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Mt. Holz Science Fiction Society
 Club Notice - 8/31/90 -- Vol. 9, No. 9

MEETINGS UPCOMING:

Unless otherwise stated, all meetings are on Wednesdays at noon.

LZ meetings are in LZ 2R-158. MT meetings are in the cafeteria.

_ D _ A _ T _ E _ T _ O _ P _ I _ C

- 09/12 LZ: STAR MAKER by Olaf Stapledon (Formative Influences)
- 10/03 LZ: MICROMEGAS by Voltaire (Philosophy)
- 10/24 LZ: THE WORM OUROBOROS by E. R. Eddison (Classic Horror)
- 11/07 MT: WANDERING STARS ed. by Jack Dann (Jewish Science Fiction)
- 11/14 LZ: WAR WITH THE NEWTS by Karel Capek (Foreign SF)

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- 09/08 NJSFS: New Jersey Science Fiction Society: TBA
(phone 201-432-5965 for details) (Saturday)
- 09/15 SFABC: Science Fiction Association of Bergen County: TBA
(phone 201-933-2724 for details) (Saturday)

HO Chair: John Jetzt HO 1E-525 834-1563 hocpa!jetzt
 LZ Chair: Rob Mitchell LZ 1B-306 576-6106 mtuxo!jrtr
 MT Chair: Mark Leeper MT 3D-441 957-5619 mtgzx!leeper
 HO Librarian: Tim Schroeder HO 3E-301 949-4488 hotld!tps
 LZ Librarian: Lance Larsen LZ 3L-312 576-3346 mtunq!lfl
 MT Librarian: Evelyn Leeper MT 1F-329 957-2070 mtgzy!ecl
 Factotum: Evelyn Leeper MT 1F-329 957-2070 mtgzy!ecl
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1. It is desperately important when you are walking a tightrope that you do not look down. You put one foot in front of the other and you keep walking. You restrict your reality to just you and the tightrope. If your reality includes the ground beneath you, just the knowledge that it is there can defeat you. I had this morning one of those disastrous experiences. I looked at the

ground, Well, not literally. I am speaking figuratively. Every day I walk various figurative tightropes in which it is imperative that I do not look at the symbolic ground or I might fall on my metaphorical face.

THE MT VOID

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What happened was that I "looked down" both figuratively and literally while I was eating my breakfast. In my younger days I liked to put catsup on my eggs to liven them up. Later, when I discovered the joys of Tabasco sauce, I would put catsup and Tabasco on my eggs. This disgusted my mother, for whom a spicy dish was one that had a little black pepper that had been ground the previous year. And of all the hot spices, black pepper is one of the least interesting and, if it is not freshly ground, you may as well forget it. Spiciness in our house ran the whole range from foods as bland as cream of wheat all the way up to foods as spicy as cream of wheat with a teaspoon of sugar. My mother, I think, confused the concepts of "piquant" and "carcinogenic."

When my mother saw me putting catsup and Tabasco on my morning eggs her reaction was much the same as it would have been if I were putting flea powder on my spaghetti. "Actually there is a Mexican dish that is hot sauce on eggs," I bluffed. "Not for breakfast," she replied with a certainty that came from never having heard of such a dish. My mother bluffs well, too. "Yes, it is! They have it for breakfast," I lied. Years later I first heard of h_u_e_v_o_s r_a_n_c_h_e_r_o_s and discovered I had made a lucky guess. In fact, when we went to Mexico that was my preferred breakfast for the first half of the trip. Then halfway through the trip I developed virtually simultaneously a taste for cream of wheat and a case of Montezuma's Revenge.

Well, I'm recovered from that now, and I still like a spicy sauce on eggs, but now I am concerned about silly things like cholesterol. Now if you are watching what you eat and are clever about it, you don't have to sacrifice flavor. You just have to look for things of roughly the same flavor. An omelette is loaded with cholesterol and yet it has very little flavor. What it really contributes to a dish is a sort of a patty of a certain chewy

texture. I can create a nearly similar flavorless, chewy patty out of oatmeal. I just take three coffee scoops of raw oatmeal, just enough water to dampen thoroughly, and microwave for 90 seconds. Then I douse it in catsup (that has a bit too much sugar perhaps but it otherwise is reasonably virtuous), and throw on the Tabasco (a little too much sodium but not a whole lot either).

So there I was. For a week I was enjoying something pretty close to the great taste of my beloved _ h _ u _ e _ v _ o _ s _ r _ a _ n _ c _ h _ e _ r _ o _ s and at the same time I felt reasonably virtuous. I was proud of my cleverness and of my ability to eat a healthy breakfast that at the same time tasted pretty good. Even if it wasn't _ h _ u _ e _ v _ o _ s _ r _ a _ n _ c _ h _ e _ r _ o _ s, it was virtually the same great flavor I'd learned to love. I was walking my figurative tightrope and impressing the metaphorical crowd. Then today I looked down, realized I'd been eating catsup and Tabasco sauce on oatmeal, and threw up.

Mark Leeper
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