## editorial

Fandom's greatest and most devoutly practiced sin is cowardice. This is not a New Revelation but a fact which has been observed by many others before me.

of the FIAWOL type have come to grips with life with an unvielding determination to stay on top and settle for nothing less than the very best. A great majority lacks the courage and the will to live, to drink life in, Sitter with the sweet, to become involved in life to the hilt, to enjoy life (such as it is) to the fullest extent and to grow in experience and wisdom. Instead, the timid fen run away from life and adventure and create for themselves, in their correspondence, in their fanzines. at their meetings, illuscry sheltered worlds of their own where they are free to pursue their fantasies without reference to the disturbing realities of life. There they spend much if not all of their spare time in contented and contemptuous isolation from the mainstream of significant events taking place in the real space-time. -SWPW

Man - a vertical vertebrate.

Worm - same as Man, only horizontal and invortebrate.

This issue of <u>DIFFERENTial</u> is dedicated to Art Hayes who printed & distributed it. Thanx, Art. SWPW

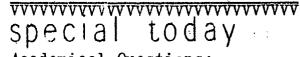
REVIEWS REQUESTED (BOB COULSON FLEASE NOTE) REVIEWS REQUESTED

I wonder how many of you out there actually read DIFFERENTial... I have a distinct feeling some of you just aren't paying attention... Vell, we'll keep trying... DIFFERENTial, the crudless fanzine, is published exclusively by and for

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and for anyone who cares to read it and can afford the price of 2¢ per issue. Contributions must, obviously, fit the one sheet format, the shorter the better. -- <u>DIFFERENTial</u> claims to be world's briefest monthly fanzine and the nearest thing to a quantum fanpublication. - SWPW

Le cheval au couleur different est sur uncautre pied. -PABUJA



Academical Questions:

Q: If all the roosters in the world had their heads chopped off one night, would the sun rise next morning?

Q: Is the number 999,999,999... etc. ad infinitum greater than the number 1,000,000,000...etc. ad infinitum, or is it less by one?

Q: It is common experience that time passes, flows, runs out, drags on, and otherwise moves. How would one go about **clock**ing the speed of passing time?

Short Story by C. Hamlin

"AS THE FANDOM SCREAMED ::"

DIFFERENTial - for the Hugo.

## $\frac{1}{1} \text{ A } \text{ A }$

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judgement day	Down with the wind they wound their doom,
The Maker plunged forward, luminescence foaming in His wake, and His attendants trailed in respectful Formation. From everywhere, they came, and mowhere, sear-	Bound was the bounty, brig and brine; And bootless boom of blighted bloom Shrilled sharply in the shrine. Hey Donner and Blitzen and dandy Dundee,
ching anxiously among the dull flecks of light for their destination.	Shrilled sharply in the shrine.
The laker whirled, and brightened a cor- ner of the unknown with a gesture. "I'm certain I left it here somewhere."	to the swarming traffic. He studied and pondered the gaudy signs that commanded Him to drink this, or chew that, or wear, or smoke, or drive, or bathe. He looked
"There !!" an attendent exclaimed.	upon greed and generosity and cruelty and kindness, upon the confused mingling
A planet swam into view, drifting in bold insignificance.	of splendor and squallor, and Hc remained silent.
"Ah !" the Maker said. "Summon the Watch- er."	"Have they no Art?" He asked finally.
The Watcher care, spiraling outward from the planet, and hovering before them in humble dignity.	The Watcher displayes the vast, tomb-like structure where the inhabitants kept their Art.
"Inspection," the Maker said. "Are you prepared?"	"Have they no Literature?" the Maker asked.
"T am prepared," the Watcher said.	The Watcherdisplayed the graceful marble structure where the inhabitants kept
He led the way, and they plummeted down $\frac{1}{1}$ ward.	their Literature.
The Watcher proudly displayed sparkling	"Love," the Maker said. "Have they no Love?"
seas, and mountains, and stately glaci- ers, and lofty forests, and the Maker ob- served with glowing approval. "Enough!" He said at last. "All of this I have done. What have they done?"	"As to that, I am uncertain," the Watcher said. "There are a number of monuments that are suggestive." And he displayed a billboard, alluringly colored, that depicted two young inhabitants gazing tenderly at each others shining teeth.
The Watcher displayed proud, towering ci- ties, including, teeming highways,	"Have they no Play?" the Maker asked.
and bridges, and railroads, and ocean li- ners. The Maker observed, and said no- thing.	The Watcher displayed the gigantic sa- dium, where the inhabitants kept their Play.
They moved closer to one sprawling city, and the Watcher displayed the parks, the paved streets, the factories, the build-	The Maker tunned away slowly. "Have they no no Religion?"
ings, the admirable system of law and or- der. The Maker observed, and said no- thing.	The Watcherdisplayed the churches, grand and humble, beautiful and ugly, where the inhabitant's kept their Religion.
They moved slowly downward to stand, iri- descent nothingness, in the vortex of ac- tivity. The Maker watched and listaned	The Maker spread forth His arms, and His attendants drew back in awe to await the verdict. He spoke, and it was the roar
They met on the banks of the Nile: A lizard and a crocodile.	of the wind, and the crash of thunder, and the mingling, haunting music of the vibrating universe.
There they worked themselves into a tizzy	"Oh, Hell! Let's create another planet, and try again!"
By arguing all the while Whether a crocodile is a big lizard Or lizard a small crocodile.	Lloyd Biggle, Jr.