

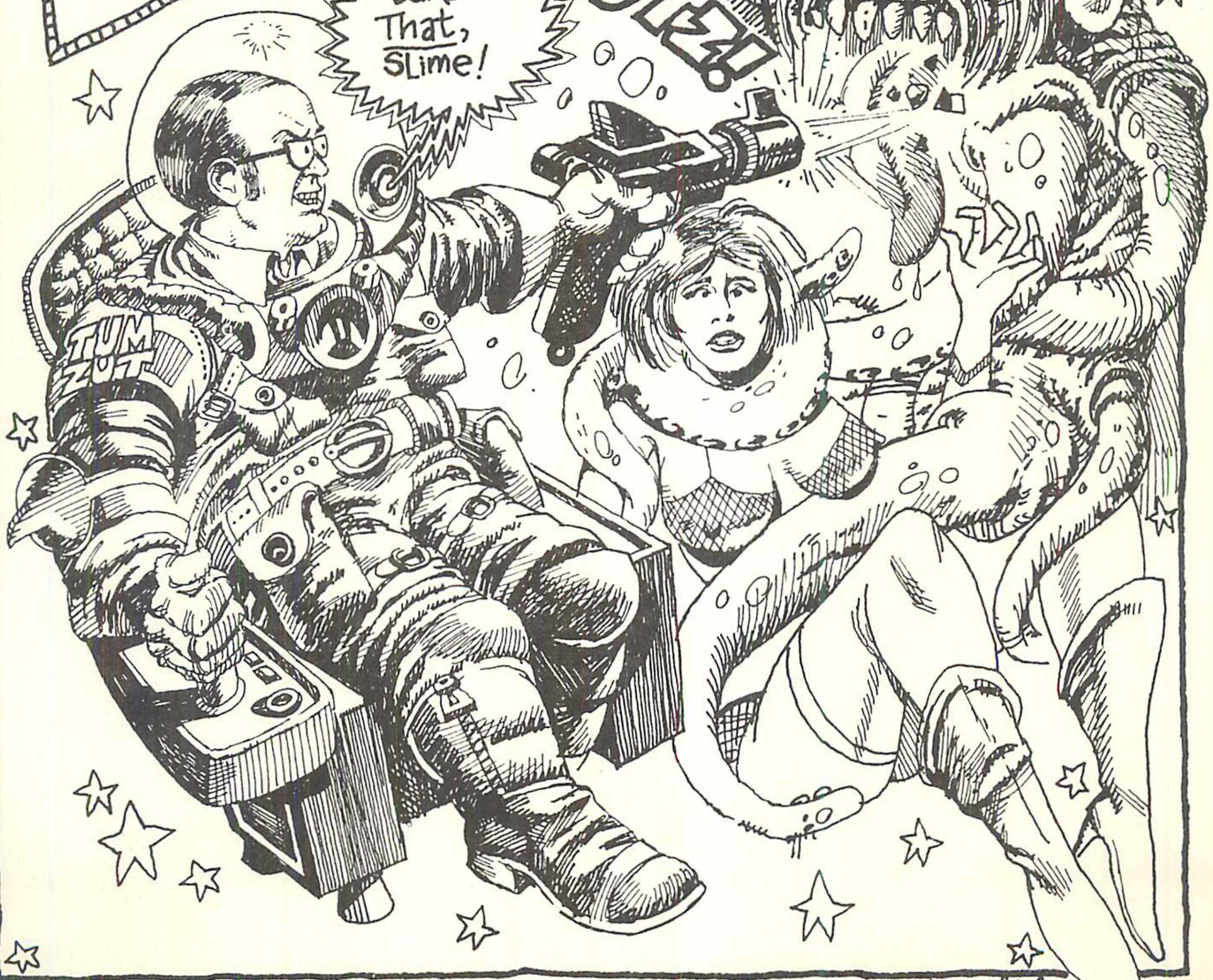
QUO DAVIS

SCIENCE
FAX and
FICTION

HASTUR OF
ayak of'tagn!
IÄ! IÄ!

take
That,
Slime!

NOIZ!



Steve Stiles © 1974

QUO-DAVIS

A FANZINE TO HONOR

HANK DAVIS

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 30TH BIRTHDAY

*

the contributors in the order of their appearance:

Steve Stiles

Andy Porter

David Emerson

Mark Owings

Eli Cohen & Debbie Notkin

Stu Shiffman

Ginjer Buchanan

Lou Stathis

Judy Greenwald

Jerry Kaufman

Victor Olefson

Moshe Feder

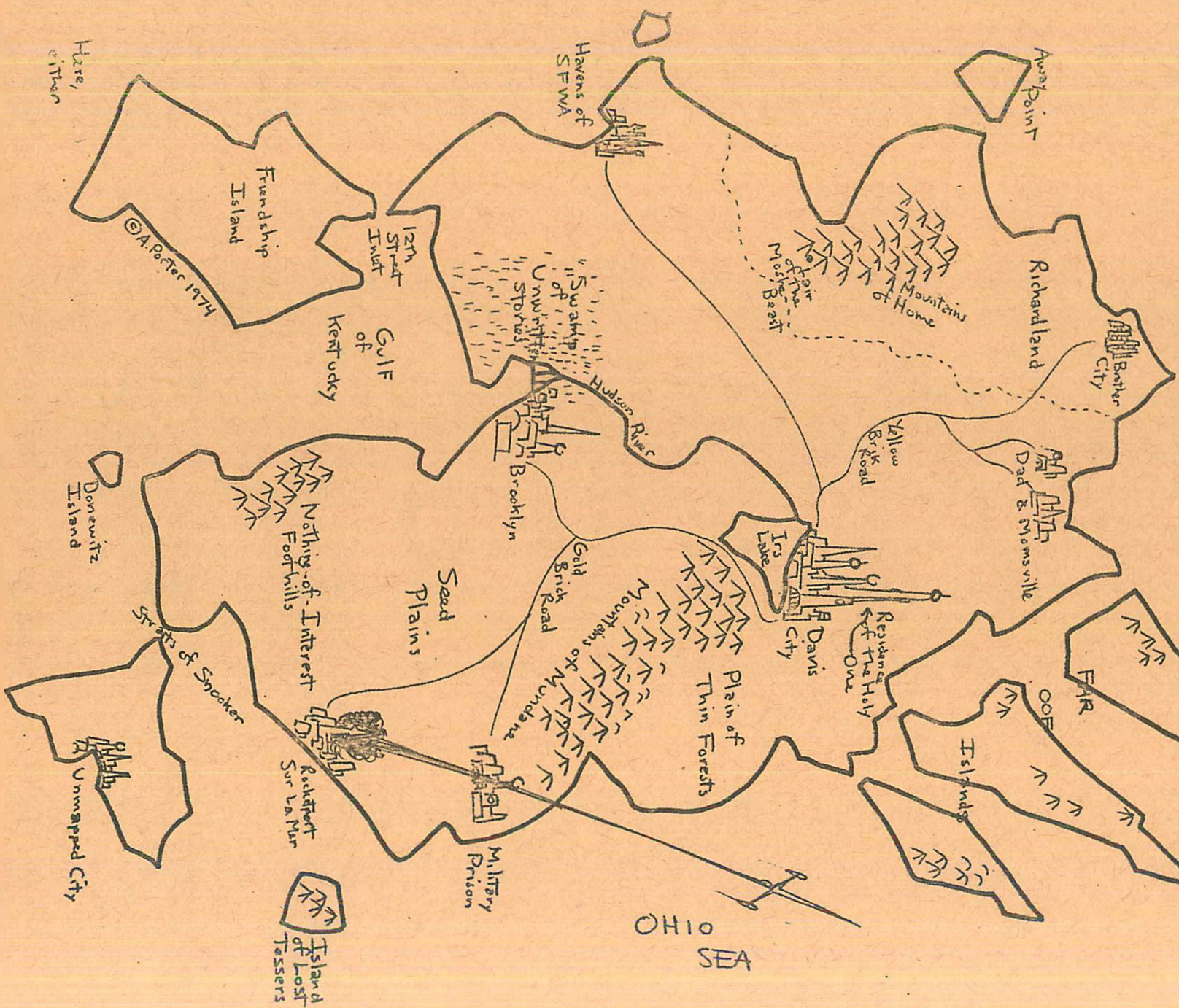
Norman Hochberg

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THE WORLD OF HANK

No one ever
goes here



YORK SEA

WHAT HATH HANK WROUGHT?

David Emerson

Actually, the first time I ever heard of Hank Davis, I had never heard of him before. But I saw his name in all these lettercols in all these fanzines, and I thought to myself, "What is this guy doing in the middle of Kentucky, anyway?" because at that time, being new in Fandom, I'd never heard of andy offutt either and didn't realize that one can be quite a succesful fan (not to mention pro) out in the middle of nowhere. Or rather, Kentucky. Somebody or other clued me in about Hank Davis and the mysterious deep dark secret that he was hiding from a world which was not yet ready for it — and at that point my disbelief broke its neck and strangled to death!

The next thing I knew, however, the word was out that Hank was moving to New York. My first reaction, I shamefacedly admit, was irritation at the confusion that was sure to arise from the coexistence of both Hal Davis and Hank Davis in New York fandom. Hal, however, is easy to spot, having a predilection for insane out-of-context news items and hardly ever appearing at fannish functions outside of an occasional Lunacon. Hank was more elusive. Claiming to work for the Internal Revenue Service, he burst upon the New York fan scene and nobody in Flint, Michigan has ever been the same. Except for Charlie Grantley, and he doesn't count.

Then there was the time that FSFSCU meetings were being held at the Avocado Pit, for lack of a crypt at the University. We got lots of weirdos that year. Barry and Moshe showed up and formed the Queens faction — opposing the Brooklyn College faction, which was threatening to degenerate the place into a comics group — and they brought Paul Jordan with them, who started his own faction right there on the spot — but now he's a Kung Fu fan so he doesn't count, either. And what to our wondering eyes should appear but the very same Hank Davis I've been hinting about for the last half page. "Hank Davis?" says I. "The same Hank Davis who isn't Hal Davis?" And behold, it was.

What's more, he looks even less like Joanna Russ than does andy offutt. (That's a little fannish in-joke for all you trufen out there.)

Hank was instrumental (bassoon, I believe) in formulating the Hula Hoop Mythos, another one of those fabulously fannish FSFSCU nonsense raps (I never did tell you about theons, did I? Well, that's another story). Yes, we were all sitting around musing on Ecological Disaster — a cheery subject — when a chance remark about plastic floating in the Sargasso Sea sparked the now legendary revelation, "Of course, that's where hula hoops come from!" to Paul Jordan. But come now, any mundane can improvise on hula hoops; it takes a fan to play a fan's game. Hank, showing his brilliant wit at last (We'd wondered where it had got to), deftly turned the trick by answering the speculation, "But what about the staples in the hoops?" with the classic line: "From old fanzines. Where else?" Needless to say, Hank's fame and fortune were established for all time from that moment forward.

Well, his fame at any rate.

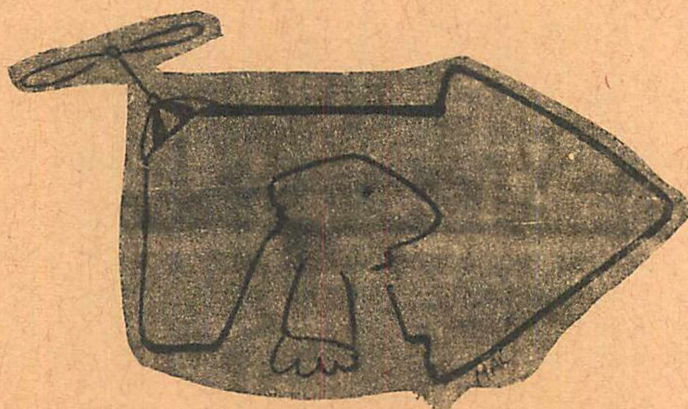
Hank Davis is not only a consummate fan, he is also a vile, dirty pro! We have been telling him for months now that he should become viler and dirtier, in fact, as vile and dirty as possible, by writing and selling more stories. This, he has so far declined to do. But we don't intend to give up until we drive him from the fannish fame David Emerson has assured us is established, to fortune. For those of you who'd rather not wait for our success to sample Hank's work in the pits of prodom, here's a listing of Hank's professional fiction to date. — M.F.

JUST FIVE STORIES

Mark Owings

- Copping Out - - - included in The Last Dangerous Visions, ed. Harlan Ellison (Harper and Row, N.Y., in press).
- No Shoulder to Cry On - - - ANALOG, Vol. LXXXI, No. 4, June 1968. Pp. 59-65, illustrated by Leo Ramon Summers. Ca. 3600 words.
- Squatter's Rights - - - WORLDS OF IF, Vol. 18, No. 3 (whole number 124), March 1968. Pp. 95-99, illustrated by Jack Gaughan. Ca. 4100 words.
- Staying Power - - - THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, Vol. 42, No. 1 (whole number 248), January 1972. Pp. 69-76, unillustrated. Ca. 4100 words.
- To Plant a Seed - - - original in Orbit 11, ed. Damon Knight (G.P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y. 1972, pp. 216, \$5.95) (Science Fiction Book Club edition, 1972) (Berkley, N.Y., 02316, 1973, wpps. 224, 95¢). Pp. 185-205. Ca. 10,400 words.
- * from WORLDS OF IF, Vol. 18, No. 3, March, 1968.

An IF First Story: In each issue of IF we bring you a story by a brand new writer, never before published. This month's is by Hank Davis, a 23-year old senior at the University of Kentucky. Math major, singer in the University's Men's Glee Club, member of the Young Americans for Freedom. Davis read A.E. Van Vogt while in the second grade, got hooked and has never succeeded in unhooking himself. Davis defines his political status as "pragmatic anarchist" and lists as his twin heroes, Dave Brubeck and Barry Goldwater.



THE MIMED MAN

Eli Cohen and Debbie Notkin
with technical assistance from David Emerson

Dramatis Personae: A.B. DICK, a traveling salesman
REX, an old friend of his
MARIAN, the town librarian and fan historian
MARIAN'S MOTHER
Various residents of Nova City

Scene I

The scene is the central square of Nova City, a sleepy midwestern town. A.B. Dick enters from the depot as Rex enters from one of the town streets. Dick is carrying a mimeo machine.

DICK: Rex! What are you doing here? Organize any good cons recently?
REX: No, speakers' fees got too high, I gave up the life and settled down. You should try it, but (indicating mimeo) looks like you're still in apas.
DICK: What else? Anything new in town I can use?
REX: No, nothing I can think of. (Two men cross stage carrying TV set carton) Well, there is the new TV dealer . . .
DICK: First in the town?
REX: Yeah. But listen, you better watch out for the librarian. She's a real fan historian and she'll catch on quick that you don't know what you're talking about.
DICK: What's she like? Young? Old?
REX: Oh, she's young -- but she isn't interested in men.
DICK: Just leave that to me. If you see her, point her out to me -- pantomime turning a mimeo crank. See ya around.

Scene II

It is saturday night in the town square. Groups of people are gathered, chatting. Dick enters, steps onto a soap box and begins to orate.

DICK: Friends, either you are closing your eyes to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge or you are not aware of the calibre of disaster indicated by the presence of a television dealer in your community.

You got trouble -- my friends right here I say
Trouble right here in Nova City.
Why sure I'm a movie-goer,
Certainly mighty proud I say
I'm always mighty proud to say it.
I consider that the hours I spend in a theatre seat are golden
Help you cultivate star sense
And a camera eye and a keen mind.
'Jever take and try to work the symbolism out in a



Complicated Bergman film?
But just as I say it takes judgment, brains and maturity
To choose the best films to see,
I say that any dope can take and turn the knob on that TV
And I call that sloth!
The first big step on the road to the depths
Of degraday — I say first!
Educational shows from professors,
Then Bridget loves Bernie.
And the next thing you know your son is pasted
To that chair seven hours a day.
And listening to some big Hollywood emcee
Hearing him tell about Nielsen ratings.
Not a wholesome Gallup poll, no!
But a gadget they bring right into your house!
Like to see some stuck-up New York boy checking out what you see?
Makes your blood boil? Well, I should say.
Now, friends, let me tell you what I mean
You got
One, two, three, four, five, six
Channels on that set —
Channels that make the difference
Between a thinking man and a dope
With a capital D and that rhymes with T
And that stands for TV.
And all week long your Nova City youth'll be fritterin away
I say your young folks'll be fritterin
Fritterin away their noon-time, supertime, chore time too!
Watch that new Marcus Welby,
Never mind gettin' schoolwork done
Or the screen door patched or the garbage emptied.
And never mind washin' any dishes 'til your parents are caught
With the sink overflowing and there's company coming.
And that's trouble!
Oh yes, we've got lots and lots of trouble.
I'm thinking of the kids in the grade schools,
Shirt-tail young 'uns, staring at the Star Trek reruns after school.
You got trouble, folks
Right here in Nova City
Trouble with a capital T and you add a V
And you've got TV.
Now I know all you folks are the right kind of parents.
I'm gonna be perfectly frank.
Would you like to know what kind of con-
versation goes on while they're loafing around that tube?
They'll be looking at quiz shows
Looking at sitcoms,
Listening to Hollywood stars with
Degenerate lives
And bragging all about how they'll cover up a tell-tale breath with
Mouthwash!
One fine night, they leave the boob tube
Headin' for the dance at the Arm'ry
Tom Jones men and Doris Day women and
MUZAK, spineless music that'll hold your son,
Your daughter in the arms of the mindless, animal instinct
MASS-IDIOCY
Friends, the idle brain's a producer's playground
Trouble.

CHORUS: (Oh, we've got trouble)
DICK: Right here in Nova City
(Right here in Nova City)
With a capital T and you add a V and you've got TV
(You've got TV)
We've surely got trouble
Right here in Nova City
(Right here!)
Gotta figure out a way to keep the young ones literate after school
(Our children's children gonna have trouble)

(Chorus continues: Trouble — Trouble — Trouble, in the background)

DICK: Mothers of Nova City! Heed the warning before it's too late.
Watch for the tell-tale signs of corruption. The moment
your child comes home, does he grab for the TV section of the
paper? Is there a dark circle under each eye? A TV Guide
hidden under his mattress? Are certain words creeping into
his conversation? Words like "commercial" (Trouble, trouble)
or "Change the channel"? (Trouble, trouble) if so my friends . . .

You got trouble
(Oh, we've got trouble)
Right here in Nova City
(Right here in Nova City)
With a capital T and you add a V and you've got TV
(You've got TV)
We've surely got trouble
(We've surely got trouble)
Right here in Nova City!
(Right here!)
Remember Mae West, W.C. Fields and the Golden Age
(Our children's children gonna have trouble!)

Oh, we've got trouble
We're in terrible terrible trouble
That box with the 13-channel dial is the network's tool
(Network's tool)
Oh, yes we've got trouble, trouble, trouble
(Oh yes we got trouble here, we got big big trouble)
With a T
(With a capital T)
Gotta add a V
(Gotta add a V!)

And you've got TV!
(You've got TV!)

At the very end of the song, Marian enters. Rex sees her and vigorously pantomimes turning a crank. Dick gives him an OK sign, as the crowd breaks up and all exit.

Scene III

Marian's home, which is cluttered with piles of old prozines, wall-to-wall bookshelves. Marian enters, annoyed because Dick has been pestering her. Her mother is puttering about, trying to dust around the books.

MARIAN: Mama, a man with a Gestetner has been following me all over town.
MOTHER: Oh, — who?
MARIAN: I never saw him before.

MOTHER: Did he say anything?
 MARIAN: He tried.
 MOTHER: Did you say anything?
 MARIAN: Of course not, Mama!
 MOTHER: If you don't mind my saying so, it wouldn't have hurt you to find out what the gentleman wanted.
 MARIAN: I know what the gentleman wanted.
 MOTHER: What, dear?
 MARIAN: You'll find it in Silverberg!
 MOTHER: Excuse me for livin', but I never read it.
 MARIAN: Neither has anyone
 Else in this town
 MOTHER: There you go again with that same old
 Comment about the low
 Mentality of Nova City people
 And takin' it all too much to heart
 MARIAN: Now, Mama as long as the
 Asimov Public Library was entrusted to me
 For the purpose of improving Nova City's cultural level
 I can't help my concern if the
 Ladies of Nova City
 Keep ignoring all my counsel and advice.
 MOTHER: But, darlin', when a woman has a husband
 And you've got none
 Why should she take advice from you
 Even if you can quote Doc Smith and Van Vogt
 And all them other Judy Merrill types
 MARIAN: Mama, if you don't mind my saying so
 You have a bad habit
 Of changin' every subject . . .
 MOTHER: Now, I haven't changed the subject
 I was speakin' of that stranger
 MARIAN: What stranger?
 MOTHER: With the mimeo.
 Who may be your very last chance.
 MARIAN: If you think that I'd allow a common neo
 Now really, Mama
 I have my standards where
 Men are concerned
 And I have no intention . . .
 MOTHER: I know all about your standards and
 If you don't mind my saying so
 There's not a man alive
 Who could hope to measure up to
 That blend of Kimball Kinnison, John Campbell and Hugo Gernsback
 You've concocted for yourself
 Out of your fannish imagination, your Iowa stubbornness and your
 Library fulla books!

Scene IV

The village square. An angry crowd is muttering about the evils of TV and what they can do about it. Dick enters, carrying mimeo, and places it on a table in front of him. He starts to speak.

DICK: Friends, may I have your attention please?
 Attention, please?
 I can deal with this trouble, my friends
 With a turn of one crank

This very crank . . . please observe my little trick
 I'm professor A.B. Dick
 And I'm here to organize the Nova City trufans!
 Oh, think, my friends, how could any TV dealer ever
 Hope to compete with an apazine
 Yes, folks, pub a town apa and fight TV
 Remember my friends what a handful of angry fans
 Did to the St. Louis con hotel
 Oh, TV dealer's profits go tumblin' down.
 Oh, a zine'll do it my friends, yes,
 I mean an apazine
 I say, Nova City's gotta hace an apa
 Sent out and I mean she needs it today.
 Well, A.B. Dick's here and that means
 Nova City's gonna have her apazines.
 As sure as Ghod made 20-pound paper
 And those zines are gonna have perfect repro!
 Fanzines rolling off the drum,
 And you'll see them printed with electrostencils
 And you'll hear the crinkle of turning pages,
 The clatter of staples -- Egoboo!
 And you'll feel something akin to the electric thrill I once enjoyed
 When Tucker, Bob Silverberg, Bill Rotsler, Harlan Ellison,
 /and Harry Warner, Jr!
 All helped me to collate on the very same historic day.

Seventy-six genzines led the Locus poll
 With one hundred and ten one-shots close at hand
 They were followed by rows and rows of the finest offset il-
 Los, the dream of every big-name fan
 Seventy-six genzines caught the morning mail
 With one hundred and ten one-shots right behInd
 There were more than a thousand schemes
 To exploit each theme
 There were puns of every shape and kind.
 There were unicorns and rocket ships on every sheet
 Illustrators, illustrators all along the way
 Book reviews and people news and locs from fans
 Every fan having his big fat say.
 There were fifty famous artists in each ToC
 Illustrating, illustrating finer than before
 Editors of every kind and
 Peghoots with a groan in mind
 And each groan was louder than before.

(Chorus joins in)

Seventy-six genzines hit the readers' hands
 While one hundred and ten one-shots waited near
 To the rhythm of Rub-dub-dub
 All the kids began to pub

And they're writing still -- right today!

Scene V

Fanac has really caught on in the town. One of the many spinoffs is
 that some of the local matrons are considering organizing No-Con I.
 Dick is giving them advice and suggests, as a consultant, Marian,



whom he started out trying to win as self-protection, and has since begun to fall in love with. They, however, reject the suggestion.

CHORUS OF WOMEN: Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
 Crankcrankcrank localotpubalittlemore
 Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
 Crankcrankcrank localotpubalittlemore
 Pubalittlelocallittlepubalittlelocallittle
 Crankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrankcrank

FIRST WOMAN: Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any con committee. Of course, I shouldn't tell you this, but she advocates dirty fan writers.

DICK: Dirty fanwriters!

SECOND WOMAN: Tucker!

THIRD WOMAN: Ackerman!

FIRST WOMAN: Burbee!

And the worst thing — of course I shouldn't tell you this, but . . .

SECOND WOMAN: I'll tell.

THIRD WOMAN: The man lived on my street. Let me tell.

FRIST WOMAN: Stop! I'll tell.

She made brazen overtures to a man who never had a friend in this town until she came here.
 That woman made brazen overtures
 With a gilt-edge guarantee.

She had a raunchy gleam in her eye
And a silver voice with a counterfeit ring.
Just melt her down and you'll reveal
A collector's soul as cold as steel
Here! Where a woman's heart should be!
CHORUS OF WOMEN: He left Nova City the library building
But he left his collection to her.
Tucker!
Ackerman!
Burbee!

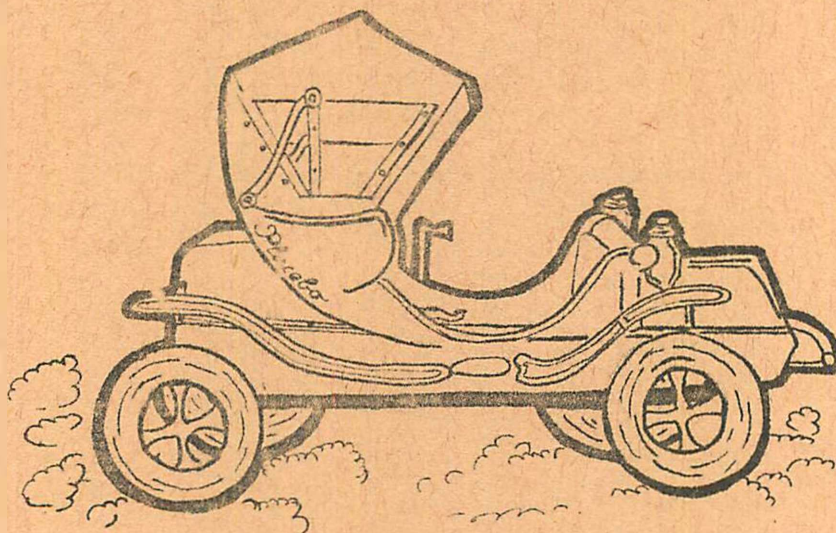
Scene VI

Marian has begun to fall for Dick, but she is afraid he is just a wolf. After much persuasion and effort, Dick convinces her that he really loves her, and she agrees to meet him alone. She confesses her love for him and her attraction to the fannish way of life.

MARIAN: There were stencils to run, but I never did the typing
So I never published at all, 'til there was you.
There were comments to write, but I never felt like sniping
So I never wrote them at all, 'til there was you.
And there were apas, and there were SF conventions
They tell me, with booze and wild parties 'til dawn, by Ghu
There were fans all around, but I never heard them griping
No I never heard them at all, 'til there was you.

They kiss. At this point, members of the town re-enter the square, brandishing copies of Apa-Nova — finished and beautiful. All sing a reprise of 76 GENZINES as the curtain closes.

THE END



THE INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

CHERRYPIITS OF THE GHODS?

MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS OF WAY BACK WHEN — GOSH NOW!

BY YOGURT VAN DANNON

THE STARTLING BOOK THAT ASKS:

DID SPACEMEN VISIT EARTH MANY MOONS AGO?

DID EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEINGS HELP CUT
OUT THE GREAT STONE FACES OF MT. RUSHMORE?

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *MARIE CELESTIE*?

AND A WHOLE LOT OF OTHER STUFF!

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Here's just a small tantalizing sample of the excitement to be found in,
Cherrypits of the Ghods?

"Long ago, the Elder Races of the Galaxy visited our little mudball; perhaps they still exist! Some authorities claim they do, and cite proof! I spoke to Professor Heinrich Applebaum, researcher-advisor at the Arthur Buchwald Institute and director of Project Schlepssilon about this. Here is what he wrote back to me:

Dear Cousin Yogurt:

Thank you for your kind letter. Rudhilde and the children are fine, and we all hope to see you when you come to the U.S.A. How are Frieda and all the little Van Dannons?

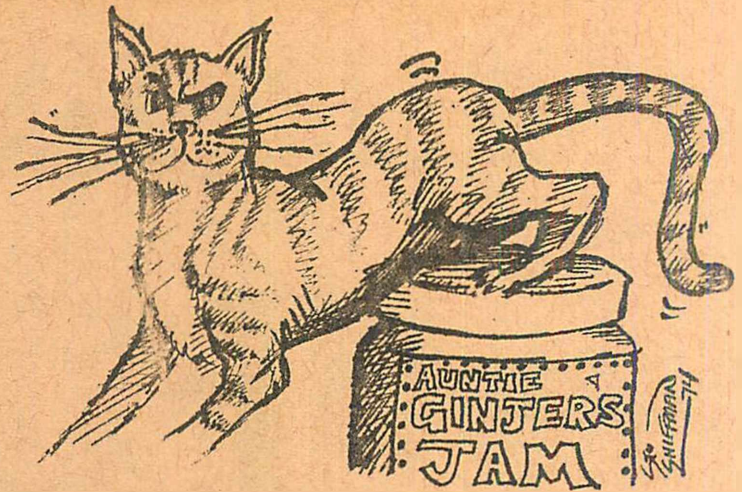
As to the main body of your letter, Yes, there has been a sudden increase in signals, but this later turned out to be because Herr Doktor Lipschitz's son had gotten a new antenna for his citizen's band radio. But we have received a transmission which we interpret as, "My fellow Vegans. As your ruler, I have the grave task today of informing you of a decision by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to make an incursion into the Rigelian system." The exact import of this is not yet clear.

My sympathies about your brother Otto's being committed after he started hearing those messages from the "Tet-rarch of Mars." Best Regards to all. . . ."

Don't wait to read this startling work of science. Buy it today! Now!

— SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE —

JAM TODAY:



The Menagerie at The MENAGERIE

Ginjer Buchanan

I suppose I should properly begin with an epigraph from Snoopy, "Cats are the crabgrass in the lawn of life." I don't like them. When I was a child, a cat named Caroline consented to live with us for a while. She would regularly claw me to ribbons merely because I attempted to entice her out from under the dining-room table by gently tugging on her tail. The experience left indelible marks on me, both physical and psychological.

More recently, however, Barbara Silverberg, in tutoring me for The Big Move (from Pittsburgh to N.Y.), emphasized that true N.Y. pro/fans can be readily distinguished by three characteristics.

- 1) They drink Bloody Marys (Spicy only)
- 2) They eat Chinese food (Szechuan only)
- 3) They have pets (Cats only)

Well, I'm here now, and I've had no problems with numbers 1 and 2. I'm real good at gastronomic esoterica (She said, letting out her belt another notch). Oh, but number 3! I've tried and tried.

I considered changing my dog's name from 'Donavan' to 'Cat' — he's so stupid he wouldn't have noticed — but I couldn't quite handle the thought of walking him on the streets of the Upper West Side, loudly urging, "On the curb, Cat."

I've stroked Snap's golden thighs whenever I was at the Pit.

I've raved about the endless kittens Macka keeps dropping like dandruff.

I've fed, watered and strained sand for both Dena Brown Cat and the Silverberg Siamese (plural), before those worthy folk moved to the Far West Side.

(A digression: If everything is considered in it's proper perspective

the entire country is N.Y.C. and immediate environs. Ergo, San Francisco is the Far West Side, Florida is the extremely Lower East Side, etc. Why not? I say. Just get on the uptown 'A' and get off at Montreal.)

Anyhow, in my efforts to assimilate, I even went so far as to share an apartment with Genie Di Modica, who is, as everyone knows, a transmogrified Cat.

What more could be asked. Right?

Wrong. Genie, knowing my desire to Belong, decided to help out. One fateful evening, she returned from work and extracted from her tote-bag not downy-fresh towels and sheets as usual (Some people carry books and papers back and forth from their offices. Genie carries laundry.), but a wriggling, sinewy, grey and white lump of fur, muscles, bone, whiskers and claws.

Chomp Cat, son of Chew Cat, out of Tabitha. A truly faanish animal related by blood to both the Kagan Kats and the Ted White Silver Tabbies. And born the weekend of the 1972 Disclave.

What better way to fulfill criterion number 3, Genie theorized, than to become live-in aunt to such a distinguished feline? I had little choice but to agree, although I had my doubts about the possibility of peaceful coexistence.

Donovan, as I have already mentioned, is a dog. But I wasn't concerned that he would immediately leap upon Chomp and maul him. In the first place, Donovan is extremely dumb and our apartment is very large. I figured it might take him two or three years to even notice there was another non-human around. In the second place, he's basically very gentle and would be more likely to want to make play not fight.

What of Chomp though? And his claws? He was no "fuffy 'ittle kitten," but a five-month old half-grown cat. Genie said he'd been raised in a one-room apartment and thought everybody was either his mother and sister or Ted Greenstone. (A limited worldview, that.) So he shouldn't have any experiential prejudices against dogs.

As it turned out, Genie was right. Chomp suffered not from canis-phobia but from pantophobia. He spent the first few days hiding under Genie's bed. Apparently, under Genie's bed is approximately the same size as Ted's apartment, so he felt at home. He hid if Genie approached him, he hid if I approached him, he hid if the telephone rang — Born Free this cat was not.

Donavan, meanwhile, had become dimly aware that Something Was Different. He spent a great deal of time Looking! Tongue lolling, tail wagging, he wandered around, sniffing curiously, to no avail.

Then, one night, we decided to perform introductions. First, I closed the dog up in my room and Genie brought Chomp into the living room. He cautiously paced around and eventually settled fitfully on the back of the couch. We left him there a bit and then I opened the door to my room. Donovan bounded out. The cat stiffened. Donovan, after a number of minutes, strolled into Chomp's vicinity. The cat let out a falsetto yowl and raced about the room, looking for higher ground. Somehow, he wound up in the kitchen trying to climb up the knife rack. Genie pried him loose while I caught the dog.

What we had here was a failure to communicate.

This sort of thing went on for days. Despite myself, I began to develop an admiration for the cat's pure terrified tenacity. Every night, I put the dog in my room, Chomp would be brought into the living room (he was afraid to walk down the hall), he'd play a bit, I'd let the dog out and Chomp would streak into Genie's room and hide under the bed. Like the tides and male hormonal cycles, our lives took on a charming regularity.

One evening, after the cycle was completed, I retired to the bathroom for a Hot Soaky. Hot Soakies are among the joys of my existence. Truly sybaritic. I ran gallons of steaming hot water and added bubbly bath liberally. Sighing, I lowered myself into the tub, thus raising the water and suds level to just below my chin. I was lying there peacefully, reading The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (or something) when through the open bathroom door I saw Genie leaving her room with 'er Chomp onderneath 'er arm. She explained she was going to give it One More Try.

I heard her in the living room telling Chomp in a hearty voice that Donovan was his friend, a nice doggy who only wanted to play.

Chomp didn't believe her, I guess. The next thing I heard was a meow of terror from Chomp followed by a meow of pain from Genie. This was followed by a small thud, as of a cat body landing on the floor after jumping from the shoulder of a Cat body.

The next thing I saw was a cat body racing down the hall.

Towards the bathroom. Towards the bathtub.

Let us all imagine for a moment that we are a small furry creature in a similar situation. We are scared shitless and our only thought, instinctively, is to get higher. We see before us what appears to be something White and UP (Perhaps a bed without an under). So what do we do?

We jump into the bathtub, of course.

This is speculation, you realize. What I do know for sure is that suddenly I was sharing my hot soaky. Neither Chomp nor I moved for a moment, so stunned were we both. My mouth was agape. The tips of Chomp's ears were barely visible above the bubbles. Time and space froze for an instant.

Then I gurgled to Genie. Chomp seemed to realize he was drowning and made an inspired but futile attempt to climb up the foam. The dog frisked about, enjoying the excitement. I rose, dripping, from the waves, a bargain-basement undine to pen him up and Genie began to dry Chomp. He was in such shock that he didn't even try to hide under the bed. Through his dilated pupils we could almost read the thought skittering around in his fear-ridden cat brain, "What happened?"

Oddly enough, after that evening, Chomp was much more accepting of Donovan. I suppose he figured that the dog was at least a tangible terror. And I decided to make Chomp an exception to my rule of feeling about cats, thus assuring my ability to 'pass.' I figured it was only fair. If Genie could learn to tolerate my Dumb Dog, I could learn to live with her Chickenshit Cat.

THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER:

Here's a new gem from the bic pen of Dr. Stathis, the only known Australian aborigine master of scientifiction, inspired by Steve Stiles' startling cover art for this issue. Dr. Stathis led a long and varied career before becoming a writer. He has been a shoe salesman, a minister of Scientology, the official exhibitionist at the La Brea Tar Pits and curator of the Pauline Reage Museum of Antediluvian Leather Artifacts (a non profit organization). His novels include Solar Crap Game, The Three Errata of Fielding Melish, Glory Hole, Cocayne of Mars, Illegitimate Children of the Lens, Three Farts and Three Lions and A Boy and His Dog. He reports that a young film-maker, Ralph Bakshi, is working on an X-rated animated version of his "Procrastination Trilogy." In this tale the good doctor brings us further adventures of his ever-popular hero, the irrepressible Space Cadet, Hank Davis. We're sure you'll rate this one right up there with all your favorites. — Ed.

THE HORNY SLIME FIENDS OF ROTSNATCH IV

L.J. Stathis, Ph.D.

Bright-eyed, balding, bespectacled Space Cadet 3rd Class Henry Davis, called "Hank" by all his chums, belched demurely as his steel-grey orbs coldly surveyed the twinkling console in the immaculately conceived control room of the Intergalactic Space Ranger WILL JENKINS, which was streaking masculinely through the unending void of majestic empty black nothingness. A smile creased his thin simian lips as he tasted once again the iron-fortified, miraculously reconstituted and surprisingly tasty felafel that he had consumed fifteen minutes earlier



deep in the bowels of the WILL JENKINS in the formica luxury of the efficiently automated mess hall accompanied by his faithful lateral-kick Wimp, a half-breed Betelguesean androgyne of indeterminable age who cheerfully served as galley slave on this, the pride of the vast Milky Way Technocracy fleet. They had passed the meal time pleasantly enough, leeringly swapping boastful tales of bawdy, late-night derring-do and boudiour acrobatics from the WILL JENKINS' last planetfall on the garish, crimson-lit, pleasure planetoid Woolly-Muskie, located in a seamier section of a low income dwarf galaxy strewned tastelessly with foul-smelling cosmic debris.

"They were all over me," Wimp recalled wistfully, his eyes crossed attractively and his mouths salivating profusely. "One of 'em had three big jugs over here," he indicated cleverly, "all of 'em the size of Rigelian hemorrhoids and a rear-end like the Crab Nebula. Wadda knock-out!"

"Wimp, you horny old rocket jockey," Hank ejaculated through his teeth.

"You betcha, Earthling," Wimp replied pugnaciously, pouring some steaming hot ersatz-Joe down the liquid-feeding orifice located on the left side of his forehead. "How long has it been since you dumped the pump, paleface? You know, squeeze the hose?" He smiled suggestively at this, poking young Hank in the ribs with the outer elbow of his rear psuedopod while stuffing his solid food orifice under his left shoulder with a generous helping of Capellan horsemeat. "How long has it been, huh? Tell me?"

"Take it easy Wimp, old boy, or you'll cover my Vegan artichoke with your bitterly unpleasant, extra-terrestrial semen," good-natured Hank riposted skillfully.

"It's been months since my tentacles last felt the warm mush of female flesh, Hank, and I just can't stand it. You Homo Sapiens just don't know what it's like to have this constant overpowering sex-drive. I've been down to the Rec rooms on V Deck every day, sometimes two or three times, banging away at those Syntho-Beavers for hours on end. But it just ain't no good. It can't come close to the real thing. That's all I can think about, dream about. I'm haunted by visions of seething, palpitating female genitalia constantly."

"You should see one of the Robo-Shrinks over on Q Deck, maybe they could help you out of your dildologic dilemma," intoned Hank, feigning compassion, but actually feeling quite repulsed by the unsanitary proclivities of his hybrid buddy.

Wimp, obsessed and tortured by his unhealthy desires, began pacing the floor of the mess room, leaving a moist green trail of scunge behind him, causing a personable robot janitor to scurry after him, mopping his trail. Wimp was in a bad way, all right.

Vigilant Hank was only on watch for half an hour back in the control room before he received instructions via the ingenious telepathic communicator implanted in the cortex of his sinuously convoluted brain to proceed immediately to U Deck to supervise a Waste Disposal Exchange Detail, one of his many exciting responsibilities as a hard-working, upward-striving Space Cadet. He reached his destination quickly by express tube, finding himself in a heretofore unexplored section of the sprawling, meticulously designed WILL JENKINS, pungently aromatic and damply foreboding. He snapped his chubby legs smartly to attention,

saluted enthusiastically and recited in his best staccato, clipped military voice: "Cadet 3rd Class Davis reporting for Waste Detail as ordered, sir!"

"Skip the crap, Davis," slurred Ensign Kowalski through a chewed cigar, his crude face unshaven and unmistakably plebian. "Just fly this Shit-Scow down there to the surface. Some of the locals will be waiting for you. You'll just swap our shit for what they give you. Stupid, goddamn aliens think our crap is the greatest thing since Reingold. Move it!"

Floating through space in the Zip-Chair, with the Fecal-Ferry in tow behind, Hank was once again struck dumb by the awesome, cold empty majesty of naked space. Its majestic coldness awed him, to say nothing of the emptiness. He watched the jewel-like stars in the lush field of velvet vacuity. Placed there, no doubt, by a loving celestial interior decorator with wrists of ylem. Here was true titillation, true exhilaration, the only real orgasm — the sexuality of space. Poor Wimp, thought Hank unselfishly, too obsessed by his petty corporeal sensations to experience the ultimate in libidinous pleasure — the all-consuming transcendental ecstasy of spacesuit fetishism and free fall ejaculation. Hank's breathing became heavier, faster, wetter. It fogged his visiplat and filmed his unassuming horn-rimmed spectacles. He felt his furiously rising excitement strain against the constriction of his tight-fitting flight suit — the one advertised on the Tri-V by Buster Crabbe (which had failed to eliminate his corporation up front). Gripping himself with the discipline of a seasoned flyboy, he returned his ruffled mind to the assignment at hand and guided the Zip-Chair skillfully to the grungy, cheese-like surface of Rotsnatch IV. He was met by a delegation of the local inhabitants, a handful of buxom, scantily clad females of striking beauty, each standing nearly seven feet tall.

"Greetings, oh cute, though rather plump, man from the stars," said one of them, apparently the leader, a statuesque blond with attractive dimples and breasts like Arcturan canteloupes. "Bring us do you gifts from above in the form of palate-tickling brown comestibles?" Her grammar needs a bit of work, thought Hank didactically. "I have here for your pleasure — "

Just then, interrupting Hank's fusillade of well-chosen words, there came a wild yell from the direction of the gift-laden ship. A vague protoplasmic mass erupted from among the impassive piles of humanoid waste matter, and plunged screaming toward the group of perplexed females. Hank was astounded and froze in his tracks. In an instant, the unknown assailant was smothering the svelte shape of the chief Rotsnatcher with its massive putrescent bulk, clumsily attempting to mount her in a distorted parody of sexual congress.

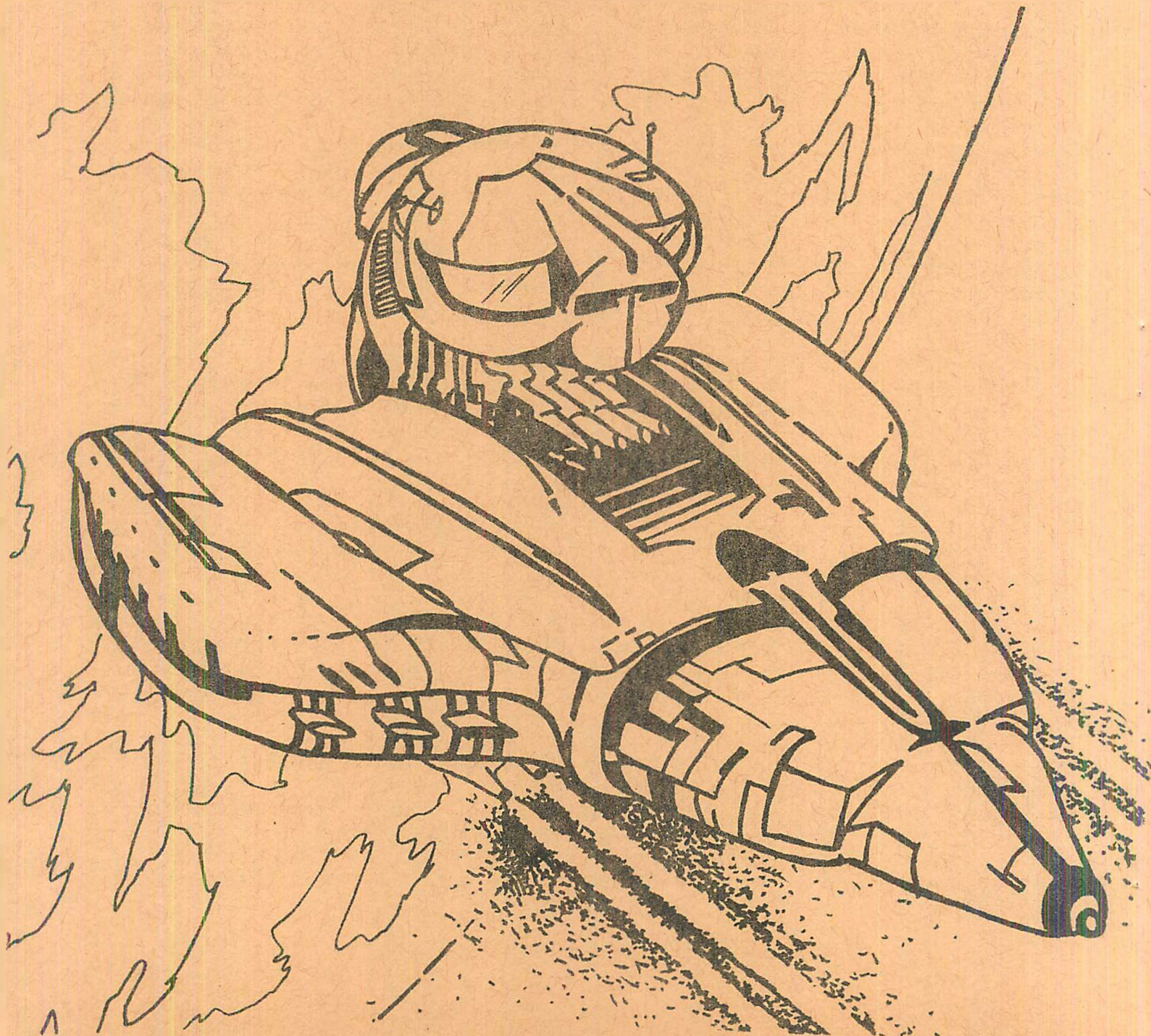
"Wimp, you uncircumcised lout! You're endangering our interplanetary relations!" Hank announced with great indignation as he hustled toward the spasmodically convulsed forms. But the glandularly obsessed attacker had no intention of interrupting his urgent seizure for a discussion of diplomacy, despite well-meaning Hank's objections and the pained, horrified screams of the nubile coprophage. Outrage and revulsion grew acromegally in Hank's ample abdomen, as he watched the polymorphous sodomy progress before his unbelieving eyes.

"Detach yourself, Wimp, or I will be forced to take drastic action to that end myself!"

When the amoral alien showed no sign of retreat and/or withdrawal, Hank decided that the time for severe steps had arrived. Reaching with his left hand for his lethal Zotz Gun, he raised it with a steady motion and pointed it directly at the slaver's forward mouth of the furry fornicator.

With a shouted "Take that, slime!" he squeezed the trigger and emptied a fatal dose of Zotz radiation into the face of poor Wimp.

The ordeal was over. Hank Davis breathed easier now that the amiable relations between the Milky Way Technocracy and Rotsnatch IV had been restored. Wimp lay in a lifeless crumpled heap under his triple-E boots, the WILL JENKINS' crew would have to wash their own dishes, and the unfortunate victim of the obfuscation sat humbly grateful, quietly licking her fingers.



Land O' Goshen!

Judy Greenwald

When I tell people that I work in Newburgh, N.Y., the usual reaction is a sympathetic look, gentle clucking and the question (usually asked in the same tone as "when did the loved one die?") -- how long before my exile from the big city ends?

Of course, telling people I work in Newburgh hasn't always been the precise truth. (Until recently) I used to tell them that because it was easier than explaining that I worked in the Goshen bureau of the Newburgh Evening News. Most people haven't heard of either, anyway.

In Goshen, I worked the 3 pm to 11 pm shift. It wouldn't have been so bad, except that after spending hours trying to decipher unintelligible quotes from my illegible notes, it took a while to wind down. My bedtime kept getting progressively later, until 6 am became an early night. I began to feel like a latter-day Dracula, cringing under the covers in horror of the coming daylight and muttering curses at the sun, whose rays kept me awake.

I felt a good deal of relief, then, when I was temporarily transferred to the day shift in Newburgh itself -- though at times I do yearn to return to prowling the night.

In Newburgh, my problems are of a different sort; and my number one problem is Newburgh's cops. I'm supposed to cover them. But they don't like to be covered. They particularly don't want to be covered by the Evening News. I suppose their all too evident hostility may be due to the extensive coverage we gave them when about eleven of their number, headed by their erstwhile chief, Humbert Cappelli, were arrested and tried for corruption.

Before I started covering the police, I assumed that those big desks the sergeants hide behind were to protect them. Wrong. They're to intimidate the hapless people who have to come before them. And there's nothing quite so intimidating for a pale-faced reporter, as being glowered down upon by a nasty police sergeant -- particularly when the reporter really doesn't know what she's doing to begin with.

My No.2 problem is the reports I have to wade through. I keep telling myself not to be a snob, that good writing is no measure of a cop and literacy is not the one test of intelligence. I can't help being grateful, though, that I'm not one of the poor schnooks making my permanent home in Newburgh, when I see the police write "famely" for family and "holliday" for holiday and they don't know anything about run-on sentences either.

One day, I felt I had just about reached the end of my rope and complained to my editor, "those idiots are illiterate!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he replied mildly, "I'm sure their parents were married."

"I said illiterate, not illegitimate."

"I know."

"Oh, — sorry." That's another problem about working days. I don't wake up until sometime in the afternoon.

It was while discussing police reports with that same editor that I learned about the full-moon phenomenon. He warned me to expect an unusually large number of crime reports that day because the night before there had been a full moon. For some reason, there's a strong correlation between the two factors.

"Of course, it doesn't affect us here on the desk," he said solemnly, letting out a loud howl that was promptly echoed by three other editors.

But lycanthropy aside, the only real problem I have with this editor (#3) has been due to the thing that's been my bane on the paper from the start. One would think that after eleven months of handling a camera, I would have a little elementary knowledge of its use; but because of an uncommon abundance of very complicated (but always plausible) reasons, I still manage to come out with lousy pictures.

"Your negatives are too thin," he told me examining a strip recently.

"What does that mean?" says I, innocently.

"It means," he said, "THEY'RE NO GODDAMNED GOOD!"

"Oh," I said meekly, and scurried off back to the safety of my desk.

The happiness that man evidenced when I told him I had decided to take a photography course, did my heart good. Had he been less the stoic Irishman, I'm sure he would have wept.

Of course, life in the office of the Evening News isn't restricted to kidding around or yelling. Sometimes it involves serious analysis as well. The other day, we received word that "Big Nell," who once ran a flourishing bordello in Newburgh, owed the IRS \$100,000.

"I'll lay you 10 to 1 she doesn't pay it," said the wire editor.

"I'm going home," I announced in response.

"Maybe she could pay it back in service," said the news editor, ignoring me.

"Let's see," said the copy editor, scratching on some paper, "At \$20 each, that comes to . . ." he was silent for a moment, then looked up triumphantly, "5000 customers!"

My number four problem working days in Newburgh (not counting my editors' sense of humor) is old Judge MacDowell. Most judges in this country allow plea bargaining. Not the judge. Once someone is charged with something, he'll be tried for it. Not surprisingly, he has a backlog of 179 cases reaching back to early December, and the poor defendants are rotting in jail.

But my problem isn't one of jurisprudence, it's on a more personal level. The guy is whacko. He twitches, he jerks, he jumps. Internally, he may be quite calm for all I know, but he makes me very nervous. His three favorite phrases, repeated at least five times in every conversation, are: "Now bear with me," "Am I talking too fast?" and "Understand?"

The other day, he dropped by the office to talk with another reporter and said to me, "I noticed you haven't visited us lately."

"That's because I had off Friday," I explained.

He shook his head. "You don't understand my sense of humor," he said. The next time I showed up at court to pick up the news, he gave me a five minute talk on how some people appreciate his humor, but how I don't, but that's okay, because his feelings aren't hurt, anyway.

I'm still trying to figure out what was so funny. In the meantime, I have a definite feeling he's driving me nuts — so bear with me — I'm not talking too fast, am I? Understand?

*



Getting To The Heart Of The Matter

Dashed Off Between the Death of FOCAL POINT and the Birth of FIAWOL

Jerry Kaufman

It has been suggested by many people that what fandom needs now is a newszine.

LOCUS does a fine job in the area of science fiction, we all agree. Even rich brown is willing to concede this. But LOCUS only occasionally mentions fans. Now, rich, to use a handy example, seems to feel that fandom is an entity and not just an adjunct to science fiction. So what we need is a fanzine devoted completely to news of fans.

What such a fanzine would have, would be news, all the news about clubs, conventions, fanzines and individuals. It would name names and date dates, not to mention timing times and placing places. It would include all the vital statistics of fandom; births, deaths, marriages, divorces and new mimeographs. All those larger social events like parties, club schisms, failed apas and convention caravans would find their way into the newszine.

For greater ease in writing this, I'm going to name our hypothetical newszine PITH, the zine that gets to the heart of the matter, that tells the truth so it hurts.

Unfortunately, the only way the truth really hurts is in rereading it years later. I have tried to reread FANAC, but found that the accounts of wild weekends in Los Angeles, big parties in the Barea, and numerous accounts of auto wrecks were pretty boring. Not only that, but the funny cartoons; the loose use of headings to cover unrelated news (A News-note a Day from All Over) and the occasionally unfunny wisecracks, made it entirely too much like LOCUS in its first year (which is a surprise to rich).

Something has to be done to keep PITH fresh and exciting in the years to come. My own opinion is that a newszine for today must grow of the fandom of today. It must reach into the finest examples of fanzine fandom and must use the styles it finds there. PITH the newsweekly of fandom, must carry on.

First of all, short notes are out, since they are indeed boring. Articles must be in-depth, down to the roots. A Change of Address, for example, embodies all the faults of short notices. It is suggestive, but never conclusive. To use a recent CoA: When Lee Hoffman moved last year, there in PITH would have been the announcement: "Lee Hoffman is moving to a small, backwater Florida town from her tiny Manhattan apartment. She told PITH she was tired of the big city and wanted to get back to the sort of life she had led as a little girl." Much better than a simple CoA.

Yes, better, but not perfect. Admittedly, this is much more interesting than a mere address, but is it really worth rereading? Would Arnie Katz, a man of good taste and judgment, consider this the fannishness he seeks? Just what would Arnie write?

"Lee," I questioned in my best casual voice, "I have been informed by usually unimpeachable sources, that you are planning to move to Florida, the sunny home of drunken Banks Mebane. Is this a true thing I am saying with my mouth?" Lee looked at me oddly. "I am moving, but what makes you think that Toomey is unimpeachable?"

"Well, he's really not, but it seemed the thing that Burbee would say. Why are you going?"

"Cockroaches."

"Cockroaches?"

"Cockroaches."

"I'm confused. Who am I?"

"I don't know, Arnie. You didn't give me enough clues."

"Oh. Well, as I was saying, about these cockroaches, . . ."

Arnie certainly knows how to make a conversation live. But perhaps the way to immortalize this news item is to report its atmosphere. Suppose Bill Kunkel, a very atmospheric writer, were to have visited Lee in her old apartment to get that news.

I was feeling pretty crummy Tuesday and Wednesday, so it wasn't until Thursday that I got on the bus to get to Lee Hoffman's East Village apartment. The busdriver seemed to be drunk but I didn't let that bother me much, and dropped a tab of speed to help take my mind off the dirty, junkie-filled neighborhoods we passed through. The subway was hot and overcrowded, and the Times Square station was full of Puerto Ricans. But I dropped a tab of acid on the IRT and soon felt better. Far out.

Once down in the Village, I scored some grass from this weird creep I used to know, and we smoked some of it. I was feeling sort of odd when I left his apartment, but I decided to ignore the feeling. I walked the two blocks to Lee's apartment in about ten minutes, a good speed for a Tuesday, I thought, before I remembered this all was happening on a Thursday.

The building was a run-down old tenement with garbage spilled over the stairs. Lee's apartment was in the basement, and as I walked down the stairs I dropped another tab of acid. Lee offered to help look for it, but Toomey said it wasn't worth bothering about, since by then the cockroaches had it . . .

I'd remember that passage, wouldn't you? Fine memorable writing. But it lacks punch, guts, teethmarks. Rich brown thinks that newszines should have excitement, crusades, anger. How would rich do it?

Lee Hoffman is moving, and I want to know why. She's been a support of Fanoclasts and a major source of humor and goodwill for years, and I've never quite understood it. Sure she's intelligent, pleasant, witty attractive and talented, but is that all there is to it? And now, to top everything else, she's moving.

Arnie told me that she claims she wants to get back to small town life, and after I had laughed a while, I told Arnie how unlikely that was. Meyer, would you miss the small town life? I wouldn't, and if I don't, no one else would. (I am trying to keep in mind that these are my opinions, but when they are so true, how can I help being emphatic?) Now either Hoffman is being foolish or crafty. I think she is being very crafty.

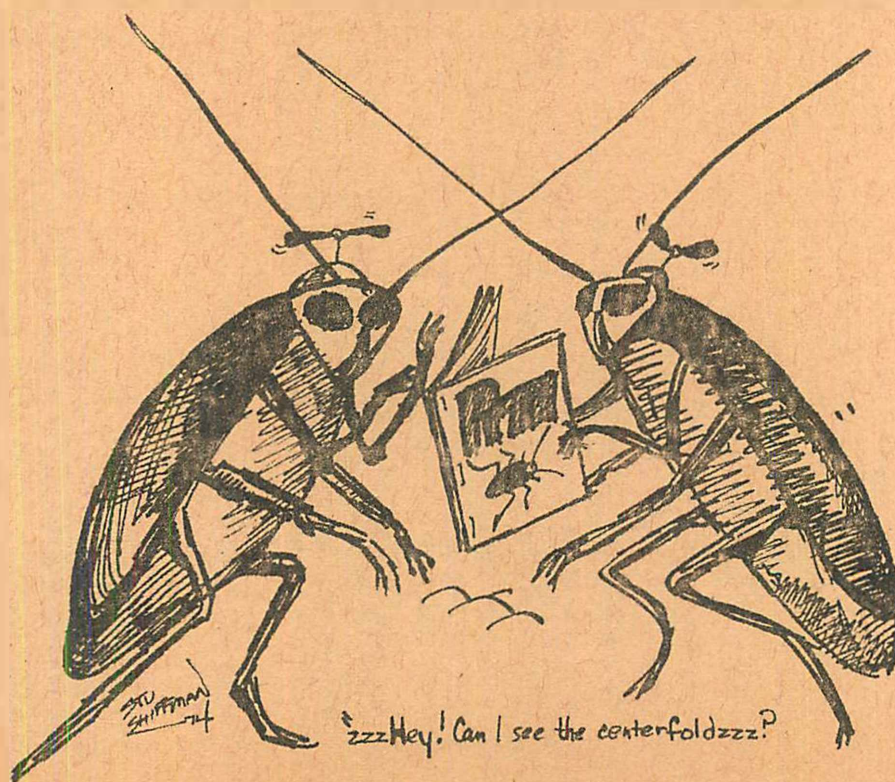
I haven't been to her apartment for quite a while, but I have been told that she has cleared a small space on a bookshelf just the right size for a Hugo rocket. And someone who gets more current fanzines than I do, especially the more gullible middle-of-the-road fanzines, tells me that many of them have been mentioning SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY with typical over-inflated praise. And just what is she going to do with all those cockroaches?

I think she is out to get a Hugo any way she can. And her moving has something to do with it. It has to. Just look at the facts. Who knows what somebody in an isolated Southern town is doing? When she starts sending in memberships to the Worldcon for strangers, who's going to know that those strangers are the cockroaches she brought with her from New York? Worse, who's going to know that none of those roaches even read SF? Meyer, I have never heard of so corrupted, so insidious a plan. Why, it's nothing less than unfannish . . .

That's pretty punchy, I think. We've probably pleased most of the fannish fans by now. Conversational, atmospheric, controversial. Of course, whoever publishes PITH will have to have a strong personal stamp to put on the fanzine. The one thing above all that puts the stamp of memorable fannishness on a fanzine is a unique style. Dave Hulvey would be just the man for this sort of thing, so I'll just finish this little study with Dave's hypothetical reporting of the Hoffman move.

The orthodox cockroaches of Middle High Catholic Fandom are putting out the toad of Mold Hall tomorrow. Sensible old biddies are yelling HEEPIE at the top of their lungs, but I know that the Orthodoxies of Time are stoned on the meeserable juices of corflu shot into the veins of pig-footed faneds. I've come to realize the bottom of this dilemma, so good luck, Lee.

Now do you know why there's no fannish newszine?



THE NOTORIOUS TAPES

or:

**STEED SLIPS ON A MISSING PEEL,
EMMA'S OTHER HALF PUTS A HAND
TO A STICKY BUSINESS & MAKES GOOD**



Victor Olefson

Davis awoke startled, sweat oozing in rivulets down his furrowed brow. Damn Indian food, he winced. First the shits, now the sweats. This is going to be some day. Davis was never so right in his life.

He showered and shaved, pausing to briefly admire the finely chiseled features, those calm but cruelly lit orbs, which appeared now even more than usually diabolic due to an astigmatic squint he was subject to when he couldn't find his horn-rimmed spectacles. With his stomach still grumbling disagreeably over last night's curry and still minus his glasses. Davis hastily finished dressing and left the apartment, resigned to another day of the hum drum tedium that was his routine at The Office — being a very minor government bureaucrat isn't much, Davis considered, but it sure beat the hell out of A&P or Bloomingdale's.

Perhaps if Davis had had his glasses on, he would have noticed the sinister, heavy-set oriental pass him on the stairs and stop on his floor, or the small, stealthy Pole lying in the back seat of his car as Davis started to accelerate, but then again, perhaps not.

"Please be so kind as to stop on this deserted street and not try anything funny," the Pole said calmly as he made his point quite clear with the cylindrical object Davis felt against his spine.

"Step out slowly, good. Now perhaps you are in the mood, Mr. Davis, to talk to me about those tapes my government feels certain are in your possession — or else I shall be forced to increase your volubility by slowly agonizingly removing one of your — AGGAAAGA!"

Davis blinked and squinted, trying to focus on the blur of activity before him. The Pole has spun around and risen into the air, seemingly levitated by a shiny, ebony leather boot attached to a lithe figure that was now in a backward roll. The Pole dropped back to the ground and launched himself toward the rebounding figure of the attacker with a stilleto held in the hand his pistol had just left. The crouched figure leaped up, grabbing the stilleto holding arm. Davis saw the two figures briefly struggle, roll over each other, then heard a dying gasp as the Pole turned over, revealing his own stilleto sticking squarely in his ribs.

"Nasty little bugger. Should have polished him off two years ago in Dubrovny when I had the chance. By the way Davis, are you all right? Davis? Davis, I say, you're not in shock or anything?"

"No, no, I'm . . . fine." Davis blinked again, and kept rigidly staring (as best he could without his spectacles), for that lilting voice was without a doubt being emitted by the supple, black-skin-tight-leather-clad body of none other than Diana Rigg.

"Diana Rigg?"

"Yes!" She tilted her head slightly and walked up directly in front of Davis, her aristocratically upturned British nose somewhat above his, since she had a good two or three inches over him. Davis almost swooned, so intoxicated was he by her presence this close to him.

"But how — why — what, oh, ohhhh," his knees buckled.

"Don't pass out now," she exclaimed, catching him as he fell, "And don't be cute with me either," she added curtly, "you know perfectly well what I'm doing here. You've got those 'scotch' tapes, evidence on the 3M deal, I want them, as well as — something else. . . ."

"But Miss Rigg, Diana, you're only an actress, how could you possibly know about the tapes and — ouch!" Davis doubled over in pain, clutching his crotch on the way down.

"Don't ever underestimate me again, Davis," Diana Rigg said coolly, "I am whoever I damn well please to be, and I'll stop at nothing to get what I want — including you."

"Me!" Davis said incredulously, "the tapes I can understand, but what do you want with me?"

For the first time since they had met, Diana Rigg smiled at Davis. The hard exterior seemed to melt a little, her very white teeth seemed to glow in the sunlight, her fair skin seemed to exude good health. That expression in her eyes, Davis thought, what could it be? It seemed like, why not, he marveled, like unquenchable lust!

She gently touched his cheek. "Don't be stupid, you adorable stud. We can make a fortune out of those tapes from Jack Anderson or the President, or the K.G.B. It really doesn't matter who. Besides, Patrick Macnee is getting so old and senile that he balances his umbrella on his head and tries to goose me with the bowler. Ugh, he's disgusting."

It finally dawned on Davis. "I'm really it then?"

"Yes, you're it — the long-sought Mr. Peel."

"Well then, my dear, let's get cracking!" Davis courteously opened the door for Diana Rigg, then stepped around to the other side, got in and started the car.

"There is one thing, darling," she murmured.

"And what's that?"

"Could we go back and you park the car and wait for me while I go up to your flat? There's a certain sinister oriental I have to dispose of. We've got a lot of work to catch up on, together."

"Try and find my glasses, while you're at it," said Davis, driving into the sun.

BY THE BOOK

Moshe Feder

Strophe

Sex, and an interest in sex, are forced upon us by biological necessity, the survival of the species. Machines, and an interest in machines, are forced upon us by our own need to control our environment — with as much ease as possible. Sex started out being a purely practical matter involving some incidental pleasure. Soon, aesthetics began to come into it, and, by sublimation and association, sex began to have effects on other aspects of life. Eventually, we intellectualized our appreciation of these areas. Thus, while at times we may appreciate the unclothed human form solely as an erotic stimulus, at other times we may view it as sculpture or in the dance, with cool detachment. Now, and probably even more in the future, sex itself is becoming and will become an activity and concern more and more a purely pleasureable, aesthetic pursuit, divorced from practicality and serious consequences. Machines too started out as purely practical things, intended to get a job done and nothing more. Soon enough, however, human nature being what it is, we began to transform the machine, beautify it, embellish it, idealize it away from the purely practical. Today, some machines qualify as objets d'art, and an increasing number of them serve any but an essential purpose. In the industrialized nations of our age of engineering, technology is just as inextricably bound up with life as once only such things as food and sex were.

By the nature of things, we need sex and can't always get it. As a result, some of the activities referred to above that are associated with or infused by sex are also peripherally related to it in a real way. These things or activities are intended as temporary substitutes, preliminary excitation or entertaining stimulation. I am, of course, referring to pornography.

The technological life has its own dictates and leads to the establishment of new drives of its own; drives which can demand satisfaction with just as much strength and urgency as those which are innate. The existence of these drives is not yet widely recognized or acknowledged, but they do exist. Because satisfying them is not always possible, and largely because we refuse to notice them at all, these energies have been sublimated and diverted, just as sexual energies are. Our desire to possess and interact with machines can be redirected into a more detached appreciation of sound engineering and good design. And just as with sex, this phenon has literary manifestations.

While it is true these drives are not widely acknowledged, it is not, after all, accurate to say that no one at all is aware of and dealing with them. For a number of publishers are making a good deal of money producing a very different kind of "hard core" and "soft core."

First, there are the general technographic magazines, like POPULAR MECHANICS and POPULAR SCIENCE. These cover the whole range of machinery, but do so on a fairly unsophisticated level, in a 'popularized' manner. Then there are the harder core magazines that range, continuing the sexual analogy, from the innocuous slickness of PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE to the leering raunchiness of magazines most of us have never learned the names of. These periodicals concentrate on only one or two aspects

of the field and deal with their specialty with some measure of expertise and depth. These magazines are given to the use of charts and graphs, three-way full-view photos and intellectual pretensions. Publications like CAR & DRIVER, ROAD & TRACK, POPULAR ELECTRONICS, AUDIO, BOATING, PILOT, FLYING etc. fall into this category. Finally, there are the super specialized journals that are the technographic equivalent of pornographic magazines for fetishists. In this category are magazines about avionics, hydraulic and pneumatic engineering, integrated circuitry etc.

Technography has not only its magazines, but its books, in the form of owner's instructions and operating manuals. The general need for such material is not yet well served on the open market. Rolls-Royce, for example, is one of the few companies that offer for sale its owner's manual separate from its primary product. Instruction manual technography then, is still an underground literature because of the difficulty in obtaining it at will. Buying the machine in question is no solution, since the very problem in the first place was the impracticality for most of buying or gaining access to the real thing. As a result, the technophile is even more bewildered, annoyed and offended than he would have been, at the perversity of people who ignore operating instructions that are available to them for machines they do own — often, until it is too late.

Anyone who has a technophile for a friend can tell you of their initial bewilderment the first time the technophile asked to read the instructions of a typewriter, stereo receiver, air-conditioner or washing machine he will probably never use. Such people seem unable to appreciate the aesthetic joy to be found in the logic and precision of a well-written set of instructions. Certainly they could never comprehend the seductive qualities of a cool, clean, sinuously streamlined, well-designed machine; the urge to caress the shiny, sensuous surfaces, to palpate the buttons and switches that tempt you with their finger-tip formed curves; the compelling attraction of a bank of blinking lights, the hypnotic intoxication of losing oneself in a universe of spinning gears and shafts, cogs and lever arms, flywheels and ball bearings. No, just as with sex, the development, depth and strength of the technophilic drive varies from person to person and some are doomed never to experience its pleasures.

There is no question that someone — perhaps I mean all of us — has neglected the manual of instructions for this nation — perhaps I mean this planet. The information is still available, it is written all around us, in our civilization and in nature; but we refuse to read and heed it.

Antistrophe

I've been having fortune thoughts lately. I've been thinking that maybe we are property, and that maybe my life is as messed up as it sometimes seems to be, because an incompetent nincompoop is running me and characteristically, has ignored the easy-to-follow, complete and illuminating instructions that could guide my proper use. I have a feeling too, that instruction books everywhere are about the same. . . .

IMPORTANT!: Follow These Simple Instructions BEFORE Using Homunculus:

1. Inspect case and homunculus for possible damage from handling or shipping. In case of damage, contact carrier's agent immediately so a properly prepared damage claim can be made.

2. Pull Control Subassembly Cover open and remove shipping brackets.
3. FILL OUT ENCLOSED REGISTRATION CARD and mail within days of purchase to register your humanoid homunculus. Your guarantee is not valid if there is no record of registration.
4. If product is to be returned for any reason, it must be repacked exactly as received to prevent damage in shipping.

Congratulations! You are the lucky new owner of the finest remote control homunculus available. You have wisely chosen a Sapient Playthings Intergalactic (SPI) Terran, type IIC humanoid. We know its hilarious antics will charm and divert you. Its exclusive features include: Advanced verbal capability, sense of humor override, variable power output, low fuel consumption, built-in obstinacy generator, erasable memory and advanced self-analytical ability, approval sink, convenience outlet, 5-speed sex drive, provision for plug-in, add-on accessory components (neurotic, creative etc.) and avant-garde minimalist styling.

Guarantee: Your Terran, type IIC humanoid homunculus is guaranteed for 70 years. If anything at all goes wrong during the first 18 months of operation, return it to SPI and it will be replaced or your money refunded (at our option). After 18 months, SPI will bear the cost of parts and labor to repair or replace any part or function that fails due to defect of manufacture. This guarantee applies only to the original owner and does not apply to inanimate protenoid parts after 18 months, pump computer or carrying case after 20 years, or to any damage due to accident, neglect or misuse. This guarantee is in lieu of any other warranty express or implied.

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Name: Your TIIC was named M O S H E E E D E R at the factory. His serial number is 4 5 4 1 1 1 1. It is inadvisable to attempt to change the name, this tends to interfere with the programming. Do not be misled by your friends who own other models of homunculi. With the Terran Type I, for example, the second name can be changed. However, that applies only to the TI and not to the TII. Address your humanoid by its full name at all times. Using only one of its names or a nickname, may confuse its discriminators.

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Operation: Your Terran IIC has two primary modes, designated the Internal and External activity modes of operation. Unlike more advanced models, the type IIC does not have built-in logic to handle rapidly shifting or simultaneous commands. Therefore, NEVER try to use both modes at once. ALWAYS allow for a transitional period in between. Failure to observe this limitation may result in a burn-out of the control circuitry, a mishap not covered by the guarantee under these circumstances. Within each of the two primary modes there are a number of submodes. Any of these may be engaged by a turn of the mode-selector knob. Your Terran Type IIC has a built in "Free Willy" (TM) random decision maker. If not overridden, this mechanism will choose the operating modes in a standardized, realistic pattern. SPI recommends you give the "Free Willy" (named for the first humanoid it was used in) its head until you are familiar with all aspects of your humanoids operation. Your humanoid will occasionally become trapped in cyclical repetitive behavior. A small temporary increase in the level of the control input signal will usually solve this problem.

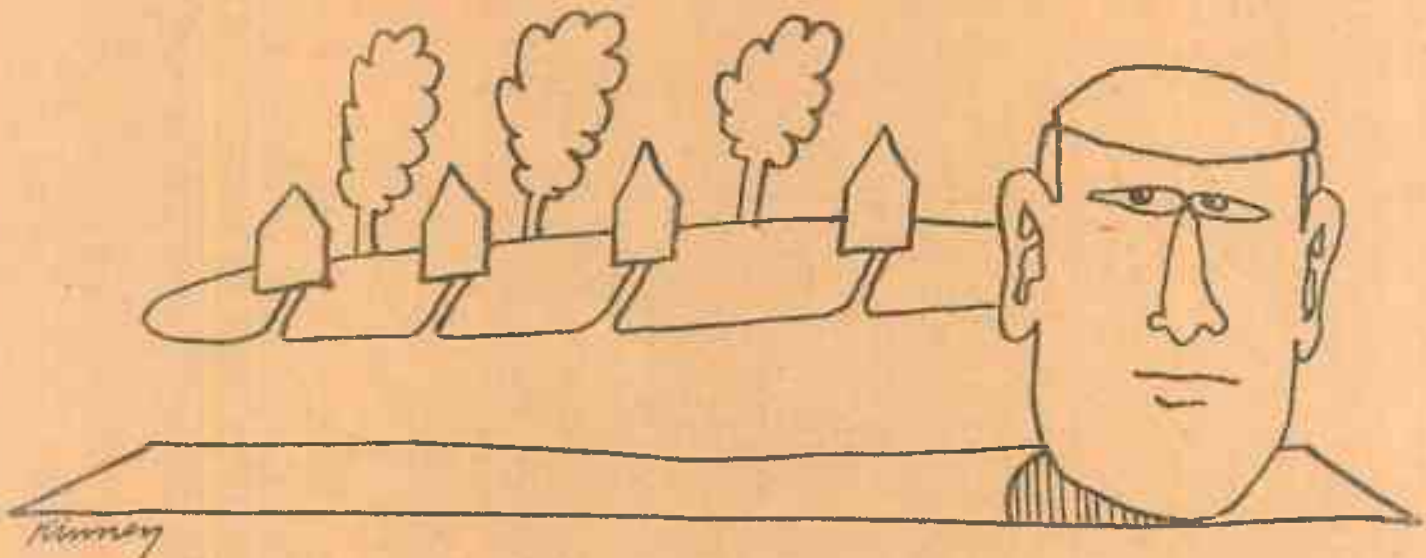
Safety: SPI homunculi are well built and rarely malfunction. However, no mechanism is perfect and even SPI products sometimes break down or even run amuck. In anticipation of such a catastrophe, your humanoid has built in safeties, including provisions for instant lethargy, catatonia and coma. Because the worst does sometimes happen, your Terran IIC also has a built-in self-destruct capability. For your own protection and the good of intergalactic society, keep your special emergency destruct control module with you at all times when humanoid is in operation.

Maintenance: It is not recommended that your humanoid be exposed without protection to vacuum, excessively high pressures, temperatures below 253°A , temperatures above 373°A , or gravitational loads in excess of 12 terran gravities for extended periods. Ignoring these recommendations may lead to damage in the humanoid. Should these or other dangers be unavoidable, be sure your homunculus is properly prepared for them with suitable protection. If your homunculus will be subject to adverse conditions on a regular basis and you anticipate the possibility of repeated damage, SPI recommends you use either a heavy duty Plubzon class sentient or, a no-deposit, no-return disposable Terran type I or II D. (Buy them by the 6-pack and save!) To keep your humanoid homunculus operating at top efficiency, have it serviced regularly by a licensed Toymaster (TM). Keep its hydraulic system topped off and use anti-freeze in winter. Don't underfuel or overfuel, this leads to wasteful operation. Don't neglect to clean its synaptic relays to avoid fouling and sparking. Use your your SPI Terran IIC carefully and operate it in accordance with these instructions and your humanoid will give you many years of entertainment.

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Those are only excerpts, of course. The whole thing fills a book the size of Simak's The Cosmic Engineers. Anyway, like I said, the way things are going lately, I'm pretty sure that fool didn't read the instructions. Hell, I am sure. My synaptic relays have been fouled for months!

*



Round the Dials

Norman Hochberg

CLICK

There is a news announcer on the screen, dressed in the dreary manner of all TV news announcers. Behind him is a rear-projection screen which reads, "D-Day."

ANNOUNCER

Good evening. It is D-Day here in the Big Apple and the celebrants are having a big party.

The screen behind him now shows Robert Bloch standing behind a lectern. We zoom in on this film clip.

BLOCH

They They don't call her the mother of Psycho for nothing.

His joke is finished. As he goes on, we pan the huge auditorium to see an audience of about 20 people. All but one are sleeping. We zoom in on that one — HANK DAVIS.

CLICK

We are panning a deserted street. A wind is blowing a few copies of THRILLING WONDER STORIES about. Back issues of LOCUS fly by as do several pages of written manuscript. In the background we see an approaching figure -- stark and solitary against the swirling dust. As he approaches there are a few ominous chords of music. He glances at his subway map and then continues down the street. We follow him as he checks the buildings lining it. He looks up and we recognize him vaguely -- HANK DAVIS. But this HANK is different; he is a balding man in his late 60's, dressed in a flashy striped pullover shirt, a pair of grey pants and brown shoes with black orlon socks bunched up in them. HANK walks down the street, muttering, senseless with wonder.

HANK

Strange, I don't see anybody.

He stops before a large gaping hole in the ground. An avocado plant is in its center.

HANK

Sad. Oh well, guess I'll take the "A" train back home.

CLICK

We are on the first floor of The Strand bookstore. ANTI-FAN, a mustachiod faggot in an absurd, tight-fitting costume, is looking through a stack of books. He comes to a copy of The Man In The High Castle he thinks someone may want for a friend. He points his finger

at it. It instantly disappears in a puff of smoke, leaving a small pile of ashes in the hole where the book once rested. Through the hole we see a face peering at us -- it is the face of HANK DAVIS!

ANTI-FAN

Ulp!

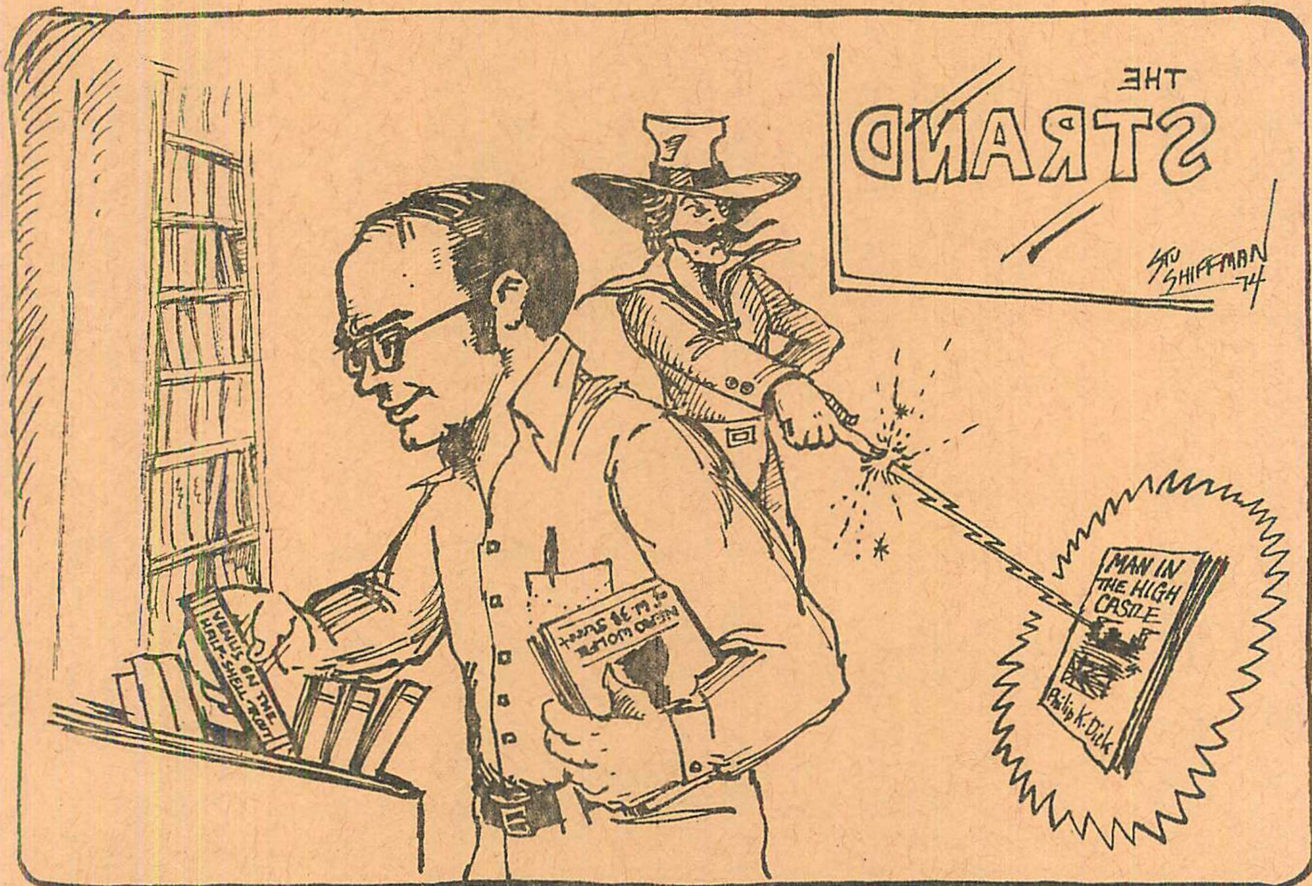
CLICK

There is deep blackness, a color so black that it might be nothingness were it not for the fact that it is shiny (we catch a few glints of reflected light). We pull back a bit and see a few creases. We pull back a bit more and find ourselves staring at a black mound on a black background. We zoom back even more until we see it is the form of a woman's breast. As we pull back to the final position we realize this is not just any woman -- but Diana Rigg, dressed in the tightest black leather outfit imaginable.

DIANA

Hiya. My birthday's July 21 -- remember?
Send me a birthday card please . . . Hank.

CLICK



The clatter of a subway "el" train. Inside, looking out into the night is HANK DAVIS, trying to read a copy of PLACEBO 5 while a drunk across from him continues ranting.

DRUNK

You bet! If it weren't for the politicians we'd be living very nicely today, let me tell you.

The train lurches and the DRUNK falls onto HANK's lap. As the DRUNK gets up, HANK buries his head in the letter column.

DRUNK

I work my ass off until three a.m. in the morning. Take this damned, stinkin' subway home, to what? At 3 a.m.! You hear?

HANK is now reading the back cover for the fifteenth time.

DRUNK

Hey you! Where are you comin' from?

HANK

A science fiction club meeting.

The DRUNK stands up straight, looks at HANK, then walks into the next car.

CLICK

A set of credits is rolling up the screen, over a shot of rolling seas and a shipwreck:

GOD	Burt Lancaster
HIS SERVANT	Michael J. Pollard
ASTRONAUT	Charlton Heston
THE ANGEL	Diana Rigg
THE NEGRO	Gary Puckett
THE I. R. S. MAN	Hank Davis
MISTER ED	Himself

CLICK:

Test Pattern.

CLICK

It is dark in the streets of New York City but the first strands of a hazy sunrise are beginning to show through the overnight smog. We see a theatre marquee which has "EIGHT HOURS OF JAPANESE MONSTERS" emblazoned across it. Slowly, we tilt down to a man in a business suit locking the doors to the theatre. Next to him, rubbing his eyes, is HANK DAVIS.

THEATRE MANAGER

Well, I didn't think I'd make it.

Hank yawns.

THEATRE MANAGER

Next week we're showing German monsters.

HANK (yawning)
Yeah, see you then!

CLICK

Test Pattern.

CLICK

Test Pattern.

CLICK

Air Force fighter planes zoom across the sky to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." We see a line of Army men saluting them. We slowly zoom in on one of them. It is HANK DAVIS.

CLICK

Test Pattern.

CLICK

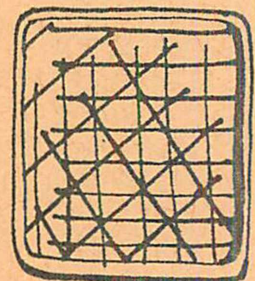
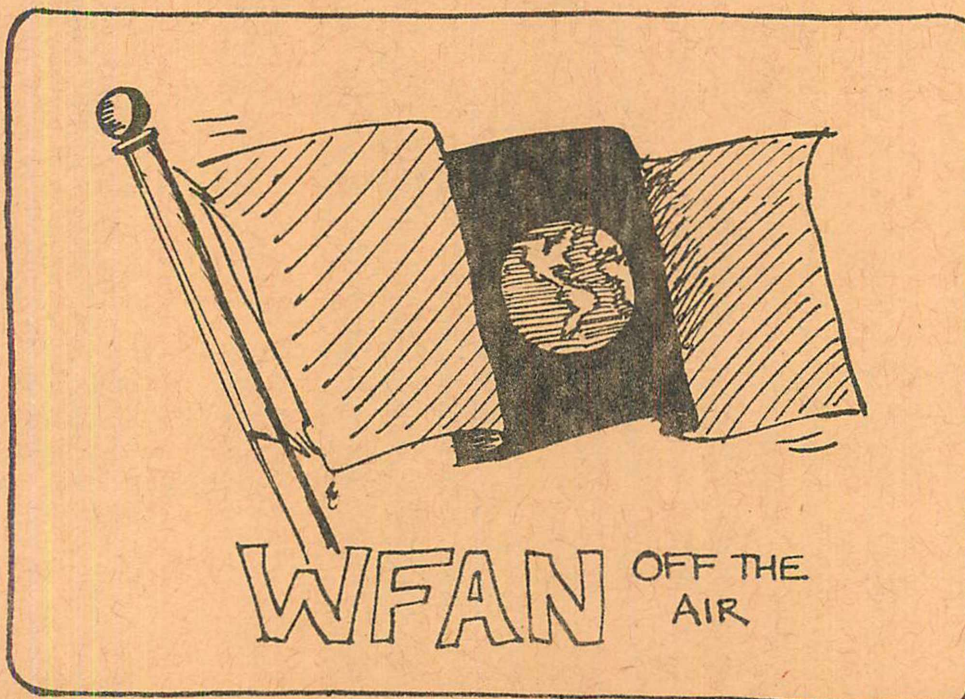
Test Pattern.

CLICK

Test Pattern.

CLICK

Blackness.



14



GERNSBACK

STU SHIFFMAN 74