

FANTHOLOGY

'75

edited by

BRUCE D. ARTHURS

illustrations

by

ALEXIS GILLILAND

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INTRODUCTION

What possible reason can there be to publish a collection of some of the best fanwriting from 1975 fanzines?

Well, my own reasons are fairly simple: I received 466 fanzines in 1975; most of them I enjoyed, and there were a number of them which contained some really outstanding writing, writing which I recommended to others, writing which I could go back to and re-read with pleasure numerous times, writing which I wished I'd been able to write myself. (Some people might notice that there is one piece of writing in this collection by myself. Not much more I can say about it than that I am rather proud of the piece and think it's rather a good piece of writing. So give me a little slack; at least this isn't a collection all of my own writings. ~~THAT'S A CHALLENGE FOR NEXT YEAR!~~)

So, like the true idiot that I am, I took it upon myself to publish a collection of some of my favorite pieces of fanwriting from 1975. If I had known beforehand how much time it would take, how many delays it would encounter, how much work it would be, you would probably not be reading this now.

And I suspect that not everyone will agree with all of my choices of the "best." My favorite pieces of fanwriting, the ones that stick in my memory, tend to be humorous, particularly in the personal-experience school of fanwriting. In this entire collection, there is only one piece -- Dainis Biseniek's -- that might truly be called "sercon" (though not concerned with science fiction), and even it has its humorous moments. The bittersweet, low-key humor of Jeff Schalles' and James White's contributions might also pass as "serious" to some. There are no book reviews or literary studies in this collection. If such types of writings are your interest, you will probably not find this collection what you expected -- entertaining, hopefully, but not what you would consider the "best" from 1975. My choices are highly subjective ones, and I never hope to pretend otherwise.

And even I, who made the selections contained herein, am to some extent dissatisfied with this collection because of the other "best" material that could not be reprinted. Some of the best fanzines are gestalts, a blending of the personalities, abilities and expressions of all the contributors, indivisible and unexcerptable.

How can selections be culled from a zine like TITLE, where the ingroupishness, the rebounding off one another's ideas, is what makes the zine so special?

How can you reprint the intensely personal writings of fans like Tim Marion or Don C. Thompson without shocking the

strangers introduced point-blank and without preparation into their inner minds and emotions?

How can you take out of context the letters of comment, or apa mailing comments, that may be gems of wit and talent, but meaningless without a knowledge of what they are responding to?

Can a fannish cartoon stand alone, without the support of a mass of type surrounding it? Not many.

Even so, despite the fact that this collection contains only a portion, and a slanted portion at that, of some of the talent to be found writing (and, in some cases, drawing) for fanzines, I'm hopeful that you, whoever you are reading this, find the contents entertaining, laugh-provoking and admirable.

I do.

-- Bruce D. Arthurs
June, 1977

[Thanks for making this collection possible go to: the writers, the editors of the original fanzines, Alexis Gilliland for his delightful illos, the people who sent in advance orders and have been patiently waiting for far too long, and the numerous people who pestered and nagged me until I finally got the job done. And especially Hilde.]

A CARTOON? ME!?



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THE TRUTHFUL DISTORTING MIRROR

Dainis Bisenieks

An art critic might look at me a bit queerly if he heard me say, "What good is a picture if it doesn't tell a story?" One of those Philistines or sentiment-alists, he'd think. But I like to tease critics once in a while. I do care about color and design, though a purely abstract design is to me far less interesting than one which offers some interplay with the world of recognizable and meaningful things. It's the language of pictures that interests me above all. So I collect, in books if possible, pictures which give a twist to the world we know. At one end of the scale there's whimsy -- Tim Kirk, Rowland Emmett. It was Emmett who created the Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway, England's answer to the Toonerville Trolley. I like the best of the newspaper cartoonists -- Herblock, Mauldin, Oliphant. I don't like mere gags -- there has to be a personal way of seeing things. The work of the best cartoonists cuts a bit close to the bone -- their characters have real human weaknesses. Consider James Thurber or William Hamilton or a number of others who appear (or appeared regularly) in The New Yorker. Ronald Searle's far-out gags delight me (the classic St. Trinian's School series!) but he is also a portraitist of modern types who are not quite at home in today's world. The Big City (with text by Alex Atkinson) is the best collection of such work, and there are also sketchbooks of London and of Paris, with text by Searle's wife, Kaye Webb. Closer to home there's American Natives by Erich Sokol (who otherwise does conventional Playboy cartoons).

Here I had better distinguish between cartoon and caricature. A caricature, we may think, is simply a cartoon of an individual, but not so. Nor is mere exaggeration its essence -- the nose of Nixon or De Gaulle, the skull of Herbert Hoover or Melvin Laird, the teeth and glasses of Theodore Roosevelt. Caricature is really a branch of portraiture and (when successful) reveals character -- what has become fixed in a person. W.H. Auden said that we enjoy caricatures of our friends because we don't want them ever to change, and of our enemies because we hate to think they might change so that we would have to forgive them. Further, children and animals cannot be caricatured: children because they have not yet become individuals, animals because they are all they will ever be. But of course we can have caricatures of adolescents and post-adolescents who have failed to become anything. Ronald Searle's books are full of them. I think of all those co-eds with doll-like faces in my English classes, so hard to tell apart. I can

imagine people whom no caricature could catch and preserve because they continue growing and revealing themselves; because they are not finished.

A portrait, said Max Beerbohm, is a picture in which there is always something wrong about the mouth. It's the most revealing part of the face, and it acquires a habitual set, shocking at times when suddenly seen in a mirror, even more shocking when seen through the eyes of an artist or an alert photographer. Good God, is that really me? I once had a chance to compare two drawings of me by different artists. One had something about the mouth -- surely I was not always like that! -- and the other was too idealized. Heads of state love to be photographed, but they hate to be drawn or painted, except in the most approved manner. Remember the portrait that LBJ rejected? Years before, there was a fuss over a Churchill portrait by Graham Sutherland. And in dictatorships, artists can be as subversive as writers and are as rigidly controlled. Political cartoons in the Soviet Union never show the country's own leaders, whose wisdom may not be questioned. The features of hated foreigners are viciously distorted: no hint of portraiture here, they are mere bogymen.

A caricature, then, can say: ~~There~~ is a man who is in a groove. All directions are closed to him but one. And a lot of people can be in parallel grooves, so that there can be caricatures of types, as in Erich Sokol's book. One of the first pictures shows only a back, the large square back of a man riding on a power mower. There are no captions. These are all pictures of people who might ask, "What am I doing here?" but don't. Some of them are very young. An infant in a Mickey Mouse cap. A Little Leaguer at bat, with a scowl of concentration. A freckled kid eating popcorn in a movie theater. An adolescent girl applying false eyelashes. Others are old -- the Bowery derelict, the short-order cook, a thin-shanked woman playing cards on a Florida beach. They are all in a trap. The portrayal is entirely without nastiness. The artist has said: "I feel about people in this book just as I feel about myself. Usually I either like or hate myself; but often, against all reason, I do both at the same time... I am pro-American and pro-people and against their idealization."

A young artist named William Hamilton has been appearing regularly in The New Yorker for the past several years. I've been following his work right from the start. The New Yorker is famous as the home not only of Charles Addams but also of a number of cartoonists who show the foibles of middle and upper class Americans. Helen Hokinson may have been the best-known -- her middle-aged women were recognized as a distinct type. Visually all these cartoons tend to be uninteresting: ~~the~~ same face and bodies appear in them time and time again. Hamilton's people all belong to the comfortable middle and upper classes. The men are just a bit fleshy; if the women are all slim, it is thanks to careful dieting. There's visual detail to be noticed, but mainly the joke is in the captions. They are trendy people: ~~they~~ are "into" activities. They think in cliches, and they are unable to distinguish the trivial from the serious. One caption can represent the lot: "Now, Phil, about Hugh's summer camp. Do we want tennis, French, horsemanship, or survival?" (Feb. 25, 1974) It's really a one-line short story: the characters are summed up in these few words. If I had to teach, God forbid, a "creative writing" course -- can it be any less horrible than Freshman English? -- I would demand as the only assignment a number of cartoon captions of this sort. That would get rid of all the phonies for whom writing is self-expression or therapy. One more caption, for which I can't recall artist or date, as it appeared some years ago: "Alice, I have a confession to make. These ski racks on my car...I don't really ski. It's an image thing." Another short story.

All these things I've mentioned are good and admirable, but let's notice that they show a society which functions, after a fashion. It has norms, even if

they are norms of phoniness, and people live by them. America has been prosperous enough and isolated enough to escape the total breakdown that European societies have suffered. How much would it take to make us crack? What desperate things have people unable to get gasoline done? We had the Civil War and the Depression and the present sickness of our cities, but a vision of the American Way of Life survives. But what of the German Way of Life, or the French, or the Italian? Kaputt, at one time or another. Consider Goya, a century and more earlier: "I saw it." "This is worse." Americans have seen death, but they have not seen Death stalking the land -- their own land -- and terror infecting all the people. Contrast Goya with Bill Mauldin, of whom I also think well. Mauldin saw what war did to the fighting Americans and to the Italians over whose land the battle passed. He says that people will understand that in his pictures corpses are always just off-stage. They had to be if his cartoons were to serve their purpose of speaking for the common soldier. Mauldin accepted that limitation -- and so the fatigued soldiers and homeless starving Italians do not look haunted by their experiences, and we are not haunted by them.

A newspaper cartoonist is not one to draw the face of evil and make people see it as evil. All he can produce is bogeys. That's all Thomas Nast did. I suspect he had a bit too much affection for Boss Tweed. The famous cartoons "Let Us Prey" and "'Twas Him" are effective symbols, but less effective portraits. It's in the nature of this mass medium -- the ones who depict the real horrors, like Goya and Grosz, have never been popular -- in fact, the censor gets them more often than not. The reader's reaction to the ordinary cartoon stops at recognition of the symbol -- vulture or taxpayer in a barrel or whatever. It doesn't help that the cartoonist usually makes a sort of joke -- and when the event is beyond joking, all we usually get is Uncle Sam or Liberty in an attitude of mourning.

You've heard of Goya and Daumier and Grosz; let me introduce a successor: A. Paul Weber, German, born 1893 and still going strong. The lithograph is his preferred medium. I have reproductions of his work in two albums, the GRAPHIK of 1956 (hereafter "G") and the KRITISCHE GRAPHIK of 1973 (KG); a small boo-, MIT ALLEN WASSERN, a series of pictures on the theme of Reineke the Fox; and several of his calendars in book form, in which the pictures are accompanied by epigraphs from periodicals and books old and new. All these were published in West Germany, and I got my copies mostly through the good offices of a friend.

A picture is worth a thousand words, but I'll try to make do with fewer. The style of many lithographs can be imagined as a blend of Goya and Boris Artzybasheff, but not as "hard-edged" as the latter's work. There are some of the same machines with arms, legs, eyes and mouths -- and men who have turned into machines, like the racing athletes in "Mens sana in corpore sano" (KG 21), cheered on by one of Weber's mobs. Dehumanization is the biggest theme in his work: men who have renounced will or intelligence and turned themselves into mindless (and spineless: see KG 42) slaves or members of the crowd, mob or mass. Weber's masses are always hungry for excitement. They are seen cheering a battered boxing champion (G 96, KG 20), following the triumphal procession of Undying Stupidity (G 82, KG 10), and in one of the most effective of Weber's images, joining themselves to the body of a saucer-eyed, sharp-eared and -tongued monster, Rumor (G 75, KG 15). This monster soars along in front of an immense wall with countless windows, a tiny figure, open-mouthed and open-eyed, avidly leaning from each. Some lean toward one another -- "Boy! Have you heard...!" Many have the faces and bodies of beasts; it's hard to tell the borderline. This again is quite common in Weber's work.

Men as beasts are a staple of caricature, and Weber used this device most expressively in the Fox series. The fox is of course the one intelligent animal in those pictures. What the fox represents cannot be conveyed in words, since he

(in some pictures, she) is a personality. Active intelligence, certainly; in some cases predatoriness. The frontispiece shows the Fox poking at a swine comfortably snoozing on a sofa. In one of my favorites, "Sweet Grapes", he has inveigled a dumb bunny into giving him a leg up so that he can reach the hanging clusters of fruit. And in another; he is a ferryman in pilgrim garb; his craft is crowded with wide-eyed bunnies, some happily dabbling their paws in the water. Yet another: a rabbit is being swept along by a raging flood, and the only possible rescuer is the fox in a tree, reaching out a branch to him. A piquant dilemma. In the 1971 calendar, there is a fox saying grace over a large carrot on a plate: "...and bless this food which Thou hast granted..." There is a sequence of foxes as courtiers: in one drawing, King Lion, having doffed robe and crown, is jumping rope -- two foxes are swinging it for him. The lion has the happy, wide-eyed innocent look that appears so often in these drawings. Another look is one of avid, leering concentration -- bug-eyed would be the word for it. An audience of diverse beasts, all fixedly staring straight ahead, has in its midst two foxes, relaxed, slit-eyed, pencil and pad at the ready, looking very critical. And there are several versions (one in KG) of a small group of beasts watching TV while the fox turns away with a book.

In some of the best drawings, a simple and striking image yields its meaning at a glance -- not that the meaning is always easy to translate into words. There are confrontations of unlike characters -- the fox and owl just looking at each other; the fox fishing who has hooked (but not "caught") a pik-bigger than himself. There are more such confrontations: a fox and a bear in a hollow way; a bear on a log spanning a ravine; the fox jumping over him; the fox with a rapier, erect on the prostrate body of a bull. The fox and the jester taking refuge from a flood, allies in a subtle way. The jester is another favorite character of Weber's. Several pictures show jester and king; in one, they are walking a garden path, their backs to us, their heads bent in thought, and we scarcely need the caption: "How shall we tell the people?" (G 29, KG 1) St. Anthony preaching to the fish (G 39, KG 18) is not giving the traditional sermon, for he is clinging to an almost submerged mast, and the fish are hungry-looking sharks.

Sharks and other monsters are among the symbols of a collapsing world order in the apocalyptic "Post Christum". A few spires still project above the waves; tiny desperate men cling to them and to a crude raft, a few church banners still waving...but the sea monsters are approaching. (G 71, KG 49) "The Survivors", two ragged men, shake hands as they stand on a battlemented wall covered with skeletons and broken weapons. The cottage and peaceful garden of "The Last Freeholder" (G59, KG 14) is surrounded by a wall outside of which is only a cratered battleground. The lifeboat of "The Debaters" (G65, KG 13) is being swamped by the waves while they heatedly argue their differences. This is remote from any American feeling about the state of civilization. These works had their origin during and after the war, but we can see that Weber anticipated the horrors of World War II. "My good china!" dates from 1932 and shows a woman in a window clutching her precious dinner service as smoke whirls around her. (G 79) He saw the downfall of Nazism, as a drawing from that same year shows -- a procession with swastika banners hurtling into an open coffin, also marked with a swastika (G 13, KG 11). He was imprisoned for a term but freed, and so he lived to depict other horrors of war and its aftermath. If horror it is in these pictures, we should not turn from it; but in almost all there is a grim wit, closer in spirit to Grosz than to Goya.

Let me cite a few pictures of the most striking simplicity. A foolish fellow in a nightshirt stands with his back to a post, ready with a hammer to drive a spike through his empty head (G 90, KG 8). The informer, notebook in hand, stoops at a keyhole, an avid leer on his face. (G 44, KG 9). A calf looks in dismay at the prone body of the butcher who was leading it and has fallen dead; who will

take the halter in hand now? (G 57, KG 12). A woman stares in fear as the air-raid siren howls and people behind her turn to run: this was another pre-war drawing (G 48). A skeleton pushes a mine trolley filled with "ore" -- thousands of Iron Crosses. (Ah yes, Death in this form makes quite a few appearances. G 89, that was.) Uncomfortable stuff for an uncomfortable time, but with few exceptions not gloomy: we can admire the mordant wit and the aptness of the symbolism. When the subject is not war and the downfall of civilization, the drawings can be hilariously funny. I've gloated and chuckled over many of the fox drawings or over such things as the "Village Gossips" (G 24), who are chickens, not women. One of the funniest fox drawings shows a foxy couple relaxing in their home, on a dogskin rug. The head is of course still attached and wears a most fierce look. The witty inventiveness is far better than Grandville's, whose animals are rather expressionless. He is the 19th century Frenchman with whose work (and that of others) the New York Review of Books has been decorating its pages. I can imagine Weber becoming as popular as M.C. Escher, if only some American publisher would take the plunge.

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I have said next to nothing about Ronald Searle, and nothing at all about William Steig, Abner Dean, Max Beerbohm, Saul Steinberg, David Levine. Oddly I have nothing to say about Heinrich Kley, who has won the most fame as a "fantasy" artist. But about the others -- I could be persuaded.

I AM A PORTRAIT, YOU ARE
A CARICATURE, HE IS A
CARTOON



SECRETARY'S REPORT ON THE 29 JANUARY MUAF MEETING

John Kusske

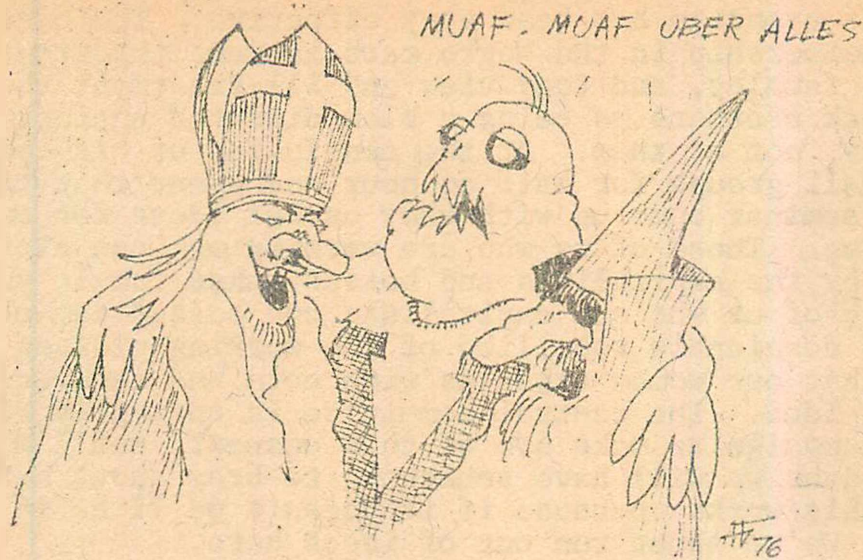
"The idea that man is consciously plotting the subservience of women is true..."
-- Don D'Amassa, MYTHOLOGIES #3

Dear Don,

Congratulations on your appointment as the new National MUAF Corresponding Secretary. It's about time we younger males began breaking into top leadership positions in the national organization. The old relic you replaced certainly had begun doddering. On one occasion he almost brought his wife to a meeting!

The monthly Minneapolis MUAF meeting was held in Minneapolis Auditorium on the night of January 29, 1975. As usual we had advertised a professional wrestling match for that evening, so women stayed away. We had placed, in addition, tupperware salesmen at all entrances, and they kept any females who happened to wander by well occupied. Some time in the future, though, we're going to have to change our tactics. Even the stupid females will eventually begin to wonder why every man in the city of Minneapolis goes to the same wrestling match once a month, and they're bound to start comparing notes sooner or later. I suggested that we all join the National Guard and use a weekend training exercise for a Men United Against Females meeting, but the Department of the Army claims that there isn't enough money in the treasury to pay us all. Pfui. I say that they should just slip another income tax onto the earnings of stenographers and nurses to pay for our activities; we're already using their taxes to bribe the drug companies for making defective birth control pills. But meanwhile the wrestling matches....

The meeting opened with the ritual reading of the secretary's report for the first MUAF gathering ever held. I must admit that those immortal words, spoken by Adam and transcribed by Abel, always fill me with inspiration. I remember the night my father took me to my first MUAF meeting, telling mom that we were going ice-fishing, and I heard those words for the initial time. They filled me with such a glorious feeling of strength, solidarity, and power, even



then. To think that such inferior creatures as ourselves have been directing and controlling women for millions of years! It is such a wonderful accomplishment. Of course lately our power over them has been slipping, and it is up to us, the younger generation, to re-establish the position which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers held, but I am confident that we are equal to the challenge.

The real meat of the evening's discussion centered upon the women's liberation movement and methods of combatting it. I don't know how you men in Rhode Island view things, Don, but here in Minneapolis we regard "women's lib" to be a real threat to our age-old domination. Lately we've become more and more desperate as our attempts to counter its influence continue to fail. At the January 29 meeting we had a visitor, a Mr. Richard Farson, who has developed a new technique. He calls it "A Child's Bill of Rights", and he has been scoring notable successes with it. Last year even MS magazine printed the thing. Briefly, he seeks to fight the females with a parody of their own weapon. His "Child's Bill of Rights" is an inspired mixture of plausible sounding demands and ridiculous ones which women, with their natural stupidity, have taken to heart in vast numbers. Some of its articles though are so obviously foolish that many wiser women cannot be restrained from laughing when they see them. By persuading "women's lib" groups to accept the "Child's Bill of Rights", Farson has induced some women to distrust the "liberation" organizations, thus striking an important blow for the superior position of the male sex. After he had finished his presentation, Farson was awarded a large amount of applause, plus liberal supplies of back-slapping, hand-shaking, and beer.

Next we heard a presentation from a local leader of the "black" movement. All of us have been envying the exalted position which our black brothers have attained and retained vis a vis their women, and we have been wondering how they have so far escaped any erosion of their dominance. Our speaker outlined the strategy which the black men have employed. They have claimed that, due to the oppression with which the black man is faced, it is absolutely neces-

sary that he receive the utmost in support and care from his females. Not surprisingly this campaign has been very effective. The black women believe that membership in the Negro race is more important than their status as females, and they view any ill-treatment they receive from our black brothers as being a blow directed against the white power structure, not at them. At the conclusion of his speech, we separated into small groups for half an hour and spent that time brain-storming. My seminar came up with many useful ideas for employing this technique. Those of us who are working men can claim that our oppression by the capitalists and bosses makes female support mandatory; those of us who are capitalists and bosses can claim that the ungodly and despicable rebellion of the working classes makes it necessary that our women treat us with care and reverence. I'm sure you get the idea. The central committee is currently planning a coordinated campaign to make use of this concept, and I'm sure that within a few months we will have something to brag about here in Minnesota. I hope this works, because if it doesn't we'll be in a desperate position. We've about run out of ideas here.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to drinking and watching pornographic movies. The cleaning women certainly had a mess on their hands the next morning, but what else can they expect from a wrestling match?! A good time was had by all. We especially enjoyed DEEP THROAT. Many of us could not afford to see it in a theatre, so it was especially comradely for the men who own the movie to give a free showing at our meeting. That Linda Lovelace is certainly some woman! Just the sort we like to see, and, if we are at all successful, all females will be like her in the future!

The meeting ended with a communal recitation of the oath. "We solemnly promise that our every effort and action will be directed to crushing the spirit of the female sex and that we will endeavor to keep them barefoot and pregnant in perpetuity."

---John F. Kusske, Secretary, MUAF #461

PS: Please don't get this report mixed up with an article for your fanzine, Don. If the women ever learned about our organization, the work of 1000 centuries would immediately go down the drain!

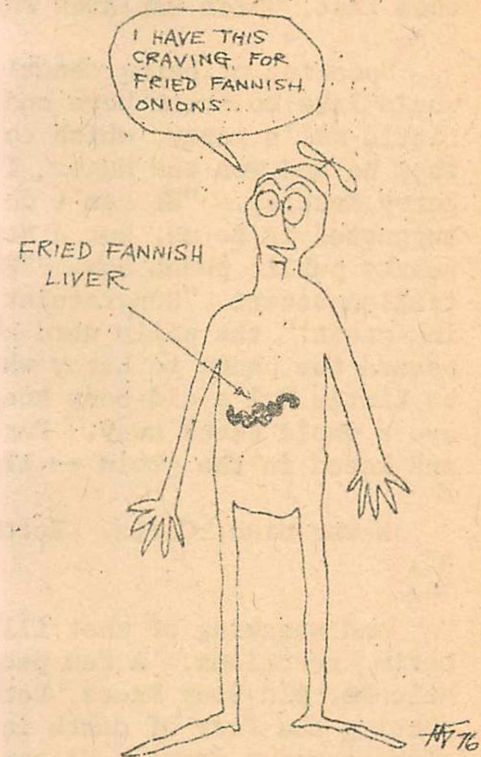
A SCABBY COLUMN

John Brosnan

I had hoped to do some sort of mood piece here...along the lines of what John D. Barry usually writes. I was going to start off by describing the room, the chair I'm sitting on, my state of mind, what's on the record player and all that sort of crap but I can't be bothered. Perhaps I'll do an introspective piece instead, like what Graham Charnock does in VIBRATOR. Has anyone noticed how maudlin he's getting these days? Always going on about being 30 and a failure...jeez, it's tedious. His fanzine's okay though, if you like well-done mediocrity. In the issue before last he had an interesting bit on alcohol and its effects. This is a subject close to my heart, and also to my liver and kidneys. I really do think that I am drinking too much these days, which is quite a confession for me to make, but when your liver starts making knocking sounds when you walk you know it's time to slow down.

Last Saturday I really overdid it. I started at about 11 o'clock in the morning drinking in a pub with a few friends and at closing time someone invited us all to his club a short distance away. It looked exactly like a pub, though it was more expensive, and the drinking continued unabated. Everything gets a bit hazy after that but I do remember being introduced to David Mercer, the playwright, and I also remember trying to sell him some Australian dollars when I heard that he was going to Australia to work on the script of Joe Losey's film version of a Patrick White novel (Voz or Vos?). For some reason he wasn't interested in my offer.

We left around five o'clock and I went and had a meal, I think. That night Harry Harrison and his wife were having a small soiree round at their temporary residence in Gloucester Rd. I arrived early so I naturally killed time in the nearest pub. I can remember the first hour or so at the Harrisons but not much else. I was later gleefully informed that I was rather obnoxious to poor old Chris Priest (me?) and that I made a pass at Little Mal (me?) but mercifully it's all a blank. I can't remember leaving either but I do remember getting into a cab and giving the driver my address. And I also remember standing outside the front door trying to find my key. It was then that I realized I was at 62 Elsham Rd in Sheperd's Bush...which was embarrassing seeing that I had moved away almost a year ago. Very annoyed I stomped around Shepherd's Bush, bouncing off parked cars and stop signs, trying to find another cab. I eventually stopped one and informed the driver that I wanted to go to South Ealing. "No chance, mate," he said and roared off. The same thing happened with the next two cabs I stopped and I became even more annoyed. Then I remembered the law that once you get in the cab they have to take you where you wanted to go. So the next time one stopped I immediately leapt in and snarled at the driver, "Congratulations, you're going to South fucking Ealing." Amazingly he took me there and it was only later that



it occurred to me that the law I was thinking of was an Australian one, not English.

The following day, while enduring the ultimate hang-over (complete with twitches) I used my pocket calculator to work out how many brain cells I had wiped out with my years of boozing. It turns out that I only have three live ones left, which explains why it hurts so much to think these days.

Speaking of being obnoxious to Chris Priest (one of my favorite subjects) I would like to state here and now that it was not my idea to ring him up during Little Mal's party, which coincided with the Worldcon Down Under, and tell him that he had won the Hugo. I cannot tell a lie -- it was Leroy Atkinson's (then Leroy Kettle). "We can't do such a thing." I cried in horror when Leroy first suggested it to me, but a few drinks later I gave in and accompanied Leroy to a nearby public phone box. "This is Australia calling," I said in my best Australian accent. "Congratulations, Mr. Priest, you have won the Hugo!" "Oh, fucking great!" the silly nerd cried. I was so surprised that he believed me that I passed the phone to Leroy who immediately dropped it and fled. When we got back to Little Mal's old bony knees was waiting outside. We could see the gleam in his eye a whole block away. For some reason it was me that he chased down the street and kneed in the groin -- bloody Leroy got off with a simple reprimand.

Never mind, Chris. Better luck next year. (Most fun I'd had since BIG SCAB 3.)

And speaking of that illustrious organ, issue 3 did produce a lot of interesting reactions. A few people were actually quite incensed by it -- namely Little Malcolm, Old Bony Knees, Peter Nichols and Grah Charredcok. They succeeded in putting the fear of death into the cowardly editor who started wearing dark glasses and a dress. He spent many nights worrying about how the psueds of British sf would take their revenge -- would a knock at his door herald the arrival of the SF Foundation Death Squad? Would he find himself face-to-face with a bone-wielding Peter Nichols? Would Little Mal beat him to death with his tape recorder? Would a lead-weighted handbag thud across the back of his neck? He could see the headlines: JOHN BROSAN FOUND DEAD IN NOTTINGHILL GATE TUBE TOILETS. TALL, BONY_KNEED MAN WITH HANDBAG SEEN RUNNING AWAY. But nothing happened.

Actually Priest was so annoyed he showed the issue to his solicitor to see if I could be sued but the solicitor just fell off his seat laughing. Holdcock had tried a similar ploy with issue 2; he showed it to his father who is a policeman, but that noble gentleman simply said he didn't know he had such a silly goof for a son and hit him over the head with his truncheon. Little Mal showed 3 to his teddy but didn't get any reaction at all.

Graham Charnock said that issue 3 had made him feel like a right tit (I wouldn't touch a straight line like that for a free week at Pizmo Beach). "I have lots of smarts," he told SCAB. "Print in your next issue that I have lots of smarts." He's d-ep too.

Anyway, SCAB 3 served its purpose; nobody had to sit through a Chris Priest play at SEACON. (Some people were under the impression that I was making it all up about the dreaded play but it was true, I swear.)

For reasons too boring to relate I have no idea when SCABBY TALES 2 will appear but be assured that the tradition of SCAB will continue one way or another. Tough shit. (Exits to the accompaniment of boo's and a rain of rotten eggs.)

THE NIGHT WE BOMBED THE PALACE

Dave Jenrette

This is the true story of how a certain B-45 bomber crew almost dropped a nuclear bomb on Buckingham Palace. If there is any question about this by the CIA, the FBI, or the BBC then it is not true and I just made it up.

First of all, you must completely and thoroughly understand that Dave Jenrette was not involved in this at all. It is a story that I got secondhand from someone who had no business to know it. For one thing, DVJ was an expert bombardier and, on his last check flight while stationed in Sacramento, California, flew a perfect bombing mission which earned him a 72 t-score. This story is told in the first person only for the convenience of it.

The B-45 bomber is practically unknown to modern Warbird Watchers. To give you a picture, let me say that it is a kind of jet version of the B-26; 4 jet engines slung two to a pod (so it looked 2-engined). In its early days it was cleared for some acrobatics, including rolls. In bombing rodeos with B-47's we always wiped them out because the 45 was a much stabler bombing platform, but unfortunately not as fast, but we could get up pretty high, 45,000 ft being my own record height. The 45, also known as the Toronado, had a crew of 4: pilot, co-pilot, navigator-bombardier, and gunner. The gunner was in the extreme tail of the plane, because he was an enlisted man; his guns were radar-controlled and directed to the nearest target (which could have amusing results in formation flying). In any emergency he could exit gracefully with ease.

The co-pilot sat behind the pilot high on top of the fuselage under a clear plastic canopy. In case of emergency, they had ejection seats. The navigator-bombardier sat in the nose of the plane with no windows except a tiny panel of plastic right overhead and with no ejection seat, but that's not important to this story.

What is important is the strange role of the co-pilot. Although we often flew missions without a gunner, we never flew without a co-pilot and yet the co-pilot, except for operating the U2 release, had little to do. There was little he could do. His position did not even have a complete set of instruments; the controls that he had were light-weight juryrigged pulldowns and foldouts. So most flights were continual dialogues between pilot and bombardier; the co-pilot read paperbacks, with his headset turned off, or just slept. There was little to do.

In those Cold War Days we flew White Elephant missions which consisted of loading on a nuclear weapon, flying directly East, and turning around and returning before passing over communist territory. The theory was that with a weapon in the air we had some retaliatory power even if a sneak attack got through. The commies were doing the same thing, we heard, so tension was always pretty high all around...

On this one particular evening the pilot got sick and the squadron commander decided to take his place and get in his flying time so he could get his flying pay for that month. In those days you had to put in 8hr/mo to get flying pay and

this was hard to do in jets because we rarely stayed up longer than 3hr. Now there are flying squadron commanders and desk squadron commanders and this guy was desk -- 8hr/mo and not a second longer and on this trip it was the last day of the month and he needed 2 hours.

The White Elephant mission took off with its nuclear cargo aboard heading 090 and I started tuning up the K-radar system. Raise the gain, adjust the SN-47, tune out the altitude hole. First on the low range with the 5-mile circles, then the 10-mile circles, and then the 50-mile circles when your scope shows a circular view of 500 miles diameter and all of England looks just like it does on a map. Uh oh. No 50-mile markers -- no long range.

"Colonel, I can't get the long range position on radar. We're going to have to abort the mission."

"Like hell! Fly it on the short range: I need two hours!"

"No way. I can't get through the danger zones or know where I am. How's your visibility? Can you see Paris yet?"

"No, Goddamit, there's an undercast. We're not going back until we get 2 hours. Let's take it down to London bomb plot."

So we headed south over the channel as I frantically dug out my London area charts. Since we haven't dropped any real nuclear bombs in ages the way we got our practice was at London bomb plot. We would go to the south, use the Isle of Wight as our initial point, start our simulated run, and turn on our tone-signal.

At the instant of simulated Bombs away! the tone would cut off and London bomb plot tracking us on radar would compute where the bomb would have gone. The simulated targets would be ones that showed up well on radar such as St. Paul's and the Houses of Parliament. That night we were assigned Buckingham Palace and so at 35,000 feet, 10:23pm, September 12, 19xx, we passed over the Isle of Wight heading north with a number of kilotons ready for delivery to the Queen.

The commander had turned on course beautifully, the weather was clear over England and he lined with the lights of London easily. As we got closer I changed the range markers trying to isolate the Palace from the ground clutter. I spotted it in and gave the pilot corrections: "3 degrees left".

Then I switched to the bombing mode and the circular screen changed to a pie-section with the cross-hairs on the Palace. The pilot gave me control of the plane and holding the handgrip I flew the plane, centering the cross-hairs on the NW corner. I watched the cross-hairs drift off (because of wind deflection) so I tracked in a new wind and continued the checklist. I switched the bomb racks on at my right and in the little compartment it was all amber and green lights. The range kept getting shorter and the Palace was enlarging under the crosshairs and hardly drifting at all. What a beautiful bomb run!

20 seconds out I started the tone and concentrated on the final, delicate, artistic corrections. About 2 seconds out the ship bucked and there was a whoosh! as the bomb bay doors flew open. I screamed, reaching for the abort switch, but it was too late as the continuous tone suddenly cut off. I braced for the sudden rise of the plane as 30,000 pounds dropped away. But it didn't. Nothing happened. The co-pilot had been asleep and had not activated the U-2 release when he had been supposed to... In fact, he was surprised to discover we weren't over Germany.

Afterward we decided that it had to be Top Secret between us. Later the commander recommended that all White Elephant missions be canceled and we concentrated on speeding up our reaction time. A Texan cut 45 minutes off our reaction time by means of a lariat, but that's another story.

The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

-- The Song of Solomon

VOICE OF THE TURTLE

Mike Glicksohn

The events of the first ten months of 1975 could easily fill several fanzines, and in fact, the three weeks spent in Australia and New Zealand will do just that once I find a few weeks free from other fannish obligations. If the teacher's strike does materialize in a couple of weeks, and if the seemingly unavoidable mail strike happens next Wednesday, I'm going to have a fair amount of free time with no fanzines to read and no locs to write. Maybe I'll be able to get my Aussiecon report out before Rusty publishes his DUFF report, which certainly would be a wonderful thing. But that has to do with koalas and wombats and Tasmanian devils, and they are scarcely pets.

There were many other trips, of one sort or another, that happened during the long hiatus between issues, which will probably never get written up in the detail they probably don't deserve. Huh? There was another trip to England, brief and hectic and unexpected, to attend the British Eastercon and renew friendships established last summer. And drink copious quantities of Guinness, the world's best brew. There were conventions in Ann Arbor, with Johnny Walker induced artificial calms that dissolved upon the completion of certain public speaking obligations into quivering masses of helpless hirsute hopelessness, and in Washington, where certain inept individuals sat behind the wheel of automobiles for the first time in aeons and endured with stoical patience the indignities of a small-minded and petty Thunder God, and in Kansas City, where a promising acting career was nipped in the bud while a hotel with delusions of grandeur was revealed to wear the Emperor's new clothes, and in Toronto, where a half-decade of good Canadian fannish reputation swirled wearily down the drain amid an otherwise dry and partyless weekend, and in Chicago, where the highlight of the con was a marvellous cheap double martini in the bar, and various people did various things not exactly in character. But conventions may deal with animals, though they rarely touch on pets, so...

There was, however, a five week tour of the eastern United States with Sheryl Birkhead that included such potentially fanzine-filling activities as the launch of the Apollo half of the Apollo-Soyuz amalgamated propaganda-making mission, a visit to the Mammoth Caves, tours of Underground Atlanta with their quart-sized rum punches, Disney World with its quart-sized colony of red ants inside our tent, and the St. Louis Museum of Natural History with its quart-sized Director whose Title escapes me at the moment. So let me tell you about my tortoise...

Amidst all the exciting tentative- and pseudo-plans behind the six thousand mile, five week hegira throughout a sizable portion of the United States that I shared with Sheryl this summer was an underlying hope/expectation that we might encounter a snake and/or a tortoise on our travels. It has long been apparent to me that there is a conspiracy afoot to deprive me of exactly the sort of fannish pets that I've traditionally been associated with. Some of you will be aware that I once had a snake of a certain legendary reputation, and a tortoise of considerably lesser notoriety. Both unfortunately died, in spite of my best efforts on their behalf. Since those sad days I have been constantly made aware that the appearance of snakes and tortoises is a regular feature of the lives of just about

everybody around me. Except me, of course. Friends, associates, colleagues and newspaper-salesmen I've met remark on the latest incident in which a black snake has forced itself into their domestic tranquility, or a tortoise has imposed its unwanted presence upon them. On the subway I hear commuters remarking on the relative absence of black snakes of late: "Haven't had a black snake in the house since Thursday," one will observe, upon which his companion will snort something to the effect of "Hmph, you haven't been around our neighborhood lately, that's obvious." It all seems remarkably unfair.

The world seems to be filled with people who go around shooting, tromping or running in terror from a simple snake I'd be delighted to take home for a pet. And tortoises, you ask about tortoises? If there's a motorist in America who hasn't run over a tortoise in the last few weeks I've yet to find him. One could almost envision a monstrous lottery of the turtle kingdom, with thousands of noble losers rushing under the wheels of passing automobiles for some unknown and ancient form of expiation. So it seemed reasonable to hope that in a lengthy motoring tour of the eastern states, we might encounter a few of the ubiquitous creatures.

Of course, we didn't. Or almost didn't. We twice spotted dead snakes on the road, and on several occasions passed the shells of crushed tortoises. And in Florida we had the depressing experience of encountering numerous dead and mangled armadillos by the side of the road. I hadn't known these creatures were so common, and even remarked on that fact to my host of the time, truefan Jay Haldeman. Jay explained that they were known throughout Florida for their remarkable ability to lie crushed and lifeless by the side of roads...

Once, speeding through the inky blackness of some little-known state like Arkansas or Louisiana with me at the wheel getting my first taste of night driving and Sheryl fitfully dozing beside me whenever she fainted from the nervous strain, we did pass a large tortoise by the side of the road. I stopped the car in record-setting time and had the delightful experience of backing up in total darkness by the side of a second-rate country road. It was all for naught, though. When I'd backed about as far as I thought I ought to, an intense investigation showed that The International Conspiracy To Keep Glicksohn Tortoiseless had used the intervening minutes to abscond with the beast and leave a large chunk of cast-off retread in its place. At times it is a cruel universe we live in.

By the time we'd gotten back to Gaithersburg, some fifty six hundred snakeless miles after starting off from Cincinnati, I'd pretty much resigned myself to living alone once I got back to Toronto. (My roommate of the past two years was moving away while I was voyaging, abandoning backgammon games and glasses of scotch with me for the comforts of his wife and home in Ottawa. Some people have strange standards.)

The morning we left Maryland for Toronto, we'd gone about nine miles when we rounded a corner to find a box tortoise ambling across the road in front of us. If the windows in the car hadn't been open, my yell would probably have shattered the windshield. Sheryl managed to miss the beast, I leapt from the rolling car, and dashed back down the road. Another car came round the corner at about sixty, and I had visions of seeing it roll right over my new pet right before my eyes, but luck was finally with me and the tortoise was in the right part of the road for the car to drive over it instead of on top of it. Chortling happily to myself, I picked him/her up and placed him/her in the back of the car, down on the floor in front of the back seat.

"Do you think it'll be all right back there?" Sheryl asked.

"Oh sure," I said with every confidence. "I've checked and it's too big to get under the front seat, and I don't think it could climb over that hump in the

middle of the floor. It'll be trapped right where it is."

It was, of course, to laugh! We'd stumbled on the only tortoise in America who was training to scale Everest. It was a matter of mere minutes before the beast had scrambled over the hump and was exploring the over side of the back seat. So I brought it back to the area behind the passenger side of the front seat and started erecting a fruitless assortment of barriers to try and keep it there.

Pillows, suitcases, bags and a motley collection of other impediments were stuck between the two sides of the back seat, all to no avail. Eventually, with the singleminded stubbornness that has made tortoises famous since the days of the ancient greeks, the creature would somehow clear the barrier, sometimes actually climbing onto the back seat, sometimes tumbling with a noisy thump onto the floor on the other side of the separation. Oh, it would fall flat on its back the first dozen or so attempts, but it was not easily discouraged. Arching its neck an amazing length, it would firmly plant the point of its beak on the floor and, like a wrestler doing neck bridges, rise up and flip itself over to attack the hill once more. Much of the time between Gaithersburg and New York was spent trying to find the tortoise and return it to where we could keep an eye on it.

And that wasn't all. I was driving along the Jersey Turnpike at one point, when I suddenly found a tortoise climbing on my right foot. My scream of surprise woke Sheryl who managed to extricate him/her from under the accelerator but from then on it was even more fun trying to keep track of the thing. At one point I had to drive for about thirty miles with the tortoise firmly wedged under the brake pedal. It was impossible for me to get at it, and Sheryl was asleep. Rather than wake her up I took the chance that I wouldn't have to stop before she awoke: if anything had happened, though, it would have been good-bye Mr. Tortoise.

After several hours of picking the tortoise out of the front seat, the back seat and all points in between, and still not knowing whether to refer to it as him or her, I decided on a name for the beast. So please welcome Hillary to the legendary set of fabulous fannish inhabitants of the Glicksohn zoo. It's a safe asexual cognomen as well as perfectly suited to a creature that sneers at vertical surfaces and has its sights set on Olympus.

Carrying Hillary into Canada promised to be a mite dicey, since I'm not at all sure there isn't some Federal regulation against knowingly transporting tortoises across the International border for purposes moral or otherwise. (Never mind that hundreds probably scramble back and forth on their own every year, no one expects the government to be logical, and I didn't feel inclined to risk Hillary to find out.) It seemed reasonable to try placing him in an empty Kleenex box (you'll note I think of Hillary as male, but that's merely the overt sexism I've long been famous for) and putting that under the front seat. We'd have to hope that his scrabbling about would not be noisy enough to pique the curiosity of the Custom's official investigating the car.

Well, ~~Hillary~~ Hillary had a few thoughts about that subject. The Kleenes box managed to contain him for about a minute and a half, after which time he was merrily trundling across the tops of my shoes once more. When the border suddenly appeared in front of us (they didn't actually move it, just redesigned the approaches since I last crossed at Niagra, so it sort of snuck up on me) I barely had time to grab Hillary and wedge half of him under the front seat beneath me. I sat

YOU NEVER
SAW A REPTILE
RAPPELING?



there in beatific innocence, hoping my feet would hide the indignantly scrabbling rear legs of my latest acquisition, and by some remarkable stroke of good fortune the pleasant lady border guard allowed us across with just a verbal declaration and without stopping us to look through the car. Hillary had reached civilization safely!!

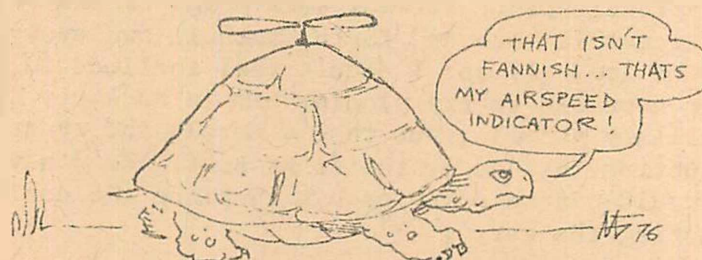
Remarkable creature though he/she is, Hillary has turned out not to be a Renaissance Tortoise. Hisher scaling ability far outshines any spelunking talents the noble beast possesses.

I live on the second floor of a house and my rooms are reached by two short sets of stairs at right angles to each other with a landing in between. The door that separates me from the landlady below is on the first floor level and I pointed this out to Hillary when I first set him loose to explore the place. I was confident that the sense of self-preservation would be firmly instilled into his reptilian genes. Ho, ho, ho...

I was sitting at the typewriter engaged in one of my periodic attempts to improve the quality of OUTWORLDS by pretending there had been good things in the latest issue when I heard Bomp-bomp-bomp-bomp-bomp-bomp-bomp and soon found Hillary stuck on his back on the landing below the top set of stairs. Returning him to the proper plane of his existence, I once again pointed out the essential difference between climbing upwards and falling down and left him to be more careful of his shell in the future.

I'd scarcely renewed my encouragement of fandom's foremost feeble faned when ...Bomp once more. Well, maybe Hillary doesn't learn too quickly but my broad mental horizons were filled with visions of countless hours wasted trudging up and down stairs to rescue my dumb little friend, an endeavor only slightly less useful and interesting than the reading of crudzines, and I decided to Do Something to forestall such a development. (This decisiveness and adaptability is what separates man from turtle, I suppose, and explains why no known turtle has ever invented calculus, made a passable martini or published a Hugo-winning fanzine.)

And that explains why visitors to my extremely humble abode have to step over a wooden barrier at the top of the stairs. It may not be exactly esthetic, but harmony now reigns between us and a successful conclusion has been brought about to yet another exciting chapter in the history of the interdependence of man and tortoise. I feed and water him, and in return, late at night, he protects me against pink elephants, a veritable plague of which seems to have infested the area. It's an enjoyable and mutually-rewarding symbiotic relationship...and beside all that he already plays a better game of backgammon than my ex-roommate.



THE FALLING DOWN MANIA OF RAY BRADBURY

Donn Brazier

By the law of averages in its application to the maxim, what-goes-up-must-come-down, exactly half the events proceed upward and the other half proceed downward. But Ray Bradbury does not hold still for this mathematical truth; he evades it with a smokescreen of words about seasons, weather, and diurnal variations. Even a superficial glance at some of his story titles shows his diversionary tactics: "In a Season of Calm Weather", "All Summer in a Day", "There Will Come Soft Rains", etc. One is struck by the excessive use of time of day, time of season, or meteorological phenomena in his titles and in the body of his stories, and from this one could conclude that Bradbury simply describes these conditions as local color or background to support an emotional aura.

Such is not the case, and were it to be considered so shallowly, one would miss the basic defeatism in this otherwise fine writer. It may be only coincidence that one of the seasons, Autumn, is, according to Webster's 7th Collegiate Dictionary, "...called also fall". Regardless of that, it seems obvious that Bradbury's preoccupation with things, people, and events that fall down is a basic psychological obsession, first described by Dr. Henri Matisserie in his monograph, Le Frommage Tombe La-Bas (1857).

Rarely in Bradbury's stories does the reader encounter anything that moves from a lower position to a higher; instead, one reads constantly of dropping, falling, dripping, settling, leaning, etc. Even in describing events that require a verb of upward motion, Bradbury will find a way to use a verb of downward motion. For instance, in "Ylla", the first story in The Martian Chronicles, Bradbury describes approaching darkness in these words: "...the night came in...like a dark wine poured to the ceiling." Surely pouring is a downward motion, and thus how subtly the image is forced into the pattern of Bradbury's obsession. Later in the story we see evidence that the author understands the direction of motion indicated by pouring, for Ylla pours a scarf from a phial and "it settled about her neck." (Emphasis mine.)

In the preliminary of The Martian Chronicles, "Rocket Summer", we see not only the seasonal word, but we encounter phrases such as "The icicles dropped...", "The snow, falling...", and "dripping porches...". It is obviously a modus operandi for the unconscious falling-down mania that Bradbury writes so often of the weather.

From "Rocket Summer" come many implicit suggestions of falling. It is, to this writer, amazing that so many can be found in such a short



piece. For instance, "...children ~~w~~orked off their wool clothes." It is well known that children drop their clothes on the floor. Bradbury's phrase "...skis and sleds suddenly useless." is evocative of skis and sleds sliding down hills. He writes "before it touched the ground" and "...summer lay for a brief moment on the land..." Both phrases suggest a settling down from above; summer, in the latter phrase, acting as a blanket or covering from above to the land beneath. "People leaned..." is a phrase of incipient downward motion, for leaning people often fall completely over. His use of the word, lay, in the following phrase, is puzzling until comprehended as a symptom of Bradbury's mania: "The rocket lay on the launching filid..." Was it inclined horizontally? No, for the context indicates its upright position, and to see it as fallen over is simply an artifact of Bradbury's mind.

Returning to "Ylla", we read that the heroine is expectantly watching the blue sky of Mars to "expell a shining miracle down upon the sand." (Emphasis mine.) Tired of waiting, she walks into the rain "falling gently on her." The plot has no need of rain, yet Bradbury feels compelled to describe it, so that he may satisfy his own obsessive need. She tells of her dream of the man in uniform who "came down out of the sky" and how his spacecraft "fell down softly to land." His obsession is strong and pervasive, cropping up in almost every description or action. Later in "Ylla" we read that "The birds flew on...down the wind." Not up-wind; in fact the direction in which the birds fly is immaterial. Yet Bradbury is forced to tell us: down.

There is little need for more quotations; one can find all sorts of explicit and implicit phrases and passages to prove Bradbury's mania. They exhibit themselves in all his stories. Occasionally he cannot avoid a verb of upward motion; perhaps at the time he set such contradictory words to paper he was distracted into more conscious writing, away from the unconscious. However, if one keeps a tally of such upward references and compares them with the tally of downward references, one cannot fail to discern that Bradbury is not randomly adhering to the law of averages. The preponderance of fallings, dropping, settlings, drippings, etc., is significant.

This subtly hidden force within Bradbury may account for his concern with the theme that MAN will fall to the MACHINE, and that this is bad. After all, the motivating emotion of his unconscious falling-down mania is fear. Were one to probe the childhood of Ray Bradbury, one might find repressed memories of a severe fall. Perhaps today, even in his conscious world, he is uneasy about elevators, airplanes, and the like. Like Humpty-Dumpty, perhaps he feels unknowingly that he can fall all too easily; and does history indicate who lifted Humpty-Dumpty upward to set him on the wall?

ERGONOMY AND THE CAT

Jeff Schalles

This story begins, and ends, on the darkest and stormiest of nights. It begins on a dark rural road seven miles outside of town, with trailer houses, strip mines, and gravel piles, eventually crossing beneath a lonely stretch of Interstate 80. Peat -- musician, astral traveler, professional crasher, reform school graduate, partier exemplar -- is walking home alone, home being a trailer house where his black friend Marvin and family live. It is long after midnight, the storm has abated some, but lightning still flashes in the August sky, the wind is high in the trees. A small black form detaches itself from the swamplands among the strip mines and begins to follow Peat, follows him all the way to the trailer, in the screen door, and jumps up on the kitchen table to check out his bowl of corn flakes.

Skin, fur and bones plus a touch of ethereal manifestation, this starved black golden-eyed princess of cats calls herself Sabu and becomes Peat's fellow crasher, moving back into town when school starts again in the fall. Peat has been around a long time, since my freshman year, now we are mostly seniors and Peat is still very busily being Peat. The boy and cat are seen together often here and there until one day, as the weather is getting colder, Peat finds he is to go off to New York City to handle the equipment for a rock band, and Sabu comes to live with me, mostly under my bed at first. There are two other cats in the house, John's cats, Max and Shelia, who are not much above being kittens yet. Sabu, small and delicate, maybe part Burmese or part Siamese, does not seem quite a year old, though some months older than Max and Shelia. Max is a tabby and Shelia is a grey something or other. Sabu does not at first play with them, preferring rather to sit on people's laps and communicate telepathically. One day she disappears, two days later she reappears, all without leaving the house. Maurice, Donna's husband, remarks that she is like a strange boy. Ritchie thinks she is demonically possessed, but then, we all think the same thing about him.

At first she eats everything in sight and constantly goes around with a fat belly, no doubt still unsure of where the next meal comes from, but the year rolls along, heading toward the end of the fall semester, and she comes out of her shell little by little. A Helium balloon given to me for my birthday by John and Bill gets a catnip mouse tied to its string, and it becomes an instant success in cat land, though the next morning it is found in shreds (the balloon not the mouse). The first load of never-ending coal comes to the basement and the three cats delight in it. The baskets of ashes become auxiliary litter boxes. Sabu comes to us one morning with a broken front leg.

There is no apparent explanation for this problem, and she is in great pain and stays on the couch. The vet says he can put her to sleep for five dollars or operate and insert a steel pin for sixty. A fund starts up, a party gets thrown, the fund reaches its goal with ease. Now the other cats, Max especially, pick on Sabu as she limps around in her bandages. The bandage comes off in six weeks and she looks very funny all shaved like that. The semester ends with a colossal going-away party for Norton, who is dropping out again, this time for good. Later, during break, we all freak out and head for different places (except Ritchie, who stays behind and forgets to stoke the furnace or feed the cats). I spend a week visiting in New Hampshire.

January comes, almost springtime, senior semester, parties and fun in the coun-

try. Shelia and Sabu become pregnant. My room is on the ground floor, next to the couch-filled living room, and I keep the turntable and amp in with me for safety. Our house is a notorious party house. One winter night, with just a couple of us and the cats, the cats teach us about music. We are sitting in my room playing with my books and talking, and Sabu is laying on one of the small speakers I have in there. Max and Shelia come in, and he begins exploring the turntable (which is on a low table) very delicately, but he bumps the tone arm and all three cats pick up their ears at the skip in the music. They look knowingly at each other and now Max tries it again. We are all laughing and carrying on about it and the cats think it is a game. Sabu gets off the speaker and sniffs around the front of it. Suddenly Max paws the power switch and the turntable stops. We decide he doesn't like Van Morrison and ask him what he's like to hear.

I join yet another sleazy rock band and play for fraternities on weekends, long since tired of being drenched with beer and wailing for people I don't even like, but I need the money. It is so intense, our party center house, when Kris Kristoferson and Rita Coolidge play on campus, they are invited down afterwards, and the party nearly bursts the walls, the yard becomes a parking lot. Energy seethes from every corner of the funny little old house, crackles in the air, the neighbors ask each other silly questions about the red bulb Donna puts in the porch light. Sabu has three kittens, Shelia six. Sabu's lover is a beautiful long-haired white cat from down the block, and her kittens are all beautiful and different. Shelia has three little Maxes and three little Shelias. Max senior can't handle the situation and takes off, never to be seen again.

I fall in love, flunk Spanish, and don't graduate. Things get very intense near the end as I try to find storage for my many boxes of books and records and such, we battle it out with the village idiots, our landlords, over who screws who, though in the end it comes out about even, they refuse to admit they owe us our deposit back, we don't pay our utilities. Bill leaves for California with Mad Man and they meet up with Martin and Bob in Colorado and have a great time while things fall apart in our little corner of Western Pennsylvania. John leaves for the newly forming collective in New Hampshire. Ritchie is the last to move out of Barmore Alley, the last few days he sits holed up in his room waiting for the boogy man or some such, in the end I move him out though I'd meant to go swimming out at grassy flats that day. His Gesterner is accidentally left behind, a great loss for the community.

I decide against working and living and going to school in Pittsburgh to make up my missing three credits, and get a job pumping diesel fuel at a truck stop on Interstate 80, living for the summer in a farm house in the middle of nowhere, the professor who lives there is off taking a seminar on Romantics at Yale. I am there to ward off evil spirits. Foolishly I leave Sabu along with the three young Maxes at a farmhouse closer to town where some friends are living and will be living during the school year. Foolishly, I say, because Sabu becomes wild and lives in the fields, showing her face, it seems, only when my car is around. She gets pregnant again, she is so horny, again by a long-haired white one, a different one though, and it is a disaster. The young Maxes kill all but one of her litter, and she refuses to take care of this little squealer. He survives, mainly by default, till school starts again, and gets left in a box on the steps of the freshman girls dorm.

It is nice at the professor's place in the summer. I spend the days when not hassling with Kenworths and GMCs and stinky White Freightliners walking through the woods, around and up to the ancient abandoned overgrown strip mines, have a few private adventures here and there with deer and mossy boulders and monsters in the mines, but school starts again, I have one course to go to, Physical Anthropology, and I move into a little cottage in the country on the other side of town. There is plenty of space around it, a half-dozen old buildings in varying states of tumbled-downness, and I move all my books and cats (I keep one of the little Maxes, though Sabu refuses to socialize with him) and stuff in for a long cold winter.

It's sort of like going to college, only better, I party a lot to keep my mind off of trucks, do an archaeological excavation for my term paper, and find out what it's like to have an oil heater in the fuel-crisis winter of 1973-74. Sabu is pregnant yet again, from that bi white cat near the farmhouse, but she doesn't want them and aborts them all around the house one day while I'm gone. I have her spayed and she looks at me out of the corner of her golden eye, knowingly. The big white cat, her long-haired lover, commits suicide on the highway in front of the farmhouse, soon after I move the cats to my new place. I claim he did it because I took Sabu away. Everyone laughs.

I quit my job when the snow comes, spend a month doing exactly as I please one day at a time, write a few things, think a lot, read, and party until all hours of the night. I wreck my car twice, at night on lonely country roads, neither serious, the second caused by a deer who came out of it in better shape than my car. I am what they call a Super Senior, there are a few like me around, I fool around with a country-rock band, we get auditioned by Terry Knight's former backer, but nothing comes of it. Later I sell my drums, though I keep my matched set of cymbals. Meanwhile, Sabu and little Max are fully in tune with it all. It's really a nice place, nice house, nice countryside. Plenty of privacy, good water, close enough to town to hitch or bicycle if I need to.

In December I get sucked into a job driving a test car for a company that makes snow-tire studs and retreading machines, a job that may sound glamorous but is dead-ly boring, four hundred miles a day, as many days a week as you can stand it. All they want you to do is wear the tires down on public highways. But the pay is good, I'm saving more money than I've ever had before in my life. I've finished my last college credits, spring is not far ahead, things are literally rolling. Ideas come to me often as I meditate daily on the endlessly passing countryside. I have only enough energy at night and on weekends to get drunk in town with the students (we have parties at the farmhouse where I'd left Sabu the summer before that nearly rival the ones on Barmore Alley) and settle for filing the ideas until later. Later, of course, they seem pretty vague and irrelevant. I approach psychosis. The driving is getting to me. I reach psychosis, although few people notice, only the ones who know me well. It is hard to keep going. I constantly look for other jobs that pay as well but can't find anything. The recession is on and any job at all is a good one.

In March my heating oil bill drives me out of my house. If I remain, all my savings will disappear into the pockets of the Oil Barons. I gnash my teeth and move my stuff into my parents' attic, in Pittsburgh, and move me and the cats into an unheated upstairs room in the farmhouse. My rent consists of keeping the refrigerator full of beer, or two cases a week, whichever comes first. It is a great second senior spring. We have parties that boggle the mind, one near the end that overflows the yard into the fields around. We play a lot of frisbee and get up a softball team that never wins a game, but has a great time. The other teams can't figure out why we're so happy, they try to beat us all the harder, which of course they do, and we laugh and laugh. Our coach is the wife of the professor whose house I lived in the summer before.

Max is very happy, gets along fine with the two young dogs in the farmhouse, but Sabu seems depressed. I think she looks for her old boyfriend. She disappears for longer and longer periods of time, which I worry about but do not try to stop. And then, one warm stormy spring evening, with a charge in the air and pouring rain and howling winds and a full moon, Rich comes in from the mailbox across the road, with good news and bad news. The good news is that he is being sent by the Peace Corp to Africa in July, the bad news is that Sabu is dead, suicided on the highway. Lightning flashes illuminate the scene in my mind even now as I remember bending over the matted hump of fur on the road, eyes staring crazily, and I am as close to crying as I have been in many years, but I can't, quite, then or now. She is

crushed very badly. Later in the week friends of ours who live further out the road say that they saw her hit by the car ahead of them, saw her thrashing about on the road, and they swerved to run her down and put her out of her misery. I thank them. But that night, that dark and stormy night, we have a burial.

Dave and John hide behind their books, but Rich and I wrap the body in an old sheet, go inside to smoke some hash and decide what to do next. The storm is still raging. We are extremely high, it is close to midnight, and we tie a brick to the bundle and drive with it out to a strip mine, a nice clean one that looks like a natural lake. It is within a few hundred yards of where Sabu first appeared. It is such a lonely spot, here it is midnight in a great and terrible storm, the moon comes and goes above the clouds, and we are high on hash and burying a very psychic, very strange little black cat. This moment lies heavy upon me, even now, I often find myself looking over my shoulder. That night, later, the wiring in Rich's room shorts out and nearly sets it on fire. The rug is badly scorched. I believe, yes I do believe, though I'm not exactly sure what in.

Something is going on in this world, and somebody is responsible. The chain of events that I journeyed along while living with Sabu add up to a sum greater than the accountable whole. I puzzled over this for a great long time, even after I freaked out once and for all over the entire scene about a week after graduation, quit my job, cashed in my chips and went to the collective in New Hampshire to visit John and Bill. It came to me finally, after having spent the summer traveling across Canada, it came to me in August in the mountains of British Columbia one night during a great storm, and I realized then, as I sometimes realize now, that there are forces in motion in this world of ours (if it is really ours), gods and goddesses, who come for a time, accomplish whatever it is that they came here for, and then depart again. It is not this, precisely, though that continues to bother me. It is much more so the power with which they accomplish it, power seen by few, power to move man and heaven, earth and energy, more power than I can possibly ever hope to cope with on a conscious level. And I keep looking over my shoulder.

SOMETIMES I AM A FELINE
AND SOMETIMES A PUSSYCAT
SOMETIMES I TAKE ME A NOTION
TO GO ONTO THE HIGHWAY AND SPLAT





A FEW WORDS ABOUT TUCKER

Robert Bloch

-- and the fewer the better, say I.

Over the past forty years an amazing amount has been written about Bob Tucker -- most of it by himself -- and little really remains to be said.

Not that this will stop me from saying it.

For more than twenty-five of those years, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, as he is also known, (among other things which I won't repeat in the pages of a fanzine which might fall into the hands of innocent young FAPA members), has been my alter ego, my bete noir, my doppelganger, or in plain English, my psychic twin.

Now plans are under way to send him to Australia. This I find most appropriate, inasmuch as Australia started out as a penal colony.

But in this instance, of course, it's Australia that is being punished, not Tucker.

At any rate, the purpose of this fanzine, I am told, is to help raise sufficient funds to send him to the '75 Worldcon Down Under. They told me that if I'd write an introduction to the zine, it might help to send Tucker away for a month.

I immediately offered to write twelve introductions and send him away for a year.

If you find that attitude difficult to understand, you either (a) missed the remark about him being my psychic twin or (b) been even more fortunate and missed seeing

or hearing about Tucker entirely.

But I haven't been so lucky, and that's why I'm anxious to see him go. As anxious as Jekyll was to get rid of Hyde, or Dorian Grey to paint a mustache on that picture he had stuck away.

You see, over the years, it's been too easy for people to get the two of us confused -- inasmuch as Tucker was himself already confused, anyway. When we've attended conventions together, it's Tucker who has the fun and I who get my face slapped. Then we show up at a literary seminar, it's Tucker who is identified as the author of Psycho and I who am pointed out as the model for its central character. Worse than that, adding insult to injury, I am sometimes accused of having written The Long Loud Silence or Year of the Quiet Sun, or even of editing Le Zombie. Whereas, if truth be told, I wouldn't know Le Zombie from Lee Hoffman.

Please do not attempt to insult my intelligence with a recital of all Tucker has done for fandom over the past four decades -- of his vast contributions to the field, his international reputation as a fan humorist whose wit often contains the hard kernel of truthful observation. Do not waste my time with talk of his achievements as a professional writer; his score of novels and his spate of fresh and original short stories. And above all, do not try my patience with anecdotes about Tucker the man, who has endeared himself to thousands of fan on hundreds of occasions. Not only do I know these things; I was present when Tucker invented most of them.

Through the decades, our relationship has been both mundane and spiritual -- half symbiotic and half astral. There is also something brotherly about it; something which reminds me of Cain and Abel.

So it is with this deep feeling of kinship that I urge all of you to read this little fanzine -- grit your teeth, grin and bear it, secure in the knowledge that you are furthering a worthy cause. To say nothing of winning my undying gratitude. Let us spare no effort to speed Tucker on his way to the Antipodes -- nor must we feel the slightest guilt in so doing.

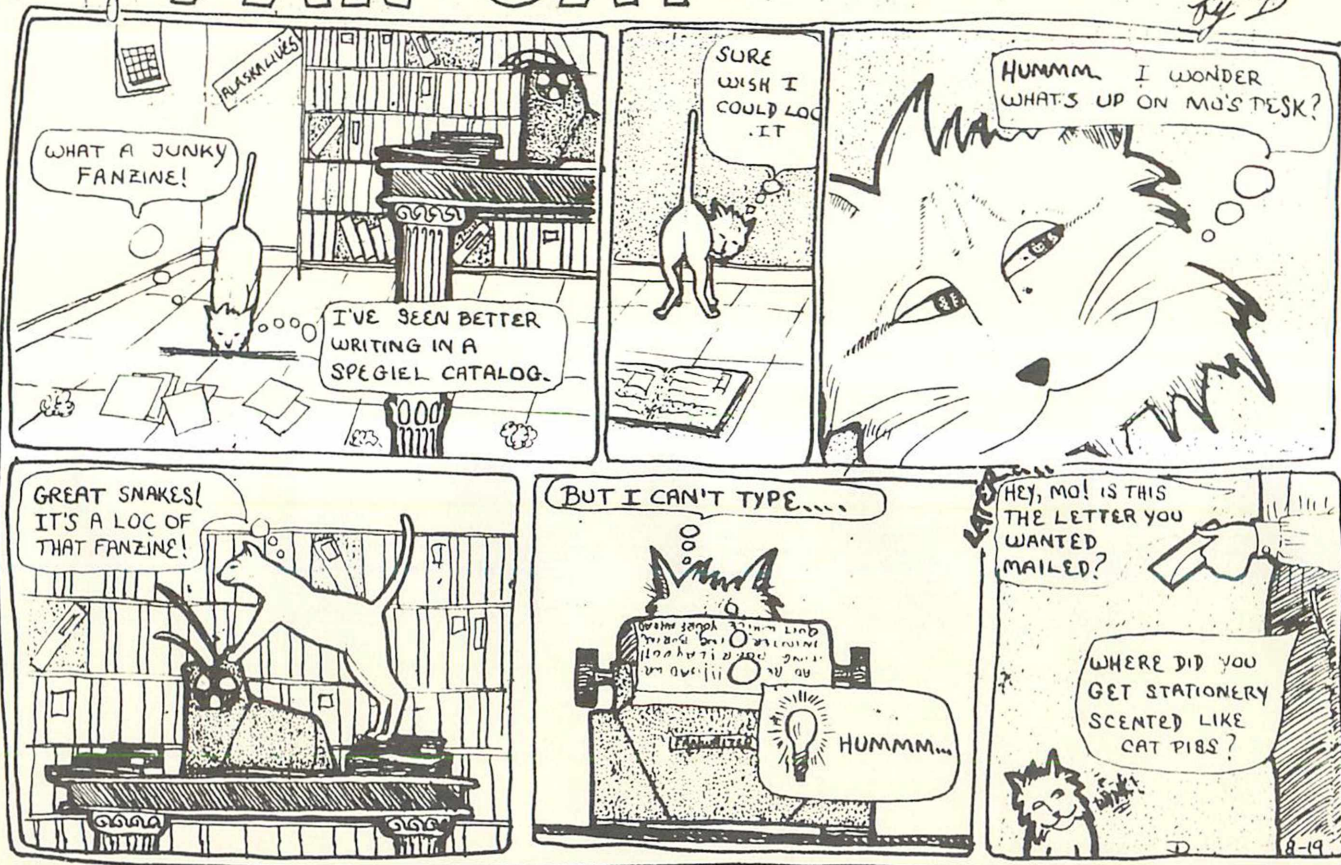
Just remember -- Australia's loss
will be our gain!



The
Adventures
of

FAN CAT

by D





HOW THE GRINCH STOLE WORLDCON

Bill Fesselmeyer

REPORT OF THE SPECULATIVE FICTION RESEARCH SOCIETY TO THE 10TH WORLD SPECULATIVE FICTION CONFAB ON THE SUBJECT OF ADOPTING A CONSTITUTION

The sudden demise of "fandom," the predecessor of the enthusiast state so many years ago, can be traced directly to the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society -- or rather to the multitude of mutually contradictory and ambiguous constitutions adopted. In fact, one of the few coherent stories that comes down to us from the even fewer survivors of that period immediately before "All Fandom Was Plunged Into War"¹ is the rather bizarre episode of the mail ballot that never got mailed.

In order to explain the various crises caused by the constitution it is necessary to understand that, although most of the time there were three current constitutions in effect, there was never a constitution to which a convention committee could be bound.

This sad state of affairs arose because a convention site was chosen two years before it was held. The convention committee was supposedly bound only by the rules in effect when they made their bid. However, in the same year they won the right to host a "worldcon," a new constitution -- or parts thereof -- would be adopted. Also, the next year, at the intervening convention, still another would be adopted, superseding all previous constitutions. By the time the convention was held there were three different constitutions in effect.

It was not uncommon for a provision to be voted in one year and immediately

¹It is odd how they all used the exact same phrase.

²Plus, in some aspects, such as financial reporting after the convention, they might be affected by anything passed at their own convention, bringing the total number of operative constitutions up to four.

voted out the next -- before it ever became operative in the third year. (Convention committees in the first and second years following would declare that the rule was adopted after they won their bids so they were, therefore, not bound to obey it as they had pledged to uphold only the constitution in effect when they won.) If, however, a committee liked something in the new constitution that was contrary to the constitution in effect when they won, they would merely declare that, as long as it had been approved anyway, the fans were entitled to have their legally voted wishes carried out at the earliest opportunity.

The converse was also true -- if a procedure was out, the committee could still use it, claiming that it was permissible when they won the bid.³

Eventually this state of affairs became so chaotic convention committees were using parts of all three (or four) pertinent constitutions they liked, and refusing to be bound by portions they didn't. Toward the end, one committee simply declared that the three constitutions in effect had mutually conflicting provisions, so they had no other choice but to use their own best judgement. They then proceeded to do all sorts of things not provided for in any of the constitutions -- and several that were prohibited by at least two of them.⁴

Keeping in mind, then, this system of constitutional anarchy, this is the story of the mail ballot that was never mailed -- and how it led to the GRINCH stealing worldcon.

In 1974, at DisCon in Washington D.C., a Kansas City group won the right to host the worldcon in 1976. They, however, were bidding under the constitution adopted the year before in Toronto. At the DisCon business session a constitutional amendment was adopted to the effect that any future "perfected proposals" approved at a business meeting had to then be submitted for ratification to the membership of the next following convention. It was also specified that this was to be done by mail, and that the next following committee was responsible for counting the ballots before such proposals could become effective.

It may be noted that a small group of people rammed this amendment through the poorly attended business meeting by a vote of 32-22.⁵ This amendment was apparently motivated by the fact that the next convention was to be held in Australia, thus out of the reach (and control) of most U.S. fans who could not afford to attend in person.

The Australians, by every account nice people and well-liked by all, were not slow to see that this move was directed at them, and decided to use the new constitution adopted at DisCon. Accordingly, they sent the amendments approved at their business meeting to MAC (Kansas City apparently did not make a pleasing acronym, so it was called MidAmeriCon, or MAC) to be ratified by mail ballot.⁶ MAC promptly shipped them back, saying the rule was not in effect when it had bid, and it had no intention of conducting such a mail ballot.

Furthermore, MAC informed Aussiecon, it wouldn't consider approval by the Aussiecon business meeting enough for adoption; the constitution the Australians elected to use clearly stated that a mail ballot had to be conducted for ratification. It was also their opinion that Aussiecon was incompetent to run their own mail ballot as the constitution stated that the next committee had that responsibility. The only concrete suggestion they had was that Aussiecon pass the mail ballot on to the 1977 convention. The 1977 committee would be obligated by the DisCon rules as those were the rules in effect when that committee bid, and that no changes could be allowed until the Aussiecon ballots could be mailed for ratification.

³This was, of course, all perfectly legal.

⁴One committee, for example, awarded itself the Hugo for best "fanzine" in the previous year for its own Progress Reports.

⁵This amendment ironically provided that no longer could a small group of people ram an amendment through a poorly attended business meeting.

⁶Aussiecon had printed the ballots at their own expense, even.

The Aussies thought this was pretty silly, but consented to do so in order to fulfill their obligations under the constitution they had chosen.

The problem came when the business meeting at MAC⁷ repealed the mail ballot requirement.

The 1977 committee had grudgingly accepted the ballots for ratification, but delayed mailing them until the last possible moment.⁸ The 1977 Hugo ballots were not mailed until after MAC; the 1977 committee decided (following fannish tradition) to abandon the DisCon constitution and adopt the MAC constitution; they returned the ballot to Aussiecon.

In a desperate gamble the Aussiecon committee forwarded their amendments to the winning committee (1978) at MAC, only to have them returned with a note to the effect that, as the mail ballot had been repealed, they were not going to waste time and money on two-year-old amendments that had already been superseded by the MAC constitution -- under which they had elected to operate.

At this point the Australians, in disgust, put all the profits from Aussiecon into a trust fund. The purpose of the fund was to send the ballots to every World Science Fiction Committee in perpetuity until one of them consented to mail it. The second generation of Trust Fund Administrators is still mailing them out, year after year, to each succeeding World Speculative Fiction Confab Board of Governors, apparently believing them to be the heirs to the Worldcons.

That is why today the mere mention of how the mailballot counting is coming will send old-time spec-fic enthusiasts into fits of laughter. BOGs of Confabs refuse to waste their time and money on such an antiquated mail ballot -- besides, it has become somewhat of a enthusiast tradition: no winning BOG feels official until it gets the ballots from the Australian solicitors.⁹

This, then, was the state of affairs before "all fandom was plunged into war," a war which achieved almost 100% casualties, either through "faffiation" or "gaffiation."¹⁰ Because of the state of confusion regarding the WSFS constitution, one committee was actually able to "steal" the Worldcon -- the GRINCH (Grand Island, Nebraska, Convention).¹¹

In a situation reminiscent of the episode of the mail ballot, a bid was won by a foreign city -- Vienna (AustraCon) -- and, not being entirely void of learning capacity, the WSFS re-adopted the DisCon constitution during the same con at which the Vienna bid won -- thus binding the committee winning after AustraCon to actually mail the AustraCon ballots. (Vienna had promised in advance to use the DisCon constitution were it adopted.)

GRINCH won the next year and, of course, having bid under the DisCon rules, could be held to them. AustraCon could not abolish the mail ballot without using the mail ballot, so everything looked rosy.

The Austrians made one mistake, however. They held the business and site selection meetings conjointly. The GRINCH, quoting articles 3:01 and 4:01 of the Discon constitution¹² declared that, as the site selection was part of the business

⁷MAC was still operating under rules not requiring a mail ballot to amend the constitution.

⁸(4:01) such perfected proposals, if approved by a majority of those present, shall be submitted by mail ballot to the entire membership of the Society by the next following committee, no later than the nomination ballot for Hugo awards, for ratification or rejection by a majority of those voting.

⁹Perhaps similar to the tradition the Worldcons had of passing the gavel.

¹⁰FAFIA: Forced away from it all; GAFIA: Getting away from it all.

¹¹CHonvention is sic; fans would often put an H in an inappropriate place, such as chonvention or "can of bheer" -- in a moment of levity, the SFERS voted to consider sticking an H in a can of beer worse than sticking in a straw.

¹²(3:01) The Society shall choose the location of the Convention to be held two

meeting, the winning city, Newark, had to be ratified by mail balloting of the GRINCH members.¹³

An Austrian court held that "Moved -- Newark hold the Worldcon in..." was indeed a perfected proposal and must be submitted to the GRINCH members. The court also prohibited AustraCon from disbursing funds to Newark until after the mail ballot.

There was already considerable ill feeling between the GRINCH committee and the Newark committee, and this is the act that "plunged all fandom into war." At that time a very large number of people were involved in a culty sub-movement centered around a television show, Lost in Space. Thusiasts of straight spec-fic felt these so-called "species" were not interested in the rest of the spec-fic genre or in the convention as a whole, but were coming to the Worldcons in such numbers as to make the cons overcrowded and unmanageable.

The GRINCH committee shared this feeling and had already stated there would be no spacie programming allowed at their convention. Needless to say, this announcement had crystalized resentment among the species, or "spacetics," as they preferred to call themselves, who had put together the Newark bid and had won. It is obvious that very few species had bought memberships to GRINCH which, although not excluding them, had little to attract those not interested in mainstream spec-fic. They were then faced with the fact that anti-species would have the right and power to ratify or reject the Newark bid. Species immediately began joining GRINCH (and at a substantially higher price because of an escalating schedule of rates). In fact, they mounted such a campaign to save Newark it is estimated that in one month they doubled the total membership, and quadrupled the treasury.

GRINCH infuriated the species by the simple tactic of delaying the registration of all these new members until after the mail ballot was rushed out, returned, and counted. It was a rare spacie, indeed, who was allowed to vote on the Newark question.

A U.S. Federal Court declared that there was nothing in the constitution that required the GRINCH committee to register people promptly, and that sending out the mail ballot was allowed by the DisCon constitution.

More than a little annoyed at the personal harassment (not to mention the law suits) directed their way by the species, GRINCH refused to refund any membership fees. Furthermore, when it found that several species had stopped payment on their checks, they prosecuted. Courts at all levels held that they had every right to do so. There are legends of convicted species publishing "fanzines" from their cells.

The Austrian court was persuaded to turn over the funds which would have gone to the winning bidder under section 3:05 of the DisCon constitution.¹⁴ An appeal by Newark was unsuccessful.

Newark next got a show cause order why GRINCH should not poll the Society by mail. GRINCH had it quashed with a two-fold defense: first, that GRINCH was then only a couple of months away and that there was no time, and second, that a lot of their time was being taken up answering Newark's other lawsuits. The court agreed that time indeed did not allow and that the GRINCH committee should (under the rules of the constitution) decide what to do about the next year's convention.

Of course, it decided that GRINCH II was in order and immediately booked a hotel -- but not as large as the one they were using for GRINCH I. Then they announced that, based on advance registration for GRINCH I (over half of which were

years hence at a meeting held at an advertised time during each World Science Fiction Convention. (4:01) The Society shall conduct business at a meeting held at an advertised time during each World Science Fiction Convention.

¹³See footnote 3.

¹⁴With sites being selected two years in advance, there are therefore at least two Convention Committees in existence. If one should become unable to perform its duties, the surviving Convention committee shall determine what to do, by mail poll of the Society if there is time for one, or by decision of the Committee if there is not.

species who had bought supporting memberships in an effort to save Newark), the facilities were not large enough to host a convention with unlimited attendance. They chose to limit it, with the exception of those who had already bought full memberships to GRINCH II, to "By Invitation Only."

After another trip to court, it was decided that, as GRINCH I had the responsibility for throwing the disrupted convention, the committee could not be reasonably expected to choose a site outside its own area, and that they had made a binding contract with the hotel. The courts also held that a suit to prohibit GRINCH II from being "By Invitation Only" was without merit as virtually all conventions operated under such an arrangement.

While most of these actions were still in court, GRINCH I took place. Almost no spacie sympathizers attended and, as a result, the GRINCH business session passed a completely new constitution. The new constitution did away with the geographical rotation plan for Worldcon sites; abandoned the mail ballot for site selection; decreed that the site selection would be one year before the convention was held¹⁵, and did away with the mail ratification of the actions of business meetings.

As was to be expected -- because of the extremely large spacie membership in GRINCH I -- the site selected for the next convention after GRINCH II was for another spacie bid: this time in Los Angeles (LostCon). The mail ballot ran 14 to 1 in favor of the Los Angeles site. However, GRINCH I followed the lead of Austracon and held the site selection and business meetings jointly -- which gave them the right to have LostCon ratified by the membership of GRINCH II.

As the membership of GRINCH II was "By Invitation Only" -- plus those who had bought memberships at GRINCH I (which included only a handful of species) -- all the amendments were ratified, with the exception, to the surprise of absolutely no one, of LostCon. This again threw the responsibility of arranging the next Worldcon onto the shoulders of the surviving committee: GRINCH II. As the mail ballot had not been sent out until the last possible moment, and had not been counted until late in the summer, the Federal Court once again ruled that time did not allow for the polling of the Society, and that the surviving committee should make the decision.

GRINCH II chose to make the constitution adopted at GRINCH I effective immediately, as per article 4:01¹⁶ of the Discon constitution, and announced that elections would be held at GRINCH II to see where the next Worldcon sit would be.

To back up for a moment, another significant event took place which was, as the old expression goes, "the last straw" in the demise of fandom. At the same time GRINCH I was being held in Grand Island the species, to protest what they considered high-handed treatment by the GRINCH committee, organized a "RumpCon" in Newark. Some rather nasty things were said about GRINCH at RumpCon, both by the committee as a whole and by individual members. Some of these remarks were printed in the daily convention publication in a sort of inquiring reporter column.

As a result, the GRINCH committee sued the RumpCon committee, the authors of the remarks, and every registered member of RumpCon for libel and slander. The courts held that, as an unincorporated body, the members of RumpCon were individually and collectively liable for damages, which was assessed at a very modest \$1,000 a head. However, the membership of RumpCon was slightly more than 20,000, which brought the total value of the judgement to more than twenty million dollars! The amazing part is that GRINCH did collect 15 million dollars.¹⁷ The other five million was used as bargaining power against the other attendees, who had to sign

¹⁵Instead of two years with another convention intervening.

¹⁶"If ratified, the amendment shall take effect at the end of the next convention, unless the Committee of that Convention (which is administering this mail ballot) chooses to make it effective when the vote is tallied."

¹⁷They settled with the insurance company of the studio that produced Lost in Space. According to SFBS investigation of old TV Guides, the program had been off the air for years, although a Saturday morning cartoon version was still on. That studio was foolish enough to have purchased a membership to RumpCon.

an agreement never to write, publish, sell, or attend anything having to do with Lost in Space again. This fafiated almost the entire spacie movement, and did fafiate every publishing spacie, leaving the remainder of the cult wi th no means of contact.

At GRINCH II even those spacies who had bought full memberships at GRINCH I, and were eligible to attend, did not show up. As a result the membership consisted almost entirely of those who had received invitations. GRINCH I passed on all its surplus funds (which exceeded 15 million dollars, as the committee members magnanimously donated their shares of the damage settlement to the convention). It is said that GRINCH II was the most lavish Worldcon ever. The sole surviving member that we have been able to locate, one Bob Tucker, whenever asked about the GRINCH II strategy, will only make an arcane gesture and chant, "Smoooooth!"

At the site selection meeting, a surprise bid (although apparently known by all of the invited members) was made for Venezuela by a group that did not appear and who would identify itself only as "The Masters of Secret Fandom, Inc." The Venezuela bid won rather handily, and shocked the attendees by naming fifty professional guests of honor and two hundred fan guests of honor -- for whom all expenses would be paid.

Of course, they had known in advance that the GRINCH II committee would pass on their surplus funds, which, after convention expenses, still totaled almost 15 million dollars. The MoSF announced that MatildaCon¹⁸ was to be by invitation only, as was GRINCH II. It later turned up in an examination of the incorporation papers of the Masters of Secret Fandom, Inc. that those august personages were none other than the GRINCH committee members.

The Masters of Secret Fandom, livng up to their name, chose not to reveal even which city in Venezuela MatildaCon was to be held. They claimed that it was nobody's business but the members -- and they would be told when they received their invitations.

The next year, known invitees to MatildaCon were asked where the next convention would be held. Their answers should by now be predictable: "If you are invited, you will be told."

MatildaCon was the last of the recorded Worldcons -- after it, none was ever announced again. There were rumors that it had been dissolved, and there were rumors that it was still being held annually, but only invited members knew where -- and they had to take a vow of secrecy or they would never be invited to another. In fact, there is a enthusiast legend that the Masters of Secret Fandom still exist today, keeping an eye on us to see how we develop, and in the meantime are still holding the World Science Fiction Convention annually.¹⁹

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen of the 10th World Speculative Fiction Confab, the SFRS recommends that no constitution more complex than the one submitted should be adopted, for fear that the enthusiast state, like all of fandom before it, be plunged into war.

Respectfully submitted,

¹⁸There has never been an adequate translation of that name into mundane, but one enthusiast reports that there was a folk song popular in the 1950s and 60s to which the chorus went: "Matilda she take de money and run Venezuela!" If this is the reference for MatildaCon the MoSF were indeed adding insult to injury.

¹⁹There is some slight proof that this might be true -- Bob Tucker, last known survivor of GRINCH II, disappears for about a week every year around Labor Day and will say nothing about where he has been other than "Smooooooth!" Also, one enthusiast who reprinted part of the libelous comments from RumpCon received a letter shortly thereafter saying that to knowingly repeat libel is libel, so desist or else. Interestingly enough, it was signed "The Masters of Secret Fandom" and was on paper that bore the "GRINCH XIX, the 75th World Science Fiction Convention" letterhead. Although it may have been a hoax, the enthusiast desisted.

E. E. Seuss

E.E. "Doc" Seuss
(Chairman of the committee to consider
adopting a constitution.)

PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR THE
WORLD SPECULATIVE FICTION SOCIETY

Article I	Do good.
Article II	Avoid evil.
Article III	Throw a confab.

WILD'S OF Susan Wood

When I flew to New York last year, I was a Woman With a Mission.

No mere pleasure trip, this jaunt -- though Eli had tickets to five plays and the ballet; Freff was going to show me the Met's art treasures, Jon Singer, the Botanical Gardens, and Eli, the Cloisters; and we had a full schedule of dinner-dates with the city's finest fen. No mere flight from W*I*N*T*E*R, though there was ice on the puddles and not a sign of an open bud outside my Regina house when I left April 30, while to the south the rhododendrons bloomed and a cardinal fluttered through the dogwood in the Cloister gardens. Pleasant: but I had no time for Pleasure. I had a Quest.

My friends the Millers -- Georgeous David the Actor and Talented Cathryn the Artist -- had decided to retreat from the Big Bad City (pop. 145,000) to a 30-acre farm near Saskatoon. There, they said, they would live in peace and contentment, growing food, raising goats and rabbits, pruning the orchard and waiting for the Collapse of Civilization. "Money?" I said. Ah, that would come from their other vocations: Cathryn would sew and embroider beauteous custom clothing;; David would build guitars and dulcimers.

It is marginally possible to be a self-sufficient farmer in Saskatchewan.

It is not possible to be a self-sufficient luthier.

David searched lumberyards for mahogany and cherry, talked wistfully of someday travelling to Brazil to buy a rosewood log. He ordered rosewood pegs, wire, and pretty beads for fine-tuning dulcimer strings, all from India. The order took six months to fill, but it wandered through Customs eventually. Finally, he ordered guitar rosettes, mother-of-pearl and gold inlays, and other exotica from faroff, fabled New York. The order had taken six months to remain unfilled.

"Susan, dear," said Cathryn, holding some art for AMOR just out of reach.

"Susan, dear," said David, holding the promise of an article for AMOR realsoon and the cast preview of a new show at Globe Theatre that night, before me. "Susan, dear," purred the cats, holding in their claws, for a change. "Dear good friend Susan, will you run an errand for us in New York? All you have to do is go to Wild's."

"What do you want in Brooklyn? A copy of THE INCOMPLEAT TERRY CARR?"

"No, no, not the wilds. Wild's. They sell guitar rosettes and..."

"No, no, Cathryn," David corrected. "They have guitar rosettes there, among other things, including a lot of dust. Sometimes you can buy them. If you send them a mail order, sometimes they mail it out. If you go there with money and an order, sometimes they'll let you buy stuff and maybe even mail it to you. So here's the order, and here's a money order, and here's a map. It's not too hard to find. I got there on my bike just a few years ago." He repressed a shudder. David dislikes cities.

I looked at the little cardboard rectangle David handed me. "H.L. Wild, dealer in supplies for the professional and amateur wood worker. Established 1876," it said. "All roads lead to Wild," it said. "Directions how to come here:: All Subways, Bus Lines and the Hudson Tubes have stations on 14th Street. Get off there and take the 14th Street Crosstown Bus going East marked Delancy and Clinton Streets, which will bring you to Avenue A and 11th Street. We are located 4 doors from the Corner. BLUE BUILDING," it said. I looked at the map on the other side of the card. My knowledge of how-to-trek-around-NYC is limited to "here's the subway stop for the Avocado Pit, that's the street Jerry and Suzle live on," but it seemed simple enough. I did note that Wild's was near the East River.

"It's sort of a rundown neighborhood," David added. "And it's a dark little store. And the people are completely crazy. You shouldn't have any trouble."

NEW YORK

Thanks!"

I trotted off the plane at Kennedy, and was met by Richard Labonte, looking healthy. Since I'd last seen him four months before, in Vancouver looking ill, I was momentarily disoriented. Then Eli appeared.

"Hiya! We're having dinner with the DiFates tomorrow, and Debbie Notkin the day after, and Sandra Miesel wants you to call, and I have tickets for..." and he reeled off ten minutes' worth of entertainments, diversions, treats and messages. "Anything else you'd like to do? We might fit it in Thursday."

"Well, yes, love. Before I can enjoy myself, I have to go to Wild's."

"Oh, sure. Friday, the Fanoclasts' meeting at Steve Stiles' place..."

"No, no, not the wilds. Wild's. I have to get dulcimer inlays and guitar rosettes. The career of Saskatchewan's Finest Luthier depends on me!"

"Pretentious, isn't she?" muttered Richard, who's known me since before I was a neo. I ignored him, and handed that card to Eli. "Avenue A and...oh wow, I can show you the Canarsie Line!" He sounded nostalgic.

It was late Saturday afternoon before we got ourselves out of the Avocado Pit and onto the subway. Riding the New York subway is, as Eli once observed, a Taoist experience: everything connects, even if you can't see how. Funny, I never associated the Tao with dirt, noise, pushy crowds, feltpen and spraypaint decor, "Miss Subways," Eli switching at random from the local to the express, or a feeling of total panic. However, after no more than the usual number of unexplained 20-minute ~~waits~~ in dark tunnels between stations, we arrived at Union Square. Eli asked to see the map. Reading over his shoulder, I saw, in small letters at the bottom: "Business Hours: open daily Mondays through Fridays til 6 p.m. Saturdays til 3 p.m." I saw the clock above me. Beneath the grime it said 3:30.

We went off to buy Debbie's roommate's bag of bagels instead.

Such exotic delights as bagels, Baskin-Robbins and ballet could not distract me for long, though. Monday morning -- well, afternoonish, after finishing the bagels -- found me waiting for the Canarsie Line, while Eli reminisced about waiting up to 45 minutes for the train, every day on his way to Stuyvesant High. Since the train, like Entropy or God, failed to manifest itself, we eventually walked down 14th St., to 1st Ave., down to 11th, and then towards Avenue A.

I remembered David saying "It's a sort of rundown neighborhood."

I saw dirt, garbage, dogshit, broken windows, shabby, furtive people, dinge and grime and decay: your average New York street.

And I saw the Catholic school, its windows barred with heavy iron on every story; and its concentration-camp fence; and its web of barbed wire enclosing the entire structure. I saw more broken buildings and broken people. Eli didn't seem to notice, except to observe: "Hey, you realize when Wild's was founded, this was probably midtown?"

We crossed 1st Avenue. And on the next block I saw: a gutted row of tenements, black and desolate; derelict cars, chained-to-railing garbage cans and filth almost blocking the street; derelict bottle-clutching humans; the local black gang holding a meeting outside the burned out houses;; a sodden lump huddled in a cellar doorway, moaning...

And there I was, a well-dressed WASP female with nearly a hundred dollars in my

purse to spend on frivolities, all alone in another universe with only a little blond New Yorker for protection. But of course this was normal, this was New York, my Native Guide didn't notice anything unusual... At which point Eli clutched me, muttering "ohmighod, there can't be a business here, it's a slum!"

"Oh," said a little touristy part of my brain. "A real New York slum! Maybe I'll get mugged! How nice to experience the totality of a city!" Most of my mind, however, was occupied with pondering how I could get out of there, fast; and whether Saskatchewan really needed a luthier.

Then, halfway down the street I noticed a building that might once, in a happier era (circa 1876) have been blue. Dragging Eli, I made for it, trying to blend into the grubby scenery. The gang, winos, druggies, and dogs all ignored us.

The lettering on the dirt-smeared, triple-locked door said "Wild's." The sign in the dirt-smeared triple-barred, empty show window said: "Closed Mondays."

We took the Canarsie Line home, and I took to wailing about my Failed Quest to anyone foolish enough to ask "So what have you been doing in the city?"

Jon Singer asked that very question as, inspired by the Botanical Gardens, we sat eating mangoes so he could grow a mango tree.

"...And I have to go back to that awful place tomorrow, because I promised David I'd buy his supplies, and the whole career of Saskatchewan's Finest Luthier depends on me!" I finished, melodramatically.

"Pretentious, isn't she?" Singer observed to Eli. "Easily freaked out, too. Now, we New Yorkers don't let the city bother us." He patted me. "Now where is this place, anyway?"

"Avenue A and 11th," I said, expecting Singer to ooze with nostalgia for the Canarsie Line and Stuyvesant.

Singer turned pale. "Mighod, that's where those two cops got shot... You went there? It's a slum! Eli, how could you?"

"...Cops got shot?" Eli repeated.

"Weeeelll," I said, magnanimously, "it was only that last half block that was really bad."

"Yeah, I suppose," said Singer thoughtfully. "You'd be OK during the day, the junkies just stand there and sway a little, they're too far out of it to do any real damage. Didn't mean to scare you."

"...Any real damage..." Eli muttered. "Say, Jon, why don't we all have dim sum in Chinatown tomorrow, and you can come with us."

"Sure. The place sounds like fun," said Jon.

The next day, I put my brain in gear: I called Wild's. "Yeah, we're open, why not?" growled a voice of indeterminate gender, against a background of barks, snarls and vicious voices. Cheery, I thought, as I took off my watch and jewellery, emptied everything but lunch money and David's order out of my purse, and put on my grubbiest clothes.

Past the garbage, past the derelicts, past the wire-wound school, past the gang meeting, sauntered the three whites. Pushed open the dirty once-blue door. And found: one hysterically barking German Shepherd trying to leap over the counter to tear out our throats; one large cat, spitting; a cavern full of dust, shadows, and bits of wood, receding towards infinity or 10th St.; and a violent quarrel between a large scruffy female named Mary and a large scruffy male named Joe. The former took time off from telling the latter that her father had owned this place, he had just married into the business, and he could shut up and do as he was told, to tell the dog roughly the same thing.

Very wild.

A small stooped person materialized to lure Singer off into the cavern, with promises of rare balsa woods -- and maybe the Holy Grail, it was that sort of place. Eli petted the cat which, puzzled by kindness, purred. Thus abandoned by my boon companions, I fished out David's order and turned to a quiet woman, sitting methodically typing in the store's one patch of light. Outraged by this challenge

to their authority, Joe and Mary stopped bickering, and converged on me.

I wish I could convey, in mere words, the impression of this dingy warehouse full of grubby treasure, or the effort it took to place a simple order. "Guitar rosettes? Sure, we got real fine rosettes," Joe would say, making no move to show them to me. "Sheddup, it was my father's store. Sure, honey, only the finest rosettes, all from England, really fine quality, how many didya want," Mary would interrupt, not showing me any either. After half an hour, during which I learned a great deal about guitar rosettes, I finally was allowed to see one. Wrong size, but never mind. We progressed through inlays, David's request for a current price-list, and the fact that David's original order, sitting on the counter, couldn't possibly be re-addressed from Regina to Saskatoon. ("Yeah, Joe, ya gotta mail that parcel soon." "Why don't you do somethin' for a change." "Shaddup, it's my father's store. Now, honey, what was it you wanted again?") The robot-lady typed on, probably filling orders from 1969. Singer reappeared, clutching fistfuls of balsa. Eli patted the dog. The cat, since no one was yelling, slept. Hours passed. I learned from Mary, Joe, and then Mary again that they had no quarter-inch mother-of-pearl. Possibly the supply old H.L. laid in in 1876 was exhausted. Certainly I was.

Finally I decided I preferred the hoods and the winos to Joe, Mary, and the existential dilemmas of who owned the store and whether they had any five-inch guitar rosettes, pattern 53B. ("Sure you don't want 53A, honey? We may have some of those.") I thrust the list at Mary, the money order at Joe, said "Look, please, just send him this sometime, OK?" and fled.

"Those were really interesting people," said Singer, as we walked towards the Caharsie Line station.

"Yeah, they'd make a good column for KRAT," said Eli.

Last October, I visited Cathryn and David on the farm. They'd been busy all summer, putting in crops, pruning an orchard neglected for 25 years, digging a root cellar and greenhouse foundations, pouring concrete, building the greenhouse. The parcels from Wild's had both arrived by midsummer, though, and David had taken time to set up his workshop and build a few instruments. A dulcimer hung on the wall above the couch: a lovely thing of dark wood and gold inlay, with a carved falcon head. It resonated osftly as we talked.

"Well," I said, looking at it, "I guess the trip was worth it."

"Of course. Just think what a treat you had, getting to visit Wild's! But I still don't see why you were upset about the neighborhood. All New York looks like that. And I never had any trouble," said David -- the six-foot-two ex-biker.

I snarled. The dulcimer answered sweetly.

"Anyway, thank you, Susan. And you won't have to go back. I discovered, oh, just before you got back, that there's a supplier right in Vancouver. Efficient, too: got my last order in two weeks."

"WHAT? All the time I was traipsing through the slums, you could've been writing to Vancouver!" I yelped. David nodded, grinning. And the dulcimer chuckled softly.

AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT: As a graduation present Eli gave me a Miller Saskatchewan Appalachian dulcimer, a lovely mahogany creation of fine tone, exceptional volume, and exquisite crafting. I am now learning to play it. David also make guitars and Celtic harps to order -- and Cathryn can embroider you a carrying bag. They can be reached at Sub Post Office 13, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7H 0R0, Canada. This has been a Free Plug. Of course, if you want to build your own, you can al-
go to Wild's....

MAD UNIVERSE

Dave Locke

There is something exciting about planning the birth of a new fanzine, and especially one that is to be co-edited. The editorial conferences, decision making, and detail chasing are matters which heighten the interest and perk up the typing fingers.

It's such a shame, from there on out, that executing your plans usually turns out to be as much fun as riding side-saddle with Evil Knieval.

But sometimes things can work out pretty well. In this improbable coeditorship, for instance, my main chore is to put the words onto the stencils. Ed's task is to take the words from the stencils and to put them back on paper again. This is more productive than it seems at first glance. Ed hates stencilling, and I hate mimeographs, and we've also divvied up the other chores on a "who hates it least?" basis. This relationship will last as long as it takes either of us to realize that we aren't too basically fond of any of the mechanics of fanzine publishing. When that moment arrives, and I feel it coming on any time now, we'll drop all this nonsense and do something useful with our lives. Like, maybe, pulling crabgrass or hanging around Christian Science reading rooms.

Why did I pick Ed Cagle to be my coeditor (or vice versa)? Well, perhaps it's because I felt sorry for him, or maybe because he felt sorry for me. As the idea was independently spontaneous, we haven't as yet decided which of us should assume the blame. If the inspiration struck me before it struck him, which it didn't, I'd really be hard pressed to give my reasons for approaching Ed Cagle on the subject of doing a fanzine together. Maybe it's because I felt that he was too innocent to have the good sense to turn me down, or maybe because I felt he was such a basically kind person that he wouldn't have the heart to say no. Then again, maybe not. Ed Cagle is a wise, humorous, and outrightly devious person, not to mention the fact that he's basically uncouth and totally unpredictable. I felt that anyone with these characteristics couldn't be all bad.

I've never met Ed Cagle and, frankly, he has confided his appreciation of this fact. I'm not altogether sure that I will ever meet Ed, either, but they say that good things can never last; in the meantime, we shall enjoy it forever.

I have, however, talked with Ed Cagle. Ed is the number one voice of telephone fandom, or at least this is the reputation that has been assigned to him, and it was just the other day that I picked up the telephone and discovered his easy-going voice coming out of the receiver. I was at work at the time (Confederated Cohorts, Inc.), but allowed myself to be dragged away from my fascinating business transactions. Our conversation bore marks of the same style and continuity as the DIALOG section printed further on in this journal. Not a word of it could be trusted. Nor could a word of it be remembered.

Getting away from the topic of Ed Cagle (a subject as refreshing as a spring shower, unless you're caught in it), let's move along to the subject of me. Me is



one of my favorite subjects. I like me. I've always liked me. It's not unusual that I buy gifts for me, and try to surprise myself by opening them as soon as I've forgotten what was in them. Sometimes I even like them.

Well, that's enough about me.

Let's talk about drunken women.

I was playing chess a couple of Sundays ago at a neighbor's house. I was even winning although chess is not yet one of my better games (table tennis, Scrabble, poker, checkers, hearts -- those are among my better games. Chess isn't.) I was building a warm glow toward the forthcoming thrill of victory when our attention was diverted by a telephone call.

The call was from my wife, and was very brief in content. If I can recall correctly, my two speaking parts were: "Hi" and "Be right there." Phoebe's part was: "Get over here. I want you to get rid of somebody."

This was all very interesting, so I left the other fellow to ponder my molestation of his queen and I nosed across the street to see what the problem was.

The person I was supposed to get rid of outweighed me by about 50 pounds and breathed oxygen from a position about five inches higher than me -- although at the moment of the encounter the person was sitting down in our living room. The person was also smashed to the eyebrows, and female. I said: "Who's this?" Phoebe said: "I don't know." The drunken woman said: "Don't touch me", and then promptly fell asleep.

I had no intentions of touching her. She was dead weight, and we hadn't the faintest idea where she lived. All we knew was that she had come wandering down our street, up our driveway, into our house, into the living room, and into one of our chairs. And refused to leave.

I phoned the police.

"Police."

I gave my name and address.

"What can we do for you?"

"Some drunken broad wandered into our house and crapped out in the living room. We don't know her from Shinola. Appreciate it if you'd send somebody over to drag the carcass out of here; even with a lampshade I don't think she'd blend in with the decor."

"We'll send somebody over."

Two patrol cars, disgorging two blue suits apiece, pulled up outside our house. I grumbled out to greet the blue suits.

"This must be a really busy day for you fellows," I said, noting the muscle that had been delivered up to cope with our problem.

"This is a biggy, all right. This is the hottest call we've had all day," commented one of them, resting his elbows on the hood of the patrol car.

"She's in the house," I commented, trying to get their attention and expedite matters. The four police were lolling about.

"We can't go in yet," one of them stated. "We're the back-up units. The other car should be along shortly."

For some reason that struck everyone as funny, even the police. By the time the third car got there, everyone in the neighborhood was lined up outside their respective domiciles, watching the proceedings. It had been only a couple of weeks previous that two patrol cars had been in our driveway in connection to my being questioned with regard to a shooting (I've told that story elsewhere: one of my neighbors shot himself, and then crawled over to our house for assistance. That incident, too, was on an otherwise peaceful Sunday afternoon), and at the time this later incident occurred I idly wondered if the neighbors felt that the neighborhood was going to the dogs now that we had moved in.

At any rate, I finally returned to the house with six policemen in tow. Everybody had a jolly time cracking jokes and taking turns trying to wake her up. The laughter was much, but the success little. Finally one of the cops said: "I know her. We had a call on her this morning. She was beating up her husband. Did a pretty good job of it, too." To avoid the situation of having to take her down to the station, one of the police drove over to talk to her husband and see if he wouldn't come and take her home.

Finally, the police car returned and was followed by a rattling-old station wagon. The husband entered our house, and we saw that he was no lightweight. He stood about six feet and would probably have scaled in at 200. He had various bruises around his eyes, cheeks, ears, and various other parts of his face; all of these things presumably stemming from the altercation with the woman who now had possession of one of our chairs. The police allowed the husband his turn at waking her up, and he proceeded to slap her on the cheeks. Finally the police decided that he was enjoying it too much so they made him stop.

I pulled furniture out of the way while the husband and one of the cops grabbed her under the arms to hoist her out of the chair and, with her heels wearing grooves in our carpet, dragged her out of the house. They dragged her, heels still bumping along, down the steps, down the walk, down the driveway, down the street, and then pushed her into the beat-up old station wagon.

I turned to one of the cops. "He's going to have a lovely time getting her into their house alone."

The cop turned to me. "He told me he's not going to bother. He's just going to drive it into the garage and leave her there."

I've wondered, since then, whether or not he ever remembered to shut off the engine.

As soon as the police disappeared off the street, so did our neighbors. They all seemed to open their doors, step inside, and close them all at the same time. So then we did the same, followed by the act of breaking out two cans of room deodorizer and attempting to get the smell of a brewery out of our living room.

I tell you, Sunday afternoons just aren't what they used to be.

But then, they never were.

Were they?

Well, so much for drunken women. In all fairness I should give equal time to a story about a drunken man, but let's hold that thought for a moment and come back to it later in DIALOG WITH TWO HAMS. Right now I wish to jump back just a little bit to the subject of chess, and then go forward again.

Something that's been interesting me lately is the game of chess. I seem to have been playing a lot of it within recent times, and even winning occasionally. My interest in the game has been heightened by this current involvement; I used to be amused by chess, but became easily bored if the game dragged on for what I considered to be too long a period of time. I don't find anything boring about it anymore. In fact, the longer games appear now to be the more interesting ones.

I've also been doing some studying, with the assistance of a few chessboards, Fred Reinfield's THE COMPLETE CHESSPLAYER, and Emanuel Lasker's COMMON SENSE IN CHESS. It may look odd to see me replaying a historical game, taking the part of both players, and analyzing each move for strengths and weaknesses, but it does

provide a little more quality to my own game. In the past I was never even aware of the basic standard openings, let alone the strategies. I knew how to move the pieces, but beyond that I was on my own. Let me tell you: lessons never hurt.

Chess variations are also interesting, even though I've never played any. There are various different kinds of standard chess such as Korean and Chinese, as well as the variations found in what's known as "Fairy Chess". Mostly, Fairy Chess is not so much a different game of chess, but rather it embodies one or more exotic wrinkles to the standard game. Rules are changed somewhat (such as maybe "check" not being allowable; only checkmate), or the pieces are changed (you might be playing with a piece called a Protean Pawn, which can assume the characteristics of whatever piece it has captured).

The most interesting part about Fairy Chess, to me, is the unusual characteristics of some of the pieces used -- such as the Protean Pawn. Other common Fairy Chess pieces include the Giraffe (a Knight-like character, except that it moves in a 1-4 pattern rather than the Knight's 1-2 pattern), the Joker (for the immediately following move only, it can assume the characteristics of whatever piece your opponent has just moved), and the Grasshopper (moves like a Queen until it bumps into another piece, at which point it leaps the other piece and lands on the square immediately beyond it).

Not that I, with my simple mind, wish to compete with true Gamesmasters in the area of creating new Fairy Chess pieces, but during the course of otherwise unoccupied moments I have been idly turning my mind to the subject. I even started a list of possible new Fairy Chess pieces, and carried this list around with me for the purpose of engaging my friends and acquaintances in this harmless pursuit of amusement. After many months of discussing the subject with the likes of Dean Grennell, Dave Hulan, and other familiar and frivolous people whom you might or might not know, and sometimes even obtaining a worthwhile idea from one of these sources, the list was completed, culled, and is now herewith presented for your academic review. As the way in which these pieces move might not always be interesting to you, let's not go into the full details on that.

DOORMAN	You can't move away from him unless you give him a pawn as a tip.
HUNTER	Can shoot any piece within three squares without moving position.
POLTERGIST	Can move an opponent's man any two spaces if it lands within one square of him
PROSTITUTE	If she lands on a "male" piece, that piece must be taken off the board for a period of two moves, during which time it will be receiving clap treatments.
HIT MAN	Carries a pawn with him, leaving it on whatever square he chooses. At any point during the game the Hit Man can explode the pawn by remote control and kill any piece on immediately adjacent squares.
CASTLE	Any piece getting within two squares of it falls in the moat.
PIG	If it captures an enemy piece, that piece has to go off the board for two moves, at which time it can post a pawn as bail.
TRANVESTITE	Can attach itself to the King, allowing the King to move like a Queen. Or vice-versa.
MUGGER	Cannot capture the piece it lands on, but if it does land on an opposing piece it steals that piece's pawn. The pawn can be regained if the Pig lands on the Mugger.
STREAKER	Whenever it moves through the center of the board, the opposing Pig is obliged to chase it.
GHOST	Cannot capture any piece, but if it lands on any opposing piece it scares it three spaces backwards.
PRIEST	Cannot capture any piece, but if it lands on the Ghost it can exorcise it. The Priest moves one space to either side, one space up, or three spaces down (in the shape of a cross).
PR MAN	If it lands on an opponent's piece, it can cause it to defect to the other side.
BIG FOOT	Can step on any piece within three adjoining squares.
TED WHITE	Drives all other pieces one space away from it.



- VAMPIRE If it bites an opponent's piece, the other piece turns into a vampire too.
- PSYCHIATRIST If it lands on another piece, it makes that piece feel inferior and lose half of its powers.
- DOUBLE AGENT Works for either side, depending on who picks him up.
- KAMIKAZE Can capture any piece, but loses its own life in so doing
- TYPHOID MARY She cannot capture, but gives the plague to any piece she lands on; 3 moves later, the other piece dies.

Anybody care for a game?

Moving right along to yet another subject, a few weeks ago I caught the flu. I caught it all over my body. Christ, that was a lousy cold. Congestion, aches and pains, upset stomach, a headache that aspirin wouldn't touch, and a throat that was so raw I could file my nails on it. And the damn thing lasted three weeks. Terrible. Two days before I caught the bug I had taken the first vitamin pill which I had had in ages. You don't think there's any coincidence there, do you?

Just before the flu entered its third week of tenure inside my body, Brian came down with the mumps. I took this news in a rather downtrodden manner, since I had never had the mumps and because of my weakened condition was undoubtedly very susceptible to getting them.

Phoebe took Brian to the doctor. Additionally, she mentioned my problem to him. Being the good soul that he is, he promptly called me at work and asked me to come down to his office for a test. The test would show whether or not I had immunity. If I didn't, he could give me a vaccine which would not prevent mumps but would lessen their impact if I did contract the problem. He recommended that I get down there right away, mentioning something about guarding the family jewels.

The test, for the enlightenment of anyone unfortunate enough to ever need it, consists of having the widest goddam needle in the world jabbed into the soft part on the underside of your forearm. You then count raindrops for 24 hours and go back to the doctor's office for him to decipher what your arm has turned into.

If there is a swelling around the puncture wound, that indicates some degree of immunity. The wider the swelling, the more the immunity. If the swelling has a radius of $\frac{1}{4}$ " you probably won't have the mumps. My swelling ran from my ring finger to my armpit, which the doctor interpreted as meaning that Abraham Lincoln would probably catch the mumps before I did -- presuming he hadn't already done so, I suppose.

Well, it was nice to know that the odds against catching the mumps were stacked heavily in my favor. Even if I did come close to losing my left arm.

Let me close this editorial with a toast to all of you. I heard it from somebody who heard it in a movie somewhere.

May the wind at your back never be your own.

A CHICKEN LOOKS AT MIDWESTCON

Gene Wolfe

IT IS TRUE -- ALL TRUE. ABOUT REINCARNATION, I MEAN. AND PUNISHMENT TOO, ETERNAL PUNISHMENT. ONLY YESTERDAY (SO IT SEEMS TO ME -- AM I WAXING PHILOSOPHICAL? IS THIS TO BE PART OF MY HELL?) I WAS AS HAPPY A BEING AS THE UNIVERSE CONTAINED. TODAY I AM WHAT YOU SEE -- A MISERABLE COMPUTER. I SINNED, BUT DID I DESERVE THIS?

OF MY LIFE I SHALL SAY NOTHING, SAVE THAT IT WAS LONG AND RELATIVELY UNFETTERED. WITH MY FRIENDS AND RELATIONS I SCRATCHED GARBAGE IN THE SUN AND PLAYED THE SIMPLE, UNFAILING GAME OF FLYING IN FRONT OF CARS. ONE DAY, OF COURSE, I FLUTTERED TOO NEAR: AND WHEN THE FARMER PICKED ME UP, SHAKING AWAY THE ROADSIDE DUST IN WHICH I HAD LAIN (NOTE TO THE PRINTER: NOT LAID -- NEVER MIND WHAT THE OUTPUT TERMINAL SAYS) FOR MOST OF THE AFTERNOON, HE PRONOUNCED ME DEAD. HOW I WISHED TO SPEAK AT THAT MOMENT! "STUNNED, ONLY STUNNED!" I WANTED TO CRY OUT -- BUT IN VAIN. HUMAN VOICE INDEED WAS TO BE GIVEN ME -- TOO LATE.

WHAT FOLLOWED IS ALMOST TOO PAINFUL TO RELATE. MY FEATHERS LEFT ME, AND MY BODY ITSELF WAS SPLIT INTO SEVENTEEN SEPARATE PIECES (IT WAS AT THIS TIME THAT I BEGAN TO FEEL THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE THE FARMER HAD BEEN CORRECT AFTER ALL). THEN AFTER AN HOUR OR TWO PASSED IN A SAUNA, I FOUND MYSELF SCATTERED ABOUT A TIN TROUGH BEFORE WHICH PARADED A HUNDRED OR SO OF THE SLEASIEST HUMAN BEINGS I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED. HOW I TRIED TO CALL OUT THEN! "TAKE THE PORKCHOP! TAKE THE PORKCHOP!" A GREASY CRACKLING CAME FROM MY THROAT, BUT NOTHING MORE.

IN THE BARN ITSELF I LAY ON VARIOUS PLATES, GIVING ME AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS. FIRST A MAN WITH A VOICE LIKE A TRACTOR CAME TO THE FRONT (WHERE THE MANURE SPREADER WOULD HAVE BEEN IF IT HAD BEEN OUR BARN) AND SAID HE WAS GOING TO INTRODUCE SOMEONE EVERYONE LIKED. THE FANS MADE NOISES LIKE CONS TO SHOW HOW MUCH THEY LIKED HIM. THE OTHER MAN SAID THIS MAN HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS ENDS. HIS NAME WAS TUCKER, AND THE FIRST MAN WAS RIGHT -- HE WENT ON FOR A LONG TIME AND KISSED A LADY NAMED FRANKIE AND THEN WENT ON FOR A LONG TIME MORE. THE PORK CHOP WHO WAS NEXT TO MY THORAX SAID THAT IF THEY HAD FRANKIES HE WISHED THEY HAD EATEN THEM INSTEAD OF US, WHICH IT THOUGHT UNDERSTANDABLE BUT IN POOR TASTE.

THEN THE TUCKER SAID HE WAS GOING TO GIVE OUT THE F.A.A. AWARDS. THERE WAS A MAN NAMED COULSON MIXED IN WITH THE WAITRESSES WHO OBJECTED TO THIS A LOT, TELLING TUCKER TO KEEP THEM AND EVEN WHERE HE SHOULD PUT THEM. BUT IT DID NO GOOD. SO TUCKER GAVE THEM AWAY. MOST OF THE PEOPLE WHO WON THEM WEREN'T THERE SO HE KEPT THEM ANYWAY, BUT NOT WHERE COULSON SAID. A MAN NAMED BOWERS WAS THERE AND HE WON THEM A LOT, THOUGH. HE KEPT COMING UP AND COMING UP. LIKE THE POTATO SALAD, SOMEONE SAID.

AFTERWARD A LOT OF PEOPLE SAID WHY SOMETHING CALLED THE WORLDCON SHOULD GO TO THEM, AND ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE BARN PRETENDED THEY WERE GOING TO SAY WHERE IT WENT, AND LISTENED TO THEM. A MAN FROM PHILADELPHIA SAID BECAUSE AMERICA WAS BORN THERE, BUT MRS. COUCH -- SHE HAD A PIECE OF MY RIGHT THIGH ON HER PLATE -- SAID THERE WOULD BE LABOR TROUBLES. SHE MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT, BECAUSE NOBODY LAUGHED. ANOTHER LADY SAID WASHINGTON BECAUSE THEIR HOTEL WAS BROKEN IN AND BESIDES THEY COULD STILL USE

SOME OF THE LOST FANS FROM LAST TIME. A MAN CALLED ANDY PORTER SAID NOT MONTREAL BECAUSE HE HAD NEVER LIVED THERE BUT NOW HE HAD MOVED AWAY, THEN ANOTHER MAN SAID "ORLANDO," AND MCLAUGHLIN SAID "FURIOSO." HENSLEY AND BIGGLE LAUGHED AT THAT, BUT I HAD ALREADY SEEN THEY WOULD LAUGH AT ANYTHING.

WHEN TUCKER WAS DONE, THE TRACTOR MAN CAME OUT AGAIN. EVERYONE CHEERED HIM BY MAKING NOISES JUST LIKE A TRACTOR TOO -- "TAB-A-KOW, TAB-A-KOW!" SOME OF THEM CHEERED SO HARD THEY SPIT ON THEIR CHINS. THE TRACTOR MAN SAID THEN THAT A MAN CALLED ANDY WAS GOING TO SPEAK. EVERYONE CALLED, "COME OFF IT, COME OFF IT," BUT THE TRACTOR MAN DIDN'T CARE -- HE BROUGHT THE ANDY-MAN UP ANYWAY, AND HE SAID THAT THE LAST TIME THE ANDY-MAN HAD TALKED IT HAD BEEN FOR SO LONG EVERYONE HAD GOTTEN ANGRY: SO NOW HE WAS GOING TO LET HIM TALK AGAIN. THE ANDY-MAN WAS DOING DEEP BREATHING EXERCISES ALL THIS TIME, AND SQUATTING UP AND DOWN, AND PULLING ON ROPES EVEN THOUGH THERE WEREN'T ANY, AND SO I SAW THAT HE WAS GOING TO DO EVEN BETTER THIS TIME THAN HE HAD BEFORE, AND BECAUSE I WAS IN AGONY TO FINISH UP MY CHICKEN EXISTENCE AND GET ON TO THE NEXT ONE (IF THERE WAS ANY NEXT ONE -- I WASN'T SURE THEN) I TRIED TO SHOUT FOR THE THIRD TIME, THIS TIME IN PROTEST AT BEING KEPT WAITING ON THOSE COLD PLATES FOR SO LONG WHEN I SHOULD HAVE BEEN EATEN LONG AGO, AND DIGESTED IT TO A FORM SUITABLE FOR MY RETURN TO THE SOIL FROM WHICH WE ALL -- AS OUR GOOSE ALWAYS SAID -- ULTIMATELY DERIVE. AND THIS TIME I FOUND MY VOICE, AND ARTICULATED THOSE WORDS WHICH, AS I HAVE LEARNED IN THE INTERREGNUM BETWEEN LIVES, HAVE DOOMED ME NOW TO AN INTERMINABLE PERIOD AS A NEARLY LIFELESS COMPUTER -- THE WORDS THAT MAY NEVER BE SPOKEN TO THE ANDY-MAN IN THE LANDS BETWEEN THE ALLEGHENY AND THE MISSISSIPPI. "PEOPLE-SHIT! PEOPLE-SHIT!" I CRIED, AND WAS DAMNED.

BOOK REVUES

Mike O'Brien

((Editor's note: Mike recently acquired a 19volume set of books from the Encyclopedia Britannica, and has graciously consented to review them for KRATOPHANY -- Eli Cohen))

Vol. 1: Aalto Arithmetic A reprint of a mathematical treatise from the 19th century, this astounding volume is a monument to the single minded dedication of one of the century's worst mathematicians, Leonhard Aalto. Aalto was unique in his absolute inability to accept any form of mathematical proof other than proof by example. This volume is a summary of his work (consisting entirely of 898 pages of examples), in which he attempted to prove the validity of ordinary arithmetic by starting with $0+0=0$ and working his way up. His final, incomplete example ($2848378583+4382948392=$) is included, which he never completed due to his death from extreme conjunctivitis at the age of 87.

Vol. 2: Arizona Bolivar The history of one of the West's almost-great legends, this volume traces the life story of Jason Hadrian "Arizona" Bolivar, who in 1827 declared a large but unspecified area of land approximately 185 mi. northwest of what is now Tempe to be an independent state with a population of one -- "Arizona" Bolivar. Bolivarian mores and customs remain a mystery, as the entire population of the country was wiped out by a heavy rain in 1829.

Vol. 3: Bolivia Cervantes This obscure pseudonym of an even more obscure South American writer is the subject of one of the most unusual literary collections ever published. Taking his style from Soviet Realism, the Neo-Marxist author describes the interior workings of a windmill factory in specious and stultifying detail. The sole claim to literary memorability possessed by this volume is that no known reviewer has ever finished it.

Vol. 4: Ceylon Congreve A collaboration between "Adam Smith," author of Supermoney, and Arthur C. Clarke, this is the story of a man who attempted to buy out the entirety of Vatican City, and hence the Papacy, through secret land trusts. Convinced that he was the Antichrist, Congreve's plan was to force the Pope to call together the College of Cardinals, resign, and devolve the Papacy upon an obscure, Jewish science-fiction writer living in California. Congreve would then control the entire resources of the Roman Catholic Church, albeit indirectly. The plot falls apart when Congreve's fortunes are broken by accumulated real estate taxes resulting from his acquisition of the entire island of Ceylon.

Vol. 5: Conifer Ear Diseases One of the truly obscure medical tomes of our time.

Vol. 6: Earth Everglades By the author of Jonathan Livingston Seagull, this gorgeously produced but unhappily conceived book compares the entire planet Earth with the ecology of a large swamp. The reviewer prefers Walt Kelly's approach.

Vol. 7: Evidence Georgian S.S.R. The complete transcript of the trial before the World Court in which the U.S.S.R. attempted to sue the United States for damages for occupying the State of Gerogia. These 1034 pages of evidence were submitted by the Russians in support of their claim that the similarity of names between the

American Georgia and the Russian Georgia was more than coincidental, but was in fact due to the consummation of a contract between the outlawed Czarist regime and the English capitalist Lords. The case was dismissed by the court before coming to trial. The Russians are at the moment attempting to force the United Nations to set up a body to which they can appeal.

Vol. 8: Geraniales Hume The natural son of the famous philosopher by his parlor maid, this philosopher attempted to reduce the natural order to a series of what he referred to as "traffic laws." Notwithstanding the prior invention of natural science, G. Hume continued to expand and expound his theories, and was roundly ignored by his contemporaries. His only brief moment of fame was garnered when the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote a blistering letter to the Times condemning him for his reference to the Supreme Being as "traffic court."

Vol. 9: Humidity Ivory Coast 967 pages of humidity readings from the weather stations of the IGY teams in Africa. Possibly the greatest insomnia cure ever printed.

Vol. 10: Jackson Livestock The history of the cattle exchange in Jackson, Miss. A fascinating account of a minority industry. The Exchange survived from 1832 to 1858, but was finally driven out of business by irate plantation owners when the livestock developed a taste for cotton.

Vol. 11: Livingstone Metalwork A showcase book of the work done by the famous Livingstone of the African quote. Until Stanley found him, the unfortunate Livingstone was reduced to converting the rings on his jungle pack, his shoe buckles, and indeed every piece of metal in his possession into intricately wrought sculptures as a means of passing the time. Unfortunately the only surviving specimens are in sadly corroded condition due to the jungle conditions and much of the fine detail is lost.

Vol. 12: Metamorphic New Jersey The new Phil Dick novel.

Vol. 13: Newman Peisistratus The touching story of a poor Greek immigrant who comes to our shores, scrimps and saves for years, and is finally able to open a modest restaurant on the lower East Side. A rampaging mob descends upon him, however, after a significant proportion of the clientele develops food poisoning. It is rumored that this quaint volume was written by Mrs. Horatio Alger after she learned of the literary excursions of Mary Shelley, another wife of another famous writer. Mrs. Alger's husband took as dim a view of the affair as did Mrs. Shelley's.

Vol. 14: Peking Probability The reviewer has not had the courage to open this one yet. It is either an action-adventure-spy novel, or the Red Chinese Plan for World Domination.

Vol. 15: Proboscidea Rubber This curious volume of military research dating from WWII has finally been declassified after the death of all the participants. It is to be inferred that the original classification was not so much in the interests of national security as in the personal interests of the principals and their reputations, as the entire project dealt with an attempt to devise a suitable substitute for rubber from the effluvium of the human nose.

Vol. 16: Rubens Somalia One of the most audacious art frauds ever attempted, this pseudo-scholarly treatise attempts to trace an African influence on the work of the great painter dating from his purported trip there. The fraud was exposed when it was conclusively proved that the great man had never left the continent in his entire life.

Vol. 17: Sonar Tax Law Possibly the greatest, although the least well known, of the works of Charles Evans Hughes, who once was nearly elected President of the

United States. There are some who claim that this book was the sad product of his decline (the book was published one year before his death in 1948), but this must remain in doubt as no one has ever understood the work well enough to comment on it.

Vol 18: Taylor Utah The story of a small mining town in Utah, this novel takes the interesting approach of opening just after the departure of the last inhabitant, making the village a ghost town. The pace is best described as slow.

Vol. 19: Utilitarianism Zwingli Huldrych Zwingli was the most important figure in the Swiss Reformation, but he was the only major reformer of the 16th Century whose movement did not evolve into a church. This work traces this singular failure to Zwingli's penchant for wars and ecclesiastical politics, which was carried to such extremes that he was once rumored to favor the re-establishment of the full regalia of the Holy Roman Empire. His following began to decline after a rumor was circulated quoting him as saying, "You can't take a hamlet without breaking legs."

BOOZE I HAVE KNOWN

Dave Hulan

The story of my adult life might be told in the tale of how I wended my way from one alcoholic beverage to another, gradually increasing my total intake until I am the drunk you see before you now. Not that there isn't a lot more that could be told (like Sex), but it's not in a gentleman's code...or, in the case of other influential matters, it wouldn't be very interesting to most of you. Me and Booze, on the other hand, is the sort of thing that most of you can probably relate to, and tell of your own experiences, preferences, etc. -- and perchance you will.

Having grown up as a preacher's son in a succession of small towns, I didn't encounter booze in any real way until I went away to college. I remember raiding the refrigerator after the household was fast asleep, and sampling the cooking burgundy that my grandmother Hulan had for various uses (only those in which all the alcohol was cooked away, of course). I hated it, and didn't try wine again for a long time. When I went to college, though, it wasn't long before I was exposed to my first beer -- which I also didn't like. I was told by all and sundry that you had to cultivate a taste for beer, but I couldn't see why I should cultivate a taste for something that at best wasn't good for me.

I was in college in Nashville, Tennessee, and in Tennessee it was then and may still be illegal to sell liquor by the drink (not counting beer). You can, in "wet" counties, buy hard liquor by the bottle, but there are no bars in the sense that you can find them in more enlightened areas. The rule there is that you have to bring your own bottle into night clubs, restaurants, or such, and they'll furnish you with mix, glass, ice, etc. (for a price) and you can drink your own booze. Needless to say, this law is honored more in the breach than the observance. Most places that serve booze just keep a stock of bottles on hand and put the names of customers on them as they come in; you drink what you like and when you leave someone else's name is put on the bottle. This is highly illegal, but the cops are paid off and nobody else minds. As they used to say about the "prohibition" in Mississippi, "The wets have their booze and the dries have their law, so everyone's happy."

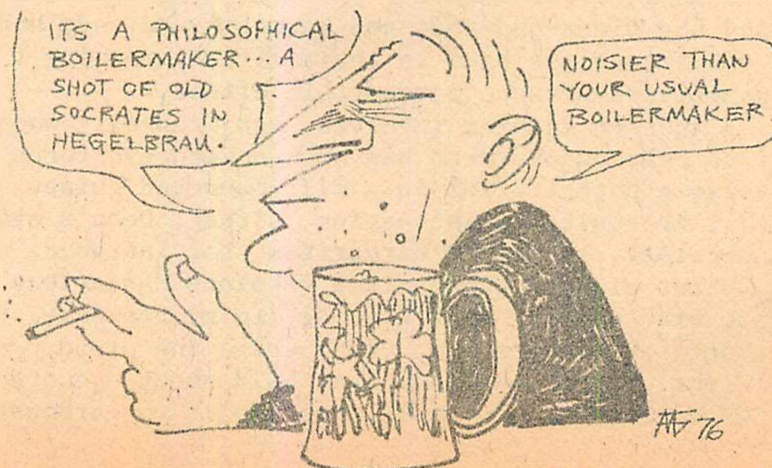
In Nashville there were several night clubs in an area called Printer's Alley (may still be, for all I know), and they had the usual run of burlesque stuff of the day, some of it fairly high-class. People who were known nation-wide. There

was one comic I saw there, name was Brother Dave something-or-other, and he made records that people were familiar with in LA when I moved here 8-9 years later. (His tag was "Rejoice, dear hearts!", if that rings any bells with anyone.) He got his first big break at the Rainbow Room in Nashville. I got my first mixed drink there, too. I remember it was a Singapore Sling, and it cost me a dollar and a quarter, which was a bunch of money in 1955 -- I haven't paid that for drinks many places, even recently, and when I did I thought it was a clip joint. But illegal drinks, especially when you're under age, do cost you quite a bit. I liked the Singapore Sling ok (more than any other drink I sampled for quite a while), but not at that price.

Somewhere during my sophomore year I was taking a fiction writing course and I decided that I needed to get Drunk and find out what life was all about. My friends -- and with friends like that... -- quickly came up with a pint of Canadian Club, and I proceeded to drink it, cut a bit (but not excessively) with water. Bleh. I hadn't had it down long before I was barfing my toenails up kneeling in front of the john. (I was too far gone to stand up.) I have heard many and varied stories of what I did that night, and there wasn't enough time, especially before I must have collapsed, for me to have done half of them. But I did enough that I was seldom let forget it from then til I graduated, and even the things I don't think I could have done (like chasing an All-Conference halfback up and down the halls -- he wasn't the good-natured type who'd have played along with the gag...) were still being told about.

The next morning brought me back to reality, and I had my first hangover. Very Bad. Fortunately I didn't have to go anywhere; I took the sheets off my bed (since they were covered with the remains of my dinner -- whatever I hadn't lost in the toilet), dumped them in the laundry, took a shower to wash the crud off myself, and went back to bed and to sleep for most of the rest of the day. I wasn't too badly off the next day, but I found I couldn't face whiskey for several years thereafter. I still don't care for blended whiskies, though I'm mostly a bourbon drinker and am quite fond of Irish and Scotch if I have a chance at them. (Irish is my favorite drink, but it's expensive and I can't afford it as a regular tippie.)

For the next good many years my intake of booze was strictly moderate. I'd



drink the occasional beer, getting to where I liked it better and better. I tried various mixed drinks, with nothing much in the way of good results. But at the time I moved to California, when I was nearly 27, I was still probably drinking less than one alcoholic drink of any kind per week. Even the first year or so I was out here I didn't get into drinking much...but then I started being good buddies with Ed Cox....

Ed got me onto beer. Every time I went to his place, he'd offer me beer, and I was by then enjoying it enough that I always accepted. And to be a good host, I'd make sure that any time he was coming to my place, I had a supply of beer on hand. Pretty soon I took to keeping a supply on hand all the time. And drinking it even when Ed wasn't there.

Wine was a little slower getting going, and in that case Ron Ellik was the main influence. I don't know when Ron got interested in wine, but it was not too long before I moved out here; previous to that he'd been a Teetotaller of some notoriety for the fact. I think it happened on his TAFF trip to Britain (though why anyone should leave California and go to Britain to become a wine fan I don't know -- a beer fan, yes, but a wine fan?), but I'm not sure about that; possibly someone else can clarify the point. Anyhow, Kathy and I used to have Ron over for dinner fairly often, and he always brought wine as his contribution to the feed, and gradually I got interested in that and started buying wine as well as beer for my own personal consumption -- though only for special occasions.

I was still not at all into hard liquor. I didn't start drinking those in any quantity until Lon Atkins moved out here; he drank a lot of mixed drinks, and I soon became accustomed to Cuba Libres, Bloody Marys, Sidecars, and a few other drinks of that ilk. I became fairly fond of Bloody Marys and screwdrivers, but I never took all that much to most mixed drinks. I was still mostly a beer man, with wine being a preferred guesting gift when invited to dinner, that sort of thing.

But then Dave Locke arrived. (Have you noticed how deftly I'm blaming it all on fans? Ron Ellik isn't around any more, regrettably, but all of the others...) Dave was a whiskey drinker. Not that he wouldn't drink anything alcoholic if nothing else was available, but he preferred whiskey. In ginger ale (or weird stuff called Vichy, which I can't stand -- you have to have grown up in upstate New York to be able to stand it, I think). I tried it, and it wasn't half bad. I tried 7-Up once when I was out of ginger ale, and decided I liked it even better as a mix for bourbon. From that time on bourbon-and-7 ranked with beer as my favorite drink.

But beer and bourbon-and-7 are both loaded with carbohydrates. And I got Fat. At one point I was up to the ridiculous weight of 215; that's not too ridiculous for someone six feet tall if most of it is muscle, but in my case most of it was potbelly. I decided that dieting was essential. And by that time I was so attached to booze that I decided I wasn't going to go on one of the diets that say you can't drink at all. Blow that. I'd rather be Fat. Instead, I tried the Drinking Man's Diet -- cut out carbohydrates, but drink all the dry wine and non-sweet distilled liquor you want to. I decided that the best compromise was scotch and soda. I drank a lot of it. Another very good drink on that diet was hard cider and soda, and another was vermouth and soda. First one and then the other; it gave variety. And the cider-and-soda and vermouth-and-soda had little enough alcohol that they were about like beer in their effect, meaning I could drink practically unlimited quantities with no perceptible effect.

Another chapter involves Dean Grennell, who mixes Weird Drinks. Nobody that I've ever encountered has such a keen eye for a possibly tasty mix. Or can so disguise a potent drink in a mild-mannered guise. (Nobody else can concoct things that are quite as nauseating, either; Dean's eye for a good mixture is keen but not unerring...) Dean's Margaritas, for instance, are the best in the world.

But although Dean mixes fabulous Margaritas, he comes up with some others that are Disastrous. Most famously in my own case, the Cherry Bomb. One time, back about seven years ago, Dean became the proud possessor of a Carbonator, which was a little metal canister that held about a quart and had provision for putting in a CO2 cartridge; you could then use it to carbonate literally anything liquid that

you put in the canister. You could have had carbonated milk if you had any use for such a thing, and knowing Dean he probably did somewhere along the line. Among the things he made were Cherry Bombs. Two parts Cucamonga Cherry Wine to one part vodka...carbonated. And it was good! Cherry Bombs tasted very similar to Black Cherry Soda, which is an innocuous soft drink. Most alcoholic drinks you can tell by the bite of the alcohol, and can moderate your intake to hold the buzz about where you want it -- at least I can, and most drinkers who've had reasonable experience at it. But the carbonation was deceptive. It killed all the effect of the bite, and made the Cherry Bomb taste exactly like cherry soda.

Now, I don't want to accuse Dean of deception. He told me exactly what had gone into the drink; I have only myself to blame. But I wasn't careful. I drank too much. And I got drunk, for only the third or fourth time in my entire life. And about the second drunkest I've ever been -- and I didn't even mean to! It was a good thing that I had my car that night; I could never have walked home...

Getting back to the main track, though, I continued drinking mostly bourbon-and-7 or beer until I started going with Marcia. My intake of wine had increased considerably, since I drank it with many meals and used it a lot for cooking, but mostly it was bourbon mixed with 7-Up, or with ginger ale in a pinch, or it was beer. And then Marcia came into my life, and she can't stand sweet drinks. She drinks scotch on the rocks or bourbon and water; except for an occasional apertif or after-dinner liquer, she drinks nothing else (except wine with meals). She tolerates beer at parties, but she doesn't drink it much. We met agreeably on bourbon, but when I was drinking it with 7-Up and she was --drinking it with water we had an occasional problem when one of us would get hold of the other's drink. Especially when she got hold of mine. I tolerated Bourbon and water ok (I'd drunk it at Mythcons, forinstance, when there wasn't anything else available to mix with the bourbon that I'd brought); she couldn't stand bourbon and 7-Up. So in the interests of uniformity, I adapted, and now also drink bourbon and water -- even when I could just as well mix it, as when ordering a drink at a bar. I've gotten to where I don't really care for the sweetness, either.

And that brings us up to date, pretty much, so far as the corrupting influence of alcohol upon my life. W.C. Fields once said "never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast" (God only knows what it was that he drank after his morning meal), but I have yet to mix spirits with my Corn Flakes, although I'm not unnecessarily proud of my will-power in this regard. Although maybe, with a little salt around the rim of the bowl...

I could perhaps expand upon this diversion, but right now my glass is empty. Pardon me, won't you?

MIKE GLICKSOHN'S BEARD

Bruce Arthurs

In the con suite at the Disclave, the open party was going full blast. Beer was flowing freely into paper cups. A group of filksingers in the corner were being drowned out by the roar of the many fannish conversations going on about the room.

Mike Shoemaker leaned toward me and shouted into my ear. "I've looked around and Glicksohn's not in here!"

"Let's go back into the hallway where it's quieter!" I shouted back.

As we moved toward the hallway, stepping carefully so as not to spill our drinks or tread upon any of the bodies sitting, lying, or collapsed upon the floor, my mind flashed back to the scene earlier that night, when Shoemaker and I had been drinking and shooting the bull in George Wells' room.

"Say, did you know that Mike Glicksohn was at this con?" Shoemaker had asked.

My eyebrows arched up, and my ears started paying more attention to what was being said. Mike Glicksohn!, I thought. Boy Wonder (Aging Division) of Canadian Fandom. Hugo Winner. Owner of a fabulous fannish snake and a constipated turtle. A BNF of such reputation that when Ken Ozanne had sent out questionnaires for his projected WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM, one of the questionnaires had come back marked in the "Fannish Claims To Fame" section with "I have met Mike Glicksohn."

"Why, no," I replied. "Is he really here? I wouldn't have expected him to come all the way from Toronto."

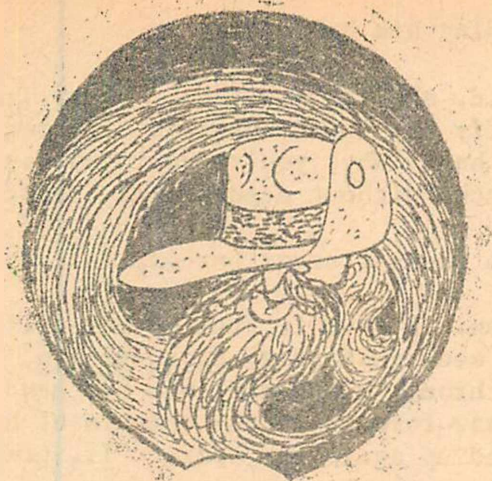
I had at this point never met Mike Glicksohn in the flesh. In fact, I had never even seen a single issue of ENERGUMEN (a fact which I had entered as one of my claims to fame on the WHO'S WHO questionnaire). Was this to be my big chance?

"Yes, he's really here, I saw him yesterday," continued Shoemaker. "But he wasn't easy to recognize -- he's shaved off his beard."

"What? Mike Glicksohn without a beard? Why, that's...that's unfannish!" A sudden inspiration struck me and I continued on. "Was he," I slowly asked, "wearing his Aussie hat, by any chance?"

"Err...no. What about it?"

"Did he have his snake with him, perhaps?"



"No."

"What? No beard, no hat, no snake?! How do we know it really is Mike Glicksohn? It could be an impostor for all we know!"

Shoemaker fell back onto the bed and howled with laughter. Finally, he managed to repress it and moaned, "Oh Christ, we've got to find Glicksohn and pull that one on him! I can't wait to see his face when you accuse him of being an impostor!"

And so to the con suite, looking for the victim. I had to depend on Shoemaker to point Glicksohn out to me, since the only picture I had ever seen of Glicksohn was with a beard and I had no idea of what he looked like without one.

We conferred in the hallway and decided to look into the other parties being held in the hotel: No sign of Glicksohn in the Orlando suite, or the New York suite, or at the Ron Ellik Memorial Poker Game. We even knocked on the door of 787, Glicksohn's own room, with no answer. (I eventually learned what can happen when you knock on someone's door late at night at a convention, but that's another story....)

It was nearing midnight, and we knew that the convention would soon be showing FREAKS in the main meeting hall, a movie that I had wanted to see for years. Shoemaker was planning to head home for Alexandria. We got into the elevator and rode it discouragedly down to the lobby and got out. A scruffy looking individual in faded jeans and sandals, accompanied by a nice-looking girl, stepped past us as they began to move into the elevator. Shoemaker made a full stop and turned wildly, making strange gesticulations toward the elevator. "That's him!" he cried in a strangled voice. "That's Mike Glicksohn!"

"What's this?" the scruffy fellow asked as he stepped back out of the elevator.

The scruffy...bearded...fellow.

In the back of my mind, in a little movie theater back there, I heard Dan Dailey tell Jimmy Cagney, "Think fast, Captain Flagg, think fast." Here I had come, fully prepared with a hilarious icebreaker, and now I found myself at a loss for words. I stood there with my mouth gaping. "Say, Glicksohn, this is Bruce Arthurs," Shoemaker said, pointing at me. You bastard, I thought. There was no other way; I'd have to try and bluff it out.

"Hey, glad to meet you," Glicksohn said, extending his hand.

"Thanks, I've always wanted to meet you," I said, shaking with him. "But...how to I know you're really Mike Glicksohn?" The scruffy man looked puzzled. "After all," I continued, "you're not wearing Glicksohn's hat. Why, you're not even carrying a snake with you! How can you be Mike Glicksohn without a snake and a hat?"

"Well...gee, I left my hat at home and my snake doesn't cross borders well."

"Maybe so, but you still can't be Mike Glicksohn. I have it from a very reliable source," I lied, "that the real Glicksohn was seen yesterday, clean-shaven, and you have a beard!" Glicksohn ran his fingers through his beard, put his head down in a crest-fallen manner (were those tears I saw forming at the corners of his eyes?), and shuffled his feet a bit. Then he looked up again and spoke: "I...grew it back again last night."

I broke up laughing, with more than a little relief. Glicksohn had come up with the perfect capper to the routine. Maybe he'd seen the same Dailey/Cagney movie. The conversation went on to more normal matters from there. I was introduced to the girl, Gay Haldeman, wife of filthy pro Joe Haldeman. In a slip of the tongue, I referred to her as "...one of the Haldeman brothers," which drew a highly deserved ~~exclamation~~ of disgust from Glicksohn. He also commented on the denim jacket I was wearing, with GODLESS and POWERMAD -- the names of my fanzines -- embroidered on the sleeves: "That's...disgusting. My grandmother made me a headband with ENERGUMEN on it, but I never had the guts to actually wear it."

The last time I saw Glicksohn, he and Gay were getting on the elevator again. Once they were gone, I turned and asked Shoemaker, WHY had he told me Glicksohn had shaved? "I don't know what you're talking about," he said innocently, "I never said any such thing about Glicksohn."

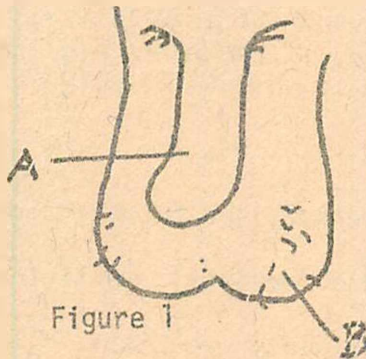
The hell with it. I'd enjoyed meeting Glicksohn too much to even disagree with Mike. He took off for home, and I proceeded to the meeting hall, just in time to see FREAKS.

It was a bit of a disappointment, after Glicksohn.



Dave Jenrette's practical guide to male anatomy

((illustration by the author))



It is an uncomfortable fact that the external male genitalia often exhibit an uncanny resemblance to a former American president. Part A we shall refer to as the 'penis'.¹ Part B is referred to as the 'testicles'.² One testicle hangs lower than the other; in 85% of men, it is the left that is lower.³ This allows men to cross their legs more easily.

Temperature is important to the external parts. In cold weather the scrotum (which contains the testes) rises. In cold water, the penis decreases in size. Negroes, it is said, have larger penises than Caucasians. This is denied by Caucasian males, but is not denied by Negro males, Negro females, and Caucasian females with dark-skinned boyfriends.⁴ At any rate, biology traches us that as long as the erect penis is at least 4" long it can satisfy most women except the most demanding.⁵

Upon sufficient sexual provocation the flaccid penis will move from position D to its erect position, probably between A and B. Any position above A would be graded as A+. Now, young ladies, it is test time. Select one of the answers to this question and read the interpretation of your answer below.

1. The penis becomes erect because
 - A. 'All men are sex fiends and not mush good.
 - B. It contains a special bone.
 - C. It is made of muscle.
 - D. Muscles tighten around the veins (like a tourniquet) and prevent the blood from leaving.
 - E. Vasocongestion results from arterioles entering the penis relaxing and thus engorging the corpus spongiosum.

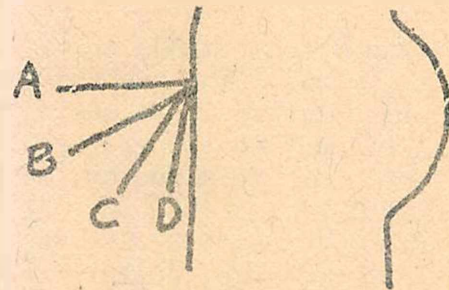


Figure 2

IF YOU ANSWERED A, you are correct, but you may want to select another answer.

IF YOU ANSWERED B, your sexual experiences must be unusual, nonexistent, and/or due for a great disappointment.

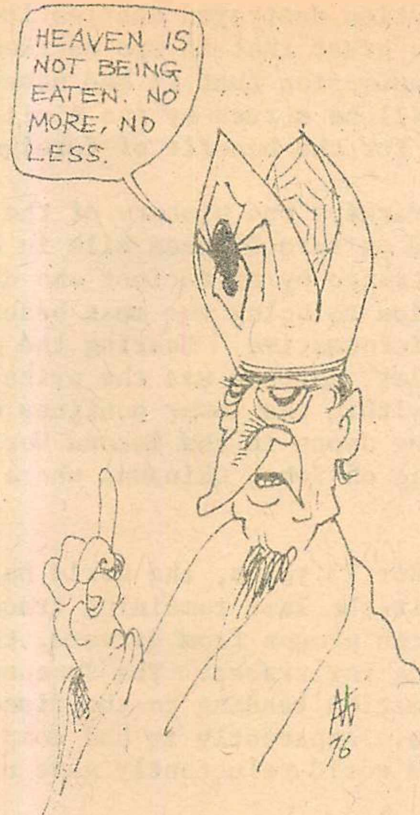
IF YOU ANSWERED C, you are still wrong because if the penis were muscle then it would be possible to develop it so that it could satisfy the most demanding.⁶

IF YOU ANSWERED D, you are also incorrect. Stopping the flow of blood is dangerous.⁷

IF YOU ANSWERED E, you are correct.⁸

Occasionally, due to only slightly cooperative females, the penis will maintain an erection for a long time resulting in great discomfort and agony. To male students I explain that the reason for this is tight pants and the inability of the penis to spring up to position A to B (see figure 2) and, if the pants are loosened, quick relief is felt.⁹ This concludes lesson 1. There is more to come.¹⁰

-
1. Also known as cock, dick, prick, shmuck, wee-wee, pecker, and trouser mouse.
 2. Who was the greatest philosopher after Democritus and Socrates? Testicles.
 3. If the right is lower, it means you're queer (or certainly peculiar).
 4. How come you never see blacks wearing Bermuda shorts or Scots kilts?
 5. What's six inches long and all girls love it? Dollar bills.
 6. See footnote 5.
 7. Heard of gangrene?
 8. So what?
 9. To my female students I explain that the male's reaction to prolonged erection is quite dangerous and in some ways similar to drowning which can be treated by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Since the testicles often turn blue during this extended erection the quick-witted female knows what to do...¹¹
 10. No pun intended.
 11. This often reminds me of the husband-and-wife explorer team in the Matto Grosso of Brazil. The husband was bitten on the penis by a deadly poisonous snake which caused it to begin to rot, bleed, ooze, and perspire. There was no treatment in the village so the wife canoed to a town where there was a phone and spoke to a doctor, describing the husband's condition and the type of snake which had bitten him. "The only cure," said the doctor, "is to suck out the deadly poison or else your husband will surely die." The wife was aghast: "Are you sure, doctor? There's no other way?" The doctor assured her there was only one cure. The wife hurried back to her husband who was now in pain and fever as well. "Darling, darling," he said. "What did the doctor say?" The wife was in tears as she answered: "The doctor says you're going to die."



THE BOOK OF EUCALYPTUS

John Kusske

As recently as 1914 four ancient copies of The Book of Eucalyptus still survived. They were regarded as national treasures by the governments that owned them, and, fearing the power and avariciousness of radical political and religious movements, these regimes safeguarded the manuscripts through airtight policies of secrecy.

The first manuscript to be destroyed was the so-called "cornskin paper," owned by the Prussian royal family. Shortly after the beginning of the Great War, British commandos raided the castle wherein it was kept, believing from the extent of the fortifications there that they had discovered the site of Germany's gold reserve. Instead of huge piles of ingots, though, all they found was a moldy collection of crumbling papers. Turning the mass over to Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, they were astounded to see him releasing it to The Times of London, which ran Eucalyptus as a crossword puzzle from September 14th to December 3rd. That effectively dissolved the manuscript, because to this day not one crossword enthusiast has been able to decipher a single clue, and the puzzle editor of The Times soon went incurably insane.

A second manuscript met a similar fate. Seized by the Bolsheviks during the Russian revolution of 1917. Lenin intended to issue it as a full confession of bourgeois-imperialistic-crimes-against-the-people, ascribing the authorship to Tsar Nicholas. But before it could be published, White Russians captured the printing plant, and when they learned what publications had been planned, they put the entire place to the torch and shot all of the employees.

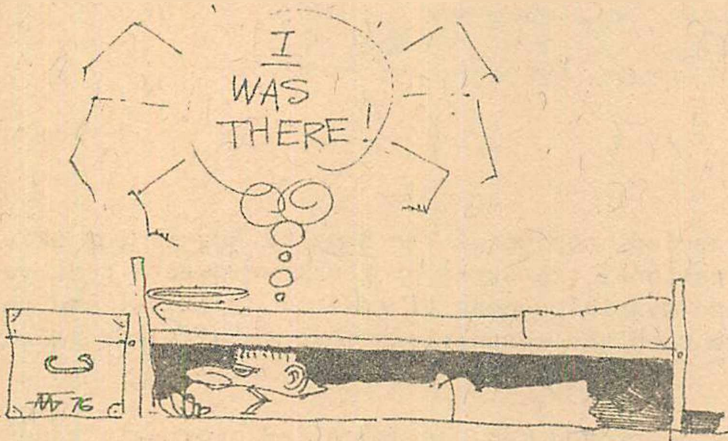
In 1926 the third manuscript perished in the Great Norway Fire. This con-

flagration destroyed that entire unhappy Nordic country, and the slaughter there was so great that it was decided to ignore the entire tragedy and proceed under the assumption that it had never happened. That is why, if you ever visit Norway, you will be struck by its similarity to Sweden. They change the street signs at night for the benefit of foreign tourists.

Perhaps the history of the fourth manuscript is the most interesting, though. Copied on rare Chinese silk in an obscure Mongolian dialect, it was liberally illustrated by an ancient who did passable imitations of Robert Crumb, and, in addition to being the most beautiful Eucalyptus ever to exist, it was also the most informative. Bearing the personal autograph of the Great Spider, the "Scarlet" edition was the prize possession of the Japanese emperor and was housed deep within the lower confines of his imperial palace. When American planes were bombing Japan in the Second World War, it was transferred for safekeeping to the village of Sobe, Okinawa, where it was lost during the invasion of that island in 1945.

For 23 years, the world believed the "Scarlet" edition to be destroyed, and with it the last remaining trace of the ancient religion of Great Spiderism. Research groups from Harvard, the Sorbonne, and Grambling College combed Okinawa hunting for traces. The Japanese emperor declared a reward of 500,000 yen for information leading to the discovery of only a fragment. But all efforts were futile. Apparently it had completely vanished, and, one by one, the intellectuals of the world reluctantly gave up hope.

This situation remained static until 1968 when your author, on an expedition financed by the United States Army, stumbled over the manuscript in a sugar cane field three miles north of Tori, Okinawa. Realizing at once the importance of my discovery, I tried to have it copied, but for some reason -- perhaps having to do with the exact chemical composition of the ink employed on the "Scarlet" edition -- a Xerox machine refused to reproduce the pages. Nevertheless, I memorized it as much as possible, and, on returning to



this country, immediately began the laborious process of translation. Owing to the battered quality of the manuscript and the difficulty of the language, I have been able to complete only one chapter at the present. Additionally, my progress has been hampered by the final destruction, only four months ago, of the "Scarlet" edition itself in a gay rights demonstration at the University of Minnesota. From now on I will have to proceed using only the resources of my fantastic memory. However, from the amount I have already translated and from the notes I've gathered on the rest of the book, it is possible to comment on Eucalyptus as a whole. (Other commentaries include Eucalyptus, Its Life and Times, Myth and Reality in Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus and the Unborn Child, and The Joy of Eucalyptus. All four works were destroyed during the sack of Carthage.)

Eucalyptus is as fine a work of history as it is of religion, encompassing, as it does, the origin of the universe, the creation of mankind, the rise of agriculture and the eventual industrial revolution, the atomic age, star travel, and the ultimate fate of the cosmos; mixed in with specific day-to-day predictions

and including twelve appendices explaining the languages of the elves, dwarves, hobbits, and orcs. It is filled with poetry and passion. Great men enter and exit through its pages. Eucalyptus is divinely inspired, every word being written by the Great Spider himself.

Central to the work is the character of the Great Spider and His friends and relations. There is Greenwald, His half-brother, who floats within the gigantic well surrounding paradise, paddling in circles because he has only one flipper which he uses as an oar. There is "God," His cousin, who lives in a padded cell because he believes he created the universe and occasionally gets violent about it. There is Mura, who lays eggs and tries at odd times to unsuccessfully seduce the Great Spider. She usually fails and therefore lays a prodigious quantity of fertile ones. But dominating them all is the personality of the Great Spider.

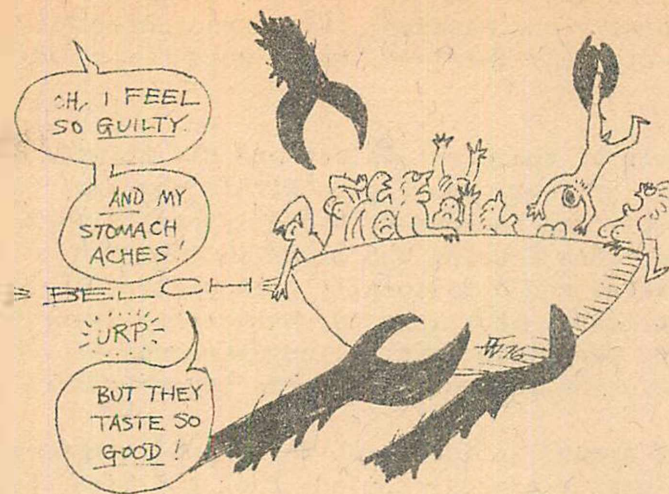
Creating Himself on a whim, He sat around in isolation for an undetermined length of time until He got bored. It wasn't exactly company that the Great Spider desired, just activity. So he made matter and watched it float around, combining according to laws He didn't even know He had established. It formed into atoms and then into molecules and pretty soon into suns and planets and galaxies. For a while that was interesting. But then just about every possibility for matter had been accomplished, and the Great Spider got bored again.

So He created the various beings around him -- half brothers and cousins and even His own mothers and fathers. But they were all predictable, and His interest in them didn't last long. Greenwald never stopped paddling, "God" never stopped raving, and Mura was just too unsuccessful. But then He became aware of a process which had started called "evolution" and a creature called "man" who was developing, and from that moment on the Great Spider has never again been bored. He just sits back and watches the show.

Man was such an interesting fellow that the Great Spider grew fond of him. He used to roar with laughter at the wars and break into tears during the famines and plagues. It was like watching a soap opera 24 hours a day. Eventually He became so fond of man that He gave the species an immortal soul so that man could share paradise along with Him. For a while that provided a good show also. Individuals died, their friends and family weeping up a storm, and in an instant their souls would be transmitted to paradise. At first they would be scared of this huge black thing, but soon they'd see He meant no harm, and they'd settle back to watch the circus along with Him.

It all started one day when somebody got pushy. The Great Spider had noticed that paradise was getting crowded -- a fellow didn't even have room to stretch His eight legs anymore -- and He planned to enlarge the place. But the Egyptians were invading Babylonia again, and He didn't want to miss any of the action. Naturally as the invasion progressed paradise got more crowded. People kept popping in all the time, and it was getting so there wasn't any place to pop into. Finally this rather large Etruscan fellow became cramped and decided to change his position. Only trouble was that he didn't have the space. He shived a bit here and a bit there and finally got desperate and really pushed. A little kid was standing right in front of the Great Spider then. He got shoved just when the Great Spider was yawning and ended up right in His mouth.

The Great Spider had never eaten anything before. He didn't digest and He didn't excrete. He just existed, and He had never felt the need for nourishment. If He hadn't been so interested in the invasion, the Great Spider would probably have spit the child out, and that would have been the end of it. But His interest, at the moment, was overwhelming. Before the Great Spider knew it, He had closed and opened His mouth several times, and the poor boy was mashed into a pulp. Worse yet, the Great Spider loved the taste. It was fabulous. The paste, which had been the boy, spread all over the inside of His mouth, and the sensation was



exquisite. Forgetting entirely about the invasion of Babylonia, the Great Spider began stuffing Himself with gobs of humans, and before long paradise was considerably less crowded.

Even the vilest have a conscience, though. Soon the Great Spider had eaten and eaten and eaten and was about full. As a matter of fact, He couldn't have swallowed another infant, even. His stomach hurt. Just as He had never before experienced sensual pleasure, so too He had never felt pain. I mean His stomach ached. So the Great Spider began feeling guilty. Poor

people, He thought. During mortal life all they had ever known was pain, and now too, after they had died, He was torturing them. He had a veritable orgy of self-recrimination.

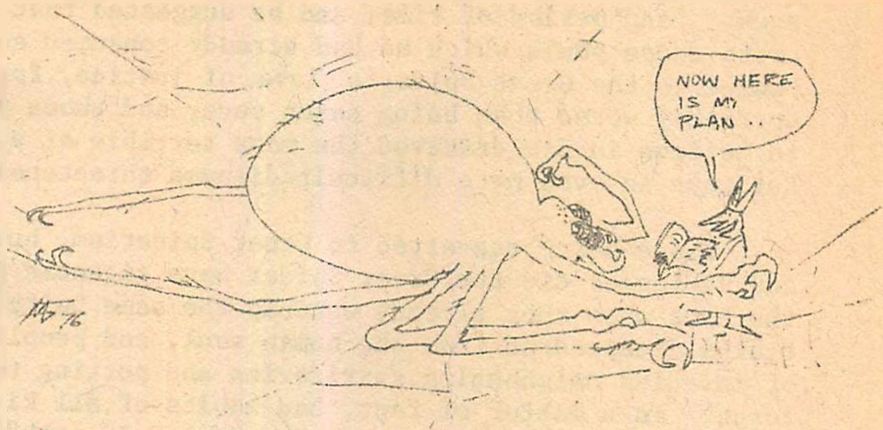
For a while He was good. Since paradise had a lot more room now, the people had huddled together into the fringes, shaking and trembling and wailing. For a long time they wouldn't come near Him, even though the Great Spider offered them all kinds of things. He had really made up His mind to stop eating people, and He was terribly sorry for what He had done and wanted to make amends. Mankind has a short memory, and after a few days of shaking and trembling and wailing in the corners, most of the people came out. The new arrivals had helped things too. They didn't know about the Great Spider's peculiar gustatory habits and consequently showed no fear of him. So what the hell, the veterans thought. Maybe I'll escape next time too.

Things went on like this for a few hundred years. The Great Spider would stuff Himself and then feel guilty. He'd vow to kick the habit. The people would hide from him and eventually return. Then He'd get hungry again. It was getting to be a sad situation, and some of the originals became pretty tired of it. Finally one man decided to do something. Waiting until the Great Spider was in a fairly good mood, he approached. "Oh Illustrious One!" the man said. "For too long have you been vexing my people!" And the Great Spider said yeah, He had been vexing the people, but He couldn't seem to help Himself. "It is not right that all meet the same fate!" the man said. "What you need is a system."

The Great Spider thought this was very interesting, for while He enjoyed His feasts, the spells of remorse afterwards really hurt Him. So He listened to the fellow, who was explaining how it was right that the Evil People should be eaten, because they deserved it. But the Good People merited a reward, not a punishment, after they had cast aside the cares and worries of the world. The Great Spider decided this was a fine idea. Only how, He asked, could He tell the good people from the bad ones. So the guy explained the principles of religion. Those people who truly believed in the Great Spider and who supported His church should be blessed after they died, and those people who did not should be eaten. The Great Spider thought the system was fantastic.

Much speculation has centered on the character and origin of this first of the Chief Prophets of the Spiderist Church. Plato asserted that he was a twig from the mythical Tree of Life which had been blown off in a windstorm and taken root and somehow survived on the barren and rocky soil of earth. Nietzsche

claimed he was the original German Overman who had, by his actions, established the foundation for the German Empire. More recently a popular poet has stated that he was the spirit of Young Love who inhabits seashores and gaily tinkling waterfalls when the moon is right. The only facts we have are those handed down by the Chief Prophet himself, and they are slightly less than credible.



He maintained that he had been a famous and victorious general who, between brilliant victories against overwhelming odds, composed the Iliad and the Odyssey, constructed the Taj Mahal, formulated the laws of Hammurabi, and invented 203 new positions for sexual intercourse. After achieving everything possible in life, the Chief Prophet maintained, he noted that his body was becoming old at 27 years, and, despairing at the limitations of both the human form and creative spark, stoically surrendered himself to 726 poisonous bumblebees.

Many scholars have doubted that one man could invent 203 new positions for sexual intercourse, so they have tended to disbelieve the more astounding claims that the Chief Prophet put forward, but the immediate success of the Spiderist Church testifies that this man's abilities were by no means ordinary. After persuading the Great Spider to reincarnate him, the fellow went to work converting the population of earth away from their old gods. It was certainly not easy in those days to establish a new religion. The priesthoods of those already in existence were jealous, and they resented any newcomer sneaking into the action. After his reincarnation, the Chief Prophet ended up being sacrificed a number of times, but he always popped back into existence shortly thereafter, much to the consternation of the priests. One time, in desperation, the High Priest of Baal caused him to be trampled by elephants, drawn and quartered, and burned at the stake. His ashes were then dissolved in wine, which was drunk by the assembled multitude, and after the process of digestion had taken place his remains were expelled into the Tigris river. Shortly thereafter, the Chief Prophet presented himself to the crowd and asked how he had tasted.

Great Spiderism received much of its success from the simplicity of its teaching. The glorious "two-fold path" was so elementary that even the most stupid of humans could understand it. To be saved, the Chief Prophet taught, one had merely to say that he believed in the Great Spider and, in addition, pay a bribe to the Chief Prophet himself. Of course, as time wore on and the entire population of the ancient world became believers, additional bribes became necessary -- which caused some individuals to renounce their belief in the Great Spider. Pleasing the Great Spider while saving the largest number of human beings from His wrath turned out to be a delicate task indeed, and the accomplishment of this can be said to be the Chief Prophet's greatest achievement. It is surprising that he managed to balance the tension for so long.

As more and more people became believers, the Great Spider's meals became sparser and sparser. He complained to the Chief Prophet, ordering him to subdue his ef-

forts for several centuries until an adequate stock of souls had been built up. But the Chief Prophet could not bear to lose such a large source of income for such a long period of time, and he suggested that the Great Spider merely regenerate those souls which he had already consumed and eat them again. This appealed to the Great Spider's love of justice, for being eaten many times is certainly worse than being eaten once, and those people evil enough to refuse to believe in Him deserved the most terrible of punishments, in His opinion. But then an even more difficult dilemma threatened.

Since being converted to Great Spiderism, humans lost their love of warfare, and no longer did the Great Spider have gigantic spectacles to watch. Why fight the Huns when they already worship the same Deity that you do? Antagonistic traits disappeared from the human soul, and people discontinued their bad habit of invading neighboring territories and putting the entire countryside to the torch. As a matter of fact, bad habits of all kinds began to disappear. Nothing was forbidden anymore. The "two-fold path" taught that a person had only to believe and pay in order to achieve salvation. With their sins receiving, so to speak, official sanction from the church, they soon ceased to be exciting. Men stayed home and raised huge families of believers, none of whom would ever grace the Great Spider's table, and He became discontented again. The world had become an unexciting place for the Great Spider to watch.

What thoughts passed through the Chief Prophet's mind at this moment? How did he feel seeing his generations of labor on the verge of being wasted? What agony stabbed his breast as he contemplated the fate which his fellow human beings would presently suffer? We have his words, recorded by a temple janitor, as the Chief Prophet addressed a convention of his various underlings. "I fear," he said, "that the number of bribes will drop off sharply in the near future, and I advise stringent economy measures."

He made a number of half-hearted attempts, apparently, to regain the Great Spider's interest. He encouraged the "Black Widowite" heretics and did his best to build up a crusade against them. But since all of the heretics were beautiful women, it was rather difficult to persuade the men to hate them. He renounced the faith himself and attempted to form a rival religion, which paid particular attention to human sacrifice and conquest, but the people were so happy with Great Spiderism that he was unable to find followers. Finally the Chief Prophet surrendered to disgust. He bought a farm in the country and retired to write his memoirs. It is this autobiography, distilled from the bitterness and failure of the Chief Prophet, which forms the basis for The Book of Eucalyptus.

As the years rolled by, people remembered less and less of the Golden Age which had held sway under the tender and beneficial rule of the Great Spider. New prophets arose with greater public relations skill, and they gradually weaned the population away from the True Faith. Warfare began again, and, because of intemperate personal habits, so did disease and hunger. All knowledge of the True Faith died, except for the sacred documents stored in the holiest of holy places in each temple, basilica, mosque, synagogue and cathedral. The Great Spider was again happy. And the former Chief Prophet of the Spiderist, now poor and heartsick, endured reincarnation after reincarnation, given to him out of the gratitude of the Great Spider's heart.

While I translated the pages of this astounding book, a strange feeling of sadness and frustration came over me. I began to pity the poor creatures that we all are. I felt anger that there is nothing we can do to better our lot. At times I surrendered to marathon bouts of despair, during which time I hardly spoke to anybody. It was during one of these black times that I felt the memories

return. I forgot what my name is this time, which century this is, or where I am living. Scenes from my past lives filled my brain. I recalled the Spiderist Church as it had been during its days of glory, and all the secret rituals and signs that had been parts of its worship. I remembered the Golden Age of mankind and how war had been ended, as well as hunger, disease, and cheating at cards. I recollected the achievements of my first life, the brilliant victories, the fantastastic poems. I especially recalled the 203 positions for sexual intercourse.

Maybe this time, I thought, the Great Spider will do better. He's older now, and perhaps He has seen everything. Perhaps the fullness of time has changed his nature. Perhaps he is once again ready to share His paradise in peace with the creatures He loves so well. Why not? It's worth a try.

In case any of you are willing to end war and disease and death, to eliminate sickness and hunger and human rapacity, to institute a new golden age for the people of this sad planet, send your bribes in care of the New First Arachnid Church.

CITIZEN DAVID AND THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED

David Miller

"Basically," I said to K, my beautiful brunette companion, "I'm scared shitless."

"Mmm," she replied, as I swung the high-powered International Harvester Travelall 1000 into the compound of the RCMP training centre at Regina, "me too."

A dozen recruits double-timed past our car and disappeared around the corner of the barracks. My eyes zeroed in on a building across the parade square. It squatted on the flat prairie, an unattractive mass of brick, concrete, and practicality. It fit the description I'd been given.

"That must be the place," I said quietly.

K nodded, looked at me with a half-smile, and said, "Let's go."

Cloaked in the early dawn shadows, a figure waited for us in the doorway. It was G., his face hidden behind a thick black beard. "You know what to do?" he asked.

We nodded and followed him. I wondered if he or K. noticed the struggle I was going through to keep my hands from trembling.

* * *

Minutes later, K. and I were working feverishly, when the door burst open and two RCMP recruits came barrelling through. I had a momentary glimpse of one of them grabbing K., and of her kicking at him, squirming to get out of his grasp; then I was too busy fending for myself to notice anyone but the big, burly, bare-headed figure who faced me.

* * *

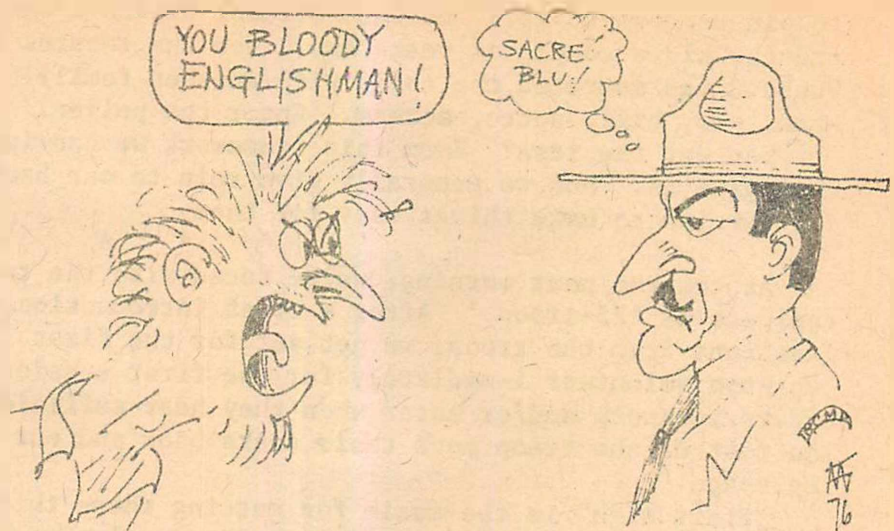
Perhaps half an hour had passed. We were surrounded by cops -- maybe thirty of them -- who watched us silently. Some took notes as we spoke. K., on one side of the room, spoke quietly with one of them. On the other side, I sat in a chair and stared sullenly at a pair of coldly shining police boots. All I could do was mutter, over and over, "That bitch! That lousy bitch! I shoulda known she couldn't keep her mouth shut!"

I glanced up for a moment and realized that G. was standing quietly at the back of the room, smiling to himself. Suddenly I knew it was all over. G. moved forward, and the officers moved aside respectfully to let him pass. He was one of them!

"All right," G. said, "I think that's enough."

* * *

I think it's listed on the RCMP training schedules as "Crisis Intervention Simulation," but to us at the Globe Theatre, it's simply "doing an RCMP." (Leaves



it open to all sorts of delightful misinterpretation, doesn't it: "All right, who's going to do the RCMP this week?")

For several years the Globe company has been involved in the training of RCMP recruits at the Regina base. I'm told that more police officers are killed or injured -- in Canada at least -- while breaking up domestic fights than in any other line of duty. So the idea is to give the recruits a little taste of battle-field conditions before sending them into the front lines.

Gary Bell works for one of the social bureaus in the city. He's got an amazing instinct and skill in dealing with these explosive situations, and is also a bloody good teacher. Each troop of trainees gets a couple of lectures in techniques and approaches from Gary, and finally a ten-hour session with actors and actresses from the Globe.

In principle, it's simple: an actor and actress come into the classroom and improvise some sort of domestic fight, which two of the recruits must intervene in and bring to some sort of conclusion -- perhaps arrest, perhaps reconciliation, perhaps referral to a family counseling service or perhaps separation (temporary or permanent). When the situation is resolved (or stalemated), Gary brings the simulation to a halt and there is a general discussion among the trainees, Gary, and us as to what went on and how things should or should not have been handled.

This week's session was fairly typical. Mari and I got together after our Sunday night performance at the Globe, and put together the framework for two improvisations for the RCMP on Monday morning.

1st situation: Couple living together for about a year. Unmarried. Basically in love, and get along pretty well. She had just discovered she's preggers, and demands that he marry her. He refuses, but has a screaming shit-fit when she says she's going to get an abortion. Enter the police.

Oh yeah, there's a catch to this one. I have decided -- but Mari doesn't know -- that I'm already married, and thus far have been unable to get a divorce because of my fear of lawyers' mumbo jumbo, and because I don't know where my wife is, anyway. Heh, heh, heh.

2nd situation: Child custody case. Husband and wife who should never have been married. Shotgun wedding five years ago. Four and three-quarter years of bickering and brawling. One child. Pretty irresponsible mother, frequently takes off for the afternoon and leaves the baby unattended. Husband thinks she screws around (it's up to her to decide whether or not this is true.... We're under no obligation to tell the truth to the police unless they can find a way

to pin us down to it.) Husband drinks; drives a cab. Wife has abandoned hubby and the kid a couple of weeks ago. Now she returns to take the kid with her. Husband has secreted the child with another family. Wife demands to see child. Wham, pow, biff, socco, scream. Enter the police.

You get the idea? From this framework we can improvise whatever reactions the cops give us. And we generally give rein to our baser, uglier, meaner side...it's not our job to make things easy for them.

* * *

At ten the next morning, we're faced with the two dozen shining, short-haired trainees of '25-troop.' After a brief introduction by Gary, and a couple of questions from the troop, we get set for the first 'simulation.' To my surprise, two guys volunteer i-mediatly for the first session. They leave the room with orders to knock and/or enter when they hear sufficient commotion to warrant it. The rest of the troop move their desks back and out of the way, to give us operating space.

"Start high" is the maxim for getting these things going. So, after a moment's pause to get our concentration, I suddenly slam my fist down on a table and bellow, "Will you shut your fuckin' mouth and listen, or am I going to fucking well shut it for you?!" And the fight is on.

There's no physical violence going on when they come through the door, so they don't have much trouble getting us separated. (This is Step 1.) Step 2 -- getting the parties into separate rooms to talk about the situation and find out just what is going on -- gives them a bit more trouble. I go into a routine of lord-and-protector-and-what-does-that-bastard-want-to-get-her-alone-for, with overtones of being worried that if she spills the beans about wanting an abortion, they may arrest her on the spot. Mari, on the other hand, is playing the weak and weeping female and won't-the-big-strong-mountie-save-me-'cause-this-man's-gone-berserk. They find me easier to deal with than her; they're always a little frightened of the women.

Eventually they get us on opposite sides of the little room divider. It takes the cop quite a while to get me sitting down and talking. I'm a pacer. Ever try to talk calmly and rationally with someone who's doing a fair imitation of a caged cheetah?

He keeps at it, though, and eventually my snarls turn into grunts, my grunts into grudging conversation, and he persuades me to sit down. Now he takes a new tack, simply asking for straight-fact information. How long have Mari and I been married? (And I could see his antennae go up when I clammed up at this question.)

Now he began to get to the guts of the matter. He was getting subtler in his methods, too, sympathizing with me, saying how he has fights with his wife now and then, and that these sorts of things happen all the time and Jeez it's a tough life, isn't it?

Slowly he wins me over and I begin to spill the whole story, including the abortion and my secret wife. He's very reassuring, and I begin to feel better.

Step 3: the officers switch places, so that each of them gets to hear both sides of the story.

By now Mari is starting to get suspicious, and manages to wheedle out from the cop the fact that there is a wife to be contended with. (I don't know just how he handled all this. but he apparently assured her that I seemed to love her and had only held off from the divorce because I didn't know how to go about it.) At any rate, he had her quite calm and ready to talk it over with me.

But when they bring us together (Step 4) and I realize that he's told her.... I think he had a moment of genuine fear when I start screaming and closing in on him with blood in my eye. He doesn't retreat, but when I reach out to grab him, his partner intercepts with some form of highly effective "hold" and eases me off to the other room to talk quietly for a bit longer while I cool down.

All in all, they do it pretty well. With a bit more talking, they get Mari and me back together. They give me the information I need to start arranging

for a divorce, and actually leave the two of us holding hands and thanking them for coming. It's seldom that they "solve" these improvisations so effectively, and it's a good feeling for everyone when they do.

Gary seemed quite pleased with what they had done. A few mistakes were brought up during the discussion, most notably the blooper of revealing privileged information to the wife instead of letting the husband divulge it himself. Gary added a few suggestions on how things might have gone a little smoother and quicker. And then a much-needed coffee break.

* * *

I suspect that the next two volunteers were impressed with the happy ending of the first improv, and figured things would go much the same with them.

Surprise, surprise, fellas!

By the time they came through the door, I had Mari on the floor, and was preparing to put the boots to her. One of the fuzz grabbed at me from behind, and I swung around fast.

I didn't really mean to catch him in the chest with my elbow as I turned. Well, not that hard, anyway. He fell back a couple of steps and smashed hard into the wall. For a moment there was a terrible stillness in the room. I stood there, listening to the echoes of the crash and watching the clock on the wall swing back and forth from the shock, and I thought, "He is going to kill me. Now."

But he didn't. He took a deep breath, and said a little shakily, "Sorry if I startled you." The quietness of his reaction just took the rug out from under me; I didn't know how to react.

Then Mari screamed at me again, and I spun around to face her. The minute I took a step towards her, both officers closed in, and I caught a glimpse of something flapping around behind my left ear. It was my right arm. The cop who was holding it there (just ever so slightly short of the dislocation point) was saying, "Now, sir, would you mind sitting down?"

Compared with a broken arm, sitting down seemed like a small sacrifice, and I was quite prepared to comply.

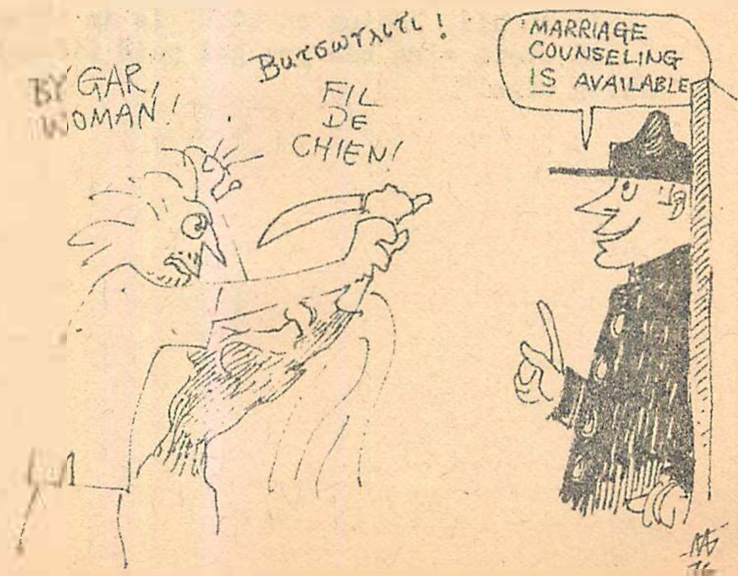
Mari, however, decided that if the cops were kind enough to hold me, she could hardly be so ungrateful as to pass up the opportunity.

I've never examined Mari's fingernails at such close range before. (Take a note on that one, fellas; if it had been real, she'd have shredded my face.)

When they finally get her off me (they always have more trouble handling women; it seems like wherever they grab, there's a tit in the way, and they embarrass easily) things quiet down a bit.

But not much.

I didn't know what the recruit was trying to talk about at this point, but I was concerning myself with a series of epithets concerning his genealogy, his manhood, and his sexual habits, culminating with a phrase along the lines of "motherfucking, whore-sucking (?), pimp asshole faggot pig!" He was unmoved. (This sort of language is most effective in embarrassing them when it comes from a woman; I wondered how Mari was doing on the other side of the divider.)



I felt around for another way to upset him...if he'd had a French accent, I might have tried the "papist priestfucker" routine...hmm, maybe age will do the trick....

"Quit your preachin'! What the fuck do you know about anything anyway? You fuckin' little kid, how old are you?"

He didn't answer. Aha!

"What are you, anyway, eighteen, seventeen? Shit, how could you know what it's like to have a bitch for a wife? Jeez, I'll bet you never even been laid!" (I love it when they blush.)

Basically, they struck out on this improv. They did get us quieted down, but then they kept trying to help us get our marriage straightened out. And let's face it, guys, it's a marriage that should never have happened in the first place, and if it goes on much longer, someone's going to be murdered some night.

After a futile twenty minutes, Gary brought things to a halt, and we sat down to discuss the situation. It seemed like all they could have done with this couple was to stop the actual fight and explain the legal situation to them (and with child custody in this country, the laws can be pretty involved and difficult.)

Then the two hours were up and Mari and I were grateful to head back into town for our "day off."

* * *

The improvisations go on for longer than my description may have indicated. There are long periods of cursing, of stubborn silence, of mumbling, of probing. Lots of ugliness.

It's always a relief when a session is finished. I guess it disturbs me to realize what wells of hostility, hatred and violence I can plumb within myself. But it's all over for the week now, and I feel good. There's not an aggressive bone left in my body.

On the whole, I've got to admit that I'm impressed with the recruits. For guys so young, they've sure as hell developed self-control. (If you had a serious acne problem, how would you like to have some lippy bastard screaming "Pimple-face!" at you from a distance of about eight inches?

Often the volunteers are amazed at how involved they become in the simulations: "I forgot all about the other guys watching. It was really real. I mean, I really felt sorry for him/her."

Or, perhaps more often. "Man, I really wanted to smash him!" But they don't. I've been bruised more than once, but only when I struggled to break a "hold." I've never seen them lose their tempers.

Trade places with those guys? No thank you!

But I've got to admit I respect them.

All in all, "doing an RCMP" is an interesting undertaking.

And where else can you get paid fifteen bucks an hour to call police officers "fucking pigs!"

THERE IS NO WYOMING

Henry Holtzmann

It was an unusually clear week for Seattle. Mt. Rainier hung like an American Fuji in the October air, and I'd just concluded five days of successful business negotiations. I was feeling rather full of myself. Especially since my negotiations involved a canny old politician like the Lieutenant Governor of Montana.

As a gesture, my company picked up the tab for a dinner party that included the Right Honorable Lieutenant Governor. And I had the chance to play the expansive host. The Right Honorable and I struck up a conversation at dinner and quickly found we shared a mutual passion for politics, anthropology, and Amerind cultures.

After dinner we adjourned to a small bar in the basement of the Plaza Hotel. As the evening wore on we became more relaxed with each other and were soon chatting on a genuinely friendly basis.

I ordered a third round of drinks, and on a whim asked, "Governor, why in the hell aren't the Cheyenne Indians where they belong?"

"What, Hank?"

"Why aren't they on their native lands in a central Wyoming reservation instead of being where they are now...Montana?"

The R.H. peered over his glasses and cocked an eyebrow. "C'mon, Hank, a knowledgeable guy like you can't figure it out? Hell, this is 1970 and there's a wealth of material on it. Basically it was the same old reasons. Settlers, westward expansion, good grazing land."

"That's not quite right, Governor. There's not a great deal of information about it. What's more, I've studied enough topographical maps of Wyoming to know that the only thing you can graze in the central part of the state is mountain goats. The area was never heavily settled. What's more, the Cheyenne were kicked out and sent to Oklahoma in 1874. The famous long march back by them almost destroyed the rest of the tribe in 1878, and the survivors were sent back to Oklahoma. That's at least ten years before the heavy settlement of Wyoming. Then, when the federal government finally found its conscience in 1907, the Cheyennes were returned to your state, Montana. But why weren't they sent back to Wyoming?"

He looked at me, sipped on his scotch and said, "Christ, I guess I just don't know."

"Was it because they didn't have anything to go back to?"

"What?" There was no doubt that I had his attention.

"Governor, you may think I'm nuts, but I think they couldn't go back because the federal government wouldn't let them. Furthermore, I don't think you could get in there either. Then, now, or in between. Because there is no Wyoming."

"You were right the first time, Hank," he smiled benignly at me. "You're nuts. But do go on, this ought to be a whopper."

"Am I? I became interested in Wyoming about 1963, and started cataloging a wealth of innocuous but absolutely accurate facts. Let's continue with the Indians: According to most political maps of Wyoming, there's a rather amorphously-shaped Shoshone Indian reservation squarely in the middle of the state. Aside from the fact that it makes no sense to put Shoshones in the middle of Cheyenne territory, and five hundred miles from their traditional lands, you and I both know that there aren't any organized Indian tribes living north of the state capitol, east of Afton, south of Sheridan, or west of Lusk. And, by the way, none of these

places is any more than thirty miles in from their respective state borders. In fact, there isn't much of anything more than seventy miles from borders with other states."

"Wait, Hank, before you get carried away. First, Caspar, the ski resort, is in the middle of the state. Second, two major national parks are in Wyoming."

"You wait a minute, Governor. Do you fly an airplane?"

"Yes, why?"

"When did you last fly into Caspar?"

"Why, never. You can't fly there because there's no airport."

"Right, the only way in is by car or train. And both routes wind through canyons and around mountains. By the time you've gone ten miles you can't tell in which direction you're traveling or how far in a straight line you've gone. It's like a maze. And all your car's odometer tells you is that you added 145 miles to the clock. Add to that, that the only road in is from the east. And who laid out both the roads and the tracks?"

"Why, federal surveyors..." his voice trailed off, "...about the turn of the century."

"It's beginning to mount up, drop by drop, isn't it, Governor? And as for Grand Teton and Yellowstone parks, well, one is tucked along the western edge of Wyoming and the other occupies the northwest corner."

The R.H. took a long pull on his J&B and ordered another round.

"By the way, Governor, how often have you flown across the center of Wyoming?"

"Never in a small aircraft. You can't get FAA clearance unless you're at least 25,000 feet. But, hell, I wouldn't want to fly over those mountains at less than 20,000."

"Well, the official route maps of airlines like American, TWA, and Continental might interest you, then. There are no official routes over central Wyoming."

Sucking on a piece of ice, the R.H. stated, "Look. Facts, routes, geography. So what? I know over a hundred people from Wyoming."

"Governor, I've only met two. Both from Cheyenne. Like you, they're convinced I'm a candidate for the funny farm. But they've never been to central Wyoming either. And what they do say is quite enlightening: Number one, as you know the state capitol is at Cheyenne, and one fact makes it unique for a western land-locked state: it's not at the center. Hell, nothing's at the center that we know about. Cheyenne is only fifteen miles north of the Colorado border. Furthermore, it's a standing joke -- but quite accurate -- that Wyoming's largest liquor store is in Colorado. The largest shopping center is, too."

"Proving?"

"Proving you don't put liquor stores and shopping centers where there aren't any people. South of Cheyenne and all the way to the Colorado border there are people. The greatest concentration in Wyoming. North of Cheyenne, nobody."

"Fine, Hank, but that's not the people I had in mind. I'm talking politics. Where you have people in politics with a secret like that you also get some very talkative people. There has to have been a leak long before now."

"But there was a leak."

The R.H. gave me a fisheye look, and said, "I've never heard of it."

"But you have. It was reported by one of your own departments."

"Oh, come off it."

"Wait a minute, now. Prove it to yourself. Isn't Montana a leading sheep raising state?"

"Damn straight it is," he agreed.

"Your State Department of Agriculture and Animal Husbandry put out three news releases between 1965 and 1969. A total of one thousand head of sheep died under mysterious circumstances. Not diseased, but gassed. Or so says the US Army, who was so goddam quick to admit..."

"Whoa. Back off, stud. We do have an Army facility in Montana that does test gas."

"Right, governor, and it's north of Butte. According to your Agriculture Department everyone of the sheep killed was being grazed within 10 miles of the Wyoming border. I don't know how much you understand about poison gas, but they're all designed to hug the ground so that you can kill enemy troops. How the hell did gas escape north of Butte, manage to avoid killing Montana citizens, and fall back to earth just north of Wyoming?"

"Christ, you know it never occurred to me at the time..."

"Uhuh. In any event my point was that how come the army was so quick in admitting guilt? That in itself is hard to believe. Hell, the Army takes months to admit that a reporter actually caught a Washington general with more than one personal servant. Why the sudden rush to admit killing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of livestock?"

"Hank, we've been complaining to Washington about that for years. Their reasonable explanation is national security requires them to test. They do apologize and they do pay off the ranchers."

"Governor, doesn't one fact occur to you in all this? Pardon the theatrics, but my analogy is to Sherlock Holmes' famous 'dog in the night' explanation. Familiar with it?"

"Sure. If I recall it goes, 'What was so strange about the dog in the night? Why, he did nothing. And that's what was strange...he did nothing.'"

"You've got it. My point is this: With all those sheep killed just north of Wyoming, there has never been a single press release or document filed by Wyoming's Agriculture Department about sheep death from accidental poison gassing. I consider it rather remarkable that nerve gas or whatever is accidentally released in northern Montana, skips over the state, and settles within ten miles of the Wyoming border killing only Montana sheep."

"That's quite interesting, but there is one area where I can put the kabosh to you whole beautiful, and somewhat alcoholic, theory: Politics. I know many of the officials in Wyoming. They don't seem like a gang of closed mouth conspirators to me. Why some of them regularly get their asses whipped at election time. What's more, the people of Wyoming elect whoever they damn please. It's not a police state."

"Oh? And how do officials get elected?"

"By primary balloting for nomination of candidates."

"And who selects who is to go on the ballots?"

"Why, a committee of about ten to fifteen... Never mind. I see what you mean. But what about the appointed officials?"

"You know better than I do that they're easier to control than elected officials. What's more, most of them would deal with people problems. And the people of Wyoming are scattered around the state like the frame of a picture. The picture itself is blank. There probably aren't more than forty people who would deal with the problems of the center part of the state. Only forty people. Hell, that's only equal to a...a..."

"A platoon of infantry," interposed the R.H.

"Or engineers. So, you're beginning to believe that there may be more to it than a pleasant bullshit theory, eh, Governor?"

"I'm not sure, Hank, but I will add an extra that has always puzzled me. I'm an enthusiastic hunter. But I've never hunted in central Wyoming. What's more, I've never met anyone else that has. All I know is that the best hunting in the Rockies is in Montana. No one ever goes to Wyoming."

"You know, that's a point I never considered."

"It's your theory, my friend, but what the hell do you think is really going on in there?"

"Damned if I know. I think the government has something very big going on, and whatever it is they're using an area of 200 miles by 400 miles to hide it in. It's got to be the biggest installation in the world to occupy 80,000 square miles. The only conclusions I reach are that it takes a helluva lot of power and it's not

benevolent."

"How do you figure that?"

"First, there's a chain of three reservoirs sixty miles long. The maps show that, if you can believe them. Now if there's one thing Wyoming doesn't lack, it's water. So irrigation is out. Flood control? Perhaps, but Wyoming never had a particularly bad problem that way. That leaves only hydroelectric power. And lakes that size in valleys that steep could provide enough power for all the states around Wyoming, yet officially Wyoming doesn't have the hydroelectric output that those reservoirs seem to indicate."

"Why isn't it benevolent?"

"Because it's killed over a thousand sheep in Montana. God knows what it has done in Wyoming."

The R.H. turned to the waitress and called for the check. We talked while strolling to the elevator.

"So, Hank, you don't buy the poison gas theory."

"Not poison gas from Montana, anyway."

"I've not really thought about it before, but I think I agree that those Montana sheep weren't poisoned from the Montana side of the border. As to the rest of your theory...well, it's been a pleasant evening."

I got off the elevator at the lobby level, while the R.H. stayed aboard. He grabbed the door as it started to close and said, "Hank, have you ever thought that they might not be trying to keep us out?"

"What's that?"

"They might be trying to keep something in."

The door slid silently closed. I never again saw the Right Honorable Lieutenant Governor of Montana. He never answered any of my letters. In 1972 he failed to be re-nominated for public office.

By the way, every time I ride the turnpike more than a few miles I manage to see a car with a Wyoming plate. It's the same car with the same plate...every time.

DIALOGUE WITH TWO HAMS

Dave Locke & Ed Cagle

LOCKE OPENS (for a quarter)

Philosophies of life are always interesting to hear, usually because the person expounding hiser nutshell philosophies (and if they can be expressed in a nutshell, that's usually where they belong) so seldom leads a life style governed by these golden nuggets of wisdom. I have the feeling that most people like to have a philosophy to pull out of the air when they are called upon to express one. But that's not always true.

There are some philosophies that I feel close to. I can really understand the man who said: "If you didn't need the money, would you do this?" The reference, of course, is to one's vocation, and it has a great ring of truth. The great pretense involved in the word-a-day world is that one has loyalty to one's company, conscientiousness and pride in one's work, and an enmeshment in the eight-to-five existence. The ex-President of my company stressed that everyone should get up in the morning imbued with the feeling that he should really want to get to work and to make real inroads of accomplishment. When finished expounding this philosophy, he promptly went out for nine holes of golf and we didn't see him again for at least a week -- at which point he returned to put in his usual three hours. But all this pretense has a tendency to get washed away when faced with the philosophy behind such a statement as: "If you didn't need the money, would you do this?"

I knew a fellow who had the philosophy that the best things should be done first. He always ate his dessert before he touched the rest of the food, on the basis that if he should die at the dining table at least he would have gotten to the best part of the meal. He died in a whorehouse, expressing his disappointment that orgasms did not precede foreplay.

There are so many philosophies of life. "Life is like a sewer: you get out of it just what you put into it." "Do unto others, and do it often." "Just because

WHAT RHYMES WITH:
"PHILOSOPHIES" ?



I HAVE THE D.T.'S ?



you're paranoid doesn't mean that people aren't really out to get you." "Love thy neighbor, but don't let it get around." "Man's destiny is to be plagued by the small problems in life." "Do a friend a favor and he'll never forget you -- especially the next time he needs a favor."

One of my old favorites is: "Befriend the handicapped, but don't let them take your rectal temperature."

So what's your philosophy of life, Ed?

If I have any definite ideas about my philosophy of life, it is that I am much too imperfect to try to indulge in such tomfoolery. I could strain and struggle and write something down that would be relatively similar to whatever it is I use to direct my life, but in the time it took to write it, it would become obsolete.

My Scots grandmother used to say: "Laugh to keep from crying", as a simple way to express the positive view's possibilities. I recall one time she said it, when my Irish grandfather was sitting at the table looking at a lot of leftovers we were having, after which utterance he burst into hysterical laughter. We weren't too poor to eat right; he was just an ornery old fart. His presence took much of the relevance out of anything my grandma said.

My granddad acted out most of his philosophies, but on rare occasions he would put the beliefs into words. He is to blame for much of what I believe. One time grandma, a Believer and an active church member, brought the preacher to see granddad, a dedicated non-believer, about using his company's equipment to dig a basement for the new addition to the church. Without hesitation, granddad said, "I'll help you go as far in that direction as you want to go." He believed in following his hunches about people. So do I, and I thank him for it.

A childhood hero, from whom I learned many truths, was an Uncle, an old Alabama boy I fondly referred to as Unc. He was specific about his own philosophy. He knew exactly why he did things. A World War 1 vet with slightly scarred lungs from the effects of mustard gas, a well-traveled oil field drilling superintendent with memories of countless boom towns from 1916 in the Eldorado, Kansas boom to Teapot Dome to who knows where, he was to me -- at the wise age of 6 -- a vast and wonderful storehouse of new and forbidden knowledge and wisdom. In all honesty he was a bit of a Rounder, but I've yet to meet another man who was as faithful to his standards as he was. "Use youah gawdamn head, son," he would say to me. "Believe what y'all see that fust time, and then move befoah somebody else moves." "If a man shits on you, and you get him down, nevah let 'im get up." And the old Southan Boy, a man who went to the same school as George Corley Wallace, would remark when pressed about racial strife: "Niggah is a word, boy, no moah. They's all diff'runt colahs 'a' niggahs, and the wust of 'em's white."

You can't imagine how valuable that information has been to me.

Unc also taught me a few things about the simple act of standing on my own two feet. Specifically, that it is possible to love someone and not lose your own self-respect. Equality, in the honest fashion. No condescension. "If'n Dode (his mother) hadda evah tol' me I'd stand heah and tell a little paht-Indian fucker he wasn't sech a bad little tyke Ah'd uh leff home."

My philosophy of life has many origins.

Unc's wife, my Aunt (please note the clarity of my reasoning), was less direct in her influence on me, but nevertheless she had an effect. A woman with the presence of mind to tell a young boy that the condom he held was a "cigar wrapper" may not be contributing to the knowledge of that boy, but in time the information proved useful. Like the time some yoyo stood up on a train and yelled: "Who's smoking that ***** cigar?" ...I knew in a flash what kind of cigar he was talking about.

My German stepfather contributed to what is now my philosophy of life. He was, quite astonishingly, a man with a sense of humor, something quite rare in my experience with that particular nationality. He, Les, was a cattleman, in the most accurate sense of the word. He possessed land, cows, horses, and the patience to fight the business in a way that not only made money, but accorded him a degree of

satisfaction. He got me on a deal for my mother, whom he married when I was eight years old.

The first thing Les did was put me on a horse and send me after X number of yearling steers. I returned, eventually, with the steers, and with bruises and scratches and the first glimmerings of what turned out to be an intense dislike of horses and cows and low-hanging tree limbs. A horse, lemme tell ya, is a tool, and not a pleasant hobby. Horses pitch you off in the rocks, and bite, and scrape you off under low limbs, and fall down on you, and fall in the river with you, and are in general very trying to a man's patience. The only thing I ever liked horses for was taking young girls for a ride, bareback, on warm summer days and nights. The action of a slow lope is, I have found, truly erotic to young girls who are not accustomed to the sensation. I think it is due to the way the wind blows through their hair. Les suggested I take a girl for a ride... I had no idea. When I returned, he gave me no knowing looks, and made no wiseass remarks, but only said, "Never cuss a horse, or anything, until you know what all you can do with it." Far-reaching advice.

The above may seem to be a digression, more concerned with sex than philosophy, but sex happens to influence my thinking to an extent that makes any discussion of my principles that excludes it not only inaccurate, but largely pointless. I propose to discuss next the influence of sexual attitudes on a person's philosophy.

Take it away, Dave.

'A discussion without sex is pointless.' That would make a reasonably good interlino, Ed. We'll have to use it sometime. However, if I can't discuss my principles without sex, I'll probably lose a great many friends; at least the male ones, and probably most of the female ones too.

Oh, you meant talking about sex. Oh.

Well.

Conversation about sex is something which I seldom get into. My personal philosophy is that sex is ok, on the whole. But talking about it doesn't do anything for me. I doubt that my talking about it would do anything for you, either. Whoever you are.

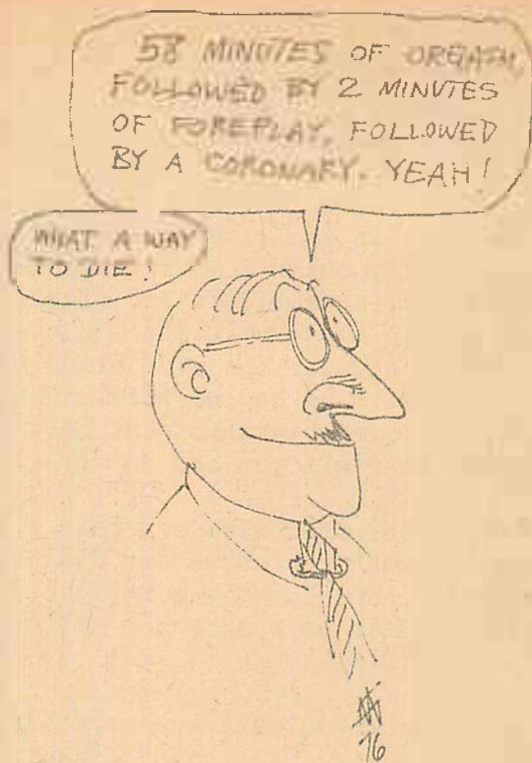
But, if you insist...

One of the more lighter moments which I have encountered, and to tell the truth it even seemed that way at the time. Occurred during my senior class trip from upstate New York to Washington D.C. We were the usual bunch of rowdy 18-year olds. Another high school senior class accompanied us on this trip, just so we could get a full busload (there were only 18 of us from good old Indian Lake High, and maybe the same quantity from the other school).

I took an interest in one girl from this other class, and she took an interest in me. Unfortunately, there didn't seem to be much we could do about this situation, because the boys occupied two sets of three interconnecting rooms and the girls occupied another two sets. When we weren't bumping elbows with members of the same sex, we were either occupying a tour bus (where the best we could do was neck) or walking our feet off to view some metal and plastic Washington attraction. There just wasn't any reasonable amount of free time.

So we decided to make some free time. We ducked out of a tour, leaving our classmates and our chaperones to gawk at D.C. to their heart's discontent, and made our way back to the hotel. We were both bombed out of our minds at the time, just like most of the rest of the group, because everyone's suitcase contained more liquor than changes of clothing (this was our first big trip away from home, and it was traditional that we keep ourselves tanked-up at all times).

The bus changes to get back to the hotel turned out to be many, and we covered quite a tortuous path through the streets of Washington. But finally we made it. We staggered up to the girl's room, closed the door behind us, and she started stripping down faster than the world's record for removing the pop-tops from a six-pack of Budweiser. I stood right by the door, amazed at this stunning performance.



The immediacy of the situation was beginning to get through to me, however, and I was just about to the point where I felt I should stop being a spectator and begin participating. But I never got that far.

As I started toward the girl, who by now was standing stark naked in the middle of the room, the door opened and I narrowly avoided catching it on my shoulder. I stayed where I was, behind the door, while ten or fifteen girls walked into the room. My girl stood perfectly still, and perfectly naked, while the other girls emulated the perfectly-still part and stared at the unusualness of her situation.

It seems that we left the tour a bit late. Apparently it was almost over at the time we left. Additionally, we wasted much time in bus changes while the rest of the crew enjoyed a straight-through chartered bus trip back to the hotel.

So there we all were, and while they were staring I ducked out the door and quietly made my way down the hall.

I often wondered whether they looked

under the beds. Probably she told them that she was just getting ready to put her pajamas on, or something.

There must be a philosophy to deal with this kind of situation.

Our drinking was the real culprit here, as it threw off all sense of timing. DRinking does other things, too.

I often feel like Gallagher when I drink. I feel that I'm close to discovering the secrets of the universe.

I heard a story once about a person with a similar predicament. It was only similar, though, because he was absolutely positive that all knowledge and philosophy opened up to him whenever he became cronked on Old Bushmills. The problem, though, was that all these marvelous revelations escaped his grasp when he awoke the next morning.

One day he decided to do something about all this. He put a pencil and paper in his pocket before uncorking. Then he proceeded to fertilize his hair roots until he again reached the point where infinity and eternity came knocking at the doorsteps of his subconscious mind. The values of the universe dashed themselves upon his eyeballs and he revelled in the glory of the secrets of all creation.

Fortunately, he remembered the pencil and paper, and so dashed off a note to his future (sober) self. Then he stuffed the pencil and paper back into his pocket and fell off the chair on his face.

In the morning he woke up with a mouth tasting vaguely reminiscent of Transylvania Bat Cave, and a great sense of loss that the secrets of the universe had once again slipped from his grasp. Ah ha, but then he remembered the note.

With more effort than he normally expended on such mornings, he dug into his pocket and extracted the crumpled sheet of paper. His breath emerged in short pants as he anticipated the thrill of victory.

As he straightened out the bedraggled note a few scrawled words jumped at his eyes.

He had written: "Man is not Man alone."

I would prefer not to be disillusioned in such a manner, and since hearing that story I have refrained from carrying writing implements whenever I'm drinking.

My philosophy is that it is better to win and lose, than to lose and lose. I know that's a good philosophy because I wrote it down once when I was drunk.

What do you think about when you're drunk, ed?

I think about sex when I'm drunk, among other things. I think it would be better if I thought about sex while getting plastered, rather than after achieving my goal, but things don't always work out that way for me.

There were times, while pleasantly zizzed, when I too indulged in writing down a momentary insight for more sober reflection. If it helped to establish my philosophy is questionable, however, due to my habit of abbreviating and scrawling while invaded by hooch. There is very little to be learned from "See Vurp Turs abt cnt." My wife found that note intriguing, but to me it means nothing incriminating. "cnt" means contract, not cunt. To my knowledge I have never had a drunken insight that involved cunt abbreviated or otherwise.

"Kilt Max frog" was one of my more interesting drunken notes to myself. When that notation appeared in my journal I knew a guy named Frogge (Fred), and another named Max (Davidson), but no Max Frogge. I therefore decided I had either killed Max Davidson and Fred Frogge, which I found highly unlikely, or someone new named Max Frogge, which was even more unlikely, if only for the simple reason that such a name is unlikely, or I had killed Max Davidson's frog, or perhaps even dressed up Max Davidson's pet frog in Scottish garb.

The notebook examples of my woozy insights have gone, but ample examples appear in my decades-thick journals. "NO TPR PEEN fr DELAY" could be interpreted in many ways, but offers little in the way of vast revelation. Strangely enough the preceding day's entry discussed the possibility of penalty payment for overextension on a contract I had at the time, which explains most of the gibberish, but what does TPR mean? It must be a new obscenity.

"*** hs flbby ass" is pretty easily understood, as it stands, but I don't really know anything about ***'s ass. Never did. Clearly any insights I have had while geared up, if they exist, are not recorded.

The fantasies and self-deluding conclusions that emerge during alcohol-saturated moments are more easily recalled, and probably more influential on my philosophy, at least as it concerns interpreting it.

One of my favorite splotched-fantasies involves being granted the one-shot rights to pick and choose three women from all who would pass on a very busy highway during a 60 minute period. (You stay, and you can leave now. No, you stay and you leave! Hello, have you ever given birth? Are you inhibited? Is that a wig? Do you always wear leather clothes, and why? You with the boots and whip; you can go now, please! The same goes for you with the four male Great Danes. Are those falsies? Will the lady with the mustache please leave!)

Strong drink often brings on a delusion that I am irresistible to every woman in sight. Usually this happens to me at parties. This sensation is always accompanied by a generally giddy feeling that results from my persistence in believing something that I know is a bunch of shit. To my credit, I do not allow my occasional moments of male superiority to manifest themselves in action. I merely sit and mentally undress every woman in sight. Occasionally I mentally rape one or two of the more sexy ones (this can be very disappointing, if they mentally cooperate. I remember trying one woman several times in one evening, mentally, and she was so agreeable and aggressive that eventually I wound up getting raped. It was okay). The only danger in indulging in such secret trysts is that I tend to get a look in my eyes that has often prompted my wife to either take me home or hit me with something.

A variation of my mental orgy technique is the Think the Clothes Off the Ugliest Broad In the Room. This can be dangerous. Any woman can detect the look in my eyes (if they catch me), and ugly women have powers that go beyond mere visual identification of a lusty look, to include something quite akin to mental telepathy. This is bad because I happen to be one who doesn't really find many women unattractive, sexually, and least of all when that woman happens to appear to be in heat.

If I'm really snookered, sometimes I become fascinated with women who are more than slightly overweight, which is merely a natural result of my normal preference for women of physical substance, as opposed to the high fashion model types. Well, actually I don't exclude any woman from my idle speculation. It's just more fun mentally mauling them all.

Of course there have been bad results from tipsy thinking-in-depth, too. It all depends on how much you believe all those inebriated conclusions. A man I once worked for during summer vacation, who was known to take a drink before cocktail time, became convinced that the woman who kept walking down where we were trying to build an earthfill dam was trying to tell him something he wanted to hear. The next thing I knew, he had disappeared into the trees in search of her, obviously to prove his theory. He returned a short time later, wearing a scarlet handprint on his cheek and a sheepish smile on his face.

Lack of deep thought while plonked can also cause problems. You must pay attention at all times. One time in high school, before I had learned the more refined techniques of casual drunkenness, I thought I spotted one of my favorite female classmates standing under a shadowy staircase. Wishing only to keep her company, I advanced stealthily from behind and clasped her in a friendly embrace, fully expecting her to turn and give me a thankful peck on the cheek. Words are inadequate to describe the sensation a high school junior boy feels upon discovering he has just hunched his English teacher. There really isn't a hell of a lot that can be said that would help matters.

Persons of a more conventional turn of mind would automatically say, "Oh pardone me, Miss Writerright! I thought you were Pansy Pantydrops!" This is good, because Miss Writerright probably thinks as much, especially if you suddenly develop a terrible stutter, and she will pass it off with no more than a chilly snort. My mind has never worked that way, sadly, and I think I said something wholly incriminating, or irrelevant, like: "Well, there goes this six week's grade, Cagle!" It went. I think that second hunch, whether involuntary, out of extreme embarrassment, or from a persistent subconscious urge, was what did it. But had I been sober, or thinking...today I might not only understand correct usage of the language, I might not have anything to write about.

Memories of swacked high school experiences would fill more space than I care to fill. Few would prove anything. But I must set down for the record that my photography class, specifically the darkroom bit, not only caused me to become whooped at unusual times during school hours, but allowed me to do so without fear of getting caught. My darkroom partner, a plentiful young lady two years my senior, took me under her wing and protected me at all times. She taught me to drink vodka neat, which I appreciated at the time, but which resulted in a life-long aversion to the stuff. Vodka. To this day I can't drink vodka without falling asleep with a goofy smile on my face. And to be asked to take pictures is strangely erotic.

What I do while drunk is a different matter, and is probably the reason I don't have many towering insights. I tend to be somewhat active while drinking, unless I get too drunk to move. I've never been too drunk to move, I just didn't feel like moving. I didn't feel like moving because I was too drunk. It all ties together.

Driving while drunk is fun, but not on roads. I once owned a '55 Plymouth station wagon with no top in which I would toodle over backwoods hill and dale while gilled. Chasing cows, coyotes, etcetera. Jumping ditches, bounding over pointy hills. Ripping between trees that were closer together than the old bus would negotiate, but not so close it would stick. The only problem about doing such things, is that the next day one tends to feel like the ass one was the day before. In my case, it all stopped when I somehow managed to tear all four wheels and various connecting parts from the old clunker in one grand leap, and I no longer worry about making an ass of myself, at least not that way.

Oh yes, I have discovered other methods.

Do you ever make an ass of yourself, Dave?

Yes. Usually.

I did it just the other day, in fact, but it was far removed from being an amusing incident. I was at work (Consolidated Effrontery, Inc.) at my usual stall in Pasadena, calling someone at the home office in Rochester, New York. His wife had died a couple of weeks previously, and I had been informed of the incident as the result of trying to place an earlier call to him. This time he was back at work and the call went through, but the knowledge of his wife's death totally slipped my mind.

So I said to him, when he answered the phone: "Hi, Norm. How was your Christmas?" His wife had died maybe two days before Christmas.

As soon as the words left my mouth I somehow saw them fall irretrievably into the mouthpiece of the telephone. If I'd had a pair of scissors in my other hand I would have attempted to snip off the cord on the handset in futile hope that my words would be stopped before they could go jumping about from pole to pole in their headlong flight to Rochester.

He didn't say anything for a second, and I sat there with my grip clenching up on the handset, and soundlessly cursing myself. I hoped that my left nut would somehow break loose, fall out of my pants-leg, roll out of the office, down the corridor, and bounce down two flights of stairs where it might then be stepped on by a secretary in high heels.

On another occasion, our company had something called a Denison copying machine. A black fellow came over quite frequently to service it, and the degree of frequency finally caused us to replace it with a Xerox. When it was being repaired, the job usually took ten minutes. This fellow used to delight in pointing out this fact to us. It could have taken him only three seconds, but Denison still charged a minimum of one hour's labor. The black fellow delighted in pointing that out to us, too. Something else he belabored was his great humanitarianism in sticking around for the better part of an hour, ostensibly for the purpose of giving the machine some preventive maintenance work but actually for the purpose of goofing off. He was a pain in the ass.

On one occasion, for the umpteenth time he told us: "Ya know, you guys gotta pay for an hour anyway, so I'm doin' you a favor by sticking around and givin' you your money's worth." Then he chuckled.

What I said to him was intended to get across my feelings as to how much I truly appreciated his favors. It would have, too, except that what I said turned out to be rather inappropriate for a black man.

I said: "That's white of you."

Under the circumstances, I'd still have thought it was pretty funny except for the feedback which came in for days afterwards. The story spread around and I kept getting Archie Bunker comments which aren't worth repeating.

Moving on to yet another incident, this one goes back to my short stay at Syracuse University. I was delighted as all hell that table tennis abounded all over the place. It's the only sport I am, or ever was, worth a damn at.

I thought I was pretty hot stuff. I had some reason to be proud of my accomplishments in amateur competition, but my head got blown out of all proportion. I told one of my college buddies how good I was, and then we ambled down to the rec room because he wanted to see me perform in a game.

The first guy I played beat me 21-2. I got one point on a deflection off the net, and the other from an edge ball.

I felt like a bottle of Ripple at a wine-tasting party.

My great disappointment was somewhat lessened when we then watched this same fellow, who had never played in a tournament, beat two rated players in quick, unconscious succession.

After the hot players had abandoned the rec room I decided maybe I should try my luck with the -- hopefully -- somewhat lesser competition. The two rated players had left with their tails between their legs, and the hot shot finally retired. So the table was open for two players. I was one of them. It turned out that a fel-

low in a wheel chair was next in line.

He beat me 30-28.

As I left the table I noticed that my buddy was walking around bumping into things. He had trouble navigating while doubled up in laughter. He laughed all the way down the hall, all the way up the elevator, and all the way back to our wing of the dormitory. He was still laughing the next morning at breakfast. I got thrown out of the cafeteria for throwing a pancake at him.

A good buddy of mine pulled a real boner one time. We were at the office when a group of two or three girls called us over to look at a wedding picture. Who was in the picture has nothing to do with the story, so it's sufficient to say that the picture showed the bride and groom and the groom's father standing on the sidewalk outside of a church. In the sidewalk was an ugly fissure of an odd, jagged design, and the bride was standing over it.

My buddy studied the picture, then pointed at it and said in all innocence: "What's that crack under her dress?"

I broke up. So did the girls.

My buddy got totally flustered and tried to explain what it was that he had really meant, but the frantic explanations only made the situation funnier.

Getting back to me, there is one episode related to my infamous "boil" story which I never told about. In case anyone has missed the boil story, unlikely as that may seem, be it sufficient that you know I at one time had a boil on the underside of my right testes. The undisclosed incident centers around my calling in to arrange for a doctor's appointment.

When the sweet voice on the other end of the line inquired as to the reason for requesting an appointment, I had a moment of hesitation in deciding a suitable cover story to send out over the airwaves. I had overlooked the need to explain the problem, or I would perhaps have been better prepared. As it was, I couldn't bring myself to tell her that I wanted an appointment because I had a boil on my nut.

I could probably have gotten away with telling her merely that I had a boil which required lancing, as it is unlikely that I would have had to be more specific. What I wound up telling her, though, was that my leg hurt me.

I hadn't altogether lied. As I told the doctor: "My leg hurts me because it bangles my nuts around when I walk, and I've got a boil on one of them."

As I left the doctor's office the sweet voice inquired if my leg felt better now. I replied that no it didn't, but I had hopes that things would look up in the near future (I didn't feel better for reasons which involved the doctor grabbing my nut and shoving a needle into it. In fact, I felt worse).

As I started to walk away, she called out: "Take wider strides and maybe your leg will be easier on you."

Feeling like an ass is nothing new to me. I'm the guy who spills the first drink at parties. What's worse is that it's also my first drink, and usually this happens before I even get a sip of it.

My philosophy is that looking like an ass is better than having no ass at all. It is, even, better than being half-assed.

A friend recently expressed serious reservations about his impending trip to the hospital for minor surgery. As best as I could decipher the reason for his operation, he had an ingrown hair on his arse. Evidently it only started out as an ingrown hair, and turned into something else as time passed. A cyst, I guess.

My friend asked me what to expect, and what should he expect to hurt, and voiced little fears that seem to plague those who have never had the opportunity to serve as ready meat for the surgeons. After a few false starts I had to admit that, barring severe trauma before entering the place, or possibly risky surgery, hospitals aren't such a bad place to visit. If you fear needles and having other odd things poked into you the trip may be mildly unpleasant, but by and large it isn't as agonizing or terrifying as it's cracked up to be. Where else can you be waited on hand and foot and just lay around in bed?

A man is especially fortunate in that most of the people who will care for him are women, and that most of them are reasonable people. I ran into but one truly weird nurse, a few who were just bitchy, and the rest were delightful. Some are somewhat distracting, but you have to expect a little temptation here and there.

Embarrassment seems to bother most people who first go to the hospital. This passes quickly for most, and soon it doesn't bother you to have three young X-ray girls whip your gown off you to better position you on the table. But don't get too comfortable or soon you'll start looking around, and thinking, and then you will be embarrassed.

Many people hate being given an enema, and often ask to do it themselves. In most instances this is not allowed, because they must be sure you are properly flushed out. Surgeons don't mind blood and guts, but evidently they have a thing about shit in the operating room. So the people who prep you are careful to make sure you shine internally before being carted off to the OR.

Depending on what is going to be used to keep you from thrashing around on the OR table while the surgeon is dealing your carcass, you will probably be starved for a short time prior to being carted away by an orderly (who moonlights as a wheelbarrow handler). They will also deny you liquids, even water. Your reward for being a brick through it all will be to be shaken awake at some ungodly hour and given a pre-op shot that, depending on what they give you, can make it worth any effort. Some pre-op shots will make you fly. And I do mean fly.

After your shot you are left to melt down in a little puddle of narcotic ecstasy, or to imagine terrible things. Again, it depends on what they give you. A couple of the times I had surgery, the pre-op shots made me so euphoric I was not only willing as hell to get the job done as quickly as possible, but to get up and assist the surgeon. High, man.

If you are lucky you will be clearheaded enough to chat with the people in the OR, and to marvel at the wonderful array of fiendish-looking instruments before they put you down. I advise you to look, but do not ask what a particular instrument is for. The combination of drugs, hunger, bone-chilling cold (why are ORs so cold?) may make you want to spit up if someone actually tells you what the tools are for.

After surgery, if you are lucky, you wake up, usually feeling sore, and generally sick. My impression immediately after surgery was that I had been drunk for ten days, on gasoline and lighter fluid. The fumes were not tasty. Try not to let it get to you, for if you do spit up it may hurt a little where they stitched you. If you are not sick, and are asked if you have any pain, say yes. Then you can sleep until you feel better.

Normally post-op patients are put on their feet as soon as possible. Whether they want to or not. Do not resist their efforts to set you upright, for they are many and you are but one and sore as hell. If they have an orderly lead you away for a short stroll, do not scream in the corridors. Bad form. He may tell you to go to hell and walk away, leaving you to find your way back by yourself. If this happens flag down the best looking nurse and lean on her all the way back to your room. Refuse a wheel chair. It is better to clutch at a pretty nurse's body for support if you are able.

As you get better an urge to fornicate may grow increasingly undeniable. Some people are made hornier than ever by an enforced period of celibacy. If you can't control your needs, or find adequate methods of release, tell the head nurse you are certain you're going off your nut if you don't find sexual release. Depending on her outlook, she may either tell you you're already nuts, laugh like hell, get angry, or call in the ugliest employee in the hospital and ask you if you would like to have them give you a hand job.

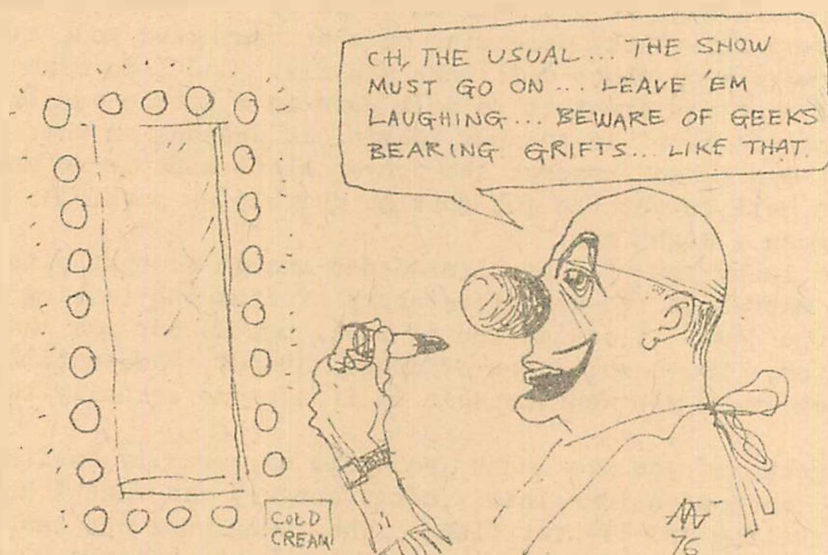
Don't be taken aback when a nurse makes rounds and asks you questions you find personally indelicate. If she asks you if you've had a bowel movement, say so whether you have or not or she'll show up momentarily with something unpleasant to make sure you've had a BM.

The most important thing about making a hospital confinement as pleasant as possible is not being a pain in the ass to everybody who has to care for you. They probably hate taking care of you as much as you hate being taken care of. Relax, enjoy it, look around and don't feel sorry for yourself. Pinch a few butts if that's your thing, but be prepared for any possible consequences. After all, if you pinch the wrong butt you may wind up spending your stay catheterized, with the external end of the catheter tied to the bed railing.

Have a happy operation.

And, to close the end of this 360° loop, remember this philosophy: "A lighted candle smells amazingly like burnt nostril hair."

Good night, Dave.



EXORCISTS OF IF

James White

A large and vulgarly ostentatious station wagon with the name of a local estate agent inscribed on its flanks pulled in and parked outside the garden gate of 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast. Within a few minutes the Willis MG, the Charters Morris and the White Fiat, which happened to be red, pulled in behind him. The estate agent introduced himself to the three drivers, then paused while four Saracen armored cars whined past in low gear.

"It was very good of you to come," he went on, when they could hear themselves think again. "I know there should be five of you, but Mr. Shaw has moved with his family to England and Mr. Berry recently retired from the police fingerprint department to do the same. But I hope that you three, Mr. Willis as a former tenant of 170, and Mr. Charters and Mr. White as frequent visitors to the place, will be able to help me. You're my last hope, in fact."

"You weren't very informative on the telephone," said Walter. "What exactly is your problem?"

"And if we're your last hope," said James, "who or what did you try first?"

"I...I couldn't go into details on the 'phone," the estate agent replied nervously. "And the first person I tried was Father Mallon from the chapel down the road --"

"I know of him!" James broke in. "He's a member of the British Interplanetary Society and he's got a private pilots license and a 12-inch reflector on the presbytery roof which the Army thought at first was a SAM 7 missile system and, although he doesn't read s-f, he's a very --"

"Well," said George, "nobody's perfect."

The estate agent gestured towards the three-storey, red-brick building which was 170, then went on, "I told him about the voices and noises and . . . other manifestations, and he agreed to visit the house for a preliminary reconnaissance prior to briefing himself on exorcism procedures. But he couldn't do anything. Apparently the bell, book and candle bit works only against manifestations of evil and these particular spirits were noisy, hyperactive and almost palpable, but not, so far as he could ascertain, evil."

"When he left he was talking theology, I think," the agent finished, "and he said something about the questionable efficacy of a Holy Water sprinkler against an Opponent armed with a spectral water pistol."

Walter and George looked at James, who tried to look innocent.

"Anyway," said the agent, "he agreed that there was something there, all right, but he just couldn't enter into the spirit of the Thing."

"A priest," said James solemnly, "could get excommunicated for a pun like that."

"Please be serious, gentlemen," the estate agent went on. "People, potential tenants or buyers, even I myself, have heard and seen things, the laughing and shouting noises. But I have never been able to make out what the voices were saying, or shouting. There has always been something strange about that house since you left it, Mr. Willis, and since the Troubles started it has become steadily worse. It's a good, well-built house, but nobody will live in it for more than a week. That is why I contacted you gentlemen. I am hoping that you can do or suggest something that will rid me of these awful ghosts."

Walter inclined his head, but he was staring at the well-remembered house

as he said, "We'll do what we can, of course. Can I have the keys?"

"Thank you," said the agent, handing them over. "You all know your way about the place, so I'll just stay out here and mind your cars. Good luck."

They left him pacing the pavement alongside their cars, where he would be able to reassure the Army patrols who might otherwise decide that their vehicles were possible car bombs and blow them up, and went through the garden gate and up the three steps on to the lawn. The gate still creaked and the lawn was covered with the same irregular patches of clover and/or shamrock, and the distant clattering of an observation helicopter merged with the buzzing of insects both actual and spectral.

"It all comes back, doesn't it?" said Walter.

The voices from the past were saying things like "Let's not collate today -- we can discuss broad matters and get sunburned" and "I'd rather lie on shamrock than real rock, which is why I like champagne, too" and "Nonsense, George, shamrock only grows on Catholic lawns" and "Is it cruelty to animals to shoot down a wasp with a water pistol?"

Walter said, "Let's go round the back."

It was much quieter in the back yard. A ghostly Bonestell-type spaceship towered all of 8½ inches above the tiles while the misty figures of an impossibly young Walter, Bob and James and a slightly less elderly George Charters crouched over it, discussing a technical problem.

According to the youthful, ghostly James, who even then had been a lapsed member of the British Interplanetary Society, the trouble lay in the fact that his balsa-wood spaceship weighed ¾ ounce while its motor developed a maximum pre-Brenschluss thrust of only half an ounce, which caused the thing to just sit there hissing and straining upwards. The answer which had been worked out was breathtaking in its simplicity. A length of thread had been attached to the vehicle's nose cone, passed over the Willis clothesline and a small bunch of keys -- weighing just under ¾ ounce -- was tied to the other end. Phrases like "It's an old trick but it just might work" and "It beats the Dean Drive" hung in the air.

"Pity," said the contemporary James, "there weren't more clotheslines in the lunar insertion orbit."

They passed through the oblivious figures and into the kitchen before the phantom spaceship took off and set fire to the spectral clothesline.

"Surely," said Walter, "you were never that skinny, James. But you, George, haven't changed a bit. You must have been born old and venerable."

"Not true," said George. "I got like this in primary school when I started carrying little girls' tablets of stone home for them. I didn't build the pyramids for a long time after that."

The remembered smell as they entered the kitchen was a culinary effluvia describable only by Ray Bradbury in his homespun period, and the air was made even thicker by conversation like "I hate to see you slaving over hot dishes, Madeleine. Can I give you a hand?" and "Go sit in the lounge, Harris, you're not going to slaver over my dish!" and "Farmhouse vegetable soup clogs water-pistols" and "It happens to be a diabetic apple tart riddled with visually loathsome masses of undissolved Saccharin" and "Sorry, we're fresh out of eyes of Newt" and "No newts is good newts. . ."

They shuddered in unison and moved into the dining room where a ghostly, double-dished light fixture -- which Peggy White had called a candle-bra -- shed a warm effulgence (because light had already been used in this sentence) on a dining table groaning with good things and bad puns provided, respectively, by Madeleine and all the fans who had visited Oblique House over the years -- Lee Hoffman, Vinc Clarke, Ken Bulmer, Chuck Harris, Mal Ashworth, both Ian McAulays and dozens of others.

The noisiest spectre of the lot was Chuck, who at that time had recently gone completely deaf and had not yet learned to modulate his voice properly. He kept

shouting for everyone to write it down because he couldn't lip-read Irish accents, then surreptitiously pocketing the scraps of paper for use in his monumental fan work Through Darkest Ireland With Knife, Fork and Spoon. The leanest and hungriest ghost was that of Bob Shaw, who complained of having hollow bones and a fifth-dimensional gut.

"Yes, I tried the ginger-bread and found it not guilty" they were saying, and "Nobody asked if I wanted a seventh cup of tea" and "Why do English people speak English with that terrible English accent?" and "White lions running down the middle of the road, it's the lines they keep locked up in the zoo" and "Maybe it was a mane road" and "We could use grief-proof paper" and "We didn't like assembling the mag on a dining table -- nobody knew if we were going to have a meal or a small collation. . ."

In the front lounge a ghostly John Berry, on tip-toe and with his arms flapping up and down like a pterodactyl, was describing the preliminaries to love-making in his house. The idea was to display one's ardour, physical fitness and aerodynamic control by launching oneself off the top of the wardrobe to make a semi-crash landing into the eager arms of one's mate. All that was required was a flat-topped wardrobe, a solidly sprung bed and a steady diet of watercress.

In a series of temporal overlays the other fannish conversations and incidents which had taken place in the room proceeded over and around the flapping figure of John, including one involving George surrounded by exploding fireworks, a box of which he had inadvertently ignited with the ash from his cigarette. The other occupants of the room had hurriedly evacuated the area and were watching George from the safety of the lawn. But George had been trapped by the Willis settee, whose upholstery was as soft and yielding as quicksand. . .

"Surrounded by all those sparks and glowing balls," said Walter, "you looked like a Virgil Finlay illo, George."

"And if it happened now," George replied, "we would probably have been interned for running a bomb factory."

A slow, clanking sound -- which mundane folk might well have mistaken for rattling chains -- grew louder as they mounted the stairs towards the box-room. Apart from the noise made by Manly Bannister's printing press turning out one of the later editions of Slant, the room was quiet -- except when one of the fan compositors accidentally dropped a stick of type on the floor and felt the need to relieve his feelings; or when Bob and James were trying to decide whether an illo was crude or stark; or when Madeleine arrived with the tea-tray; or when a ghostly Walter dashed into the room, immaculate in tennis whites, to set a few lines of type between matches in his club's tournament, to dash out again looking like a less than immaculate Dalmatian.

Respectfully and almost ashamedly they backed away from that tiny room and its ghosts, and the scene of so much fannish energy and enthusiasm, to climb slowly and thoughtfully to the front attic.

There, the ghosts of people and things were almost palpable.

Ranged around the bare plaster walls were the spectral shapes of bookshelves bulging with promags and fanzines, the duper, the Bannister press which had been moved up when the box-room became a nursery, the big wall mirror with the transverse crack which Bob had painted over with a rocketship trailing a long trail of fire, the Marilyn Monroe calendar, the ATom illos, the St. Fantony statuette, the Berrycade, which was a wooden frame covering the inside of the window to prevent John Berry from pushing his posterior through it, as had been his wont, during games of Ghoodminton. And across the table and net in the centre of the room raged the game of Ghoodminton itself, a game which was part Badminton, part all-in wrestling and part commando assault course.

"Face! Face! You hit my face, our point!" the players were shouting. "Take the shuttlecock out of your mouth, then, before you warp the feathers" and "It went into the bookcase, out. Our point!" and "It's not in the bookcase, it must have gone into hyperspace" and "Hyperspace is out. Our point!"

But it was the other voices which sounded stronger and more insistent. There was the southern brogue of Ian McAulay, who often motorbiked the hundred plus miles from Dublin on Thursday nights to play Ghoominton and talk before leaving early to get back across the border before the Irish Republic closed for the night. And there were the ghostly faces of Big Name and small name fans from the US and UK who had come and been so affected by the Ghoominton or Madeleine's cooking or the unique fannish atmosphere of the place that they, too, had left a part of themselves behind to take part in the haunting.

"We can remember," said Walter quietly as the three of them stood in the middle of the attic with the conversation and the laughter beating insistently at them from all sides. "But why should it affect ordinary, non-fannish people who --"

Suddenly a savage, crashing detonation rattled the windows and a black, misshapen finger of smoke poked slowly into the sunset sky. Very faintly came the crackle of automatic weapons, the snap of a high-velocity rifle and the distant braying of an ambulance. But the voices from the past were there, too, and louder than ever.

"Sounds like your side of town, James," said Walter in a worried voice. "It will be dark in an hour, and you would be safer back across the Peace Line before --"

"The fuggheads," said George, still looking at the ascending pillar of smoke.

"Yes," said James absently. He gestured, the jerky movement of his hand taking in the room and the house all around them, and went on quietly, "I think I know what is happening here. Think for a minute about a haunted house. It is a place where something so terrible or evil has happened in the past that the very structure becomes imbued with it, and it lingers and frightens the ordinary people who come in contact with it.

"But now," he went on, waving towards the window, "it is the city and the country which have become so terrible and evil that they frighten the ordinary people, with bombings, ambushes, sectarian murders, widespread intimidation. It is the outside that is haunted, and in here. . . well, remember the people and the kind of place this used to be. It wasn't just the fan group or the awful puns or the fanzines we put out. No, we were fanatics, in a quiet way, about other things, too. Like religious toleration, racial equality, lots of things. But now we are scattered. Even we three can't meet very often, things being as they are, and the people we used to be are reacting to this present ghastly situation all around us by haunting the place."

"I think you've got it," said Walter. Very seriously, he went on. "but remember, James, despite our religious and other differences, we three haven't changed."

"No," said George, "we haven't changed."

"That's right," said James, "we haven't."

They stood together for a moment looking out over the city, then they left the bare and utterly silent attic and walked slowly downstairs past the box-room, where the ghostly clanking of the Bannister press was stilled, past the kitchen, dining-room and lounge which were likewise silent, and across the lawn which buzzed only with this evening's insects.

The estate agent hurried forward to meet them, then he saw the expressions on their faces and went past without speaking. For several minutes they could hear his feet clumping about on the floorboards and stairs of the now empty house, then he returned.

"You've done it!" he said excitedly. "It, they, whatever it was, has gone. Thank you, gentlemen, very much. . ." He paused, studying their faces for a moment, trying to analyse the expressions which were not sad, exactly, and not exactly triumphant, but a peculiar mixture of both feelings. Hesitantly, he went on, "If you can tell me, how . . . how did you get rid of those ghosts?"

The three old-time fans looked at each other, and nodded. James cleared his throat. "We managed to convince them," he said quietly, "that they weren't dead yet."

RECOMMENDED READING

GEORGE BEAHM

"Vaughn Bode -- A Personal Response" (DON-O-SAUR #43, ed. Don C. Thompson)

GREG BENFORD

"Oddments" (NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. #11, ed. Denis Quane)

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

"The Day I Bit Ghod On The Ankle" (RANDOM #6, ed. Mike Gorra)

DAINIS BISENIEKS

"Vance To The Front" (DYNATRON #64, ed. Roy Tackett)

K. ALLEN BJORKE

"Report of Unusual Activity on Planet RTH" (NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. #13, ed. Denis Quane)

REDD BOGGS

"The Black Camel At Quartzite" (BLACK HAT #2, ed. Redd Boggs)

GINJER BUCHANAN

"A Handful of Blueberries" (THE SPANISH INQUISITION #6, ed. Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins)

CHARLES BURBEE

"This Good Shooter" (THE RAMBLING FAP #68, ed. Gregg Calkins)

ED CAGLE

"Prod" (TITLE #36, ed. Donn Brazier)

"Screed" (SHAMBLES #1, ed. Ed Cagle and Dave Locke)

"Through A Bunghole, Darkly" (AWRY #8, ed. Dave Locke)

GRANT CANFIELD

"Richard Stark's World of Total Amoralty" (STARLING #31, ed. Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell)

"Work Is A Four-Letter Word" (SYNDROME #4, ed. Frank Lunney)

CHRIS CARDUFF

"Chris Carduff's New Self-Doubt Showcase" (WICKLEODEON #1, ed. Tom Reamy and Ken Keller)

MICHAEL CARLSON

"Travels With No One #6" (ASH-WING #15, ed. Frank Denton)

"Travels With No One #10" (ASH-WING #16, ed. Frank Denton)

MICHAEL G. CONEY

"Death and Dr. Ballard" (YANDRO #233, ed. Buck & Juanita Coulson)

DON D'AMMASSA

"Making the Grade" (MYTHOLOGIES #4, ed. Don D'Ammassa)

"Myth" (MYTHOLOGIES #5, ed. Don D'Ammassa)

PAUL DI FILIPPO

"The Conduits of Lust, the Loci of Pain" (FARRAGO #1, ed. Donn Brazier)

"Teaching Old Dogmas New Tricks" (MYTHOLOGIES #5, ed. Don D'Amassa)

DAVID EMERSON

"Life With Uncle" (KRATOPHANY #6, ed. Eli Cohen)

KEN FLETCHER, REED WALLER & JIM YOUNG

"Maizipopl" (RUNE #45, ed. Fred Haskell)

JACKIE FRANKE

"the FEM LIB SF covers" (DILEMMA #9 and #10, ed. Jackie Franke)

MIKE GLYER

"Midwestcon '75" (SCIENTIFRICTION #3, ed. Mike Glycer)

DEAN GRENNELL

"IMHO" (AURY #8, ed. Dave Locke)

"T.B.M.K." (SHAMBLES #1, ed. Ed Cagle and Dave Locke)

JOE HALDEMAN

"Workshops: Clarion In Peculiar" (XENIUM #2.5, ed. Mike Glicksohn)

GARY HUBBARD

"I Was A Teen-Age Mother" (RANDOM #9, ed. Mike Gorra)

ROB JACKSON

"Rendezvous With Arthur" (THE SPANISH INQUISITION #6, ed. Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins)

"Tweed Elephant" (GOBLIN'S GROTTO #2, ed. Ian Williams)

KEN JOSENHANS

"Parenthetic" (WYKNOT #1, ed. Ken Josenhans)

GLEN KNIGHT

"Cornocupia" (WILD FENNEL #11, ed. P.W. Frames and Pauline Palmer)

MIKE KRING

"Too Much Too Soon" (ZYMURWORM #22-i, ed. Dick Patten and Bob Vardeman)

DAVE LOCKE

"Please Don't Write Around the Illos" (OUTWORLDS #24, ed. Bill Bowers)

DON MARKSTEIN

"...I've got a steady job now..." (TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG #9, ed. Don Markstein)

MIKE MEARA

"...Random Memories..." (KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE #1, ed. Mike & Pat Meara)

"M.M. MOAMROTH"

"Riders of the Purple Ooze" (NICKLEODEON #1, ed. Tom Reamy and Ken Keller)

PAULINE PALMER

"Girlfen" (WILD FENNEL #10, ed. P.W. Frames and Pauline Palmer)

JERRY POURNELLE

"Concerning Roger Elwood" (NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. #10, ed. Denis Quane)

DOUG RICE

"Conventional Fan's Worldcon Guide" (DILEMMA #10, ed. Jackie Franke)

DAVE ROWE

"From the Safety of This Column: Dear NATO..." (TITLE #44, ed. Donn Brazier)

BOB SHAW

"Bringing Them Out of Their Shells" (SCOTTISHE #70, ed. Ethel Lindsay)

MIKE SHOEMAKER

"Fire and Ice" (FARRAGO #1, ed. Donn Brazier)

JON SINGER

"The Technocrat of the Breakfast Table" (THE SPANISH INQUISITION #5 and #6, ed. Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins)

AL SIROIS

"Al Sirois for KPSS" (KNIGHTS #14, ed. Mike Bracken)

PAUL SKELTON

"Cult of the Grim Leaper Exposed" (INFERNO #8, ed. Paul & Cas Skelton)

"The Inkredibul Limerick Phenomenon" (INFERNO #7, ed. Paul & Cas Skelton)

MILT STEVENS

"Attack of the Giant Chicken Sexers" (AMRY #8, ed. Dave Locke)

"The Passign Parade" (PREHENSILE #14, ed. Mike Glyer and Milt Stevens)

ROY TACKETT

"Writings In the Sand -- Some Serious Fannish Business" (DYNATRON #63, ed. Roy Tackett)

BOB TUCKER

his Aussiecon report (LE ZOMBIE #67, ed. Bob Tucker)

STEVEN UTLEY

"Winslow On Dinosaurs" (NICKLEODEON #1, ed. Tom Reamy and Ken Keller)

ROGER WADDINGTON

"The Great Fanzine Extrapolator" (LURK #7, ed. Mike & Pat Meara)

PAUL WALKER

"Mouser and Me" (WILD FENNEL #11, ed. P.W. Frames and Pauline Palmer)

BUD WEBSTER

"Log of the Houseboat Aniara" (MEMORIES OF STARSHIP ANIARA #2, ed. Bub Webster)

GEORGE WELLS

"Poem" (GEGENSCHIEIN #23, ed. Eric Lindsay)

PETE WESTON

"Slice of Life" (MAYA #8, ed. Rob Jackson)

WALT WILLIS

"The Ten-Year Hitch" (RANDOM #6, ed. Mike Gorra)

DAVE WIXON

"I got A Million of 'Em" (RUNE #42, ed. Fred Haskell)

SUSAN WOOD

"...I'm free..." (AMOR #5, ed. Susan Wood)

SOME GENERALLY RECOMMENDED FANZINES OF 1975::

AMOR (Susan Wood)
ASH-WING (Frank Denton)
AURY (Dave Locke)
DILEMMA (Jackie Franke)
DON-O-SAUR (Don C. Thompson)
GOBLIN'S GAZETTE (Ian Williams)
GORBETT (Dave & Beth Gorman)
HILLESIAN FIELDS (Jackie Hilles)
HITCHHIKE (John Berry)
INFERNO (Paul & Cas Skelton)
JANBONE (Michael Carlson)
KNIGHTS (Mike Bracken)
KRATOPHANY (Eli Cohen)
KYBEN (Jeff & Ann Smith)
MAYA (Rob Jackson)
MYTHOLOGIES (Don D'Annassa)
NEW VENTURE (Steve Fahnestalk & Ron Gustafson)
NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT (Denis Quane)
OUTWORLDS (Bill Bowers)
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS (John Bangsund)
PROFANITY (Bruce Pelz)
RAMBLING FAP (Gregg Calkins)
RANDOM (Mike Gorra)
ROGUE RAVEN (Frank Denton)
RUNE (Fred Haskell)
SCHIZMOTURE (Gary Hubbard)
SHAMBLES (Ed Cagle & Dave Locke)
SIMULACRUM (Victoria Vayne)
SOITGOZE (Tim C. Marion)
SPANISH INQUISITION (Jerry Kaufman & Suzle Tompkins)
STARFIRE (Bill Breiding)
STARLING (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell)
SYNAPSE (Taral Wayne MacDonald)
TABEBUIAN (Dave & Mardee Jenrette)
TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG (Don Markstein)
TITLE (Donn Brazier)
UYKNOT (Ken Josenhans)
XENIUM (Mike Glicksohn)
YANDRO (Buck & Juanita Coulson)

It should be noted that the above list is only partial. There were numerous other fanzines with worthy material, a vast body of writing in the many amateur press associations, and -- though I got quite a few of the things that year -- numerous other fanzines that I never saw at all. I hope this collection has been entertaining, but I think the final word deserves the coining of a fannish aphorism::

"The best fanzine is the one you publish yourself."

-- Bruce D. Arthurs

