending BayCon, let me correct that right now. In the years following John's departure, attendance has dropped, publicity has been sporadic, the membership prices have nearly doubled (far outpacing inflation), and most or all of the fan history panels have been dropped, along with the comics panels and the fanzine room. The fanzine room was present in 1994 for the first time in eight years, but in the two years following, there has been no attempt to court fanzine fans or fan history buffs. I worked on BayCon's programming in 1994 (which is one of the many reasons there was a fanzine room at all), and I got shitcanned by the Chairman for using "strange words that nobody would understand" in my programming schedule writeup. When I asked what strange words he was referring to, he yelled "'Fanac'? What the hell is this 'fanac' shit? What's that word *mean*?" I told him that it was short for fannish activity, and that anybody who was remotely fannish would know what it meant.

He said he guessed he wasn't much of a fan. I said I guessed not. I was fired the next day, and will never again assist a concom that does not know shit from Shinola.

It all depends, intones GHLIII the sage teacher, on How Badly They Want to Learn. Nobody starts out knowledgeable; nobody starts out fannish. I had people like Jerry Jacks, Quinn Yarbrow and Alva Rogers to tutor me through my neohood; let's hope you find some newcomers to the genre who enjoy fandom the way it 'sposed to be.

We Also Heard From: Aaron Allston (that was indeed me at DC Comics in 1974); Carolyn Clowes; Donald L. Franson; Penny Frierson; Jerry Kaufman (wondering why I've sent him *three* copies of *Challenger* #3 -- for home, car, and office, Jerry); Ricia Mainhardt; William Mallardi; Richard Newsome; Curt Phillips (a note adorned with copies of Confederate currency); Mary Ann van Hartesveldt; Ted White; Mike Whalen (he loved Dolbear's London bookstore account), and of course the members of SFPA and KAPA.



CONTRIBUTORS

Victory (Victoria White)
cover, 3, 35, 102
416 Westheimer
Houston TX 77006

Jack Stocker
c/o Challenger

Jerry & Charlotte Proctor
8, 101
8325 7th Avenue S.
Birmingham AL 35206

Neal Pozner
9 (ye editor ca. 1973)

Peggy Ranson
10, 13, 85
1435 Toledano
New Orleans LA 70115

Richard Dengrove
2651 Arlington Dr. #302
Alexandria VA 22306

Brad Foster
15
P.O. Box 165246
Irving TX 75016

Jan Sherrell Gephardt
18, 19, 63, 73

Alan Hutchinson
6640 13th Ave. N.
St. Petersburg FL 33710

James Hogan
5100 N. 9th Ave., F601-112
Pensacola FL 32504

William Rotsler
21, 24, 27, 29, 31, 32, 33, 59, 67, 72, 75, 90, 93, 96
17909 Lull Street
Reseda CA 91335

Samanda Jeude
Electrical Eggs
P.O. Box 308
Lebanon TN 30146

Jerry Collins
37, 45, 60

Robert Rippough
47, 53

Mark Verheiden
56
c/o Challenger

Nola Frame-Gray
57, 70, 81, 82, 95
P.O. Box 465
Inglewood CA 90307-0465

Roseanne Stutts
66
2322 Creekview
Martinez GA 30907

Dave Ryan
78, 100

Sheryl Birkhead
99
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg MD 20882

Jay Kay Klein
101
1233 Palmer Circle
Bridgeport NY 13030

THE FANZINE DUMP

There is disaster behind these pages. One night in late May, I made final comments on one of the many fine fanzines to have come **Challenger's** way since our last issue. Done, I placed it into a box, fifteen inches deep, brimful with the amateur journals with which I had already dealt. By my elbow sat the much-dwindled pile of pubs yet to receive notice. It was late. It was 11:53. I saved my work, copied it to a floppy, typed a little more on another file, saved that, yawned, turned off the p.c., retired to my bed.

The next morning, it was *all gone*. That is, when I called up the original file for this "Fanzine Dump," *this* is what I found.

Z<ILE0008CHK^_^Q1^ ^E_ ^H^ ^E_FILE0008CHK^_^Q1

How do you like your review?

I claim no more than bare competence in word processing. But I know people of great insight into the workings of computers, and so to them -- Janet McConnaughey and Larry Touhi -- I ran shrieking. Good folks that they are, they exchanged an Italian lunch with Dolbear and myself for their expertise. Larry probed my little 386 with complex software. He ended up scanning the entire hard drive for two words unique to that file: "**Abunai**," a fanzine I hadn't mentioned before, and "**Pacheco**," the former porn star, now a columnist for **Batteries Not Included**. I *knew* I had never typed them into this computer before. I *knew* those words were in the file. I *knew* they had to be there. They weren't.

So my file was not only missing, it was *gone*. What the blue hell happened?

Touhi's theory made sense. The file was corrupted somehow even as I saved it -- and indeed, I seemed to recall some sort of weird glitch late last night which I thought meaningless at the time. When I saved the second file, the computer backed it up ... *over* this one. Well, I think that's what he said.

Upshot: I get to redo this whole piece. Lucky me. I get to read all your fanzines all over again.

One note ... some familiar names are, and were, and remain missing. Hooper. Brown. Donaho. No zines from y'all this year. And I have yet to see a **Lan's Lantern**. C'mon people ... how much could it hurt? How long could it take?

Abunai 2 & 3 / Jeffrey Deboo, 1442-A Walnut St. #64, Berkeley CA 94709 / \$4@, sub \$16. / Amateur fiction by Marie Buckner, the editor, and others. Deboo also publishes **Sexual Heresies Magazine**. Underground non-s.f. zines are new to me, but I like their creative energy and intensity, even though they make me feel old. Handsome productions; nice cover art.

Aces #5 / Paul McCall / 5801 W. Henry St., Indianapolis IN 46241 / Gorgeous pulp- and art-oriented publication, restricted to 100 copies (probably because of the color cover, this time by McCall himself). A wonderful pastiche reprinted from a Ray Palmer magazine -- "Tarzan on Mars" -- gives Jerry Page a chance to write a beautiful article on the great pulpster, whom Julius Schwartz counted as a mentor and friend. Fine artwork and spirit throughout.

Adventures in Crime & Space no. 2.4 / Lori Wolf, 609-A West 6th St., Austin TX 78701 / acs@eden.com

/ Newsletter of the fabulous Austin bookstore, announcing cons where it's bought dealers' tables, reviewing new releases, and so on.

Ansible 101-104 / Dave Langford / U.S. Agent: Janice Murray, P.O. Box 75684, Seattle WA 98125-0684 / The most poignant writing in this packet of Langford's indispensable news- and chatterzine comes from Chris Priest: his powerful eulogy for Bob Shaw in #104. Langford seems too overcome to do more than say Amen. Amen.

Asterism nos. 1-3 / Jeff Berkwitz, P.O. Box 6210, Evanston IL 60204 / \$6/year. / Reviews of s.f. and fantasy-oriented music, handsomely produced. Jeff states he'll be expanding his scope to include interviews with the artists involved. Unique and interesting zine, filling a real demand.

Batteries Not Included #6 / Richard Freeman, 130 W. Limestone St., Yellow Springs OH 45387 / \$3@ / **Chall** #3 went out to some non-s.f. zines (why not?) and here's one that came back in trade. To my astonishment and delight it's a well-produced, intelligent zine about *porn films*. It features former pornformer **ahem** Richard Pacheco -- there's the name! -- as a columnist. He's a thoughtful, funny and occasionally wise writer, mulling here a question that's dogged him since his retirement: what to tell his kids. Nowadays I restrict my video viewing to Louis Farrakhan sermons and the state whiffleball championships, but admit to being forced **kof** to watch *Bi & Beyond* in my deranged youth. Nothing science fictional about this subject matter -- although I compared *Bi & Beyond* to watching *Martians* screw -- but tolerant adult fans with a sensayuma will enjoy these musings and reviews. What do y'all think of porn? Is there anger, perhaps misogyny behind its appeal, or is it just good filthy fun?

Ben's Beat 39 / Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck NJ 07666-2626 / Ben's FAPazine. with an outrageous cover by Clark Allan Dissmeyer and a cool trip report ... to New Orleans! Next time, don't skip Breakfast at Brennan's!

Broadside One / Michael Nelson, c/o Bucconeer, P.O. Box 314, Annapolis Junction MD 20701 / baltimore98@access.digex.net / Newsletter of the 1998 worldcon, dates 8-5/9, of which I am member no. S0438. I need to upgrade to attending before the costs rise to \$110 from \$98 at year's end.

Critical Wave 42 / Steve Green & Martin Tudor, 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull, West Midlands, B92 7LQ U.K. / 2 pounds 45 sub, U.K. only / I don't understand British zip codes. Old (9-95) but excellent newszine, containing a fabulous review of **Challenger** no. 2 by Mike Siddall: "Guy is just plain sick," noting the *Star Trek* quotes I threw into my closing arguments in my first degree murder trial. Hey, at least I was *choosy*. I could have distinguished our reasoning from the prosecution's by aping Kirk's glorious line from "Miri": "No! No *blah-blah-blah!*" or mimicked Spock's surprise in "The Menagerie"



WR 84

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

by screaming, "*The WOMEN!*" Stephen Baxter, who'll soon (I hope) have a Hugo to call his own, describes an academic H.G. Wells conference; it's heartening to see how much attention our most erudite founder still commands.

Cube #61 / Hope Kiefer c/o SF³ / Box 1624, Madison WI 53701-1624 / CubeNews@aol.com. / SF³ membership or the usual. / Review-rich publication of the WisCon folks; most engrossing is Jan Bogstad's report on the Beijing Women's Conference and s.f. in China.

De Profundis #286 / Tim Merrigan, LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood CA 91601 / Latest of several issues of the L.A. club's monthly newsletter. Listings of almost everything, including local bookstores. Twice before I've attended LASFS meetings; I look forward to my third this summer.

Detours 56 & 57 / Louis Russell Chauvenet, 11 Sussex Rd., Silver Spring MD 20910-5436 / FAPazine, trade. / Russell hopes I didn't expect a complete run of **Detours** in trade for **Challenger**; "Demand is low," he says. Engaging natter about chess (he should meet Lon Atkins), robust mailing comments (the life's blood of an apazine), absurdly idealistic responses to a poll of the ten experiences he craves before his demise. "Increase in happiness, courtesy and kindness" indeed! I asked for 100,000 more shrimp dinners. (A tennis fan as well as a chess nut, Chauvenet will enjoy my article on **HIMSELF** in a future **Challenger**. Watch this space.)

DUFF Talk-About #1 & Untitled / Pat & Roger Sims, 34 Creekwood Sq., Glendale OH 45246-3811 / Two zines by last year's DUFF winners. Stephen Dedman won. Lists of stuff the Simses have for sale on behalf of DUFF. Lots of cool old fanzines. Gee, I wonder what this issue of **Chall** will go for in 50 years? ("Hey, I'll pay you to take it!")

Empties #16 / Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove, off Clarkes Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX U.K. (COA) / 5 pounds or a Guinness / TAFF candidate Tudor leads off with a hilarious four-page cover, "The European Standard Fan," by Dave Hicks. It could describe our variety here as well. This issue's theme is law and regulation, and his contributors make good use of it: Ken Lake's thoughts on the matter, in fact, demand my reply. Sheryl Birkhead takes a lighter tone with her squib on mailboxes, which I haven't had to deal with since moving into 70153-3092. Helena Bowles' account of her Caesarian doesn't seem to cleave to the theme, but I'll never have that operation, so won't argue.

ERB-dom™ b/w **The Fantastic Collector 257** / Camille Cazedessus II, 1447 Main St., Baton Rouge LA 70802-4664 / \$24 for 6 issues US, \$25 Canada. My impression: no trades. / The George Allen England issue of Louisiana's first Hugo winner, championing the pulps of Edgar Rice Burroughs and his contemporaries. -Caz reprints a segment of "Castaways of the Year 2000" (what's a "muglug?") and several antique covers. Paul McCall, Jerry Page, Lynn Hickman take note! Wonderful stuff!

Erg Quarterly 132 / Terry Jeeves, 66 Red Scar Dr., Scarborough, N. Yorks. YO12 5RQ U.K. / The. / Terry opens this issue with news of an ankle broken in three places (all together now: "We told you to stay away from those places!"). Funny account follows of his "Soggies", plus short but intriguing squibs on the DC-X Clipper, film of which made such a to-do at Confrancisco, and **Venture** magazine.

Eyeballs in the Sky #10 / Tony Berry, 55 Seymour Rd., Oldbury, Warley, West Midlands B69 4EP U.K. / The usual or Belgian chocolate (ever try "Guylian"?). / Chatty, able zine with a spiffy Steve Stiles cover and some good articles, my favorites being Vicki Rosenzweig's portrait from within of New York City,

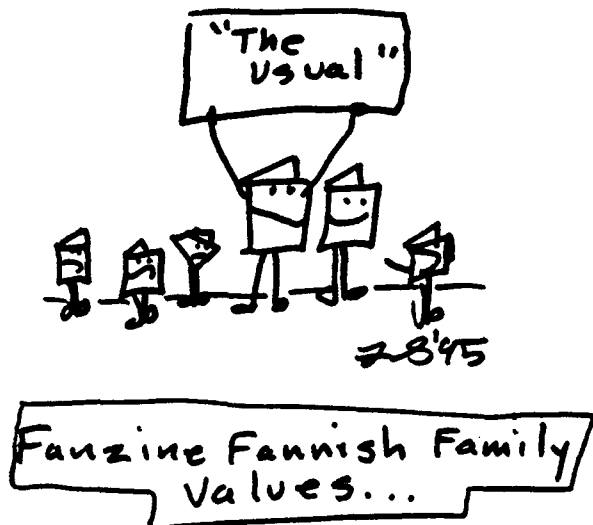
and Helena Bowles' ruminations on the '60s, sexual freedom, and feminism. Tony barely mentions Intersection before seguing into his latest operation, all the comment necessary.

Fantasy-Scope Vol. 3 No. 1 / Roger Sims, 34 Creekwood Sq., Glendale OH 45246-3811 / Compuserve 7373.2247 / Trade. / How old is this fanzine? Roger gives no date in the colophon, but mentions "the end of 94" in the lettercol ... Good grief, how'd it end up in the current pile? No matter! Pat's account of their African trip is grand, the other contributors are excellent (whatever happened to Dave Locke?), and I saw the Simses at DSC and know they're still doing well. I look forward to their DUFF report.

File 770:112-113 / Mike Glyer, P.O. Box 1056, Sierra Madre CA 91025 / \$8/5 issues, \$15/10. / I don't know where Mike finds time to produce his epochal news n'gossip zine while chairing the next worldcon, but here are two issues. His eulogies for Bob Shaw and Elsie Wollheim, bless her, are comprehensive, and his arguments with Ted White over the late TAFF wars find definite agreement here. Strong letter from Harlan Ellison over the repulsive "Enemies of Ellison" movement; one wishes he'd ignore such nonsense.

For Dickheads Only No. 5 / Dave Hyde / Ganymeadean Slime Mold Productions, P.O. Box 611, Kokomo IN 46903 / Interview with K.W. Jeter and review of his **Blade Runner 2**.

Fosfax #179 / Timothy Lane c/o FOSFA / P.O. Box 37281, Louisville KY 40233-7281 / \$3 or. / Again Hugo-nominated, the Falls of the Ohio S.F. Association product remains aggressively right-wing. However deplorable its politics, its energy and frequency are admirable indeed. It's interesting to see these passionate, intelligent guys tiptoe between their opposition to a strong, occasionally dangerously inept central government and their embarrassment and revulsion over the militias and Oklahoma City. Americans need a strong government, and constant vigilance over it. In that center lies balance.



Gnomenclature 2 / Allen Curry, 3904 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati OH 45205 / 50 cents, but don't send anything. / A classic fanzine from 1978, the gift of Linda Krawecka. Terry Jeeves has art in it ("Britain is fine in '79"), Curry orates against rude bus drivers, and ... Harry Warner has a LOC. The more you make change, the more you can't stand the game, or whatever ...

Gradient #13 / Robert Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake NJ 07828-1023 / bobsabella@aol.com / Steve Carper contributes a very broad overview of the pulp era, Sabella muses on "Of Mice and Men," which Mr. Platt, my 11th grade English teacher, *insisted* has a fantasy basis (compare George and Ernie with the knights seeking the Holy Grail, he said), and tries to draw parallels between Communist China and the Catholic Church. An awards freak like me, Robert lists the various 1995 winners.

Green Stuff 1 / Murray Moore, 377 Manly St., Midland ON L4R 3E2 Canada /

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

murray.moore@encode.com / FAPazine, indeed printed in green ink, a fannish diary which complains, at one point, that Mike Glicksohn keeps getting letters published while Murray's stuck in WAHFlehood.

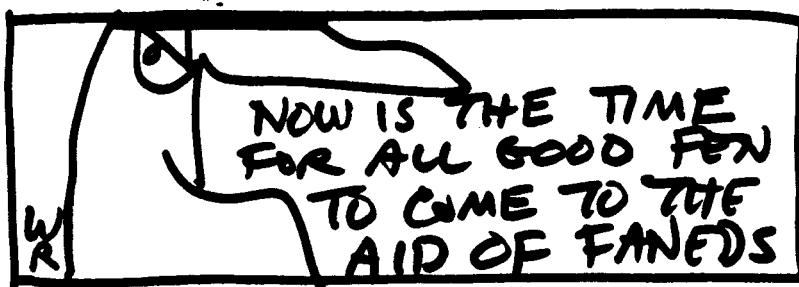
Ibid 94 / Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck NJ 07666-2626 / Ben's Esoteric Order of Dagon pub shares a title with Gary Brown's erstwhile KAPPA-Alpha zine. Highlight of the issue is Ben's account of a 1945 visit to Hannes Bok, and the reprinted cover, by the same.

The Knarley Knews #53-57 / Henry Welch, 1525 16th Ave., Grafton WI 53024-2017 / welch@warp.msoc.edu / \$1.50 or. / Model fanzine from a solid fanned: what **Chall** would be like if I were less longwinded and more lighthearted. A clever Sheryl Birkhead cover marks the editor's Intersection report in #53; it's one of the best Scottish worldcon reports I've read. The next issue takes Knarley and Letha -- she too is a fine writer -- to northern Michigan, which sounds cold no matter what the season. In #55 he announces the theme for his tenth anniversary issue, changes in fandom in the last decade. Deadline 9-1-96. "That Patri Pup" contributes a funny piece on Piers Anthony to #57. In one issue Dr. Welch describes allowing **Frozen Frog's** Benoit Girard to introduce him to Ted White, proving himself more gracious than I'd ever be.

The Laser #14 / Mike Palisano, 2 Rock Ridge Drive, Norwalk CT 06854 / mouser2387@aol.com / \$2@, 4 for \$7. / Enormously rich and creative zine for gamers; I was going to dub it non-fannish until I spotted the review of **Wild Heirs**. For all the narrowness of its focus (thus its apt title, I suppose), **Laser's** graphics are superb and its look is unique. Essential for gamers.

Memphen #214-218 / Barbara & Tim Gatewood, P.O. Box 12921, Memphis TN 38182-0921 / Free to MSFA members, \$10/year sub, trade. / Good clubzine from one of the best Southern groups, overdue for another DSC (their last was several years back). A nomination form is given for Memphis fandom's Darrell Award, named for Darrell Richardson. #217 has a great cover from Tom McBrixon Foster, and a touching eulogy for Bob Shaw.

Mimosa 18 / Dick & Nicki Lynch, P.O. Box 1350, Germantown MD 20875 / Internet: lynch@access.digex.net / \$3 or. / Another impeccable masterpiece from the three-time Hugo winner, saddlestitched and beautifully illustrated by fine fan cartoonists. Always positive, **Mimosa** features Sharon Farber's Hugo-shortlisted med school anecdotes and a strong emphasis on fan history. If the zine has a flaw, it's that Dick&Nicki keep their genuinely sweet personalities off the page, perhaps thinking that fandom finds nice people uninteresting. Square, yes; uninteresting, never. And controversy? No. You'll never get mad at **Mimosa** ... but you'll never be bored by it, either.



Mobius Strip / Alexandra Ceely, P.O. Box 3177, El Paso TX 79923 / Trade. / Monthly newsletter of the El Paso S.F. & Fantasy Alliance, dues \$15/year. Book & zine reviews (they're nice to **Chall**), con listings, thoughts on TV's **Highlander**, Alexandra nervously notes a plea for penpals from a fellow with a number behind his name, and I *don't* mean "III."

MSFire Vol. 2 Nos. 1-2 / Lisa A. Mason, MSFS, P.O. Box 1637, Milwaukee WI 53201-1637 / \$1@ or a \$5 sub. / "The Fanzine of Milwaukee Science Fiction Services" ... *Services?* Anyway, an excellent fanzine, bi-monthly in ambition, bedecked with lots of variety. Astronomy gets its due with articles on the unlikely planets of Alpha Centauri and the likely ones of 47UMa, only 40-50 light years away. Good LOCs, some very silly filks by Emory Churness ("Oh, Little Station Babylon"). I think my favorite aspect of **MSFire** are Sue Burke's interlino-type story ideas.

Muse 134 Winter 1996 / Stephen desJardins, 1711 Massachusetts Ave. NW #134, Washington DC 20036 / stevendj@erols.com / \$1 or whim. / Vivid description of the snowfall which crippled Washington last January; from the heat of June, it seems almost blissful. "Eskimo Pies reduced for quick sale": HAW! Steve explains his Hugo nominations, talks about a friend who died too young, and reports on Lunacon. He's nuts about Stanley Weinbaum; were I the lawyer I should be I'd've bought the \$100 edition of *A Martian Odyssey* and \$45 copy of *The Red Peri* I saw at DSC. Nice appreciation of "The Big Red Cheese," Captain Marvel.

The Nova Scotian Hermit / Rodney Leighton, R.R. #3, Pugwash, Nova Scotia B0K 1L0 Canada / Trade. / Unstapled letter substitute. Rodney claims to have gafiated.

Obscure / I don't know who does this or how to reach him; there should be a law that at a minimum, a zine include a colophon. This is a little *too* obscure. Whoever he is, this author wrote a fine piece about teaching zine-writing to his journalism students. The ads for the mundane zines on the back page are most wild, kemo sabes. (Later note: a review in *Space Cadet Gazette* says **Obscure** is produced by Jim Romensko, P.O. Box 1334, Milwaukee WI 53201. I really shouldn't have to look to another zine to find this out.)

Opuntia 23, 26, 26.1, 27.1 / Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7 Canada / \$3@ or trade. / Enclosed with 4-page cartoon-zines, *The Canadian Journal of Detournement*, which I don't understand at all, and a reprint of an 1885 Canadian a.j., *Bric-a-Brac*, published by Harry W. Robinson, who says "we publish this paper for our own mental improvement." As do your spiritual great-grandchildren, Harry, yup yup yup. Anyway, **Opuntia** has been around since 1991, producing frequently (#23 is actually the 50th issue). A deep involvement in the fandom of Canada abides throughout these issues. There's a ponderous article on the "life cycle" of Canadian s.f. clubs, and many listings of other north-of-the-border activity. Also, reviews of various zines, not restricted to s.f., LOCs, an interesting piece on "zines as psychotherapy." I never had the nerve to show my shrink my zines.

PhiloSFy #1-2 / Alexander R. Slate, 8603 Shallow Ridge Rd., San Antonio TX 78239-4022 / \$1 but trade preferred. / Thoughtful personal pub from the former editor of *The Texas SF Inquirer*. His brief fannish autobio in #1 mentions his adolescent infatuation with the Hardy Boys (me too, especially the *original* Stratemeyers) and Tom Swift Jr. (which never compared with Rick Brant). Some talk about his personal moral code (quoting the Talmud!), lots of good LOCs from the staples in contemporary fanzining.

Proper Boskonian 35 / Kenneth Knabbe, NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham MA 01701-0203 / NESFA membership + a \$16 subscription, \$3/issue or the usual. / Another monster publication from NESFA, interleaved with a spiffy Christmas card by Joe Mayhew. Zine reviews (best line: "*Mimosa* is ... going like a house afire"), a long Intersection report, panel by panel, from Evelyn Leeper, nice section on Henry Kuttner, intriguing page on *PB*'s past issues. One correction: the zine reviews aver that faneds would

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

rather have "the usual," that is, a trade, LOC, or contribution in return for their fanzine than money. I welcome and treasure and will be grateful for all trades, LOCs, and contributions **Chall** receives, but let's get real here.

Reflects 19 / Dave Rike, Box 11, Crockett CA 94525 b/w **Snickersnee** / Robert Silverberg, no address given / Priceless FAPazines sent me by Russell Chauvenet. Rike's zine is a silly fan fiction about Silverberg, illustrated by priceless Dean Grennell photos of the author, age 18. He poses by his marvelous s.f. collection, and in one picture actually wears a *propeller beanie*. In **Snickersnee**, Bob reveals that he still has all the books (and a fine sensayuma), but doesn't mention the beanie.

The Reluctant Famulus #43-44 / Thomas D. Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave., Adrian MI 49221-1627 / With **The Knarley Knews**, one of the new model fanzines, steeped in the editor's personality and energy. This is good. #43, the seventh anniversary issue, bears a startling Peggy Ranson cover very different from her usual work, and both issues display Dr. Windlebeam and Co. to good effect. Rather uncertain review of **Chall** no. 3, but I forgive Tom: he contributed, after all. Anyway, excellent variety, lots of first-class contributors (Birkhead, Indick, etc.): good stuff.

The Rogue Raven 48 / Frank Denton, 14654-8th Ave. S.W., Seattle WA 98166 / Trade. / Frank is visited (by Australians) and visits (the U.K.) in the period of this issue, recommending Keith Roberts' writing while there. We tremblingly await his earthquake report.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin Vol. 6 No. 2-4/ Tom Feller, Box 13626, Jackson MS 39236-3626 / CCWS74A@prodigy.com / SFC membership or the usual. / Tom was reelected President of the SFC at the last DeepSouthCon, and will chair the '97 DSC (June 6-8; \$20 till year's end). Everything there is to know about Southern fandom: cons (listings and reports), clubs (there are lots), fanzines, apas. (Their info on SFPA is out of date, though; Gary Brown is now OE, at P.O. Box 1501, Bradenton FL 34206.) Good lettercol, too. Invaluable.

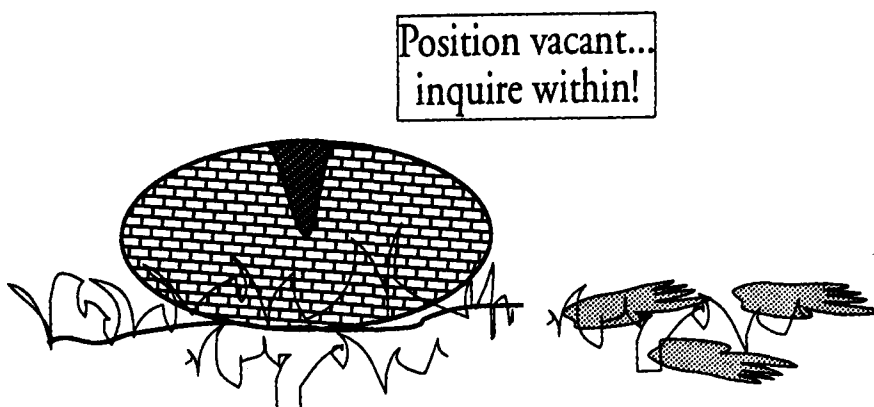
The Space Cadet Gazette #5 / R. Graeme Cameron, 1855 West 2nd Ave. #110, Vancouver BC V6J 1J1 Canada / graeme_cameron@mindlink.bc.ca / \$1 @ up to a million issues, perhaps discounted after that. / Fun fanzine, even if it does print a Scott Patri cover (some of us can draw, and some of us can't, Scott). Actually, the cover sets an appropriate tone for the contents, which include the first part of a rather off-center Ditto 8 report, "Ask Mr. Science," which brings a sigh of recollection of similar lunacies by Bob Shaw, some thoughts on rare Canadian movies, a terrific chapter of terrific World War One reminiscences by Graeme's granddaddy, zine reviews, LOCs ...

Splish Splash #3/ Joy V. Smith, 3403 Providence Road, Lakeland FL 33809 / A sampler of some of the zines, most non-s.f., Joy has received. Different branch of this family than ours, but it seems to be spurred by the same reckless need to express, communicate, and spend huge wads of money that s.f.dom is. Joy's charming.

Squee! 4-5 / Brin McLaughlin, 247 19th Ave 6, San Francisco CA 94121-2353 / boadicea@lunacity.com / Trade. / Delightful genzine; Bree announces in #5 that it's her last, but I hope not. #4 sports a superb Brad Foster cover depicting "the Baycon Bedbug"; within we learn more of Brin's displeasure with that convention (see her LOC this issue). Moving thoughts on Duane Garrett close #5, demonstrating why **Squee!** needs to keep publishing; sentiment as profound and as well-expressed as this should never be silenced.

Stefantasy #s 115-116 / William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374 / Wonderful publication from one of the last masters of true amateur publishing: **Stef** is *hand-set* and *hand-printed* on a 101-year-old press. The paper has a pleasant inky feel and smell and the whole product fills me with awe. Content's okay, too; Bill's description of a steel mill is so vivid I can practically smell the smelter. Only complaint: he doesn't give the addresses of his correspondents. I pass along most of the fmz I see to local s.f.ers: these, thanks, I'll keep. By the way, don't toss the mailing wrapper **Stef** comes in; Danner often types a letter inside.

The Strangely Deformed Round Thing #1 / Danny Heap, P.O. Box 224, Moreland, 3058, Victoria, Australia / Trade. / Campaign pub for Danny's **alas** doomed DUFF bid. Next time all the way. Good piece on the atrocious movies being made of '60s television shows, somehow neglecting the worst: **The Beverly Hillbillies** (good casting, dreary script).



Thyme #108 / Alan Stewart, P.O. Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria 3005, Australia / a.stewart@pgrad.unimelb.edu.au / \$A 3; subscription \$A 15. / The Australian S.F. News Magazine, full of letters, club news, Australia in '99 propaganda (which must have worked; I voted for them). Ian Gunn's bacover is choice. I like their fan photos, even if I can imagine few fans further removed from Australia than Moshe Feder.

Trash Barrel / Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., N. Hollywood CA 91606-2308 / Trade. / Two pages of reviews of fanzines received; I *love* that pica typeface.

Violet Books Catalog #19 / Jessica Amanda Salmonson, P.O. Box 20610, Seattle WA 98102 / I know, it's not *exactly* a fanzine, but Salmonson's personality resonates so strongly in this listing of arcane books for sale that it deserves mention among them.

Wild Heirs #s 11-13 / Arnie & Joyce Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas NV 89107 / As usual, Ross Chamberlir's covers are models of personality and amity, as Arnie and his fannish family cavort through the most lively clubzine going. #13, the giant annish, is simply magnificent, probably my favorite single fanzine of the year. Arnie has an analysis of fan history in #13 that is utterly awesome, and Joyce's brief praise of the simple concept of the printed, mailed fanzine absolutely Spells It Out. We'll lose something after The Net Has Conquered All. In #11, Arnie's thoughts on TAFF both defend the traditional position that TAFF is of and by *and for* fanzine fans *and nobody but*, and face the fact that said position is doomed. He calls for changes in the Fund to bring it closer to its original purpose. (In effect, either closing TAFF off to non-ziners or, more likely, creating a new and exclusive fund for fanzine fans.) I'm all for that if it prevents atrocities like the brainless hostility towards Sam Jeude by many partisans: not smart. Not adult, not fair, not worthy, and not smart. Anyway, continued gratitude and praise for the Vegrants and their superior zine, both for educating those of us new to the vagaries of this

SPRING-SUMMER 1996

self-isolated corner of fandom, and doing so with verve and class and wit.

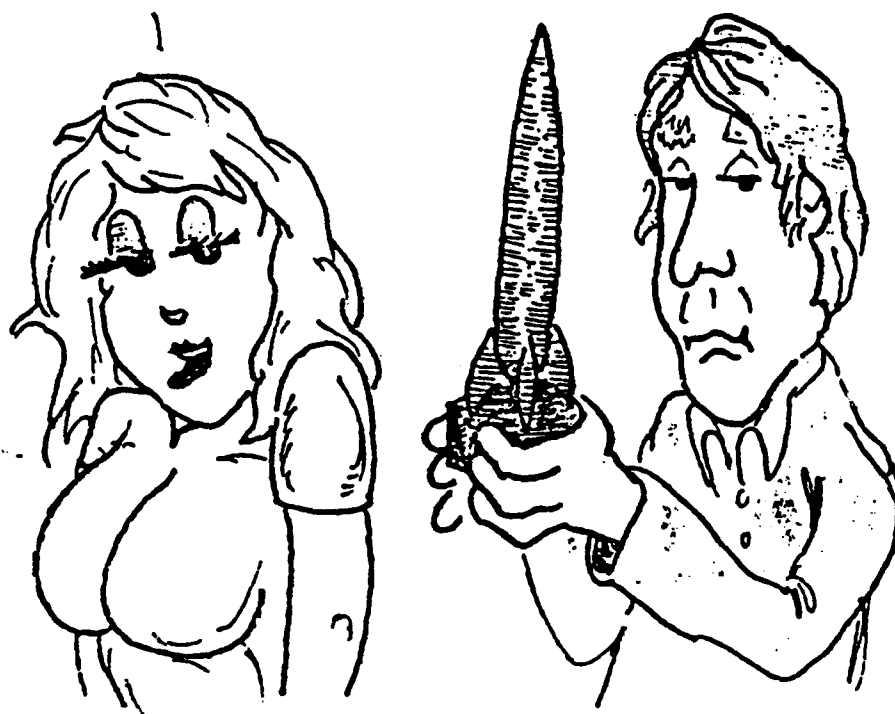
Xamixdat '95 / Neil Rest, 218 Pleasant St., Oak Park IL 60302 / Trade. / Personalzine by the guy I will always remember fondly from New Orleans' '88 worldcon campaign. Job natter, Intersection, announcement of Neil's December birthday party, which I trust went well.

The Zero-G Lavatory #2 & #6 / Scott Patri, Box 1196, Cumberland BC V0R 1S0 Canada / \$3, \$12/year, or. / Scott's enthusiastic genzine is a staple of the new, strong Canadian fandom; he does everything well (his reviews, natter and fiction are quite good), and #6 has a fine **Logan's Run** cover by Garth Tiffen. Notice I didn't mention the cover to #2, which Scott drew himself. That's because I *like* ZGL ...

THE RYAN MOMENT

Based on an actual incident at the 1976 worldcon ...

AT LEAST MINE
VIBRATES!!

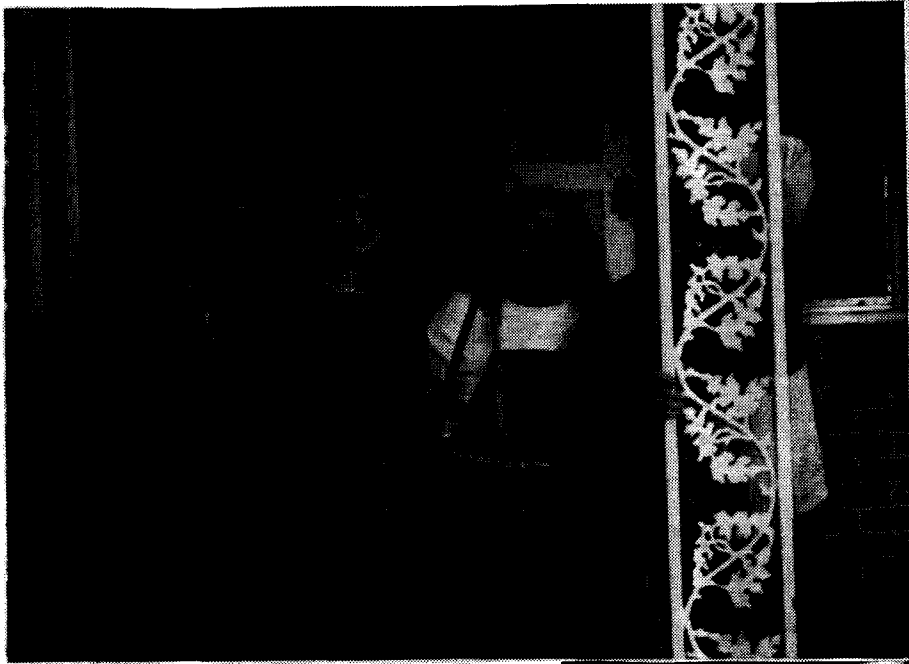


RYAN

MORE PIX

Ricia Mainhardt reported that some people complained that the photo in **Chall 3** didn't look like her. Here's how she looked last winter, hauling rejected manuscripts to the Brooklyn post office. Below and right, the lady *sans* muffler, photo by Jay Kay Klein.

Below, yhos escorts **Ruth Judkowitz** and **JoAnn Montalbano** while **Dennis Dolbear** peers, and below that, the future wife of at least one of my nephews, **Charlotte Proctor's** granddaughter **Gwen**.



At Helen's house the kids come first, but all around you all sorts of people and critters swarm and carouse. I am by her Baton Rouge home on a visit once to Louisiana's capital city, and wallow in the sheer gloried chaos of it.

"Letting Spots in!" comes the shout of a child. "Omigod! Grab your stuff!" The lithe lady of the abode shuffles books and clothes and SCA junk off the bed on which we sit, watching a friend sew leather leggings. "Three!" shouts the boy outside, her 10-year-old, Colin. "Two!" Helen places a book deliberately over my, uhh, irreplaceables. A baffled look draws a wait-&-see smile. "One!" A door is opened. RORF! RORF! A spasmoid bundle of absolute d*a*w*g splatters into the room & heaves itself upon the bed. RORF! RORF! Spots the Catahoula, state mutt of Louisiana & the stupidest thing God ever made, bounds over ye astonished visitor, lathering my face with doggy tongueings, planting his manic paws wherever they fell – thanks for the book, Helen – wrassling with its beloved mistress. "Spots! Spots!" A good dog, though a fool. Who wants a smart dog?!? RORF! RORF!

Kids! Kids! Colin and his brother Fong enter screaming. "Look at this!" They hold up a pair of men's boxer shorts – size 21s, at least. "Those are Edric's," explains mama, speaking of an SCA guy who used to live there, "and he *has* lost 40 pounds." The lads burst in again. Each wears a leg of the humongous skivvies and wave his arms. "Octopus! Octopus!" Shrieks of laughter drive the loonies away.

"Mama!" shouts Colin. "April Dawn said 'Mother-F'!" April Dawn, born on such a morning, enters bawling. Through chokes & sobs & wails she admits that yes, wahh, she d-d-d-did the deed, and begs her mother for purifying punishment, which is swiftly administered, a swat to the butt that wouldn't bruise a beetle. Wailing e'er more piteously April Dawn vanishes into the night, passing her brother, who plays Demon in the Dark inside his sleeping bag ...

I too am leaving when the third of the house's children calls to me. This is Tod, who is 8 or so. He has set aside the crutches his palsy forces upon him, & lies thoughtfully on his bed. "Mr. Guy," he says, "why do people care so much about me. I mean, I'm all right. What's the big deal?"

Holy hannah. "Well, Tod," I manage to say, "it's just that whenever folks see a kid as brave and tough as you, they're made to feel a little more brave and a little more tough themselves. And that makes'em happy."

He smiles at that. "Well, I gotta go," I say. "You take care." "Okay," he says, "you too."

And so into the night and back to New Orleans, leaving a fabulous house full of life & love, and God bless all those who live within it, and thee and I as well, oh fandom.

