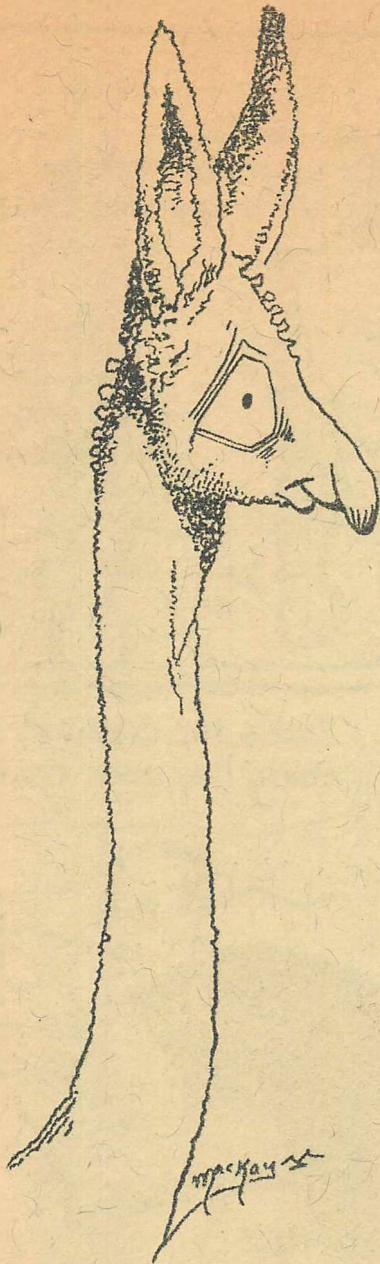


THE SPANISH INQUISITION 10



JAMES L. CUNNINGHAM



This is the tenth issue of a fanzine of general interest and circulation brought to you by Suzanne Tompkins of 90 Pinehurst Ave., #5H, New York, NY 10033 and Jerry Kaufman of 880 W. 181st St, #4D, New York, NY 10033. Please send all SpanInq mail to Tompkins. After September 30, Kaufman will be moving to 606 15th St. E., Seattle, WA 98112. After November 30, Tompkins will be moving, so send SpanInq mail after that to Seattle. This issue is available for 50¢, 'zines in trade or eloquent pleas. Letters on this issue will be appreciated and passed on to Patrick Hayden for possible publication in his new genzine, Scythe. Last Stencil being typed August 7, 1977. Page one was run on Linda Bushyager's mimeo, the rest on the Johnstown Flood Press. Electrostencils by Brian McCarthy and Linda Bushyager.

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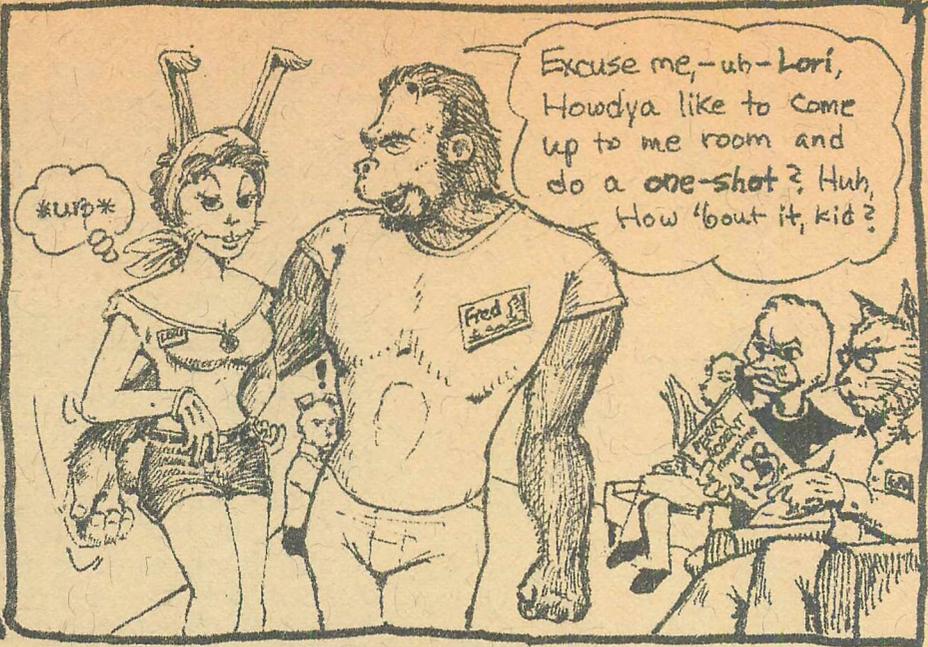
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ART CREDITS

James Cunningham.....cover	Dan Steffan.....back cover
Harry Bell.....45; 52	Taral/Wayne MacDonald.....49
Ross Chamberlain.....6, 10	Barry Kent MacKay.....2, 13
Richard Delap.....18	Jeff Schalles.....5
Phil Foglio.....32; 35, 37	Marc Schirmeister.....47
Gary Goldstein.....30; 44; 50	Stu Shiffman.....
Nancy Hussar....22, 23, 26, 27, 291, 19, 34, 36, 40, 41, 43; 54
James Shull15	Al Sirois.....53, 42

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Collating last issue (in order of appearance) were Jon Singer, Hope Liebowitz, Sue Rae Rosenfeld, Stu Shiffman, Berta MacAvoy, Brent Rosato, Gene DiModica, Ginjer Buchanan, Nancy Hussar and Gary Farber. This issue's collator will have to go unsung. By the way, Patrick Hayden's newest CoA is c/o Seth McEvoy, Box 268, E. Lansing, MI 48823. This supercedes all other address mentioned for him in SpanInq.

Wing Life

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LURP

Excuse me, -uh- Lori,
Howdya like to come
up to me room and
do a one-shot? Huh,
How 'bout it, kid?



Butt out,
fool! I'm
tired of
your line!

Forsooth!

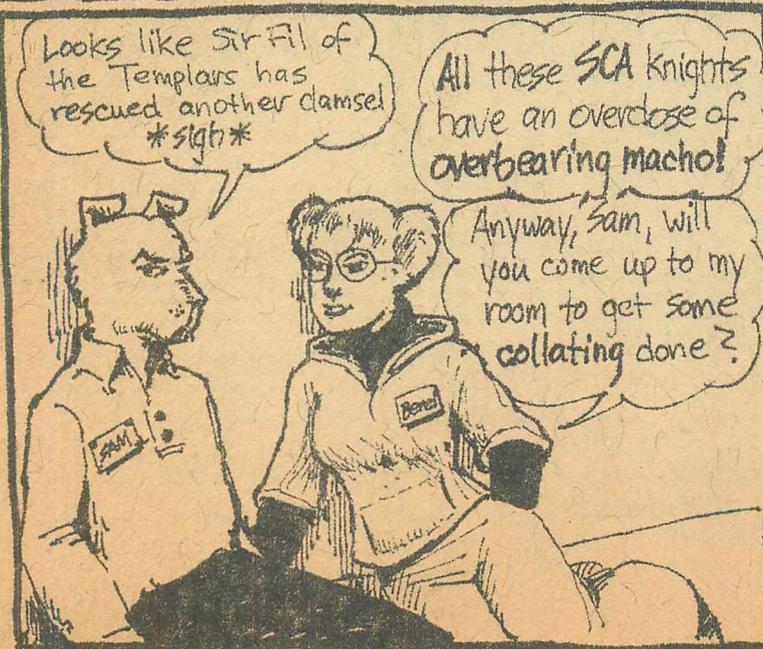


Pittbee nuncle, take
thy churlish hands
away from this
fair maiden!
(or!!!)



That's the craziest
thing I've ever hoid!

Sheraton
Network



Looks like Sir Fil of
the Templars has
rescued another damsel
sigh

All these SCA knights
have an overdose of
overbearing macho!

Anyway, Sam, will
you come up to my
room to get some
collating done?



I'm Doktor L. von Halberd*
The place of sexual
pursuit in fanac is
easily explained.
SF fans / being by
nature slans / have
mastered their psychic selves

However, this leaves their
physical selves at loose ends,
leading to a lot of running
around in all directions!

*L. von Halberd: senior fellow, Washington Heights
Inwood Foundation on Fandom (WHIFF); author,
SEX AND THE SINGLE FAN (North Books, 1977) #795.

SUZLECOL °

My God, this is our tenth issue! It doesn't seem like it. ~~It seems like the twentieth~~ And it's our last, at least in this continuing series. I'll have more on that later.

First, Jerry and I want to thank every one of you who nominated us for the Hugo and FAAn Awards! And--TA-DA!--I have an announcement to make--we just found out at Autoclave (which Jerry attended) that we won the Best Single Issue FAAn Award, tied with Rob Jackson's Maya 11, for SpanInq 7/8. This is really an honor, since it's a peer group award voted on by those who produce or contribute to fanzines. I am very flattered and I know we'll both feel very good for a long time because of it.

Jerry and I especially want to thank our contributors, without whom, of course, there would be no SpanInq. They really won the award, too.

The Hugo nomination, on the other hand, is mind-boggling. I mean, a Hugo, for chrissake! I don't even know how I really feel about it, since I am of the opinion that the Fan Hugos have become pretty meaningless primarily because of the huge size to which the worldcon has grown. In the fanzine category I believe only a large circulation zine (whether or not it's really a fanzine) could possibly win; therefore it's practically become an award for largest circulation. But, then again on the other hand, "oh-wow--we've been nominated for a Hugo!" As you can see, I am somewhat conflicted.

Now, in this issue we have many of our regular contributors, both writers and artists, with excellent work, I think. Of course, I am somewhat prejudiced. As I write this, it's iffy whether we'll have a Jim Cunningham cover. He did one for us and mailed it, but it hasn't arrived and if it's been lost, then we'll have to do some rearranging.

Since this is our last issue, we'd like to thank those regular contributors by name. Neither John Curlovich nor Peter Roberts made it into the issue, but they've both been with us since about the beginning. So have Ginjer Buchanan, Jon Singer, Gary Goldstein, Harry Bell, Stu Shiffman, Dan Steffan, R.A. MacAvoy, Loren MacGregor--these are the people responsible if we've "made good." So--merci, gracias, danke, y'all.

Now for business: This is, as I said, the last issue of this fanzine, in this form, until further notice. Subscribers whose subs don't run out with this issue will have the balance refunded ~~Real Soon Now~~. Your zines in trade for this issue are still welcome; future copies should be sent to Jerry, who may take up his old practice of writing letters.

We will be following our policy of cutting up unused locs and sending the annoying little slips of paper to deserving contributors. "Wait for it."

° Suzanne Tompkins

Also, locs on this issue will be appreciated (send to my address, see colophon) and will even be published, by Patrick Hayden in his new genzine, Scythe. Speaking of Patrick, he "wishes to announce that he is currently kicking himself in the head for his use of the generic term 'mankind' to refer to humanity in his response to Alan Bostick in the lettercolumn. Anyone wishing to aid him in this worthy endeavor is encouraged to punch him in the nose at Suncon, or mail appropriate reproachments c/o Farber, 1047 E. 10th St., Brooklyn, NY 11230. Which is a CoA, by the way. Yes."

And thanks to Stu Shiffman for the use of his excellent mimeoscope for both this issue and last. It saved me lots of time and trouble, and Jerry and I both Appreciate Stu's help. Linda and Ron Bushyager, and Ginjer Buchanan also deserve their issuely thanks for providing paper for the issue, and the means of obtaining it.

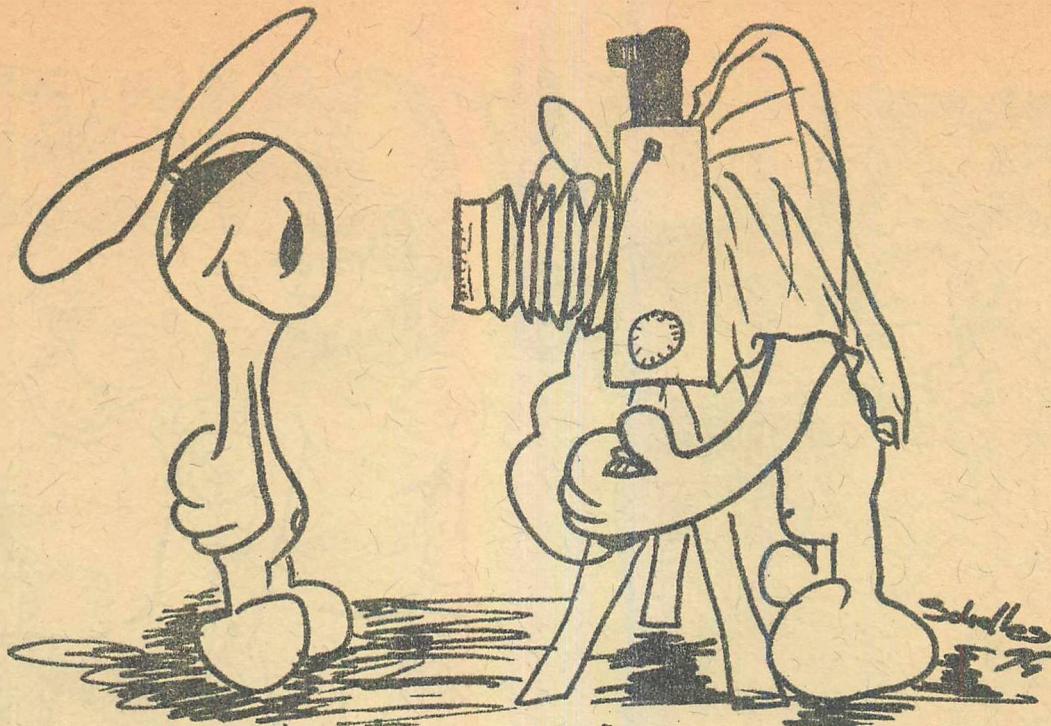
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Britain in '79! Flushing in '80! Minneapolis in '73!
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* * *

I recently had a very distressing experience which caused me to question one of the basic fannish tenets which we all seem to take for granted as true, i.e. "fans are slans," or to put it another way, that fandom is really like a big family, with its share of disagreements, idiosyncracies and skeletons in the closet, but made up for the most part of people who care about each other in the mutual bond of "fandom." I realized long ago that all my friends were fans. Not just most, all. I didn't set out to do this; to have no mundane friends. It just happened. I am, like many fans, very shy and tend to freeze in public, unable to make any kind of conversation whatsoever. In fannish groups, this has never been a problem. I don't have to elaborate here, most of you reading this know pretty much what I'm talking about. I value very much this special relationship within fandom and am horrified to think that it might not really exist. We may be given to too much back-patting about how wonderful we are. Certain experiences have made me think about it.

To explain--I am very allergic to smoke--cigarette, pipe and cigar, the last two being the worst. It's not a minor thing; I am caused severe physical pain when subjected to it. Until very recently this has never been a problem to me except at work or in public places because most of my friends don't smoke. The few who do are usually very polite and refrain around me or go somewhere else whilst smoking. However, there seems to be a sudden dramatic upsurge in smoking, especially pipes and cigars, in fandom. At the past several cons, I literally have not been able to enter room parties, parties where there were many people I'd like to see and be with, because of the smoke. This is terribly upsetting and not knowing how to react--with apologetic whimpering or righteous anger--hasn't helped.

At the Midwestcon banquet a few weeks ago, I finally reacted, trying in vain, apparently, to protect myself. Jerry and I had found seats with John and Sandra Miesel, Anna Vargo, Nancy Hussar and several others. There were several people smoking pipes in the room, quite a few in fact. This was surprising since it was before dinner. The smoke really bothered me; those of you who've had strep throat may understand what I



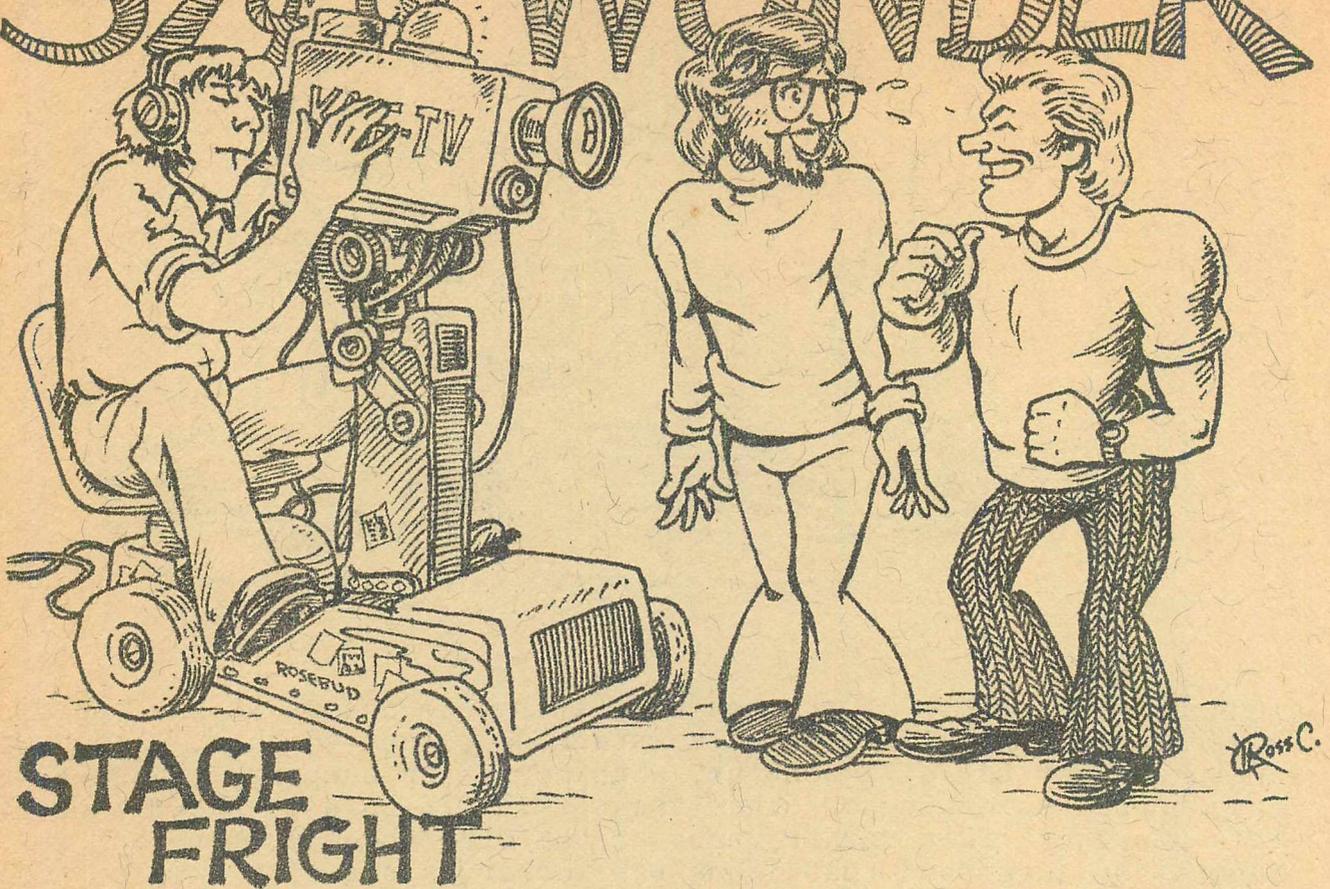
beam sensitively, now —

mean by "bothered." I started complaining to others at the table, several of whom said it was also starting to get to them. Aided by urging at our table, I went up, with Jerry for support, to ask somebody to say something or other about it. (If this sounds rather vague, it's because I felt rather vague at the time about what to ask.) Sandra had suggested that I ask Bob Tucker as she felt sure he wouldn't mind, but since he wasn't "in charge" and was already seated at a table, I didn't want to bother him. I spotted Lou Tabakow, who is very much in charge of Midwestcons, making last minute banquet arrangements. I told him how much I was distressed by smoke, especially the pipe smoke and asked if he could perhaps make some sort of announcement that it was bothering people. (I hoped that some of those smoking would be kind enough to refrain for a while. They, after all, were fans.) He reacted violently, really rather scaring me, saying he couldn't possibly say anything, that it was out of the question, etc. He acted as though I had asked him to tell everyone in the room that they must stop smoking (which I hadn't); his whole reaction was way out of proportion. Since I was then in an untenable position (I had said I would have to leave), I had to leave. Jerry was kind enough to leave with me (we were given a refund) and we ended up at the greasy spoon next to the hotel. I have survived smoky restaurants, etc. before, but it was so bad in that banquet room that I had to speak up. For my bravery I was "permitted" to go away.

This incident put a damper on the rest of the con for me. Not just because Jerry and I could not have dinner with friends as we had planned which was, of course, upsetting, but that one fan, and a real old-timer as well, would treat another in such a cold, thoughtless manner. (I realize that Mr. Tabakow was very busy and under a lot of pressure there at the banquet, but I have been in this position and if someone had come to me during a Pghlange with a similar request, I would have honored it.)

(CONT'D ON PAGE 55)

37% of WONDER



Lately I've had this vision of myself at a convention, or club meeting, or private party, quietly minding my own business. Suddenly a stranger will walk up, glance at my nametag, and say, "I understand you tell great anecdotes. Tell me."

I've been waiting to use this line for some time: "It all started in my childhood..." There, I feel better.

It all started in my childhood--when I was attending high school. I was a quiet, naive, studious type--I haven't changed--who took a lot of quiet, studious classes, and one hour a day in drama.

I was not good in drama. I was, in fact, terrible. "I am not," I told myself on the first day, "going to get up and make a fool of myself in this class, on that stage, ever." And I never did. But one of the other people...well, he was good in drama. At least, he got up in class a lot. He was also an "A" student, the star soloist in choir, the leading gymnast, and the best-looking kid in school, despite being 5'2" tall. He also walked like a rooster at bay, with stiff knees and a banty-hen shuffle.

This was particularly noticeable on stage. When his roles called for anger or disgust or any number of vehement emotions, he tended to strut, and say his lines by spitting them over his shoulder, like orange pips. This all culminated the day he played Drummond, the Darrow-like lawyer in Inherit the Wind. Jeff was at the top of his form; he strutted, he preened, he showed off to bad advantage all the tricks and mannerisms he'd acquired in three years of drama.

The show ended its run, and both Jeff and I went on to other things. But later, as I was talking to one of the school counselors, we began to discuss drama class and, by extension, Jeff Hillock. I began jumping around and laughing as I described Jeff's performance, until I found myself launched in a scene, mimicking his style.

The counselor collapsed across her desk. "Oh my god," she said finally, "That's perfect--that's really him." I grinned and mumbled something, and laughed, and sat down, and the talk went on to other things.

Time passed. I forgot my impromptu performance. I dropped one class, picked up another, and ended up transferring to another counselor.

One day I was sitting in journalism class when a panicky school administrator came swarming in. "Pick up all your things," he said, "bring lots of books, and follow me. You're all moving down to the music rooms for an hour or so." So we packed, and we moved. As we settled down, the administrator walked to the podium. "Okay everybody, one of the tv stations is coming down to film Mr. Oki's class, so I want you all to look musical." He paused. "Ah, I mean...well, Mr. Oki doesn't have a class this period, and they want to film it." He stopped.

"Look," he said finally, "don't worry; they just want a class, they don't care who's in it. Now, you and you and you..." he pointed to three of us. "You'll be in closeups, if they have any. Come down here and look like you're performing."

"I am not," I told myself, "Going to go down there and make a fool of myself on that stage."

I walked down. There were an awful lot of cameras around.

One of the cameramen flashed a ready signal. A red light flashed on, and suddenly I was very nervous. I could feel sweat trickle down my back. As the camera panned in my direction, I noticed Jeff standing at my side. He had a beautiful smile on his face. As the camera started he said, "Say, I understand you do a terrific impression of me. Do it."

The resulting film, surprisingly, never showed up on tv.

Loren MacGregor

This was all brought back to mind the other day, when the car parked on my chair in the laundromat. I was reading the Watchtower, which had a real science-fictional theme. The moon landings (it said) were conclusive proof of the way Man had turned away from God, and a sure sign that The End of the World Was Near.

The knowledge of my imminent damnation was making me thirsty, so I packed up my books and headed next door to pick up a diet Pepsi. As I walked along the sidewalk I heard a screeching and squealing, and turned around in time to see a Chevy Nova careen around the corner, leap a concrete bulkhead, and come to rest against my washing machine, incidentally crushing my chair.

Suddenly I wasn't thirsty any more.

But the incident sent my mind back, to the Cirque Theatre, to the Jewish Family Theatre, and to Sheldon Lawrence and his Coney Island Car, the one with the Leftist leanings and a mind of its own.

At the time I was fresh out of high school, and despite my earlier misgivings I ended up on stage at the Cirque Theatre. It was, possibly, not the most well-located stage in Seattle. For one thing, the drug-store next door had been firebombed a few months before I started work. For another, the cleaners across the street had been firebombed a few weeks before I started. For a third, the real estate office down the block had been...

Meanwhile, the local headquarters of the Black Panthers was across the street, and the members were upset because the Cirque's owner had claimed credit for a play written by a local black. If I remember right, it was in the middle of summer, in 90 degree weather, and Gene spent every day wandering around in a daze saying, "They're going to firebomb my theatre. What am I going to do? They're going to firebomb my theatre."

That was also the year I spent six months, between rehearsals and performance, mindlessly shuffling to the same 32 bars of "Purple Haze" by Jimi Hendrix. The Impossible ~~Play~~ Years lasted through June, and July, and in August I hit the Big Time. I was doing lights for a rehearsal when one of the assistant directors walked up.

"Hey, you," he said, stabbing a finger at me. "Get down here, I just cast you in a play."

"I can't," I said, "I'm doing lights."

"Fuck the lights, it's only a goddam rehearsal," he said. So I wandered up to the front of the theatre with him, and sat down in a tiny room with three other people and a huge desk.

Tony passed out four small booklets: blue covers, with a photograph of two boys and two girls sitting on bar stools. "Okay," Tony said. "Sheldon, you're Joe. Loren, you're Mal. Linda, Jennifer..." he paused. "I guess it doesn't make much difference which part you two take. Just pick one and start reading."

The play was called "Let's Get Basic." It was a reader's theatre

production, written by a 63 year old psychiatrist in New York, all about teenage morals. I picked up my script. Inside it said something like this: "Mal is a young boy, tall and thin. Although he studies a lot he still has time to be captain of the basketball team."

"Uh, Tony," I said. He looked at me. He didn't say anything. "Uh, this script says I'm supposed to be a basketball player." He looked at me. "Tony, I'm only 5'4" tall." He... "I mean, wouldn't it be simpler if I was captain of the baseball team?"

He leaned back in his chair. "I'm going to tell you a story," he said. "Back in the '40s Spencer Tracy was cast in a play. He was supposed to play a scruffy character with a two-day growth of beard. The director somewhat diffidently mentioned this, knowing how careful Tracy was about his appearance. 'Is that all that's bothering you?' Tracy asked. 'Hell, if the part calls for me to be unshaven, I'll act unshaven.' And he did.

"Now, if Spencer Tracy can act unshaven, then, dammit, you can act tall! You're a basketball player. Now shut up and read."

So we read. All the cliches of teenage morals were trotted out-- Drinking at parties: "But you feel like a fool being the only one drinking Coke!" Cheating on tests: "But I felt so--you know--cheap!" And my favoritest line of all time, about teenage sex. There I was, young, earnest, basketball star Mal, while the music of Revelations played around me: "I...I guess sex is like driving a car when you're young. I mean, you're old enough to do it, if that's all that matters...but you just don't have the judgement."

Of course, the line can be applied in other situations, too. "You know, dying is just like driving a car when you're young..."

Finally, after a rigorous four-day rehearsal schedule, we took the show out on the road, to such exotic theatres as the Temple De Hirsch, the Seattle Jewish Men's Business Association, the Seattle Jewish Youths' Summer Retreat...

That was the day Sheldon came up to me during rehearsal. "Ah, Loren, I've got this problem." Sheldon had lots of problems, not the least of which was his manic personality. He stood about 5'7" tall, with mad unkempt hair, and a body that made Woody Allen look muscular. He constantly wore a button on his lapel that read "SuperJew" in fluorescent orange and yellow, and in high school he'd written a play called "Hamlet Meets Harlem," that was almost as funny as it was incomprehensible.

I watched him warily. "What is it this time?" I asked.

He shifted from foot to foot. "Well, we're supposed to go over to Bainbridge Island for our next performance," he said, "and...well, I don't have a Washington driver's license, and I was wondering if you could maybe...drive my car over?"

"Driving without a license has never bothered you before," I said. "Why should you start worrying now?"

"Well, yeah, but there's a lot of cops down there by the terminal, and I've never driven onto a ferry before."

"All I've got to do is drive the car," I said. He nodded. "I don't have to get gas or naything?" "Oh, no," he said. "I'll make sure the tank's full before we start out."

So we left early Sunday morning. Sheldon's car turned out to be a thalidomide monster--it had started out to be a Chevy coupe, but ended up with a Ford station wagon graft on the tail end. "What in God's name is that?" I asked.

Sheldon grinned. "It's a good Jewish car, of course," he said.

The car started without a qualm, and I backed it out the driveway. But as I started forward, it suddenly turned liberal, and began steering me into oncoming traffic. I grabbed the right side of the wheel and pulled with all my might, and eventually the thing meandered back to my side of the road. That was the beginning: whenever I'd relax my vigilance the car would happily follow its Leftist leanings.

All the way along 23rd Avenue the car and I traveled, with Sheldon a quiet passenger in the back. Then we started climbing the hill along the backside of Madison Avenue in Seattle, over Capitol Hill to downtown. It's a long, steep grade, so I decided I'd best shift into low and save the engine.

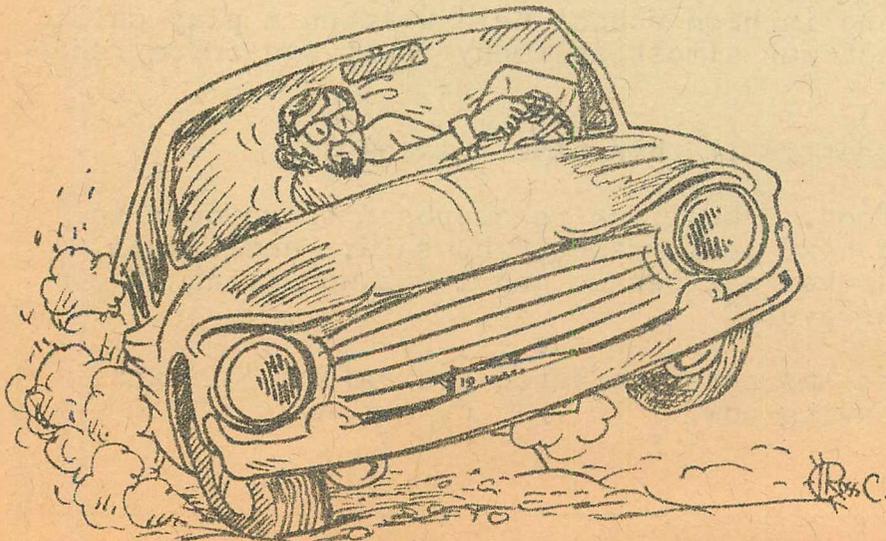
The car did not agree with me. As I released the shift lever, it wrenched itself into third, and then shifted down twice, unaided, to first gear again. "Goddam you Sheldon," I said. "But it's..." he said. "Shut up Sheldon," I said.

By the time we got to the ferry terminal I was in terrific shape. The gas pedal had stuck as we approached a red light. I tried to get out of the car and the door wouldn't open. Sheldon tried to get out of the car and his door wouldn't open. The car, it seemed, was just as manic as the owner.

Eventually we wound up at the summer Retreat, performed our play, and retreated to Seattle...with Sheldon driving. I was in another car.

All that's in my past now. I don't act anymore, except at conventions. And, I think, it's time to change laundromats. This morning I went to get some wash tickets, and stood in line for some 15 minutes. Eventually a young lady dashed out of the back room and said, "I can't serve you now. I have to put out the fire."

--Loren MacGregor



ANOTHER CHARIOT.....

I certainly cannot claim that the evidence of visits to our planet by more advanced races has not been given enough attention. But, I contend, this notice has not been the proper attention. The scientific press has focused on bits of evidence gleaned from historical or semi-historical sources (i.e., cave paintings from the Pyrenees, Andean runways), and has thereby fallen into the trap of having the primitive peoples do the detective work--an inductive job that should belong to today's researchers. So, as the 18th century European thinkers believed in no early civilizations except the Graeco-Roman, merely because they inherited no other ruins or manuscripts besides the Graeco-Roman, modern thinkers have found records of one or two visits of the ancient astronauts and have assumed the existence of one or two visits only.

The layman may ask what it profits us to speculate on the possibility of landings by extraterrestrials to an earth where no humans lived to record the event. He may reason: "If a tree falls with no one near to hear the crash, can we be sure there was a crash?" I say: "No happening leaves its surroundings quite unchanged. We may infer the falling tree has made a noise if the deer have fled, if the pond has begun to ripple, if the jays all squawk together."

But all this arboreal activity builds and fades within minutes. What sort of proof can be gathered to indicate that ancient astronauts fell to a non-sentient earth millions of years ago?

The evidence exists, and it is not, as you may be thinking, derived from the ominous yet ambiguous Siberian crater. No, my discoveries are less dramatic but more meaningful; I point to changes in the paleontological history of the planet itself which indicates outside interference: changes which by inference reveal that the ancient astronauts had a hand in the development of the species man itself!

Let us step back a few million years and view:

The earth is trembling on the verge of the big glaciation. Grasses are king among the flora; they cover previously barren plains in a blanket of fur. Herds of grazing animals, huge lumbering oddly-horned creatures like the Unguladon provide food for horrific predators. Giant bears and wolves abound. There are not one but two great families of hunting felines, one of which is long and low, ancestor to our contemporary lions and tigers, the other being sturdier, larger, more aggressive and (if we believe the evidence of the brain case) more intelligent. This second family includes the dreaded sabertooths, though by no means do all the varieties have outsized fangs.

Imagine the position of Homo sapiens in this world; or rather, the position of that particular precursor of man known as Homo erectus, a small hominid already wedded to an upright posture and life on the plain.

R.A. MacAvoy

He is a tropical animal, developing thousands of miles from the threat of glaciation, creature of the same savannahs that foster the herd-- and the predators.

Lions and tigers we have still, and though Homo erectus was small and these animals were deadly, it seems that proto-lions and proto-tigers could no more reduce the human number than their descendents can today in wilderness areas. The larger, stockier, longer-legged, bigger-headed cats were another story. They hunted the plains and low plateaus of Africa, feeding on the great herds and causing, it is to be assumed, widespread damage to early man. (Apes in jungle areas can climb, baboons have strength and huge teeth to fight their comparatively puny enemy, the leopard. Imagine the position of Homo erectus in comparison, naked, naturally without weapons--and the monster cats 12 feet long!)

Note that smaller cats, prototypes of Felix domesticus, did not exist in Africa at this time, or at least we have no fossil evidence that they did.

It seems reasonable that the surprisingly low populations of Homo erectus we have indicated in these pre-Villafranchian times, and the lack of expansion the hominid achieved during two million years, was due to the presence of these big-cat predators. Only look at the population increase in the period following the disappearance of the second family of felines! We suddenly find hominid and human fossils in every continent on earth except the Americas and at the poles.*

By this circuitous route we have arrived at the meat of our discussion.

What caused the disappearance of this family of tall, big-headed cats? In one generation, two, or fifty, they were eradicated, and they have left no descendants.

Or--it seems they have not.

But let us, civilized beings of hominid form, visit a primitive planet: a wilderness of strange beasts, fiercely competitive, slowly, ever so slowly, developing. The most obvious rulers of the planet seem to be the enormous ungulates, but a cursory glimpse of the life habits of these animals informs the space traveller that this is not so, for they are stupid and helpless against their natural foes.

The next candidate for dictator is the big cat, and indeed, it is Earth's ruler in the most tyrannical sense. But its dominance is not legitimate, for it has neither society nor technology, and sharing the bias of all hominids we believe its intellect to be far inferior to that of an ape.

The visitor sees clearly that the true, budding inheritor of the Earth is little Homo erectus. And he sees that proto-man's progress is stymied by the claw of the huge cat.

So the huge cat disappears. Does the reader think I have led him all
* See the author's Hidden Past of the American Continent: Who Erased Our Fossil Records and Why? (Khorana Institute Press, 1975.)

the way to this conclusion? A clean genocide of man's foe by the ancient astronauts? That would be an easy theory to disseminate, and by extension we could use it to explain the disappearance of the dinosaurs or any other extinct group.

But, no, that's not quite what I wish to say.

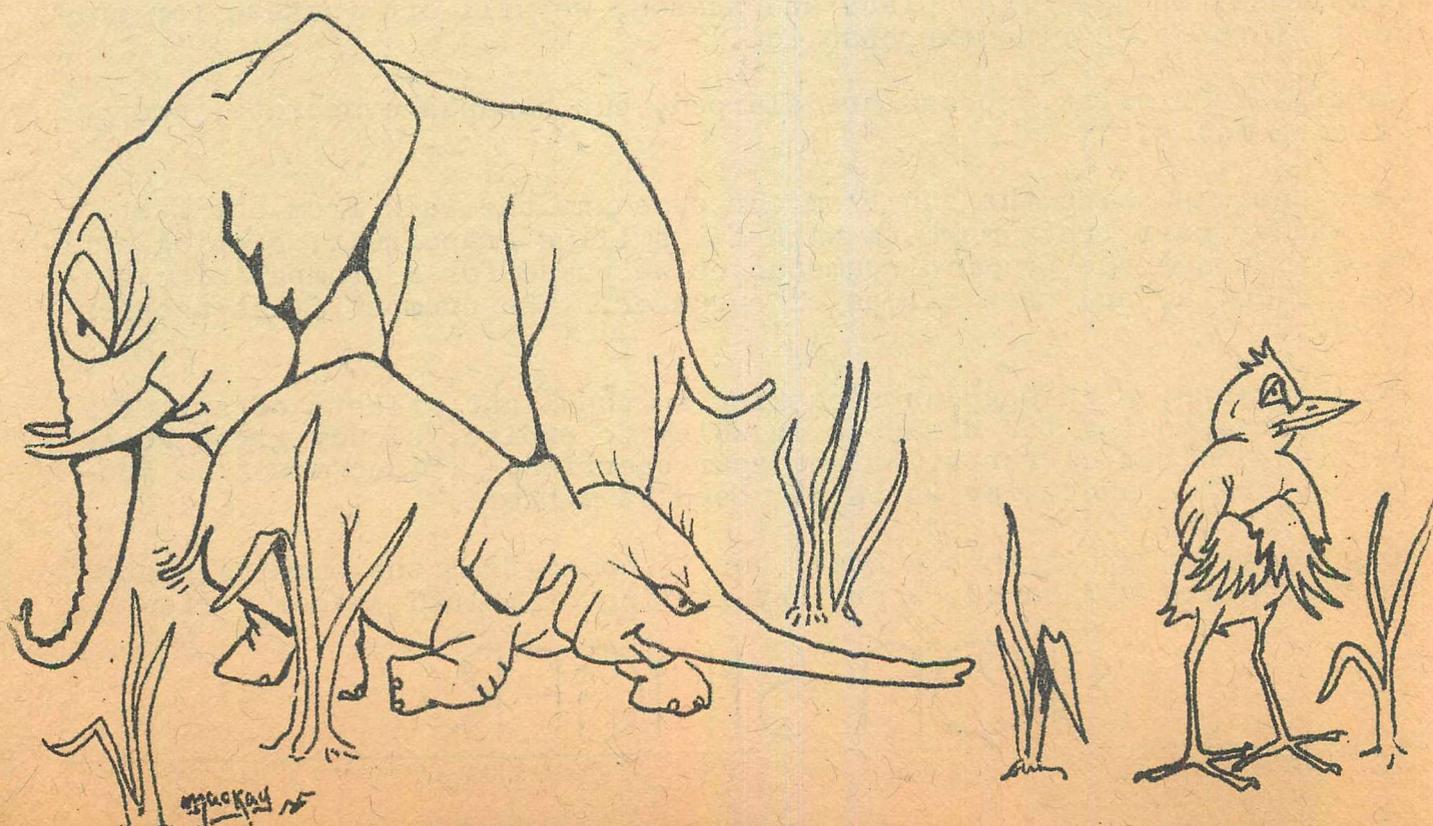
I contest that any race which has survived and evolved into interstellar travel will have had drubbed into it one major ecological law: THOU DARE NOT ELIMINATE A SPECIES FROM THE BIOSYSTEM. I suggest instead that the ancient astronauts played a careful game with the gene structure of these terrible cats, using means our science has only begun to hint at. I suggest they bent the rules in a desire to further our own promising species, but had not the audacity to eliminate the dominant felines; they only shrank them.

Imagine the surprise of our technological benefactors when they returned to our planet millions of years later to find humans--creatures pretty much as we are today, tall, large-brained, rulers of the earth, inventors of the wheel and the cross-cousin incest taboo, still imbued with such ancestral terror that we leave offerings of food and drink to our oppressors--not to the tigers, bears, wolves and other carnivora which still might do us damage, but to the tiny descendants of the awful cats, shrunk to the size of large rabbits!

What must have been their reaction, watching these miniscule predators, still arrogant, prowling through our cities and even into our very houses, humans not daring to refuse them entry?

It must have been a salutary experience for the ancient astronauts, convincing them anew that they could not short-cut evolution. Is it any wonder, then, that after revealing to the Mayas and the Egyptians a few facts about astronomy and the preservation of razor blades, that they left our world and have not returned?

--R. A. MacAvoy



THE MUNCHIES...

(Technocrat of the Breakfast Table)

Hot city summer, hunger buzzing cloudy in our heads like gnats, we walk the concrete, looking for food. (Video inset: pan in on hand turning fruit rinds in garbage heap. Back off to include advancing group of hungries. Bum surprised with hand in garbage does small but grotesque dance of retreat.) The locust is upon the land. (Optional quick cut to grasshopper in desert.) We send spies ahead to scout the territory while we sit awaiting action. ("Hey Bruce, ya sneaka is untied.") On the horizon, a solitary runner approaches, through hanging dust, gasping. A word. Just one word, and the air sizzles as we rise in one motion, turning with a single mind, and begin to walk. Our direction is set: is the word: the word is Chinatown.

It is of little consequence whether we go to Szechuan or Mandarin; Cantonese or Fukien, Hunan or Shanghai. In the face of this craving, any will do. Whether the dish is to be Shredded Squid with Chicken, or Sum Sup Mein, or Shrimp with Black Bean Sauce, none of us cares: we love them all. Bring it on, whatever. We are a running thing, and the run is assured so long as the craving is met.

We eat, and are satisfied; the concrete reclaims us. Blinking in the sunlight, we fill slowly with a distant longing. As the sun warms us, as the light fills us, little gnat voices whispering just beyond the edge of comprehension until the dust clears and we move again, with one thought: Icecream. Soft or hard, no matter; icecream from New York, Chicago, Philly, San Frano, it is all one. Whether the flavor is rum raisin, one of the cheesecake variations, coffee, banana, boysenberry, black cherry, blueberry, bewildering profusion, or even vanilla, no matter.

Sometimes, in the right place and season, we will opt instead for granita di caffe, a rich espresso ice.

Waterglasses clink, spoons are slurped, cut bananas evaporate, another craving falls.

Once again pushing the sun from our eyes and the walk from our feet, we wander past fruit markets with fat smiling grapefruit, groping artichokes; under the proper circumstances we pause for a crumpet with butter, ricotta, and thin slices of cucumber. The crumpet fills another need...

More markets, with eggplants basking in the light, fleets of swimming cucumbers looking for crumpets on which to expire, cloudy green gooseberries and red currants, bright sour cherries. (Video inset: a Dungeness crab. What city is this? Does it matter?)

A sharp scent grows in the nose, but it comes from the humming gnats within: thick red sauce, a stringy feeling of melted cheese, crisp

JON SINGER

dough. We find the path almost without volition.

When we reach the place, perhaps the Medici; Ray's, Artie's Pizza Box under the subway station (of sainted memory, R.I.P.--one day at some unspecified sort of gathering Artie made 300 pies, burning himself out in the process, and turned to the furniture business), Florio's, the Amalfi (what city has two names twice?)...when we arrive, it is obviously the right one, whichever. Whether we decide on Neapolitan, Sicilian, with or without five or six toppings, perhaps even a calzone, rich with Prosciutto though lacking the tomato's tartness, no matter. All are accepted. We gorge happily; waiting for the next pie to be snatched from the devil's very grasp, until thirst grows powdery in our throats. Alarm! Send a runner! Hands flail money at the volunteer, who leaves, confetti and streamers flying.

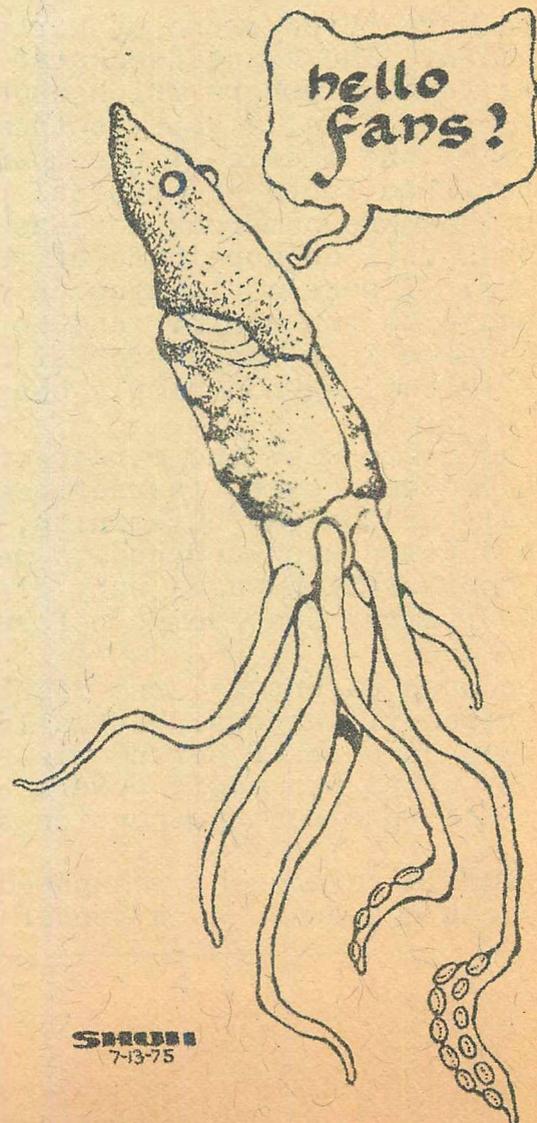
We wait. The pie maker inspects the glow, shakes a weary head. Minutes pass, too slowly. Another inspection: a spatulate wooden finger tentatively probes beneath the pie. Is the edge done? The bottom crisp? Ahh! It is time. But what of--the runner returns, upraised torch in one hand, sixpack in the other, Chianti pendant around the neck. Perfect timing.

Sweet beer runs down grasping throats; garlicky grins, olive oil down the wrist, catch it! Puns pepper the air, peppers bring tears to the eyes.

We are reborn to the streets. What now? The footsteps pause. Around us the air and the sky become leaden. We retire to the markets as lightning roars overhead.

Plums drip their lifeblood on the walk as the storm rages, inches away, beyond the canopy. Among the casualties are a papaya, two or three mangoes...the storm tapers off. Venturing out from the protection of the canopy, we find the streets cool, fresh, smelling loudly of wet concrete. A park provides the opportunity to reflect upon gentle slopes, trees, aromatic smoke curling up through the branches to become invisible, abruptly, against the gray sky. Then, as we look about, blinking in the first returns of the sun, a thought ripples through the afternoon. We look at one another, at the sky, the puddles. A small feeling, indistinct. Just a thought.

Some coughs. Heads turn. A word: just one. Ears to the patchy sky, a word on the breeze. We arise as one. Inevitability. Concrete footfalls, clearing sky, gnat voices, one word, yellow afternoon, our direction is set, is the word: the word is Chinatown.



LEGENDS of the NARTES

One of the fringe benefits of scholarly research is the chance to pick up odd facts one would never have encountered otherwise. A case in point: the Nartes, whose acquaintance I made in the course of studying the mythology behind Gordy Dickson's Childe Cycle. In case any scoffers out there think I invented the following stories, may I direct them to Georges Dumézil's Mythe et epeopee, Volume I, and Le livre de heros. Aside from a few synopses in English and some Russian sources, these are the only places in which you can read about the Nartes.

The Nartes are the undeservedly obscure subjects of heroic legends told by the Ossetes, a Caucasian people who are the only surviving descendants of the ancient Scythians. When Czarist Russia conquered the Ossetes' homeland in the nineteenth century, she dispatched--among other blessings of civilization--anthropologists to record the quaint folkways of the natives. (Imagine the Peabody Coal Company sponsoring the transcription of Appalachian ballads in the field and you get the picture.) The Nart stories moldered in Russian archives until this century when French philologist Dumézil started making interesting comparisons between them and the better-known Indo-European myths. For instance, their archvillain Syrdon was every bit as nasty as Loki.

There were three clans of Nartes living in separate zones on the same mountain. The Aexsaetaegkatae (The Wise) lived on top and gave banquets for the others which usually turned into drunken brawls. Otherwise, they usually kept to themselves. The Alaegatae (The Strong) lived on the middle of the mountain and made up for their small numbers by terrific feats of physical prowess. They were constantly feuding with the more numerous Boratae (The Rich) who lived at the foot of the mountain. (I do hope none of you tried to commit these clan names to memory. I wasn't planning on inflicting these agglomerations of diphthongs upon you again. And no editor in his right mind would tolerate such names in a fantasy or sf novel.) The Strong were the leading actors in the legends simply because they were the most colorful clan.

Let us begin with the murder of one Strong ancestor, Aexsertaeg, by his twin brother Aexar. Aexsertaeg had been married to a water nymph. During the funeral ceremonies, the grieving widow had a brief encounter with a demon who happened to be haunting the graveyard. The result of her indiscretion was a baby girl whom she committed to the care of her sons Uryzmaeg and Xaemyc before returning to her own people.

Given such parentage, one might expect little Satana to grow up into a notorious villainess. Actually, she became the great and universally beloved heroine of her people--intelligent, beautiful, intrepid, tirelessly using her magic powers to help her family. Her personal popularity was in direct proportion to her accomplishments.

But such a paragon of womanhood was not about to bestow herself on an unworthy husband. At a tender age she decided that her half-brother

Uryzmaeg was the only man in the village good enough for her. When the blushing Uryzmaeg tried to explain incest taboos to her, Satana blandly ignored him. He married a Wise girl but Satana proved herself wiser and broke up the marriage. She repeated the feat when Uryzmaeg took a Rich bride by demonstrating a better knack for household finances. Having driven her rivals from the field, Satana triumphantly claimed her true love. Once resigned to the inevitable, Uryzmaeg discovered he now had an ideal wife who could make a happy home or conjure up a supernatural army for him as necessity demanded.

Satana was also of invaluable aid to her other half-brother Xaemyc after his unlucky marriage to a sea nymph. Since his lady had to be protected from the hot sun at all times by a special carapace, he put her in a turtle shell and there he kept her very well. However, his malicious half-brother Syrdon stole the giant shell and the desiccated wife's wrath fell on Xaemyc. By this time she was pregnant and transferred her condition to her husband as a parting insult.

So for the next few months, poor Xaemyc hobbled around while a huge tumor grew on his back. When the estimated due date arrived, the ever-resourceful Satana was ready. She positioned Xaemyc over the edge of a tower above seven vats of water and cut open the growth. Out poured a stream of molten steel which miraculously coalesced into an infant upon hitting the water, a process grotesquely reminiscent of the soft-ball test in fudgemaking.

But Satana had underestimated the amount of water necessary to temper her nephew and ran off to the well for more. Unfortunately, the Devil was already in possession of the well and demanded a "service charge," shall we say, for its use. Then still more water was needed and Satana returned for a second bucketful. "I'm afraid the rates have gone up, my dear," leered the Devil, successively taking the forms of a disgusting old beggar, a monkey, and a dragon while collecting his fee. Satana finally staggered back with the water and finished her task. The babe of steel grew up to be Batraz, mightiest of warriors.

One day, the elders of all three clans--the old Nates as it were--were sitting around bemoaning the sad state of the world. "They just don't make heroes like they used to," they complained. But Xaemyc disagreed. "My boy Batraz can beat any man in the tribe today and can match the deeds of any past hero you can name." So a wager was made and the three clans decided to test Batraz.

First, a sizable troop of armed men hid in the mountains, ready to spring upon Batraz when he rode by. Of course he slaughtered them all handily. Wrong. He detected the ambush and made a swift strategic retreat, thus scoring high in the prudence category.

Next, the Wise gave a lavish feast where the liquor flowed in torrents.

So Batraz naturally demonstrated superior capacity by drinking every man under the table. Wrong. He stayed sober while everyone else got drunk and so proved the excellence of his self-control.

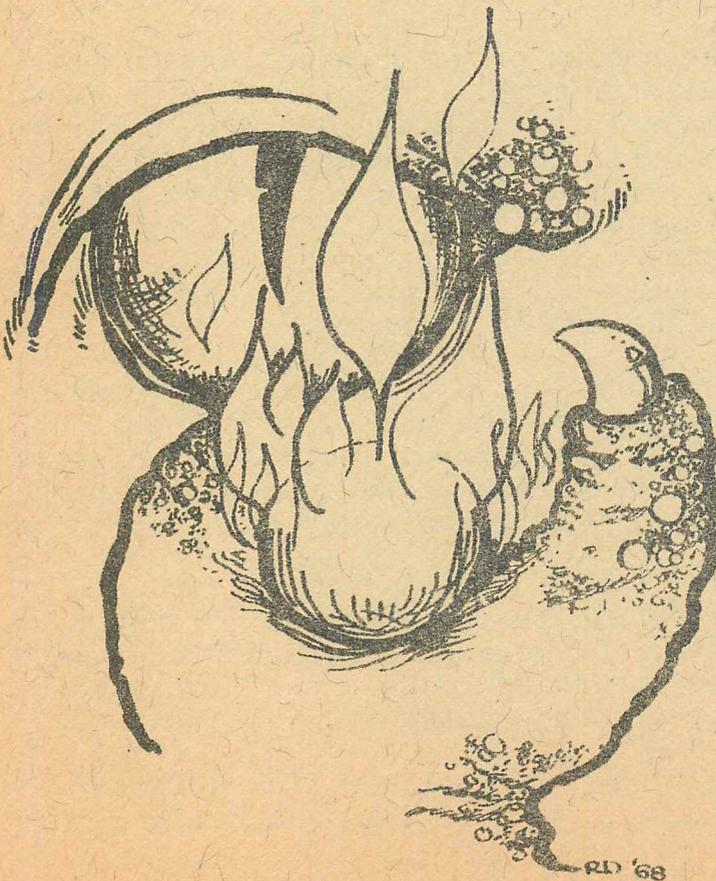
Finally, Batraz returned home to find his wife in bed with a stableboy. He struck off their heads with a single vengeful blow. Wrong. All he did was interchange the position of their entwined arms so that when they awakened, they would realize they had been discovered. This display of unprecedented mildness finished the contest and Batraz was awarded a prize by each clan.

Alas, all this marvelous prudence, self-control, and mercy melted away when misfortune befell the father of Batraz. It seems that Xaemyc had a magic tooth in his jaw. He had only to flash it and women found him irresistible. (The contemporary analogy is too obvious for comment.) But this Casanova of the Caucasus made the mistake of (as the French text so quaintly puts it) of "exercising the puissance of his tooth" upon a married woman who happened to be the wife of the Rich clanchief. The outraged husband had Xaemyc murdered.

Thereupon Batraz fell into an insane frenzy of revenge and began slaughtering everyone in sight: man, woman, child, beast. When he finally came to his senses, he was so overcome with remorse, he only wanted to die. So Batraz perished on a giant funeral pyre and the Nartes were never the same afterwards.

All that is needed to win these preposterous legends the kind of public attention they deserve are the witty ministrations of L. Sprague de Camp. Or if that elegant optimum be unattainable, how about Stan Lee?

--Sandra Miesel



a handful of blueberries



"NAUGHTY BITS"

Life, as the Jefferson Airplane and John Wyndham once put it, is change (how it differs from the rocks). We grow in different senses of the word, learn by experience, and constantly make discoveries. Particularly if we stay open to all the wild possibilities.*

Last year, f'rinstance, I came across what seems to me to constitute an entirely new classification of pornography--to "hard-core" and "soft-core" I propose the addition of "off-core." Ye editors have graciously permitted me to share my discovery with ye readers, provided that I keep in mind that SpanInq, like Kratophany, is a family zine.

Perhaps definitions are in order. Hard-core is fairly obvious. In films it is, as Gardner Dozois once commented, "like watching someone chew 500 times." Soft-core is much the same thing, except that the camera never, ever gives you a clear shot of the mouth, lips or teeth. In literature, a term used loosely here, hard-core is a lot of throbbing and pulsating four-letter words, while soft-core is the same actions considered as waves breaking on the shore and trains entering tunnels.

What, then, is off-core? Well, I define it as something that does not exist primarily for any salacious purpose, but takes on salacious meanings when in certain contexts. In other words, "When correctly viewed, everything is lewd."

It started actually with the aforementioned Gardner Dozois' birthday

*This is a quotation--anyone identifying it will receive a rare copy of Imryrr #1.

Ginjer Buchanan

last year. Anyone who knows and loves Gardner would instantaneously realize that the most appropriate present for him would be something gross. We were considering, for awhile, the inflatable dolls advertised in the back of various publications of a less than savory nature (you know, the magazines Harlan used to sell to regularly). These are soft-core in the advertisements but unquestionably hard-core in use. However, "Linda-your-teenage-friend-with-the-Dynel-ponytail-and-vibrating-hands,-Greek-and-French-features" was quite expensive. And besides, Gardner has cats--nothing in the ad said that Linda had passed the "Ralph Nader Cat Claw Test." So I decided to go look at Barbie dolls, which although I did not realize it at the time, are nevertheless rather offcore anyway. And, in the Barbie doll section of Woolworth's, I found--the Growing-Up Skipper Doll!

The Growing-Up Skipper Doll is a definite bargain, you see, as she is two, two, two dolls in one. There is pre-pubescent Skipper, in her checked gingham dress and maryjanes. Sweet. Demure. And then--you twist her arms around and her tits* grow! The transformation is completed by dressing her in a maxi-skirt and platform shoes.

Now, up front I considered this a bit freaky, but amusing. But when we gave it to Gardner, it was almost instantly appropriated by six-year-old Christopher Casper, who took off the maxi-skirt, platform shoes, et.al., and spent hours twisting Skipper's arm around and around. Imagine, if you will, Chris at age twelve or so playing with the pre-pubescent neighborhood girls...

Then there was the "incident of the Anatomically Correct Doll." About Christmas time, my sister-in-law suggested that a neat gift for her three-year-old son would be a little boy doll, since he was upset that none of his sister's dolls (including Barbie's boyfriend Ken) were "like him." I thought this was a good idea and I researched the subject in Ms. magazine, and did some comparison shopping. The ones I really liked were the Mooks, which are adult rag dolls, sort of non-exhibitionist Uncle Seymours.

A digression for those of you who don't know about it--the Uncle Seymour Has Something to Show You doll is a stuffed doll in a trench coat, which flashes open to reveal stuffed accoutrements. It has caused much controversy. As several women's groups have protested about it. I saw one, finally, in the flesh, as it were, the other night, and concluded that it is definitely soft-core, with possible hard-core implications. Mooks, on the other hand, are off-core.

At any rate, for a three-year-old a Mook didn't seem quite right, so I settled on "Baby Brother Tender Love," having rejected Archie Bunker's Grandson, Joey Stivic. We then went to New Jersey to Toys 'R' Us, a sort of discount toy supermarket, to make the actual purchase. I wandered around 'til I found the Doll Section, and found antire aisle of anatomically correct dolls. In order to make things perfectly clear, they had hung one of each from the ceiling and had removed their tiny little dollie diapers. Imagine, if you can, a row of molded rubber baby boys wearing striped polo shirts and nothing else. Baby Brother

*If anyone objects to the word "tits," I refer you to George Carlin's "Seven Words Which Can't be Said on Television."

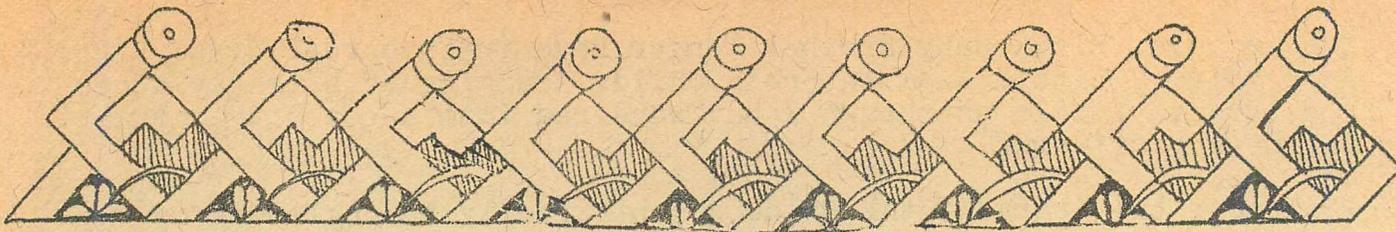
Tender Love, Black Baby Brother Tender Love (with a real Dynel Afro), Joey Stivic, Little Adam Nature's Child. Hanging at slightly above eye level. I felt as though I had wandered into a toy slave market. Definitely off-core.

I suppose the Story of the Dildo doesn't really belong among my supporting evidence, since a whole lot of folk would consider dildoes per se hard-core; I don't particularly. (Ads for vibrators which "sooth and relax tense muscles" are soft-core, though.) When a friend of mine, who shall remain anonymous for discretion's sake ((not Suzle - ST)) ((No, really!)) said she wanted a dildo for her birthday, I saw no reason not to oblige. I took up a collection and headed out for "Eve's Garden," which advertises itself as feminist sex shop. This means that they are discretely located on Madison Avenue in an office building, instead of in the Village in a store front with dayglo erotic zodiac signs displayed in the window. I got there, looked around, and saw a lot of nifty stuff, including every kind of vibrator in the universe. But no dildoes. The salesperson came up; I did the usual "it's for a friend, ha ha," and she went into the "back room," to bring out their selection, which they have specially made. That was what got to me--here I am in a sex shop, forheavanssake, and they keep the dildoes in the back room?! That kind of attitude is, I would say, off-core.

At this point, I suppose that, in order to keep this from being labeled as smut, I should throw in some redeeming social importance. Well, I'm not sure I can--except for a personal statement on pornography. In Night of the Iguana, the defrocked priest asks the spinster if she finds his sexual tastes disgusting and she replies to the effect that she doesn't because they're human and nothing human disgusts her unless it's unkind or violent. I feel much the same. Although it is currantly the acceptable feminist position to reject hard-core as demeaning to women, I've found the hard-core I've encountered (admittedly not much: about five movies and the odd book here and there) demeaning to all the characters involved in reducing them to caricatures of their appetites. The vast majority of soft-core is, I think, just plain funny. Frederick's of Hollywood ads, and a scene in that epitome of trash movies, The Other Side of Midnight, involving a man, a woman, and an ice bucket, are good examples of this. But off-core does disturb me a bit, perhaps because it's intellectually careless. Didn't the managers of Toys 'R' Us stop to think what the row of dolls hanging there looked like? Or, to give another example, what were the editors of Ms. thinking of when they included the banner cover headline, "Nun Accused in Death of Baby," thus reducing their publication to the approximate level of the National Enquirer?

Off-putting: off-core. Look around you; it's everywhere. It may be, as I said in the beginning, a learning and growing experience. But is something like the Skipper doll (an object lesson in twisting arms for fun) the way we want to learn and grow?

--Ginjer Buchanan



The Shroud-Making In

All sorts of little items go to making up an outlook for each of us, gradually. My studies into old myths, symbols and languages changed me a lot from the "little missionary's daughter" that I used to be. Also books and experiences of all kinds, every little thing that happens changes us, of course, imperceptibly.

Among the recent books to influence me are a pair sent me by Linda Bushyager: Joseph Chilton Pearce's two, The Crack in the Cosmic Egg and Exploring the Crack. I've been rereading them very thoughtfully of late, and his closing words in the second book impressed me strongly, read by me just before Danny died--Dan, our third son!

The author concluded:

"God and Death are identical--our death there at (the) 'left-hand' is God himself."

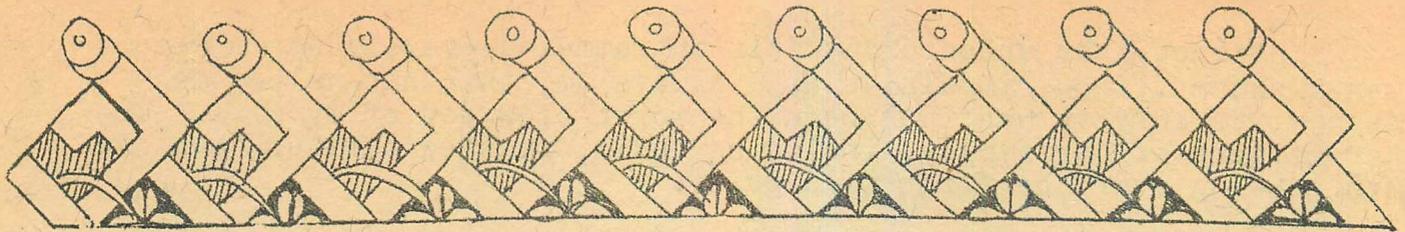
Well! You'd have to read the books to see how this conclusion was reached, but I was impressed at the time and underlined it, to find it again when I might wish. I also then underlined:

"Acceptance of our death creates our first tentative move towards life...for only at that point can God arc the gap of our being, and wake us..."

Thinking back, I am certain I must have accepted my own death "ahead," even when tiny, back in China, having come to terms with the fact early, after various shocks such as one encountered so frequently there. (Deaths around us from cholera, war and so on; grim illnesses in our own family, I too almost dying around the age of nine.)

Since then I have lived intensely and joyously--overwhelmingly at times, just sweeping away the glooms of those around me, which I could not tolerate and would clown if necessary to infect them with my delight. Indeed, I would argue that "happiness is a habit" and one ac-





stinct --- Mae Strelkov

quires it through an act of will at the start, even as I did. I haven't much patience with deliberate whiners and "sufferers" unwilling to "snap out of it," as soon as they can, not even willing to try. Enjoying their shroud of misery...

I call that a form of sulking, sulking over the cosmic joke played on us-strutting-mortals by whatever makes the Universe palpitate like a giant heart!

Accepting the fact of my own death ahead was easy; I regarded it soon as the "final challenge and adventure," the "final entrance into a world of new mysteries." Or, if things grew very dismal for me, "a final escape"! (I had to counter in myself the conditioning that Baptists--as well as Catholics--undergo, terrifying them of Eternal Hell for the least "sin," or failure to be jockeyed into some particular Fold.)

Well, I managed it, I soon had a really neat philosophy keeping me afloat through anything. Anything, that is, save the death of a son! Who could bear that?

I only began to rally after some four months had passed, and I could write then (when doing this piece as a first draft), "Courage is returning to me, to go on; and more--in dreaming each night (when the subconscious mind fixes problems), I have left the nightmares of his dead corpse behind at last, and see him more alive and exuberant even than in his best days, which is comforting." (Well, now I must add--four months later, again--the nightmares do occasionally return, but each time less as I counter them with positive thoughts, as best I can, knowing it is the only thing to do.)

Yes, it is now going on eight months since his death, as I rewrite this, seldom changing anything said the first time, as it still holds true. I went on...



::::: Instinct--the unconscious self untrammelled--really works when given a chance. And, impulsive as I always am, this has helped me even now, to survive what has been the worst blow yet of my life. The other members of our family, including Vadim, reacted earlier than did I, in getting over the first wild grief.

For me it took all winter, but a mother feels it the most as I now have to understand. Flesh-of-my-flesh indeed lies underground where I can but decorate the surface with lovely plants and flowers in the ancient way.

Books, as I say, help me a lot in these wilds where I seldom can exchange speech with anyone outside my own family who'd understand what I might be trying to say. (Letters and fanzines also have come to mean a lot to me!) In another book recently sent me by Trina King, Philip Wylie's An Essay on Morals, he lauds the importance of our animal instincts in making us whole human beings, at last. (I have never doubted it. Identifying with every bird and reptile and beast as I do (and the very plants around us!), I could never "feel" their soullessness as opposed to our "soulfulness, but the feeling that all nature is one is as strong in me as in an Australian aborigine who--when watching a bird or a tree--becomes that bird or tree somehow. I quite understand. It's happened to me on many an occasion, with practice at it ever since I can recall. And it makes life both thrilling and real, though since to experience this you must be all-vulnerable, the adventure can be intensely painful at times. Hard lessons continually present themselves, one after another, to be learned, and Danny's going was the hardest.)

The first instinct, as I now grope back towards the feelings I've known, must be the "burrowing instinct," undoubtedly, shared by us with all mortal creatures, big and small. The sperm swims til it meets its little ovum and the animalcule burrows into the womb's wall.

Yes, you might call "swimming" our very first instinct in a sense, which might explain how often little crawling babies tumble into swimming pools when unwatched, to swim away to softer climes where amniotic fluids prevail...

Swimming...just as planets swim in their orbits in the void and electrons spin or swim in their voids unimaginably small. And we too "swim," as it were, in our brief "bubble of time" within an unfathomable ocean of timelessness on all sides. (The minute behind us has ceased to exist with all its contents, for certain. The instant right ahead has not even begun to exist--there is nothing "beyond" until we create it with our own "goings-on.")

But "swimming" (and spinning) is too far behind and beyond for us to think long on it in search of some lost First Cause we imagine we need to find "solid ground." Those who persist in groping back to First Causes have heads that spin and swim, dizzily, and it's best not to listen much to them, for sanity's sake. Think of the now, the now we inhabit, not the past we cannot revisit, nor of the future that never comes.

At any rate, it's enough to term the burrowing instinct the first one we learn to experience in our brief lives, all of us. It is also our

last...

Then comes the struggle for life and air, when we'd suddenly start drowning if we lingered an hour longer in that unimaginable fluid where we floated so blissfully for those gestative months. This instant is a death more than a birth, in a way. The baby dies to its former peaceful environment; in great pain with its mother's trauma shared by it, it bursts forth into a wide open space, noise and brightness, cold and fear! It burrows again, into safety, a mother's arms, her breasts. (If, as I do believe already now, our Danny has a nice chance at re-birth in my mother's side of my family--to a dear friend of his as a boy--I cannot even think of him lately any longer as a mere "ghost," even if, to his former personality, something new is being added in the new form, once again. His burrowing, now, is into other arms than mine, if this be so, and it makes me glad to hope in it.)

When the baby is over burrowing, it explores its second instinctive gift in life: the "reaching instinct," I'd call it. If not slapped down, it leads to love and all life's pleasures, and to life's hurts as well. ("Fire's hot!" one tells one's baby. "Will you persist in testing it and getting hurt?" The baby persists, but cautiously; and only the tip of the tiny index finger hurts a bit, but the baby's careful not to cry and grins back ruefully at its Ma. If the mother had howled, "Don't or I'll spank you!" the burn would have been bad for the baby, once the mother's back was turned. A child has got to test things for itself, to become "real" and "know-for-sure" everything.)

Yes, and thus a mother will let her child burn a finger, but she tries to be present always to pluck her baby out of a pool when it tries to plunge back into its element, missed subconsciously! That eternal fluid we call amniotic...how recognize without experience that only at certain times can we swim in it naturally, even breathing water as fish do?

There are other instincts much discussed, like the "territorial" one. We all need a corner where we can hide away, just to be ourselves, our very real selves (vulnerable and fragile), for a change. We weary of our constant act as "civilized" persons, forced to play a charade amongst our fellows, to survive. To escape it all, we use what is but the old burrowing instinct again, though we call it the territorial one now. We badly need a corner of our own, be it a mere hole, cave, room, flat, mansion or huge set of estancias (like the oligarchs of South America, who feel cramped if they own less than all that). Poor souls who need to squat over all that territory, defending it constantly from the masses lacking corners on all sides! Better a mere hole than that!

Nonetheless, all too soon the bed narrows, the hole shrinks wherein we have felt safe momentarily. As the old poem went:

Death devours all lovely things;
Lesbia and her sparrow
Share the darkness.
Presently,
every bed is narrow.

I don't recall the author, nor the author of the following poem I also have always remembered from childhood:

Too soon, too soon,
Comes death to show,
We love more deeply than we know.
(How few of us dare handle love and its demands with poise.)

At any rate, it is as though we all have a "prophetic instinct," or perhaps we remember instinctively our racial or personal "pasts," right back into dim antiquity in other forms. I know I have felt the poignancy of poems like the above since earliest youth, knowing their truth, yet to be experienced one day. It gave me but a fleeting sorrow, for I saw still more--beyond; and there lay a brilliance, too--again! (Like Day and Night--and a new Day.)

Other leading instincts we cannot safely deny include the mating one, and the nest-making one; and so on. (More aspects of the old burrowing instinct, what else?)

One learns to cope with them all, turn by turn, and still survive and like it!

Then comes the shroud-making one.

I don't recall seeing it discussed in any book of psychology, but then out here I've had little chance to delve into all that! Ah, the researches done by me into the God-making (ancestor-worshipping) instinct would fill books, nonetheless. I've watched it all happen wherever I went, China formerly, South America now since 1936.

But I think we'll leave this God-making instinct undiscussed for now, though the ancestor-worshipping one is so neatly related and older for sure, so it has to be recognized. Call it an aspect of the shroud-making instinct I'm now discussing, for is not that what it is? (Are not the hallowed relics in churches aspects of the same, too?)

The shroud-making instinct is, I insist, but an offshoot of the nest-making instinct (or, in turn, the old burrowing one). You want to wrap up safely in a new sort of cocoon the lost baby (no matter its age or its size, but a symbolic state of babyhood has been reached anew when lifelessness takes over a human body).

The ancients did this well, and had special terms and symbols for it, I studied long since. KPK and PKP type terms for same abounded and suggested infernal deities as a result. "Bag" and "pack" terms also resulted everywhere.

We nowadays turn over the dismal task to morticians in our so-called "Christian lands," and yet we do resent their unhallowed (and almost derisively done) "cheap" job, when performed. (Cheap in quality, never in cost.)

But since the mother of the family is no longer allowed to do what primitives, "heathens and savages," or pioneers do or did--thus assuaging grief by such actions--we must put up with the grim impersonalness of pseudo-rituals of every type, and the ugly, long-faced smirking of morticians included, reckoning your worth while they sigh, to make sure they'll charge you not a cent less than they can extract out of you.

Yes, it is all so ugly...a shock! But my needs were not so easily set aside. And, to start with, we scornfully rejected the eager offer of the funeral parlor to supply us with costly wreaths. ("But you must! It'll look bad if you have no wreaths--at least a couple, from the "mourning hermanos y padres!"")

Instead, we came back up to these hills to make our own wreaths from the autumnal plants and shrubs Danny loved, and whose symbolism I knew or suspected. "Ivy, for the hero," and so on...the wreaths thus created with love, all Nature giving Her bounty to us with sympathy, as we worked. (And later, the plants I collected here to plant on the grave started blooming there exuberantly, more alive than the parent plants ever seemed to be back up here.)

Back then, when only eighteen weeks had passed, I had only one comfort...an ancient one, for even Cro-magnon and his predecessors (or "opponents" like Neanderthal) used bone needles. I took up my long neglected sewing-basket and a packet of steel needles "made-in-Japan" and asked Vadim to buy thread in abundance (Lord is it costly) and started to stitch...and stitch! Sewing up anything, mending old clothing nobody really wanted any more, then making more quilts, to keep on...

I'd done this when my parents-in-law died in 1972 (age 88, she was, and he followed her in short months, age 93). In pity for them and their lives lived so emptily and futilely, I wept and sewed and wept and laughed, remembering them in every detail as I washed their stacks of old clothes (so shabby, though treasured by them for half a century in some cases, and more), and transformed them into beautiful new quilts, gradually, all sewn by hand (for I haven't a machine!) How many stitches? As many as the minutes of their lives, maybe... Endlessly on and on!

This was not the happy sewing experienced during the rule of the nest-making instinct. I was no longer sewing or knitting new baby things. It was definitely the shroud-making instinct at work now in me. I recognized it as such even while I sewed.

Indeed, before the shroud-making instinct left me, back in 1972, I had made at least 16 patchwork quilts (after which I lost count, joining several small ones into bigger ones, and so on, till I was muddled). I made some out of the incredible stacks of hoarded clothing we'd had to tote after the oldsters all over the globe, because they refused to part with a scrap, even when buying new stuff regularly.

(Trunks and trunks they had. Funny cutaway dress-suits from Russia, lovely old silks from China; but much too worn for any use by now, save as patches in quilts, that would soon need repairing--as I've since found necessary, already.)

The family wanted to cram the rubbish into dozens of sacks and furtively find some place in the wilds (some cave or crevice), into which to stuff them forever out of view. They were not for giving away...it would have insulted a peon, even, to be given that sort of junk. So what could I do? I wouldn't tolerate the furtiveness of stealing forth with bags of precious rubbish--Gran and Grannie's "memories," as they called same themselves in the past, and grew offended when I used to grin impishly, amused. I made up for my lack of understanding in youth by valuing belatedly now what they'd valued!

Since they could no longer stand guard over a long lifetime of "treasures," evoking precious memories, I must do so for them now. We couldn't bury their things as well as their poor bodies, though it is the custom in some primitive tribes to bury all the dead one's possessions with the body. (But modern cemeteries won't allow THAT!)

So I did my best, compromising for months and months, cutting, ripping, washing, piecing, until the quilts took shape. And I'd recognize the scraps, remember each story linked with same for my in-laws' sakes, weep or laugh as the case might be. And--yes--I was making their shrouds, that way, but more, I was "demonstrating" something to the deity Christians anthropomorphized.

Yes! said I, to this "god" with each stitch. "I'm turning rubbish into useful quilts. Kindly turn useless souls into new good souls. I expect it of you, and I expect no less, Amen!"

And added at times with a little cry of old remembered pain, "And, please, NO HELL! We've suffered enough, haven't we? And if we must suffer more to learn to be decent, let it be in mortality, not eternity, Amen."

I said much the same thing last August of 1976, which was in our mid-winter, but was so unusually hot and dry that the entire Sierras caught fire. As I beat out nearby flames while Vadim and the peones fought flames elsewhere around, I was soon so scorched in arms and face and soles-of-the-feet, I almost shouted in my wild need to fight swiftly.

"Thus may the flames of hell be extinguished, God, too!" Which doubled my energy to fight the more, until it was almost a spiritual experience, as though the whole Cosmos watched; and I'll say it was healthily traumatic, helping me get over the other shock, somewhat, of loss so recently.

And I also recognized that as I beat out the tall flames in the pajabrava grasses, using green pine-branches I'd torn off the old pines behind me (themselves in danger of burning), I was conducting a sort of private mental auto-da-fe, or magical ritual, whacking at all the old codgers who run their religious businesses by frightening the poor "lost lambs" with awful visions of torment eternally awaiting them all. I was whacking them, the old codgers, mentally! (Wonder if they felt

it, sympathetically, right then? That would have been fun, wouldn't it?

Really, the so-called keys of Heaven and Hell should not be used as aces in running any earthly show, I feel!

:::Well! And now as I rewrite this, it's December, December which I've been dreading ever since May, because December for us used to mean Danny--always homing like a faithful pigeon at that time to make sure we put up a Christmas tree, and that I baked the special goodies he loved ever since he could recall. Then came the cider and the popping corks and he, aiming them at his sisters and brothers in wild glee! And all the rest of it, at New Year too. (He liked to have fireworks also in the garden, shooting wildly into the distant velvet, dark night.)

Well, and so here it comes again, Christmas and New Year, which I would like to ignore. I never liked Christmas, not since 1936, when my in-laws chose to make of it a dismal celebration, evoking their "lost joys," for us all every time. Danny countered it deliberately, I guess, with his incorrigible spirits and fun.

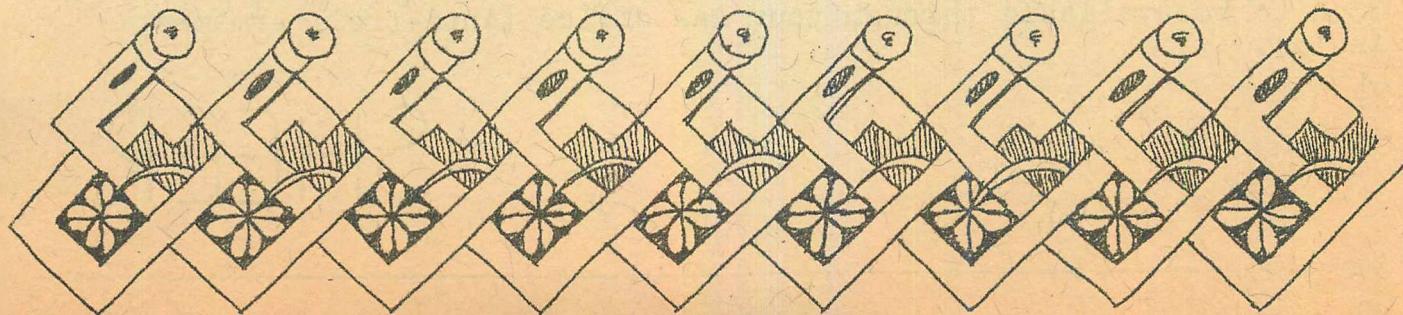
Danny was the Puklay, the holy fool of the Andean people, of our family, just as his grandparents were the old PK-type ancestors who sat around so solemnly. But the three are gone: Danny and the oldsters who learned at last to value him, not loathe him for his clownlike nature, since in that he took after me. They are all gone, and we in turn are going, as we travel along all of us irrevocably forward in our fleeting "Bubble of Time."

And I am through with my stitching; I have put all my sewing once again away--hopefully for a good, long time! I have taken up my brushes and will be sending out hecto-art in trade anew for all the wonderful fanzines that come in, I hope, in 1977 and on, for a bit...

Danny's clothes were brought to us soon after he died, by the friend whose apartment he shared in Cordoba town. They were all neatly folded and carefully tended by him, and clean. No "washing-of-the-dead-one's-clothes" in this case, though to do so is to be faithful to the mores of antiquity. (It was an old Quechuan ritual, too.) By now Tony is wearing most of these nice garments and looks fine in them. (He is so eerily like Danny when Danny was 16!)

I look at him at times puzzled. I look at everything this way...puzzled as anything. "What's behind it all?" I think, again and again, and the answers flocking in are very strange. The Universe is stranger than we can think, our scientists now tell us...stranger than we can possibly imagine. But I accept!

--Mae Strelkov





Mike O'Brien I'm sure you'll
1642 W. Morse, #1S never guess
Chicago, IL 60626 what appeared
on my doorstep
the other day. Yes, it was a clod
of dirt from the mailman's shoe,
which he dropped there (the clod
(of dirt, I mean, not the mailman),
I mean, not the shoe) as he was
putting the latest copy of SpanInq
in the mailbox, where it belonged.
After all, who'd want to read a
fanzine after it had been stepped
on all day? I mean, isn't that
what happens to things left on
doorsteps? Maybe that explains why
"The Thing on the Doorstep" looked
so awful. So would you, if people
had been walking on you all day.

Notice how witty I've gotten...and
the fanzine isn't even out of the
mailbox yet. The double set of
parentheses in the last paragraph
I can only attribute to too many
idle minutes spent watching the
fellow in the next office program-
ming in LISP, which is at least
half made up of parentheses. About
the only thing I can say for it is
that it makes sense--on some level,
at least.

any direction you try to guide him, but when he gets close to the door
it's tougher and tougher. If there are doors in every direction, then
he'll be easy to get moving and hard to keep moving. Simple, no? But
a terrible way to design a bar.

The folks who brought you Confuse-a-Cat, Ltd. and Bewilder-Beast, now
bring you Traduce-a-Troll. The idea is simple: you receive a sticky
plastic peel-off decal and funny paper hat for every state through
which you travel, which allows you to impersonate the trollway offi-
cials in that state. Slap on the decal and the hat as you pull up to
the gate, and on your merry way you go, with no muss, fuss or bother.
Soon to be available through your AAA office (Anti-troll Armament
Ass'n).

SHEEP

Concerning dyes for writing with, it is also fun to go the opposite way, as I discovered in high school. Take a water-soluble black magic marker, and swirl it in a small amount of water (a half-full 50 ml beaker works great). Then take a strip of paper towel (cheap institutional kind works best--not overly absorbent) about $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and 3" long, and trail it out of the beaker. In just a few moments you'll have a gorgeous panoply of blues, greens, aquas and the like as the various dyes that make up "black" separate out along the strip. Kromatography for Kids.

Jon's inventory forgot my little invention--the digital mood watch. It tells you the time you wish it was.

I enjoy that fellow. He may be moving to Chicago about the same time I'm moving to the West Coast. There is no truth to the rumor that we're getting together to form the Technological Institute of Insanity. No. We may wangle a contract to computerize the Chicago Flower Show, however...

((How about teaching moose to program PDP-11s?))

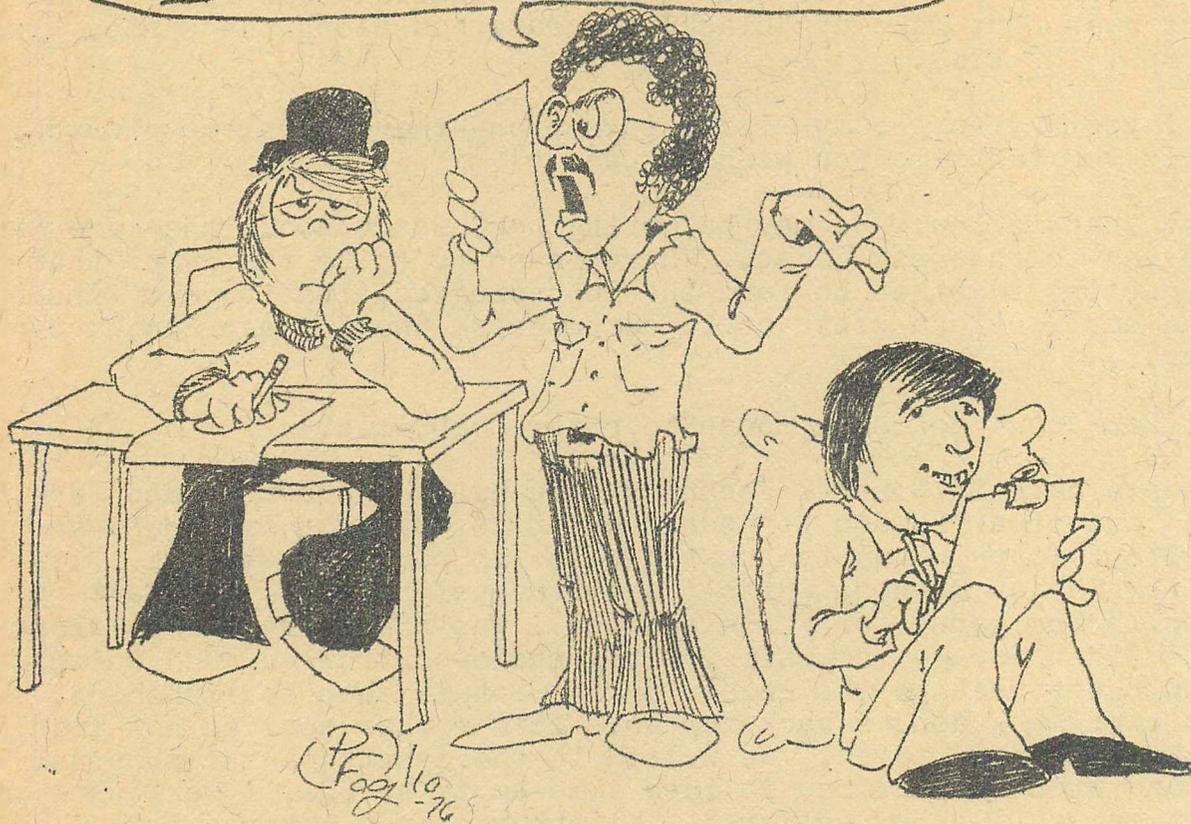
The people here in General Technics have built a robot (named "Joe," of course) out of a "Lawson torpedo," which is one of those round garbage cans with a flap in the top that you see in public restrooms. Its unveiling was at Marcon, which I unfortunately missed, but last night at a collating party for Pyro-Technics I was privileged to be along on its maiden voyage in public. It's radio-controlled, and we walked it down the street to the local Dunkin' Donuts shop for munchies. We let it carry the donuts back for us. It's rather amazing how little attention was paid to it. We walked it the length of the shop and back, and when someone ran it into some empty stools, I went back to free it and said, "New driver." The other people never even looked up. Maybe we really won't have any trouble with the advent of robots. They're thinking of putting a microprocessor and a loudspeaker and camera on it, so we can send it down to register for us at cons, and send it out for food. Nice if it works.

Jennifer Bankier I am writing to express my enjoyment of the
485 Huron St, #406 pseudo-passage from The Year the Worldcon Came
Toronto, Ont M5R 2R5 to Flushing at p. 36 of SpanInq 9. It is won-
derful to find a piece of humor on feminists that combines empathy,
understanding and wit, after a continuous diet of put-downs. The
author of this passage clearly understands the difference between
laughing with and laughing at people. I feel no obligation to laugh
at humor that puts women down, but welcome humor that is based upon
sympathetic knowledge of the people concerned, which unfortunately is
very rare. Who is "Oliver St John Gogarty"?

((Jerry is. He was heavily affected by conversations at Confu-
sion, which seemed to revolve about A Woman's APA.))

IN THE WAINSCOTTING

WE CAN'T USE THIS! IT'S TOO ELABORATE!
 FOR THIS WE'D HAVE TO OFFSET, OR AT LEAST
 ELECTROSTENCIL. WHY CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING
 SIMPLE AND VAGUE LIKE STU? WE CAN REPRO
HIS STUFF WITH SILLY PUTTY.



Alan Bostick
 46 Arboles
 Irvine, CA 92715

Loren MacGregor's Norse myth was pretty good. I've heard the story before, but Loren's literary style adds a flavor that was lacking in the version I had come across. A brief note for all you myth buffs:

this wasn't the only time that Loki had changed his form to some female creature and got pregnant. It is my understanding that he was doing this all the time, and that many of the bizarre creatures that plagued the Norse gods were Loki's offspring. In fact, I cannot think of any time when Loki turned himself into anything that wasn't female. He had odd sexual tastes, I understand.

Jon Singer's column was, I have to admit, something of a disappointment to me. After Technofunnies and such, fountain pen ink made from organic dyes and homemade tensor lamps just don't send me. And to top it off, Jon has the audacity to palm off a couple of paragraphs on SCUBA diving on the reader. That stuff is old hat to me, even the bit about exploding teeth. Perhaps I'm being a bit harsh on him, seeing that I hold a certification for diving, and that my father goes out diving with someone practically every weekend. Technical details about diving might not be boring to you hicks in New York. Still, the least Jon could have done would have been to talk about some of the neater things about diving technology, like how oxygen is really

a poison gas. Also, Jon made a goof in talking about nitrogen narcosis. The condition starts to become hazardous at about 150-200 feet, not 350-400 as Jon says. The problem is caused by nitrogen being absorbed by the fatty cells that sheath nerve fibers. This happens with any inert gas, and is somewhat related to molecular weight. Heavy inert gases like krypton and xenon are anaesthetic at atmospheric pressures because of this Helium is used for deep diving because it is so light in weight, and hence the effect is mildest.

((All this diving news is news to us, and, we suspect, most of our readers, so both Jon's column and your addenda are fresh and amusing.:::We halt Alan Bostick's letter to bring you news about SpanInq. The drawing to your left, depicting one of our editorial meetings, came about some months ago, the result of a visit from Phil Foglio. He and Stu Shiffman did a short series of cartoons, in fact, which you will find on succeeding pages. Now back to Alan.))

Patrick Hayden makes some remarks I cannot resist challenging in the lettercol. To say that Nero was a "monstrous tyrant" simply because the concept of empire is in itself tyrannical is somewhat ridiculous, in my view. I think Curlovich's portrait of the man was quite accurate. It is easier for me to believe in the existence of an egotistical political incompetent than in a man who coldly and calculatingly plots to be cruel and tyrannical. People have their flaws in their characters, true, but I have never heard of a truly evil man, neither in my own personal experience nor in my reading of history. Only a fool will call a man pure evil because of his occupation, which he might have been forced into against his will, as was the case with Nero (he wanted to be an artist, remember?). Also, if, as Patrick maintains, empires are "sicko systems which either expand or collapse," why is it that the Persian empire survived healthily until it was conquered by Alexander, who was building his own empire? Or why did the Eastern Roman empire last seven hundred years longer than the Western empire? The use of Nazi Germany as an example isn't quite valid. Germany had been crippled by the Versailles Treaty and the great depression, and the total-war economy that got it back on its feet was more the personal responsibility of Hitler than any general property of empires. For a "sicko system," empire seems to have worked pretty well over the history of civilization.

And as for Voluntarist Anarchism, if you show me an anarchist society that not only prospers independently of its surroundings but can defend itself from its neighbors (with their well-trained conscripted military forces), then and only then will I believe that anarchy is the way to go (my own view of perfect government is benevolent dictatorship, but where are you going to find a dictator who is benevolent?).

((On the subject of an anarchy's abilities at self-defense, Jerry suggests you read Homage To Catalonia, by George Orwell.:::We just happened to have Patrick Hayden crashing here while we were preparing the letter column, and he requested the chance to respond to Alan here. The address is temporary.))

Patrick Hayden, C/O Kaufman
880 W. 181st St, 4D
New York, NY 10033

Ouch. Alan is right on the subject of empires, of course: attempts to generalize a consistent pattern out of history



have a curious tendency to fall flat on their faces under scrutiny, whether they're by Karl Marx, Oswald Spengler or Patrick Hayden.

On Nero, though, I have to disagree. Evil is as evil does, to manufacture a cliché, and I can't help but wonder as to what any human being could possibly do for Alan to regard her or him as truly evil, given the standards he seems to be working under. Certainly it is easier to believe in Nero as simply misguided and foolish, if you're determined to believe in good as the natural state of mankind, but for me, to regard good as a passive quality and evil as an active one requires an act of faith which I'm not prepared to

make. Both evil and good are things that we volitionally choose to do or not do, and it is according to the choice of individuals to do one or the other that we must refer to them as "being" good or evil. (Please note, though, that at no time did I refer to Nero as "pure evil," as Alan implies: this is a red herring. To incarnate pure evil, if indeed such a thing is possible, would take more determination and grit than Nero could have ever possessed.)

As to the idea that poor Nero was physically forced into being emperor, I have to chuckle. If Nero really wanted to avoid being put into a position which required that he commit mass murders regularly, I'm sure he could have found some way to use his imperial power and riches to transport himself somewhere a decent distance from the city of Rome, and conveniently vanish. Sorry, but it doesn't wash.

Finally, with regard to anarchism: that's a long and involved argument, much of which is usually spent attempting to disabuse the opponent of his notions as to what I think in the first place. Elsewhere, eh?

Lynnette Parks
1540 West Rosemont, #3E
Chicago, IL 60660

I think that you are mistaken about Seattle becoming the cultural mecca of the seventies; I would put a handful of other cities way before it. I believe that Chicago is taking the place that New York once held as far as art and music are concerned, without many of the horrible sides that New York has. I don't intend to live the rest of my life here, but I still have reservations about Seattle being much more than a pleasant West Coast town. Jon Singer has been trying to talk me into moving there in the next few years, while I still have my eye on Minneapolis...we will probably end up in New York (yuch), just watch! Seriously, I don't understand how anyone can tolerate New York, it is so grotesque; even the nice parts aren't all that nice. However, you rotten things, you do have Chinatown. Even though the Chinese food here is every bit as good if you look for it, it tends to be a bit more expensive.

((Jerry here: I was being a bit tongue-in-cheek about Seattle being the cultural Mecca of the seventies, having picked up the phrase from a weekly newspaper there. Seattle is a major center of cultural affairs, however, giving us Ray Mungo, the Wagner Festival, Mark Robey, Tom Robbins and The Pacific Northwest Review of Books.

Pretty good for a town of 500,000. As for Chicago, what has it given us lately besides David Mamet?::: You have lived in New York, have you? My impression has been that you've ducked in and out of New York without really experiencing its wonders. I don't regret my years here, and I will probably come back at odd intervals. When I think of City, with all the dirt, beauty, freakishness, corruption and life, I think New York. Even dying, this is The City.))

Ah, YES,
SHIFFMAN'S REVENGE, A
DIGESTIVE PROBLEM BROUGHT
ON BY EATING SPAGHETTI
BOILED IN HUDSON RIVER WATER.
WHAT A HIDEOUS WAY TO GO.



Alex Krislov
3694 Strandhill Rd
Shaker Hts, OH 44122

Showing proper respect, I decided to read thish in order, something I rarely do. Good thing, too. Ah, Jerry, Suzle, you sly devils. Placing Singer right in front of Curlovich was an evil stroke of genius. On the fine art of inhaling helium, Singer explains that, "if the fillings in your teeth are not extremely tight, the helium will diffuse in behind them...The result is a bad toothache if you

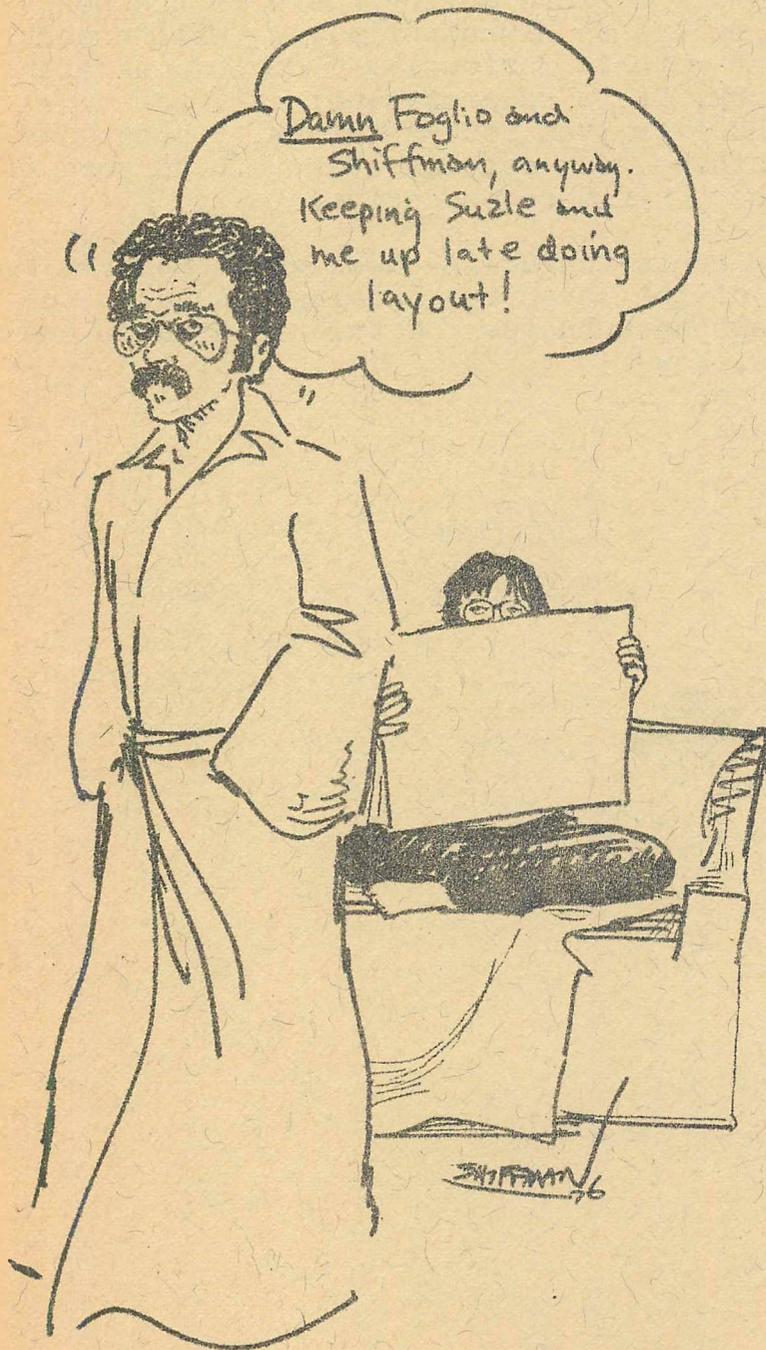
are fortunate, and exploding teeth if not." And right after that, we get Curlovich's amiable bitching about the Presidential nomination speeches. My god! What would mickeymouse voices do to our "prominent" politicians? And exploding teeth! Holy shit, exploding teeth! Think of Jimmy Carter!

It makes me wonder: what is the jail sentence for "assaulting the President with an embarrassing gas"?

I was going to type, "More seriously, though," right about here, and then make some ridiculously intellectual remarks on Curlovich's column--but why bother? I'd rather sit and dream of politicians in helium-filled rooms.

Placement isn't everything, however. Timing is important too. What kind of extrasensory power do the two of you have, anyway? How'd you do it? What I wanna know is this...how'd you know that I'd reach Transylvania in Merrie Old Lexington--and then finish Jeff Schalles' piece? So Jeff never knew about the Confederate Memorial Day, huh? Of course, it's not really a Memorial

Day, it's Jefferson Davis' birthday. And Jeff Davis, like yours truly, is an alum of Transylvania. And, reading the piece, I sat thinking, sitting in the lobby of Jefferson Davis Dormitory, the Frat Dorm. (The Independent Dorm is named after one of Transylvania's old teach-



ers, Henry Clay.)

The celebration of Davis' birthday at T-vania took place a month early each year so it would coincide with the prom night of our supersouthern fraternity boys, the Kappa Alphas. The Good Old Boys would parade around in Confederate uniforms, while their belles wore hoop skirts and white lace. Our few blacks, naturally, would vanish for the weekend, and a certain nostalgic chaos tyrannized the campus. The boys and belles would vanish themselves on Saturday night, only to return Sunday morning, their Greys and Whites bedecked with beer and vomit. But by afternoon they'd all be up again, and drunk, and the girls were once more unsoiled, and the men, if not clean, were unconcerned. Confederate flags unrolled like red carpets from windows in the women's dormitory. The Kappa Alphas, like annual clockwork, would form into a wedge, storm the flagpole and replace the Red, White and Blue with the colors of the Confederacy. Then they'd sit around the pole in a circle of brooding Grey, daring any damn-yankee to try and put things aright.

Oh, we considered it. As Sunday afternoon approached the small group of Northern-born campus intellectuals would gather, plotting ways to head off the lads in Grey. But they were all farmer's sons, twelve feet high and four wide (two feet thick at the chest, three at the bellies). And we were tiny and skinny. With only one exception, Noah Powers... who was unfortunately an American Indian with no overbearing love for the Stars and Stripes. So, on a single weekend every year, the South Would Rise Again.

In other words, then, Jeff Schalles should get out of Pennsylvania more often. This is a strange country.

Is there really a fanzine called Sfincter? You're just kidding, right? Right? (Oh my god, you're not, are you?)



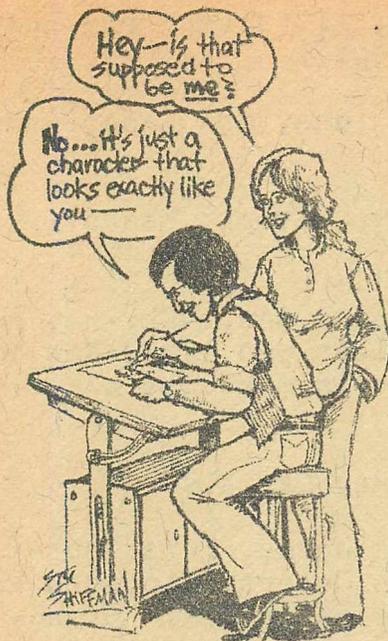
((Sfincter was a newszine with a gossipy, flip approach to the news. It seems safe to say that it has folded. The closest thing to it now is Tweek, edited by Farber, Hayden, Logan and McEvoy, at 3 for a buck. If anyone wants it, you can sub care of us. I'm much too lazy to look up the East Lansing addresses, and as of this writing, Hayden is still with us.))

George Flynn I must protest Jon Singer's "Off the Trolls," which
27 Sowamsett Ave seems to me a deplorable example of racial prejudice.
Warren, RI 02885 The premise that troll assault is a serious problem
 is probably an old wives' tale; after all, has any-
one you know ever been eaten by a troll? The stories about trolls no
doubt originated with people who mistrusted and feared them because of
their unusual habits (due, of course, to their unfortunate physio-
logical affliction). Furthermore, it is surely illegal to petrify
trolls in this country without due process of law, since trolls must
qualify as "persons" under the 14th amendment. (I shall refrain from
giving my specualtions on the number of votes that may already be cast
by trolls in certain jurisdictions.) And finally, it occurs to me
that there are many fans who party all night at cons but are nowhere
to be seen in the daytime; you don't suppose...?

Moving right along, let's look at this idea of illuminating the moon
with lasers in a slightly different way from Jon. Take the premise
that we're going to illuminate the moon equivalently to sunlight at
the earth's surface. Since the moon's area is about 7% of the earth's,
the power reaching the moon would also be about 7% of that delivered
to the earth by the sun. But if efficiency is 50% (at best!), at
least this much energy must be thrown away on the earth, equivalent to
increasing insolation by 7% or more. It can confidently be said that
the climatological effects would not be negligible. In other words,
melting icecaps, anyone? I don't think I'd care to draw up the envi-
ronmental impact statement on this project.

But enough of Jon. As it happens, though, my next comment is on Har-
ry Warner's letter (so much for the rest of the columns and articles),
and involves the same subject. Seriously this time, of course. Har-
ry wonders why "nothing serious" (to climate and ecology) has come of
all the waste heat from all the fossil fuels we've already burned.
Well, outside of the fact that such effects do exist in limited areas
(such as the L.A. basin), overall they're just at the threshold of
significance: maybe 1% of the heat from sunlight, enough to raise the
temperature only a fraction of a degree. But energy use has been
growing exponentially, and would no doubt continue to do so if given
the opportunity (like "virtually unlimited energy"); exponential
processes don't take long to get from the just-detectable to the ca-
tastrophic stage. And with the rate doubling every decade or two...

Ray Davis SpanInq is a terrific zine and just chock-full of
Box 333 fun. Don't get me wrong, I like this zine. But
Braymer, MO 64624 there seems to be a lack of new and/or controver-
 sial ideas among the general merriment. What I'm
wondering is whether this lack represents editorial ideals or whether
the contributors just don't happen to be contributing that sort of
thing. Ah, well, damn fine job anyway...



the moon and the dirt and the salty water for about 8,000 continuous years without anthropomorphising it and Socrates would be alive today.

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave
Sacramento, CA 95841

The injoke cover by Stu Shiffman is beyond my understanding. Is that a Killer Bunny or one of the garden variety? Is Spaning asparagus anything like a Krat avocado? Since the curly head does resemble yours, the other must be a reasonable approximation of Suzle. The art is too nice to be called just another "odd bit of art." Of course, this isn't Energumen! You don't plan on folding this zine in the near future, do you?

((You're sweet, Laurine. The bunny was left over from the SF Expo at the Playboy Hotel in Great Gorge, New Jersey. The asparagus came from the remark in #7/8 that Jon Singer was the only living human who could turn a stalk of asparagus into a laser. And yes, we are folding this zine.))

Grant Canfield draws some of the most adorable dumb animal faces. What a great rabbit on page 16!

Jeff Schalles' article is FASCINATING.

((Joining Laurine in her letter was:))

Terry Whittier
3809 Meramonte Way
N. Highlands, CA 95660

Here I am, paging through an otherwise innocent and unassuming mag. and I am assailed (eagerly, I can assure you) by "37¢ of Wonder." Ahhh, sweet porno. And what's this? Norse mythology is better than smut? Male gods who change into female horses (with prehensile hooves?) who get it on and good stuff. (A colt with eight legs?) I can't wait to find out how the Greeks Do It.

((Well, the Greeks invented, in the form of a shower of coins, the infamous Golden Shower.))

I notice a Gary Goldstein illo of a rabbit disgruntledly trying to get rid of a copy of Watership Down. I can't blame him. I was bored to tears by the dumb thing. It was a very interesting piece of romantic fantasy, but personally extremely insipid-seeming. I guess I don't know anything about literature, 'cause it was widely touted, praised, and generally promoted. I guess that rabbit pictured must have had no taste, either. Look at how he's dress--everyone knows that rabbits don't dress in overalls and stand upright like Homo Saps. I rest my case.

Laurine White ((gets the last word)): Terry probably wouldn't like Shar-dik either. Bears would be no more inspirational to him than rabbits. He doesn't know that I got the last word in here.

Rich Coad
1735 47th Ave
San Francisco, CA 94122

Can you possibly forgive me if I say at the outset that, with the exception of "The Year the Worldcon Came to Flushing" and Stu's cover (I do believe I'd recognize Suzle now), I wasn't exactly overwhelmed by SpanInq 9? It's not that you've put out a bad issue in absolute terms, just one lacking the true excellence of the last two (or three). For instance, like all good fans, I turn immediately to the editorials after ego-skimming. And what do I find? Jerry has written a long colophon and Suzle a reminiscence. Hardly the stuff to generate large comment. In fact, the only hook I find is Jerry's mention of Seattle, which (despite the old joke) I can't see as the cultural Mecca of anywhere except maybe Canada.

Next, still following the natural fannish order, I turn to the letter column--which has been, horrors, so well edited as to leave no loose ends. Desperately now, I turn to Jon Singer's article. This I know I won't understand. Surprise! Not only do I grasp what Jon is writing about, but I find much of it amusing, though the bit about explosive teeth is a bit hard to take as I've just undergone root canal treatment.

"Ahh," I think next, "Loren MacGregor on vile filth will be fun." And he was, too. For pure, unadulterated smut, though, the Norse can't hold a candle to the Sumerians. (What they could do with the candle I'm not going to say.)

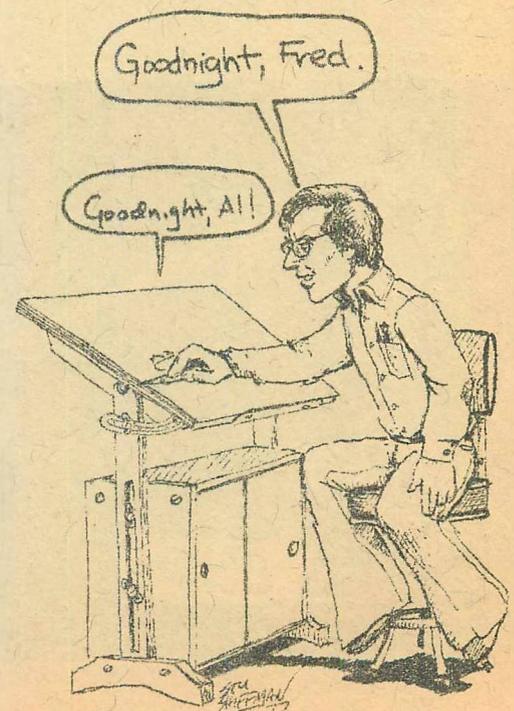
Curlovich on politics is almost as assinine as Curlovich on fiction. More to the point, however, is whether anybody cares? About politics, I mean, not Curlovich. The only interesting political activity I've heard of lately is when the American Nazi Party opened a bookstore a few blocks from here across the street from a synagogue. As I passed by every day on my way to work I got to see the progression of the facade from a newly painted swastika on Monday to a boarded-up, burned-out shell on Friday. We may want to deny it, but the quick punch to those we don't like is a truer representation of American politics than either Carter or Ford.

Schalles' article smacked too much of elitism for my taste. Why should the workers break their asses when, except for friendship and other human contact, it's all meaningless, anyway? Thanks for making it a bit less meaningless.

Stuart Gilson
745 Townsend Ave
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3T 2V5

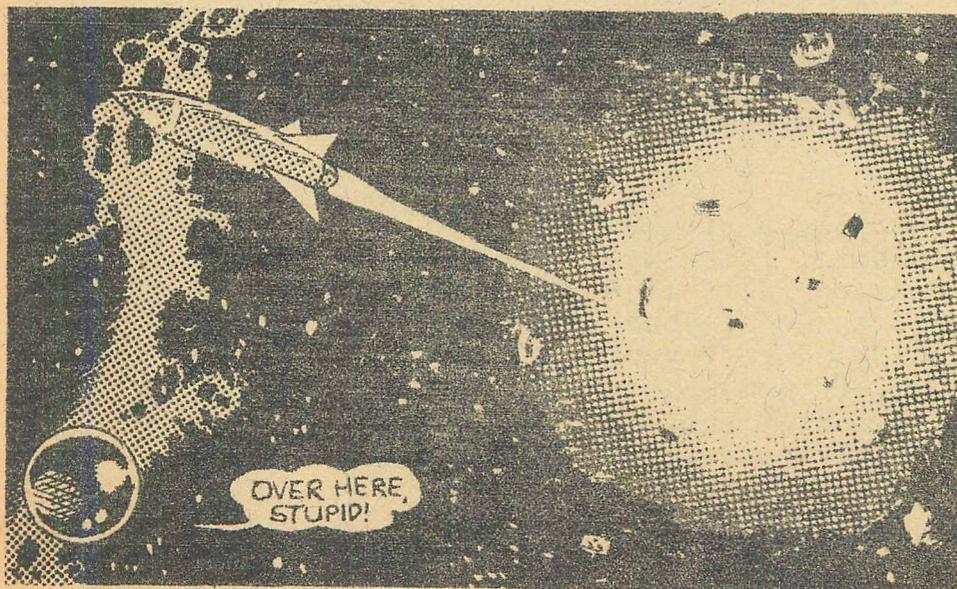
Generally a nicely readable, relaxing (come on in, fellow fen, take off your shoes and rest your

feet...) issue this time, if somewhat lower keyed than the previous issue. The artwork was consistently good (or at the very least, competent), and its faanish nature appropriate in view of the similar tone to the articles, though I would have liked to have seen at least a smidgen of artwork with a



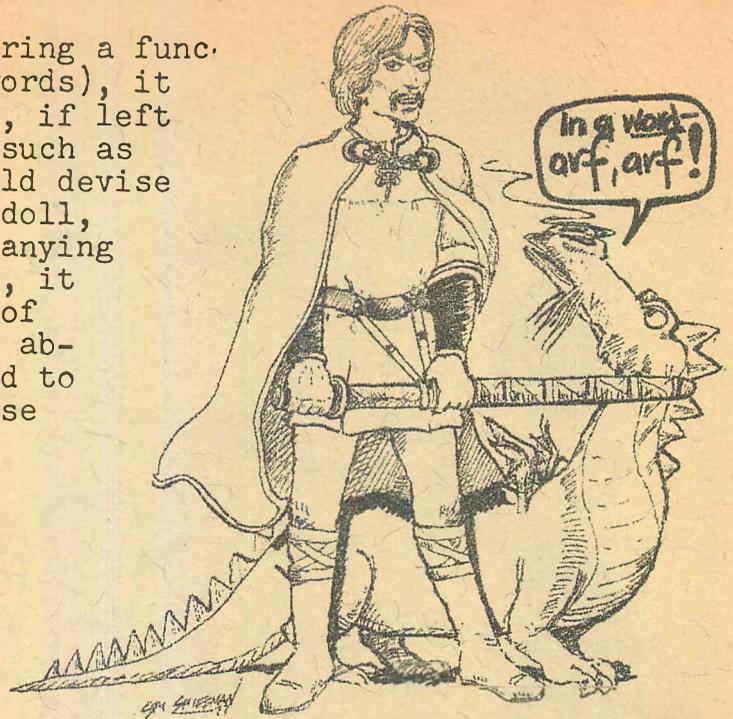
"serious" character to it, such as the magnificent DiFate cover of last issue. Still, this is a minor point with little bearing on the product as it presently stands: easygoing, eminently faanish, and never in danger of taking itself too seriously. I daresay no one would have it any other way.

John Curlovich's column, while it rang of truth all too clearly, didn't really contain material that far removed from what has already been thrashed about by the journalists and political analysts intimately involved in the affair. In fairness to John, however, I must agree with him on the matter of the growing tendency of American society (and, of course, all similar societies) to seek simple answers to complex problems that threaten its ability to function; and as the influence of technological--and with it, social--change becomes more and more pronounced and extends far beyond our understanding and ability to regulate it with specific measures, these problems have necessarily grown still more complex. This tendency, far from being the root cause of epidemic social unrest, however, is more likely symptomatic of a phenomenon of a higher order: the crippling inability of individuals to comprehend the incredible magnitude and intricacy of society, the economy, politics, and various other institutions which have, quite simply, become too involved and inter-related to make understanding them possible, at least with an exactness delicate fine tuning requires. Small wonder Carter and Ford displayed such ignorance in their grasp of the issues, and, in turn, confusion when called upon to commit themselves on specific concerns. Of course the quality of leadership has also demonstrated a visible decline, and perhaps to this dilemma there is no solution, especially since one would expect the more able and intelligent people to shy away from politics because of its aforementioned headaches. This is actually nothing new; Keynesian economists (including, for instance, John Kenneth Galbraith and Paul Samuelson) have based their present observations on the assumption that the economy has become so large and complex that individuals, government and banks and investors make many of their decisions in ignorance of what the effects will be. Not a very comforting thought...



Patrick Hayden's comment concerning the restriction of the imaginative faculty to man reminds me of a recent series of experiments conducted at Stanford (which, as far as I know, are still in progress) that involved the nature of communication in higher apes. While chimps and gorillas were being taught the language of the

the deaf and dumb, however (mastering a functional vocabulary of nearly 400 words), it was also discovered that gorillas, if left to themselves with a play-object such as a child's doll, for instance, would devise elaborate stories involving said doll, and based on the gorillas' accompanying "narration" through sign language, it was found that they were capable of sophisticated reasoning, and even abstract thought. Man has continued to exist in an Earth-centered universe even after Kepler disproved the fiction, for the same attitude remains, albeit in somewhat different form; surely the aforementioned experiments represent a modern threat to our self-same conceit? The religious implications, at any rate, are clearly profound.



Ann Weiser
2491 Sycamore Lane, #12
W. Lafayette, IN 47906

First: the cover. My Favorite Fan Artist does it again with wit, charm and recognizable portraits. I liked the way he put himself into his creation, a la Hitchcock, though his ears

aren't really that long.

The quotes from The Year (or When) the Worldcon Came to Flushing are lucid and well-chosen, brilliantly representative of that Pulitzer prize-winning work. Perhaps you should have explained that interested persons can use the same time machine to read it as we are all going to use to go to Minneapolis in '73 (subject of Gogarty's next book).

Jon Singer's column is as informative and entertaining as we have been led to expect. Last weekend, soon after my mother had met the highly respected Technocrat, I was explaining his column to her. I said, "Mom, he writes about everything from the pressure of needles on phonograph records to how to keep beans from giving you gas by soaking them in papaya juice." She laughed so hard she couldn't eat her beans.

Suzle, that story about getting to Philcon in 1968 was horrifying! Now I'll always know that God is being good to me if nothing like that happens. You had me on the edge of my chair, reading it. On the other hand, I wonder if I've Really Lived...

Patrick McGuire
4262 Ashland Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45212

While I've never gotten around to reading him (one of these years!), I am told that one of Thomas Huxley's many virtues was that he recognized that there is not necessarily anything good about natural evolution. He wrote, I assume, in response to Social Darwinists and such similar idiots, but similar intellectual mush-headedness arises today from others--both some of the ecology people on one side, and from some of the technophiles on the other. Who the hell cares whether the space colonies are "the next step in human evolution"? That



in itself in no way makes them good or right. I would attach a little more weight to the argument that they promote racial survival. Survival is hardly the ultimate value, and I would hope that we all wish that, say, German death-camp guards had had the guts to assign a rather lower value to their own lives--and we highly praise those few who did. But it is even so some sort of value. The thing is, however, that I have a hard time envisioning a disaster which would destroy humanity on Earth but let a space colony within the solar system survive... As for the power-generating idea, I do not like the thought of all those microwaves passing through the atmosphere, though I suppose it may come to the point where we have no other satisfactory choice.

(On re-reading, I realize it may not be clear why I think solar-system colonies are not much of a safety precaution: 1) I see no significant chance of a war or ecological breakdown that would kill everyone on the planet--99%, maybe, but not everyone; 2) cosmological disasters (like charged particles from a relatively nearby supernova) would almost invariably affect the whole solar system at once.)

John Hertz
820 S. Burlington Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90057

My first reaction to the Gardner quote on page 2 was "what a fugghead." This may or may not be because I'm a card-carrying Scientologist (ergo also Dianeticist), but I like to think it

was because he came own awfully hard on things he happened to disagree with. "The average fan may well be a chap in his teens, ...enormously gullible...((with)) no understanding of scientific method, and a basic insecurity...." Honest to Campbell, Mr. Gardner, you may not like the word "psionics," but isn't that going a little far?

Then I read the Curlovich article and I thought, "My Ghod, Gardner's right."

I-don't-like-to-write-about-politics-in-fanzines-but: Curlovich's rantings are really out of perspective. (Okay, McLuhanites, come 'n' get me!) Maybe our innocence is gone. But "our liberties decaying"? Oh no. "Our need for competent leaders is going unfulfilled"? That, sure. But what's new? Here's my point: there was a great thing about Watergate. A lot of noise was made about it. No one got shot for opening his mouth. A President and a Vice-President were actually forced out of office. That's incredible. You guys live in New York.

Don't you know anything about your own political history? Now, I didn't give Dick Nixon any credit when his supporters said, "Other politicians have done worse." That didn't exonerate him. But it's true. Maybe one problem with being a fan is that we live in the future, so to speak, and don't notice where we've come from the past. Go to your local library and read selected old newspapers as far back as they have 'em. My mind was blown by going back thirty or forty years. I should remember some of that stuff. It used to be WORSE.

That's no excuse for things not being better now. There's never any excuse for dishonesty and unethical crap, except, "We haven't yet been able to make anything better happen." And it doesn't really matter if you don't appreciate your blessings, you know. They're your blessings and if you don't like 'em, you're entitled. You're just easier to listen to if you do.

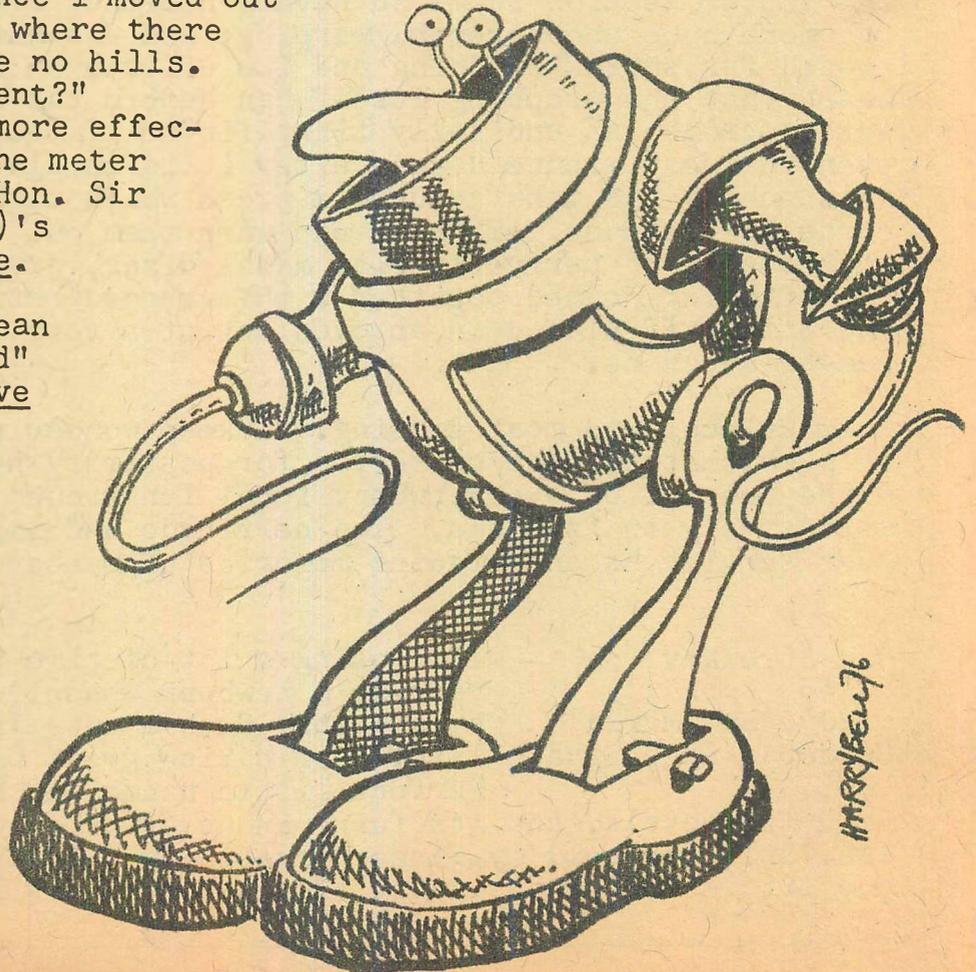
((You made several unwarranted assumptions back there, John. Like assuming that, because we live in New York, John Curlovich does, too. No: he lives in Pittsburgh. Or that, because we publish John's column, he speaks for us. No: we don't always agree, not even often. Or that, because we are New Yorkers, we have to have more knowledge of corruption than other people. Nonsense. We got plenty, all right, of corruption, but I'm sure that New Yorkers are no more knowledgeable on the subject, than, say, Angelinos.))

Tom Morley
Dept. of Math
U. of Il.
Urbana, IL 61801

Curlovich. You know, he does exist; yes, oh yes.
I sort of miss him
since I moved out
to where there
are no hills.

Let me say this: "Lament?"
would have been much more effective if it followed the meter and rhyme of the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter (K.C.B.)'s song from HMS Pinafore.

((We presume you mean "When I was a Lad" (and we hope we've got the title right) which has been used one million times at last count and hasn't the richness or structure to support the witty and original parody John wrote. If you read it more than once, you'll see it worked.)



Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I've been playing Wagner's Ring operas on my Thorens during the past few days. So it seemed sort of like an instant replay when I read Loren MacGregor's column, until I encountered the surprise ending for Mr. Odin Builds His Dream Wall. In Das Rheingold there's no magic horse, presumably because Wagner wanted to have the nine horses in the third act of Die Walkure make a real splash on his audiences. So Loki-Loge resorts to that trip to Nibelheim, in the opera.

Jeff Schalles is very interesting, not only for the inherent content of his contribution but also for the development in him as a person which it implies. The time-killing on the drilling crew reminds me of one of my pet theories. I suspect that much of the energy crisis could be relieved, and that everyone would be happier, if management and labor could bring themselves to be frank with one another about the way work gets done. If the workers admitted that they can accomplish in ~~two~~ or three or four hours the things that they now spend eight hours doing, and if the employers would agree to pay them the same wages for accomplishing as much in less time, the nation could probably have a fifteen- or twenty-hour week immediately, most persons could work only a half-day four or five days a week, and the economy wouldn't be affected at all except for a substantial reduction in running time for machinery, utility bills in offices, and so on.

((The additional leisure time would have quite an effect on the economy, since Americans are "trained" to pursue leisure activities that cost money.))

The letter section seems to have benefitted from the ruthless editing. One more note about record warping: Ken Josenhans refers to the heat needed for shrink-wrapping and its effects on records. But I've also heard that the wrapping itself can deform the record, if the machine is set to create an unusually tight fit or if the cellophane shrinks by even the most minute degree after it is in place. It seems strange that nobody has manufactured a press which might help to restore records to flatness. If heat can warp them out of true, I would think that a pair of perfectly flat metal discs, just the right size, capable of being joined together with a record between, would help to undo the damage if placed in an oven set at a very low temperature or bright summer sunshine.

The Suzlecol was most amusing. I keep wondering how many things like this which should be preserved for posterity never get written at all. Maybe one out of every twenty local fan groups has been written about extensively in fanzines. The derringdo and legendry of all the others must survive as only fading memories of members.

Mae Strelkov
CC 55
5220 Jesus Maria
Cordoba, Argentina

I'm losing a lot of time this past three weeks, raising a newborn weasel whose mother got shot by a peon. Such a cute little trusting scrap of life, I am having great pleasure watching it grow. Perfect little hands, it has, and uses them, to hold its bottle, cup its funny snout at times when it evidently tickles, and even hold my finger trustingly. Last night it came across the little bottle beside it (I'd put it there for a minute while pre-

paring to feed it in my hands), and it climbed right onto it and tried to suck. They are clever little things, and it is so clever already I'm as proud as any real mother might be of a new baby! But, of course, while it's so dependent and tiny, I can't work with poisonous hecto-inks, the dye of which does stain the finger-tips. Otherwise, I'd be painting and printing today, already, I bet!

((Well, that's all the letters we can run. Following are the WAHF)

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK (who wrote from his tech shop), LESTER BOUTILIER, DOUG BARBOUR (who complained that he was left out of the WAHF's in #9--sorry, doug, and we love hearing from you), RICHARD BRANDT (who says the American people are working hard to erase its memory of the past), JOHN CURLOVICH, ROB CARTER (who has fond memories of New York), LEE CARSON, LARRY DOWNES, (fresh from his incoherency lessons), RANDY FULLER, PAULA GOLD, MICHAEL HARPER (a nice, friendly letter, but not much about Span Inq--still willing to play host if you come to New York, though), DENICE HUDSPETH (her letter came in a charming and bright hand-decorated envelope), BEN INDICK, DAN JOY (who says the second issue of FANNY HILL is in the works), ERIC LINDSAY (with late letters on #7/8 and 9, but both interesting), ALAN LANKIN, IAN MAULE, LINDA MOSS (on Confusion and Cleveland fandom (do the two go together?)), JODIE OFFUTT, PETER PRES-FORD (we think), DAVE ROWE (still not satisfied), MARK SCHIRMEISTER, MARK SHARPE (there might be a good article in your political experiences A.M. SHERLOCK, STU SHIFFMAN (would you believe a loc we lost a year ago?), RICK STOOKER, JOHN THIEL, DAVID VERESCHAGIN and C.L. KULYK. Oh, yes, also DR. A.D. WALLACE and MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER. Whew!

=====
"People who think of beds only in terms of sexual exercise or sleep simply do not understand that a bed is the best of all places for a philosophical discussion, an argument, and if necessary a showdown. It was not by chance that so many kings of old administered justice from their beds, and even today there is something splendidly parliamentary about an assembly of concerned persons in a bed."

--Robertson Davies, World of Wonders
=====



Bewitched

Bothered &

Bemildred

Cheese Doodles for the Mind

I do, on occasion, read science fiction, and when I do, I make strange connections that no one else seems to make, or that no one else bothers to report. These connections, resemblances between stories, are rather like that munchy product, Cheese Doodles: tasty, but neither lasting nor nourishing.

For instance, have you noticed the similarity between Who?, by Aldrys Budrys, and The Dispossessed, by Ursula Le Guin? It's entirely structural, and probably doesn't mean a thing. You, see, in WHO? an American scientist is badly injured while in Berlin, and the Soviets pick him up and care for him. When he's released from hospital his face has been replaced by a metal mask. Is he the same man who went in, or a ringer? The story, told by the man assigned to answer this question, begins at the moment of the scientist's return to American hands, and alternates between episodes of the scientist's life up to that point (showing how his identity developed) and his life from that moment on (as the investigator probes and discovers his new identity).

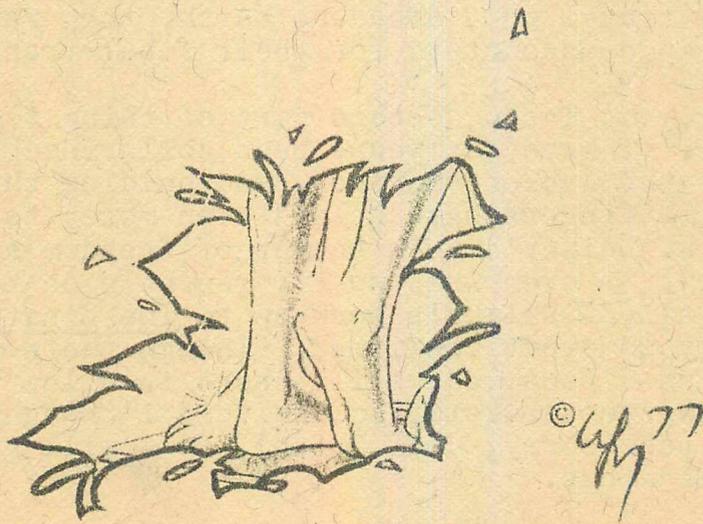
And The Dispossessed? Well, that begins at a crucial moment of identity, too. Shevek, the main character, is a scientist who has found that his researches do not agree with the anarchist society he grew up in, and that he must travel to the neighboring capitalist planet to do his work. The story alternates between chapters showing Shevek's life up to the point of transfer (to show off the society and Shevek's growing dissatisfaction with it) and his life from then on until his return (to show off the other society).

This just goes to show that great minds run in similar structures. Paul Williams, in his partially written memoir, Heart of Gold, uses the same sort of thing, if in a slightly more bizarre context. His narrator is Don McNeil, a good friend of his who died some years ago. McNeil speaks from beyond the grave to tell, alternately, of Paul's early years and of the New York days of the friendship. This dead narrator bit puts me in mind of parts of the Odyssey and of Sunset Boulevard.

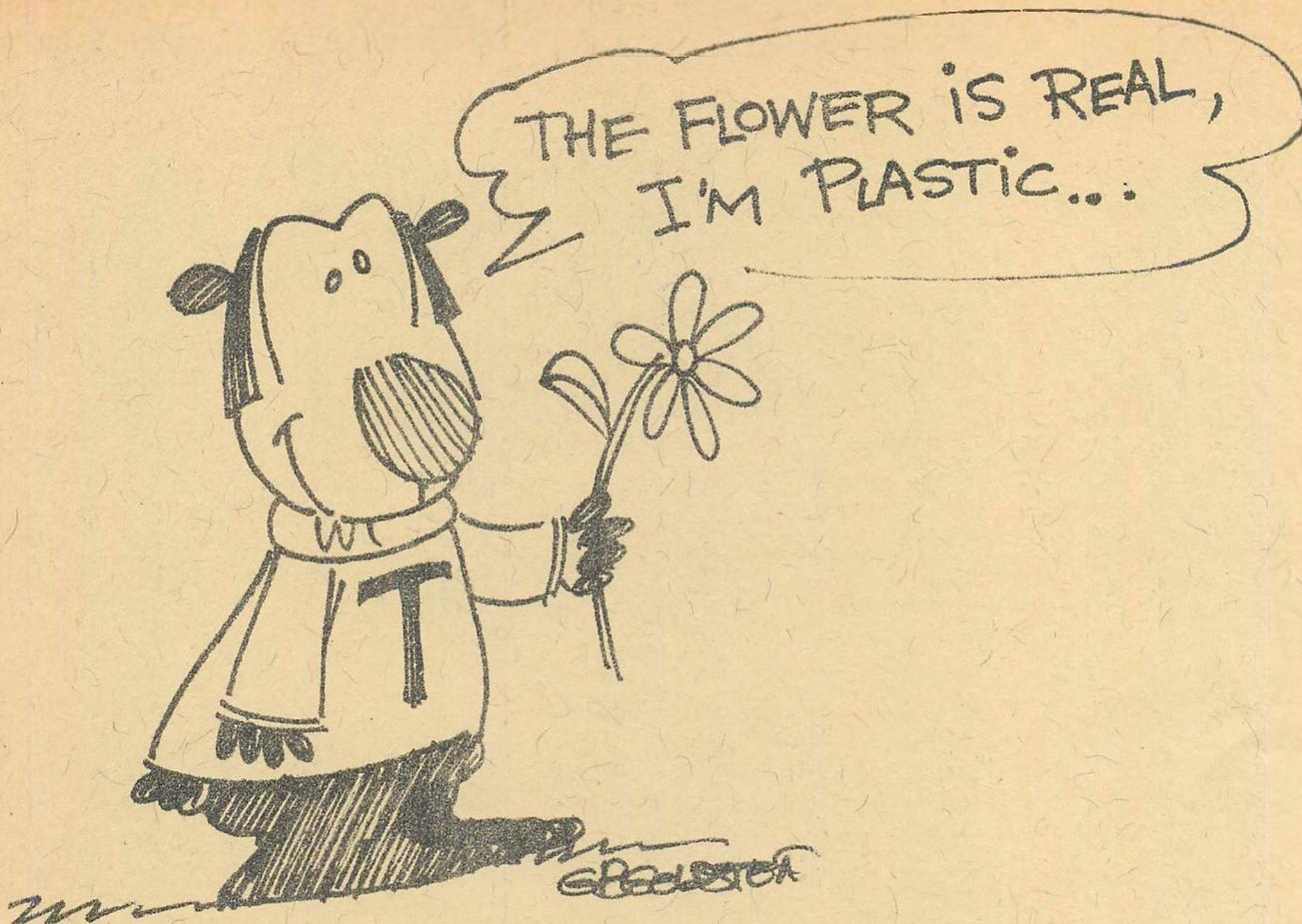
Jerry Kaufman



A



© 4/77



And if you think that that similarity is groundless, what about the even more tenuous link between And Chaos Died (Joanna Russ) and Triton (Samuel R. Delany), in both of which the main characters have a strange encounter, travel to a decadent Earth, then return to the scene of their strange encounters for their final transformations?

It may not be fair, but I can do this sort of thing for the stories of a single author. I have for years been collaring people at conventions, rather like the Ancient Mariner, and holding them with my magic eye (though my magic fingers have helped even more) to tell my victims about Samuel R. Delany's twin themes of freedom and entrapment in his earlier work. I even went so far recently as to refresh my memory by reading all of Delany's work up to The Einstein Intersection and found my memory somewhat confirmed. Though there isn't quite as much to work with as I recalled, still there is a lot to my opinion. I don't expect to write the detailed analysis I thought the subject deserved, however (soo sorry, Jeff Smith), so I will give you a very brief idea of my findings.

The most obvious place to look, the story that demonstrates this twin theme the most readily, is "The Starpit," which appears in Driftglass. The main character (I have a dreadful memory for names of characters, no?) describes, early in the story, coming home to his family and

smashing a huge terrarium, freeing the animals within. This is a metaphor for the galaxy (as well as life), for we soon discover that normal humans cannot leave the galaxy; only the abnormal, psychotic people called the Golden can do that. But the humans are trapped by more than that invisible boundary: they are trapped by addictions, by self-hatred, by character flaws. Even the Golden, it seems, are trapped: there are other dimensions and creatures that can travel to them, but Golden can't follow them. So what is freedom? "If you find a limit in one direction, find a direction you can move in, and go as far as you can."

There are other stories about freedom and traps, like "Dog in a Fisherman's Net," "Cage of Brass," "Night and the Loves of Joe Dicostanzo" (which could probably be about anything I want it to be about). The Fall of the Towers trilogy, which opens with a prison break, is one long search for freedom from mind control, economic trauma, runaway technology and impersonality. The Einstein Intersection is about aliens inhabiting human bodies and human myths, trying to break the patterns. And Jewels of Aptor, Fall of the Towers, The Ballad of Beta-2 and Empire Star all have abductions or imposed tasks that turn out to be far more expanding, liberating and rewarding than the "victims" expected.

Okay, I'm through. You may now use the finger bowls to you left, to wash the cheesy crumbs from your fingers. (This is a class fanzine.)

=====
You are trapped in that bright moment where you learned your doom.
=====

Back in 1970, when I was attending Ohio State University, I wrote the following rambling essay into one of my notebooks, seated in some bar or cheap beanhouse on High Street, south of campus. I came across it again just recently, and since I like it, I am printing it here, with only minor changes. It mentions the Rolling Stones, Demian and the spring riots of 1970. It isn't really about any of those. It is about a nice Jewish boy trying to come to grips with himself.

*

*

*

When I was a child-boy, I was the target of attack. Rough, physical attack. Constantly. And I could not understand, so I retreated from all violence. I can remember reading several stories when I was about 12 which almost stopped me from reading sf (one did stop me from reading Fantasy and Science Fiction for several years) because of the violence in them.

So I rejected the violence in the world--and in myself. I was not a pacifist in any strict sense, and certainly believed that in some situations violent action like war was necessary. Yet I never allowed that violence could grow from myself; that I had any tendency toward violence or that I had any element of "badness" in me. (I didn't deny to myself my sexuality, but I felt shame at it, even though I accepted sex as good in general--my intellect, my emotions and my body were not exactly in agreement.)

The Rolling Stones came to my attention at this time, my early high-

school years. The magazines called them ugly, dangerous-looking (comparisons to the Beatles were the journalistic thing) and referred to them as looking like rockers, Teddy Boys, street gangs. Pictures of them always looked just like that, the typical one being taken on a street corner, showing five sullen men in leather and rough clothes. No foppery or transvestism just yet.

The music was harsh, rough, jangly. The voices drawled, grunted, snarled. (No one can sound as threatening as Jagger.) And the words--well, I couldn't make out words in most rock songs, and the Stones were the hardest. But what I could make out! "Hey, you, get offa mah cloud!" That sounded pretty nasty. Lots of other songs sounded to me like mean boys driving night streets looking for old ladies to mangle or small children to stomp.

("Brown Sugar" has just come on the jukebox in this place.)

Slow changes, small changes, may have worked in me but the turning points I remember are two.

For one, I read Demian, by Hesse. My own idea of this book is that it is about the world of violence I feared and silenced for so long. Hesse meant something broader than the impulse to violence when he talked about the dark side of my nature. And I agreed with him. The whole tendency to evil--sensuality, cruelty, violence, selfishness is the dark side. I wanted to admit, understand and then control this hidden side of myself.

That set a tone. That added. No sudden changes (no completed changes) but a kick in the direction of unity. Then came our spring, the second factor. I was at college now. Wonderful Ohio State University.

When the teargas canisters came zipping through the air we moved back, bathed our burning eyes and moved back. I felt the cool anger, contained the cold moments of panic and wanted, I suppose, blood. I wasn't



raging, but I wanted the National Guard to die. I never charged the bayonets but I didn't leave the scene. This was pretty tame to some of my "friends" of the time (to the one or two real friends of the time, who I suppose were much like me, this was daring or foolhardiness), but to me it was an expression of the animal side of my nature.

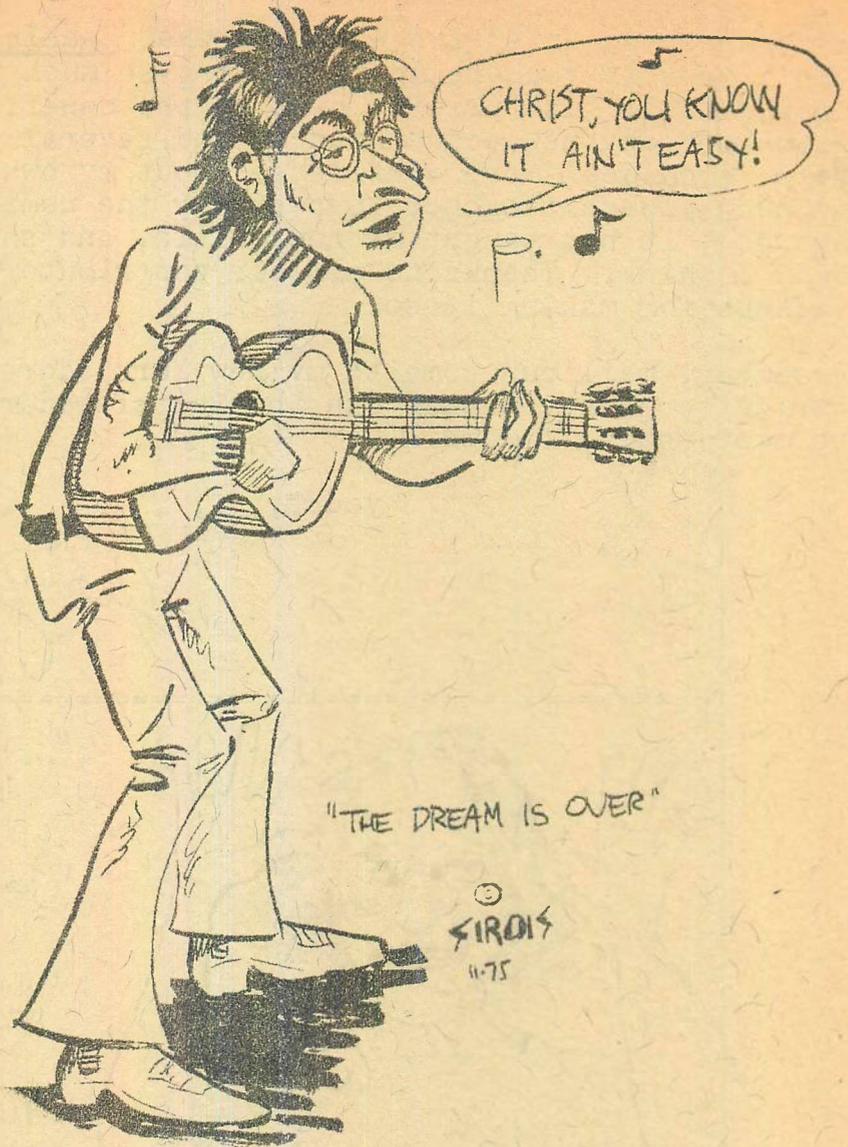
And that week was the first time I can remember the Stones or their music coming in and expressing something for me. "Street Fighting Man" may be bullshit revolution--it is definitely real horrorshow violence. (Around that time--but another story--"Honky-Tonk Women" connected the same way with my sexual sense of myself.)

In a small bar that week a very loud band played "Street Fighting Man" (and segued into "Born to be Wild"). This was a very progressive and political band (for a few years these were the same things) and this was the crowd-pleasing finale (it was pretty much the same crowd at every performance). The crowd went crazy. I went crazy. I yipped, yelled, bounced like a maniac and waved my fist. (Now the jukebox here is playing "Jumping Jack Flash.") Of course, I calmed down some, lost that revolutionary fever. But the change in me is real, I think. One more facet of me integrated into my diamond soul. And I do love the Rolling Stones.

"Off th' hook."

=====
 The sword also means cleanness and death.
 =====

Yes, this is the last issue of The Spanish Inquisition. We've decided that it will be too difficult to continue after I make my move to Seattle. Be warned, though, that this is not necessarily the last gasp of the Kaufman-Tompkins Publishing Empire. Only time will tell.



I ought to do an entire essay on what SpanInq has meant to me, but I don't know if you are up to reading so much self-analysis at one go. Instead I'll just briefly hint at the benefits. This fanzine has given me many new acquaintances and several new friends; it has given me a good deal more confidence about my own abilities; it has given me much pleasant egoboo (especially the nominations for all those awards); it has taught me new skills, and sharpened my writing. Not bad, I think. Thanks to all our contributors, correspondents and lackeys for making it so.

Remember, mail can come to my New York address until the end of September; after that, please use the Seattle address in the colophon. Until we meet again, I remain,

yours,,,,,

Gerry



"... the Minneapolis Moose who lives in Connecticut..."
~ Terry Hughes

"Jon Singer isn't normal."
~ Lynnette Parks

"Nuh ~ what can you say about Jon Singer ~ a fan who's... crazy?"
~ Suzanne Tompkins

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(SUZLECOL, continued from page 5)

In my depression I could only think--why am I bothering to come to cons anyway? To not be able to go to room parties, to banquets, to not be able to see the people I am spending all this money to come here to see?

I don't know what the answer is, or even if there is one. I don't want to believe that fandom is becoming a group of thoughtless, self-centered people. I am afraid I will have to stop attending cons if something can't be done to protect people like me from things like smoke. I would certainly welcome ideas.

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One of the things I have always intended to do, either as an article or in my editorial, is to write on my favorite subject, T.E. Lawrence. He has been a strong and continuing interest of mine for sixteen years. I know there are other fans out there who share this interest. In fact, I'm almost positive that if one were to survey sf fandom, one would find it to have a much higher percentage of TEL, um, fans, than the mundane world. Fans seem to have at least enough of a passing acquaintance that I don't have to identify him as Lawrence of Arabia to get a response. I am no longer surprised, as I once was, to find reference to TE in fannish places; many years ago I was indulging in one of my other compulsions, Man from U.N.C.L.E. novels, when I ran across a reference (Illya to Napoleon, "It's a 1935 Brough Sup'. I've borrowed it from a friend at Clouds Hill. He'll be wanting it back.") in David McDaniel's The Rainbow Affair. At the time I was stunned, but just beginning to realize I would be running into TE references in every other place I would ever turn. This has convinced me that our "relationship" was meant to be.

Well, this doesn't appear to be the "article I am supposed to be writing." After giving it much thought, I realize that to do TEL any justice 1) I would have to turn out at the very least 20-30 pages, which we couldn't publish in these hallowed pages, and 2) I can't possibly write 20-30 pages of anything. And, come to think of it, 3) I doubt I would have any new or meaningful insight that would warrant such work in the first place.

However, what I can do is attempt to reveal something about TEL via two quotations, one about him and the other by him, both from a recent biography, A Prince of Our Disorder, by John E. Mack, and perhaps interest you in discovering him on your own. (Bibliography of sorts will follow.)

The first is a description that I think meaningful because it is practically a microcosmic description of TEL. Or, at least, one side of TEL. He was well known as being different things to different people and the divers portraits of him in such works as T.E. Lawrence by His Friends, in which the only "feature" of any sort that everyone seems to agree on is the color of his eyes, more than proves this. However, this quotation shows his power, intellect and even sense of humor and quite stands on its own.

At the Paris Peace Talks, 1919 On February 6, Faisal, accompanied by Lawrence, presented his case to the Peace Conference. Lawrence was dressed "in flowing robes of dazzling white," according to Lloyd George; "in Arab dress," according to Arnold Toynbee; and in "Arab headcloth, with Khaki uniform and British badges," according to Lawrence.

Toynbee has provided a firsthand account of Lawrence and Faisal's appearance before the Council of Ten (the leaders of the Allied governments). The French had heard how Lawrence had "put the arabs' current political case in a telling speech in English" while Faisal read from the Koran, thus saving themselves the trouble of drafting an identical speech in two languages. The French had a Moroccan employee present to verify that Lawrence was actually translating Faisal's speech accurately. Having advance intelligence of this move by the French, Lawrence had written an Arabic version of his speech for Faisal to deliver and an English version for later delivery by himself.

"When the moment arrived," Toynbee wrote, "Faisal recited Lawrence's speech in Arabic and Lawrence followed him with a recitation of it in English, but then there was a hitch. Clemenceau understood English and also spoke it (an accomplishment that gave him a valuable advantage over his Anglo-Saxon and Italian colleagues); but the Italians were as ignorant of English as all the Ten were of Arabic. The only foreign language that the Italians understood was French. President Wilson then made a suggestion. 'Colonel Lawrence,' he said, 'could you put the Amir Faysal's statement into French now for us?' After a moment's hesitation, Lawrence started off and did it; and, when he came to the end of this unprepared piece of translation, the Ten applauded. What had happened was amazing. Lawrence's spell had made the Ten forget, for a moment, who they were and what they were supposed to be doing. They had started the session as conscious arbiters of the destinies of mankind; they were ending it as captive audience of a minor suppliant's interpreter."

When I'm asked "why" or "what's so interesting" about TEL, I find it difficult to answer; it's so complex and personal. But, mostly, I can say that it's his writing. I have never liked "descriptive" writing; I find it difficult, even impossible, to see what the author is trying to describe and find myself frustrated and confused. (The name Joseph Conrad always leaps to mind here.) TE has the ability to describe realms of events or vast locations much as he might a quiet hillside, beautifully, in such a way that I can always understand and see whatever he sees. (This is rough, of course, when what he sees is sickeningly ugly.) TEL also describes interior scenes, his own thoughts, so I can feel what he feels. The following quote is one of my favorites, and again, it stands on its own.

It is lovely after you have been wandering in the forest with Percivale or Sagramors le desirous, to open the door, and from the Chervell to look at the sun glowering through the valley-mists. Why does one not like things if there are other people about? Why cannot one make one's books live except in the night, after hours of straining? and you know they have to be your own books too, and you have to read them more than once. I think they take in something of your personality, and your environment also--you know a second hand book some-

times is so much more flesh and blood than a new one--and it is almost terrible to think that your ideas, yourself in your books may be giving life to generations of readers after you are forgotten. It is that specially which makes one need good books: books that will be worthy of what you are going to put into them. What would you think of a great sculptor who flung away his gifts on modelling clay or sand? Imagination should be put into the most precious caskets, and that is why one can only live in the future or the past, in Utopia, or the Wood Beyond the World. Father won't know all this--but if you can get the right book at the right time you taste joys--not only bodily, physical, but spiritual also, which pass one out above and beyond one's miserable self, as it were through a huge air, following the light of another man's thoughts. And you can never be quite the old self again. You have forgotten a little bit: or rather pushed it out with a little of the inspiration of what is immortal in someone who has gone before you.

Luckily I have a friend who is not only a Lawrence scholar but also a collector, and I've been able to see (and touch and read) many rare books and articles not generally available to the public. However, there are a number of good biographies, as well as Lawrence's own writings, available, and what follows is a brief bibliography.

By TEL

- Seven Pillars of Wisdom: A Triumph. New York: Doubleday, 1935. Lawrence's account of the Arab Revolt, also in paperback.
- Essential T.E. Lawrence, The. Ed. David Garnett. New York: The Viking Press, 1963. A selection of his writing.
- Home Letters of T.E. Lawrence and His Brothers, The. Ed. David Garnett. London,: Cape, 1938
- Letters of T.E. Lawrence, The. Ed. David Garnett. London; Cape, 1938.
- Minorities. Ed. Jeremy M. Wilson. London: Cape, 1971. Actually an anthology of Lawrence's favorite poems, which he kept in a notebook.
- Mint, The. London: Cape, 1973. Lawrence's description of life in the RAF.
- Oriental Assembly. Ed. Arnold W. Lawrence. London: Williams and Norgate, 1939. Collection of essays.

Other Books

- Mack, John E. A Prince of Our Disorder. Boston-Toronto: Little, Brown & Co., 1976.
- Graves, Robert and Liddell Hart, Basil H. T.E. Lawrence to His Biographer Robert Graves and T.E. Lawrence to His Biographer Liddell Hart. Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1963.
- Lawrence, Arnold W., Ed. T.E. Lawrence by His Friends. London: Cape, 1937.
- Weintraub, Stanley. Private Shaw and Public Shaw. New York: Braziller, 1958.

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Well, it's time to say goodbye, isn't it? I shall miss doing SpanInq. At the same time, I'm glad to be relieved of the responsibility. I've proven to myself that I can do a decent job of something that's important to me. It's even been more fun than work, though it has been a lot

of work. Hope you all enjoyed it; that's the whole point.

Suzle

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A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT from the typist: Though Suzle didn't mention it, being horribly modest, she is one of a three-headed guest of honor at Pghlange this year (September 30, October 1,2, in Pittsburgh, PA). The other two heads are Linda Bushyager and Ginjer Buchanan, the Founding Mothers of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Society. The Toastmistress will be Gene DiModica. Send your \$5 to Barbara Geraud, 1202 Benedum-Trees Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15222. jak

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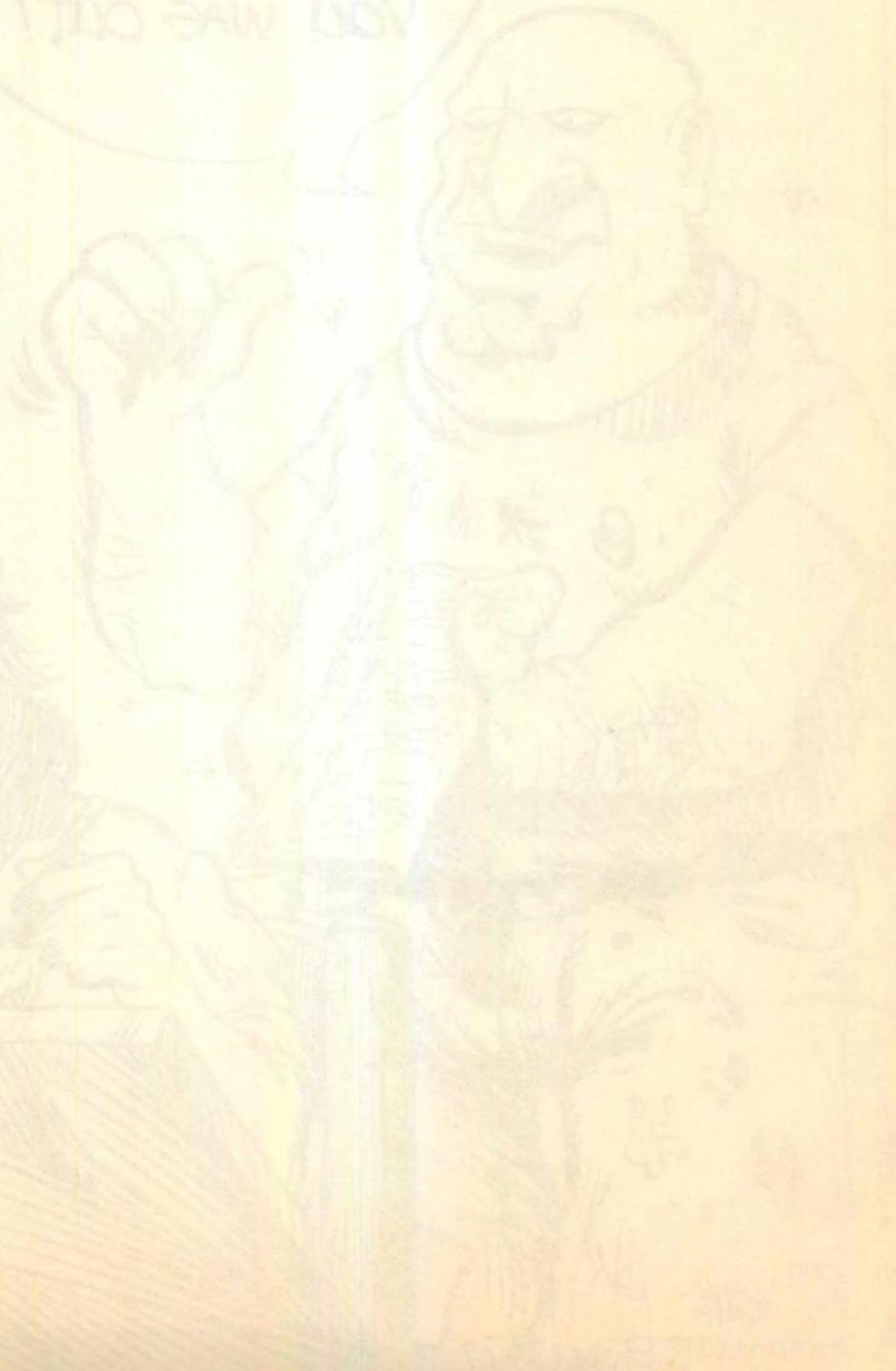
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- you're going to Pghlange, aren't you.
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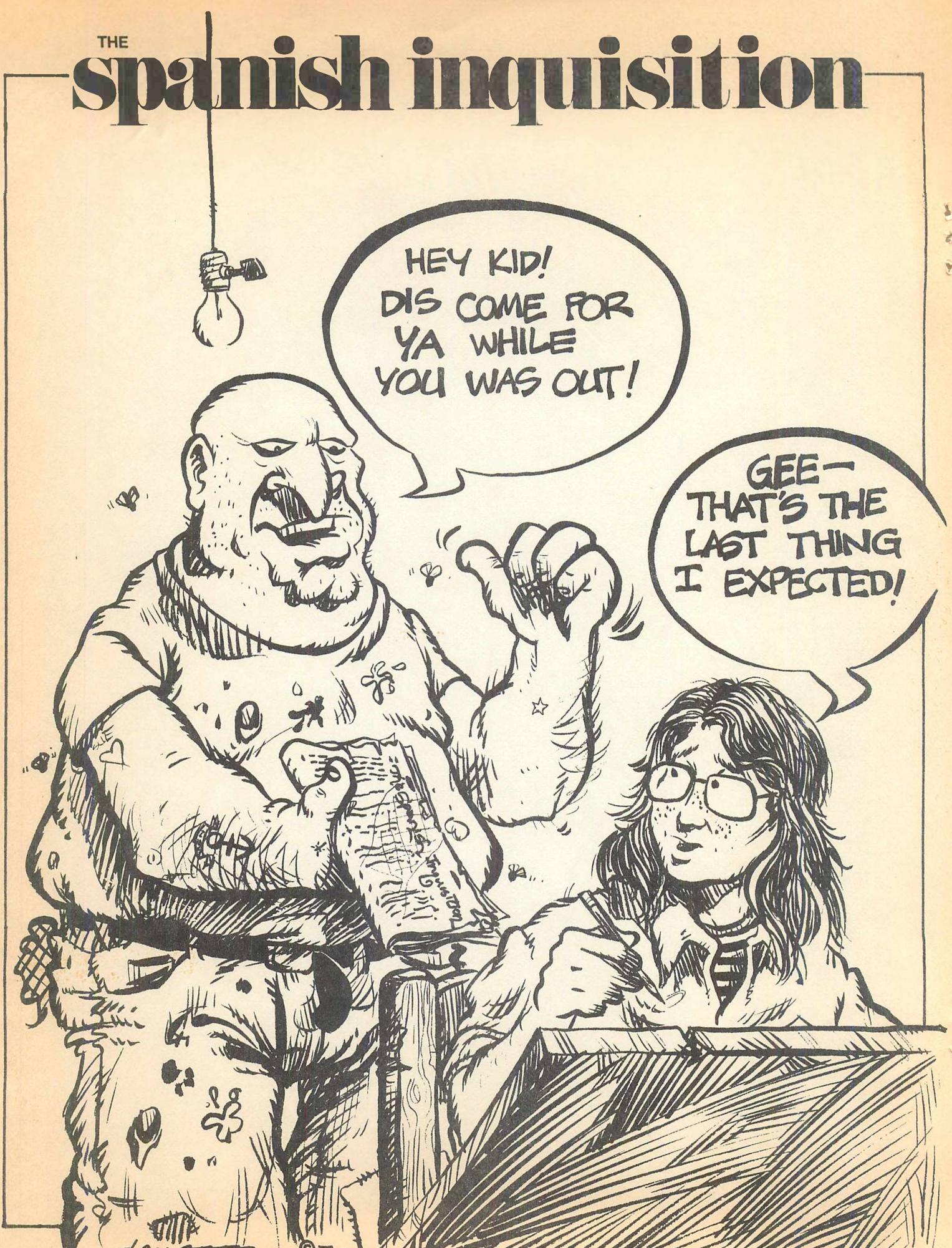
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