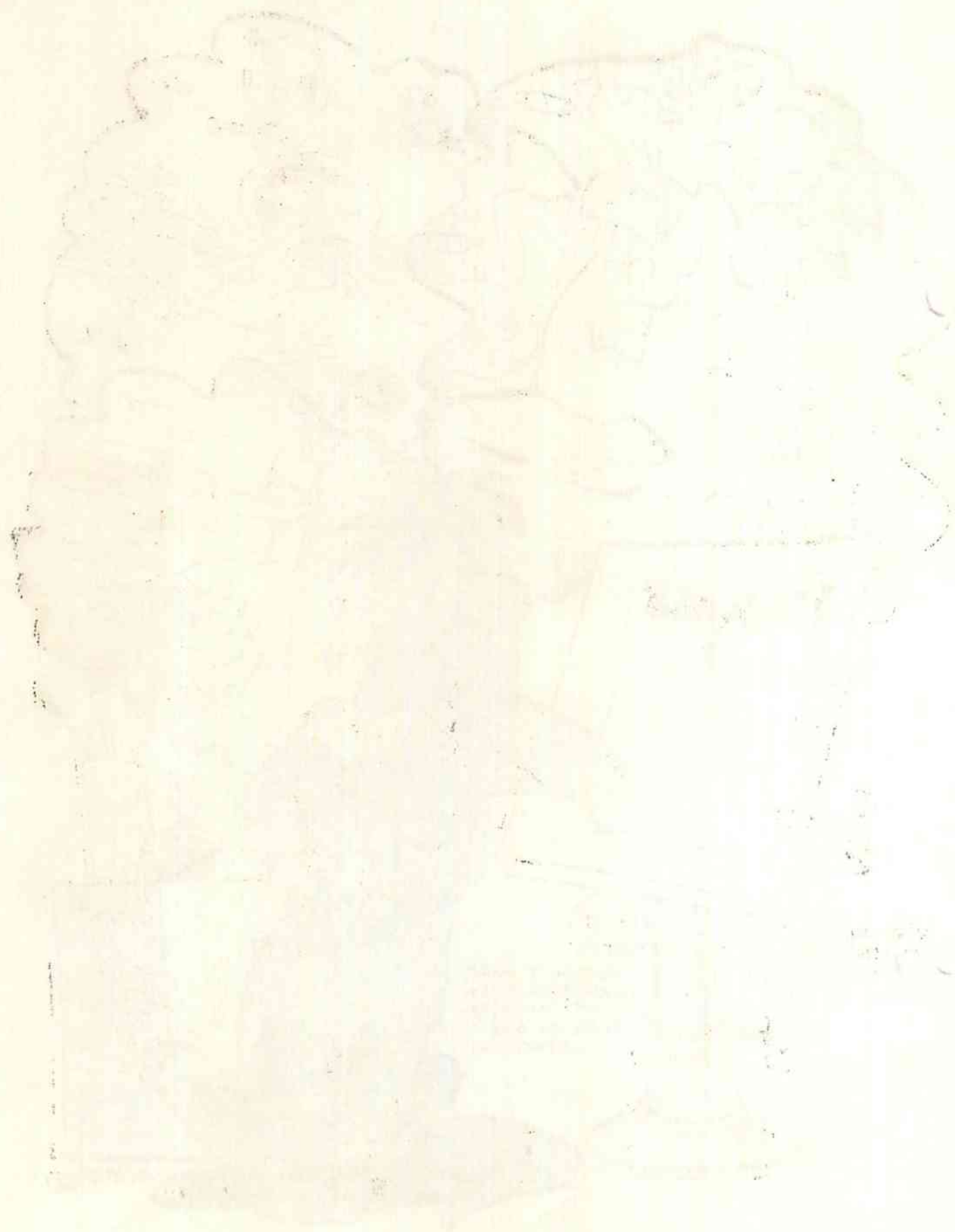


WHEN INSPIRATION, LIKE A BIRD, VISITS ONE, IT MUST BE HEARD...

... BUT OH, IT'S HARD WHEN INSPIRATIONS DON'T COME UP TO EXPECTATIONS.
—CLARENCE DAY

SCHIRER '83



DUPRASS #3. May, 1987. Edited by Leslie H. Smith and Linda E. Bushyager.
Mimeography by Linda Bushyager. Send fanzines for trade, Locs, artwork, articles,
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(Phone, 215-878-3418) Through July Only. Subscriptions available for \$5/3 issues
or \$1 apiece in person.

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THE DOMINO EFFECT

Welcome to the third issue of DUPRASS, at last! I'm finally beginning to understand the famous phrase "real soon now." Everything else seems to get in the way of accomplishing an issue. One problem seems to be the distance between my house and Linda's. Everytime I need to go over there, it's at least 80 minutes round trip. Since Linda has all the production equipment, computers, e-stencillers, mimeos, and so forth, most of the work is done at her house.

However, some of that is about to change. For one thing, I just bought a computer, and in fact, the lettercol in this issue was typeset on my Amiga 1000 with an Epson LX-86 printer. For another thing, I'm planning to move at the end of July, and there's a strong likelihood that I'll be leaving the Philadelphia area. I've applied to a couple of schools where I'd like to go pursue a masters degree in music, and one of them is several states away. I won't know for sure in time for this issue to be printed, so you should send all your LoCs and contributions to Linda for the next couple of months. She'll pass things on to me. When I do know for sure where I'm moving, I'll send out a COA to the mailing list.

Linda and I are not yet sure how things will work when we're living in two states, but I'm sure figuring out how to use my modem will help the process considerably. We will probably try to continue the process of having both editors work on all the articles, I will probably continue to take responsibility for the Loccol, and I think Linda will be sole production manager. As it stands now, I do virtually none of the actual production work, outside of typesetting and prestyping the occasional header. Linda is the mimeo expert, and with me living even farther away, I'm even less likely to get ink all over my hands.

We have several apologies to make for errors perpetrated in DUPRASS #2. First of all, the lovely Taral illo that appeared in my editorial last time went uncredited on the contents page. A stupid oversight that we hope will never happen again, and we certainly feel relieved that Taral is still talking to us, and even sending us more art. Secondly, we mistakenly published Tim Marion's address in the lettercol, after he requested that we not do that. Although, to be fair, Tim, you didn't make the request in letters one or two, but only in your third missive to us.

We want to make special mention this time of the massive donation and sacrifice made by John Betancourt, who gave us all the articles that were intended for his fanzine, but which he finally decided not to publish. The Delaney and the Saints articles are from John's files, as well as several others that we'll probably include in No. 4. Without John's timely help, this issue would have been very thin, and mostly

written by me and Linda (and we don't want to push our ability to be clever too far). What this amounts to is a REQUEST FOR MATERIAL. If you have an idea you'd like to write about, or an article languishing unpublished in your files, send it to Linda (who LOVES to get mail). Or if you'd like to discuss an idea, give one of us a call. We'd like to get a real diversity of ideas and writing styles going in here, and a backlog would be a really nice thing to have. Right now we still think of ourselves as publishing by the skin of our teeth, scratching for every article we can find. So please, WRITE.

MIKADO TALES

In the past couple of years I've gotten heavily involved with musical theatre in the Philadelphia area. Many of my friends and relatives have come to see productions I've sung in. They probably don't realize that at least half the fun is going on backstage while they're out in front harmlessly enjoying the show.

Last February I participated in a production of *The Mikado*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, that was performed under the aegis of a local Unitarian church (one that refers to itself as 'the church of the performing arts' due to the number of theatrical and musical events that go on there). I had a role, albeit a tiny one.

Actually, it was probably the smallest possible role, since it was a made-up role. The director (this was only his second directorial outing) decided that the solo assigned to Pitti-Sing in Act II presented some problems, since he couldn't figure out how to get her off stage after she was done. Never mind that a hundred years of directors have managed to get her off stage at that point. Our director didn't know how to do it. Now, I auditioned for Pitti-Sing, but didn't get it. Since the production people wanted me to sing in the chorus and also act as chorus captain (I'm good at telling people what to do), they decided to throw me a bone. I would sing the solo in "Braid the Raven Hair" normally assigned to Pitti-Sing.

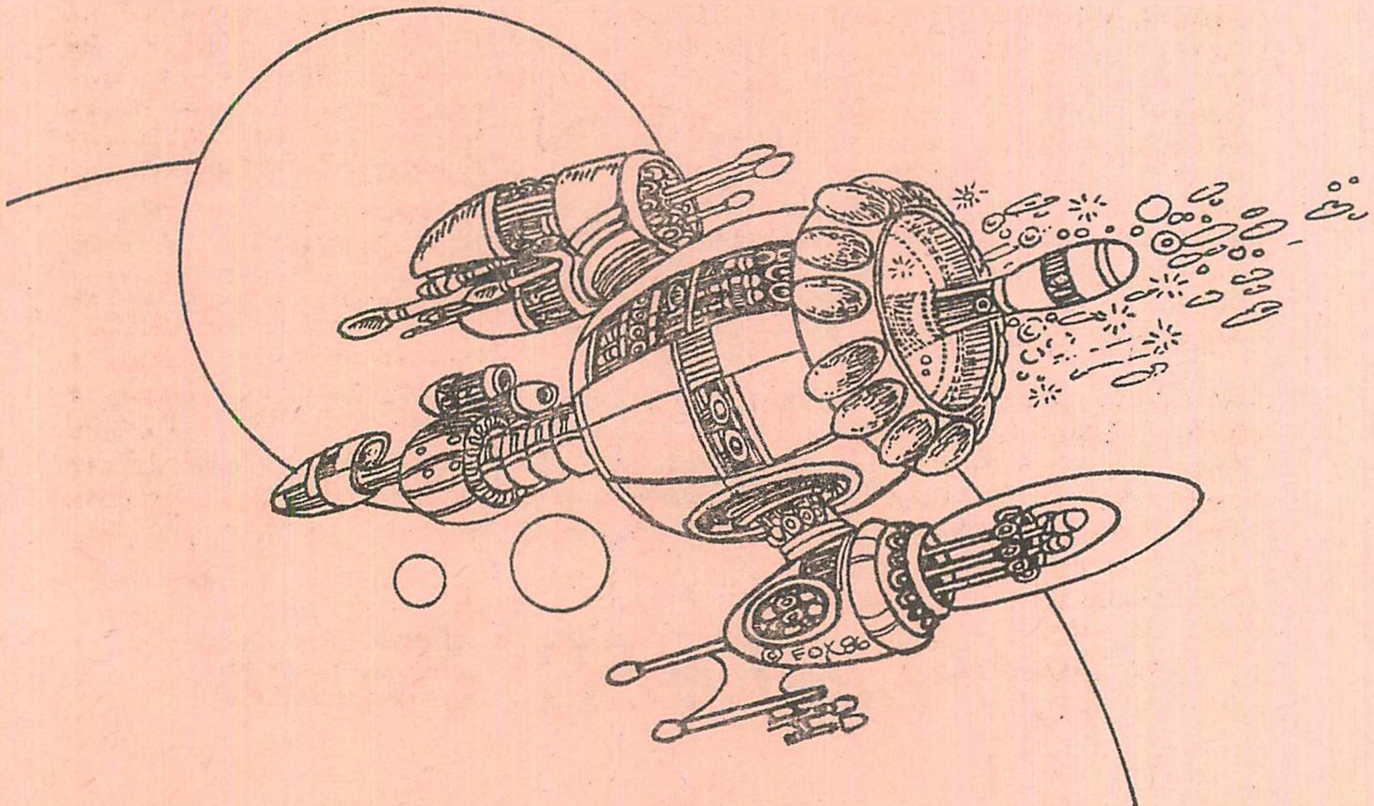
But this presented another problem. What would they call me? Chorus soloist? Or leave me out of the credits entirely? Instead it was decided to give me a character name, even though I didn't have any spoken lines and, except for that one solo, participated as a member of the chorus.

by Leslie H. Smith

After long debate and discussion my character was named Tipsi-Tu. A lousy name, you say? I agree. But you try to think up a vaguely Japanese name that's really Victorian babytalk (since that's what all the other names in the Mikado really are), and we'll see what you come up with.

Several people later told me that they chose Tipsi-Tu because of my prediliction for going out drinking with other cast members after rehearsals. I could always be counted on to join any party that was repairing to the Boathouse for a couple of pitchers. But I choose to believe that it's all a vicious rumor. I don't drink that much.

One of the most important characters in The Mikado is Koko, the cheap tailor. It's a role that demands strong comic abilities. Unfortunately, the gentleman who played our Koko, although a capable member of many choruses, had no idea quite how many lines he had to learn when he took the role. (A bit part would have suited him just fine.) He never did get all his lines right. During some performances he would mess up some sections of dialogue, on other nights he would get those parts right, and ruin totally different chunks of lines. Ken Josenhans, who came to two different performances, commented on the extreme anxiety he experienced waiting for Koko to forget his lines, and wondering just which ones would go wrong that night. This was all great fun for the actors who had scenes with Koko, never knowing whether or not their cues would be spoken, or if whole chunks of their precious lines would be skipped through Koko's error. It was all a source of great amusement throughout the course of the show.



The director was a somewhat rabid G & S fan. He had been stage manager for many productions. His inability to sing (or rather, the inability of anyone to listen to him sing) prevented him from appearing on stage for all those years. But he finally determined to direct. His debut last year, with Princess Ida, was actually a lot of fun. I was a chorus member for that project, and the director was all solicitude and gentleness in his requests. He was unsure of himself, and wanted his cast to like him above all else. This year, however, he took a different tack, reverting to his old, autocratic, stage manager personality. A stage manager's principle duties involve yelling at cast members to shut up, get out of the way, and generally do what they're told. Our director had been very good at that kind of thing. I found his reversion to type made working on The Mikado a lot less enjoyable than Princess Ida had been. Oh well.

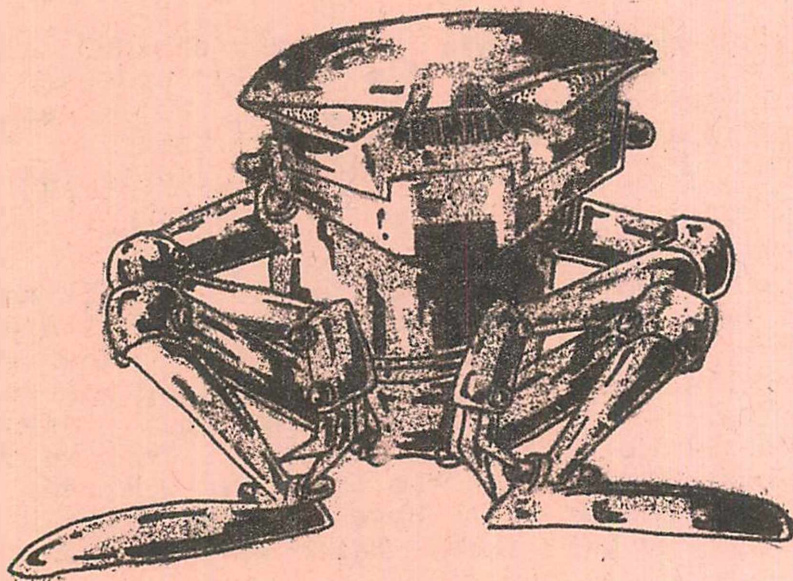
The music director was, strangely enough, also the star of the show, Yum-Yum. It's fairly unusual for the music director to appear on stage at all, least of all as the principal female lead. This meant that we had to find a conductor for our 'orchestra' (on which more later).

Actually, it worked out much better than I had feared. My biggest beef was caused by the liberty with which our music director interpreted Sullivan's music. She rewrote several sections, some because she felt the soprano section couldn't manage the high notes (as a soprano I resented that), and some because we were short on men. I feel we could have done a respectable job with the music as written, but I suppose that's an opinion I'll have to assert when I become music director of my OWN show. Which will be soon, I hope.

Our fairly small quarters (the church sanctuary, with all the chairs removed) meant that we couldn't have an incredibly elaborate Japanese set. But we did have a lovely backdrop, a pavilion sort of entrance, and most important of all, a bridge, over a fake brook. This bridge was built by a friend and fellow cast member. Its appearance was eagerly awaited. When it appeared, however, we were all appalled. It was built in the shape of a semicircle, with NO STEPS. It was very steep, and mounting it meant getting a running start and leaping high in the air. Getting off it involved a leap into oblivion and the fear of sprained ankles. It had railings, but we were warned not to hold on to them, since they were fairly fragile.

I talked to the director. Several other people talked to the director. We tried to impress upon him the impossibility of getting 20 chorus members of all shapes and sizes to make graceful and quick entrances and exits over that bridge. The horror of watching the choristers leap fearfully one by one (except for the those who chose to wade through the fake brook instead) during a rehearsal finally convinced him.

Steps were built at the eleventh hour, as we heaved a collective sigh of relief in our artless Japanese way.



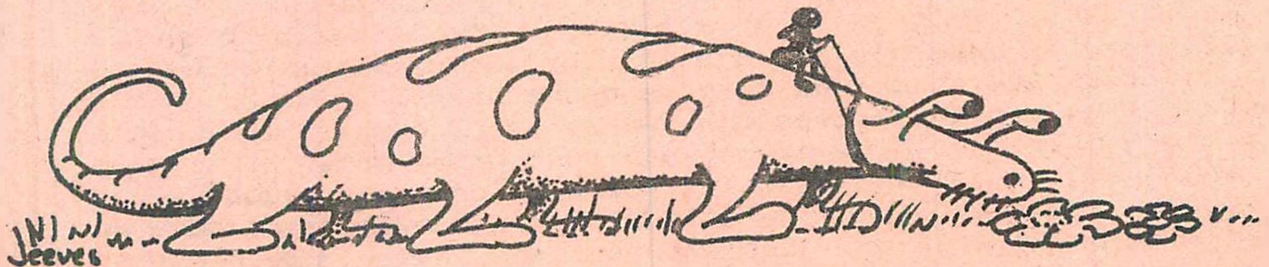
The orchestra was an interesting collection of musicians. The pianist was the foundation of the whole thing. (There really isn't room in the church for a full orchestra.) The director wanted more than just piano, so we had various percussion instruments, and vaguely Japanese sounding gong things. And a recorder to play some of the lovely melodies during the overture. The recorder, by the way was played by our illustrious director, who never once got the whole thing right. Oh, he tried hard, but there were always some notes flubbed and scrunched together.

The lighting situation was also quite interesting. We didn't have many fancy effects, partly because of the space we were in (church sanctuaries aren't usually designed for hanging lots of theatrical lights). But we did have one spectacular reddish light effect, used for the very affecting solo Katisha (the unwanted and extremely ugly older woman) has during the first act finale. The lights dim and the chorus goes into a freeze, so that all the attention is focused on Katisha. Then the lights were supposed to come back up as Katisha is put back in her place by the irrepressible Pitti-Sing.

Unfortunately, our lighting operators couldn't read music, and so had no way to write down their cues. (I don't think they were any too swift, either, or they would have figured it out from just listening to the music.) One night as we all went into our freeze the lights remained as bright as ever. Then, halfway into the solo, they went out entirely, plunging the stage into total darkness. When the solo ended and Pitti-Sing went into her bit, the reddish light effect finally came on, lending a surreal air to the proceedings. The seasoned cast members took these strange events in stride as usual, and it's possible that the unsuspecting audience didn't even notice. But I doubt it.

Some of the trials and tribulations of our production of The Mikado were more painful and strange than others. Wigs, for instance. Getting everyone to have black, Japanese looking hair is not as easy as it sounds, especially when the costume budget is limited. The wig I was issued (borrowed from another G & S group) looked like a bunch of frayed black yarn tied in a knot. It was also too small for my head, and for a brief time I considered dying my hair black so that the edges of the wig wouldn't show blonde. Instead, I bought my own wig and styled it myself. It was very cute (ask my boyfriend) but boy, was it hot and itchy. In my next show I want to play a big blonde.

Shows may come, and shows may go, and they all have problems. Somehow the problems seem inconsequential when the cast is standing in front of an applauding audience, taking bows. And glitches can be forgotten completely when it's all over... if the cast party is good enough. Let's all drink to the next good show, and especially to the next good cast party.



IN SEARCH OF SINOCLAS

by Linda E. Bushyager

I don't remember having very many problems getting material for Granfalloon in the old days; maybe one reason is that Suzanne Tompkins and I had our own little group of contributors (the local fans in our Pittsburgh SF club). Or maybe we just lucked out having a few good regular out-of-state contributors like Sandra Miesel, Bob Tucker, and others. I asked many of these old friends for articles for Duprass only to find a lot of them were too busy now writing or editing professionally. It is strange, but true, that sooner or later, most fans who stay in fandom become professional writers, editors, artists, or end up with other professional connections to SF.

Fortunately for this issue, John Betancourt gave us his entire file of material for the fanzine he had intended to publish but never did. Otherwise it probably would have taken us another 6 months to publish. I'd like to thank John for his generosity, and for all the help and support he has given to Duprass (including loan of an A.B. Dick in case the dying Gestetner kicked the crank -- fortunately the Gestetner is clinging to life, for it turned out the A.B. Dick was in even worse shape!). I'd also like to thank Rick and Mina Culbertson, Darrell Schweltzer, Mark Kernes, Jerry Crosson, Lee Weinstein, Ron Bushyager, and Diane Weinman for help in collating the last issue. Special thanks to Ron, Darrell, and John Betancourt for proofreading and other help. Also thanks to all our contributors for their articles and artwork, to Steve Fox for sending us enough full-page drawings for a portfolio, to Taral and Guy Haines for providing artwork for specific articles (Taral's will appear nextish), and to Marc Schirmeister for the cover.

In order to drum up some articles, I've been twisting arms and begging during conventions, without much success. I even resorted to outlining various terrific articles for people to write. For example, I thought Gary Farber could write about his sudden transition from a fanzine fan into a professional editor, or that Ginjer Buchanan might describe her life as an editor. At this year's Corflu as I was talking to Cy Chauvin, I came up with an dynamite idea for an article -- what if after a fan dies, he discovers heaven is a sort of amalgamation of every con he has ever attended, and maybe some he hasn't? I was envisioning a giant Midwestcon, where every corner would take you to a different Midwestcon year (and hotel/motel). I kept elaborating -- for instance, if you went down an unfamiliar corridor you might find yourself at a convention that you had never attended, but only because you were inside someone's convention report that you had read (like Ginjer's "I had no mouth, and I must giggle" report of Baycon). I was ready to

write the article myself by the time I was through, but Cy promised he would write it, saying it dovetailed with an idea he had had about fannish time travel. Well, if Cy doesn't write it, I think I will.

Somewhere along the way, I realized if I had taken notes on all the fanzine articles I had thought of, I'd have had a pretty neat article by itself. Cy reminded me of the idea I had had during Confederation, which I had told Moshe Feder -- what if Moshe had visited the Atlanta headquarters of Coke. Well, since Moshe hadn't written it, I decided to.

But gee, I hope some of you will write articles yourselves. The fanzine would get pretty boring if everything were written by Leslie and me. Some people have complained that we have published too many reprints in Duprass, but if we don't have new material, what else can we do? In short: write that article or draw that drawing, and send it to us!

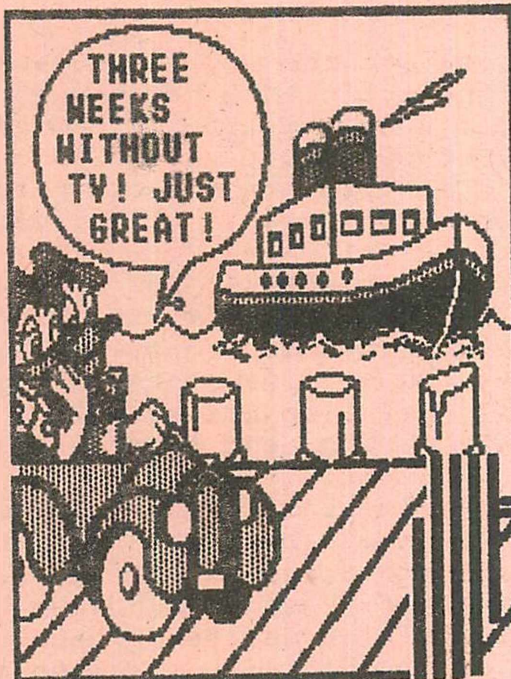
We did this issue in rather odd bursts of activity since Leslie was so busy she had trouble getting over to my house. She did the layout and typed her editorial and the lettercol by herself, which resulted in me not knowing what she was going to say in her editorial, so we are probably duplicating a few things. I did all the mimeography and most of the rest of the layout. But we shared most of the typing and proofreading. I have no idea what we will do when Leslie moves away - perhaps she'll do all the typing, send me the articles via modem, and I'll do the layout and printing. If anyone has suggestions for long-distance editing, let us know!

I'm rather excited about traveling to Europe & the Worldcon this year. Ron and I have visited Great Britain three times - once for a few days during the Helcon trip; then for 2 weeks on our own to London, Stratford, Salisbury, and Bath; and then to Brighton in '79, Scotland, and Wales. So this year after Brighton we will head to Paris, Nice/Monte Carlo (I love to gamble and I know a bit about card counting in blackjack), and Switzerland (the alps) for two weeks. We plan to stay in Bed&Breakfast-type hotels to save money. Hopefully this trip will provide me with enough material for another European trip report!

Fortunately I bought some British pounds a couple of months ago, but unfortunately we didn't get as much as we will need, and the dollar keeps falling in value. This also happened in 1979 -- the dollar was at an all-time low. So it looks like the trip will be more expensive than we initially planned. But at least we have already purchased some slightly lower-cost pounds. When we travel, Ron and I try to economize. For this trip we have purchased Swiss and French rail passes. As in the past, we will be following many of the recommendations in some of Arthur Frommer's travel books. Back in 1970 (Helcon) he wrote "Europe on \$5 a Day" -- now his book is titled a bit differently:

RON & LINDA GO TO ENGLAND

BY: LINDA BUSHYAGER



ARTWORK © 1986 WALT DISNEY CO.

"Europe on \$35 a Day" -- argh! That amount includes three meals and a B&B-type room per person. Originally we hoped to spend some time in "The West Country" of England after the con, but it didn't look all that interesting to me (although my English cousin by marriage said to spend two weeks there). Then I received some brochures on Switzerland, and when I saw the spectacular scenery I felt I really wanted to see some of it. One brochure showed Mt. Pilatus, which is a neat 7000-foot peak topped by a hotel and circular restaurant. It is reached either by the steepest cog-wheel railway in the world (48% gradient) or one of those heart-thumping funicular cable car systems for which the Swiss are famous. I knew I had to ride that, even if I do suffer from a slight bit of acrophobia. I just hope it isn't too cold in Switzerland in August.

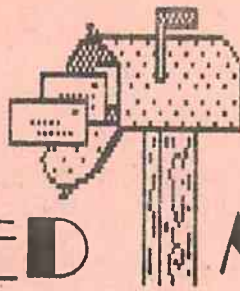
Speaking of traveling, I wanted to mention that Ron, Leslie, and I all attended "Corflu" in Cincinnati this year and had a great time. I plan to attend next year's bash in Seattle, and I highly recommend that all of you plan to go. It certainly is one of the most enjoyable cons I've ever been to.

Next year fanzine fans will have a double treat, since there will also be a "Ditto" in Toronto. We also plan to attend that one. I much prefer these small conventions to the gargantuan Worldcon-type regionals. You get a chance to meet everyone, and you never have to spend hours searching for a particular person you know is there but can't find. Lots of fun, and great dinner groups too. I especially enjoyed the "Live Fanzine" -- this year's live "Outworlds" included a reprint -- an excerpt from "The Live Spanish Inquisition." I thought that was really cute.

I recently purchased a new Apple computer, the IIGS, which I recommend highly. As part of the deal I bought a second printer, the Imagewriter, which seems to do an even nicer "Near Letter Quality" than the quite-good Epson FX-85. Besides using Press Type, I used the Apple to produce some of the column headings this issue, and I think the computer-generated headings look nice. I've done a better job than with my first attempts in Duprass #1, and I hope I won't receive any more complaints about the computer-generated headings. I may eventually purchase a "Thunderscan" adaptor for the Imagewriter which allows one to digitize pictures or drawings, and I might try using this to produce some computer-processed drawings for the fanzine.

Leslie and I are going to work on another issue of Duprass before she moves away, so if you do have an article or artwork to send us, please do so as soon as possible. We are in need of cover artwork, column headings, filios, art portfolios, humorous and sercon articles, and of course letters for the Locsmith. Hope to hear from you soon!





THE BLOATED MAILBOX

The postal sorter is going through the mail on a morning just like every other morning. Each zip code and area within the zip code has its own cart, and with a deft toss the letters and magazines fly into the proper frames.

He comes across a white envelope addressed to Don D. Amasa. It will be the first of many, addressed to Dom Dammasa, Donald E. D. Amassa, Don D'Amasa, or Sheila Demosso, or Dave D'Emasi. These letters go into a special cart, in the corner of the sorting room, on which is stencilled: "DONALD D'AMMASSA."

The D'Ammassa household gets more than its share of mail. First, there is the obvious: bills. Cherry & Webb, Sears, Amoco, The Wheeler School, and every credit-card company from A to S currently in business. Then there is another common postal pest: junk mail. Charities, candidates, magazines, video clubs, book clubs, record clubs, Avon, popcorn manufacturers, and soap factories. I am currently having trouble convincing Fingerhut Cookware that I'm not interested in their products. If you ignore them, they keep sending you things, and writing to them convinces them to send you MORE, and soon you're inundated by literature about their latest sterno-slick, fire-proof skillet with AM/FM radio. And because of our awful name, we often get duplicates addressed to "D'Ammassa" under different spellings.

True story: I once came home, and a package was waiting for me in a plain brown wrapper. I opened it, and I read the enclosed letter. I'll paraphrase what it said, essentially: "Dear Sir, This is your last chance! Your membership to the Adam & Eve Club will expire unless you respond immediately upon receipt of this month's catalog! We haven't heard from you in months!"

As you might have guessed, the Adam & Eve Club ain't selling me apples, but plenty of other forbidden fruits: lace panties, videotapes, and even little wind-up toys in the shape of penises with legs and bulgy red boots. They were called "Hopalong Peters."

The bizarre amount of junkmail is probably a result of all the magazines and clubs we belong to. We have subscribed to Newsweek, Sports Illustrated, Playboy, Discover, Mad, Fangoria (guess who was responsible for the last three), Yankee, National Review, and others I'm probably forgetting. Dad is in the Columbia Record Club, and was until recently a member of the CBS Software Club. I'm in the RCA Record Club. Mother is in at least two book clubs. And, of course, every night is Christmas morning for my father. There are always packages of books for him to review piled up to the edge of the table from the floor. He can't even keep up with all of the books anymore. Plus, having three members of a

household active in fandom generates quite a lot of mail by itself, yes?

The mailmen are aware of us. They recognize our name. We found out recently that they were swapping routes so skeptical postmen could deliver to us and see our daily load for themselves.

One day my father was home sick, and he went out to greet the mailman as he pulled up in his blue-and-white jeep. With a terrific effort, the civil servant lifted our pile of mail and stumbled up the walk toward the house.

"You sure get a lotta mail," the postman said accusingly. It was obvious that we had gotten on all these mailing lists to give him a hernia.

They really got tired of us. They went on strike until a clause was entered into the Providence Postal Workers' Contract saying that anyone suffering internal damage from delivering mail to the Damassa (of course they spelled it wrong!) family would be compensated for by the city. One morning I looked out the window and saw a burning cross on our front lawn. Next to it was a scarecrow hanging from a scaffold with a postal worker's badge on its lapel.

One way the mailmen tried to get out of the exhausting task of delivering mail to us was by occasionally "forgetting" to give us our mail. It backfired, though, because in a fortnight a tower of parcels emerged from the "DAMMASSA" cart, almost touching the ceiling before it tipped over and crashed to the ground, injuring seven people. This legendary calamity is still whispered about in the men's room of the post office: it's known as "The D'Ammassa Backlog."

Next, the city wrote us a nasty letter. All our mail was so heavy that the gas mileage on the jeeps was affected, not to mention hell on the tires. But there was no accurate way to bill us, so the matter was dropped. It's been quiet for a while now. I wonder what the post office will try next.

We also had problems with mailboxes. When the third mailbox finally got so bloated that the sides gave out from metal fatigue, we got a big hamper and set it outside with a sign that said: "Dear Postman, please deposit our mail here. Thank you." That night our mailman said to his wife, "Melba, not only do those D'Ammassas get too much mail, they're weird!"

Well, okay, I exaggerated a few things. But we do get a hell of a lot of mail.

DAVE D'AMMASSA

PAPERBACK PUBLISHING

[Mr. Delany first delivered this talk at
Lunacon in New York City in April, 1968.]

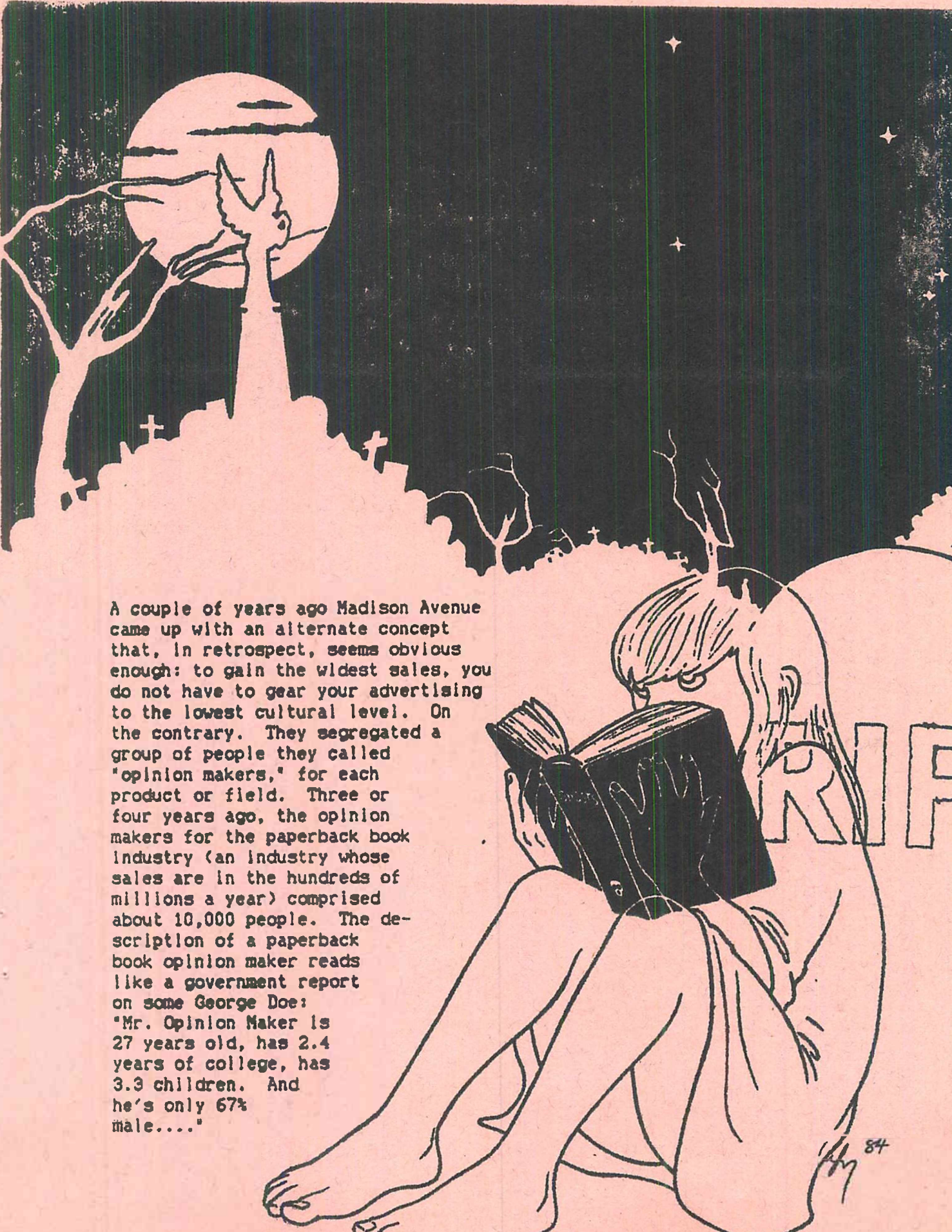
One of the things that interests me most about science fiction today is its packaging, particularly the type used in the paperback book market. The problem is to sell the greatest number of books to the greatest number of people. And that breaks down into a number of smaller problems. Some are: How to expand the existing audience? How to advertise properly and appropriately so that the audience trusts your advertising? How to encourage writers to produce the material that causes the audience to expand and respond?

How to communicate the excitement of the field to readers so that they can become a part of, and receptive to, our potential? And this very specific problem, which I would like to talk about today: What do you put on the covers of books?

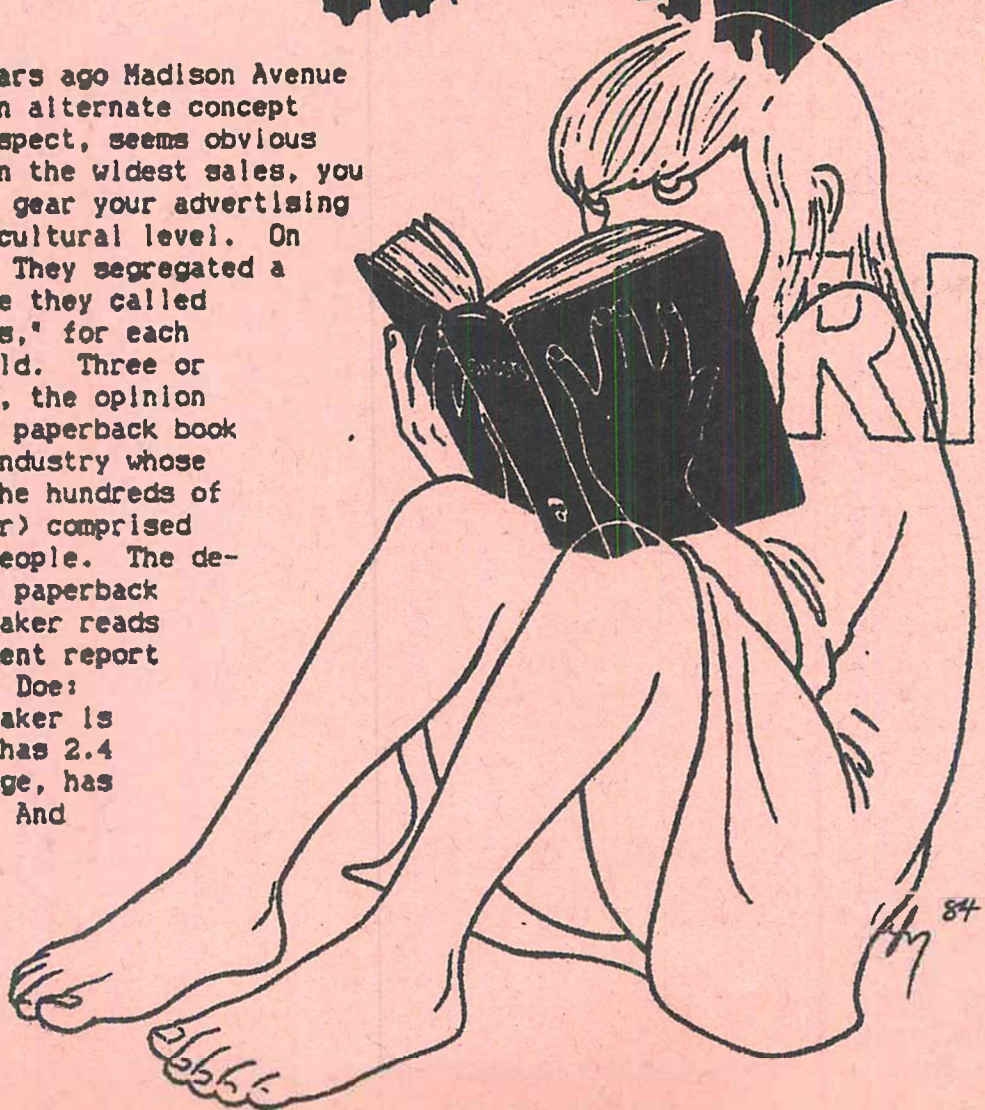
A few years ago the greater paperback book industry finally threw away an incredibly outmoded advertising concept that had been holding down book sales for an amazingly long time. For a good while everyone thought the key to mass advertising was something like this: people are stupid and vulgar over any statistical sampling, so make the covers as stupid and vulgar as you can. The more stupid and more vulgar the cover, the greater the sales.

The only trouble with this approach, besides the fact that the sales figures show pretty conclusively that it just doesn't work, is that catering to stupidity and vulgarity reaches a point of diminishing returns. Although stupid and vulgar people certainly exist, they live in such a narrow world, a world which communicates with so little outside itself, that, though they may buy a book and read it -- and enjoy it -- their influence on other people is practically nil. Compare their influence to that of a teacher on students in an academic situation, or to the matrix of white collar individuals who buy, along with students, the overwhelming proportion of the paperback books sold -- not to mention the book critics and reviewers with their access to other mass communications media that reach, again, many other buyers....

SAMUEL R. DELANY



A couple of years ago Madison Avenue came up with an alternate concept that, in retrospect, seems obvious enough: to gain the widest sales, you do not have to gear your advertising to the lowest cultural level. On the contrary. They segregated a group of people they called "opinion makers," for each product or field. Three or four years ago, the opinion makers for the paperback book industry (an industry whose sales are in the hundreds of millions a year) comprised about 10,000 people. The description of a paperback book opinion maker reads like a government report on some George Doe: "Mr. Opinion Maker is 27 years old, has 2.4 years of college, has 3.3 children. And he's only 67% male...."



But the simple fact is, if you can win over this group of 10-15,000, as certain as the sun rises: you will suddenly get out of the 25 to 100,000 copies-sold bracket -- which is where the sales of the vast majority of paperback books fall -- and get up into the 700-, 800-, 900,000 copies-sold bracket. Well into the millions is a sales figure reached enough times every year by a few titles to make it a not unfeasable number to hope for.

The two main points about the opinion maker are: First, he has access to some amazingly diverse lines of communication, either by word of mouth, through his job, or simply by virtue of who he happens to be. In the eyes of Madison Avenue, he is the fellow on campus who is popular enough so that if he carries a paperback book in his back pocket across the quad, everyone will sigh and go rushing off to the drugstore to pick up what must be the greatest book -- because Martin is reading it this month. More realistically, he is a person who is intelligent and articulate enough to talk about the books he reads enthusiastically if he is enthusiastic, and unenthusiastically if he is unenthusiastic. In a school situation, he is not likely to be the class brain; but he is likely to be on the staff of the school literary magazine or newspaper. He is intelligent enough so that if he recommends a book to the class brain over coffee in the cafeteria, the class brain will go out and buy the book. And so will the football halfback there on scholarship. Both of them will pick up the book if they see this character reading it.

The second point to be made about Mr. Opinion Maker is that all the vulgar stupidity in the world on the book cover is not going to move him to pick the book off the stands and give it the opening perusal which, the publisher hopes, will start rocketing the book to multi-million sales. The publisher has to remember that although Mr. Opinion Maker responds well to illustrations with tight drawing and commercial content, he is quite at home with the abstract, the impressionistic, and the expressionistic. And he is mortally offended when a book tries to look like what it is not; and he will pass the word on post haste.

Hopefully, what is between the covers of a book will determine how high the sales will go. But the packaging and the distribution will determine whether or not the book gets a chance to bid for the fulfillment of its potential.

Now who are the opinion makers in SF? That is: What comparatively small collection of people have access to the widest lines of communication up and down the economic and social ladder that ultimately take in the widest possible audience ever for an SF novel?

First of all, if the opinion makers for the whole paperback industry number 10,000, then the opinion makers for SF are probably not more than 3000-4000 -- perhaps substantially less. Their intellectual standards -- at least in the view of the opinion makers themselves for the paperback market in general -- are indeed higher than most. And because of the science fiction market in general, the standards of our opinion makers are probably higher still.

Our opinion makers are not writers. They are not educators. Nor, for that

matter, are they Big-Name Fans, or even Hard Core Fans. The trouble with all of us is that, simply by being so close together, our lines of communication are certain and fixed. Appealing to us directly won't start the snowballing effect the publishers are after. This is not to say that we won't like what Mr. Opinion Maker likes. On the contrary, the surveys show that his intelligence and taste are a lot closer to ours than, say, what paperback book publishers thought would sell books in 1958. So until a more studied approach can be undertaken to pinpoint him directly, appealing to us is probably the next best thing. But it's not the final answer from the viewpoint of the publisher's accounting department.

The other thing about opinion makers is that they don't come in bunches. They tend to be individuals at some sort of psychological or social fulcrum. If you take a bunch of people who were all opinion makers in former situations and put them together, you'll usually find in the new situation that you have (besides a bunch of very unhappy people) only one among those who now functions effectively within the new group as an opinion maker. Again, this means that the publisher must try to appeal to a scattering of individuals; individuals who, while they are connected with many people, each are themselves comparatively isolated from their own kind. That means the publisher must realize the likes and dislikes of individuals. For instance, once a technique -- in the case of paperback book covers, say a concept for a book cover -- has been used successfully, the opinion maker doesn't want to see it again. Because you are dealing with intelligent, articulate people, looking for freshness and involvement, repeating a success is the surest way to bomb out of the high-selling market and slip back into the 100,000 and under sales.

The criteria are taste, intelligence, and involvement. And the greatest of these is...involvement. Taste and intelligence are necessary in order not to offend or turn off the person you are trying to reach. Involvement is the thing you use to turn him on.

What the packager is trying to put on the cover is something that will cause a person looking over a display rack full of books to look at one again -- at which point I would like to raise the spectre of Marshall McLuhan: "The medium is the message."

On a paperback display shelf of 500 books, the thing that will make you look at the cover twice is, first, an involving use of the packaging medium -- this before subject matter, this even before the taste and intelligence I spoke of. The art director and the artist have the almost circular problem of creating covers that will stand out on a wall of 500 covers, all of which are trying to stand out from among all the others.

Well, what is the medium being used? It is unbelievably cheap four-color printing, and the limitations and possibilities of four-color printing are what control the rules of the medium.

Perhaps the first rule should be simply that no painting of 14 by 24 inches or so, by any standards having anything to do with its emotional effect on a viewer, by any standards having anything to do with art and taste and

intelligence, can possibly bear the slightest resemblance to itself when reduced to a 7 inch by 4 1/4 inch color paperback book cover.

When I first started writing for Ace Books, I would come into the office and be constantly shocked by the quality and brilliance of some cover painting. Then two or three months later, I would come across another classically drab Ace cover on the stands. That's when I got interested in the rules of translation.

For the longest time, trying to figure them out myself, I tried to solve the problem the way most art directors and paperback houses go about judging a prospective cover painting: What kinds of paintings will reproduce most accurately? Which elements in the painting will reproduce true and which won't?

This is a perfectly absurd way to approach the problem. Nothing is going to "reproduce true." The fact that one element in the painting may reproduce truer than another doesn't tell you anything about the final product, because that element's relation to the rest of the painting will have shifted, thanks to the changes in the surrounding colors, which translate the entire composition, the balance, the emphasis on one line, one shape, and so forth.

The artist who is making a cover with our kind of four-color reproduction is basically in the same position as someone painting enamelware with glazes. If you are an enamelware artist, you paint your picture with a series of dull gray and pink liquid slips, some of which, when fired, become bright blue, some of which become green, some of which become red, or purple, or whatever color it says on the bottle. But you have to know just what those final colors are going to be before the piece of enamelware is baked. As well, some of the glazes melt at one temperature, and some at another, so that certain colors put next to each other will run into one another, or run over one another, while certain others will have nice sharp definition between them. You have to know all this if you're going to paint enamelware; and with this knowledge, you control your final picture. But until the piece goes into the kiln -- before it's fired -- it all looks pink and gray.

The paperback cover artist works in a medium where there is almost as much discrepancy between what he paints and what the printed book cover will look like -- with the difference that if the original was scarlet, blue, and purple, it's the final product that tends to be pink and gray.

Well, what are the rules of translations?

The first and most general one is that the only thing you can count on to retain a relatively consistent resemblance to what you first painted is the line. This means if you don't know the rest of the rules, you'd better stick to what are, practically speaking, very tight line drawings, colored in such a way that you really don't care if the green comes out blue or the purple comes out puce.

Another of the more wonderful things about paperback book packaging is the size the publisher demands the artists do the original paintings in. Art directors usually ask the artists to do paintings with linear dimensions of 5, 6, or 7 times that of the final cover -- which means the painting's area is 25, 36, or 49 times that of the final cover. At one time, in the color engraving business, this notion had something to do with the idea that if the original painting had fine detail work, when it was reduced to a fifth its size the details would seem five times as finely drawn. The thing wrong with this is that there is another point of diminishing returns that has to be taken into consideration. And it is well under a factor of five -- much less 25 or 49.

With artists who work as finely and as tightly as Jack Gaughan, Gray Morrow, or Jeff Jones, the point of diminishing returns is well under factor of two. If you are reducing a 12 by 14 foot canvas to a carefully and meticulously separated, 12-color print the size of a Skira art book, with each plate triple screened and the 1000 best prints chosen by hand out of 1500, with the rest discarded, there is perhaps something to be said for the gain in fineness in detail.

But that is not the medium we are talking about -- cheap, cheap four-color printing of a 100,000-plus print run!

The sense of tightness and control, and the ever important line, would be much stronger if the artists worked actual size, or perhaps 10%, maybe 15% -- no more than 20% -- above actual size. Let me also add that, working at this size, they should be paid more than they are for their current, sprawling paintings; for the point is, what the publisher is paying for is the work of a person who has the most important job in the manufacture of 100,000, or 150,000 4-by-7 inch prints. And these prints, not the original paintings, are what sell the books.

One of the most fascinating agonists in the visual tragedy of the paperback book cover is the color green. In four-color printing, there is no green plate. The greens on a paperback bookcover are gotten by laying little dots of yellow over little dots of blue. In terms of pigments, blue and yellow are primary colors, while green is a secondary one. As far as the human eye is concerned, however, green is very much a primary color. A green light shown on top of a red light makes yellow. In terms of light, green and red are primary colors, while yellow is a secondary one. This means that for the eye, which sees light, the greens on a paperback are all going to be "false greens." Practically speaking, this simply means that it will be very hard to achieve a pleasing green. And because greens need two of your plates, it is twice as difficult to control the setting of the plates -- whether the blue dots are on the top or the yellow dots are on the top, or if either dots are slightly to the side of the others, all of which affect the hue of the resultant green by a truly incredible amount.

Again, in practical terms, this means that if you splatter a bit of Winsor-Newton "Thalo Green" on your painting for what is going to be a four-color paperback book cover, it may come out on the finished print as the brightest kelly, or the palest of puke. It may be emerald -- or it may be

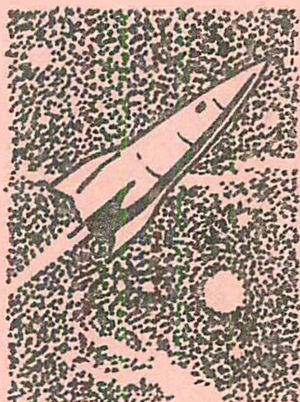
army-drab.

If we were talking about twelve- or even six-color printing, one would advise artists to be careful with their greens. Since we are talking about the medium that we are, what one can say about greens is: "Stay away from them, use them in places where it doesn't matter what they look like."

On the opposite hand, red and yellow in terms of light are fairly closely related. They are not a whole primary color apart. But in printing they are controlled by two separate plates. This means that you have the greatest color control over the range from red, through orange, to yellow. It's rather like being given an extra plate to play with in that range. (To get similar control in the blue-green range, you would need to have a solid blue plate, a blue-green plate, and a yellow plate to achieve the same fineness of variation.) So your red-orange-yellow spectrum, with browns and tans thrown in, is the range where you are most likely to retain some subtlety and control.

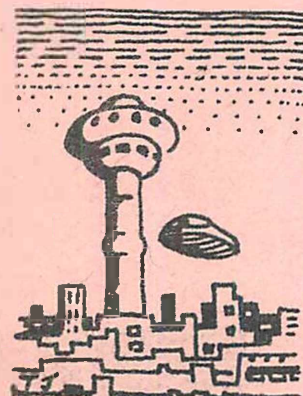
Another general rule is simply that there is no such thing in this medium, practically speaking, as color intensity. Any painting that gains its major effect by color intensity is more than useless for four-color process printing. The only range where there is a true intensity differential is the white-gray-black range. But as soon as you introduce a hue -- that is, a color -- intensity levels out to the general intensity of the entire picture. (And that can vary, from the beginning to the end of the same print run, by as much as 30%.) Again, in practical terms, this means that the only highlight that is going to work consistently in the final print is the basically white one -- edged, perhaps, with the ghost of some pastel.

The point of all this is that if the artists are to paint intelligent, capable, and involving packages, they and the art directors have to be on top of the technical aspects of the medium in a very Marshall McLuhan sort of way. The number of times I've heard of artists called into the art office to "bring up a color" on a cover painting, because it wasn't "bright enough" and "won't reproduce," is getting on toward the dozens. The concept of "bringing up" a color is so absurd in terms of this particular type of color reproduction that it makes you wonder whether the art directors have any idea what the four-color printing process is about. Although, to be perfectly fair, at least half the times when I've heard of artists called in to do this sort of thing, it was at the insistence of the publisher, about whom there is nothing to wonder.



If the packaging is to be effective, the artists and the art directors are going to have to cooperate. A good deal of this cooperation means that the art directors are going to have to look at the paintings their artists do before they launch into the process of lettering, type-composition, etc.

One of the most pernicious formulas in the whole art directing business is the way the color of the type is generally decided: You run your eye over the painting, find the least important color, and make that color the color of your lettering. This is called "picking up" the red, or the mauve, or the chartreuse, or whatever color happens to be involved. Given five cover paintings, this may be a valid way to deal with four of them. But there is always going to be the painting that makes its visual and dramatic point through the fact that there is only one small slash of red on a primarily blue field. You don't take this cover and smack bright red lettering across the top -- no matter what the rule says.



I just went through that horrifying experience with The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. Russel FitzGerald did a perfectly brilliant cover painting for a story of mine -- I believe it's in the current issue of the magazine [May, 1968]. One of the main visual points of the cover is that on an essentially black and purple ground, a central, agonized figure writhes in a halo of red fire. His hand is aloft, and the faint red leads the eye to one finger, on which is a massive gold ring -- it's the dramatic focus of the picture, and the only yellow in the painting. Indeed, for the picture to make dramatic sense, the red fire must be the only red on the painting and the golden ring the only flare of yellow. True to form, Fantasy and Science Fiction, which has a shifting logo and can change colors for the lettering for each issue to compensate for just this sort of thing, choose for their logo that issue: a band of yellow with bright red letters, and a second band, red with bright yellow letters -- "picking up" the red and the yellow. And just to make sure, they put the circular publisher's colophon (which usually appears as a pink or green circle) 3/4 of an inch above the gold ring -- in screech yellow, which renders the ring practically unseeable.

I think there is something to be said for Mr. FitzGerald's painting, in that it manages to come through in spite of the logo. But it's an uphill battle.

Once artists and art directors are on top of what they are doing, then you can talk about true involvement, of the sort that will appeal to our good friend, Osgood Opinion-Maker. But very often, creating that involvement is a case of not doing all the visual work for him. Again McLuhan has stated the ground rule: "Low resolution equals high involvement."

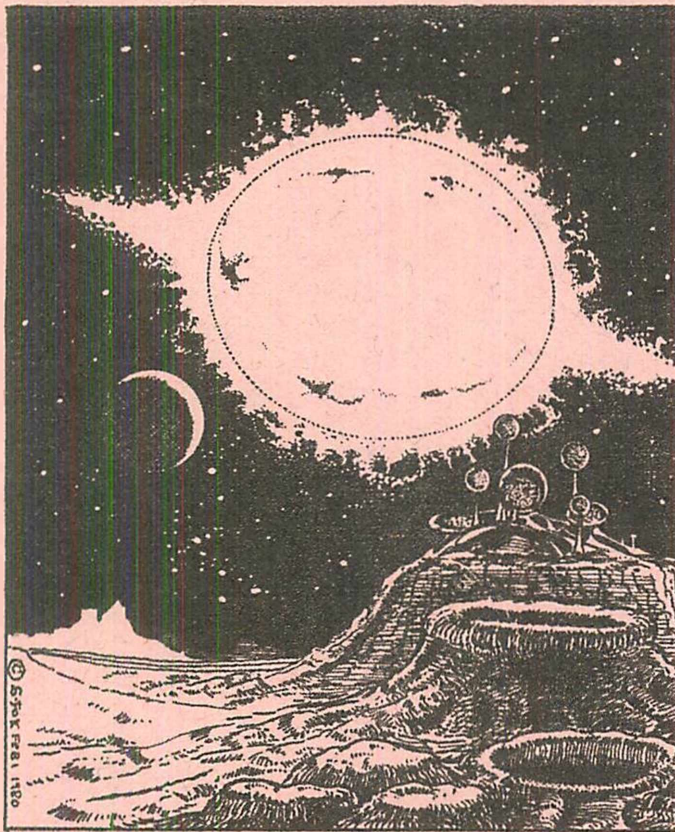
A book that did very well for Ace was H. Warner Munn's King of the World's Edge, for which Jack Gaughan did the cover. It shows a ship being pulled across a foggy ocean by three bug-eyed frog types. But what's actually selling the book is, of all things, the lack of a horizon line in the background!

The illustration's background, from top to bottom, goes from fog to water.

But as happens in reality over foggy waters at dawn, there's no way to tell, in the painting, where the sky ends and the water begins. Also there is no way to look at the cover without trying to establish just where the horizon is -- which also happens in life, when you look across the foggy sea. The inevitable attempt to place the absent horizon line is the little mental jump that gets you involved in the book -- and the packaging has done its job.

To conclude my talk here this afternoon: packaging is the most important part of paperback advertising. The mainstream side of the paperback book

business has been able to afford to sit down and revamp their approach, and their sales figures are blaring the results. I think that paperback houses specializing in fantasy and science fiction have to do some serious thinking about the whole concept of SF packaging. Then, hopefully, art directors and artists can work together for the expansion of the field. It will be to everybody's benefit.

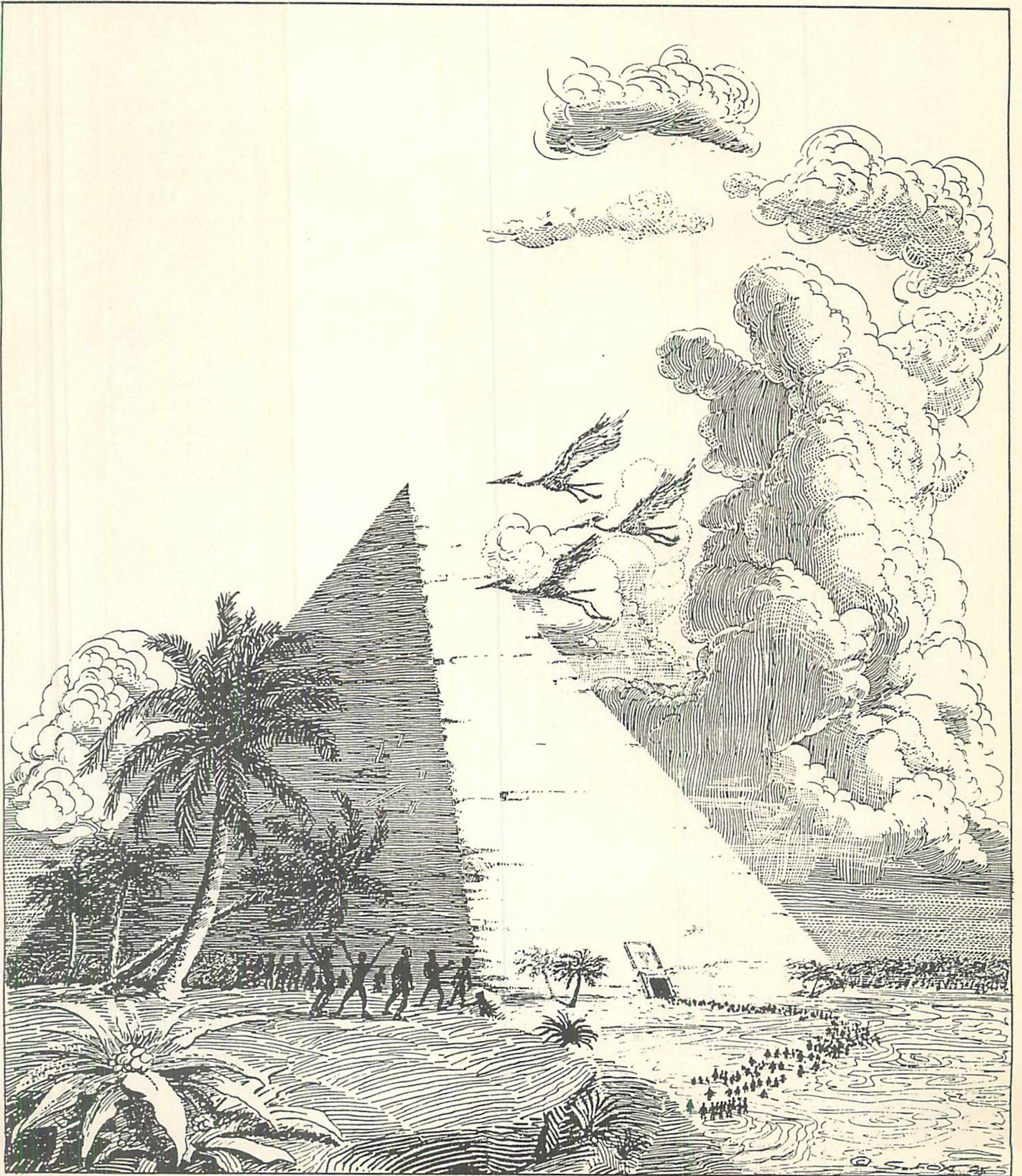


To summarize: first, artists and art directors must be aware of the level of the persons they have to appeal to for maximum results. Second, they mustn't underestimate this level. Even if the general reader level is low, the people they have to sell to in order to sell the book is a limited group of 3 or 4,000 with much higher standards. Third, they must learn the ins and outs of their medium

thoroughly, which is the particular brand of four-color printing paperback books employ. Only then can they strike out for the sort of cover involvement that will make book sales move up to the maximum.

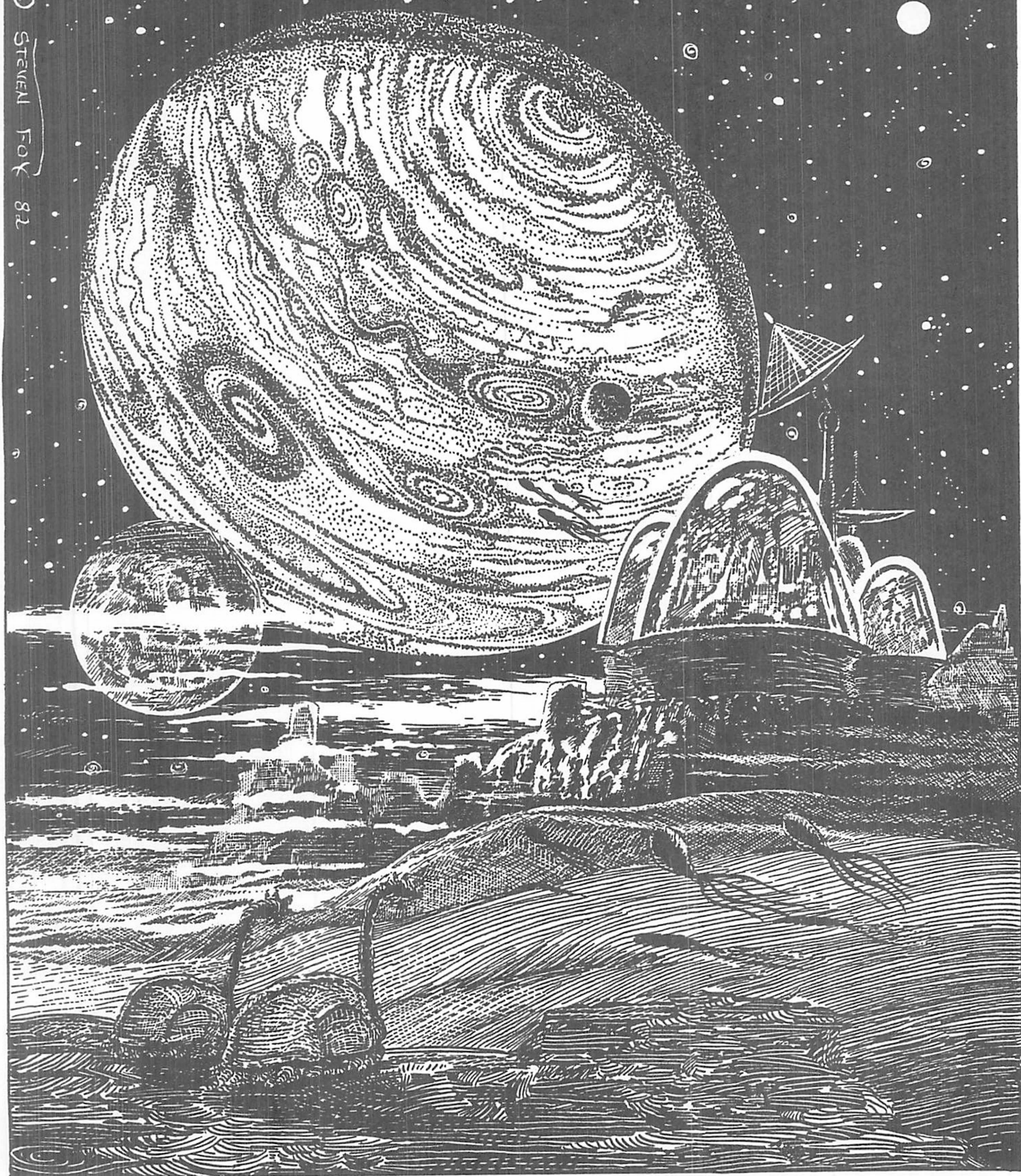
[The above article was transcribed by Henry Glick from Samuel Delany's 1968 Lunacon speech. It was published in issue #2 of HYPERDRIVE (1969). For this republication, Delany has looked over the transcription and cleared up a few minor confusions.]

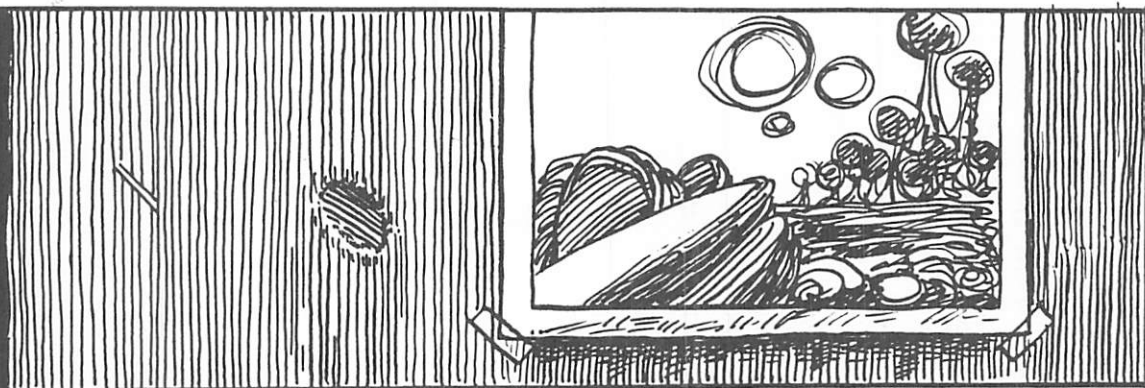
STEVEN FOX
-- Art Portfolio --

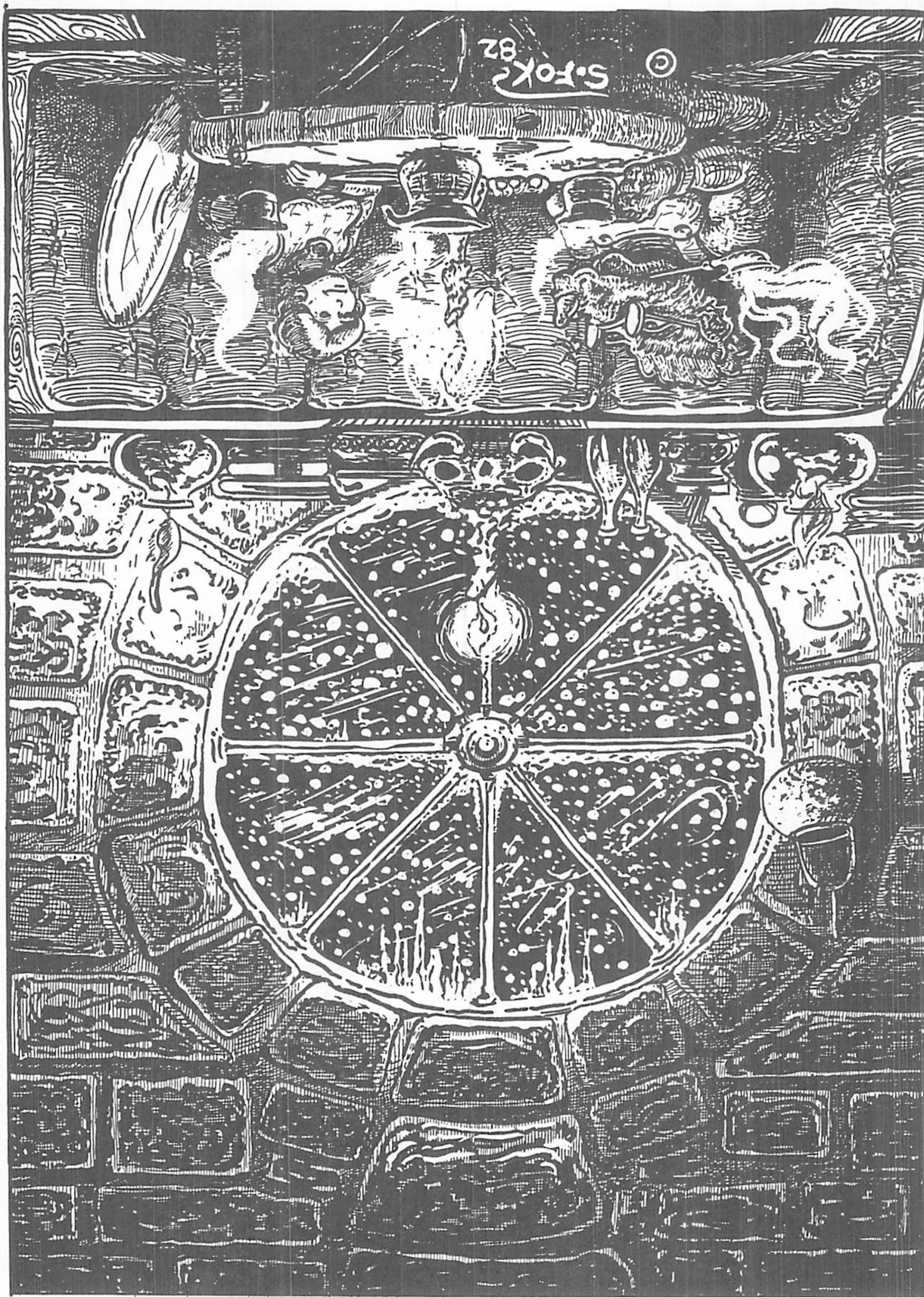




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MARCH 1983







SAINTS PRESERVE US!

articles by Esther M. Friesner and Darrell Schweitzer

SOME RANDOM NOTES ON THE LEGENDA CARBONIFERA OF CRASSUS PESTIFERUS

by Esther M. Friesner

In a world where the holy austerity of the Middle Ages has long since succumbed to the stranglehold of Trivial Pursuit, the writings of the eminent Late, Late, Really Late Empire writer, Crassus Pestiferus, shine like a beacon of radiance for the hungry eye to quaff. If not for the writings of this simple illiterate Calabrian mystic, we would be denied the stories hereunder appended, stories of long-neglected and deservedly-so Saints whose exploits might otherwise have sunk into oblivion.

No wonder the Visigoths whacked C. Pestiferus' head off.

It has been argued by some quasi-scholarly nitpickers (and you know who you are, Professor James "Jimmy the Greek" Papadopoulos of the Harvard Classics Dept.!) that C. Pestiferus' Legenda Carbonifera is a fraud and a sham. Silly scholars! Everyone knows that a sham is something you put over a pillow.

These vulpine despoilers of the Grape Arbors of Academe would have us believe that merely because C. Pestiferus died in the 5th Century A.D., and some of the Saints he mentions belong to more modern eras (such as the Renaissance and the Jazz Age) that his work is invalid.

To these I reply: "Oh, yeah? Honi soit qui vive!" Has the world grown so jaded that we can no longer believe in Miraculous Visions? And what is more apt than to have the humble C. Pestiferus receive Divinely Revelatory Visions of the Saints before the fact? That is to say, before they had been canonized, martyred, or even surfaced as a twinkle in Daddy's eye?

With Faith, all things are possible.

SAINT COPYRIGHT THE INVIOLETE: VIRGIN AND MARTYR

A scholastic monastic, St. Copyright was the daughter of poor but honest brothel-keepers in Gay Lutece. True to their geographic location, St. Copyright's parents asked the lass to partake of the family business as a filles de joie or, in the 2nd century A.D. Latin of the time, trampus baratus. St. Copyright refused to take this lying down. She locked herself in her oratory, subsisting there miraculously on mystic cakes brought to her by an Angel of the Lord. (These cakes symbolized the girl's

life, for sandwiched between two dark and hard wafers that stood for her parents' degenerate souls was her own white, soft, creamy, sweet one.)

Yes! Oratoreos!

But woe, her parents were crumbs, and sent one of their regular clients in unto the guileless child, a Byzantine bravo named Raubchisimus Grosus. He attempted to violate St. Copyright, but at the crucial moment the earth opened under the girl's feet in a perfect circle and swallowed her up. All that was left was a pool of salt water, thought to signify that the Virgin Saint sheds tears for sinners everywhere. Indeed, ever since, her symbol has been a perfect circle containing a little sea.

Patron Saint of disgruntled authors and rapacious foreign editors, St. Copyright may only be petitioned in writing.

SAINT EUPHONIA OF BOLOGNA: VIRGIN AND MARTYR

Saint of the Renaissance, patroness of the facile answer. A contemporary of the second Borgla Pope, Alex VI, she had the misfortune to excite the lust of the Pope's naturally unnatural natural son, Cesare (brother to Lucrezia). She wished to preserve her virgin state; he said the only thing worth preserving were kumquats, and arrested her brother, Hero di Bologna (his story will be sandwiched in at a later date).

Euphonia wanted to save her brother's life, but not submit to Cesare, so she said she would, but when he released Hero, she wouldn't, putting him off with many fine-sounding excuses. After suffering through the longest headache in the history of Western Christianity, Euphonia at last reached the end of Cesare's rope and the poor man came unravelled. He gave her one last chance: poison or his bed. Euphonia replied that she could not in good conscience sleep in poison or swallow his bed, so she imitated the action of the Tiber and went with the flow. Her body was never recovered, although her sofa was. (See Saint Euphonia of Bologna's Country Seat or Love Profane and Love Divan, by Margarita Taquila, Ph.D.)

Her intercession is obtained by special petition on the part of all High School students who wish to explain why they have not yet done that book report on Milton which was due last Tuesday. The prayer is inscribed on the back of the report and fed to a large dog.

Little did St. Euphonia of Bologna know, as she shuffled off this mortal coil, ne'er more to see her natal city, that the wurst was yet to come.

SAINT HERO DI BOLOGNA, CORROLLARY SAINT

Brother to the aforementioned St. Euphonia, Hero was eternally in his sister's debt, and hated it. When she had gone to her watery grave, he rashly confronted Cesare Borgia and called him an Old Poop. As Cesare was backed up by a full complement of Swiss Guards from the Vatican, he denounced Hero for his histrionics, which better suited the theatre than the plaza. A passing actor (and a bad one), one Gino Lolobrigido, stepped forward unasked to defend the theatre in orotund terms. Cesare, blessed by critics everywhere, signalled the Swiss Guards to attack. Hero drew his

sword (a fine example of Christian Forbearance) and took many lives before giving up his own.

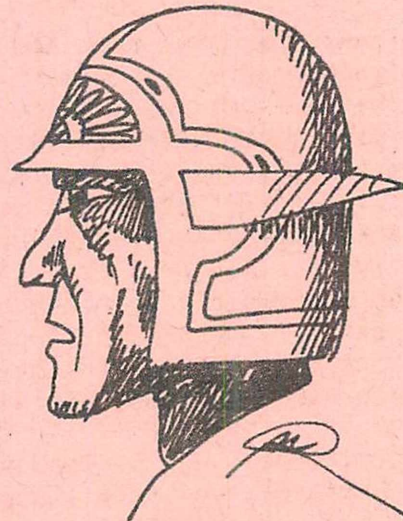
When the dust had cleared, there was Gino, segmented, ditto several of the Guards, and Hero no better. Or, the first historical occurrence of sliced ham on Swiss with Hero to go.

To quote Cesare, "Anyway you sliced him, it's still Bologna...that was his natal city, and the wurst is yet to come." His Dad excommunicated him for the sin of Repetitious Puns, one of the few Alex VI was not guilty of himself, and didn't he love it!

Patron Saint of the Superbowl Half-Time Buffet, may be reached by a libation of Miller Lite, or else leave your name and number with his answering service when you hear the beep.

SAINT JAMES THE SOMEWHAT YOUNGER: VISIONARY

Thanks to the miraculous workings of his own saintly nature, St. James the Somewhat Younger discovered that he was a contemporary of both the Soldier-Saint Ignatius Loyola and the medieval theologian Duns Scotus. Although he more resembled Loyola in his military bearing (being a Captain of his local militia and often referred to as such by his devoted followers), he hailed from D. Scotus' own native Scotland, wherefore his secondary moniker, St. James of the Kirk.



A peripatetic soul, his visions led him to boldly go where no man had grammatically gone before. A student of the redoubtable Scotus, he likewise forever implored that venerable being for "more power" wherewith to combat Sin. Sin, and its fatal corollary, Death, obsessed him. He viewed Man as a straight sapling that might grow tall and strong but for Sin, which caused the soul to twist and bend itself out of shape. (See: Sin: Warp Factor Three, by Le Duc Rodin de Berry, 1756). Man's inability to see his own sins brought about death and the dissolution of the body. "Bones! Bones!" cried the tormented Saint when the fit was upon him. The parable of the mote in another's eye as opposed to the beam in one's own also irked him. Indeed, on his deathbed, St. James of the Kirk pushed himself onto one elbow and yelled, "Beam me up, Scotus!" Then he fell back.

Jim, he was dead.

Further spockulation is useless.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ENFRUNTENBACK, MARTYR, PATRON OF REVOLVING DOORS

by Darrell Schweitzer

It is only through the good offices of the little-known anti-Pope Circumpolaris Rotund (1283-85, 1298-1301, and several times thereafter when somebody was in the mood) that the legend of St. Enfruntenback has come down to us. Circumpolaris, who was quite overweight,¹ became stuck in the cathedral door at Ravenna, and could only be freed by extended fasting and mortification of the flesh, in the course of which, as might be expected, he had numerous visions, during which the entire life of the Saint was revealed. This miracle was often depicted on diet bread wrappers from the early 14th century, some of which have survived to the present day.

While the details of the various versions of the legend differ, the broad outline of the story goes something like this:

Saint Enfruntenback was born about A.D. 260 to a middle-class family of corkscrew-sharpeners in southern Gaul. As a boy he showed little aptitude for the family trade, and, since there never had been much demand for this trade anyway, times were hard and the family could ill afford another mouth to feed. A pagan uncle suggested abandoning him to the wolves, in the best Roman tradition, but the boy's mother, a gentle, pious, and sometimes devilous Christian,² had a much better idea.

"Kid," the Holy Spirit inspired her to say, "you look like you'd be a smashing saint."

"Ain't good for much else," Enfruntenback's father³ said.

So it was settled. His parents persuaded the boy to take a vow never, upon pain of damnation, to leave a prayer unfinished. It is, after all, difficult to become a Saint without some sort of vow, as the manual

¹So much so that he is believed to have been the model used by Leonardo Da Vinci for his suppressed triptych of the Last Supper, showing two skinny Christs and a fat one in the middle for balance. While this may have been a more aesthetically pleasing painting than the extant mural on the same subject, it was declared heretical and destroyed. How the 16th century painter could use the 13th century anti-Pope as a model must remain a mystery, since the papal bull Tempora Non Ambulo, issued at the Council of Phobia in 1622, explicitly forbids the faithful to deal with time travel.

²Her name was Ethelbruda Vercingetorix Elagabala Posteria Major Escalator Licentia Chlorophylla Smith. No one knows why.

³He has mercifully remained nameless.

Hagiography for Fun and Prophet⁴ makes clear.

Having taken this vow, the young man sat around uselessly for several more years, until his chance came during the reign of Dial-O-Cletian.⁵

One day, during the reign of this evil emperor, Enfruntenback was caught at a McDonaldium⁶ saying grace over a muleburger and arrested. This was not nearly as spectacular as the similar act of his contemporary, Saint Intestina,⁷ who attempted to administer Extreme Unction to an entire vat of ground-gladiator chili, but it is more theologically sound,⁸ and, in any case, Enfruntenback was a saint of limited imagination.⁹

Before he could be hauled away, however, one of the soldiers ate the muleburger and died. The proto-saint broke free of his captors and, having annointed the dead man's tongue with mustard, miraculously restored him to life.¹⁰ This, of course, did not cause the pagans to relent in their persecutions. Such miracles are merely a sign for the instruction of the faithful, since the Lord does not force himself on anyone.¹¹ The soldier was admittedly impressed, but no one listened to him.¹²

Enfruntenback received the shining crown of martyrdom in the following hideous (but inspirational) manner: A traitorous steward¹³ told the pagan officials of the saint's vow, so Enfruntenback was placed inside a revolving door. A prayer was posted on the glass of the far side of the

⁴By Heliocentric of Halicarnassus. The saint's mother seems to have taken the particular vow at random from the index.

⁵Former prefect of the imperial answering service.

⁶Believed to have been a form of corporal punishment.

⁷Saint Intestina, the patroness of spicy foods; virgin, epicure, and martyr, whose martyrdom involved countless anchovies and hot peppers. When she could no longer speak, and her tormentors thought they had silenced her, lo! her intestines burst forth and proclaimed the glory of the Lord with fiery speech. Many were converted by this miracle. The Mexicans are particularly devoted to her.

⁸After all, one of the gladiators might have been Jewish.

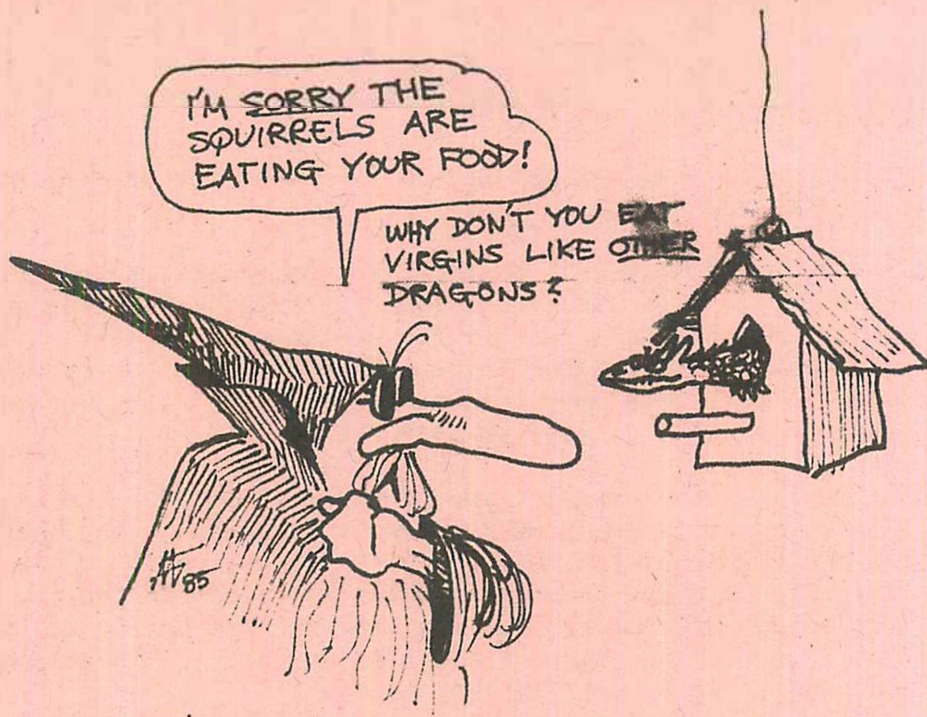
⁹But his spirit was willing.

¹⁰Again, a rite done with more flair by Intestina, who used hot mustard.

¹¹Except during Crusades and other holy wars, but we don't talk about those.

¹²No one ever does in these cases. However, Divine Providence caused the soldier to save some of the mustard. Specimens of it may be obtained wherever fine relics are sold.

¹³Execration and horse puckey upon him!



next section, the text in smaller and smaller letters, much like a modern-day eye-doctor's chart. The saint could not help but see the first few lines, and, true to his vow, he walked himself into exhaustion pushing the door around and around, trying to get close enough to read the last line.

This is one of the more boring martyrdoms on record. Miraculous apparitions of the saint have occurred in a number of department store entrances, but nothing ever comes of them. His feast is celebrated on the first full shopping day after Christmas. He is commonly invoked by a special devotion known as the January Blahs.

OTHER VISIONS OF THE ROTUND POPE:

Circumpolaris the Dieter, as he is sometimes known,¹⁴ also received ecstatic revelations of the lives and gory martyrdoms of several other saints. The ravages of time have been less kind to the rest¹⁵ and only the barest and most fragmentary outlines are available. However, we may at least mention the following exemplary soldiers of Christ:

SAINT POLYMORPHOUS (Larger Part) and SAINT POLYMORPHOUS (Smaller Part).

Apparently an amoeboid being from the planet BZgh'uagl'gnazz, which filled the entire papal choir stall in 987 (ingesting the previous occupants). The larger part sang bass.

¹⁴He is reputed to have originated the Diet of Worms.

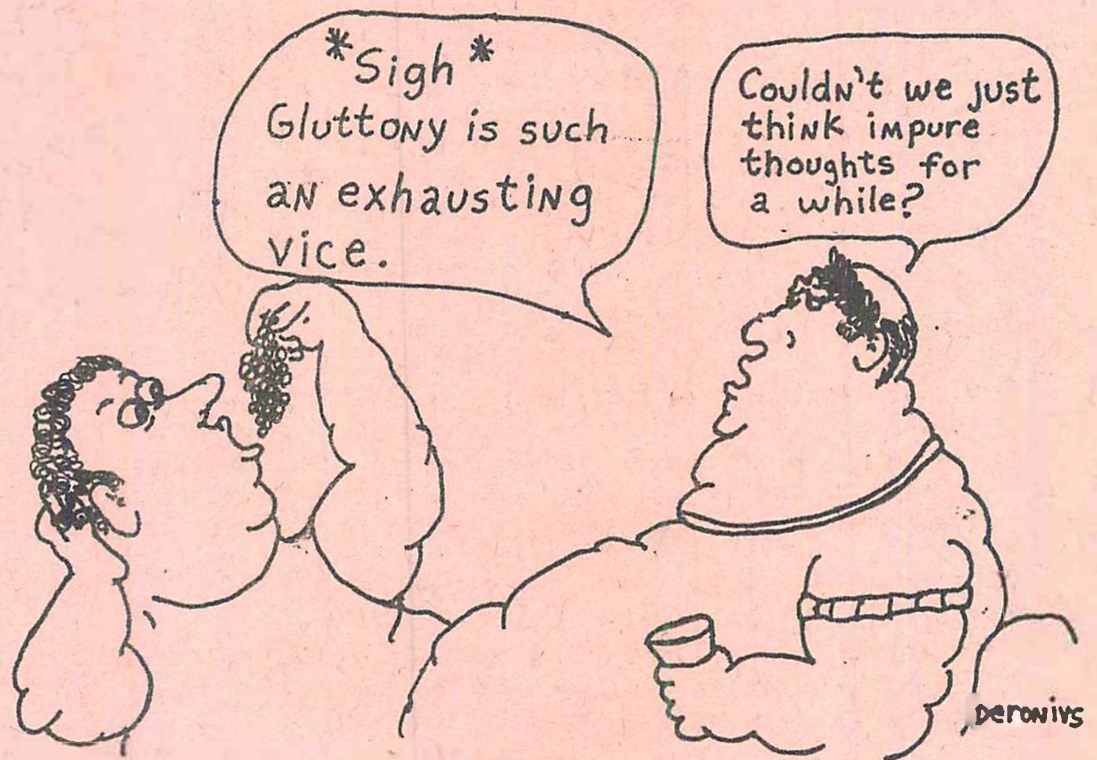
¹⁵"It's just as well," Martin Luther is reputed to have remarked, but then he was a disgusting heretic who nailed ninety-five feces to a cathedral door. Yuck!

SAINT SUBTERRANEA ABSORBA (the Greek)

The patroness of mass transit, who was martyred by Neo-sub-Donatist, post-schismatic Monophysite bag ladies while waiting for a subway car in Constantinople in 624. But it was rush hour, and nobody had time to notice. One of the most obscure saints on the liturgical calendar.

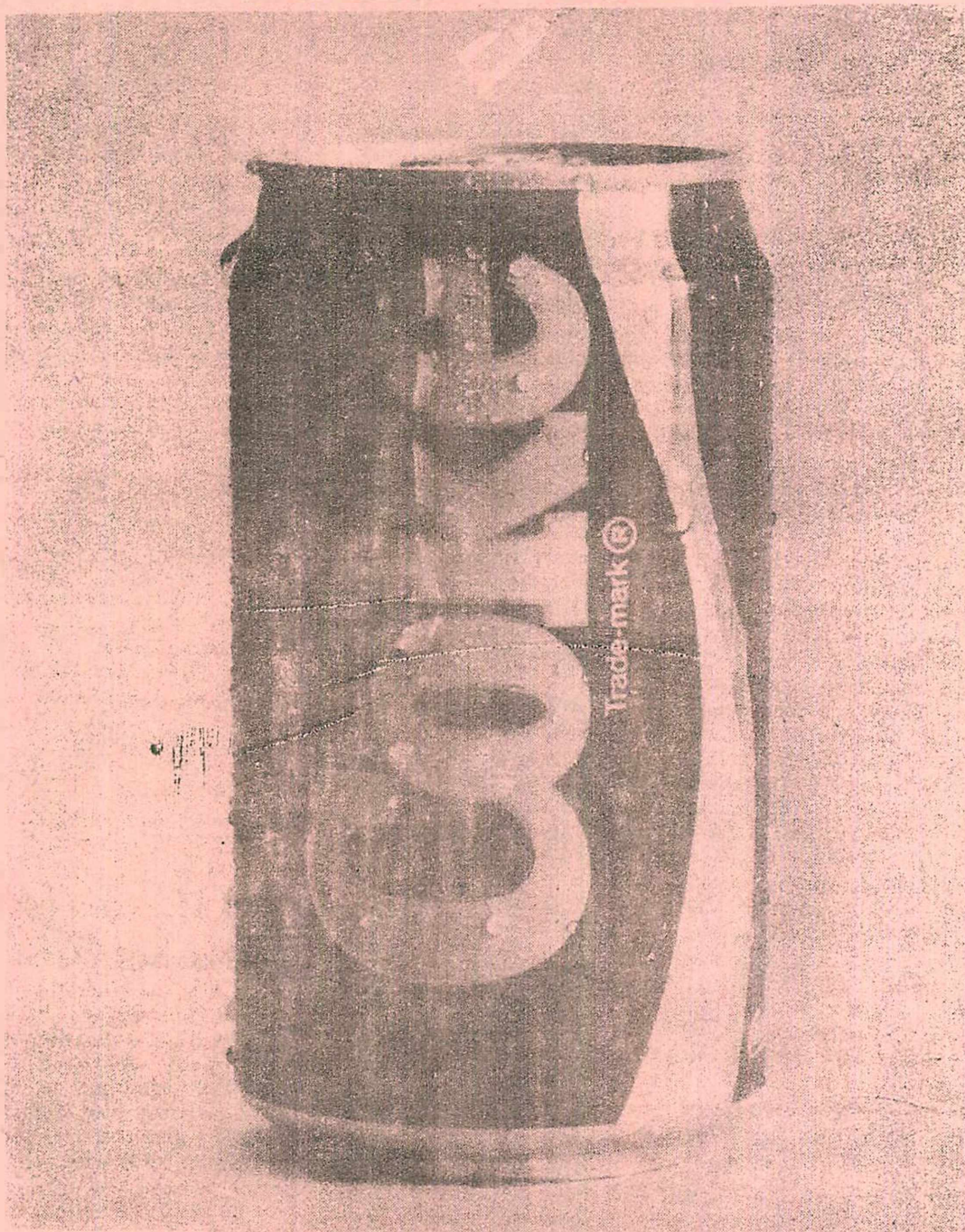
SAINT ELMER THE ADHESIVE

The details of this saint's life are extremely confused. Apparently a large white cow, perhaps the very beast that kept the baby Jesus warm in the stable at Bethlehem, later converted and given free will and reason by the same lightning bolt that knocked Saint Paul off his horse on the road to Damascus. Later secreted (?) a sticky substance ideal for repairing relics and priceless Renaissance murals, and for affixing plastic St. Christopher statues to automobile dashboards. The only saint to be trademarked. Actually, quite an embarrassment to the Church. You have heard of the deep, dark secrets they only talk about behind closed doors at the Vatican. This is one of them.¹⁶



¹⁶This whole article is another.

MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COKE CAN



LINDA E. BUSHYAGER

It was Monday night of Labor Day, the last day of the Confederation Worldcon. As I sat in the restaurant at the bottom of the Marriott's vast atrium and drank a diet Pepsi, I glanced upward at the magnificent view of 30 or 40 stories and the huge indoor space. If you were on the 30th floor or so, looking down, it looked just like the underground Krell city in Forbidden Planet. Looking up, it seemed a bit more like human-engineering, but it was still incredible.

Suddenly my reverie was cut short, as a thin, bespectacled fan wearing a Prisoner T-Shirt tapped me on the shoulder. His face was familiar, but like so many fans whom I know only casually, his name escaped me. And naturally his name badge was blank.

"You are a friend of Moshe Feder's, aren't you?" He said, pushing forward a Coke can.

I nodded reluctantly. Obviously I was going to be asked to pass this relic on to Moshe, a notorious Coke-memorabilia collector. I had no idea where to find him now that the convention was winding down and most people had checked out. And I hadn't even seen Moshe in the last couple of days. At least if I had to carry the can back to Philadelphia, the can didn't look heavy. I couldn't help but remember lugging a 6-pack around the Hawaiian islands to take to Moshe. I wondered what made this can a collectible. It looked ordinary enough, unlike some of the Cokes Moshe owned -- which ran the gamut from gold-plated to lettered-in-Japanese to pre-WWII green bottles.

"Ok, I'll give it to him," I muttered, starting to put it in my purse.

"No, no." The guy grabbed it back, turned it upside down, and started shaking it. I winced as a few stray Coke drops splattered the slogan on my Bermuda in 88 T-Shirt.

"It's from him...or I think it is...or I don't know...look what's inside." At that moment out fell a package in a plastic baggie. "I found it in this Coke can I got from the Con Suite. Read it. It must be a hoax or something. You take it! You're his friend; I don't really know him. Take it."

He pushed the damp package into my hand and backed away, apparently extremely glad to be rid of it.

"That's what you get for drinking Coke instead of Pepsi," I called after him. "Foreign matter in your can!"

I shook my head sorrowfully, wiped the Coke off my hand with a napkin, and started to toss away the bag, but curiosity got the better of me and I opened it. Inside were several pages of notebook paper crammed with tiny lines of handwriting that looked a lot like Moshe's. I doubted it was genuine, though -- Moshe would never have put anything important in a can of New Coke,

which he referred to as "wimpy Coke"...unless he'd had no other choice. This is what it said:

To whomever finds this can -- please pass it on to one of my friends so they can help me get out of here.

-- Moshe Feder

Help!

It all started so innocently. A few months ago as I planned my trip to the Worldcon I realized that Atlanta was the home of the Coca-Cola Company. So I wrote them to see if I could go on a tour of their World Headquarters. I must admit I was surprised when, a few weeks before Labor Day, I received an engraved invitation by special messenger, inviting me to come on a Special Tour of the bottling plant and headquarters building.

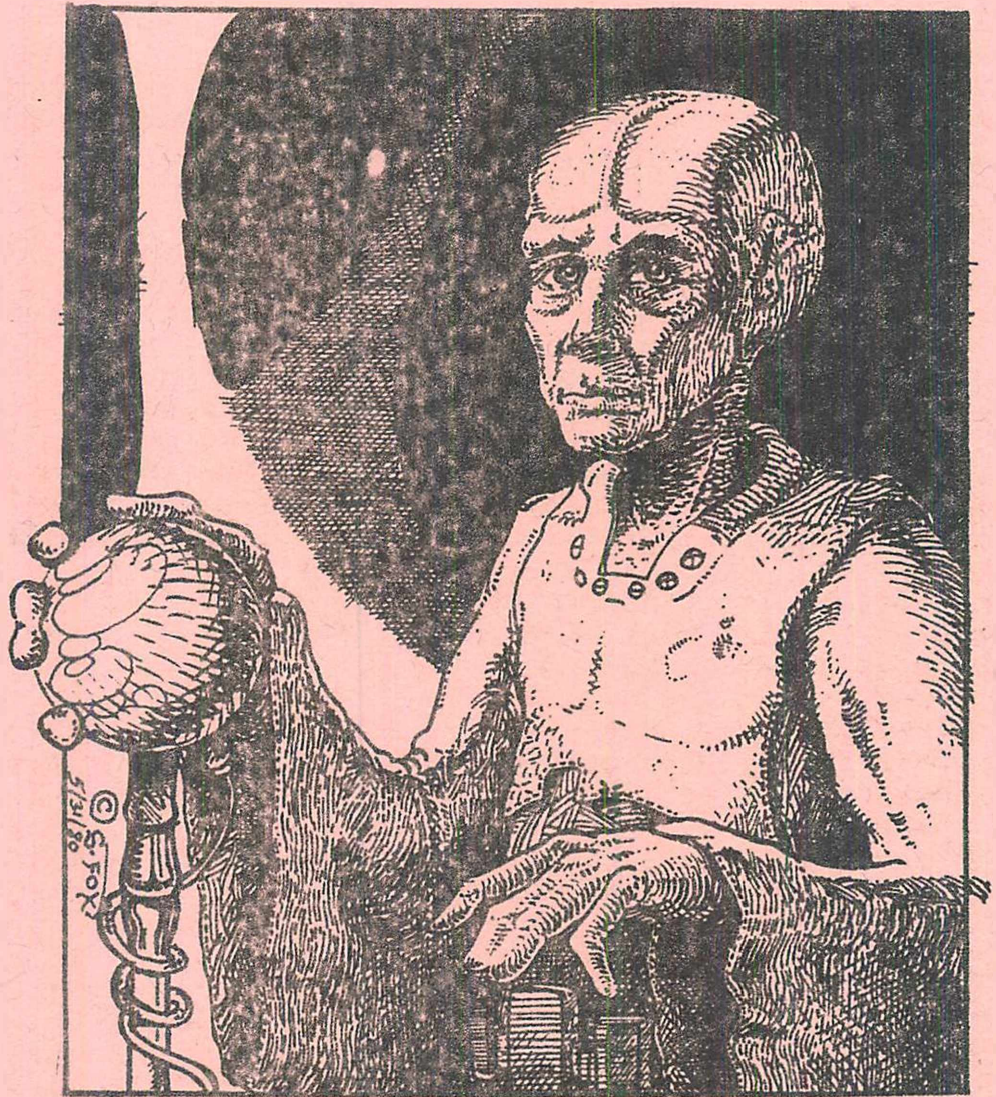
I would have taken Lise Eisenberg along, but it specifically said "For Moshe Feder only -- no other guests may accompany." But now I'm so glad that I didn't bring Lise. What would have happened to her? But I'm getting ahead of myself.

On Saturday of Confederation, I put on my best Coke T-Shirt and blue jeans, my Coca-Cola watch, my biggest Coke button, my Coke-logo belt buckle, and my Coke socks, caught a bus, and went to the World Headquarters of Coca-Cola. I entered by the side entrance marked "Board Members Only," as per instructions. The guard examined my invitation with extraordinary care, consulted someone by phone, and checked my ID and credit cards. I should have suspected something was wrong when he fingerprinted me as well, but I was too euphoric at the thought of a special tour and the possibility that they might give me some advertising posters as souvenirs to really care.

The guard ushered me to a secretary who passed me to a second secretary who took me to a large oak door marked "Private - Authorized Personnel Only." On the other side was a huge reception area with various glass display cases filled with all sorts of Coke bottles, cups, and glasses -- it almost rivaled my collection.

I checked over the exhibit carefully, searching for the first bottle of Coke ever made. It was supposed to be in the Atlanta headquarters somewhere and I really wanted to see it. But unfortunately it wasn't in any of the cases.

After a few minutes of awe-struck inspection, I realized that someone else had entered the room -- a rather gaunt, bald-headed gentleman wearing a futuristic-looking tunic. He



leaned on a strange-looking cane or staff. He was inspecting me. When he realized I'd noticed his penetrating gaze, he stepped forward with surprising spryness and shook my hand.

"Moshe, my boy. You don't mind me calling you Moshe do you?"

I shrugged.

"I knew you'd look like this. What a fine outfit, what an excellent watch, what a nifty belt, and what magnificent socks! You are just what I expected. I'm Mr. Smythe, by the way."

He clapped me on the back, smiled profusely, and led me through the inner door to a tour of the Coke headquarters. We visited the bottling plant, the shipping department, the advertising department, the mailroom, the offices, the boardroom, even the executive washroom -- the whole building from top to bottom. Meanwhile Mr. Smythe prattled away, telling me all sorts of facts and figures on production and distribution -- almost more than I already knew.

He also had an annoying habit of asking me questions, like "Who invented Coke?"¹ "Did Coke ever own Pepsi?"² "Is there really cocaine in Coke?"³, and so on, and he seemed to take extraordinary glee every time I knew an answer, and naturally, I knew the answers to all his questions.

After a wonderful lunch in the executive dining room, Mr. Smythe took me into one of the testing laboratories. "My boy," he said, "it is time for you to take the final test. I know you can pass, and if you do, I'm going to take you into the vault room where only members of the Board of Directors are normally allowed."

Final Test? I wondered what he meant. But the moment seemed somehow solemn and special, so I accepted the first unmarked cup without questioning him. There was another cup, then another.

When I finished I carefully pointed to the left cup, "Pepsi," I said. I pointed to the middle: "New Coke." Then I picked up the rightmost cup and drank the remainder down with gusto. "Coke Classic, of course."

The lab technicians smiled and Mr. Smythe beamed broadly and clapped his hands.

"My boy -- I knew you could do it! I bet you can even tell me where that Classic Coke was bottled."

¹Mr. John Styth Pemberton, an Atlanta druggist.

²No. But at one point Coke had the chance to buy the almost bankrupt Pepsi Company and turned it down. Loft Candy Company bought Pepsi instead, after Coca-Cola wouldn't give them a discount on the syrup they used to make Coke in their candy stores. This was probably the biggest mistake Coke ever made.

³Not any longer. Mr. Pemberton originally developed "French Wine Coca" as a beverage with tonic effects. In the Spring of 1886, he removed the wine and added a pinch of caffeine, extract of cola nut, and other flavoring oils to his beverage. He changed its name to Coca-Cola, based on two of its ingredients, cola from the cola nut and coca from whole coca leaves. The inclusion of coca resulted in a small quantity of cocaine in the beverage. But actually the amount was so small it would not have had any addicting effect. The large amounts of caffeine, and especially sugar, had much more addicting effects. (In fact at one point the Food and Drug Administration said there should be more coca for it to be called Coca-Cola.) Later anticipating the Pure Food and Drug Act, the Coca-Cola Company substituted decocainized coca leaves for the unprocessed ones. The cocaine produced as a byproduct of this process is currently sold to legitimate drug manufacturers to make morphine. So no cocaine is left in Coca-Cola. [Above footnotes were attached to the manuscript found in the coke can.]

"Sure, it's from the plant in Vicksburg, Mississippi -- that's the town where the first bottle of Coke was made." Everyone looked so pleased at my remarkable sense of taste and knowledge that I added proudly "and the second bottler was in Chattanooga, Tennessee."

Smythe looked at me ecstatically and patted me on the back again.

"Err...do you think I could see that very first bottle now?"

"Certainly, my boy, it's down in the vault."

Smythe escorted me down the hall to a special elevator that took us to the basement. We walked casually past guards armed with machine guns to a giant vault.

"The secret of Coke is inside!" Mr. Smythe whispered. "And the very first bottle ever made."

He carefully fed in the combination. Then he led me inside the vault.

I was surprised to find myself inside a giant room, perhaps as large as a football field. There were thousands of showcases and framed displays. They appeared to contain every type of Coke memorabilia in existence -- trays, mirrors, signs, bottles, bottle caps, glasses, games and toys, ice picks, clothing, promotional candles and cigars, Coke vending machines and ice chests, frisbees, watch fobs and cigarette lighters embossed with the famed lettering, neon lights, Tiffany lamps, paperweights, ashtrays, thermometers, radios, posters, coasters -- you name it and it was there. It was even bigger than my collection.

I wandered around in a daze, darting from exhibit to exhibit, unable to believe I was really seeing some of the items I'd only read about. Mr. Smythe followed quietly behind me, still smiling broadly.

After what must have been several hours we came to the end of the hall, and another huge vault door. Just in front was a small glass case. Inside stood the very first bottle. It was a more bulbous than later bottles, and did indeed resemble the shape of a cocoa pod. I smiled, remembering how the designer had gotten confused between coca (the plant that produced cocaine) and cocoa (the plant that produces chocolate) and had looked up the wrong thing. Originally he'd intended to make the bottle in the shape of one of the ingredients, the cola nut, but couldn't find a picture. So he'd tried looking up coca. Well he got confused, but the shape was pleasing and stuck.

I stared into the case with a mixture of ecstasy and collector's envy.

"I knew you'd love seeing this room, my boy," said Smythe, "what with your extensive Coke collection. I must say, I really enjoyed reading about it in DUPRASS."

"DUPRASS? You're a fan?" I asked, somewhat taken aback.

"No I'm an air conditioner!" Mr. Smythe replied laughing. "No, no I'm not one of you sci-fi people. But we make a point of getting everything that relates to Coke, and when we read it we decided to learn more about you. Then we received your letter asking for a tour, so we knew our interest in you was justified."

"Interest in me?" I muttered to myself as Smythe unlocked the second vault.

"Oh yes, after we read your article we became quite intrigued. You seemed like just the sort of young man we have been looking for. We know all about you and your interest in Coke. In fact, we have done quite a bit of research on you -- we know all about your job with the Science Fiction Bookclub, your rollercoaster romance with Miss Eisenberg, your life at home with your family. In fact we even know your real name, the one you hate to reveal to anyone, even though it is on your birth certificate."

"Oh no, not that!"⁴

Then the vault door swung open and he led me into another football-field sized room. But the contents of this one were even more astonishing than the first.

Sitting, standing, and in some instances swimming, were hundreds of the symbols of corporate America, but they were all real, apparently made of flesh and blood. Wearing her red bandana and huge hoop skirt, Aunt Jemima smiled shyly at me. There was the little Morton Salt girl standing under her umbrella. A tiny "Speedy" in his Alka-Seltzer hat played chess with the Pillsbury dough boy.

As we walked down the aisle past Mr. Clean, The Man from Glad, Betty Crocker, and Mrs. Butterworth, I finally noticed that all of them were chained to the floor. Then I spotted Peter Pan shackled to a wall.

I started to ask what was going on, but Mr. Smythe put a firm hand on my arm and propelled me forward. "You'll have the secret in a moment," he whispered.

⁴I know Moshe's real name and will reveal it for a price.
[Linda]

We passed a huge tank where "Charlie," the Star-Kist tuna, argued with the Chicken of the Sea mermaid, and veered right by the Tidy-Bowl man (gee, he was small!), wisely avoiding Tony the Tiger, the Dreyfus lion, and the Merrill Lynch bull.

"Here we are," exclaimed Smythe. He pointed to an empty chair.

"Huh?" I looked questioningly at the Marlborough man and his horse, but he just shrugged and blew some smoke in my face.

As I coughed, Smythe grabbed me and thrust me into the chair. His hands seemed incredibly strong for someone of his apparent age. As I struggled he knocked me back with his staff, stunning me. Before I could react he'd pulled a chain from behind the chair and shackled me to the floor.

"What...what are you doing? Are you crazy..."

Mr. Smythe smiled. "Oh come now my boy, you are dealing with the Coca-Cola Company, and we always know exactly what we are doing!"

"What about New Coke?" I shouted.

"Ah...an unfortunate marketing mixup," for a second the smile almost slipped, but Smythe quickly recovered and grinned at me again, "but it worked out for the best in the long-run -- our sales are higher than ever! And soon they will be higher still, with your help."

"Mine? Why have you chained me up?"

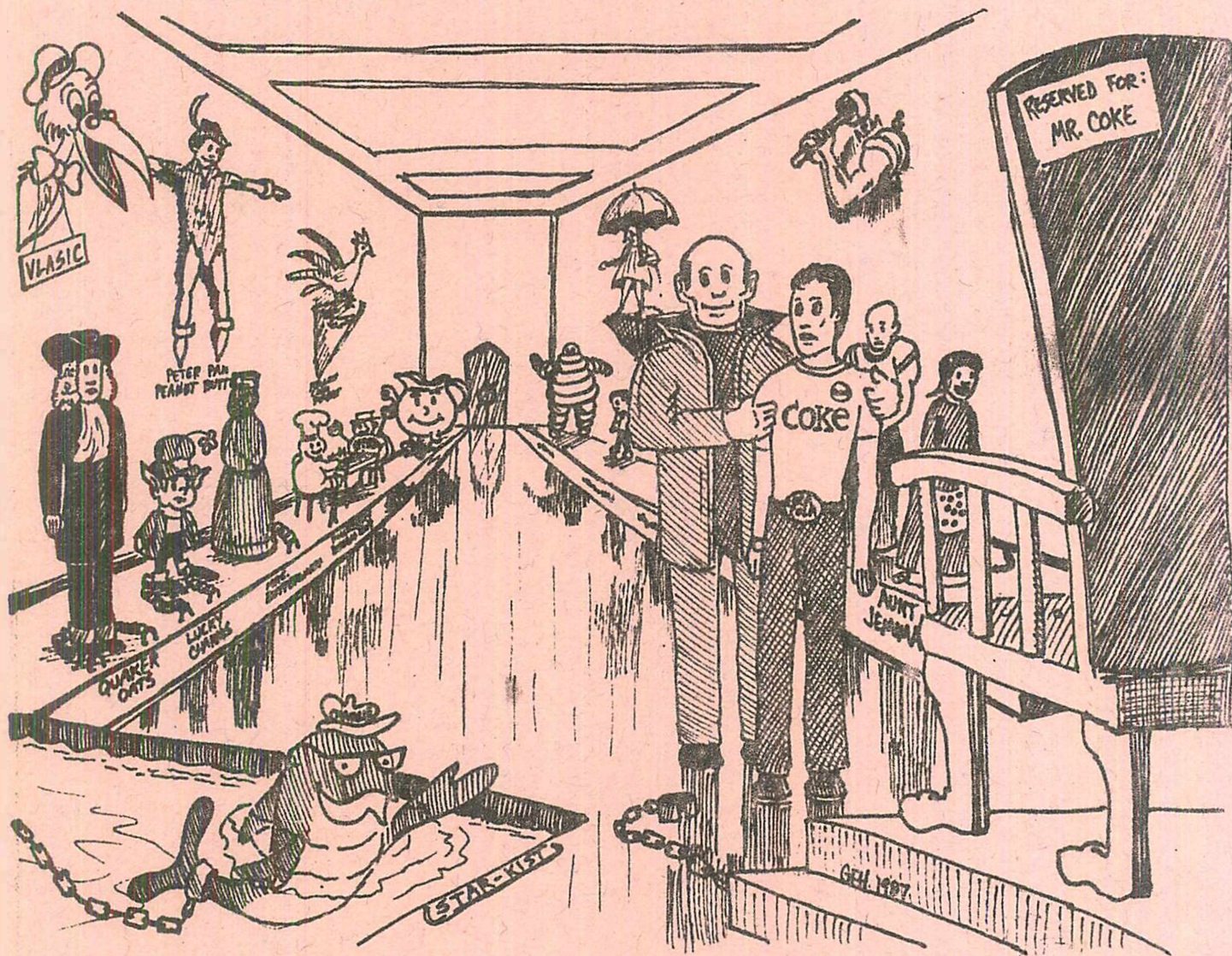
"Oh haven't you figured that out yet, Moshe? The Coca-Cola Company has decided that we need a new corporate symbol. We have been searching for one for some time, and now we have one -- you have passed all the tests. Welcome to our organization, Mr. Coke."

"Mr. Coke?"

"Of course -- you are our new Mr. Coke. Our new advertising campaign is about to start. Soon your image will be on Coke cans and bottles all over the world! A wonderful new bunch of items to collect, eh? And we'll collect them all for you!"

"Great!" I said sardonically as I pulled at the unyielding chain. "This is some secret you had to tell me."

Mr. Smythe beamed. "Oh no, that part isn't the secret -- this is the secret."



He reached into his breast pocket, pulled out a slip of paper and showed it to me -- it was an incomprehensible series of equations.

"It's the Coke formula, my boy! The whole world has wondered about it, and you and I are the only ones to have seen it. And I'll tell you something else -- there is no cocaine in Coke, but there is an addicting substance..." he pointed at the formula, "this part here is addicting. That's why millions of consumers can't get enough of our product."

Then he walked away happily whistling the tune to "I'd like to teach the world to sing...."

That was two days ago, and I can't get out! I happened to have some paper with me and I got Snap, Crackle, and Pop to smuggle this note into a shipment of Coke they think is going to the Con Suite. Fans are Slans they say, so I know you'll find a way to get me out. Please hurry, I'm chained next to Mr. Whipple, and all day long he keeps asking me to squeeze his Charmin.

-- Moshe (soon to be known as Mr. Coke) Feder

[end of manuscript]

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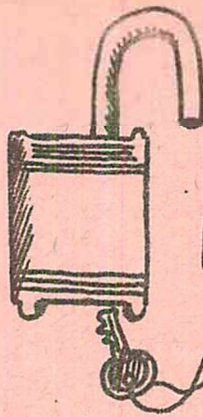
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I'm sure this is just a hoax, probably one that Moshe has perpetrated. Of course I haven't seen him at any cons lately; but come on... "Mr. Coke" -- Moshe? And is he going to be Mr. Classic Coke or Mr. New Coke?

I told him he should drink Pepsi!⁵

⁵Moshe, you can bribe me not to reveal your real name if you will write me an article for DUPRASS.

Actually I originally suggested that Moshe write this article (giving him most of the idea), but when he didn't, I did. DUPRASS is so low on material, I had to resort to writing the article myself! Now Leslie wants me to write the sequel to "Manuscript Found in a Coke Can" - how we organized a bunch of fans to rescue Moshe. Gee Moshe, maybe you'd like to write it? [Linda]



LOC SMITH

AVEDON CAROL
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East Ham, London
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Congratulations to Leslie for insisting on a loccol. I know they are a pain in the ass, but I really don't think fanzines are the same without them. I think fandom

and fanzines are at their best when you can see the visible threads tying the zines to the readers, and to the rest of fandom. You get a stronger sense of the community surrounding the fanzine and the people, and how they all fit together. Obviously, LS is working with the right instincts.

One of the fascinating things about D2 was seeing the number of people whom I always thought had been in fandom longer than I have who also go back to 1974. Yes, Discon II was my first Worldcon -- my first convention having been that year's Disclave, only a few months earlier. I remember thinking 10 years in fandom must be a very long time -- but now, 12 years later (10 years as a 'fanzine fan'), it seems like a mere flash in time. And yet, I also feel like I've been in fandom all of my life...

Oddly enough, my strongest visual image from Discon II is when I was asked to help out with the photo session after the masquerade and got my first close-up look at the winning costumes. I was astonished at the thought of all the work that must have gone into them, and although I admired them and thought they were really effective and beautiful, I also thought the Resnicks had to be mad to even try to wear that stuff -- I felt uncomfortable just looking at them. I hate to think how they would have felt, having gone through all of that, if they hadn't won.

Those remarks from Mike Glicksohn about Moshe's cocollection sound pretty funny coming from a guy who spent a month in England collecting beer mats. (And what am I bid for this custom made Novacon 1986 beer mat? -- all proceeds to UK TAFF, of course...) These drunks always kill me, talking about how they can't tell the difference between Coke and Pepsi. I sure can -- they're as different as Coors and Guinness. Coke is only 8% sugar (as compared with a lot more in other colas, to say nothing of a lot of other food and drink type substances with substantially higher sugar content), for starters. Why, Quaker All Natural Cereal is close to 50% sugar. So there.

But Moshe will be happy to know that Neo-Republican Coke never even made it over here to England, and except for a couple of cans that made an appearance at Disclave just before I left, I haven't had to suffer with the stuff. Coke here is made with real suger, too -- tastes a lot more like the stuff we grew up on.

But I think one of the best things about DUPRASS #2 was seeing all of those names in the letter column of the same fanzine, again. It really is just like old times, isn't it?

BOB WEBBER

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Willowdale, Ont.
Canada M2N 2T1

Thanks for sending me D2 in spite of my feckless inability to produce a LoC or anything on your maiden issue. Life has been keeping me pretty busy lately; ordinarily I

have more feck than that.

Linda, I suspect that a lot of your friends thought of your new zine as "ten years in the making," rather than, "after ten years I finally got the impulse again and had to move fast before it faded," which sounds more to me like your point of view. I mean, most faneds publishing the first issue of a new fanzine seem to feel less pressure to work to a deadline, and so spend time and money on things like fixing their broken mimeos or going back and redoing smeary dot matrix titles. Personally, I'm starting to tend more to the latter attitude, the one I ascribed to you, as I let more and more publishing impulses slip under the wheels of my creative chariot. I'm slowly converting to the "just publish the sucker" attitude for my own ten-years-delayed fanzine.

I'm glad you didn't get so discouraged by the criticism that you let D2 go the way of your third novel. You say, "...we did the best we could with the amount of time and broken mimeos we had." Would some more broken mimeos help? I think we've got three partially disassembled Gestetner 260's in our storage locker, and might be persuaded to donate them to the cause.

Leslie, congratulations on your network TV role. I think I saw that episode, but I confess I didn't notice you in it. Of course, we have a black and white TV, so you might have blended completely into the grey background. I'm not sure what else I can say about this: what does one say to a star?

I'm glad that John Betancourt has now warned all the rest about taking road directions from you, Linda. His story reminded me, indirectly, of the car I rented at LaGuardia Airport to go to a conference at Bell Labs in Murray Hill, New Jersey. The first point of similarity was in the directions, which in our case were printed but hopelessly confusing and in any case wrong: they specified numbers of roads to cross in areas where new roads had been built.

The second point of similarity was that the car had weird tires. I first noticed that something was wrong while

trying to keep up with traffic on the George Washington Bridge: the car vibrated badly at the speeds required. When we finally got to Bell Labs, I had a look at the tires, and discovered that all five of them were different brands and none of them was in particularly good shape. I wasn't even completely sure they were all radials.

The historical reprint was also interesting, but I was somewhat disappointed at not finding out whether the net of fandom had finally closed around Harry Warner completely. Is there now a local fandom in Hagerstown? Does he feel compelled to be involved in it? Is there a toll-free number to call if we recognize charter FAPA members from their corflu-bottle pictures?

Actually, the article left me with a creepy feeling that the real secret masters of fandom are out there manipulating the world to keep Hagerstown free of active fandom, while at the same time making small adjustments to things like the mail service, to ensure that the flow of LoCs continues unabated from Harry Warner. They must have mind control rays, or something, and run the whole town, from the dog catcher to the mayor. Or maybe all those townspeople are really robots. or maybe the whole town is just a model owned by Ted White. Tiny mannequins could be running around in the model, with a tiny Harry Warner, Jr., producing LoCs on a Holly Hobby typewriter: that would explain where the awards came from at Corflu. In fact, he could have a whole bunch of these little models in his basement, each one with its own Harry Warner, Jr., each one receiving it's own photoreduced selection of the fanzines addressed to the real Hagerstown.

JEFFREY KASTEN
1400 High Ridge Rd.
Stamford, CT 06903

DUPRASS is professional enough looking to suit me, though it does lack pizzazz graphically. The high point of the issue was the Trivial Zootsuit. I have already used it

at several con parties to devastating effect (at which point I gave due credit to the source, naturally). It's such a good idea that I plan to expand on it myself informally and may even send in some more questions if I think of enough good ones as a contribution to your effort. I don't know who Hoy Ping Pong or Weller is, by the way. Nor am I sure I want to find out. [Jeff, these are some of the amazing mysteries of the universe. All will be revealed in time. Actually, Hoy Ping Pong was featured in an article in D1, and Weller is a Philadelphia area fan.]

John Betancourt's article was predictable. When a story about fans traveling starts, you can be sure they'll 1) get lost and not have brought any maps, 2) get stuck and reveal that they have no AAA, spare tire or any routine repair equipment like flashlights, 3) be driving some old heap like the 1969 Dodge Dart I now own, 4) wander into a roadside bar and freak out the mundanes, since they're already in costume for the con they're going to, or 5) all of the above. [Gee, it sounds like you know what you're talking about. Wanna write us an article?]

I know fanzines and pro writing don't mix, but maybe Linda can let us all in soon on what's happening with her third novel?

TERRY JEEVES

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Sheffield, S. Yorkshire
S11 9FE ENGLAND

Sorry to hear you got so many down beat comments on D1. Some people just can't write any other way -- and never consider that what they dislike is not necessarily bad. If

I dislike an item (fan poetry for example) I usually just say "didn't appeal to me" or "not for me" and leave it at that. As for 'fuzzy' duplicating -- well, I reckon even if it is, the result is still much clearer than my own Erg.

Enjoyed the item on being an extra on TV, but since I don't watch St. Elsewhere, I'm not really up on the background. I made my own TV debut a few years ago when they came to my home and interviewed me over a battle I was stirring up with the local council. I missed the showing, but others didn't, and it was ego-boosting to stop for pretrial and have the attendant say "Didn't I see you on TV last night?" Val and I also appeared on a gardening program last summer and the result was the same -- very good for one's ego.

Loved that account of how you led John astray in his car. How often that sort of thing happens. For years, if Val drove the car, even a trip South to London was likely to end up North in York. When Val drives, ALL roads lead to York.

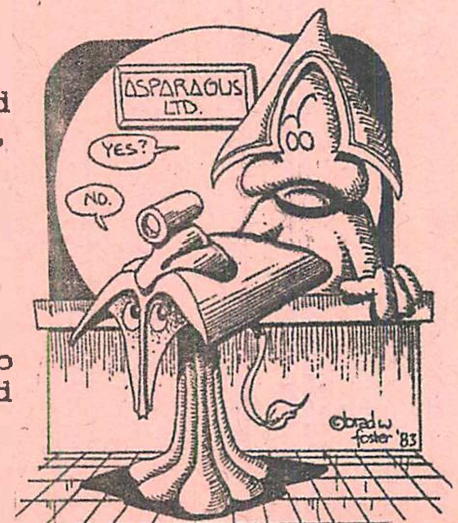
Heicon was another 'gudun'. Those red light ladies remind me of how in 1957, just prior to the Worldcon, Eric Bentcliffe and I would stand outside those lighted windows, look furtively left and right, then open our wallets and start counting money. It was hilarious the antics those ladies got up to before they caught on to the fact that we were not coming in.

LYNN MAUDLIN

PO Box 394
Altadena, CA 91001

Having received and enjoyed D2, felt the need to LoC -- fan-

nish behaviour creeping up on me from the back, no doubt -- but in my own inimitable fashion (actually, it's pretty imitable) I'm tremendously late! [Don't worry Lynn. You're not nearly so late as we are.] I particularly enjoyed Leslie's account of TV stardom and the vintage "Why Hermits Get Crabby" but Linda's account of her European voyage struck a little close for comfort.



You see, I'm an inveterate traveller, and Linda's humorously-told tale reminded me of my first trip overseas:

we were doing three weeks of heavily-booked musical performance with one week of R&R (not rock 'n' roll). There was this one guy -- sheesh! He looked like a real macho dude but he turned out to be el-whinny-whimpo; he couldn't cross the street without having somebody with him; hell, he couldn't go to the 'loo alone! And to top it all off, he had incredible body odor (not his fault) and absolutely refused to use any abatement procedures (that was his fault). In the confines of a close tour, this is more than a misdemeanor infraction, you know what I mean?

So there I sit, reading Linda's adventure without a care in the world, and suddenly I'm bad-acid tripping back on the summer of '78 with Josh in London -- eek! I'll be sending my therapy bills after I recover! And then I read "Never Leave the Straight and Narrow"... You know, it makes me wanna take a driving tour through Pakistan with Ms. Bushyager -- howzabout it, Linda? Maybe we can take in Afganistan while we're in the neighborhood...

WALT WILLIS

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Thanks for D2. I liked the editorials, but the two reprints offered fierce competition, not to mention the Trivial Zootsuit. The letters were great too, the best

being the one from the younger D'Amassa. I keep seeing references to the rich brown trufan mailing list, which means I suppose that I'm on it; thank goodness. I don't know what the qualifications are, but obviously having been in fandom for 35 years is no bar. What I wonder about though is how you get taken off it, as for some terrible sin. There should of course be a ritual for an awful punishment like that...like having the helicopter ripped off your beanie, or your stylus broken across the local FAPA member's knee, or you name obliterated from rich brown's stencil or erased from his floppy disc with appropriate anathema.

ROBERT BLOCH

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Marcel Proust would have enjoyed DUPRASS #2, and so did I! Many thanks. [But do you think Monsieur Proust would have written a mammoth book about us? If only we had pubbed a little earlier.]

DAVID AXLER

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"The Domino Effect": Yes, another apa could be foolish, but it could also be great fun. Depends on what your schedule will be like, more

than anything else. Best bet is to find one whose mailings are in the months when your ALPS issue isn't due, thus avoiding major overlap hassles...Congrats on your new-found career in broadcasting!

"Heicon": As those of us who still haven't received our SunCon program books know all too well, Don Lundry never did learn how to be organized. Having done the midnight boat-train to Oostende during a bad storm, I can sympathize

with your ride to Paris. We were deck passengers, and ended up sneaking into an unused cabin when things got really bad. Now if Europe is only as cheap this summer, then getting to Brighton might become possible for lots of us.

LoCs: The only thing I've acquired that comes close to a quote card is my membership card for the Maledicta Society (a semi-academic society involved in the linguistic study of 'obscene' language and gesture), which includes the hieroglyphic form of an ancient Egyptian tomb curse which, when translated, means "may you be fucked by a donkey." Discon II was my first major con, at the relatively ripe age of 24. By the time I had decided to go, the Sheraton Park was filled, and I ended up across the street in the Shoreham, which was also hosting the annual get-together of head researchers for the NSF. Around 5 PM on masquerade night, my roommate and I were waiting in the Shoreham lobby for an elevator, with thoughts of dinner in our heads. We were surrounded by grey-suited deep thinkers, muttering about the latest in particle physics and biochemistry, when an elevator finally arrived. Out strode two gents in high-quality Italian 3-piece pinstripe suits, brushed pigskin briefcases, digital watches (brand new that year, and very expensive), chatting about the Stock Market. They also were wearing letter-perfect "Planet of the Apes" facial makeup. I'll never forget the looks on some of the nearby faces...

JOHN BRUNNER

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Thanks for DUPRASS #2, which brought back vivid memories of Heicon. My experience of course was different, since it mainly centred on being roped in as emergency toastmaster after Lester

del Rey lost his wife in that awful car-crash (the one and only time I ever was asked to be toastmaster at a con) and getting my own back on Bob Silverberg for something he'd done to me in 1969, by telling a Feghoot against him...in German. I recall he was not entirely overjoyed! [Thanks for the Heicon recollections, John, but what I really want to know is do you remember kissing me at a party around 6 am at Discon II? I wrote about it in D1 if you're curious.]

DAVID BRATMAN

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I noticed a couple of anecdotes in this issue about getting lost in strange or familiar places. Linda should have had me with her. One

of my strongest talents -- so strong, in fact, that I didn't realize it was a talent or that I had it until I met other people who didn't have it -- is an ability to read maps. I even usually remember to bring them along with me. Actually, I only get lost when I have other people with me, so that might not have helped. It's amazing how confused it's possible to get when there are half a dozen people peering over your shoulder trying their honest best to help you.



Kudos to Darrell Schweitzer for unearthing that Harry Warner reprint from it's hermitage. Harry is always an enjoyable writer to read, but I'd never before thought of him as particularly funny. There's a wonderfully sardonic tone to this article. At least, I hope it's sardonic. Come to think of it, Harry may be better off not knowing how close he came to being unearthed a year ago, when several of us at Corflu in Falls Church sat around talking up a plot to caravan over to Hagerstown on Sunday afternoon -- it was only a couple hours' drive on the freeway -- and look him up. In fact, if I recall correctly, Art Widner did go visit him after the con.

I enjoyed Trivial Zootsuit, and only began to worry when I couldn't tell which the real

answer was. The only way I was able to guess Hitler's favorite movie, for instance, (assuming I did guess it right), is that I think only one of the choices was released before his death. No, strike that. Two of them were. Oh well.

Someone in my neighborhood concocted a game called "Idiot's Pursuit" and manufactured it; I've seen it for sale in some bookstores hereabouts, packaged in imitation Trivial Pursuit boxes. Most of its questions are rhetorical, but it includes the sickest joke I've heard all year:

Q. Under Canadian rules, what happens after the batter swings three times?

A. The baby seal dies.

KEN OZANNE

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Australia

Unlike some of those you complain about, I did not find DUPRASS inferior to Granfalloon. I enjoyed this more than I can remember enjoying any particular one of

them. (I must admit that I haven't exactly been getting out my collection of Granfalloons weekly to re-read, so my recollections could be a little rusty.) On the other hand, the thing I liked most was your Heicon report, Linda. That came originally before I started to get Granfalloon, so I never saw it there. It was funny.

When we travelled the Romantic Road, we passed through Dinkelsbuhl. Are you sure you went through Dinkelsburg? I well remember the anxiety to keep to schedule -- in Rothenburg, our guide asked Marea if Alex and I were coming

back! I don't know why she was worried -- we caught the bus with over 15 seconds to spare. Not as much as 20 seconds, mark you, but we definitely were not late.

I'm right with you on travelling Europe by train. We took 60 day Eurailpasses a couple of years back and worked out that we got something like three times their dollar value in actual travel. Not to mention the nights we spent on the train and saved on hotel costs.

I have also fallen into talking pidgin English to English speakers -- usually to Marea, who remembers when I do so really well. Much too well. But it is good (and fairly easy) to learn a basic vocabulary of a few hundred words or so for the times when English won't do. I can recall, for instance, being forced to ask directions to San Marino in Italian, at Rimini, and trying to translate into French for a Norwegian guy at the station at La Tour de Carol, in the French Pyrenees. (My experience with the French 'always being able to speak some English' is not like yours. Between us, that Norwegian and I had reasonable command of 11 European languages. But nobody at the station would attempt to understand anything but my very basic French. By the way, most of the languages were his.)

Don't, whatever you do, give up the lettercol. You gotta have a lettercol. Having a fanzine for the articles is like going to a convention for the program!

DAVE D'AMMASSA

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Ah yes, television. An interesting story, but where do you get a title like "The Domino Effect" for it?

[Well, Dave, that's actually the overall title for my editorial each issue.] It is a lot of work for so little, isn't it? It makes me think about the lead actors, how many times they have to do each scene during shooting, never mind rehearsal! It sounds hellish.

John Betancourt's adventure with Linda and Ron is fun, too. Parts of it made me laugh out loud, and the Heicon story did it even more. How exaggerated is that bus driver story? Come on, really! [Linda swears the bus driver is absolutely the truth, and I always believe her.]

I echo Harry Warner's comment on the letter quality in DUPRASS -- very readable, unlike the ugly print of most dot matrix printers.

Where do I get the energy to write such long LoCs? Score one for youth, I guess. Energy isn't a problem, time is. The culprit is, of course, school. And the radio station. And acting. I look forward to DUPRASS #3. Okay, partially because I don't remember much about the article I sent in and I'm looking forward to reading it, but I'd be anxious to see the ish even without the article. [Sorry you had to be anxious for the five months since you wrote this LoC. Our publishing schedule (now there's an oxymoron for you) is more erratic than we had hoped.]

TARAL

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It could be, because you've been inactive in fanzine fandom of late, that nobody told you that we're in an age of toughness. No soft treatment, no mollycoddling of

namby-pamby, shrinking violet faneditors. We're talking man to man here. When the going gets tough, the tough get going, and all that. The Follies Bergeron, Cafe Fandom, the Martha Beck TAFF campaign, and Lan's Lantern's Hugo have hardened us all against the horrors of modern fan warfare. And here you come, mincing into the eighties from the shadows of the past, carrying with you all those sixties values that we've learned to discard: courtesy, diplomacy, and sensitivity. I can but snarl.

The appearance of DUPRASS is definitely improved, although some of this might be the old Kirk illustrations to your Heicon report. But you have a Stu Shiffman cover, some art by Steven Fox, Brad Foster, Alexis Gilliland, and some uncredited artist, all of which does its part too. [I don't know if we can convey to you quite how embarrassed we were to realize we had left credit for your artwork off the content's page. Our fault, our fault, our great fault.] The repro is clean, all but for one page which you should have re-electrostenciled, and blacks are black. Nothing but nits to pick here.

FRANK JOHNSON

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Linda, your pages in the front troubled me a little bit for two reasons. First, it was disheartening to think that your readers,

the same bunch of people who supported your efforts in the seventies, would take you to task for not meeting their expectations. My recollections of the older zine are made through those same rose-tinted lenses, and I'm reminded of more innocent times. But not once did the occasional typo or fuzzy illo interfere with my enjoyment of the material. Then or now. The other reason is your response to those comments. I don't think you should allow yourself to get so upset. Doing a fanzine, with all the work, money, and hassles involved, should be one of the fun things in life.

Boy, Leslie, am I jealous. Not that you got on the tube, but you made it on with a classy show. I, too, am a big St. Elsewhere fan and faithful viewer. A while back, I harbored fantasies of appearing on the show. I had it all figured out. I was to play Wendy Armstrong's lover. Thus my chance for that ended a couple of years ago when she was killed off. Now why didn't she show up on Fiscus's recent visit to Heaven/Hell?

I re-read Linda's Heicon report. Either it has improved with age or maybe I have. Either way I appreciate it more. Maybe because of tentative plans to make it to England for this year's Worldcon. However, this time around there were no lovely Alicia Austin pictures to precede it.

GEORGE INZER
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First of all, let me say that I am not one of those expecting DUPRASS to be Granfalloon. I enjoyed D2 just fine. I don't get many fanzines outside of the SFPA bundle so I don't know what the state of the art fanzine is like anymore. But I like the look and feel of DUPRASS. I mean, this is what a fanzine ought to be like. Mimeographed (not that slick offset stuff), twiltone paper (it even has that rough texture I love), and, why, it even smells like a fanzine ought to. I love sniffin' that ink. Let's face it, this is a very sensual experience we've got goin' here. Don't louse it up by going modern on us, OK?

Since I work in television, I enjoyed Leslie's experience with St. Elsewhere. Personally, I hate seeing myself on television, but sometimes it must be done. I've never appeared on national TV though, just the state ETV network.

John Betancourt's confession is a hoot, too. Reminds me of the way I give directions when wandering fans get the notion to visit me. I'm surprised when they find the place. (They are, too!)

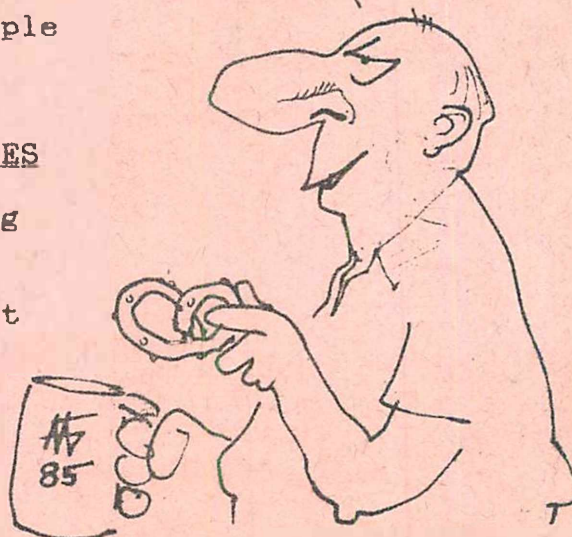
ROBERT COULSON
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I think that Harry Warner was absolutely right about there being a secret fan organization in Hagerstown. After all, we know positively of three other fans in Hartford City -- one of them more of a fringe type but two who have attended cons -- and Hagerstown is 5 times the size of Hartford city, so if there are 5 fans here there should be 25 in Hagerstown. A good-sized club, actually, so he's not really paranoid at all. Though of course in 1969, there were only 4 fans here, so maybe there were only 20 in Hagerstown at the time.

DON D'AMMASSA
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Don't let other people tell you what to print in your fanzine, or how it should look. The reason MYTHOLOGIES went into a five year slump was because I no longer enjoyed putting it out. I kept getting complaints because I don't use much interior art, other complaints that I wasn't coming out frequently enough, complaints that I wasn't serious enough, and others that I wasn't fannish enough. I finally decided that I will publish what I want,

AND MY MIND I NOVRISH
WITH SCI-FI!



HELLO, VIEWERS! WE'RE HERE TO TALK WITH DR. RALPH HOLRID OF THE INSTITUTE OF TEMPORAL PHYSICS! NOW, DR. HOLRID, MANY LEADING ENVIRONMENTALISTS VIEW YOUR RECENT TEMPORAL EXPERIMENTS WITH GREAT ALARM...



SOME SAY THAT YOUR EXPERIMENTS MAY PRODUCE MANY UNWELCOME RESULTS, CHIEFLY THE MUCH BALLYHOED "TEMPORAL BACKLASH"...



DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

WELL, I...



DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

WELL, I...



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when I want, and if no one is interested in reading it, that's their loss.

Every once in a while the local SF club plays Trivial Pursuit. I have been threatening for some time to come up with the science fiction expansion set of cards, but for some peculiar reason there never seems to be time available to do a lot of these things. Funny about that. One night, I thought I had become prescient. Almost every wrong guess that I made was the right answer to a subsequent question. And then there were the bad questions. What race did Rosie Ruiz not win? The Kentucky Derby. The Belmont Stakes. The Indianapolis 500.

Anyway, glad to see you both took time out to do DUPRASS. Having just read my way through about seven inches of fanzines, it's nice to hit a high spot once in a while.

[Many thanks to all who wrote LoCs. We also heard from Jeanne Mealy, Ross Pavlac, Ken Josenhans, Jim Rittenhouse, Jim Landau, Martin Horvat, Tamar Lindsay, Neil Kvern, and Robert Whitaker Sirignano. Apologies if I've forgotten to mention anyone. Keep those cards and letters coming! But send everything to Linda this time, since I'm moving in 2 months, and I'm not sure where yet.]

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