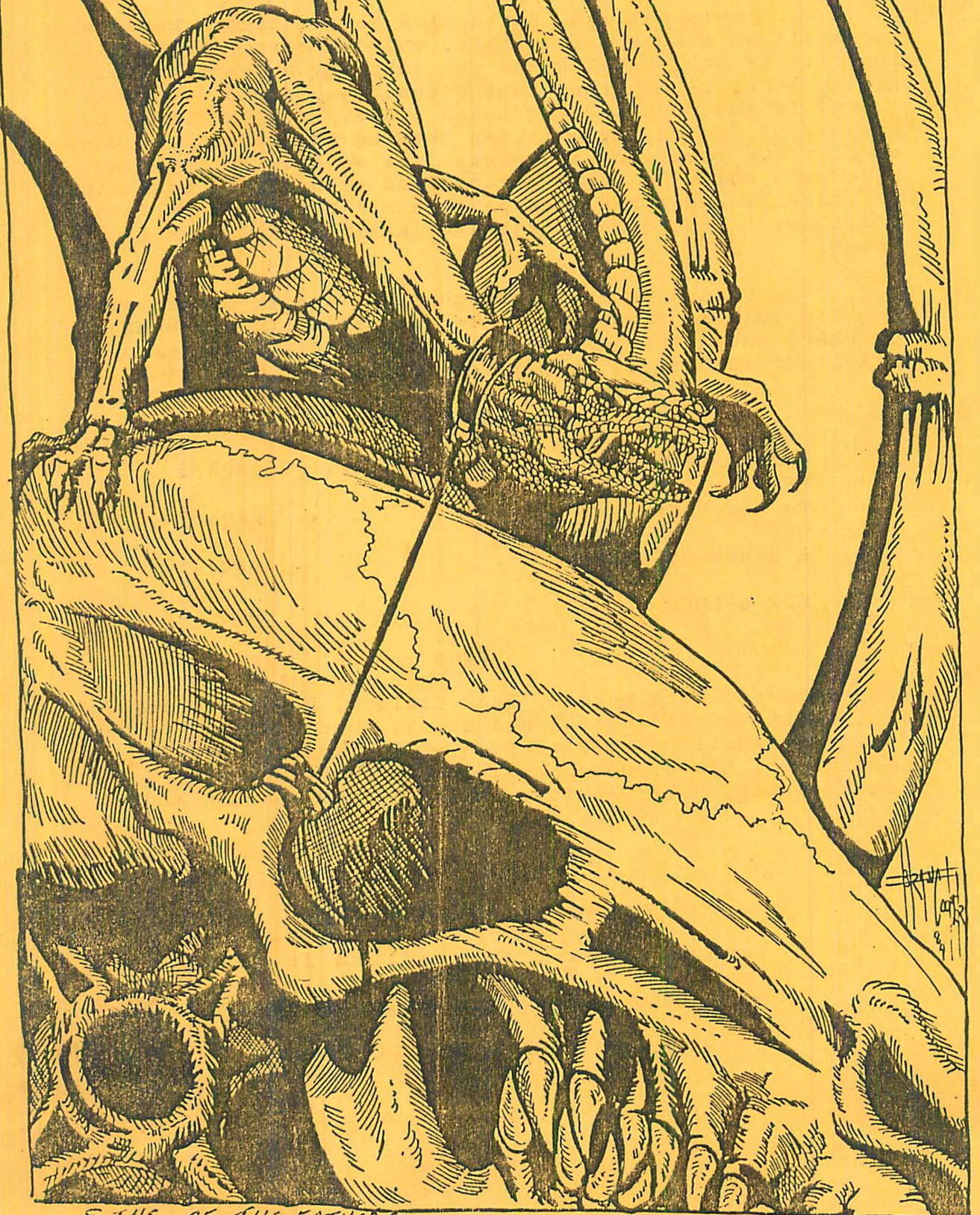


DON-O-SAUR

54



SINS OF THE FATHERS

DON-o-SAUR 54

April 1989

DON-o-SAUR is written, edited and published by Don C. Thompson, 3735 W. 81st Place, Westminster, CO 80030 (303-429-3750) on what seems to be trending toward a quarterly or possibly even a bi-monthly basis. It wasn't planned; things are just turning out that way.

With this mailing, DON-o-SAUR goes through the domestic mails on a bulk mail permit, which necessitates a mailing list or at least 200, so you just may be getting this for no other reason than that without you I wouldn't make quota. If any such padding takes place, it's likely to be temporary. If you haven't been getting DoS before and want to continue receiving it, please let me know in some way. Give me a call. Or write a loc; send artwork, or your zine in trade. You get the idea--except don't send money. I'm still not taking subscriptions or making single-issue sales.

DON-o-SAUR is sent through FAPA, and is mailed separately to some members; it is also mailed to all members of PEAPS and APS-69 and is distributed to all members of D'APA but is not really part of those.

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from

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Reconsiderations

Carolyn always gets the presentation copy of DON-o-SAUR, hot off the press, so to speak. So I handed her number 53 and then sat down and pretended to be involved in the book I was reading while she read the zine straight through. (I was relieved that she didn't yawn and toss it aside after a few pages.)

When she did lay it aside, there were a few tense moments as I waited for some comment, or none. What she finally said was:

"Well, it does seem to me that you're an angry driver. The way you grip the wheel and keep looking behind you..."

"I'm driving scared," I protested. "I'm just being alert." .

"And it's so hard to get you to stop..."

"Stop what? What am I doing?"

"To stop. To pull over. When the kids were little and we'd be driving to Laramie or someplace, and I'd try to get you to stop so they could get out and run around or go to the bathroom...you just hated to stop. Wanted to keep going until we got wherever it was, as though getting there as quickly as possible was the most important thing."

"Oh, well, 25, 30 years ago..."

"But you're still like that. So intense. You figure out the quickest way to get someplace and you don't want to slow down until you get there."

"I don't like to dawdle, no -- to get in other people's way."

But okay. I was beginning to see what she was saying, and it wasn't anything I could argue about, except that if pressed I would still claim that the motive is fear, not anger; but I've already granted that those two emotions are often indistinguishable. Yeah, sure I want to get wherever I'm going as soon as possible; the more time you spend on the highway, the more opportunity there is for disaster. (And I prefer highway driving to in-town traffic because at least all the crazies are going in the same direction.)

I was sort of chagrined to learn, after all these years, how distressing my driving habits had been, but I had to admit some degree of accuracy in Carolyn's description of them.

Carolyn did not volunteer any other comments about D-o-S 53, and I did not invite any. I know when to leave well enough alone. Anyway, I'm learning.

The reactions from other readers have been interesting indeed, thoughtful and thought-provoking, though in general less argumentative and contentious than I might have expected. I felt somehow flattered and gratified.

I love locs; they're the main reason I hope to continue producing DON-o-SAUR indefinitely. They're invaluable as a means of testing the validity of certain of my opinions and of determining whether I'm really saying what I hope I am. Sometimes I don't know exactly how I do feel or think or stand on some issue,

so I try to express it, and somebody reading my attempt sees more clearly than I do what I'm trying to get across and restates it in clearer terms.

Or, perhaps more typically, someone sees some aspect of the issue that I've overlooked and brings it to my attention. Or someone who flat out disagrees with me on something presents facts or arguments that force me to re-examine and re-evaluate my own ideas.

I've enjoyed reconsidering, in the light of the locs on DoS 53, some of what I had to say about anger in that issue.

It's clear enough to me now that I was pulled away by what Brian Earl Brown calls a semantic undertow and spent much of the issue talking not about real anger but about indignation, frustration and worry. My feelings about environmental destruction, social injustice and abuse of power are in that category. The only example of real throat-slitting fury I gave was petty and personal, and I could have given a few others of that nature, but that kind of anger is of little significance.

There is such a thing as effective anger, and it's finally dawned on me that I probably don't even possess the capacity for it. I don't have to explain what I mean by "effective anger" do I? If I just mention a few names: John Brown, Clarence Darrow, Carrie Chapman Catt, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King and Mohammed X (and Martin Luther, for that matter--and Jesus and Mohammed) Phyllis Schaffley and Germaine Greer, you'll probably see what I mean.

Those are people whose anger changed things, and I could extend the list indefinitely. I've admired some of those people and been frightened by others. In a way, I've always kind of envied people like that, feeling that there was some kind of defect in my character that prevented me from being able to articulate and communicate the righteous wrath that I should be feeling over so many of the rotten things I see. Maybe it's all just part of the generalized guilt complex that I've struggled with for most of my life.

Somehow I got the notion early on that I should get angry at injustices, and that I had a responsibility to try to correct them, and I felt guilty because I couldn't even get properly angry, let alone do anything.

Well, understanding trickles in slowly to some minds. Education is a life-long process. DON-o-locs are an important aspect of my education. The letters I've gotten since January have encouraged me to do some rethinking.

I don't mean that I've changed my mind on any of the basic positions that I expressed in DoS 53. I'm still essentially a liberal Democrat, an atheist, an internationalist, an environmentalist, a feminist... I still do care about a lot of things. But I'm not willing to fight to the death for any of my causes, and I never have been.

But my sense of guilt over that unwillingness has been diminished. Once I stop to really think things through, I can see that it isn't my fault that things are as they are, and that no one has designated me as the fixer.

Don't misunderstand; I have not abdicated all responsibility. I remain active in the League of Women Voters and maintain my membership in NOW. I have rejoined the ACLU (after taking Brian Earl Brown's advice to rethink my basic

values); I contribute to various other worthy causes. If they flourish, I rejoice; if they flounder, I try not to despair or to take it personally.

Here's something that seems to have just recently trickled into my consciousness (I mean, I must have known this for a long time, but it seems to have shifted focus somehow, attained a different level of importance, come into a new and slightly different perspective):

Activists, reformers, revolutionaries, luke warm backers of worthy causes ... well, anybody, at any time, at whatever level ... we never know in advance what our actions will lead to, do we? Or what peripheral consequences may be damaging enough to offset any direct gains. Anger can be "effective," but how often is the main effect the one desired?

Did Jesus foresee the Inquisition (or Jim and Tammy Baker?) Did Marx foresee Stalin? Mohammed the Ayotollah or Cat Stevens?

Here's a more recent example, one that I find more personally chagrining, being neither Christian, Marxist nor Muslim:

In the late '50s and early '60s, liberal reformers (including the ACLU, I think) scored a major triumph in winning the release of large numbers of mental patients from state-run institutions -- the "snake pits."

And damn it, they were right! Many of those places were abominations and should have been closed, and many of the patients would have been better off in more home-like surroundings. It was a truism that anyone who wasn't crazy when they entered an asylum would be when they came out.

So the asylums were emptied of all but the most extreme cases, with the idea that smaller, cleaner, more humane "halfway houses" scattered around in quiet residential neighborhoods would take care of the borderline patients.

But of course things got out of sequence. Somebody had forgotten to ask the residents of those quiet neighborhoods if they wanted or would even tolerate mental patients in their midst. There was no backup plan. The halfway houses were forced to close. Lawmakers saw no need to fund facilities that no longer existed.

And the displaced patients disappeared from public consciousness until their recent re-emergence as a large proportion of "the homeless."

Problems are seldom solved; they're simply replaced by other problems, and the attempted solutions often enough backfire on those who brought them about.

Consider the federal anti-racketeering legislation adopted a few years ago, partly in an attempt to loosen the hold of organized crime on certain labor unions (and partly, I suppose, as another manifestation of the anti-drug war). The new laws gave police unprecedented power to seize evidence and to confiscate property even before conviction of the accused.

I don't know how badly organized crime has suffered as a result of the laws. The Teamsters have just reached a settlement out of court to permit more open elections, but it doesn't seem to affect the central governing body, where "the mob" is alleged to have its power concentrated. Most spectacularly and expensively for the targeted firms, the laws have been used against a few

financial firms. I was tempted to gloat when I read a conservative columnist complaining about the unfairness of the anti-racketeering laws. I didn't, because he was right. They are unfair, probably unconstitutional, though I don't know that the present Supreme Court is going to say so. No matter whom bad laws are aimed at, they can be used against anyone.

Here's one more example of reformist legislation sometimes having unwanted results. This is another one sponsored by law-and-order conservatives, impatient with the pinko ACLU-lovin' liberals and their coddling of criminals:

Several years ago, Colorado toughened its sentencing laws, giving judges less discretion and increasing the number and type of offenses calling for mandatory sentences. I don't recall if the parole procedures were changed at the same time. In any case they certainly weren't made any more lenient. The lawmakers somehow failed to make any provisions for housing all those new criminals. There's no evidence that they even thought about that problem.

Today Colorado's prisons are bursting at the seams (as are those of many other states, I'm sure.) Murderers, rapists and other violent criminals are being held in city and county jails for indefinite periods. Counties are suing the state for relief. According to a recent story in the *Rocky Mountain News*, the state's prison population is now 4,900 and is expected to hit 8,333 by 1994. State officials are proposing a \$195 million program to add 2,171 beds by that year. That would still leave us with 1,262 more prisoners than beds.

Now, I know what the preferred solution of some Colorado lawmakers and many law-abiding citizens would be. I've heard just these words: "Hell, prison ain't supposed to be a luxury hotel. Make 'em suffer. Put 'em four to a cell if they complain about double bunking, and if they get frustrated, let 'em kill each other off!" Sooner or later, though, those lawmakers and citizens agree, more prisons will have to be built. It simply isn't legal to cram them in like sardines. Cruel and unusual punishment is unconstitutional.

The story in the *News* is about a study by the Rutgers School of Criminal Justice, which finds that "two-thirds of the inmates in Colorado prisons could be placed in minimum-security or community corrections facilities, saving the state millions of dollars in construction and operating costs."

Well, that sounds suspiciously like a "liberal" solution, doesn't it? And knee-jerk conservatives are already opposing it.

And I can't help wondering myself: How many communities are going to be receptive to corrections facilities in their neighborhood? Someplace else, sure, but not here.

Does all this mean, then, that I'm ready to give up? Do I think we might as well quit trying to improve things, that any attempt at reform is foredoomed to failure? I get the impression from the locs that at least some fans my age (and some much younger) have reached that point.

Well, I'm not there yet. Not ALL reforms end in disaster. SOME efforts on behalf of the underprivileged actually result in their betterment. Slavery no longer exists in the United States. Women have the right to vote. Kids no longer work 12-hour shifts in death-trap factories. Collective bargaining is not just legal, it's respectable. Police are a lot more hesitant than they were 50 or 100 years ago about beating confessions out of suspects. (I'm not sure

that everyone considers that a step in the right direction, but I do. I might be a suspect myself someday -- and you could be, too.)

I see some evidence that progress is possible, and I know that individual anger can be effective in making changes.

Here's what worries me: People that I disagree with can (and do) become angry, too, and their anger can be just as effective as the wrath I approve of.

Women's right to abortion was established as a result of the anger of militant feminists in the 1960s. That right is now endangered by the violent anger of militants of a different persuasion today.

The principle of freedom of expression was written into the U.S. Constitution 200 years ago by angry founders recalling the restraints imposed by the British crown.

When people are free to express unpopular views, it can be guaranteed that someone is going to get mad about it and want to shut them up. It's been going on from the very beginning. No American censor has yet advocated the death penalty for an author or editor, but jail terms have been served by various pornographers and propagandists. Eugene Debs was imprisoned for opposing U.S. entry into World War I. How many people remember when books by Henry Miller and James Joyce and Vladimir Nabakov could be read only if smuggled into the country? Anybody remember the Hayes Office, which had the power to censor all movies released in the U.S.?

There was an item on the TV news the other night that intrigued me. One woman has become angry at what she considers the gratuitous sex on certain sitcoms. She's written letters of complaint to all the sponsors. The laudatory point of the item was that "one person can make a difference." The sponsors are considering cancelling their commercials on the offending shows, or maybe some of them already have. (It's hard to get details on stories like that.) This lady is in an excellent position to have herself appointed the unofficial censor of network sitcoms, with the same power that the Hayes Office used to have, or that Anthony Comstock had over book publishers in an even earlier era. There will always be angry parents demanding that books they don't approve of be removed from school libraries. The Adams County School Board has been kept busy recently listening to such demands--and, so far, resisting them.

But how long would school boards and library boards continue to resist such pressures in the absence of others who express anger over the prospect of censorship?

It looks like the whole abortion issue may be rendered obsolete by the new French pill, but the right-to-lifers are already staking out new territories in which to exercise their power and fury. They're now going after the "living wills," attempting to force doctors to keep terminally ill patients alive as long as possible and by whatever means, even against the expressed wishes of the patients. I fear the anger of such zealots.

So, even though I'm not quite able to summon effective anger within myself, I shall continue to support, in my own modest (and sometimes hesitant and apprehensive) way, the anger of some others who seem to have the same goals and values that I do.

To See Ourselves...

As I think I started to mention earlier, one of the joys ~~benefits~~ interesting aspects of getting locs on DoS is that through them I sometimes get indirect glimpses of myself as perceived by others.

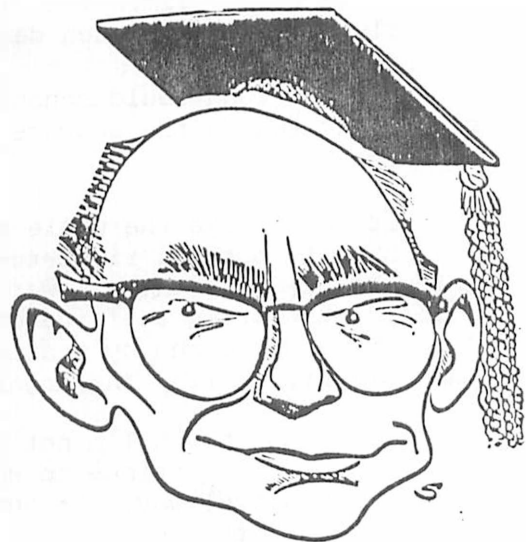
And it occurred to me, as I was formulating that thought, that I have had more opportunity than many people I know to see myself as others see me. Or it could be, of course, that I have simply neglected to throw away the evidence, having been more amused than offended by it. I doubt if anyone will accuse me of vanity for having preserved some of the artwork shown in the next couple of pages, although in some cases I have considered the renditions quite flattering. In any case, there seems to be something about my whiskers and bald head and skinny frame that makes me a tempting target for caricaturists.

Rocky Mountain News artist Dan Gibson seems to have done more of them than anyone.



This first example was done during a warm June evening (a slow night on the copy desk, obviously) on a sheet of newsprint in about 20 seconds nearly 30 years ago (1962). It was during a much more relaxed period of RMN history, obviously, when we had time to play around with yo-yos and other toys. Danny caught me in the act of goofing off. Carolyn loved the sketch, claiming that Danny had caught the very essence of my hands, and she pasted it into a photo album. The paper is threatening to crumble, and she's been urging me to make copies of it before it disintegrates. Maybe that's what got me started on this project of gathering up the other caricatures of myself that have been done over the years.

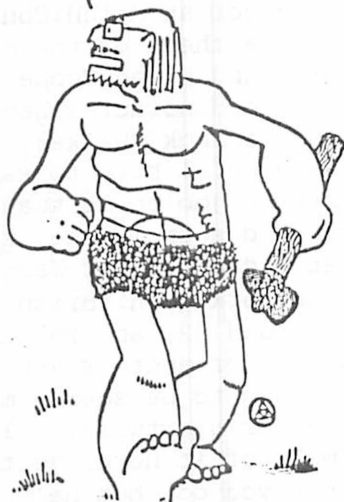
Here's another one by Gibson, done in '68. This was when I was switching careers. I'd taught for a year part-time at Metro State College while still working full time. When I took the full time teaching contract, I resigned my News job. This sketch, framed and signed by nearly everyone in the newsroom, was my going-away present. I'd shaved off the beard about a year before, when I first started teaching. I grew it back soon after I went full-time and got a little more relaxed. I soon discovered that teaching at the college level wasn't really a full-time job (and didn't pay as much as I'd been making), so I tried to get back on the News part-time and was told they weren't hiring part-timers just then. So I got on the *Post* instead and stayed there until January 1973, when Michael Howard lured me back to the News.



There was a lot of resistance and resentment on the part of some copy editors when the News computerized, in the late '70s, but I've always insisted that I welcomed the change. From the expression Gibson put on my face in this view, I'm not sure he was aware of my real attitude. Well, I was concentrating. I like this one because at least it doesn't show me with a silly grin on my face, as so many of the others do. I used this as the front cover on the first issue of FROM THE RIM in 1981, which was intended to be a sort of successor to DON-o-SAUR.



YOU CAN KEEP
YOUR DAMN HUGO!



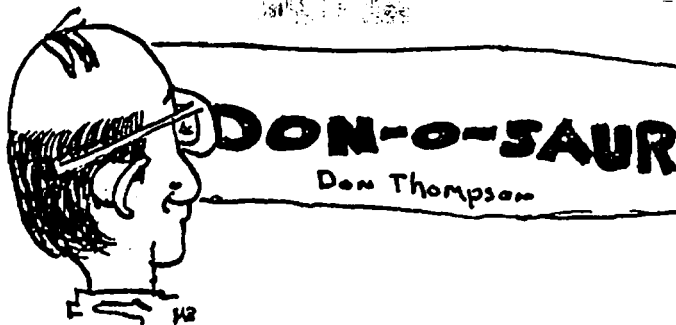
The inside of the back cover of that first issue of FROM THE RIM was this sketch by Ken DeVries. It must have been done in 1977 or 1978, while I was still doing DoS and after I'd been nominated two or three times for a Hugo as Best Fan writer. I don't remember whether I ever intended to use this as a DON-o-SAUR cover, but I know I'd hoped to run it in DON-o-SAUR someplace, sometime. By '81 I had lost contact with Ken, and I still don't know exactly what ever happened to him. He was active in DASFA for a few years in the '70s, until he got caught up in the punk rock movement. He was a cartoonist of formidable talent and I liked and admired him as a person.

Somewhere in the house, hidden away in some dark corner of some obscure closet (or just as likely out in plain view, where I'm looking right through it) I have a framed and signed sketch of myself by Stu Shiffman, done for the Autoclave Program Book in 1977, when I was co-Fan Guest of Honor with Don D'Ammassa. It will turn up, I'm sure, when I'm futilely looking for something else, but I haven't been able to find it today, and so ...

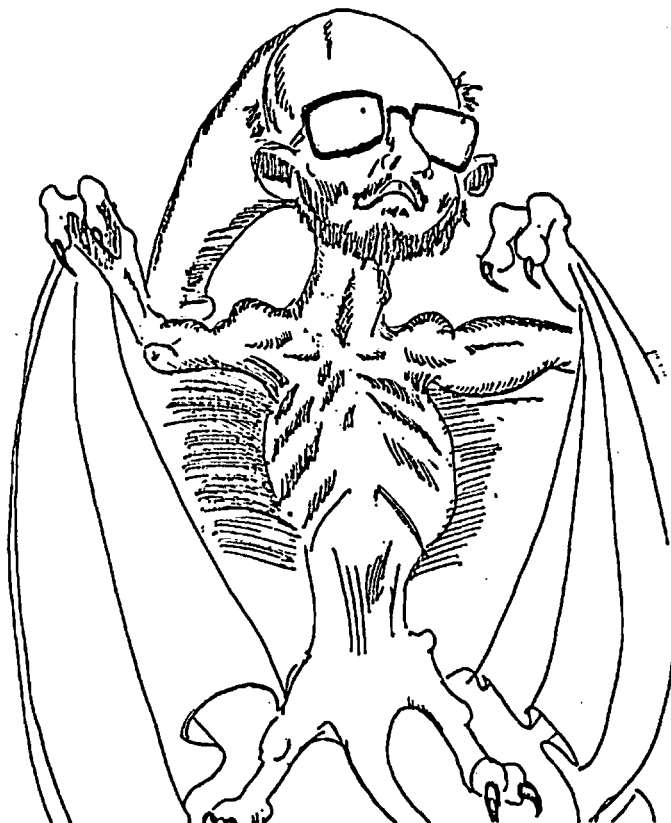
Ah! Here it is! And I wasn't even looking for something else, nor was it quite in a closet nor exactly in plain sight. It was in a kind of trophy shelf in my downstairs room, behind a row of Big-Little Books. This is probably the closest of all the sketches to being a real likeness, rather than a caricature; it's almost a portrait, and I like it except that it makes me look kind of shifty-eyed. But I love the bug-eyed, cigar-puffing Pogo-style dinosaur looking over my shoulder.



This one by Mike Bracken appeared in an issue of DON-o-SAUR, but I haven't been able to determine exactly which. I don't think it matters much. If it does, I suppose I can find out. I don't know whether Mike had ever seen me when he did this. I don't think so. It's more likely he was working from a photo or somebody else's artwork, but I thought he produced a really remarkable likeness, except for the absence of the beard and mustache. But that's pretty much what I look like without them. (Carolyn disagrees; she says my head is round, not egg-shaped.



This isn't really what I look like with the beard and mustache, but it's probably what I would look like if I were a pteradactyl or whatever. I was Fan



Guest of Honor at MileHiCon 20 last October. The theme of the con was dinosaurs, and Brian Cooper was assigned to do dinosaur-likeness impressions of Jack Chalker, Connie Willis and me. I have to say that he did a better job on me than on the others. He'd seen me; he knew me, and just had photos of Jack and Connie to work with. Brian did the cover for DoS 52, and for this one. And one way or another you're almost certain to be seeing more of Brian Cooper's artwork. I'll be using more of it here, just to be sure that you do, but he's an ambitious and enormously talented young man with bright prospects in cartooning or whatever field of art he chooses to work. He does a weekly comic strip, "NYMPH," for the *Rocky Mountain Oyster*, Denver's "premiere singles publication," and he's just showed me a gorgeous piece of color art that he's sending to *Weird Tales* as a possible cover. I could tell you a lot more about Brian Cooper (he's become a pulp collector,

largely because of the gaudy covers), but perhaps this is a good place to articulate my newly evolved policy on artwork for DON-o-SAUR:

Mostly I'll want covers. At the rate this issue is going together, I can foresee a bimonthly schedule, and it would be nice to have a backlog of cover artwork. I'll use some interior illos, but I don't expect to be nearly as lavish in their use as I was in the good old days. Photocopies are acceptable. If you want originals returned, you'll probably have to ask.

A Sense of Place

Fiction writers are well advised to "write about what you know." (Critics and reviewers are free, of course to write about anything they please.)

I'm gonna make like a reviewer for the next few pages.

David Dvorkin has heeded the "what you know" advice in his latest novel "Ursus," published by Franklin Watts (but not until May) at \$18.95. So has Michael Moorcock in his latest (100th) novel, "Mother London" (Harmony Books, \$19.95) and John Cramer in his first, "Twistor" (Morrow, \$18.95).

I'll talk some about the Moorcock and Cramer books, but I want to focus first on Dvorkin's, if only because I know more about the Rockies than I do about either London or Seattle.

Now, I'm going to have some severely negative comments about Ursus, so I'd like to begin with a few favorable ones.

Dvorkin is a pretty good writer. He has a good ear for dialogue. His narrative flows smoothly; you always know where you are in his story and from whose point of view you're seeing the action. Dvorkin's descriptions are generally clear and accurate. In Ursus, you do get a feel for life in a city at the edge of the Rocky Mountains. (The big problem I had was in trying to figure out which city this is; I'll get to that.)

I must qualify my praise of Dvorkin's sense of place by pointing out that I am myself a native and practically lifelong resident of the Rockies, so it was easy for me to recognize the things Dvorkin talks about. I can't really say what impression the book will make on non-Rockies denizens.

And I must add that, while I have never been to London, after reading Moorcock's book (really quite difficult going, in many respects, as I hope to elaborate on later), I now feel that I've spent some time there, guided by one who knows its secrets intimately.

After attempting to read Twistor (giving up for reasons of bad writing, totally unrealistic dialogue and an over-abundance of scientific terminology), I at least had the feeling that Cramer knows Seattle pretty well, even if he wasn't able to convey much of its atmosphere to me.

Both Moorcock and Cramer use the real names of real places, and in Moorcock's case anyway, that serves to convince the reader of the three-dimensionality of the story and the setting. (It would have taken much more than that to bring Twistor alive for me.)

I can't escape the feeling that Dvorkin made a bad mistake in not using real place names in Ursus. I can understand his reasons for not doing so, I think, and I can't really see how he could have told quite the story he did if he had set the story in Denver (or Colorado Springs or Fort Collins.) And I have to admit he had precedent for doing it the way he did.

But then I have been disgusted by James Michner's calling Colorado "Centennial" and Maine "Chesapeake" and many other places he's written about by made-up names. I just don't approve of the practice, and that's all there is to it.

(And yes I know that Stephen King didn't use the real name of the Stanley Hotel or Estes Park in The Shining and I didn't complain about that; the story was so good, with so much else to think about that it didn't bother me. King can do a lot of things that other writers can't get away with.

(And yes, yes, get off my back; I know that there's no such place as Arkham, or Miskatonic University, or Yoknapatawpha County or Castle Rock, Maine, but those places were created by mythologizers. There's a difference.)

There have to be good reasons for changing the name of a recognizable place; that's my point. I don't concede that Michner ever had good reason. And if the best reason for changing names is that otherwise the plot of the

story would have to be changed, then I would suggest that changing the plot should be considered.

Dvorkin's plot could have stood some changes.

The overwhelming problem of any fiction writer is getting the reader to suspend disbelief. Everyone agrees on that; it's a truism. Agreed?

And there should be universal agreement that the more fantastic the story--the closer it comes to sheer fantasy or horror or science fiction--the more pains the author must take to lure the reader into believing, just for a short while, that these impossible events could actually have taken place.

Any writer who deliberately presents an unbelievable locale for a highly improbable story is giving both himself and the reader an unnecessarily difficult challenge.

Look, I know most of my readers are products of the American high school system, and that American high schools are notoriously inept at teaching geography; but can even you believe that there's a largish city called Piketon in the state of Arapahoe, which is located north of Colorado and south of Wyoming? (Well, if you could believe Michner's state of [whatever it was] in the vicinity of Kansas in Space, maybe you can believe Arapahoe.

I tried; I honestly tried. And I tried to temporarily believe the rest of Dvorkin's story, but throughout I was distracted by the little game of trying to match his fictional places and people to real ones.

There were some disturbingly close matches in many cases (too many, I felt; more than were really advisable, and I was trying to figure Dvorkin's motive in some of the character names he used.)

There is a legitimate form of fiction known as satire, in which real public figures are disguised as fictional characters, with names and/or other attributes that make them recognizable. The purpose is generally to poke fun at the public figures, to call attention to their shortcomings by exaggeration. Libel suits in such cases are usually but not always unsuccessful. They often help the sales of a book.

I kept wondering, in Dvorkin's book, whether he was deliberately courting libel suits. I don't really think anyone will sue; but I'm not at all sure that someone couldn't.

Most people outside the Denver area won't be familiar with the names of Denver's former mayor, Bill McNichols, or former Police Chief Art Dill. But you don't have to be a Denverite for the name of oil billionaire Marvin Davis to ring a bell, right?

The mayor of Dvorkin's mythical city of Piketon is Mack Nicholson. His police chief is Del Pickel. The oil billionaire is Norris Marvins.

Most non-Denverites won't recall the scandal of Riverside Baptist Church Pastor James Blair and his Life Care Center that proved to be an empty bubble. Part of the plot of Ursus involves Lifeway Temple, run by Pastor Carol O'Hair.

Incidentally, the name of Piketon's professional football team (and it's understood in the book that Denver is not too terribly far away) is the Mustangs.

Come on! Never mind what I think. Can you believe in two NFL teams within a hundred miles or so of each other, one called the Mustangs and the other the Broncos? It's hard enough to believe in the Broncos.

Is this satire? If so, then there might be justification for all these coincidences.

Well, that was one those troublesome questions that kept coming up in my mind as I read.

I have no idea, of course, as to Dvorkin's original intention. (I suppose I could ask him; he does, after all, live in Denver, and his son, Daniel, is a member of DASFA; maybe I could ask Dan.) But that wouldn't be fair. Book re-

viewing and criticism are a kind of a game -- one which I greatly enjoy -- but there are unwritten rules, and I try to abide by them.

I find few elements of satire in the novel, other than the place and character names.

True, virtually all the characters, especially those I've named (they're the villains of the piece), but to a lesser degree even the protagonists, are stereotypes. Mack Nicholson is your typical crooked politician. Pickel is the typical corrupt cop. Marvins is the typical power-wielding billionaire, and O'Hair the typical hypocritical religious leader, tormented by his own lusts, dominated by a typical domineering mother.

There is also a typical Chicano political leader, and a typical hunter, and a typical female cop and a typical rock radio station (KROCK)...

But I'm quite certain that, whatever Dvorkin started out to do, *Ursus* is going to be marketed as a horror-suspense novel, not as social or political or religious satire.

Science fiction is the most effective medium of satire ever invented.

Fantasy can be a powerful reflection of reality.

I cannot think of a single example of a good horror-suspense tale in which satire has been a dominant feature. They just don't mix. Any author really intent on scaring the hell out of a reader wants to keep the reader's mind on the action -- the immediate menace.

Perhaps it's time to give you an idea of what Dvorkin's book is actually about.

The title gives you a clue. American schools are even worse about teaching Latin than about geography, but still I assume everyone knows that "ursus" means bear.

The opening scene has an employee of the Natural History Museum driving through the darkened early-morning streets of the Picketon barrio with his wife half asleep beside him and two kids and several caged and sedated "specimens" in back. The family is returning from a sort of business-vacation in the mountains.

Improbable things start happening at once.

Joe is running red lights. That part's okay. There's no other traffic on the streets, so why not? I'd do that myself at 4 a.m. As he goes through one red light, he's spotted by a cop car a block away. It turns on its flashers and pursues. I can't help doubting that. Joe isn't speeding or driving recklessly. Why be so conscientious? But never mind; some cops are like that. Joe panics and tries to elude the cop car.

Why? (Well, maybe there's something illegal about those specimens, but if that's true, wouldn't he have been more careful about the lights?) But never mind again. Joe pulls the car into a dark alley, stops and turns off the headlights. The police car zooms by. Joe hears a growl from the cages. He panics again, starts up the car, runs it into a brick wall, sending his wife through the windshield and bursting the cages. The specimens break free and gobble up the whole family.

All that's in the first three pages -- and I just didn't quite believe any of it. How fast does a car have to be going for a crash to send a passenger through the windshield? Could it have accelerated to that speed in this alley? Exactly what distance are we talking about? We're not told. Would those cages really break open that easily? And why would Joe do all the stupid things he did anyway? (And why the hell wasn't his wife wearing her seat belt?)

I had to assume that maybe there would be at least some explanations as we went along.

Instead, the situation becomes even less plausible.

The bodies aren't discovered by the police for a couple of weeks. Some time after the crash -- I guess it could be the next night -- three kids,

potential muggers, are lurking in the alley, waiting for a victim. Carla Montez walks by, but before the punks can jump her, they're the gory victims of ... something. (We do find out, eventually, what the horrible something is, and it's no great surprise; we've got the title as a hint, after all. But these are kind of special ursi.)

Some unspecified time after the mugger maulings, a kid cuts through the alley and discovers the crashed car and all the bodies, but decides not to tell the police, or anyone else. How come?

Why, because "they'd never believe him"(!) of course. Can he really believe that no one would even look? Is this kid retarded? Is it necessary to the plot for the bodies to not be discovered for such a long time?

The answer to that last question seem to be no. As far as I can tell, things could have developed pretty much as they did even if the crash and the bodies had been discovered the next day.

(That barrio, and the police and mayor's neglect of it, is something I couldn't quite swallow, either, but as a plot ingredient it certainly helps explain why the story couldn't take place in Denver, the Springs or Fort Collins. Maybe in Pueblo or Trinidad, in southern Colorado, or in New Mexico or Texas or somewhere, something comparable exists -- a neighborhood where a thousand residents could disappear or die bloodily and mysteriously within less than a year and arouse almost no concern from the cops or city administrators.

Just maybe. But naw, I don't believe it.)

So why does Dvorkin deliberately give us hard-to-believe locales, characters and incidents?

I don't know; I have no answer, and all I'm saying is that I think he made a bad mistake in not using the real city of Denver, disguising some of the characters better, and adjusting his story line to fit the more believable setting. Other critics will doubtless disagree with me, but I'll question whether they're writing about what they know.

I am certainly not saying that just because a writer sets the story in a real locale, the result is going to be a good or even readable story.

Twistor begins at the real University of Washington in the real city of Seattle. Real street names and landmarks are referred to.

However...

The name John Cramer should be familiar to regular readers of *Analog*. He writes the "Alternate View" science column. He decided to try his hand at fiction and somehow found a publisher for his first novel. (It helps to know people in the right places.)

David Harrison invents the "twistor" effect, which opens doorways to alternate universes. Sound familiar? Yeah, but Cramer is a scientist and gives the nuts and bolts explanation of how it's done. This is supposed to make it more plausible, and maybe it does if you're able to follow the explanations. I found it about as fascinating and informative as listening to garage mechanics talk about torque wrenches and differentials and manifolds.

The plot harkens back to the pulp era: Hired thugs--corporate espionage agents--try to steal Harrison's invention. He escapes into one of the alternate universes, taking two young children with him.

And that's further into the story than I got; I'm taking some of this from the jacket blurb.

I stopped reading at about this "line" of dialogue:

"Aw come on, Paul," countered David, joining the familiar game. He was clearly more cheerful and relaxed now. "What would you theorists find to spend

real money on, should someone be foolish enough to give you some? How many pencils and note pads do they have to buy you guys before you're happy, anyhow? Why, when you guys do latch on to some money you promptly embarrass the rest of the physics community by gathering at phony institutes and conferences held at beach resorts and ski lodges to fritter away dollars that might be better used for experiments to demonstrate the holes in your partially baked theoretical ideas."

Maybe experimental physicists actually talk that way in casual conversation. But I don't believe it.

The back of the dust jacket has quotes from David Brin, Poul Anderson, Stanley Schmidt, Gene Wolfe and Gregory Benford, all lavishing praise on *Twistor*, but are you gonna trust them or me?

You don't have to do either. Read it for yourself and let me know what you think. Maybe you'll like it.

Maybe I will, if I can ever bring myself back for another attempt. But there are an awful lot of other books waiting to be read.

I'd almost be willing to bet that most people reading this won't be able to get very far into Michael Moorcock's *Mother London*.

A lot of different people have a lot of different reasons for refusing to read Moorcock, anyway. The man has an image problem.

Some SF readers have never forgiven Moorcock for "destroying" the *New Worlds* of Ted Carnell by using it as a carrier for the New Wave. Some have never forgiven him for his anti-heroic fantasy novels. I even know some readers who consider *Behold the Man* blasphemous and refuse to read anything else he's written.

Many people like Moorcock's *Dancers at the End of Time* series but are reluctant to read anything else by him.

Most science fiction readers are only dimly aware of Moorcock's mainstream works, such as *The Brothel at Rosenstrasse*, *Byzantium Endures* and *The Laughter of Carthage*.

Frankly, when I picked up *Mother London*, I didn't intend to read very much of it; it didn't look like my kind of book, and it's nearly 500 pages long, but I'd just put down *Twistor* and was willing to give almost anything else a try.

And I'm still not quite certain how I got through the first hundred pages or so of *Mother London*. It is not easy going. You don't know for a while who these people are or what they're talking about or why some of them seem to be hearing voices in their head. And they're not really doing anything interesting--just sitting around talking to each other, catching trams and sipping tea or beer or just walking along, thinking, hearing, remembering ... or trying to remember. The chapter headings at least make it easy to figure out when things are taking place. The first and last chapters are set in the present.

The others are set in seemingly random periods back to 1940; the novel ranges back and forth across the half century, like a scanner across the emergency radio bands, pausing occasionally to give fragments of action or conversation. Virtually all the action takes place in and around London. The blitz and the V-bombs are the focal events.

I said *Mother London* didn't seem like my kind of book when I first opened it. My kind of book has a lots of excitement, danger, impossibilities-made-possible, suspense, drama, significance, vivid characters...

Actually, *Mother London* does have all those qualities--and even more. It just seemed difficult at first because I was having to do the work of putting the pieces together in my mind.

The story isn't all neatly laid out by the author; the reader has to find it. It turns out to be fun. Scanner radio? Well, yeah, but Moorcock himself, in the words of David Mummery, explains more clearly what he's doing:

Theories of Time are mostly simplistic, like Dunne's, attempting to give it a circular or linear form, but I believe Time to be like a faceted jewel with an infinity of planes and layers impossible either to map or to contain...

And talk about mythologizing!

Here, listen to the last few sentences of the novel. The author is talking about Nonny, an old Gypsy woman, a seemingly minor character:

She knows which ghosts haunt cellars beneath concrete and glass, whose skeletons are buried where. She tells of uncanny pre-sentiments, impossible escapes and unexpected bravery; she speaks of David Mummery, rescued by the Black Captain; of Josef Kiss who reads minds and by this means saved a thousand lives, and of Mary Gasalee, walking unscathed from the inferno with her baby in her arms. Such stories are common amongst all ordinary Londoners though few are ever noted by the Press. By means of our myths and legends we maintain a sense of what we are worth and who we are. Without them we should undoubtedly go mad.

Moorcock has written a hundred books?! I've just checked and find to my amazement that I have 55 of them, mostly U.S. paperbacks or book club editions, a few British paperbacks. Many of them remain unread--I suppose about half.

I have picked up most of the Eternal Champion series and some of the other S&S but have never gotten started on them. I've enjoyed most of the Jerry Cornelius stories. I was impressed by Behold the Man and The Final Programme. The Chinese Agent, I recall, really tickled me, and I loved Warlord of the Air and The Land Leviathan.

But I'm not sure that I ever took Moorcock quite seriously before, even though I seem to have been unconsciously collecting him. But I mean ... when a guy plays with a rock band (*Hawkwind*--I've got two of the albums!) and writes a book (*Time of the Hawklords*) using the band members as characters, he's just playing games, isn't he? How serious can he be?

But now I've read *Mother London*, and I have no doubt that it is the work of a serious novelist, and I'm being forced to re-evaluate all of Moorcock's works.

(I've just now been browsing in Brian Aldiss' *Billion Year Spree*, and it's no news to Aldiss that Moorcock is a significant figure in SF. But when I read that book I was finding a lot of things to argue about.

I'm ready to yield the point about Moorcock.

It's obvious even to me now that there's a great deal more to Jerry Cornelius and Elric of Melnibone than I'd cared to look at before; and the Eternal Champion is almost certainly more than just another Conan.

Well, I've got a lot of reading to catch up on, and another author to start (consciously) collecting. I've made a list of 27 Moorcock titles known to exist but which I don't yet have. That means there are still 18 that I don't even know about.

Ah, well. No hurry. I need to build more bookshelves first, anyway. But if anyone happens to know about a comprehensive Moorcock bibliography, I'd appreciate hearing about it.

This page is likely to be of interest to bibliographers only, and maybe not many of them. Column A is a list of the books by Michael Moorcock that I have; Column B is the list of Moorcock books that I know of but don't have. Column C is for YOU to fill in with books of his that I don't even know about.

COL. A		COL. B	COL. C
A CURE FOR CANCER (Holt)		ADVENTURES OF UNA PERSSON AND CATHERINE CORNELIUS IN THE 20TH CENTURY	
THE CONDITION OF MUZAK	in The Cornelius Chronicles (Avon)	AVILION	
THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN (Quartet)		BANE OF THE BLACK SWORD	
THE FINAL PROGRAMME (Mayflower and Avon)		(Elric series)	
AN ALIEN HEAT (Harper & Row)	Dancers at the	BLADES OF MARS	
THE HOLLOW LANDS ()	End of Time	(Edward P. Bradbury)	
BARBARIANS OF MARS (Ace)		THE BLOOD RED GAME	
WARRIORS OF MARS (Ace)	Edward P. Bradbury	BYZANTIUM ENDURES	
THE MASTERS OF THE PIT		CARIBBEAN CRISIS	
THE LORD OF THE SPIDERS (Lancer)		(Desmond Reid)	
BEHOLD THE MAN (can't find my copy!)		THE COWARD	
BLACK CORRIDOR (Ace p & b)		THE DEEP FIX (James Colvin)	
BREAKFAST IN THE KULKS (NEL)		THE DISTANT SUNS	
THE BULL AND THE SPEAR		DYING FOR TONGORKOW	
THE OAK AND THE RAM		THE GOLDEN BARGE	
THE KING OF SWORDS	(Chronicles of Corum	ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA	
THE QUEEN OF SWORDS	(Berkley)	LEGENDS FROM THE END OF TIME	
THE KNIGHT OF SWORDS		LETTERS FROM HOLLYWOOD	
THE SWORD AND THE STALLION		LIVES AND TIMES OF JERRY CORNELIUS	
THE BROTHEL IN ROSENSTRASSE (Carroll & Graf)		MESSIAH AT THE END OF TIME	
COUNT BRASS		MOORCOCK'S BOOK OF MARTYRS	
THE CHAMPION OF GARATHORN	Castle Brass	MY EXPERIENCES IN THE THIRD WORLD WAR	
THE QUEST FOR FANELORN (Dell)	series	THE NATURE OF THE CATASTROPHE	
THE CHINESE AGENT (Ace)		PRINTER'S DEVIL	
CITY OF THE BEAST (NEL)		QUEEN OF DELERIA	
THE ETERNAL CHAMPION (Ace)		SCIENCE FANTASY	
THE DRAGON & THE SWORD		THE SLEEPING SORCERESS	
(Berkley & Ace)	Eternal Champion	SOJAN	
THE SILVER WARRIORS (Dell)		SORCERER'S AMULET	
(Phoenix in Obsidian)		VOYAGE ON A DARK SHIP	
ELRIC OF MELNIBONÉ (Berk.)		(27)	
THE DREAMING CITY (Lancer)			
THE STEALER OF SOULS (Lancer)	Elric Saga		
WEIRD OF THE WHITE WOLF (DAW)			
THE SAILOR ON THE SEAS OF FATE			
THE VANISHING TOWER (DAW)			
THE END OF ALL SONGS (Avon)			
THE FIRECLOWN			
(The Winds of Limbo) (Paperback Lib.)			
GLORIANA (Avon)			
THE ICE SCHOONER (Berkley)			
THE WARLORD OF THE AIR (Ace)	Bastable series (in		
THE LAND LEVIATHAN (Doubleday)	Novads of Time (Dbl)		
THE STEEL TSAR (Doubleday)			
THE LAUGHTER OF CARYNAGE (Haddon House)			
MOTHER LONDON (Harmony)			
THE RITUALS OF INFINITY (DAW)			
(The Wrecks of Time)			
THE SHORES OF DEATH (Sphere)			
THE SUNDERED WORLDS (Paperback Lib.)			
THE TIME DWELLER (Berkley & Mayflower)			
THE TIME OF THE HAWKLODS (Warner)			
(With Michael Butterworth)			
THE TWILIGHT MAN (Berkley)			
THE WARHOUND AND THE WORLD'S PAIN			
(Timescape)			
THE CITY IN THE AUTUMN STARS (Ace)			
THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL (Lancer)	Hawkmoon		
THE RUNESTAFF (DAW)			
THE MAD GOD'S AMULET (DAW)	History of the		
SWORD OF THE DAWN (DAW)	Runestaff		

DON-O-LOCS

So, What Makes YOU angry?

'Nothing'...

Roy Tackett
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"Anger and angst" eh? To tell you the truth, I had not the faintest idea of what angst was. I looked it up in my dictionary but couldn't find it there. My dictionary was published in

1949. The way new words have been added to the language, maybe I should get something more up to date. I called up my younger daughter. She had "angst" in her dictionary. "A feeling of anxiety," she said. I wrote that down. See, even at my age I learned a new word.

Ellison's ANGRY CANDY seems to be getting good reviews. I'll have to keep an eye out for it. Harlan is a good writer and, I think, an important one.

Getting angry over death, though... like you I believe that death is a part of living. It is simply one of the facts of nature. Many people get angry about death. I think they don't like being reminded of their own mort-lity. Those who get angry are in the approximate age group of those who are dying and it is a matter of, if Joe and John, who were about my age, have died...how much longer do I have? Reading the obits and getting news of people who are dying hits home at our age. Our generation is going. Is that something to get angry about? Not really. Our bodies are wearing out and life isn't much fun any more.

The younger generations are urging us to get out of the way...that might be something to get angry about.

But you want to know what makes us angry. Nothing. I suppose there are things I should be enraged about. You mention several and I could add some more but in order to get angry over something one has to care. I don't care. What difference does it make to me or what difference could I make to it?

You get angry and maybe I did a while back but it's pissing against the tide. The government is completely out of control but we have bread and circuses and a highly efficient domestic propaganda machine so everything is wonderful. The one time the propaganda machine failed was during the Vietnam war. Try as they would the government couldn't sell that one to the people.

I haven't seen any of the Vietnam war movies or read any of the recent books. I've gone through a couple of histories of that war but as for novels ... no, thanks.

You mentioned the poison gas attack by the Iraqi Arabs against the Kurds. Don, that war has been going on for at least 2,500 years. I can understand you getting upset against the use of poison gas but would it have been any different if 5,000 had been slain by swords? Why didn't our government protest more vehemently? Well, the Kurds have always been a troublesome people and the Arabs have the oil.

Of course the government is getting a bit worked up about the possibility of Libya manufacturing chemical weapons. That's a different case. Libya is an enemy of long standing. Recollect from history the Tripoli pirates? Same bunch.

Interesting to note that in both Iraq and Libya all of this chemical weapon stuff traces back to Germany. Reminds me of the period between the two World Wars when Germany was testing weapons in assorted parts of the world. Seems to be doing it again, wouldn't you say?

How can you complain about the schools? They are doing quite well what they are designed to do: separate those children who might be useful from those

who might not. Those who might possibly be of use go one way-- the rest are allowed to sink back into the labor pool. Check out the multi-track programming in the schools.

'I've got a little list....'

Ruth Berman
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Your list of drivers who make you angry sounds like something you could work up into a takeoff on Koko's song, "I've got a little list" from *The Mikado*. I would be

inclined to say that the election of a card-carrying members of the National Rifle Association as president makes me angry, but it doesn't really -- more nervous, or fearful. (The local paper has been running editorial cartoons lamenting the murder of assorted grade-school children this last week by a nut with a gun, but it seems as waste of effort under this government to complain.

Don Fitch's description of the fannish habit of accumulating things -- I think of it as a corollary of "work expands to fill the available time." The corollary is "possessions expand to overflow the available space." (Well, maybe not possessions so much. The main problem is books, at least for fans. Many people find a similar problem with music, and I suppose VCR tapes are getting to be a problem for many people.)

If you get a chance to see it -- I have a poem in the March ANALOG. (Not listed in the contents, because they don't list poems, but it is there.)

'Not a lot....'

Buck Coulson
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Hartford City IN 47348

Actually, not a lot makes me really, furiously angry. I will be disgusted, annoyed and resentful about racism, sexism, governmental stupidity and the like, but

I'm too cynical to get furious about them. What the hell, you don't really expect justice, do you? It takes something affecting me to get me furious. My major anger right now is directed at the creep who has been stealing our morning newspaper. The paper is delivered around 4:30 a.m., assuming the roads aren't blocked by snow. Then around 6:30 a.m. someone drives up, stops, grabs the paper, and drives on. He took two, a couple of weeks apart, before I decided enough was enough. I knew his time of arrival because both times I waked up at the unexpected noise of a car stopping in front. So for the last couple of weeks, I've been getting up at 6, picking up the paper, and then hiding in some evergreens next to the box with a flashlight in one hand and a revolver in my coat pocket, waiting for his next appearance. (No, I wouldn't shoot him, but I'm quite willing to do damage to his car -- or pickup truck, as it turns out.) I almost got him the other morning, but the dog had got loose and I was busy shoving him up on the front porch out of the way when the thief stopped. I already had the paper, and I was too far away to get a look at either the man or the license plate. All I could tell was that it was a dark-colored pickup. Turning the light on him may have scared him off, but I haven't given up yet. (I might mention that Indiana is on Eastern Standard Time year around, so that at 6:30 in the winter, it's still quite dark.

Things like your biker story would infuriate me, too, but nothing like that has happened to me in years. I was immensely pleased, years ago, when we were near the tail of a long string of cars on a 2-lane highway, and some jerk decided to pass everybody, relying on the other drivers being good guys and letting him back in the line if someone was coming. Someone was -- but

the car at the head of the line had just slowed down to turn right, and everyone else was closing the gap between the cars ahead as we all braked in succession. There was no way the jerk could get back in line. He ended up in the left-side ditch --which unfortunately wasn't deep enough to give him any real trouble -- with the cars in line crawling past him and all of us honking derisively. I felt real good about that.

I think Harry Warner is right about the need to pick long-lived ancestors. Unfortunately, my mother died of a heart attack at 49; I've already outlived her by 11 years. My maternal grandfather, whom I resemble physically, was electrocuted when he was in his 30s, so that doesn't count. The males on my father's side lived fairly long lives, if they weren't brought down by the "Coulson Swelling" (which was a medically recognized disease in the last century. From the symptoms, Juanita thinks that it was an angioneurotic reaction, and the tendency toward it seems to have died out.) Of course, I took one of those magazine tests on "How long will you live?" back when I was around 40, and the results were that I'd already been dead for four years, so I guess I can't complain if my prospects aren't too good now.

P.S. I used your name in vain in my column for ANVIL. It's about name duplication, and of course fandom's four Don Thompsons are the outstanding example in our field. (Yes, four, though the letter from one of them to IMAGINATION's pen pals column said he was in an iron lung, so he probably isn't around anymore.) But there are three Robert Coulsons who have written professionally, and so on.)

'The assholes....'

Roy Lavender
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Long Beach, CA 90804

What makes me angry? The assholes. In all sizes. From the one driving the hi-jacker 4X4 with bumper level with my windshield to NASA politicians who make committee decisions that kill astronauts. The driver of a ratted out Chevy with no tail lights and a bumper sticker proclaiming Jesus Saves I just give some extra room, because he's depending on FAITH. He may be right and it is protecting him from his own stupidity, but I doubt that his umbrella covers me. I can't be angry with him and stupidity is a self-correcting fault. But give me a little clearance when it happens.

Back when North American Aviation transferred us to the West Coast to do things with space craft, NAA was prepared to deliver a wheel type space station into orbit in one shot. We had a rotating facility (the fuselage of a small airliner on a rotating arm). NASA political types were worried about the astronauts getting dizzy. Some did. Not many. And they completely ignored the people who make their living on merry-go-rounds.

Then the president said, "We're going to the Moon," and we heaved out the rotating facility.

At the time, NASA was embarrassed by the Air Force and the X-15. Every time a pilot took the thing more than 50 miles high, we had a new astronaut. We had a set of delta wings ready to go on it, in preparation for suborbital flights. Only political pressure got it cancelled.

Then there was the MOL (Manned Orbiting Laboratory). It was complete (I've been in it) and already through the manned tests in the big vacuum chamber. The West Coast Launch Facility was complete. It cost twice as much to terminate that contract as it would have to have put it into orbit. The MOL was more advanced than what the Russians have up there now. More

recently, NASA had the West Coast Facility refurbished to use for launching shuttles into polar orbit.

Refurbished. NASA for "take a \$72 million launch facility, cast in concrete, and rework it at a cost of \$110 million in order to have a \$92 million shuttle launch facility. Only it probably won't get used. About the only use for the polar orbit is spy satellites and that makes NASA shudder.

Then came the Apollo. It did the job. They all worked and brought the astronauts back OK. True, one did have to abort without completing the mission but they came back OK. I won't go into why both power cells were moved to the same bay of the service module, so that one blowup took them both out.

Another burned up some astronauts on the ground. I haven't the slightest idea why the NASA officials ordered a manned test in pure oxygen at one atmosphere pressure. The Apollo used pure oxygen, true, but at 3 psi. And NASA-sponsored research with animals in pure oxygen was stopped after about 50 chamber fires that killed the animals.

The Apollos came back and splashed down in the ocean. They were picked up and returned to Downey for study. Those that were flushed immediately with fresh water were reusable. The ablater shield was about an inch and three eighths thick, silicone rubber. (Old truck tire works, too. That's what we used when testing instrumentation. Much cheaper.) In the worst spots, the burning went about three eighths of an inch deep. The hand holds near the hatch were covered with neoprene rubber. It came back not even scorched.

NASA had predicted that only three out of four ships would come back so they had a surplus. How embarrassing.

Then a committee designed the shuttle. Stated purpose to prove that you really can come back and land on an airport in a civilized manner. Beginning with throwing out everything ever learned about big airplanes used to carry freight.

It never was supposed to be a delivery truck. Once the concept was proved, we were going to build the Single Stage to Orbit, which was to take off from an airport and return to one.

Every major aerospace company had their own design. Our version at Rockwell was called Star Raker.

It also had commercial possibilities. As a suborbital freighter, deliver an armored company, tanks and maintenance vehicle and men, anywhere on the face of the earth in under an hour. Or 500 (or more) passengers. (You can't build a small one that is practical.) Or as a suborbital bomber, have the capability of hitting Moscow by flying west. (Their defenses face the other way.)

There was a time when the Air Force was interested enough to offer a bailment SR-51 for testing concepts. And the design team used surplus Army rockets to heave a solid wood model 1,100 miles straight up. It returned as a glider, under radio control and landed within a short walking distance of the launch site at White Sands. The protection was a coat of 1100° white paint such as dragsters use on their exhaust manifolds.

But star Raker got dropped and the design team disbanded. The excuse? It is not a proven concept. You know how that is. Grandfather didn't put a horse into orbit.

[Roy's letter continues for four more pages, touching with equal indignation on such diverse topics as nuclear power, Vietnam, plastic bags, water conservation, books, computers and religion. I wish I had space to print it all, but I'm trying to hold this issue to around 30 pages for postage reasons.]

'Only poltergeists...'

John Thiel
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Lafayette, IN 47904

I'm surprised to see you have joined the increasing number of fans who are producing their zines on computers. It isn't the sort of step I'd ever seen predicted, in science fiction or otherwise, although Lester Del Rey comes closest to it, but it does contribute to the appearance of the fanzine. Finding you in FAPA, too, is a surprise; in olden days you would not have had time for it.

My feeling about death is that I am strongly favorable to it. In fact, if death were not a part of life, I would not be partial to having been born, would not have been willing, even, if there had been a choice--a rather laughable concept, "choosing" whether one is to enter life or not. But what I am saying is that I would feel quite cheated about life if there were not death waiting at the end of it.

I was interested in what angers you, but it takes a poltergeist to anger me. And as poltergeists do not exist, I lead a very tranquil existence -- somewhat marred recently when a movie with the name of Poltergeist came into being, and into town, as well. It was a very angry period of time for me, as it did not confine itself to one showing, but by now I think it's gone, thank heavens. I was not liking that movie at all. What do you think about tear gas used in America?

It was a very satisfactory issue. The reduction on the back looks better than the cover, for some reason.

'an advocate of anger...'

Steven Addlesee
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Columbus, GA 31904

As my fellow apahacks and fandom friends can tell you, I'm quite an advocate of anger when I'm not my usual grim self. Oh, I have moments when I can be quite the

clown in certain circles. However those moments quickly fade when the real world phases back into my "cynosure."

I read over your pages of what made you angry. And that quote from Mcken just about sums it up for me. If I made a list of most of the things that made me angry, it'd be an apazine in itself. So, I'll stay with the biggies.

1) Having my routine interrupted. I'm one of those you can set your watch by. Get up at a certain time, get the mail at a certain time, etc. If I look at my work schedule and see that I'm to work certain hours, and someone wants me to come by shortly after I get off work, and then, during the course of my work I'm informed that I can't be released just yet, and knowing that the waiting party is going to be less than thrilled about the situation....

2) Being contradicted when I'm right. In a lot of circles there's this belief that if I'm involved, it has to be bad/wrong/immoral/fattening/etc. There have been many incidents where I try to either be complimentary, state my view, do something with good intentions, and it ends up being misinterpreted, ignored, and I'm blasted by another party who gets a whole different meaning from what was done/said.

Case in point: One night at the Pizza Hut on Victory Drive (before I moved to another store), I came in after a night off, only to have Ann raising hell at me. It seems that the night before, I was supposed to have had an argument with a customer and that it damn near came to blows. Now despite my efforts, she kept on until I finally hollerd, "Ann, I was off last night!" The sad part was that she wasn't, and that the guilty driver in no way had a description or name similar to mine. She didn't apologize, just ignored me the remainder of the

night. It's a case of "Something's screwed up; it has to be Steve's fault." It's happened before, so it wasn't a one-time fluke. Now, that will have me near-berserk.

3) Memories of ex-ladyfriends. Since December '84 I've had five relationships that have started only to go to pot within three months. In the three months one particular lass was with me, she managed to get arrested for shoplifting, which cost me \$275 to bail her out. A couple of months later she decided she wasn't ready for a long-term relationship, so she up and returned home. While there she tried to buy out a store on my credit without my knowledge or permission. When confronted she had no answer. I smoulder at the thought.

4) Being unable to be a factor. I'm considered a friend by some who I'd die for if it meant they would live. What rankles me is that when they're down, I can't help. If it was somebody or something I could destroy with a right cross, no problem. But it's usually financial or emotional, and I find myself being very little help. That angers me and there's nothing for me to take it out on.

5) Perfectionists. I had a relationship with one and I was a partner with one in an apa. Neither one worked out in the long run. My ex-girlfriend was more in love with the store she was working at and used her talents to perfect the store rather than our relationship. My ex-apamate wanted perfection from someone who was lucky to get all her material printed every two months. Instead of thanks or appreciation, she belittled me if I inadvertently failed.

6) Women who think they're too good. This happens on a daily basis, so at least once a day, I get enraged over this scenario: I'm driving, delivering a pizza. I see a young lass. I give her a one-sided smile, a silent hello. They either roll their eyes or look at me as if to say "Eeyooo! Was that for me by ... you?? Off they go. This usually results in my saying to myself, "Oh, geez, excuse th' hell outta me, lady! I didn't know I was so fugly (fuckin' ugly)." I know I'm not Tom Selleck, Sam Elliott, Tom Cruise, etc., but I'd like to think there's something about me that doesn't have ladies going "gak."

[This letter has been somewhat edited, but I think I've kept the essence of it.]

'Death penalty & censorship'

Ned Brooks
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Newport News VA 23605

You open with a quote from Aristotle - I have just been reading Beckmann's History of Pi; he's still mad at Aristotle after all this time! Says his science and math were appallinngly bad even by the standards of his own time, and that his quasi-deification by the scholastics set western science back a thousand years.

But as to what makes me mad -- other than the usual frustrated fury with IRS forms and apparently insane drivers -- what gets me to writing long rants to politicians and the press, is the death penalty and censorship. I am not generally much inclined to absolutism, but it seems to me that the U.S. Constitution absolutely prohibits censorship (though they have always weaseled out of it on interpretation, with a very twisted logic. To me, "no law" means NO "&#@ LAW"); and I wish it prohibited the death penalty. They tried to back into it with the "cruel and unusual" line, but no one knows whether it is cruel, and whether it is "unusual" depends on what range of human history you take as a standard. But I am sure it is wrong and a mistake for the govern-ment to slaughter helpless people, however "evil" they may seem.

Well, don't get me started; I'll get to ranting and and raving right here... I agree with you about Vietnam, of course, and the Iraqi attempts to wipe out the Kurds. The sort of thing you have to expect, I suppose, where barbaric rulers get the use of modern weapons. Even more depressing is the Israeli treatment of the Palestinians -- the Israeli government is composed mostly of educated men, with the example of the Nazis fresh in their consciousness. So what do they do? They treat the Palestinians much as the Nazis treated the Jews in Germany, with all the same idiotic excuses and even less hope of "success."

Not only do the politicians have a safe issue in drugs (and pornography) but there is a vast entrenched bureaucracy whose jobs depend on continuation of the "drug problem." And they are all relatively well paid, and vote, and contribute to campaign funds. Same situation that has created the obscenely inflated defense budgets, of course.

Something else that really burns me up is when they give out a number to call on the radio -- AND THEN NO ONE ANSWERS IT. I just spent a half-hour trying to call a local folk-music show to ask if they would play the great song from the party scene at the beginning of the movie *Lair of the White Worm*. Finally called them long-distance (they are in Norfolk across the bay but give a Peninsula number for Peninsula listeners) but they didn't know what I was talking about anyway. Sigh...

Dealing with anger...

Harry Warner Jr.
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Hagerstown, MD 21740

We're much alike in the ways we deal with our angers, although you know from my FAPA writings that we differ widely in our opinions on such things as abortion and Pro-

hibition. The older I grow, the harder I try to prevent myself from yielding to anger. Both my father and his father died of a stroke and I could go the same way, but I don't want to increase the chances of its happening by losing my temper so completely I send the blood pressure to abnormal heights.

When driving, for instance, I used to grow more peeved at the dumb behavior of other motorists than I do now, I used to think of them as inferior beings who were trying to hide their inadequacies by behaving badly with the steering wheel and accelerator pedal. But when it happens now I tell myself it cheers me up. I reason that I am superior to them and I should feel pity rather than anger when they try to act superior by such things as going faster than I'm going. When someone blows smoke in my face in a restaurant or at a lunch counter, I turn my head away and console myself with the knowledge that the sucker is imperiling his or her health more than mine.

Curiously, even when I used to show my temper by banging things around or giving someone a nasty look, I never let it show in my driving. I would walk out of the newspaper building in a trembling condition because of my fury over the way one of my stories had been rewritten into a pack of lies, drive out of the parking lot and down the street, and I would handle the auto exactly as I did in more cheerful moods. It's a good thing my anger didn't affect my driving because I would never have made it home without some sort of accident during my worst black moods.

Another way I spare myself from the physical and emotional damage of uncontrolled anger is by telling myself that in almost every instance, there's nothing I can do about the cause of the anger, so what's the use to fret violently about it? I don't have the physical strength to knock down the person who has made me angry or the magnetic personality to become a politician and remove the cause of the anger through legislation or the time to start a years-long crusade against this or that evil that infuriates me. Yelling at a malefactor or writing a letter to the editor or cursing would have

no real effectiveness. An outburst of that sort would harm me more than the source of the anger, in the form of a tension headache and upset stomach or worse physical problems.

We do find ourselves in full agreement about the extent of the energy crisis, the damage to our environment by manmade changes in it, and the danger that these problems which few people pay any attention to will catch up with everyone too much longer. Worst because it's nearest is the Greenhouse Effect. The only way to slow it down or mitigate its severity is a worldwide agreement to control harmful emissions; that would mean a drastic curtailment of the use of fossil fuels, and such a curtailment will undoubtedly set off the worst depression in the history of mankind.

I don't think the Vietnam horrors are basically different from those in any other major war in recent centuries. It just happens that a lot of people in control of decisions on book publishing and movie production and TV scheduling happen to be of the generation who grew up during Vietnam and they're obsessed with that particular war. I'd nominate the American Civil War as the worst of this nation's conflicts, by a wide margin. It had everything Vietnam had and much, much more. Normally I don't read books about war but I bought at a yard sale last summer a history of an Indiana regiment's Civil War experiences. A huge percentage of the original members suffered death or disabling injury. They starved, didn't receive even minimal medical care when they got sick, their fellow soldiers sometimes shot them during battle (the blue and the gray uniforms weren't different enough in hue to be distinguished in the dust and smoke of battle), civilians shot them between battles, their commanders were mostly appointed because of political pull rather than military ability, they saw such sights as a soldier with his leg partially amputated who had been abandoned by the surgeon when firing became too heavy, if captured they were treated worse than animals awaiting slaughter, they didn't get paid for months at a time, there was never enough ammunition or artillery, and when they went home in 1864 after the regiment's term of enlistment had expired, many of their old friends and neighbors wouldn't speak to them because they favored the South.

'War against the planet....'

Doris Drisgill
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What makes me even madder than human wars against each other is the human war against the planet: mining, bulldozing, blasting, lumbering, stripping, paving, tearing down and building up far beyond any real need for a stable, healthy society. This civilization is obviously neither stable nor healthy. The atrocious waste of resources by a small fraction of the world's population when the vast majority is poor and likely to starve; the poor and overpopulated areas are too ignorant to restrain their reproduction and we, the less ignorant, are too greedy to restrain our waste. And sanctimonious Christian leaders encourage the worsening of the situation by refusing to provide the people who most need it with information, techniques and assistance in limiting their birth rate.

Here's a controversial source of anger: Christian attitudes in general. Many of my friends are Christians and I can't deny the sincerity of their belief. But in my limited experience, too much concern with the afterlife generates too little concern with this life; a common attitude among the Christians I know is: 'what, me worry? God will take care of it.' Too many, like Reagan, would rather see infinite numbers of babies born into misery and early death than admit funding for a complete birth-control program, includ-

ing contraception and abortion. As long as human numbers keep increasing without restraint, the world hasn't got a prayer.

And as long as the wealthier of us keep feeding our greed without restraint, demanding more cars and bigger houses and more resource-and-energy-expensive gadgets that have to be replaced every couple of years to keep us in style (conspicuous consumption is just as prevalent as in the '60s and '70s), we'll go on digging and 'dozing and blasting and paving, destroying everything that could offer a decent life to anyone who might manage to survive into the next century.

The human race evolved among living, growing organisms, amid clear air and open spaces. I live in Colorado because I love above all else the forests and wildlife, the high peaks and shadowed canyons, the unmatched beauty of an alpine landscape of wind-twisted banner trees and tiny wildflowers, dropping off to immense vistas that seem to reveal half the planet's surface in a glance.

When I see new highways being hacked into the mountainsides, gravel quarries being blasted into the canyons, condos lined up like endless rows of empty boxes where the natural scrub oak or aspen groves have been mowed down and paved over, I get so mad and desperate I could cry. Sometimes I do.

I'm a pessimist. Free enterprise (translate "greed"), religion, and the general human tendency to allow primitive urges--hormones, adrenaline, the gratification of self--to rule over rationality: all in conjunction have made me one. Pray somebody will prove me wrong.

What do I do about my generic anger? Ignore it and write. I create worlds where dynamite and internal combustion engines don't exist, and I populate them with people who, although they may experience pre-civilized urges, can usually find some way to make intellect and will dominate the savage heritage. There has to be a higher evolution for Man -- but I'm afraid it'll come far too late to save what I find of value in us and in our world.

'cynic, pragmatist, nihilist....'

Mike Glicksohn
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M6S 3L6, Canada

If this issue had been out in '88 I'd have nominated you for the fanwriter Hugo but as it is I didn't see enough of your writing during that year to feel justified doing so; you'll definitely qualify next year

though if you publish at least a couple more issues of D-o-S of this quality.

Many of the things that you get angry about to not provoke the same intense feelings in me. This is because I'm a cynic, a pragmatist, a nihilist and a not-very-passionate personality. Injustice, greed, stupidity, etc., are so commonplace that to get angry over them would be to spend one's entire life enraged, and that doesn't seem to make much sense to me. If you're the sort of person who feels motivated to Do Something about global causes then by all means act to bring about such changes as you can create but allowing yourself to be consumed by anger just seems counter-productive to me.

I would also suggest that all the examples you provided are just different threads of what makes me angry, namely, unfairness. When I think of events in my personal life that cause me to lose my temper (and that doesn't happen very often; maybe a couple of times a year) they invariably involve my feeling that I've been treated unfairly, whether by an individual or by the system. Injustice is unfair, corruption is unfair, pollution is most definitely unfair. When something happens to us that fails to meet our expectations of what should happen to us--whether it's the failure of some officials to give us information we

have every right to know or some jerk with a full grocery cart in the Express Checkout--we get angry. Just what pushes our individual buttons merely depends on the priorities we put on our expectations.

Skimming this issue is like using a time machine and rediscovering fandom from ten years ago! John Thiel, Ruth Berman, Lester Boutillier, Fred Jakobcic, ~~Marry/Warner~~, these are not exactly household names in fanzine fandom of the '80s! So did you lose Donn Brazier's loc?

Must agree with Hensley that Harlan can make the years vanish. Why, just a few months ago he called me up and told me that since I'd agreed with Chris Priest that maybe *THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS* wasn't going to get published we were no longer friends. Poof, just like that 19 years of friendship vanished.

'predeliction for violence...'

T.D. Sadler
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Adrian, MI 49221

I'm one of those rare birds: a late-in-life neofan, having joined NFFF back in December of '86, I think it was. This was after having been an avid follower of SF and fantasy since probably the age of 10. For about 30 years I read and collected -- and that was the extent of my involvement except for occasional attempts to write and sell SF stories. Anyway, once I finally got up the ambition to truly enter the world of fandom, I've been trying to make up for lost time as much as I can. It isn't easy trying to fit 30 years of missed opportunities into a tenth of that time, as I'm finding out all the time.

You wanted to hear from your readers things that anger them. Well for me there are the stupid drivers, of course. But there is also the human predeliction for using physical violence to solve problems. If someone disagrees, punch him in the nose. If someone finds fault with the way their country is run, "rehabilitate" them or imprison them in less than humane conditions. If someone cuts you off in traffic or steals your parking space--shoot them. If a man feels women have done him wrong, why, go right out and rape one--or a dozen. And if they resist, which is only natural, kill them. If a child misbehaves or fails to do what he or she is told, then beat them until the child learns the error of its ways, or dies. If a person is a different color, then obviously they aren't as human and so it's all right to torment, torture and kill them. This even holds true if someone is of a different religion or culture. We humans certainly find a multitude of ways of hurting each other--and usually for stupid, petty, foolish, nonsensical reasons.

'Unfamiliar emotion...'

Marc Ortlieb
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3131 Australia

Anger. Now there's an emotion I am unfamiliar with. I'm always interested in comments on anger. I rather liked Heinlein's description of Martian anger in *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*, where he made the observation that, to be truly angry, you have to know thoroughly the object of your anger. I get pissed off with things but seldom angry. I guess I've gotten to the point where I expect things to be shitty and so I'm not horrified or angered by particular examples of stupidity or evil. The closest I get to anger is when innocent beings are hurt for no other purpose than to give pleasure to the person doing the hurting. I'm far more pissed off by cruelty to animals than I am by cruelty to people. I accept that animals should be killed under certain circumstances--to provide food or to protect people--but I get really annoyed by people who kill cruelly. I prefer the snare to the gin trap. I get annoyed by

the killing of whales when it is unnecessary. Real anger I would keep for anyone who hurt my family--but even that might be tempered by the circumstances.

Chemical warfare is an atrocity, but then all warfare involves killing. I see little difference between using chemical weapons on a village or bombing the hell out of it. Warfare is an evil but, if you've got it, then why differentiate between methods of exterminating other people? Making up neat rules for wars simply disguises the evil and allows people to enjoy it.

At the ripe old age of 36, I'm learning to drive and so I haven't had time to generate driving anger. So far, idiots on the roads just scare me. When some fool pulls out in front of me without signalling, it simply increases my road paranoia. There's no point in my getting angry with him/her. Cath is different --she takes every foolish act by other drivers as a personal insult. Being a cynic, I expect it and modify my behaviour accordingly. I figure that if a car's got my number on it, then there's nothing much I can do about it.

'An anger-filled life?'

Brian Earl Brown
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Detroit, MI 48224

I think of myself as rarely getting angry, which I see as having a real fit about something. I must be pretty egocentric because those times usually come when I'm try-

ing to do something and it frustrates me no end. Like trying to change the muffler on a VW Bug only to have all the bolts snap off because they've rusted or are too tight. Or wrestling with a balky mimeo. More than once I've been tempted to heave the thing to the floor; fortunately the fact that it weighs 80 to 100 pounds keeps one from acting so precipitously.

Most of the things you say make you angry I see as irritations or frustrations but not the subject of anger. Of course I may be living such an anger-filled life that everything makes me feel angry so I don't recognize it... But I think we're wandering into a semantic undertow here.

Vietnam puzzles me, that so many people still feel so intensely about it, about their experiences there. I don't recall there being this much angst over WW II. Were the wars that much different, were the soldiers that much different (WWII soldiers were 5-7 years older than Nam soldiers) or are these people indulging in a heady dose of "poor, poor pitiful me-ism?"

Hypocrisy in government does get me angry, too. It particularly bothers me when people say Reagan gave eight wonderful years of peace and prosperity without noting the unparalleled number of aides, advisers and top officials charged with corruption and influence peddling. And I think it's significant that Bush's first "symbolistic" act was to convene a new ethics task force. Without saying so, he seems clearly appalled by the Reagan legacy, too.

Drugs are a problem, I, as a Detroitter, know better than most. But I don't think legalization is the answer because some of the drugs we're looking at are powerfully addictive and cause wild and erratic behavior. No way, no how would I favor legalizing crack or PCP. Marijuana doesn't seem to be as much a problem.

I'm particularly bothered when people say "these same people want to outlaw all..." in addition to abortion. I don't like people who want to outlaw abortion but I have never seen any evidence that they want to do the other things alleged to them -- outlawing capital punishment, censoring teenage reading lists, rock 'n' roll, D&D or Geraldo. I never see them linking these things in their reported comments. I've never seen any study showing what else they believe in besides anti-abortionism. Just once I'd like to see a survey that proved this belief that anti-abortionists are against everything else, too, instead of just having it alleged that they are.

I'm not a timid driver and sometimes I think one can't afford to be timid on the road, but I shake my head at the antics of speed demons who weave from lane to lane trying to find that hole so they can continue to go 75-80 mph. I'm astonished by the drivers who will drift right through a red light, as seems to be happening more often. They will slow down enough to see that traffic is clear, then hit the gas and scoot right on through. It bothers me when the police pull that stunt but they may have justification (though I doubt it) but for ordinary citizens... maybe it is the end of the world as we know it.

On the ACLU, I think that if you don't object to some of the cases they sponsor, then you haven't examined your beliefs closely. I'm also waiting for the case where different chapters of the ACLU take on both sides of the same suit.

Since schools operate *in loco parentis* and parents have always had the right to search their children's rooms, I don't think kids have any grounds to complain about locker searches in school, though I know that as a student I would be pissed as hell at them if they had tried. Not that I ever had anything incriminating in my locker but just resent the intrusion of authority. I'm not sure that locker searches or at-door frisks have that much impact on controlling drugs or weapons in the schools but feel that something has to be done, if only the petty exertion of authority to remind kids that this isn't a free zone and not everything will be tolerated. When I was in school drugs and violence just didn't exist. Detroit's schools are a whole new world -- a descent into hell, and I'm not sure if there is a way back.

'Beyond stubbornness...'

Dave E. Romm
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Minneapolis, MN 55408

Your writing is invariably tinged with both sadness and hope, though it's the latter which prevails.

Recently, what makes me angry is obstinacy which goes beyond mere stubbornness. I refuse to argue with one of my roommates because his major technique is to continuously bring up a point we've already hashed out. Over and over. No matter how many times you cover the subject, whether it's been shown to support his position or not, he'll bring it up again later. I've warned him, "We've covered that already. If you bring it up again I'm going to walk away." And then I do. He follows me.

I blame Aristotle. There is a whole school of rhetoric which awards the most points to those who talk the longest. You can find its practitioners in politics and religion. Neither facts nor logic nor common sense nor emotion dissuades the true fanatic. Perhaps I'm angry because I feel at a disadvantage: I can be persuaded by a reasonable argument. If both of us aren't playing by the same rules, I don't want to play the game at all.

The Radical Right in this country would make me angry, but after eight years of stupid, mean, corrupt and often downright evil people running this country I'm more numb and astonished than mad. My belief in the essential goodness of people has been sorely tested.

'Personal reasons...'

Tom Jackson
1109 Cherry
Lawton, OK 73507

All the issues that make you angry seem valid to me, although I tend to become most angry for personal reasons rather than political ones -- because, for example, I can't get my 4-year-old to do what I think he should do. Or at work (I'm an editor at a medium-sized news-

paper) I might become angry if a reporter seems particularly lazy or a backshop person seems particularly unreasonable.

I admired all your essay on anger but I was particularly impressed with the point you made about how Vietnam War novels and movies ignore the impact of the war on the Vietnamese. Our problems with the Iranians are another good example of what you are talking about. Few Americans seem to know or care that the CIA overthrew the Iranian government in the 1950s, but the Iranians seem to have a better memory for such things.

Every time I read a good fanzine, there's a letter from Harry Warner Jr. in it. I wonder how many letters of comment he's written in his career?

Missile system wanted

Terry L. Bohman
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05043-0014

Dumb drivers: Now you've hit a chord. I would guess that 80% of in-town traffic accidents, primarily fender-benders, result from driver inattention, and that at least 80% of the open highway accidents involve either alcohol or excessive

speed, and, most often, both. That general "what the hell, let them stay outta my way" attitude is probably just another way of saying "abuse of power" or perhaps "abdication of responsibility."

Most of the transgressors you mention are probably driving on auto-pilot (and not a terribly well-programmed one at that) while their rational faculties are occupied with a meeting at work, the weather, that last argument with the kids, the radio or tape deck, alcohol, convincing their passenger (whether present or not) that the Cowboys can beat the pants off the Celtics, or a psychic image of someone's navel. The driver I love to hate is a variation of your fast-and-slow driver: the moron who appears in your rear-view mirror, obviously doing 85+ then settles down two feet behind your bumper, clearly lacking the brains to pass you even on a multilane interstate. Yesterday morning, I finally got tired of one of these turkeys and slowed down. I was down to 35 when he finally pulled around me, and we were the only two cars in sight on I-91.

My choice would be a mobile radar-guided missile system. Machine guns would be my second choice.

[There was much more to Bohman's letter, which I'm regretfully omitting. Ask him for a copy of AirGlow, the superior little perzine he publishes.]

'Anger for those times...'

David Bates
355 Kennedy Drive
Putnam, CT 06260

My greatest period of anger was in the '60s, when I was somewhat active in civil rights. It spills over in much of my writings of the time, whether in a fanzine or in some of my songs. Then, later, was the sense of loss when Peter LaFarge, a spokesman for Indian rights, died and I wrote his obit as a song. And some of my younger friends who went to Vitenam and came back. Within a year, two had committed suicide. One of them was a very promising musician who never had the temperament for where he was. He was drunk one night, and said he had killed women and children. An officer had strode by and was ready to shoot anyone who didn't participate in the "sweep." His measure was to drown himself. Another killed himself by hanging, and his mother found his body. Another good friend died of drugs, but I doubt that was suicide.

Much of anger for those times, and creeps like Nixon and Reagan who seem of no different stripe. Now we have Bush and Quale. God, what a mess our country is in. But it does seem the baby boomers and the yuppies have crested, or I hope they have. I know that if Reagan had his way, seeing the world through half-closed, snoozing eyes and rosy glasses, the country would be a lot closer to a fascist state than the democracy we are.

Comment to Ruth Berman: It may be hard to find now--I'm not sure it is in print--but to me one of the best dinosaur novels was an early one, BEFORE THE DAWN by John Taine (Eric Temple Bell) and is still worth a good evening's read, especially if you have never read it before. The "hero" of the novel is a dinosaur! Most old timers will have read it, and I think Ace had it as a selection most recently, when they were doing SF Classics. There was also a short story in the back of an old *Fantastic Novels* [July 1950; Ed. note] about some form of saurian. The title was "Lost--One Mylodon" and it was by Elmer Brown Mason. I read it a whole lot of years ago. I guess the JONGOR novels could be so considered. Dinosaurs are in a number of stories mainly as something that threatens, or to be hunted.

'Leave my stomach in peace....'

Rich Dengrove
2651 Arlington Drive #302
Alexandria, VA 22306

I'm angry at something. I don't think this would top your anger list, but it tops mine. Why can't people leave me and my stomach in peace to enjoy the world and live 10

years less?! At least I will be living--as opposed to a life with no food. I dread going to my parents' place. At 43 I still get lectures from my father about being overweight. And it always starts with "I don't care what you do..." Also people stop me on the street, total strangers, and whisper, "Why don't you go to weightwatchers?" Then for some reason they run away; it must be the homicidal look in my eyes. Furthermore, old ladies of the Grundy type are always telling me that because I don't lose weight I have no will power at all. Have I been lazy and irresponsible all these years for nothing? Does only my love of Sara Lee cheesecake show I have no will power?

Yet despite all this simhas tsores I've decided to get out of the fatman's ritual (or fat woman's ritual). You lose weight. You say how you feel more energetic than ever, you say how you are happier than ever. And you say how you are never hungry. Then you gain all the weight back.... Don't believe I've opted out. I'll be back dieting next year. Which will it be, the Secaucus Diet or the Elizabeth Taylor Hot Pants-Grapefruit Diet?

Anyway, while weight may not measure up to ecology, war, prejudice or self-abuse as a reason for anger, I can work up a red face and a frown over it.

Concerning cars, I'm also a coward on the highway of life. I only travel at 65 m.p.h. where the speed limit is 55. I let tailgaters pass, and trucks and sports cars and honkers and maniacs. I take out insurance whenever I am about to enter a superhighway. The Audie Murphy of radials, I'll never be.

[Rich Dengrove publishes *Journal of Mind Pollution*, another highly recommended fanzine. Ask him for a copy.]

Emotional inertia?

Milt Stevens
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I suppose it's fortunate I seem to have a high degree of emotional inertia. This means I usually don't get angry very rapidly. On the negative side, when I've gone to all the work of getting angry I don't forget about it in a hurry. Since anger can feed back into my ner-

vous system and make me physically sick, I try to avoid becoming angry whenever possible.

There seem to be two types of anger. I'd describe the gut wrenching, highly emotional sort as red anger. After it burns off, you may be left with white anger, which is essentially emotionless and can last for decades. It's white anger which leads to the statement that hatred is never having to say you're sorry.

These days, there are two general classes of dumb drivers, Asians and all others. Normal, everyday dumb drivers provoke annoyance. Asian dumb drivers can provoke stark terror. It must have taken centuries for the Asians to develop a philosophy which reflects such a complete disregard for life and limb. Of course it's also possible they just plain don't know how to drive.

I'm rather fond of large cars myself. Part of this undoubtedly goes back to my misspent youth when a car was sort of an adjunct to your sex life. Ghu only knows how modern teenagers make do in a Honda. However, there are other reasons I like large cars. Safety is a major consideration. In a worst case scenario, I'll survive an accident which would kill the driver of a smaller car. As a born pessimist, I think that factor is worth quite a bit of gas money. As far as expense is concerned, I paid \$1,300 for the 1968 Buick I've been driving for the last six years. The difference between that and a \$5,000 rice bucket paid for a lot of gasoline.

Anti-smokers head my list of things which make me angry. I accept that smoke bothers some people, and I'll avoid smoking around them. However, it is my firm conviction that most of the current objection to smoking is moral rather than practical. This explains the people who will go ten feet out of their way to cough theatrically at smoke, and those who follow smokers outside a building to deliver a lecture. I've told a couple of anti-smokers to "fuck off" in just those words. It doesn't even slow them down. I guess some folks just can't pay for dental insurance without trying to get some use out of it.

It's really hyperbole to say the abolition of the ACLU would lead to a police state. The United States in 1940 was hardly a police state, and it was a lot safer place to live. The countries of Western Europe aren't police states now, but they don't have the ACLU inspired protection for criminals. In the long run, ACLU activity might lead to the public being willing to scrap the Constitution in the interests of their personal safety.

[The Asian driver situation must be a West Coast phenomenon; I haven't observed it in Denver. I guess my innate optimism is reflected in my belief that most auto accidents are avoidable; and it's the waste, not the expense, of big cars that bothers me. If I were a smoker, I'd probably be feeling pretty paranoid, too. I sense a major argument looming in these pages about the ACLU. I welcome it.]

Autobiography in LoCs

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If you continue to bring up such questions as "what makes you Angry?" you'll have me writing the most significant portions of an autobiography in LoCs.

First, establish that there's Furiously Angry, Angry, angry (lower case), etc. down through a considerable spectrum of graduations, that I don't always draw the lines between them in the same places, and that all of these lines correspond only roughly with those drawn by other people. That's quibbling -- and I probably understand what you Really Mean -- but it needs to be kept in mind. And establish that my initial reaction in "anger" situation is almost

invariable at least one step more extreme than it simmers down to be. (i.e., never mail one of those letters until at least the next day.)

As a beginning, I started making a list of things which arouse my ire, though you did a pretty good job of covering most of them. Then, however, I bethought the approach of Classification, to see if there were some sort of General Principle involved, and came to the conclusion that (for me) there does seem to be one. All the things which (at least initially) make me angry can be fitted into a mere two Categories (with a little Forcing here & there).

I. THE UNFAIRNESS OF THE UNIVERSE: Lives are cut off before their time or are warped by some misfortune, bad people prosper and good people suffer, earthquake, fire, flood, famine, acts of total stupidity--these things spark anger in me at first, but after reflecting for a moment (or longer, sometimes), one comes to realize that this is not the appropriate reaction. These are cases of chance, of accident; there is no Fault, no Blame to be assigned. (Personally I do not believe in a God which takes a particular interest in the minutiae of the Universe and if such a Power did exist, it would be futile and silly for me to set up Rules which it ought to follow.) No, the Anger generated here fades quickly into grief, sorrow, sadness, and powerless acceptance. Anger is a useful tool, but it can be used only when there's something there to use it on (albeit, all too often, with very slight chance of success). There is some possibility of using that anger in the other category.

II. SELFISHNESS. This is the sort of Extreme Egocentrism which leads individuals, groups, organizations, religions and nations to act on the basis of "What I want is so Important that I'm going to go ahead and do it/get it, no matter what the results may be to anyone who gets in the way." That's the essential element behind everything from the people who block the aisle in supermarkets or drive unsafely on the freeway, through muggers & rapists & burglars, and on to industries which rape the environment & governments which use Agent Orange, poison gas, or initiate wars. And it's something that usually makes me angry, often Furiously Angry. When this attitude is exhibited, in much lesser degree, in the form of mere thoughtlessness or rudeness (as it rather often is by fans, I regret to say) my reaction is correspondingly less strong, but of the same nature (except, of course, when I'm the guilty party; then it's a feeling of rueful embarrassment, graduating up to shame, depending on the incident.

Admittedly, a certain amount of selfishness is generally necessary for mere self-preservation; one can't get especially angry about this, and a certain amount of thoughtlessness on the part of individuals is inescapable; everyone makes a few mistakes. But when people (and organizations, and especially governments) start acting upon (apparently) a Basic Philosophy that they have a greater Right to satisfy their Desires than others do, a whole lot of Anger is going to be generated.

ALSO HEARD FROM:

Harry Andruschak, Sheryl Birkhead, Richard Freeman, Arthur Hlavaty, Ben Indick, Colin P. Langeveld, Bill Bridget (with a revision of his *Incomplete Geometer*, produced on the same kind of equipment I use, except that he sends an original, not a repro); Irv Koch of Chattanooga, but only a form letter saying he's no longer publishing MAYBE or WORLDS OF FANDOM and so please drop his name; Nancy Martsch of BEYOND BREE; Chris Mills, with a belated but fascinating and moving loc on Dos 52, and another late one on 53; and Graham Stone.

PLUS a PHOC (phone call of comment) from Charles Brown of Locus on Feb. 7 at 8:30 p.m. Denver time. Charlie told me he used to get angry at bank clerks, so now he avoids going into banks.

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