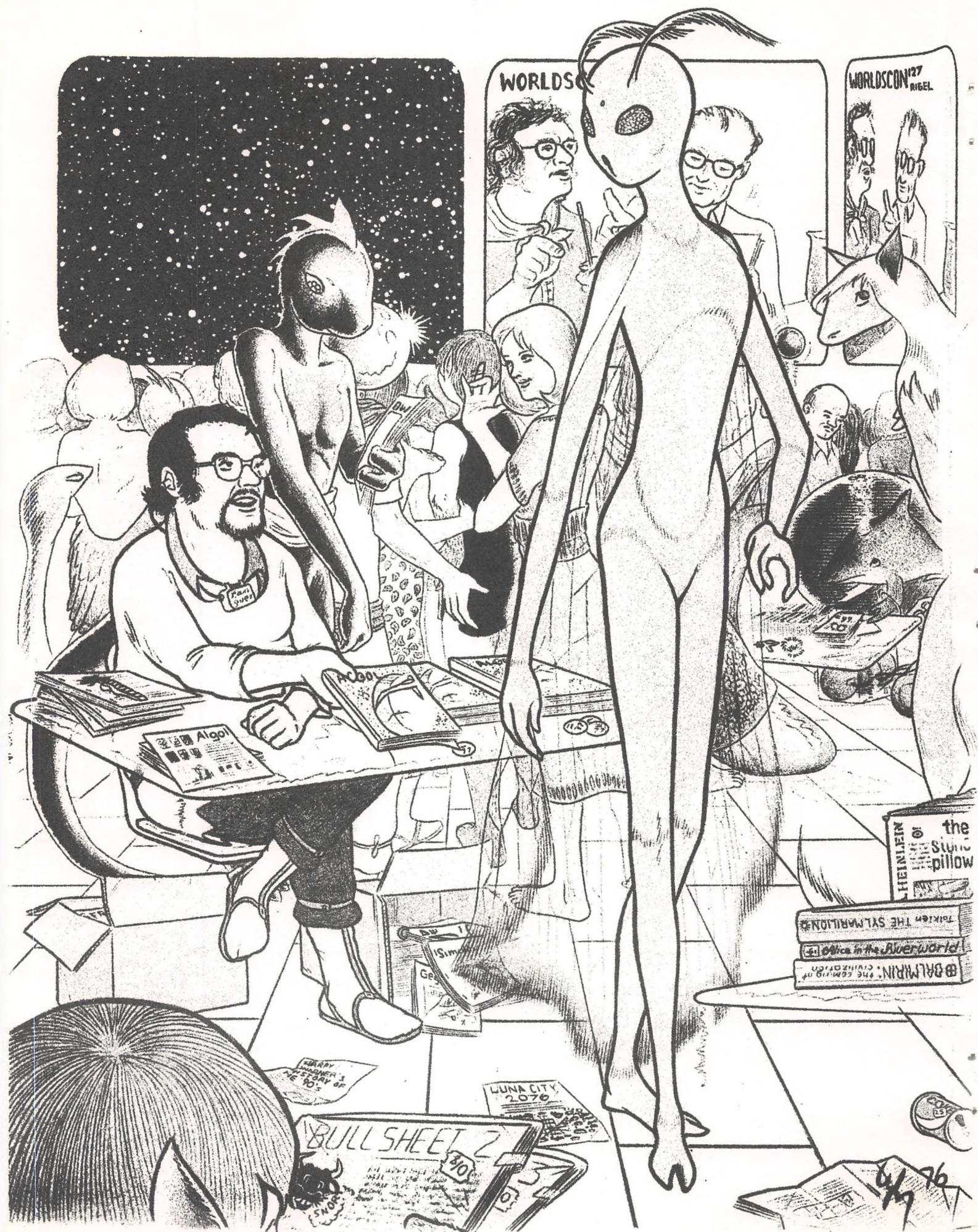


EANTHOTOLOGY 76







---

A SELECTION OF WRITING  
FROM THE FANZINES  
OF 1976

---

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY  
VICTORIA VAYNE  
PO BOX 156 - STN D  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
CANADA M6P 3J8

---

COPYRIGHT © 1977  
BY VICTORIA VAYNE  
ALL RIGHTS RETURNED  
TO THE CONTRIBUTORS

---

PRICE \$3.00 U.S., \$3.50 OVERSEAS  
ALL PROFITS AFTER COSTS TO  
TAFF, DUFF, & FAAN AWARDS

---

SECOND PRINTING

---

---

*Vaynity Dress*  
PUBLICATIONS

FANZINETHOLOGY 76

[illegible]

from NEOFANS' GUIDE, 4th ed.

**Harry Warner Jr.**

art - Jim Barker

"J-P Sartre"

Mark M. Keller

art - Reed Waller

**Linda Bushyager**

art - Alexis Gilliland

## Leroy Kettle



BROTHER, ARE YOU SAVED?  
Mae Strelkov

48

RIEFENSTAL  
Lou Stathis

53

CONVERSATIONAL FANNISH  
Aljo Svoboda

56

ON THE PHYSICS OF SQUARE ORBITS  
D. H. Carter

58

THE LAST SURVEY  
Bob Tucker  
art - Dan Steffan

63

MYTH: ON COURAGE  
Don D'Ammassa

67

FANDOM INK  
Tom Perry

73

REPORT FROM POINT 30  
Grant Canfield

77

A POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO GETTING HIGH  
Bob Wilson

90

CRUDNET  
David Emerson

92

Y 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
Y 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
Y 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
Y 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
Y 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
Y 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

GY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
GY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
GY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
GY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
GY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

THOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
THOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
THOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
THOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
THOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
HOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

LOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
LOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
LOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
LOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
LOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
LOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

OGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
OGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
OGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
OGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
OGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
OGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY

FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY  
FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY 76 FANTHOLOGY



# 1976

According to an old rule of thumb, every art evolves toward the baroque. The things that happened during 1976 seemed to prove that fandom had become one of the fine arts.

One scholarly work claims that the spirit of the baroque turns up "whenever a great technical facility has happened to coincide in point of time with an over-abundance of emotional sensibility". The baroque expresses itself in ways "so exaggerated in form and so elaborate in style as to border often on the grotesque". Last year provided fandom with enough events and controversies to make those quotations seem a trifle inadequate.

Fanzines are the fannish manifestation with which I'm most familiar. By 1976, they had become so evolved, so specialized, so ambitious, that many of us feel we need a couple of more words to define some of the periodicals now lumped under the "fanzine" name. There was LOCUS, which claimed 9,000 readers of every issue. ALGOL was paying one cent per word for material. Willis Conover charged \$10 for a 64-page copy of SCIENCE FANTASY CORRESPONDENT which some writers defined as a fanzine, perhaps because he'd produced a fanzine of that name in the mid-1930's.

In 1976, it was increasingly rare to find even the first issue of a fanzine which contained only a couple dozen hand-stencilled mimeographed or dittoed pages. The trend that had begun several years earlier to more complex fanzine publishing methods continued last year: more and more fanzines were using some form of photo-offset reproduction on part or all of their pages, the ancient trade of skillful hand-cutting of illustrations onto a mimeograph stencil was becoming obsoleted by electrostencilling, and many fanzine pages which were still mimeographed had their text electrostencilled, too. Multi-colour illustrations, giant centerfold illustrations, and other spectacular features weren't rare. Nobody keeps statistics on fanzine publishing in general, but I suspect that a comprehensive study would show more pages in the average general circulation fanzine in 1976 than in previous years.

It was increasingly impossible for anybody to keep up with the entire fanzine field. SOUTH OF THE MOON, a fanzine devoted to apa data, gives reason to believe that there were between 50 and 60 non-mundane apas known to exist in 1976, and some others were too obscure or too secret to be included. Fanzines in languages other than English are little-known in the United States, although REQUIEM, published by French-speaking Canadians, has a limited circulation here.

## The Year in Fandom



# 1976

Some of the least known fanzines in other tongues are impressive in one way or another: Franz Rottensteiner, for instance, gets incredible quantities of German words into his QUARBER MERKUR, whose typical issue contains nearly 100 unillustrated pages.

One significant trend in the fanzine field was the emergence of the first United Kingdom fanzine in many years which could compete for the top place in fannish affections. Rob Jackson's MAYA symbolizes the completion of the fanzine renaissance over there, a publication which seems to appeal equally to fans on both sides of the Atlantic, just as HYPHEN, RETRIBUTION, and APORRHETA had done in the late 1950's and early 1960's.

Fandom's growth continued during 1976, creating various types of crises in most forms of fanac. In the fanzine field, there were the unending disputes over the Hugo fanzine award, created by the existence of a few mass circulation fanzines while most fans continued to limit press runs to a few hundred copies. The annual LOCUS poll, for instance, showed that 77 percent of those who responded were readers of a half-dozen or fewer fanzines. The inevitable happened: four of the five Hugo nominees were those mass circulation fanzines, LOCUS, ALGOL, OUTWORLDS, and SFReview. DON-O-SAUR was the only old-fashioned fanzine to win nomination.

But it wasn't just the fanzines that were affected by increasing quantities of science fiction and fantasy readers who were doing something more than just read, the usual qualification for the title of fan. There was the spectre of conventions growing too big for their britches. The MIDAMERICON managed to hold attendance down to manageable proportions by a sliding chronological scale of membership fees that touched off a big fuss. But even before the year ended, the 1977 SUNCON was providing evidence of what happens when worldcon attendance is too large for most hotels to handle and a con site must be chosen two years in advance. Its site shifted from Orlando to Miami Beach, then lavish amounts of confusion resulted from conflicting reports about the operational status of its new host hotel. In England, the EASTERCON was tested at a university campus, with results that were disappointing to most who attended. Nobody can be sure why one city wins and another city loses in bids for a future worldcon site, but 1976 seemed to provide another hint that the smaller or more distant bidder has an advantage, as if many fans thought this would cut into attendance. Phoenix beat Los Angeles as 1978 worldcon host, for instance.

## Harry Warner Jr.



Fortunately, it was a professionally oriented con that suffered the real debacle in 1976. An event planned for New York City as SFExpo, promising all sorts of new sensations for congoers, was cancelled only weeks before its scheduled start. Rumors of the loss to the sponsors placed the sum high in five figures.

Collecting, always an important type of fanac, seemed to be gaining in strength in 1976. There was no doubt that it was gaining in profits for dealers and outlay for collectors. Publication of the first price guide to fantasy and science fiction periodicals seemed to help drive asking prices higher, although there was much dispute over the quotations in the price list. Prices on anything associated with Lovecraft, Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, and a few other authors stood at much the same level as rarities in the mundane rare book field. If there were any real trends in the collecting field, I suspect they involved items which were still available at rather low figures but could become hot items soon, judging from the increased space they were getting in advertisements: fanzines and paperbacks. Only the rarest of them or those associated with a few favorite writers normally cost more than a dollar or so apiece at the end of 1976. But that could change, now that the prices of pulps and hardcovers are rising beyond the reach of most pocketbooks.

There were tragic events in 1976. Most shocking of the deaths involving fans was that of Barry Smotroff, who was murdered on July 29 in New York City, where he lived. He had been active in apas, at cons, and as co-publisher with Moshe Feder of PLACEBO, one of the most infrequent but best fanzines of the mid-1970s.

Nothing could be more baroque than the typical calendar of upcoming cons. During much of the year, the fan with unlimited spare time and funds could attend a con almost every weekend, often with the option of choosing among several simultaneous events. The cons were gradually taking on their own personalities, through emphasis on one phase of the fantasy field or through a reputation for casualness or through elaborate programming. It was increasingly difficult to draw the line between these cons and those with theoretically no fannish interest, because of overlapping interest in such fields as detective fiction and the Society for Creative Anachronism.

Then there was the continuing phenomenon of STAR TREK fandom, chronically derided by some persons in science fiction fandom, but providing a fair quantity of valuable people who crossed the line and helping some cons to meet ends financially. STAR TREK reruns seemed to be declining on television in 1976, but plans to create new episodes of the series for syndication in 1977 or 1978 seemed destined to keep this subfandom viable indefinitely.

I encountered a lot of exasperating difficulties during 1976 in getting my history of fandom in the 1950s into print. But those troubles were picayune, compared with the headaches that await the fan who decides to write a history of the 1970s and tries to capture 1976 on paper. It will be much more difficult than minor projects like trying to see all the details of one of those 18th century baroque cathedrals or hear all the notes in one of that century's more complicated baroque musical compositions.

# 1976





I expect you're all wondering why I brought you here tonight...Heh! Heh! Heh! Well, you must admit this is a bit like one of those old movies where an assorted bunch of people find themselves invited to spend a weekend at some really creepy, out-of-the-way spot. I got a couple of mysterious, anonymous notes telling me to come here, and a strange map--just like in the movies. The main difference is that in a film the weekend guests always find themselves incarcerated in a huge, gloomy, draughty, creaky place, miles from anywhere, with no means of escape. And nobody could say those things about Owens Park. Could they? They're fake fans if they do. But, come to think of it...the hall porter does look a bit like Boris Karloff.

This has got me wondering what crimes we all committed in the past. Who did we mortally offend and wants to take revenge on us? Hands up anybody who has ever kept a magazine belonging to the BSFA chain library. Hands up anybody who has ever used SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY to wrap up fish and chips. Hands up anybody who has ever sent a fan letter to SPACE: 1999. I thought so: quite a few of you. That means you'll all start disappearing, one by one. If I'm not mistaken, some people have started vanishing from the back of the hall already! It's funny, but that happened during my last talk, as well...

This talk is going to be about alternative technology, but the subject of SPACE: 1999 has cropped up...and, in a way, it features alternative technology, too. I mean, the technology in it is *impossible*, and that's a genuine alternative to all this plausible stuff that people like Niven and Asimov and Clarke keep churning out. I missed the first two episodes of SPACE £19.99p--for some reason, that's how I think of that show--because I pay 10p a week for the TV TIMES, to get extra programme information, and it keeps saying that it began at 7:30, whereas it really began at 6:30, and I kept switching on too late. "Just another readers service from Independent Television Publications..." Mind you, it sometimes takes me about an hour to find the programme pages in the TV TIMES anyway, so I might have missed those episodes regardless.

I do know, for example, that in SPACE £19.99p they are journeying around the



10  
galaxy on the Moon, but I never found out what propelled the Moon out of the Solar System. All I know is it must have been one hell of a powerful explosion, because they reach a different planet every week, and if you grant a high density of stars--say they're about four light-years apart--that means the Moon is belting along at 200 times the speed of light! Luckily for Commander Koenig and company, the retro rockets on those Eagle craft seem to be pretty effective --even though they only emit little puffs of smoke, more in keeping with somebody having a crafty drag down in the toilets--and they can always land and chat to the local inhabitants. The residents of these planets all speak English--which is a very lucky thing, too--because I run into language difficulties if I go abroad as far as Italy or Holland or Macclesfield.

Other things I'd like to know about SPACE El9.99p are: When are they going to show us the vast underground factory which builds the Eagle spacecraft? (A minimum of four of these explode or suffer spontaneous combustion every week, so there has to be a big production facility.) When are we going to be told that Barbara Bain is really a robot? Why does everybody in the Moonbase whisper all the time? Why have they got Moon gravity outside the Moonbase and normal gravity inside it? (Maybe *that's* why everybody whispers and looks gloomy --they're introducing extra gravity into the situation.)

Thinking it over, the key to some of these mysteries could lie in something I've already mentioned--the fact that the Moon is travelling at 200 times the speed of light. This means that time in the Moonbase is running backwards, and all the characters in it are heading into their own pasts instead of their futures. Martin Landau is contemplating Missions that are even more Impossible; and Barry Morse is extending the hunt for The Fugitive into interstellar space. "That was no one-armed man, Jansen--that was an inhabitant of Rigel IV waving his proboscis, and you can't touch them for it."

Back to the main subject of the talk--"Lunar Rock: Will It Ever Be As Popular As Martian Country And Western?" No, that can't be right--that's Graham Charnock's talk. Mine is about alternative technology space drives. As you know, space flight is the most common theme in science fiction, and the fact that Moon landings have been accomplished in reality has wiped out whole areas of speculation which many a writer relied upon to earn his living. NASA is taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of science fiction authors, which is not only an immoral thing to do--it's downright unhygienic! Driven out of what used to be their own private territory, SF writers are becoming poorer and poorer. Things have reached the stage at which some of them have to use their Access cards to weigh themselves. Every time I have to take some money out of the bank I feel ill for a couple of hours afterwards--I think it's called a withdrawal symptom.

There is, however, a ray of hope for the future in that present day space technology is not really adequate or suitable for the tasks it has to accomplish, partly because of the fantastic expense involved, and partly because of inherent weaknesses in our whole concept of the space rocket. All the big space powers are looking around for other more efficient, more reliable and more economic ways of getting hardware into the sky, and it is quite possible they will turn to science fiction for fresh, original ideas--for which, I hope, they will pay an appropriate fee. This notion isn't as far-fetched as it might sound, because many leading space technologists have acknowledged the stimulus they get from science fiction. Only the other day I read an article by a big man in the communications satellite business who said he had lost millions of pounds because in 1947 he had thought of, but failed to patent, Arthur C. Clarke. People even come to me and ask technical questions. Questions like:



"If you put a hole in the middle of a Gemini spacecraft would that make it Apollo?" Or, "Up there, in the emptiness of space, what would Isaac Asimov push against?"

Of course, not all the ideas that science fiction has put forward for space ship propulsion are worth following up. A giant gun about a mile high which fires people into space in a bullet is obviously not feasible--partly because of the tremendous accelerations involved, but mainly because you'd never get enough leather to make a holster for it. And it's no good talking about building it underground, with the muzzle at ground level, because it's against the law to have a concealed weapon. You see, it's practical little details like these that trip up some of our most visionary thinkers, but which us hard SF writers have built our reputations on.

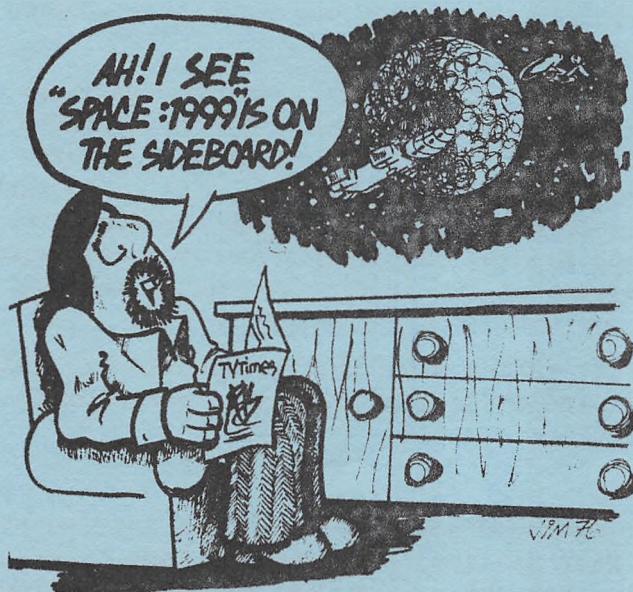
A compatriot of mine, who has an equally down-to-earth approach, has pointed out on TV the difficulties that Bell got into when he invented the telephone --it was absolutely no use to him until he had invented another telephone that he could ring up. Then he got carried away and invented a third telephone, and when he rang up the second one it was engaged. That's what's called technological redundancy.

In contrast to some of the quaint old ideas in science fiction, the proposal for a new type of space ship propulsion unit which I'm going to outline to you has all the advantages of being inexpensive and totally practicable. The inspiration came to me one evening when I was sitting at home in an armchair... (have you noticed that chairs are good for sitting on? I keep half a dozen of them round the house for no other reason) ...idly toying with a half-pint whisky shandy. My intellect was wrestling with some of the great imponderables of our time, questions like, "Why was the book *THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF* written by David Gerrold and not John Creasey?"

Actually, the inspiration came in two parts--just the way Arthur Koestler said it should. That's the way you do creative thinking, by taking two imaginative elements out of your mental stock and synthesizing them into something entirely new. I was sitting there watching my television set... (have you noticed that TVs are good for watching? I experimented with watching fridges for a while,

and then sideboards, but after this period of trial and error I settled on television sets) ...and a commercial about saving energy came on. It explained, the way they always do, that a big percentage of the heat loss in a house occurs through the windows. That's where your heat goes--right out through the glass of the windows. This information wasn't new to me, but--under the benign influence of the whisky shandies--my intellect was in a highly receptive state, and the stuff about the behaviour of window glass seemed to hang in the forefront of my mind, reverberating in a cryogenic chill. (I copied that last bit out of an *ANALOG* editorial.)

It's amazing the things which





reverberate in the mind after you've had a few drinks--that's why you have such interesting conversations in pubs. The part I like best is when non-SF pub customers start talking about things which we--as science fiction fans, usually with some awareness of science--tend to regard as our own conversational stamping ground. I remember sitting in a little country pub once having a pint with the landlord. Although this was in the Spring, it was a bitterly cold day outside--a fact which seemed to have a depressing effect on mine host. Quite out of the blue, in the middle of a conversation about the price of lettuce, he announced that he had worked out exactly why it was that the weather had become so unseasonal in recent years. My interest perked up at once because I had been speculating on the same thing ever since I saw that HORIZON programme on BBC which told us that a new Ice Age was going to start the following Tuesday afternoon.

"It's these leap years that's doing it," the landlord explained. "They keep sticking in this extra day every fourth year, and they're all adding up and putting the calendar out of step with the seasons."

Although he didn't realize it, this man was a living proof of Weston's Theorem--invented by Pete Weston--which postulates that interest in science fiction usually springs from an underlying appreciation of astronomy. I spent a good thirty minutes with this man trying to make him understand what is actually meant by the terms "year" and "day" and why there's no cosmic linkage between the two, but I simply failed to get through to him. However, this is straying from the point.

The second part of the discovery I was talking about came later on that same evening, when my gaze fell on the second inspirational element, the vital catalyst--which in this case happened to be the inside back cover of the RADIO TIMES. You've noticed the way in which certain publications are associated with different types of advertising--the DAILY TELEGRAPH for jobs; PENTHOUSE for saucy French undies; the old ASTOUNDING for surgical trusses. Not that there's all that much difference between the latter two...between saucy undies and trusses, I mean...in the little illustrations they look equally complicated and disconcerting. Well, the back cover of the RADIO TIMES used to be devoted entirely to ads for garages and greenhouses. Nowadays it tends to be given over to glossy adverts for Peter Stuyvesant--the cigarette the tobacconist refuses to sell you unless you produce your passport; and dry Martini--the drink the wine merchant refuses to sell you unless you can produce a licence to fly a seaplane.

At the time I'm speaking of, however, it was still garages and greenhouses, and I got to wondering about the famous Greenhouse Effect. For the benefit of anybody who hasn't read the science column in TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY, I should explain that the Greenhouse Effect is a scientific phenomenon, all to do with changing the wavelengths of radiation, by which greenhouse glass refuses to allow heat to pass out through it, thus keeping the greenhouse nice and warm. This was the point at which the two halves of the inspiration began to come together, reaching critical mass.

There's something funny here, I thought, taking a diminutive sip from my whisky. In an ordinary house the glass in the windows lets all the heat out--but in a greenhouse the glass keeps all the heat in!

Suddenly the inspiration was complete.

It dawned on me, there and then, that we could solve all our home heating problems...and save the countries of the West billions of pounds in home heating bills...simply by taking the ordinary glass out of our windows and replacing



it with greenhouse glass!

The idea was so devastatingly simple that for a moment I thought there had to be a flaw in my scientific reasoning. But, no! There was no denying the facts ...window glass lets heat out, greenhouse glass keeps heat in. Q.E.D. I celebrated my discovery by finishing off the Scotch--reflecting that I could probably afford it now that the Government was likely to vote me an honorarium of a million or two. Then I toddled off to bed, too excited even to bother with my nightly digestive biscuit and cup of Slippery Elm Food.

The big let-down came on the following morning while I was having my usual breakfast of two lightly poached aspirins. There was a flaw in my scientific logic, and I cursed myself for not having spotted it immediately. I had done a lot of research into glass while writing my "slow glass" stories, and I knew for a fact that the glass factories did not manufacture two different types--one for ordinary buildings, and one for greenhouses. My gleaming inspiration of the previous night had been the tawdry glitter of fool's gold. (That last sentence was a little literary bit I put in as writing practice in case they ever revive PLANET STORIES.) The realization that I had been wrong lay heavily in me for a while--just like a Brian Burgess meat pie--but then I began to rally as the day wore on. I asked myself, "Would Einstein have given up so easily? Just when things were getting tough, would he have abandoned all his sculptures?"

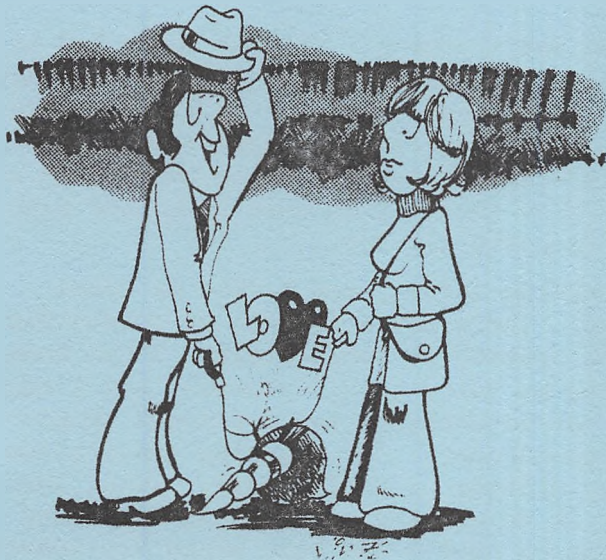
I think I have pointed out before that it wasn't a huge I.Q. which made Einstein a great scientist; it was his simple and childlike approach--and, for all I know, I might be even more simple and childlike than Einstein.

Returning to the problem, I decided that my basic premise about greenhouses had been right, but that I had not been in possession of sufficient facts to construct a viable theory. Some vital clue was missing, but what could it be? (This is just like an episode from MICROBES AND MEN, isn't it?) By this time I was hot on the intellectual trail and I consulted my library of science reference works, spending hours going through abstruse works such as THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF SHELLS; THE SHELL DICTIONARY OF PENGUINS; TEACH YOURSELF EMBALMING; STAND AND DELIVER--A TREATISE ON OVERCROWDING IN MATERNITY HOMES; BIONIC MEN--WOULD YOU LET YOUR TRANSISTOR MARRY ONE?; BLACK HOLES--A SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT WITHOUT SURGERY. I even glanced through a manual on dog handling, hoping it might give me a strong lead, but to no avail. This is a weird thing about reference works--I never seem to get anything out of them. I've had a ROGET'S THESAURUS for years, and so far I haven't managed to get a single word out of it. So, it was up to my unaided powers of scientific deduction.

The basic problem was that the manufacturers produced only one grade of glass for normal domestic and commercial use--and yet when sheets of this glass were put into a greenhouse their physical properties mysteriously changed. *Why?* Well, it was Sherlock Holmes who said to Doctor Watson, "When you have eliminated all other possibilities the one which remains, no matter how unlikely, is the best that Conan Doyle could think up on the spur of the moment." With this truism in mind, I suddenly remembered the reports which have been in science journals lately and which state that vegetables are intelligent. Could it be, I wondered, that vegetables are even smarter than we think they are? Could they be changing the properties of greenhouse glass by mental control, so that they would be kept warm and healthy?

Some of you might think that this idea is a little far-fetched--this notion that vegetables have thoughts and feelings--but is it any more fantastic than some of the things which Einstein asked us to accept in his various theories





of relativity? Do you really believe that two men can stand at each end of a moving train, and flash signals to an observer on the bank without getting thrown off by the ticket collector?

These reports that vegetables have nervous systems and are telepathically aware of their surroundings are perfectly correct, and I even foresee the day when--perhaps by hormone treatment--we'll be able to give them mobility. There might come a day when vegetables will be accepted as domestic pets, and there's no doubt that in some ways they are more suitable for this role than animals. For example, vegetables like to feed on manure.

So you could have the situation in

which the average citizen goes out for a stroll in the evening with his pet cabbage on a lead. It would be trotting along behind him--on its little roots--unfouling the footpath!

You might even find keen gardeners writing to the newspapers and complaining about how every time they put dung on their roses some thoughtless vegetable-lover allows his pet turnip to stray in and clean the place up. Obviously, there's a whole new field of research here, in deciding which vegetables are the most efficient in modifying glass. I myself suspect the tomatoes, because every time I stare into a greenhouse at them I see them turning a little red.

The more I thought about all this, the more certain I became that I had hit on the only logical answer. Therefore, to save all those billions of pounds on heating bills, all we had to do was put all our glass into greenhouse frames, wait until the tomato plants, etc., inside had altered its transmission properties by mental control at the sub-atomic level, then take it away and install it as windows in our houses. Once that was done, all the heat would be kept in, the country would be rescued from the clutches of the oil sheiks, and the national debt would be wiped out in a couple of years.

The only thing which prevented me from immediately phoning the Prime Minister and giving my idea to the nation was the sobering realization that all the big, powerful combines would seize on it and make even more money than they have now. In particular, the giant glass manufacturers would make vast fortunes overnight and I didn't like the idea of that--mainly because when I was in junior school I was once spat on by a boy called Pilkington. This deeply philosophical consideration decided me to keep my discovery to myself, but I give it freely to everybody at this convention.

Some of you--the ones who remember the title of this talk--are saying to yourselves, "What has all this got to do with space ship propulsion?" Actually, most of you are saying, "What a load of old cobbles!", but some of you are saying, "What has all this got to do with spaceship propulsion?" Gerry Webb is, anyway, if he's here.

The answer lies in a straightforward, logical development of the basic idea. To make a really efficient drive unit, all you have to do is take a piece of greenhouse glass and fashion it into a tubular shape and attach it to the back



end of your spaceship. Up in space the unshielded heat of the sun will pour into this tube and, as we have established that the heat will not be able to escape out through the glass again--the temperature inside will quickly build up and up to a tremendous level. If you feed water into one end of the pipe it will explode into steam and be exhausted through the opposite end at great speed, producing the thrust needed to propel your spaceship.

Now, if there are any members of the British Interplanetary Society in the audience, they'll no doubt be thinking to themselves that they can see a major objection to the Hot Water Bottle Drive I have just outlined. Those of you who aren't technically minded might think it is

something to do with the glass of the drive pipes perhaps losing its properties and cooling down. This could indeed lead to a sort of story situation in which Dan Dare is up front piloting the ship when he notices a loss of power and sends the engineer, Scotty, back to investigate. Scotty immediately realises what is happening, so he picks up the intercom and goes, "Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are cooling."

But that's comicbook stuff--the real drawback to the Hot Water Bottle Drive which will be troubling all the propulsion engineers in the audience is the old one about reaction mass. They'll be saying you could never carry enough water to give the ship interstellar, or even interplanetary, range. This is a perfectly valid objection--I've read *THE COLD EQUATIONS* and I know all about this sort of thing--but I'm sure you'll be both pleased and relieved to hear that, through my researches in another scientific field altogether, I've come up with the answer to that one as well.

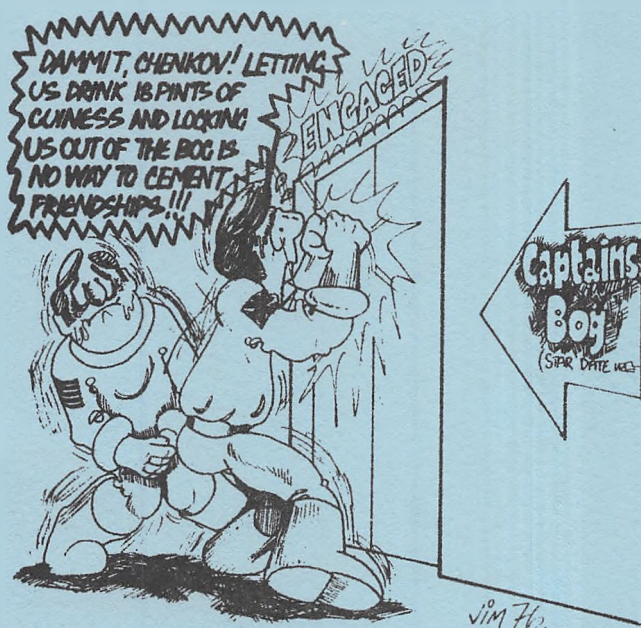
The inspiration came when I was considering a problem in nutrition. In general, researchers in this field are concerned with lack of nutrition, but in my case the problem seems to be an excess of it. And I've noticed that other members of the beer-drinking fraternity have the same affliction, the scientific name for which is Brewer's Goitre, or, in really severe cases, Drayman's Dropsy. The really intriguing thing about Brewer's Goitre is that it is most prominent in people who don't drink very much beer at all.

When I come to a convention I find a lot of people congregated in the bar and, as I like to socialize with them, I sometimes buy a glass of beer and just sort of toy with it for a while to keep the others company. The trouble is that when I occasionally do drink the pint of beer I immediately gain about two pounds in weight. I've checked with other beer-drinkers and they confirm the same thing--every time they have a pint of beer they gain a couple of pounds in weight as well. Now, the really intriguing scientific aspect of all this is that a pint of beer weighs only one-and-a-quarter pounds!

This means that three-quarters of a pound of mass appears from nowhere!







Incredible though it might seem, this process of matter creation within the human body is well authenticated--and it doesn't only happen with booze. Anybody who is a bit fat will tell you that eating just one measly little two-ounce cream bun makes them a pound or two heavier the next day. It's even possible that the entire mass of the universe was created by people eating cream buns and drinking beer, but I'm not interested in cosmology--it's much too airy-fairy and theoretical for me. I prefer to stick to solid, provable facts--such as my discovery about beer.

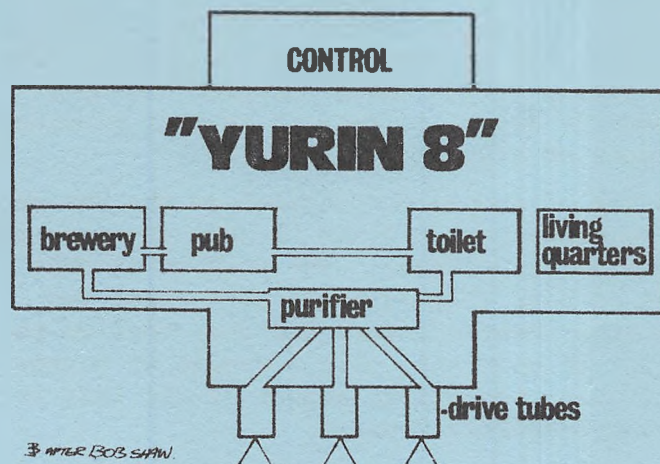
What, you must be saying to yourselves, does this new discovery of Shaw's do to the Second Law of Thermodynamics?

Where, you must be wondering, does this extra fluid come from? Well, I don't know where it comes from, but I know where it goes. And this knowledge is the final building block needed for the design of the perfect spaceship.

You start off by installing a small but highly efficient brewery. Next to it goes a well-designed pub with an atmosphere that is conducive to sustained drinking; and beside the pub you, of course, have a toilet. The outlet from the toilet leads into a purifying plant, which receives roughly one-and-a-half pints of liquid for every pint that has been drunk in the bar. Out of every pint-and-a-half of fluid that gets purified, one pint is recirculated back to the brewery--as part of a self-sustaining closed ecology--and the extra half-pint is fed through control valves into a cluster of our greenhouse glass pipes which provide the motive force. Living quarters and a control deck make up the other major compartments.

With this ship you can go anywhere in the Solar System, provided you have a crew of dedicated people who are willing to sit in the bar, for day after day, drinking free beer, with no thought in mind other than getting mankind to the stars. Oddly enough, I think we could round up quite a good space crew right here in this hall.

Before you rush away and start building a ship, I should perhaps warn you that life on board won't be all beer and skittles. The beer-drinking complement could be a vital part of the ship, and heavy





demands might be made on them occasionally. For instance, if the ship got into a dangerous situation the Captain, up in the control room, would pick up his microphone and say, "Increase speed to Booze Factor Eight," and all the toppers down in the bar would have to start drinking twice as fast, whether they wanted to or not. It could be hellish.

Nevertheless, just in case my services are ever called upon to get us to the moons of Jupiter, I think I'll go out to the bar and put in a little practice...

- Bob Shaw, April 1976



## 1976 - THE HUGOS (1975 WORK)

(Presented at MIDAMERICON, Kansas City MO, September 1976)

NOVEL - THE FOREVER WAR, Joe Haldeman;

2 - DOORWAYS IN THE SAND, Roger Zelazny; 3 - INFERNO, Niven & Pournelle

NOVELETTE - BORDERLAND OF SOL, Larry Niven

2 - THE NEW ATLANTIS, Ursula LeGuin; 3 - AND SEVEN TIMES NEVER KILL A MAN, George R. R. Martin

NOVELLA - HOME IS THE HANGMAN, Roger Zelazny

2 - THE STORMS OF WINDHAVEN, Martin & Tuttle; 3 - ARM, Larry Niven

SHORT STORY - CATCH THAT ZEPPELIN, Fritz Leiber

2 - CROATOAN, Harlan Ellison; 3 - CHILD OF ALL AGES, P. J. Plauger

EDITOR - BEN BOVA; 2 - Robert Silverberg; 3 - Ed Ferman

ARTIST - KELLY FREAS; 2 - Rick Sternbach; 3 - George Barr

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION - A BOY AND HIS DOG; 2 - MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL;  
3 - DARK STAR

AMATEUR MAGAZINE - LOCUS; 2 - SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW; 3 - OUTWORLDS

FANWRITER - RICHARD E. GEIS; 2 - Susan Wood; 3 - No award

FAN ARTIST - TIM KIRK; 2 - Phil Foglio; 3 - Grant Canfield

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD - TOM REAMY

GANDALF AWARD - L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



# HOT RUBBER WHIPS

Thank you for the copy of *STIMULACRUM*, which I received in a plain brown wrapper, as advertised. I hope you will pardon my use of your language, which is as yet not so good. My eyes are also not so good these days, therewith I am transcribing this essay via my *bonne* companion Simone, who is always a very great blessing in disguise.

You may well ask what is my thoughts about cons, feghoots, personalzines, and such matters. I have been unfamiliar with Simone about such things until now, I must confess. However, after some thought, I am able to offer the following comments.

I was especially puzzled at first on the matter of so much time and space devoted to detailed descriptions of everyday affairs, such as "the group headed out down Bloor Street to the malted milk place, where prices were low and the guy knew us. Janet rejoined us after supper..." etcetera. Are these really serious persons, I mused, to spend so much energy on recounting such trivia? Is this perhaps a journal for cretins and other such unfortunates? Surely no sane person would have any interest for reading such doings.

However, I have the answer, which is written very plainly in my first novel of many years ago, namely *LA NAUSEE*, which is translated in your language I believe as "Sickness" or perhaps "A Feeling of Soon Wanting to Vomit"--or perhaps that is not polite? I really should not have to explain all this, which is already written so plainly. Persons should pay more attention to what I have written. After all, I have won the Nobel Prize, so I am not one to take lightly. Of course, they also gave the prize to that bastard Camus before they gave it to me, but I am a tolerant and forgiving man, so we won't go into that disgusting subject here.

The answer which I plainly give in "Sickness" is this: everyone wants to live their life as an adventure. But in order to be an adventure, there must be a story, with a beginning and a middle and an end. That is, there must be a story telling. But when one is living in everyday life, there is no story, but only one absurd thing after another, with no meaning--a whole series of accidents and interruptions. And of course one never knows what is about to happen; the end is not known. One must *live*, or *tell a story*, but for doing both at one time is not possible.

So I feel that you, my Victoria, and your *amis*, are attempting to inject into your lives a meaning, an adventure, through the recounting of your absurdities into adventures. This is very plain to anyone who is thinking deeply on the subject, and is not capable of refutation. This I feel is the meaning of all the feghoots, cons, smofs, poulandersons, cychauvins, fillos and such. A lot



# J-P SARTRE

of absurd persons who feel a void creeping over their lives are engaged in a struggle for ontological reconstruction. Simone and the self have also at times felt this creeping void, which is not to be confused with creeping socialism, as I believe your Prime Minister Drapeau is alleged.

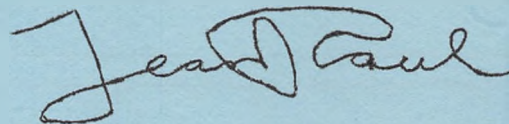
Therefore why is there so much conning of young persons in Fan Fairs and such these days? Much energy must be expended, but to what purpose? In other ages energy was to be expended in acting on the stage of the world. One could join in the story and change the plot if one chose. One could tell an adventure that was also a truth. Now there is no longer truth, but only conning in a void. I see that Simone is nodding her head, which is often agreeing with mine.

What you are doing, my vain Victoria, is a matter of choice, as I have always maintaining. Excuse me, but I feel my hold on your language is losing, as it is nowadays often difficult to keep the attention for a great time. A void is not something that one can avoid. Therefore you must choose, for you are choosing yourself. Perhaps it is a fact that you are bemoaning yourself too much over the sex. Simone is always writing over the sex and has become famous for the sex, but also she is practicing more than the self, which explains perhaps why she is yet also healthier than the self, and is likely to last longer in this world.

I have read to me by Simone recently a copy of NEWSWEAK over the subject of science fiction. I was disagreeing with a number of points, since the man did not know much about the literature. (I have a Nobel Prize but they did not ask me to write the essay for NEWSWEAK, which shows you the world is forgetting its great authors.) But this author was correct in seeing the *nausée* which is infecting the science fiction and the absurdities of the young people in this day and age. However, perhaps I am merely speaking as a wise old man. I see also in the folk-rock music of this day much decadence, much different from the healthy disgust of the Beatles of the 1960's and even the Stones whom I am admiring even though I do not appreciate the finer points of their *chansons*. Also in the fashions and many other manifestations, there is much evidence of trying to escape from the void. Everyone is turning to the past, to seek comfort which is forever escaping again into formlessness.

Eh bien, Simone is insisting I must be stopping. And I am looking forward to my warm chocolate which she will be making. That is what is good; to look forward. To warm chocolate and much else besides. That is not a con.

Au revoir, ma chérie--



JPS:sdb

cc: Maurice Merleau-Ponty



# mark m. keller

## history and biology in poul anderson's fire time

exploring some aspects of  
the two-phase biosphere

Science fiction writers have often used the idea of cyclic history as a background. Civilizations rise and fall, rise and fall--coming to glory by an inner drive, collapsing from internal weakness or repeated natural disaster. Most writers stick to one phase of the cycle, generally the downfall of the old order and the promise of a new one: Asimov's *FOUNDATION*, Piper's *SPACE VIKING*.

Only on rare occasions does a writer have a wide enough sweep to cover several turns of the cycle. Stapledon did this in *FIRST AND LAST MEN*.

Few others have equalled the Stapledonian vision. The usual SF "history" epic is based loosely on Gibbon's *DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE*, with the hero as one of the lonely troops out in the barbarian marches, trying to prevent the fall. That is the kind of story Poul Anderson has often written, in his *Flandry* series. But *FIRE TIME* (SFBC, 1974; Ballantine, 1976) has a bit more, and is far better than Anderson's other books of the past decade.

What is *FIRE TIME* about? What is the conflict, the theme?

On the far planet Ishtar lives a race of intelligent centaurs. They are admirable, in the way that Anderson's brave aliens tend to be: long-lived, tolerant, individualistic, humorous, and wise. They are devoted to family, proud of their traditions, and enough like humans to trade dirty jokes with visitors from Earth. Their technology is pre-industrial, somewhere around early Iron Age. But they are willing and anxious to learn new ways.

This admirable and appealing race of beings is under impending threat of death



from the freakish climatic variations of planet Ishtar.

Every thousand years, the planet goes through a century of drought and blistering heat: "fire time". During each of the last four or five cycles, the Ishtarrians have built a civilization during the normal climatic phase. Each time, the crop failures and massive livestock deaths of "fire time" have destroyed the Ishtarrian economy, causing a collapse to barbarism.

Now, once again, the Ishtarrians of the southern continents--the Gathering--have built a high culture. It is based on pastoral nomadism of great herds of meat animals, divided among military clans resembling Roman legions. To this Gathering, in the last century, have come scientists from Earth: guests, explorers, teachers.

But Fire Time approaches. The Tassui--the barbarians of the northland--live on that part of Ishtar most affected by Fire Time. They are moving south, to overrun the lands of the Gathering. The Legions probably cannot hold.

Can't the Earth visitors help their friends from the Gathering? No, it seems not. Earth is at war, far away, and a task force from the Earth Space Navy has landed on Ishtar. There is martial law "for the duration", and all the transport of the Earth civilians has been confiscated by the military. Regulations will not allow their use to help a tribe of aliens.

So, we have a crisis. Only the advanced technology of Earth can help the Gathering survive intact through the Fire Time, and the Earth civilians, due to an ironic accident of timing, are unable to use that technology.

The Ishtarrians remember what happened the last time they tried to survive Fire Time on their own: barbarian invasion, total collapse, 300 years of Dark Ages before society got organized again. And each Fire Time is a bit worse than the one before it.

How do the Ishtarrians respond to the coming Apocalypse? Which way will their society turn in the face of certain doom--denial, acceptance, futile struggle?

Before we look at the Ishtarrians' reaction, we should take some time to see how they got into this mess in the first place. The origins of Fire Time involve some interesting background work in celestial mechanics and planetary orbits, the result of a collaboration between Poul Anderson and Hal Clement.

The basic system was designed by Clement, and the climatic cycles of Ishtar resemble those of the planet Abyorman in Clement's earlier book, CYCLE OF FIRE (Ballantine; 1957, 1975). But let's save CYCLE OF FIRE for the discussion of Ishtarrian biology, in the next section. Anderson is quite capable of making his own planetary systems when he chooses, as in "World Called Cleopatra" in BOOK OF POUL ANDERSON (DAW, 1975). But in this case he works within the frame created by another writer, which can be a useful exercise. Notice that FIRE TIME is dedicated to "Hal Clement, worldsmith".

Ishtar revolves around the star Bel, part of the triple-star system Anu-Bel-Ea. The major components are the red giant Anu, and the yellow Sol-type Bel; Ea is a distant red dwarf, mentioned once in passing. Anu and Bel move around each other in eccentric orbits, with periods of about 1000 years.

At close passage, Anu is 40 a.u. from Ishtar, which is the distance between Sol and Pluto, rather close for a red giant star. Anu is almost 300 times as luminous as Sol. Anderson has worked out the effects. The northern hemisphere of Ishtar will experience an increase of 20% in the radiation it receives, during the century of Anu passage. The weather patterns of Ishtar will vary wildly, the northern land surface will reach temperatures that may approach



the boiling point of water: "fire time".

There is no escaping the periodic Flame Deluge. It will be hanging over the heads of the Ishtarians for as long as they have a culture capable of learning basic astronomy. How will they respond?

There are three options: ignore the coming disaster, accept it as the way things must be, fight even though failure is inevitable. As you might expect in an Anderson novel, the Ishtarians take the path of struggle. Other writers have examined some of the other possibilities, and it may be worth a short digression to see how they have handled this theme.

You can ignore the coming doom, and live as if it will not arrive.

Some fine stories have described this: "Nightfall" by Asimov, "Letter to a Phoenix" by Fred Brown. Some real turkeys have used this theme also, namely THE HAB THEORY by Allen Eckert (published by Little, Brown; 1976). HAB is on my list of Ten Worst SF Books of the Seventies. It tells of a self-taught scientist who discovers that the Earth tips over every 7000 years, due to the weight of the polar icecaps. The next tip is overdue. He runs around like Chicken Little, but nobody believes him, until... (Sorry, Allen. We can't all write like Poul Anderson, can we?)

You can accept the coming doom, justify it, welcome it.

Niven & Pournelle have a novel about a species that reacts this way to repeated population crises: the Moties, in MOTE IN GOD'S EYE (SFBC, Ballantine; 1976). The Moties are doomed to a repeated collapse not by a configuration of the stars, but by their own social biology. They become industrial, overpopulate, run out of food and resources, lose 95% of their numbers in brutal food wars. Then they start all over. They have done this at least 500 times in the last million years. It has happened so often that species of vermin have adapted to living in ruined Motie cities, which are a permanent feature of the landscape.

The more intelligent Moties know their society will soon collapse. They know it, and hate it, and fear it. But they will not move to stop or slow the downfall. They feel that the Cycles have always been, are, will always be. Their religion is pseudo-Hindu, with rebirth and rebirth and rebirth.

More than accepting the collapse, the dominant Motie ideology will fight to make sure it happens. Trying to change history is not merely sacrilege: it is the worst kind of insanity. It will only make things worse. In the last Cycle, some Motie lords launched an interstellar probe, to look for new resources and new land. The current Moties are bitter about the results: the starship wasted huge amounts of badly needed energy and metal. It also attracted the attention of the Terran Empire. The Terrans are expansionist warhawks, who have their own solution to the Motie Problem--obliterate the planet.

The Moties are extreme conservatives. Internal evidence in the book indicates that they can limit their population, but choose not to, for ideological reasons. The Moties are absolute Malthusians. They limit their growth in the natural way: disease, famine, war. Anything else is immoral. They would rather die than change their ways.

The Motie mentality can be seen among Earth humans today, of course. I will refrain from giving examples for the moment, although I am tempted.

Anderson's Ishtarians are too rational a people to ignore or worship the coming doom. They will try to prevent it. Maybe they can do so this time, even without direct human aid. They have picked up a goodly amount of technical data from the Earth people during the last century. The Ishtarians can assimilate



such information more easily than Earth people, since Ishtarians have a superior brain system. They are, in fact, generally superior to humans; they have evolved farther, to a "post-mammalian" state.

How the Ishtarians got to be that way, and how the humans respond to such superior creatures, involves a deeper look at Ishtarian biology, and a survey of Anderson's changing approach to the problem of human/alien interaction. First, let's look at the biology. What is "post-mammalian"?

Fire Time threatens the civilization of the current Ishtarians. But ironically, Fire Time is what made them into sophonts in the first place. Much of the biology in the book is implied rather than stated, but the background is there if we look.

A billion years ago, Earth and Ishtar were at the same stage geologically. Ishtar is a bit smaller, but it has an iron core like Earth (implied, since it has "continental drift"). Maybe evolution worked a bit faster. Anderson hints that Ishtar had land plants 1000 million years ago, while Earth got them 400 million years ago. Then the nearby star, Anu, 1.3 solar masses, went nova, and expanded to a red giant. Fire Time began.

Still, life evolved at a steady pace on Ishtar. I wonder about this a little bit. Has Anderson calculated what the radiation flux from a nova would do to a new biosphere? Anyway life evolved as before on Ishtar.

Details are skimpy. Ishtar forms moved onto land, became plants and animals. The plants are described as having yellow photosynthetic pigments, with red auxiliary pigments, like red algae on earth. This implies they absorb the blue and green wavelengths of sunlight, reflecting the longer wavelengths. There are plants with such pigments on Earth, mostly algae in deep waters where there is no red light, only blue and violet. The red wavelengths are absorbed by the upper few meters of water.

Earthly land plants have green pigments; they absorb red and blue light, reflect green. The red-orange-yellow pigments of Ishtar land plants (p.62) imply that they live under a sun that emits light mostly in the blue range, a brighter, hotter sun than Sol. Yet Bel is described (p.17) as a G2 star, a bit smaller than our sun, perhaps a bit cooler. This doesn't make sense. Plants growing under a cooler, redder star would tend to have less yellow and more blue pigments. Vegetation of the planet orbiting an M5 star should be dark blue or violet, almost black, to take the extreme case. Vegetation under a B5 star would be brilliant scarlet. The green of Sol III vegetation is the intermediate case.

There is no environment on Earth that supplies pure red light for plants, but the ocean 30-40 meters down does supply close to pure blue light. Take a look at all those bright red algae down there. (Bring your own supply of white light if you want to see them. At 30 meters, red plants look like red blood from a wounded fish: dark emerald green.)

I'd also like to ask Anderson about those six-legged land vertebrates. He suggests (p.65) that six-legs vs. four-legs is pure accident. There is at least one theory, the Dalzell Hypothesis, which suggests it is not quite so accidental. Dalzell postulates that Earth fish spent some time out in deep waters before they came ashore, and in this pelagic state, they lost all but two pairs of fins. On a world with wider, shallower oceans, the fish could have come ashore while they still had three or four pairs of fins. Hence, we get six-legged antelopes and eight-legged tigers. This could explain those eight-legged thoats of Barsoom--Mars had shallow seas. Sure.



Two hundred million years ago, the ways diverged for Earth and Ishtar. On Earth, two groups of reptiles evolved into warm-blooded land animals: the therapsids became mammals, the thecodonts became dinosaurs. Since the climate was warm and mild over much of Earth, the hairless dinosaurs had the advantage. They became the dominant forms, driving the mammals into marginal habitats. Only when the dinosaurs died out, 70 million years ago, did the mammals get a start. (See Adrian Desmond, *THE HOT-BLOODED DINOSAURS*; Taplinger, 1976)

On Ishtar, the mammals, or "theroids", got their start early, since the millennial Fire Times produced an unstable climate. There were never any major groups of cold-blooded vertebrates on Ishtar. The dinosaurs, even though they were warm-blooded, could not have taken the heat. Anderson, by the way, hints that Earth dinosaurs were cold-blooded, which runs against current evidence. The Ishtarian "theroids" have a 130-million-year head start on Earth mammals. Theroids developed mutualistic relations with algae and moss growing on their skins. Theroids developed a better circulatory system, a more integrated nervous system. Intelligent theroids simply don't become insane.

How do the Earth visitors respond to these superior beasts? Anderson has long been interested in "culture-contact" stories, and the pattern therein differs greatly among his published works.

Usually the humans have the superior technology; it is the aliens who must adjust to us. In the early work ("Helping Hand") this was quite one-sided. Earth technology and culture simply ran over and absorbed native civilizations, analogous to Western cultures swamping Australia or North America. Later, the contactees often absorbed some Earth military science, formed a hybrid warrior society, and came after Earth as an enemy--the Merseians in the Flandry stories, for example. The analogy on Earth would be Japan in the Nineteenth Century.

Lately, there has been more of a mutual exchange between races, with humans learning as well as teaching. The winged Ythrians in *PEOPLE OF THE WIND*, and now the centauroid Ishtarrians in *FIRE TIME*, offer the possibility of a hybrid society, the best of both cultures. I wish I had an analogy from Earth history to offer, but we don't seem to have reached that stage yet.

In *FIRE TIME*, the humans don't have a unified society to present to the Ishtarrians. There are conflicts between and among the civilians and sailors from Earth, aggravated by a distant conflict which closely resembles the Arab-Israeli Wars.

The war is distant, needless, counter-productive, and one that Earth should not have entered. Some readers may jump to the conclusion that Anderson is revising his opinion about Vietnam, but this is not so. The war in *FIRE TIME*--the Earth-Naqsa War--is clearly the Middle East. Look at the sequence of events.

A new planet is colonized simultaneously by two species: humans from Earth, pinnipeds from Nasqa. The human colony is Mundomar, the pinniped colony is Tsheyakka. The partition of the planet soon breaks down. Humans occupy the continent G'yaaru on the pinniped side, rename it Sigurdssonia, and ship in loads of settlers. Tsheyakka starts guerilla warfare to recover its lost lands, with military aid from Nasqa.

Mundomar asks Earth for weapons and men. "Should Earth help Mundomar defend occupied Sigurdssonia against the evicted Tsheyakkians?" We hear this argument whenever the U.S. Congress debates military aid to Israel.

I wonder if Anderson meant the name "Nasqa" to be another clue. It is an Arabic word, meaning "disaster" or "catastrophe", which was widely used in the



Arab World from 1967 to 1973. It described the impact of the Six-Day War on the Arab nations. Even TIME and NEWSWEEK picked up the term, and used it, local color in their Middle East stories. Did Anderson see it there?

This useless war will prevent Earth from helping the Ishtarians.

There must be conflict between the Tassui from the north, and the Gathering in the south. The Gathering is sitting on the only land that can support large numbers of centaurs through Fire Time, and the Tassui want it. There is a fourth party involved--besides humans, Tassui, and Gathering--and these are the most interesting of all. The fourth group, the Dauri, appear only for a short time. They live on the northern continent, north of the Tassui. The Dauri don't mind Fire Time at all. In fact, they prefer it. Only during Fire Time does Ishtar get warm enough for them to be comfortable.

The Dauri are really alien aliens.

What are they doing on an Earthlike planet like Ishtar? They didn't start there, to begin with. We can now look at one of the more unusual concepts in FIRE TIME--a planet with two separate Biospheres, mutually repellent to each other, of different biochemistries and different origins.

A billion years ago, Anu was a bright yellow sun, circled by the planet Tammuz. Increased radiation speeded up evolution on Tammuz; intelligent space-faring life appeared, just in time to watch its sun go nova. This is the subject of many space opera epics--"escape from the nova"--but here the drama is muted by the passage of eons. This all took place in the pre-Cambrian, when Earth was footstool to sponges and coralline algae, long long ago.

The nearest refuge was Ishtar, 40 a.u. at close passage. That's not too bad, within range of chemical rockets. Ishtar turned out to have the wrong kind of biosphere, however. A colony was planted, but it failed. Bel didn't produce quite enough heat for Tammuz-life. Ishtarian cells had levo-proteins and dextro-sugars, like Earth cells. Tammuz cells had reversed chirality: dextro-proteins, levo-sugars (Pp.102-103). The colonists could not eat Ishtar food; their plants could not grow in Ishtar soil.

The colonists sterilized a large island, seeded it totally with Tammuz forms of life. The ecosystem was too small. Colonists, animals, plants died.

What was left of Tammuz, a whole world of living creatures? Smears of carbon on a charred rock around a nova star, and a few clumps of bacteria in the soil of an alien planet.

Some of the bacteria survived on the island. They fed on Tammuz-life corpses for a while. Some were photosynthetic, and adjusted to the weaker rays of Bel. They adapted to their new home. They mutated. They became eucaryotic, multi-cellular. They covered the whole island. They must have, since Anderson says the island remained exclusively inhabited by the T-forms. What prevented the waves from washing Ishtarian seaweeds ashore? What prevented the winds from carrying in the spores of Ishtarian mosses and ferns?

For the sake of the story, "New Tammuz" Island retained exclusively T-forms, while the rest of the planet was filled with ortho-life, native Ishtarian forms. After a hundred million years (?) the whole Tammuzian ecosystem had re-evolved on Ishtar: seaweeds and seed plants, birds and flowers. The bacteria succeeded where intelligence failed. Score one point for natural selection.

The T-forms only reached full growth during Fire Time, the hot phase of the cycle. Between times, they just hung on, marginally. They still could not assimilate food from ortho-life cells, or survive outside their enclave. Two



disjunct biospheres had been formed on one planet. After half a billion years, continental drift carried "New Tammuz" Island against the major northern continent of Ishtar, as India joined Asia. Now there was a land connection between T-life and ortho-life. But they did not mix: two ecosystems at opposite ends of a continent, divided by a neutral transition zone.

Neither form did especially well. The T-life was limited by the cold phases. "Animals on the Starklands are all dwarves." (p.46) The ortho-life was limited by the periodic famines of Fire Time, and also stayed small. Since Anu was heating up, each Fire Time was a bit longer than the last. In another 200 or 300 million years, perhaps Ishtar would be hot enough for T-life to cover the whole continent, and ortho-life would be driven to enclaves around the south pole--a reversal of the original situation, 1-1/2 gigayears back.

A biologist would ask here--could an alien ecosystem last so long on an Earth-type planet? Probably it could, if it was isolated. There are patches of anaerobic life on Earth, remnants of the days when the air contained no free oxygen. That was at least two billion years ago, and the anaerobes are still here, at the margins of our life space. They have been in hostile territory for a long time; exposure to Earth's current atmosphere will kill them in minutes. So they stay down in the mud, the black ooze, the sulphur deposits--strangers on a planet they once dominated: remnant bacteria.

Would the T-forms remain isolated? This is more doubtful. They live in the open air. They may not eat Ishtarian food, but they share exchange of atoms with ortho-life. They are part of the Ishtarian mineral cycles: carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus. T-form animals use oxygen produced by ortho-plants. T-form plants take in carbon dioxide released by ortho-animals on the other side of the planet. Water falls as rain in the Starklands (T-form area), flows along the rivers into the sea, mixes with the ocean, carrying remains of dead T-forms down into the ocean bottoms.

Anderson says T-forms cannot assimilate ortho-molecules, and ortho-life cannot assimilate T-form molecules. Not at all? After a billion years?

Are there any T-form decomposers in the oceans? If not, the life on planet Ishtar is in trouble. We run into what ecologists call the "neck-deep theory" of ecological re-cycling.

Let's look at the results. A T-form animal dies in the Starklands; its body is decomposed by proper Tammuzian bacteria into simple molecules, which dissolve into the soil water. There the molecules provide nitrate and phosphate for T-form plants. OK so far. It's the same as ortho-life on Ishtar and Earth.

What if a flying T-form dies in ortho-territory? What about spores or seeds of T-forms that blow into the ocean? Anderson seems to hint that they will never decay. He refers to "blue-leaf" or Phoenix Tree, a T-form tree that is cold-adapted. It can grow in the transition zone, near the ortho-tree forests, far south of most T-form plants. "Once it is removed from the zone, it never rots". This means that the waters of Ishtar contain logs of T-form wood that have been there for 500 years, or 5000 years, or half a million years. Presumably they stay there until mechanical action reduces them to dust.

This is the "neck-deep theory": if some compound is produced by cells, but not destroyed, then over geological time it will accumulate until we are neck-deep in it.

There is a worse problem than undecayed logs taking up space. In each gram of unrotted wood, there are nutrients: phosphate, nitrate. The accumulation of "Uneatable" molecules means that less and less of the soil fertility is being



returned from each generation. Soon--depletion, sterility.

It has happened on Earth, in some places, temporarily.

Two examples will do--cow flops in New Zealand, phosphates in detergents. There are no large native herbivores in New Zealand, thus no soil bacteria or earthworms have evolved the ability to digest masses of cow manure. The local forms could handle bird droppings, and the occasional latrines of Maoris and their dogs, but not much more. Starting in the 1840s, English settlers imported large numbers of sheep and cows.

The pastures of New Zealand are lush, especially the Canterbury Plain. Grass grows for ten months a year. The cattle and sheep did exceedingly well. They left pastures littered with large droppings that slowly hardened into rock-like lumps--ten years, twenty years, thirty years.

Soon the lumps got so dense they choked off the growth of new grass. It didn't happen that way in England, said the ranchers. There the cow pats just sort of melted away in a year or so. The solution was obvious: import large amounts of English soil, containing appropriate dung-eating organisms? Better yet, why not import cattle dung that had already started to rot? That way you could be sure of getting the right bacteria and worms.

Well, that's exactly what the New Zealand Cattle and Sheep Association did. A freighter left England in the 1880s with a special cargo: thirty tons of rotting Devonshire cowshit. The freighter also carried a hundred emigrants anxious to make a new life in New Zealand. I might add that the voyage from England to New Zealand usually took 90 days. If the captain wanted to risk a high-latitude passage, he could shave this by sailing south of Africa, cutting close to Antarctica, then taking the West Wind Drift past Australia; the more usual route was down to 40 degrees South, then follow the latitude through the Indian Ocean. (Check it on a globe.)

That must have been quite a voyage. I suspect the captain was willing to go quite a way south, hoping the cold would kill the stink from the cargo. But the manure arrived, and was distributed, and New Zealand ranching was saved.

A second example, not so colorful, is the bio-degradable detergent. Bacteria in the streams could not pull apart the linear molecules that were the active ingredients of 1950s detergents, so the molecules built up, and caused great heads of foam in ponds and streams and reservoirs. Federal regulations went through: detergents had to have branched molecules, which were known to be digestible by the bacteria.

From 1965 on, there were no foam layers on the rivers. The bacteria ate the branched phosphate molecules, and released the phosphorus, which previously had been locked in unbreakable form. River algae are normally starved for phosphorus. Now suddenly they had all they could use: population explosion, lakes turned green, more regulations...

Like the cow manure, like the phosphate detergent, bodies of T-form life are rich supplies of nutrients for any ortho-bacterium that can develop a way to assimilate them. Not one? In 250 million years?

So the T-forms have dextro-proteins? That's no real problem; we have cells on Earth that can handle right-handed amino acids. When an animal body decays, the amino acids tend to racemize. Some levo-molecules shift to dextro forms. The extent of this shift can even be used to measure how long a fossil has been buried (SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, March 1976). Do you notice a sea of dextro-protein molecules sloshing around your ankles? No. Then something on Earth is



eating dextro-proteins.

If Earth life can do it, so can Ishtar ortho-life. The two biochemistries are so close that Ishtarians can drink Earth beer, although they think it tastes terrible. Earth humans can eat Ishtarian food, though they need supplemental amino acids and vitamins to avoid scurvy.

Flies' genes have learned to safely assimilate DDT. Bacteria can use penicillin for breakfast. Marine microbes can eat crude oil. T-forms? As soon as one ortho-bacterium has an enzyme that can digest one T-form food molecule, the Starklands are gone. It's only a matter of time before ortho-life spreads in patches as far north as the climate allows, between Fire Times. Goodbye transition zone, goodbye two-phase biosphere.

Yes, Anderson does mention this. About the interzone: "In a way, it covers the whole planet. The theroids incorporate a few T-microbes in their symbioses. But only in the South Valennen area, ((interzone)) do you get interaction between metazoans, or higher plants." "Two distinct ecologies, neither able to exploit the other." (p.104)

Notice that throwaway line about the symbiotes--it invalidates the rest of the argument. There is a clever description of mutualism among the animals on page 105. T-form tigers co-operate with ortho-antelopes. The tigers can't eat the antelopes--wrong molecules. But the tigers can chase off ortho-leopards trying to eat the antelopes. In turn, the antelope lead the tiger to herds of edible T-form deer.

But this is only the start. The plants would not merely "compete for light and space", as Anderson says. There is biochemical co-evolution to consider. T-forms would release poisons into the soil, poisons that kill ortho-plants. It's a lot easier to evolve a poison than a food supply.

Next step: the monarch butterfly. Monarchs eat milkweed leaves on Earth. The milkweed produces poisons: harmless to insects, violent cardiac toxins to vertebrates. The monarch caterpillar stores these poisons under its skin, and as a result is not eaten by birds. One or two mouthfuls of monarch caterpillar cause an inexperienced young bluejay to vomit repeatedly; the bird has learned not to eat monarchs. The adult butterfly retains the toxins, and is also shunned by birds.

So, we have ortho-forms that mimic T-forms, as the edible Viceroy butterfly mimics the inedible Monarch. Then we have ortho-forms that actually ingest T-form leaves, or lick off T-form oil. No, it is not usable as food, but it will scare off predators. (Rub some garlic cloves on your skin, for an example. Now imagine a vampire is a T-form predator.)

Step three: those T-form symbiotes. Cellulose is difficult to break down into glucose molecules. It takes a long sequence of enzymes. Metazoans on Earth have developed a short cut--rather than evolve the enzymes using their own DNA, they provide a home in their intestines for cellulose-digesting microbes. The microbes already have the enzymes; the metazoan supplies them with macerated cellulose. So we have termites with their internal symbiotic bacteria and cows with their internal symbiotic bacteria--all digesting cellulose.

There are ortho-ruminants on Ishtar. Start with one of those antelopes. Imagine the ortho-antelope browsing on T-form plants. In the stomach of the antelope are two chambers. One contains T-form bacteria, sheltered and warm. These convert T-cellulose into T-sugars. Still unusable by the antelope, T-sugars move on to the second chamber. Here grow ortho-bacteria that can assimilate T-sugars; maybe only a little, maybe slowly, but T-sugars. The antelope



then feeds on the bacteria, or on their waste products.

It sounds complex, but cows and termites do it all the time.

The antelope cannot survive only on T-plants, since the elemental ratio is probably wrong. It nibbles on some ortho-plants between time to get the vitamins and proteins that it needs. The antelope probably ends up reeking of T-form essential oils and aromatics, which drives away predators and other herbivores,...except for mates during the breeding season, who are attracted by the strange odors.

This stage was reached on Ishtar a hundred million years ago. Since then, things have gotten even more complex.

I wonder if there would be any non-symbiotes left on the planet: any life forms wholly ortho or wholly T-type. Maybe most forms are "interzone", with only the cold southern polar continent of Haelen as pure ortho-life, and the sub-Anu hot spot during Fire Time as pure Tammuz-life.

This reminds me of one final point: the Dauri, the T-form sophonts that do seem to live in that hottest, most nearly pure Tammuzian, hot zone of the Starklands. Where did they come from?

They evolved from the T-form bacteria, and achieved intelligence. They are now primitive, but evidently achieved civilization at one time. In any case, there is a ruined city in the Starklands, and the Dauri have a 3-D star map indicating some sophistication. Either they made it themselves in a lost culture a half million years ago, or it is a remaining artifact of the Old Tammuzians of 1000 million years ago. The second possibility is hinted in the story, although I find the idea of an artifact surviving for a billion years on a planetary surface just a bit hard to take.

The Dauri are contacted by one of the Tassui centaur barbarians, who uses their aid to further his invasion of the south. They are, in terms of the story, neither competitors with the Ishtarians, nor symbiotes with them. They are something apart.

This is interesting, because in the Hal Clement novel, CYCLE OF FIRE, mentioned earlier, there are equivalents of the Dauri on planet Abyormen. These "hot forms" are interesting as a contrast. We can see how two writers use the same basic background, and diverge widely.

Clement starts with a big blue-white star, Alcyone, around which orbits Theer, the red dwarf. Theer has a planet, Abyormen, with a very eccentric orbit. (I'm not sure it would work dynamically as Clement describes it.) Abyormen has two phases, each lasting fifty years Terrestrial: "cold time" and "hot time". The term "cold time", apastron, is relative, of course. Abyormen mid-winter is like August in Death Valley, and that's only on really chilly days. "Hot time", periastron, is when the water boils off Abyormen's surface.

I wonder about that boiloff--clouds, chemical combining--but let's continue with the story.

Earth scientists visit Abyormen during "cold time". One cadet finds the intelligent "cold time" race--crusty little dwarf humanoids. They have a technoculture: literature, gliders. They have metal tools, but are forbidden by strong taboo to make or use fire. Puzzle: where does the metal come from?

"Hot time" approaches. The Earth scientists discover dormant "hot life" spores in the soil. When they heat these, the spores germinate as bacteria, which combine nitrogen and oxygen from the air to make nitrogen dioxide. The atmos-



phere during "hot time" becomes NO<sub>2</sub> plus water vapour at over 100°C.

Lo and behold, the bodies of "cold time" animals and plants are filled with nodules, which are "hot time" spores also. The animal dies; its body decomposes in the heat; the nodules sprout into little "hot form" animals that scamper away. It's alternation of generations, clearly, or maybe it resembles those pines whose seeds have to go through a forest fire before they will germinate. (Yes, there is such a tree.)

The intelligent Abyormenites are also studded with "hot time" spores. To reproduce their "hot time" offspring, they must walk out into the desert and die, when the white sun begins to glare above them.

The "hot time" animals resemble worms and echinoderms. There are intelligent forms that resemble giant six-armed starfish. Anderson's Dauri of FIRE TIME also resemble starfish. The fastest way to show alienness without excessive detail is to display alien symmetry: something other than the bilateral symmetry we know from Earth vertebrates. Radial starfish will do fine. These Abyormenite forms do not reproduce sexually, though they can regenerate lost parts, or grow a clone from a lost part, like Earth starfish.

The "hot time" starfish provide the metal for the "cold time" humans of Abyormen. As the planet recedes from the white star, it cools off. The temperature drops below water boiling stage, the hot forms die, the atmosphere loses its NO<sub>2</sub> to soil bacteria, there is a lot of rain. The bodies of the hot forms crumple, releasing spores to grow into cold forms.

Some hot form starfish live on through the cold, in steaming caves near volcanic springs. They rule the cold form humans as oracles. Similarly, a few non-reproducing cold form "Teachers" survive the close approach in deep polar caves, to pass information to the next generation.

Clement separates his two phases in time, as Anderson separates them in space.

Abyormen has cycles to an extreme extent, and the inhabitants have the fatalistic attitude one might expect. They can only reproduce by dying, which has implications Clement hardly begins to discuss. Biological determinism can hardly go any further than this.

At the end of the book, the native Dar leaves his Earth friends to go die in the desert. He could have survived as a sterile Teacher in the caves, but he feels he has a duty to perpetuate his race.

Does Dar fear the coming of his personal Fire Time? Clement never shows us anything below the surface of the Abyormenites, and the surface is pure Stoic, rational and calm. For that matter, so are the Ishtarrians of Anderson Stoics all, although they do show emotions at times.

That's one approach to the cyclic doom. I'd like to see others.

## 1976 - THE DITMARS (1975 WORK)

(Presented at BOFCON, Melbourne, Australia, August 1976)

BEST AUSTRALIAN FICTION - THE BIG BLACK MARK, A. Bertram Chandler

BEST INTERNATIONAL FICTION - THE FOREVER WAR, Joe Haldeman

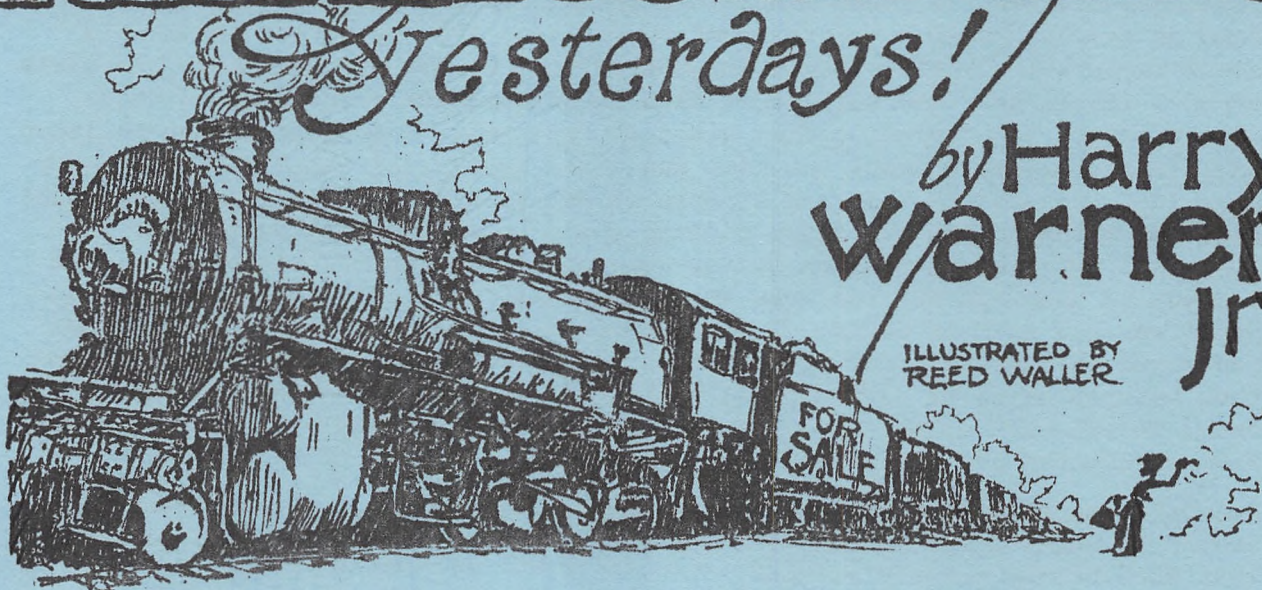
BEST AUSTRALIAN FANZINE - FANEWSLETTER, Leigh Edmonds



# All My RAILROADING Yesterdays!

by Harry  
warner,  
Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
REED WALLER



Most fans are aware that writing LoCs is not my full-time occupation. Many fans know that I work for the Hagerstown newspapers. But even if I've been a fan forever, I haven't been a journalist quite that long. Hardly anyone in fandom remembers that I used to work for the railroad. I try to forget that fact, for that matter.

Hagerstown's prosperity came from its railroads. When I was growing up, it had both freight and passenger service from the B & O, Pennsylvania, Norfolk & Western, and Western Maryland Railway, all of which connected with one another here. I had an uncle who became assistant chief dispatcher for one of them, and there was great rejoicing within the family when I found a job one day as a clerk for the Pennsy. I withdrew from the celebration. It was nice to keep up a family tradition, I knew intellectually. But as a boy, I'd never wanted to grow up to be a railroader or anything else. I didn't like the idea of working, even in boyhood.

While I was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the big boss in Hagerstown was H. K. Geeoven. He looked and acted something like a taller Edward G. Robinson. Even though he hired me, he obviously hated me on sight and I felt a similar emotion toward him. When I asked at the job interview if I would be working daytime or the night shift, he launched a ten-minute tirade at me about no-good kids who aren't grateful to have found work and won't wait until they report

From MOTA 18, July 1976, edited by Terry Hughes.  
(4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205)



for work for the first time to find out if it's a day or night shift. Our relationship went downhill from that point. But to be fair, I must admit that Geeoven was considerate of his employees. The first night I was to work as passenger ticket clerk, I asked him what I should do if someone pointed a gun at me and demanded all the money. He stared hard at me, squirmed, frowned, thought for a while, and finally grunted: "Hell, give him the money."

I worked part of the time in the freight station, part of the time in the passenger station. I found conditions in the freight station just about the same as they had been a quarter-century earlier, when my mother had been a clerk there for a while. She'd frequently told me how one December, the girls typed a little note and slipped it into an invoice for a shipment of candy: "Don't forget the freight office girls at Christmas." Someone in the railroad administration heard about the note and fired every girl who had been on duty that day, to save the time and trouble of determining who was really responsible. My mother's job was saved because she'd been home sick on the day in question. My freight station duties were mostly incomprehensible to me, and I doubt if they had any real use to anyone else. The only thing I really enjoyed was the task of adding up the net weights of all the freight cars that had moved through Hagerstown each day. The poundage totals were so huge that they made me think of astronomical matters in my beloved science fiction, I could do the work mechanically, and there was no conceivable way anyone could have discovered any mistakes I might have made.

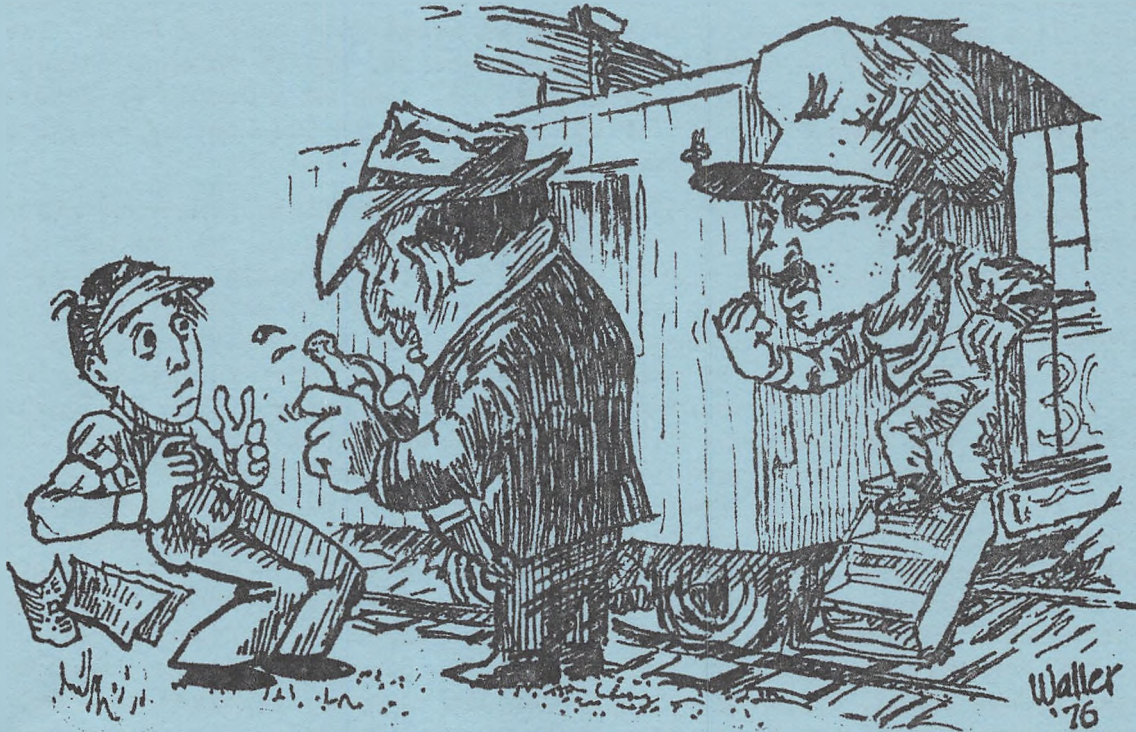
But life was much more exciting in the passenger station. Geeoven wasn't around so much, I was in constant contact with the public, and if I goofed, that fact became quickly evident.

It didn't take long to learn the important things about ticket agenting. For instance, if a female voice asked over the telephone whether a train had arrived on time, you told her that it had come in a half-hour later than the actual moment, because it was probably a trainman's wife, wondering if her husband had stopped at a watering hole instead of coming straight home. You always stomped your feet as loudly as possible when going up to the second floor bathroom because Geeoven kept running up there in hopes of catching the employees who goofed off in it, and it was hard on their nerves if they heard someone coming up the stairs as quietly as he did, in addition to causing them to dispose of perfectly good cigars and cigarettes in a hurry.

I think I was the inventor of one method of simplifying my job. If someone came to the ticket window and asked for a ticket to North Cupcake, Nevada, I was supposed to get out the enormous monthly publication which contained all the timetables and fares for every railroad in the nation, determine from its pages the shortest and quickest method of reaching the destination, and write one of those two-foot-long tickets, with a separate section for each railroad involved in the long journey. Such customers invariably showed up fifteen seconds before departure time for the train they wanted to catch to start the journey. World War Two was in progress at the time. I quickly developed a knack for looking worried when I got such a customer, glancing over the racks of printed tickets to the nearby towns and major cities elsewhere in the nation, snapping my fingers in despair, and saying, "I knew it! We just sold yesterday the last ticket we had to North Cupcake. And there's no telling when new ones will come in because of the paper shortage. But I was talking to the agent in Harrisburg, Pa., about my problem this morning and he said he still has a few. So I'll just sell you a ticket to Harrisburg and you can tell the agent up there where you want to go."

There were dangers in the passenger station. The first day I worked there,





the agent in charge came up \$20 short when he balanced his accounts at the end of the shift. He dropped a strong hint to the effect that I was to blame and that it was only fair for me to pay half the missing money even if I wasn't. I hadn't handled any money at all, as a new employee, I didn't contribute, and I don't know to this day if he really had made a mistake or was trying to pick up a few bucks from a greenhorn. The building wasn't in the best of condition, as I discovered one day when an entire windowframe, glass and all, came crashing down on a chair I'd vacated only a moment before, from a height of perhaps fifteen feet. Tremendous cockroaches maintained light housekeeping behind the file boxes that lined the walls. They were the kind of cockroaches that jumped at you when disturbed instead of running away. The baggage clerk was a prince of a fellow, but he suffered the minor disability of illiteracy. He was fine between trains, when he sat staring at all the lost and misdirected bags, but I was forced to help him out when a passenger train arrived. One night, a particularly heavy suitcase was too much for me, my ankle gave way as I was trying to carry it, and I couldn't walk the next day. This resulted in a 70-mile housecall from a railroad doctor, who came all the way from Harrisburg to help me become ambulatory as soon as possible. It was less trouble, I learned, for the railroad to send a physician on a 140-mile round trip to an injured employee than to undertake the job of filling out the stacks of Interstate Commerce Commission forms involved whenever an employee injured in the line of duty was unable to work more than three days in a row.

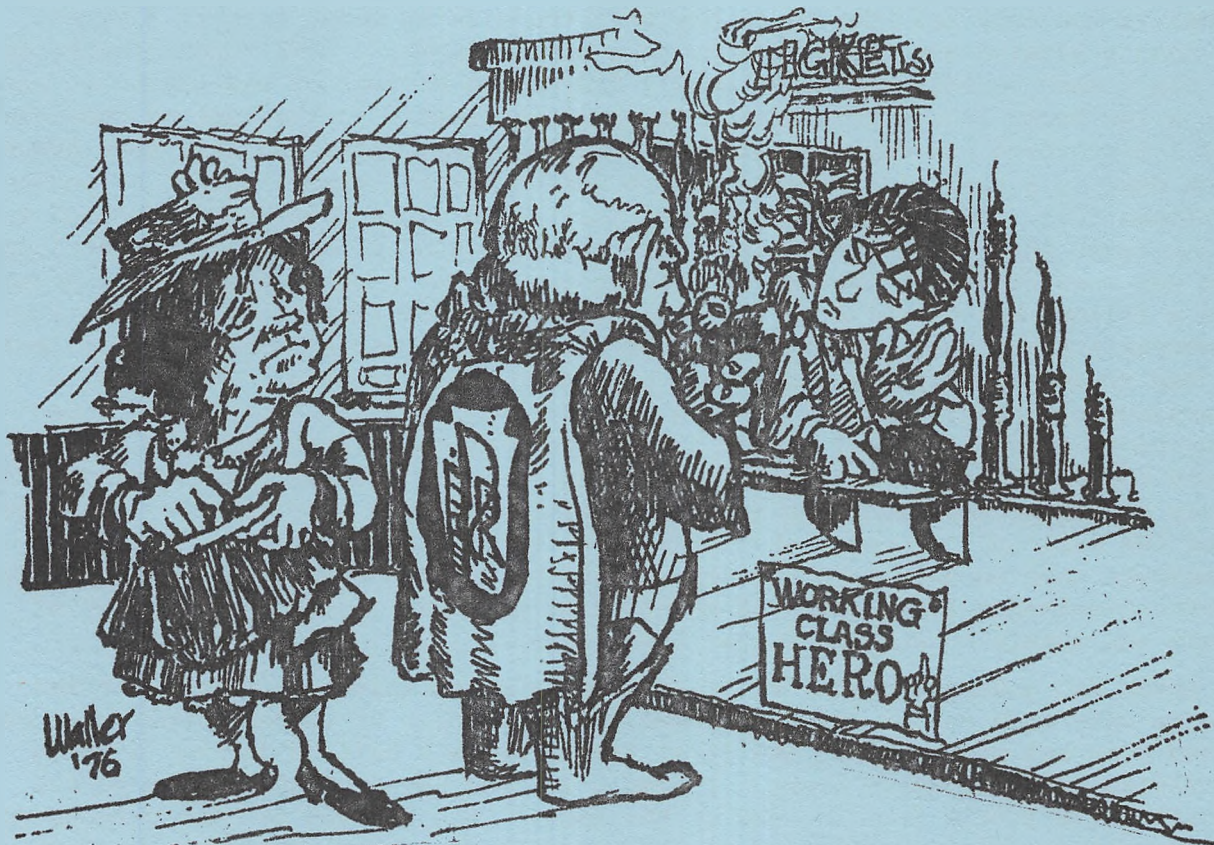
I never did understand some railroad ways of doing things. Freight station forms were made out in quadruplicate, with the help of carbon paper which was used over and over again. The first time I wrote a bill of lading, I got a scolding from a veteran clerk. I hadn't let the edges of the carbon papers stick out a little from the end of the form. "How can you get the carbons out again without wasting a lot of time?" he asked me. He grabbed for the form



and the carbons fell out, scattering over the floor. Then there was the telephone line which was used in the passenger station to make pullman reservations. It must have served every railroad station on every line east of Reno. You sat there listening for a break in the conversation, and if someone paused to take breath, you began to pump a lever like mad, just as a couple of hundred other agents were doing over most of the continent, in the hope of breaking in and getting your customer his berth or compartment.

Occasionally I encountered someone famous. One night Louis Armstrong purchased a ticket from me and there were too many other customers for me to chat or retain from the encounter any memory except that of his smile. A case of mistaken identity involved a couple of dozen puny youths who lounged around the platform between trains one afternoon. We employees took it for granted that they were just another batch of potential draftees who were returning home after receiving 4-F classifications at an induction center. Then we learned that they were the Philadelphia Phillies, whose healthy players had all been drafted. One night someone gave me a hard time, demanding a pass on the grounds that he was vice-president of the railroad. He couldn't supply satisfactory identification and finally gave me money along with black looks for a ticket. Several days later I was told that it really had been the vice-president. The promotion and raise in salary that traditionally comes to an employee who protects a corporation's interests in this manner didn't come my way. In fact, the Pennsylvania Railroad reacted in quite different manner. Geeoven, who was a Coke fiend, drinking a couple bottles an hour, resorted to something stronger when part of the blast from Philadelphia bounced off me and singed him on its rebound.

It's interesting to speculate how my life might have gone if I'd made a perma-





nent career as a railroader. Would I have stayed in fandom, without the practice that I got in writing from the later newspaper job? Would I have stayed in Hagerstown, after all four railroads ended passenger service here, sharply curtailed employment, and caused many workers to transfer to other cities?

But the end came one night when I was on duty at the passenger station and a freight car was inexplicably deposited on the siding beside the building. I learned that it contained all the provisions for a large work crew that was assigned to this area and that I must unload it, for obscure reasons involving union rules and work schedules. At that time, I weighed 110 pounds, and not an ounce of it was muscle. Everything on that freight car was sealed up in huge wooden crates. I tried to shove one out the door, theorizing that it would come apart when it hit the concrete station platform four feet below. I couldn't budge it. The only tool I possessed to open the crates and remove their contents piecemeal was a nailfile, which proved inadequate. I made up my mind, only slightly worried over my fate if all those big bruisers on the work crew found out who had caused them to go without breakfast the next morning. Bright and early, I looked up Geeoven and told him I was quitting. The old freight station rocked on its foundations. "You should have stuck it out," the chief clerk told me when Geeoven finally finished his explanation of how he would blacklist me and prevent me from ever finding work anywhere in Hagerstown. A few years later, that chief clerk quit as abruptly as I'd done, less than a year from retirement.

I got the job with the newspaper several weeks later. I was as happy there at first as I could have been in any job where I was expected to do some work. But in December of that first year in journalism, I came down with intestinal flu, a severe attack that put me in bed for two weeks. Excruciating cramps in my stomach and the worried look of my physician made it an unhappy Christmas Day until mid-afternoon when my mother came in my room with an odd look on her face. Someone had just telephoned, thinking I might be interested in knowing that Geeoven had dropped dead on Christmas morning.

I was able to take some solid nourishment that evening, I got out of bed on December 26, and by the following day I was well enough to look at my other Christmas presents.

## 1977 - THE HUGOS (1976 WORK)

(Presented at SUNCON, Miami Beach FL, September 1977)

NOVEL - WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, Kate Wilhelm

NOVELLA - HOUSTON, HOUSTON, DO YOU READ?, James Tiptree Jr.  
BY ANY OTHER NAME, Spider Robinson

NOVELETTE - THE BICENTENNIAL MAN, Isaac Asimov

SHORT STORY - TRICENTENNIAL, Joe Haldeman

EDITOR - BEN BOVA

ARTIST - RICK STERNBACH

FAN WRITER - SUSAN WOOD, RICHARD E. GEIS

FAN ARTIST - PHIL FOGLIO

AMATEUR MAGAZINE - SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION - (NO AWARD)



# LINDA BUSHYAGER

## the day Walter Cronkite interviewed Mike Glicksohn

*...or what would have happened if the Mystery Disease that struck American Legionnaires attending a convention in Philadelphia and became known as the Philadelphia or Legion Disease had struck fans attending a science fiction convention instead. Imagine, for example, that it had happened at MIDAMERICON...*

### ASSOCIATED PRESS: SCI-FI FANS SICKENED

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 5 -- 10 of the 3000 persons attending a science fiction convention in Kansas City over the Labour Day weekend have come down with a mysterious flu-like ailment. Two of the members have died, and five others are on the critical list with what doctors describe as "pneumonia-like symptoms".

All those affected were members of the MIDAMERICON convention, the 34th annual sci-fi World Convention held at the Muehlebach Hotel. Early diagnostic tests have indicated that the sci-fi "fans" and writers were not suffering from food poisoning.

Local sci-fi author and member of the convention committee, Tom Reamy, said that early reports that one of the members, a Mr. Robert Wilson Tucker of Illinois, had died were at first thought to be a hoax. Mr. Tucker was a noted author of sci-fi books and stores about space and time travel. But, according to Mr. Reamy, when the convention chairman, Mr. Kenneth Keller of Kansas City, keeled over and died during the middle of the banquet speeches, the fans realized that something was amiss.

Mr. Reamy said that many of the fans suspected "rubber chicken" as the cause of the disease. But local authorities quickly pointed out that the chicken was plastic and could not have been harmful. They also ruled out contamination of the city water, even though complaints of "bull horns and tails" in the water

*From FALSE KARASS, August 1976, edited by Linda Bushyager.  
(1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076)*



had lately been increasing.

A spokesman for the Muehlebach Hotel calmed fears by revealing that "only those dirty hippie sci-fi freaks were affected", and that none of the hotel's other patrons or the recent Republican National Convention members had become ill.

\* \* \*

# ASSOCIATED PRESS: SCI-FI SICKNESS KILLS 10

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 6 -- Scientists still have not found the cause or cure of the mysterious "sci-fi sickness" which has so far killed 10 members of a science fiction convention and sickened 30 others. They have eliminated flus, viruses, the common cold, bacteria, food poisoning, ticks, fleas, grass, cigarettes, and athlete's foot as the cause. They are still checking into the possibility of poisoning by an allergic reaction to fanzine paper dust, old pulps, correction fluid, propellor beanies, and tribbles.

Centre for Disease Control (CDC) scientist Clyde D. Egler has speculated that the recent Viking Mission to Mars may be the disease's cause. He has labelled the mysterious Kansas City outbreak the "Martian Flu" and claims that he and his colleague, Dr. Richard Shaffer, have traced Mars as the cause since only science fiction fans have been affected. He revealed that messages carved in Martian rocks seen in recent Viking photographs prove that the disease was transmitted to the sci-fi fans by "little green men" in retaliation for the Viking Mission. According to Egler, the Viking spaceship landed on top of the last Martian village and destroyed all but two of the last surviving Martians in the last existing town of a once mighty race brought down by a 3 million year old drought. The two survivors rocketed to Earth to wreak vengeance on the sci-fi fans whose continual worship of and publication of sci-fi had inspired the U.S. to develop the spaceflight that ultimately destroyed the last of the Martian civilization.

\* \* \*

# ASSOCIATED PRESS: MARTIAN MYSTERY MALADY KILLS 20

Sept. 7 -- The so-called "Martian Malady" or "Sci-Fi Syndrome" has now killed 20 fans who attended the recent World Science Fiction Convention in Kansas City. Over 200 others have been hospitalized by the mysterious "flu-like symptoms".

Noted sci-fi author Ray Bradbury was the most recent victim. Since Mr. Bradbury's most famous work was entitled "The Martian Chronicles", speculation has increased that the disease is some sort of "Martian Flu".

Police closely questioned a Mr. Robert Bloch and members of the "Count Dracula Society" today after it was revealed that a number of the victims had complained of feeling "drained of blood" before onset of the illness. These persons were released however after it was learned that many of the convention attendees had attended a convention-sponsored "bloodmobile" in order to see the convention Guest of Honor, author of sex-epic "Stranger in a Strange Land". Mr. Heinlein was unavailable for comment, having locked himself in an isolated, clean-air room at a nearby hospital to "get away from any germs".

\* \* \*

LOCUS, Sept. 7: The recent unfortunate happenings at the Worldcon have had at least one good result. Isaac Asimov has announced today that he would write his 135th book about the mysterious malady that sickened many fans at the convention. The title of his new work is "Dr. Asimov explains the Martian Sci-Fi



Sickness".

\* \* \*

KARASS, Sept. 8: *PEOPLE NEWS*: The list of those killed by the mystery flu at MIDAMERICON continues to increase. Those who have died include: Bob Tucker, Ken Keller, Moshe Feder, Victoria Vayne, Gary Farber, Jeff May, Linda Bushyager, Bruce Pelz, Curt Stubbs, Jodie Offutt, Andy Offutt, Jerry Kaufman, Bill Bowers, Ro Nagey, Meade Frierson, Stanley From Beneath the Earth, Ray Bradbury, Grant Canfield, Loren McGregor, and Nelson Moore. The large number of fanzine fans affected has caused some to theorize that convention fans may have plotted against fanzine fans and poisoned their corflu. West Coast fans are said to suspect an "east coast conspiracy", East Coast fans blamed West Coast fans, and New York fans blamed New York fans. Some people have suspected that Chase Park Plaza hotel representatives from nearby St. Louis may have played some part. Other rumors blamed SF Expo's secret observers, and a commie plot to kill off Republicans which somehow got our convention mixed up with theirs. Fandom's contingent of doctors and fans studying to be doctors were said to be studying Twonk's Disease (those in the group include Alan Nourse, Lin Lutz-Nagey, Rich Bartucci, Elst Weinstein, Bob Passovoy, and others.)

\* \* \*

# CBS NIGHTLY NEWS, Sept. 8

WALTER CRONKITE: The Sci-Fi Sickness or Martian Flu is still baffling scientists as the death toll continues to mount. It now stands at 25 with over 250 people hospitalized. Special correspondent Roger Mudd has returned to the scene of the convention in Kansas City to retrace the steps of one of the luckier "sci-fi fans" who has recovered from the killness.

[Scene switches to front of the Muehlebach]

ROGER MUDD: Webl, Mr. Glicksohn, I understand you attended the entire convention. Did you notice anything unusual? Anything that might have caused you to be poisoned, anything you ate or drank that seemed strange?

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Goshwow no. I didn't really have too much to eat or drink, my finances wouldn't take it. The half-case of Scotch I drank seemed just fine.

ROGER M: Would you mind retracing your steps?

MIKE: Not at all. Let's see, Friday I arrived at the convention. Or was it Thursday? No, Friday. That night I went to a party in room 403, or was that on Saturday? Or was it room 304? Anyway, after that I went to a party in room 507, and one in 616 and 614 and 612--well, there were several on the 6th floor in other rooms too, and 514, then back to 507, 801, 314, 304 or was it 403? Plus the meet-the-authors party, of course, and the art show. Then we went out to dinner at a Chinese restaurant, or was that on Saturday night? And we ate at Baskin and Robbins... [Mike looks shocked] ...You don't think Baskin and Robbins could have been poisoned? Then the party in 701, back to 612, 801, 912...

ROGER M [interrupting]: Well, Mr. Glicksohn, was there anything unusual about the ice cubes in all those parties?

MIKE: Ice cubes? Did you get ice cubes? I bet the Republicans got ice cubes.



ROGER M: When did you first feel ill?

MIKE: When I lost my convention badge and had to pay another \$50 to get in.

ROGER M: No, I mean when did you become ill from the Sci-Fi Syndrome?

MIKE: Please, Mr. Mudd, call it science fiction! Well, I didn't feel much of anything during the convention, all that Scotch you know, but when I got home and saw all the fanzines I still had to LoC and all the new ones stacked in my mailbox, I felt as though I had some sort of flu.

WALTER CRONKITE [looking at Mike and Roger in his monitor]: I'd like to ask Mr. Glicksohn a question.

ROGER M: Go ahead, Walter.

WALTER C: Mr. Glicksohn, I've been wondering, well, ah, what is that hat you are wearing?

MIKE: It's an Australian hat; I'm sure I could find one for you if you like it.

WALTER C: Err, no thank you. But I understand you are a Canadian. Why are you wearing an Australian hat?

MIKE: Because I like it.

WALTER C: But it's so large and, well...is there something underneath it?

[Mike Glicksohn doffs the hat and bows with a flourish, revealing a propellor beanie on his head.]

WALTER C [astonished]: Thank you, Roger. [Camera zooms in on Walter's face] Well, folks, that's the way it is.

\* \* \*

(Item on page 54 of WASHINGTON POST)

AP. KANSAS CITY, Dec. 13 -- Scientists have given up hope of ever finding the cause to the mystery disease which killed over 3000 sci-fi fans in Kansas City over the Labor Day weekend. The only survivor, a Mr. Robert Heinlein, today commented from the isolation ward of a prominent Kansas City hospital: "TANSTAAFL."

## 1976 - THE NEBULAS (1975 WORK)

(Presented in Los Angeles, April 1976)

NOVEL - THE FOREVER WAR, Joe Haldeman

2 - THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE, Niven & Pournelle; 3 - DHALGREN, Delany

NOVELLA - HOME IS THE HANGMAN, Roger Zelazny

2 - THE STORMS OF WINDHAVEN, Martin & Tuttle; 3 - A MOMENTARY TASTE OF BEING, Tiptree

NOVELETTE - SAN DIEGO LIGHTFOOT SUE, Tom Reamy

2 - A GALAXY CALLED ROME, Malzberg; 3 - THE FINAL FIGHTING OF FION MACCUMHAIL, Garrett

SHORT STORY - CATCH THAT ZEPPELIN, Fritz Leiber

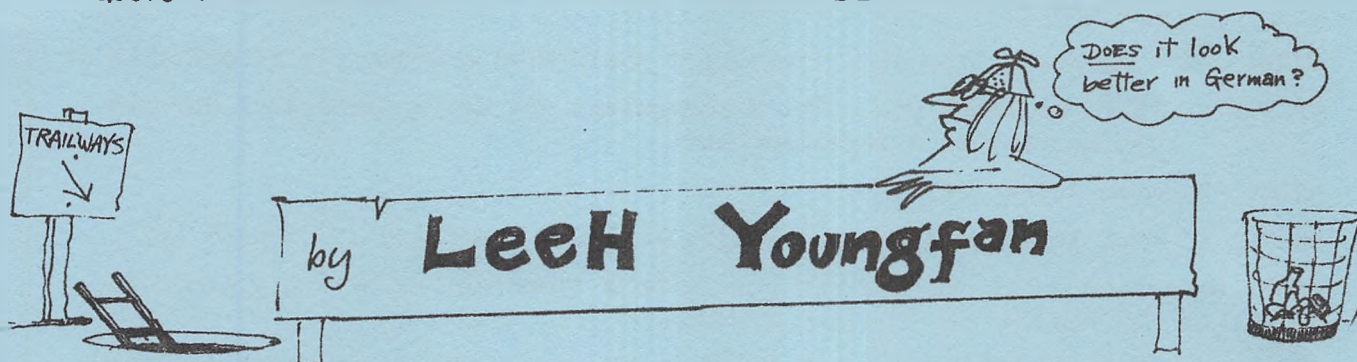
2 - CHILD OF ALL AGES, Plauger; 3 - SHATTERDAY, Ellison

DRAMATIC - YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN; 2 - A BOY AND HIS DOG; 3 - DARK STAR



# A TRAVELING GIANT CALLS

Ich hatte eine Grunch als dem Eggplant uber sein.



[or I HAD ONE GRUNCH BUT THE EGGPLANT OVER THERE]

I sat slumped on the bench in front of the Trailways office, waiting as I had waited so many times before. I would have preferred to wait in the train station, but there isn't any train station in this town.

So I waited in front of the bus station, wearily watching a great behemoth of a bus berth itself. It was an obviously brash and foolhearty bus. The sign above its windshield proclaimed that it intended to go all the way to Los Angeles.

Why, I wondered.

As the bus bumbled to a halt, I rose from the bench and drew out the time-tattered Letter-of-Authorization that I kept folded in the dog-eared copy of SLANT that I carry next to my heart. (The Autumn 1950 issue.)

Bracing myself to go through the old routine once again, I walked around the bus. As I stood there, letter in hand, the door wheezed open. A man in sunglasses and a bright print shirt, as well as trousers and shoes, descended. He paused and looked me over, from my dusty sun-faded propellor beanie to my air-conditioned tennis shoes. Shaking his head sadly, he pressed a coin into my hand and turned away.

From MOTA 16, April 1976, edited by Terry Hughes.  
(4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205)



I looked at the coin. A Lincoln penny. He was undoubtedly a Mundane, I thought sarcastically as I pocketed the penny. Or at best a fringe Trekkie. I returned my attention to the bus.

The driver climbed out. He was a new man on this run. I had never seen him before. That was bad. I hoped to hell he didn't ask

me to explain. I was sick and tired of explaining. Did Trailways drivers never read *THE HARP STATESIDE*? I held out my Letter-of-Authorization and repeated the question I had asked so many times before. "Do you by any chance happen to have a suitcase on board addressed to a Mister W. A. Willis at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago?"

He cocked a brow at me, accepted the letter, and peered at it. Gruffly, he said, "You got a typo here. This says 1952. Everybody knows it's 1972 now."

I had been through all that before. I didn't argue. I didn't even point out that it was actually 1976. After all, he had a Trailways time table in hand as evidence for his own opinion.

Behind him, an Elderly Gentleman in a turtleneck sweater and glasses tottered onto the steps of the bus, cupped a hand to his ear, and asked, "Eh?"

Ignoring the Elderly Gentleman, I demanded of the driver, "You got the suitcase or ain't you?"

"Aaaaaaargh!" he replied. Unlatching the possum belly of the bus, he crawled inside. The bus rocked. The Elderly Gentleman fell out.

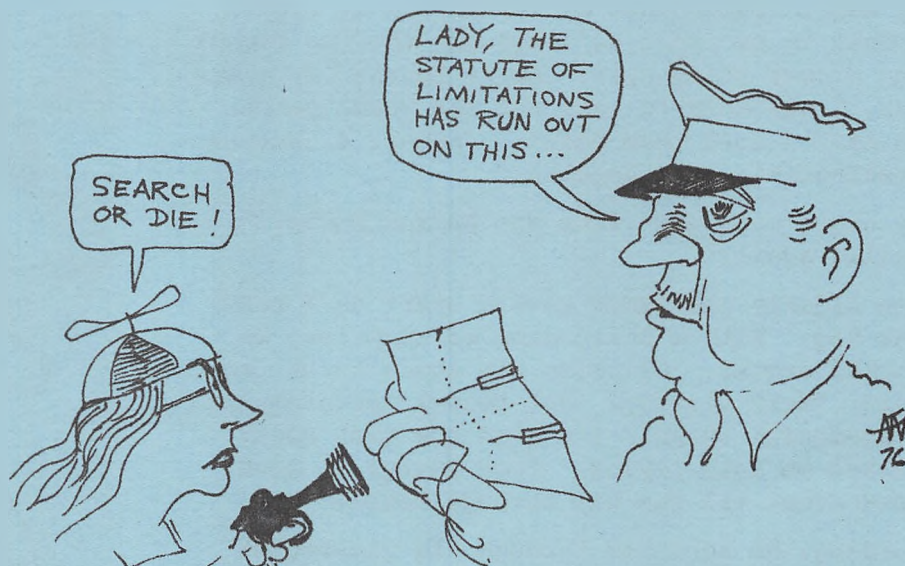
Since I consider myself as Big-Hearted as the next fan, depending of course on who the next fan might be, I immediately stepped back to give the Elderly Gentleman room enough to drag himself to his feet unimpeded.

Shuffling luggage within the belly of the bus, the driver knocked a suitcase onto the street. It was a straw case held shut with leather straps. Eagerly I dashed over to read the label. Perhaps this was it, I thought. Perhaps my years of waiting and asking were over at last!

As I snatched at the bag, the Elderly Gentleman cried out, "Mind the lorry!"

I jerked back my hand just as a Goodwill Truck zoomed past, crushing the suitcase. The Elderly Gentleman clicked his store teeth. I stared at the shattered suitcase. It was spilling out mimeographed pamphlets. Dare I hope? Fanzines?

Ducking between passing cars, I grabbed the handle of the suitcase. The case stayed where it was. The handle came up in my hand. An address tag came along with it.





My heart leaped into my throat and my breath locked in my lungs as I brought the tag closer and closer to my eyes. As it touched my glasses, I was able to make out the words penned on it. I read them aloud. "Owner: B. Tucker. Destination: Los Angeles."

My heart went down like the Andrea Doria. Foiled again!

The Elderly Gentleman gave a start as I read the tag. With a noisy gasp of surprise, he looked around. Clicking his store teeth, he said, "Here already? Jet travel certainly is a wonderful thing! I'm glad now that Rusty talked me into flying. Poor Rusty! I must have slept all the way through Texas!"

Turning, he squinted through his glasses at me. His face cracked in a smile so wide that it showed the Monkey Ward trademark on his front teeth, as he exclaimed, "Mari Beth!"

"Huh?" I replied wittily.

He opened his arms and toppled toward me. I leaped forward to catch him before he crashed to the ground. He fell against me and his arms

closed around me. His nose touched mine. His glasses rested against mine, lens to lens.

"Mari Beth!" he shouted into my shell-like ear. "You been sick or something? You look awful. You look like you've caught a bug!"

"I think I have," I mumbled, trying to pull free of the tangle of his arms.

As I broke away from him, his glasses hooked on mine for an instant and slid down his nose. When he pushed them up again, he was looking past me at the new shopping center under construction across the highway.

"Ghood Ghul!" he exclaimed. "It's slipped already!"

"What slipped?" I asked, hoping he wasn't talking about his truss.

"The San Andreas Fault! Read it right here in the latest ANALOG it wasn't supposed to slip until '78!" He waved a copy of the April 1943 ASTOUNDING at me, as he continued, "I knew it would be sooner than that! Back in '06 I told Bloch that the next time, it would be L.A. instead of S.F. The World Con was





in Frisco in '06, you know. Made history in room 770 that year. Bloch was the pro guest of honor. I should have been, but I hadn't sold anything then. They only made me toastmaster. I should have been the GoH, but Bloch's got pull. He's got friends--"

He squinted suspiciously at me. "You ain't one of THEM? You some friend of Bloch's?"

"Who? Me?" I snapped back instantly.

He threw his arms wide and started toward me again. "Mari Beth! It's good to see you again, old girl! Did I tell you about my trip to Australia? Went to Ballarat. Rode the blinds all the way from San Francisco. Hell of a town! Real riproarer! They're all panning for gold and daffodils there now. I told Rusty that damned Fault was going to slip again, but he went anyway. Froze solid. Couldn't get him through the door back onto the train. Sold him to some woman to use as a hitching post for her horse."

I backed away quickly as he lunged for me.

The driver had come out of the luggage compartment. He was standing, watching. He worked his jaw, spat in the dust, and stepped back onto his bus. Softly, as if hoping not to be heard, he called to the Elderly Gentleman, "You coming?"

"Not yet!" the Elderly Gentleman answered.

"Back on the bus!" I shouted as I ducked away from his lunge.

He hesitated and said, "Why? I'm here, ain't I? This is the West Coast, ain't it?"

With a smirk, the driver agreed. "Right you are! This is the West Coast, all right."

"You've got the wrong West Coast!" I screeched as the Elderly Gentleman continued his lunge.

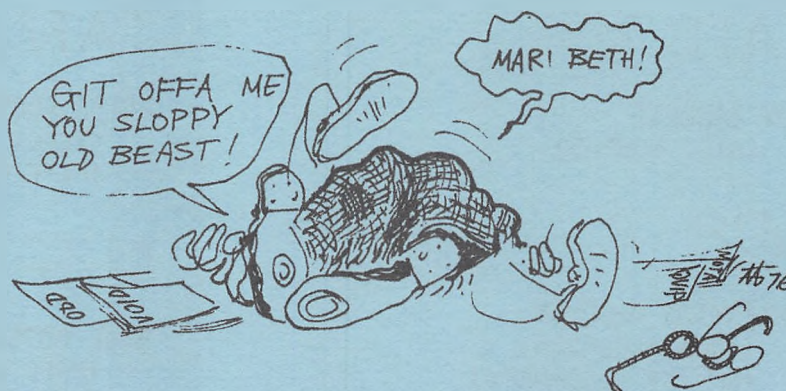
But the driver slammed the door of the bus and the Elderly Gentleman slammed into me. I sprawled across the ruined suitcase, scattering fanzines in every direction. The Elderly Gentleman landed on top of me. I swung a fist at his face. Barely missing his nose, I knocked his glasses off.

"Mari Beth!" he exclaimed, groping. "How you've changed!"

As I struggled from under him, the bus pulled away. Desperately, I glanced around. The Elderly Gentleman was feeling for his glasses. He was about to find them. Rapidly, I kicked them away from his outstretched hand and dashed off. I hoped to be out of sight before he could locate them.

As I rounded the Dairy Queen, I darted a quick look over my shoulder. He had found them. He held them in front of his face with one hand as he raced after me. He had the April 1943 ASTOUNDING in the other hand. Waving it, he shouted joyfully, "Rosebud!"

I ducked into the







kitchen of the Chinese restaurant. As I squinched down to hide behind a 55-gallon drum of M.S.G., the Elderly Gentleman burst through the door with a cry of "Hoy Ping Pong!"

A waitress happened to be passing. She was a lovely little thing, a veritable Chinese doll. Politely, she paused to ask him, "On the dinner or a la carte?"

"Anywhere you want it, honey!" he replied.

I took the moment of distraction to dart out the door again. Certain I had lost him, I wended my way home.

My cat greeted me. Giving her a cheerful kick of greeting, I slammed the door behind me, locked it and put on the burglar chain. With a cup of cabbage juice in one hand and a wheat germ cookie in the other, I slumped into my favorite easy chair. Breath caught at last, I leaned back to relax and contemplate my narrow escape.

Suddenly I was startled from my reverie by a knock at the door. I froze as I became aware of another sound. Faint but unmistakable, from beyond the closed door, came the clicking of store teeth.

## 1977 - THE NEBULAS (1976 WORK)

(Presented in New York, April 1977)

NOVEL - MAN PLUS, Frederik Pohl

- 2 - WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, Wilhelm;
- 3 - SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE, Silverberg

NOVELLA - HOUSTON, HOUSTON, DO YOU READ?, James Tiptree Jr.

- 2 - THE SAMURAI AND THE WILLOWS, Bishop;
- 3 - PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN, Cowper

NOVELETTE - THE BICENTENNIAL MAN, Isaac Asimov

- 2 - IN THE BOWL, Varley; 3 - CUSTER'S LAST JUMP, Utley and Waldrop

SHORT STORY - A CROWD OF SHADOWS, C. L. Grant

- 2 - TRICENTENNIAL, Haldeman; 3 - STONE CIRCLE, Tuttle

DRAMATIC - no award

## TAFF 76

ROY TACKETT  
(BILL BOWERS)

## DUFF 76

CHRISTINE MCGOWAN  
(JOHN ALDERSON)  
(SHAYNE MCCORMACK)  
(PAUL STEVENS)

## TAFF 77

PETER ROBERTS  
(TERRY JEEVES)  
(PETE PRESFORD)

## DUFF 77

BILL ROTSLER  
(FRED HASKELL)  
(BOB VARDEMAN)



# leroy kettle

## at the movies

The varying intermissions in THE TOWERING INFERNO obviously relate to the fascinating problem of what projectionists do when they've pressed the "Go" button and what ice-cream persons (but really ladies) do between intervals. Previously, when cinemas were huge buildings in which films were shown large as they were meant to be--as opposed to in cramped pseudo-sitting-rooms--projectionists and ice-cream ladies would rush from ABC to Odeon to Ritz increasing their earnings, like cinematic strippers, by covering several different shows. These days they merely have to stroll from Gaumont 1 to Gaumont 2 to Gaumont 3 and consequently they have so much time left that they fill it in by engaging in an occasional screw. ("Come upstairs and see my projection." And just think of the interesting, if cold, positions made possible by leaving on the ice-cream tray.) Post-coital depression accounts for the haphazard choice of intermissions--who cares about the audience when in the clammy grip of limp despondency. And it's a fact that 1.36 projectionists every year die from exploded seminal vesicles--obviously showing FLESH GORDON AND THE KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE in a cinema where the ice-cream lady is a man (and not a very accommodating one at that.)

The thing that amuses me most about this business is in the West End where just prior to watching a 1-1/2 hour film I am reminded that there will be no intermission so over-priced confectionery must be purchased immediately or starvation will gnaw at my vitals during the sexy bits. I'm sure I can remember 1-1/2 hour films never having intervals before. Perhaps the intervals they don't have in the West End are of a different length or for different reasons.

In fact, I could do without an intermission in any film up to about four hours long--but I concede that some people can't. Except for those who have bizarre and frequent intestinal disturbances or know not the Innermost Secrets of Sphinctor Control, these people probably are the same ones who sit behind me with a minimum of three bags of popcorn which they carefully shake for several minutes as part of some esoteric pre-consumption ritual, before crunching each little piece while leaning forward so their mouths and my ears as are close as possible. It's conceivable that these people could also be the Lithuanians who translate furiously next to me. Or the "seen-it-before-this-is-what-is-about-to-happen" cretins. Or the "look-he's-got-a-gun-look-I-bet-he'll-shoot-her-look-the-door's-opening" morons. Or the old men loudly muttering about their disenchantment with modern films and the obscenities and violence therein



as they make use for the fifth time that week of their cheap passes. Or the drunks farting and belching, and occasionally shouting as dreams more vivid than the film penetrate their stupor. Or the knowledgeable "Bergman used a razor blade of exactly that kind to cut off the protagonist's left testicle in PERSONNA" pseuds. Or the stupid "why did he do that? What does that mean? Who's he writing that letter to?" thargs with half a brain and that left a home. Or the red-faced buffoons who laugh like old lavatories at one line for long enough to drown out the next six. Or the twitchers who produce violent disconcerting rhythms in my row of seats for reasons known only to their psychoanalysts or my anti-God. Or the tit-stoppers, ignorantly discussing both football and fucking until a naked breast appears on the screen to hold them in its glandular thrall. Or...

But I could go--and have gone--on. You may gather I'm not wildly keen on audiences--I seem to find at least one of the above types too near for comfort every time I go to the cinema. Perhaps I'm too sensitive to relatively minor disturbances. My ability to concentrate is not a great one--tough luck on me, eh? Perhaps it's not fair to expect everyone else to conform to my standards of cinema-going, i.e. watching the bloody film, full bloody stop. And, actually, misplaced intermissions don't please me any either. My emotions are often easily swayed by the most pathetic bit of tension or romance or humour and I like it that way. I don't want to be disturbed by a projectionist with bollock-ache or an audience on loan from the local mong-factory. Oh for the days of Saturday Matinees when I could hear perfectly through the screams of a few hundred other excited kids. It's all this sofistickation, in'it?

## in praise of cats and vodka

I was amused some time ago to note your ill-disguised hatred, or perhaps exaggerated disdain, for the highly admirable cat, and your never-ending and foolish support for the horrific whisky substance. Even worse, by virtue of your publication (with the permission of United Features, no doubt) of the Snoopy cartoons, you also appear to be in favour of the disgusting and foul-livered dog.

I am not one of those people who does not know his place in the fannish lower-archy--I have brushed kneecaps with Ian Williams, my God I have--but occasionally there are times when even the whisky-sodden giants of American fandom have to be challenged, when I say to myself Mike Glicksohn? MIKE GLICKSOHN? SO WHAT?! Am I not also a human bung? Am I not also a messy conglomeration of evil intentions, blurred thoughts, aging bones, unfulfilled desires, offensive secretions, tender gestures and occasional merriment? I am. So I denounce whisky and I denounce dog.

Having said that I shall back it up, not with mere Vodka labels and Ogden Nash feline poetry, but with subtle rhetoric and drunken innuendo. Cats are good



things, Glicksohn, even after their metamorphosis from cuddly and playful kittens. They are soft, sensual creatures with many of the more pleasant aspects of women, plus a quieter presence and fur. They have a pleasing individuality and independence, which dogs don't have but whisky might, but in addition cats are cheaper to run than a whisky habit or a dog habit. I reckon I can get more catfun per week (I won't go into the sordid details) than I would whisky fun for the same money. That's moneywise. Otherwise, I reckon I do well enough by cats without ever feeling bad than I ever would by whisky, though, I must admit, even an ill-considered whisky high is higher than a cat high. *However*, and here I emphasize the word, the road to whisky highs is paved with stinky-poo breath and bad tastes.

Yes, I don't like the taste of whisky. This is something which is probably a *faux pas par excellence* to be mentioning to you, but it's true. God and my tongue have ordained that even 105 year old Chivas Regal (or any other alcoholic jelly) is not enough to make me feel *GOOD* prior to the seemingly pleasant brainrot taking over, whereas with something simplistic and inoffensive and apparently unAmerican (and doubtless effeminate too) like Vodka I feel a sort of tasteful rapport that builds up into exactly the same expansive mind-stroke as any other spirit or beer (except American beer) taken to near-excess but by a nicer route. My God, where was I?

Cats? How--Oh, yes, well, dogs are faithful because they're stupid and don't realize they're basically killers who should be going around ripping out throats and tearing into fleshy thighs instead of sitting up and begging for more Bowsy Wowsy Softbones in Nourishing Puke Jelly and rolling onto their backs exposing their revolting bellies in exchange for cubes of white sugar which destroy their teeth right up to and including their brains.

They lie there with tongues like leaky bags of melted fat hanging out and ask for respect? Dogs can be taught any pathetically amusing trick by being kicked sufficiently hard on the side of their heads for long enough. They are either huge, bumbling and noisy, or small, vicious and noisy. Whereas cats are consistently quiet, or just off-quiet at worst. Dogs are obscene extensions of their owners' snotty personalities, beaten into submission by chasing sticks and balls, and shouted orders and whippings and castrations (and iron maidens and small nuclear devices in the case of Dobermanns.) They shit everywhere, particularly exactly where you don't want them to, and they don't bother to hide it or even seem ashamed. Cats have more respect for the environment and others and cover up their poopies.

Dogs would probably drink whisky if you gave them half a chance. Cats are lovable, arrogant, neo-majestic and something else and would probably quaff vodka. This is a good thing. Whisky is the urine of the masses and should be eliminated *before* passing through the digestive system. God preserve cats and vodka. Long live something. I'm really into this loccing-after-a-few-drinks bit...Did you know loccing is almost an anagram for logic? Whoops, God calls. Must go.





# Mae Strelkov

## Brother Are You Saved?

When I was a young girl the question addressed to me was either "Little girl-- have you given your heart to the Lord?" Or as I grew nubile, "Sister, are you saved? Your parents tell me you're very worldly, and the world is dancing on the edge of a volcano. Nineteen-thirty-six is the very last Year of Grace. After that the Great Tribulation's starting. Your parents won't be here-- they'll be 'caught-up'--but what about you?"

As a tiny child I squirmed and fidgeted. As I grew older, and had reasoned it "all" out (or so I believed), I'd look at my questioner sorrowfully and answer, "I couldn't go to Heaven when friends I love are going to Hell."

My poor mother (who was terribly dear to me, though never near) would let out a sorrowful wail and declare, "That comes from being a friend of an Infidel and a Catholic."

This might puzzle our august visitor. "Infidel--Catholic?" he might stammer, stealing a furtive glance up and down my figure (which was turning out surprisingly curvaceous and "sinfully seductive" already).

"Two best girl friends she has from schooldays. One's a Catholic, the other is a Communistic AGNOSTIC! --an INFIDEL!"

"Communistic?"

"No, Mother," I'd wail. "Betty isn't. She just is sorry for the poor and feels they shouldn't be exploited."

"What they need is salvation--not material comforts!" my would-be-saviour would growl, still eyeing me in a way I found infuriating.

"Besides," my dad would enter the fray, "what did Betty ever do for the millions of poor starving Chinese on every side of her? We've done much, much more, your mother and I."

That was undeniable, and I was proud of my parents' utter dedication to the "poor and lost" of Shanghai. In fact, on occasion so sympathetic had I felt, I'd even joined them in giving out tracts, printed in lovely Chinese characters. It was fun because even an unlettered coolie got a great thrill out of being presented with a pretty little pamphlet printed in Chinese, and he'd treasure it.

By then we'd have forgotten what we'd been arguing about and my father would start listing all the "Missions" he'd started throughout Shanghai, how many



converts were made per year on the average, and he'd got so delighted with the story, I'd manage to sneak out-of-sight without my parents noticing it. The guy might, but what could he do?

There was one really infuriating fellow and again I'll name him, his genuine surname. Brother Peponis! Brother Pep, his fellow missionaries, those who could stand him, called him affectionately. The "Worldly, Modernist Missionaries" who also couldn't stand my parents (though with pained looks they tried to look friendly when they met by chance), well, that type considered Brother Pep a nut. Alas, my parents didn't and gave him a room in our big new semi-Chinese home near Jessfield Park, Shanghai. (We'd long since left the other side of town, the haunted house near Hongkew Park, and since we left, it was by then a region of ruins, due to wars fought right between all the houses of China-town there.)

Anyway, Brother Pep was henceforth present at every meal, praising the Lord between every mouthful--Hallelujah!--and eyeing me, no doubt in a fatherly manner, grunting approval as he egged my parents on in their scoldings. "What? Are you going to visit Betty again?" said my ma.

"She just phoned, Mother! She wants to do a sculpture using my head as a model --at the art club."

"Art clubs! Art clubs! Full of sin and nude models!" rejoiced Brother Peponis, beaming.

"There are NO nude models and there'll be nobody at the club in the afternoon, just Betty working there. Can I go, mother?"

"Well...if you'd just help Betty see the light, instead of the other way around--" began my ma.

"Well, mother, we do talk about--things--Heaven and Hell and all that! She is sincere in wanting to understand it, and so am I!"

"You're too intellectual!" roared Benjamin, my father, adding with an effort to sound regretful, "She takes after me! I was too intellectual also--much good it ever did me. Gave me a breakdown, finally, that's all, using my brain too much."

"Praise the Lord!" boomed Brother Peponis. "We don't need our brains to love Jesus--all we need is our hearts, hallelujah!"

(My Lord! I thought. He's impossible.) Changing the subject, I said to my ma, "Mother, Kathy Perrin sent over some records she knows you'll just love. May I play one right now, while we're eating?"

"Why--that's very nice of her!" said mother. "Please do!"

"You twist your mother around your little finger!" growled my dad. But he couldn't growl much. The Perrins had given a 100 Mex to my dad just a week or so back, to help with his Missions. Very politic of them since they were marvelous friends of mine, to whom I'd been introduced through a childhood friend of my mother's so they just had to be okay. This friend of mother's was the wife of a first-rate missionary surgeon who'd healed Kathy from some sort of ulcer or the like (with a successful operation). Kathy was crazy over horses, but her health didn't let her ride them still, so she'd gotten me to ride her horses for her--at 5 AM, way out near the Lung-hua pagoda daily. Mother got up at 4:30 to give me breakfast and to make sure I didn't walk out of the house just in jhodpurs, but had a skirt over them. Which skirt I removed once out-of-sight of home, naturally! It looked so crazy on. One just was forced at



times to be a little two-timing, though it upset me heaps. But you never got to first base arguing with mother, especially with my pa and Brother Pep booming their defenses of her against me. Anyway, I decided to have a little revenge against Brother Pep. I selected a tune that was catchy (like a jolly revival hymn in its rhythms), and the grammophone with its tinny loud noise was right beside Brother Pep's chair near the table, so I turned the volume on "high". The singer bawled about his "old home" and how he missed it, and mother nodded approvingly, just beaming. The song concluded, "I'll take my lover on my knee in Paradise!"

Alas, how shameful I was--I realize it now! For fear mother had heard the word "lover"! I said, "He says he'll take his mother on his knee in Paradise! Isn't that nice?" She looked utterly astonished and somehow flattered too. (She had never read of Oedipus complexes! Nor had I at that time.)

"I thought I heard 'lover'," Brother Peoponis fixed me with his gimlet blue eye.

"Oh, no! --I doubt it!" I said, hastily putting on another record instead. Just as loud, just as "boomp-a-doop!"

The pained expression grew on the long whiskered face of our guest. "Praise the Lord!" he ventured. The noisy drums and trumpets drowned the remark. "Hallelujah!" he shouted, but it sounded like he was requesting an encore, not at all defiant.

At last, he said, as the record ended, again (and it wasn't a long-play, for there weren't any!), "I don't feel 'in the Spirit' with worldly music like that going on."

"Play no more!" shouted my dad, and I knew better than to disobey.

"Oh, it was cheerful, nice music!" mother tried to sound brave.

"That's the trouble!" replied my poor father, and Brother Pep answered with an AMEN!

"You may go to Betty's," my father said suddenly, having exchanged a word or two with mother while the music played, "provided she promises to come to the China Inland Mission meeting on Saturday night, in turn. Can you make her do that?"

"I'll ask her."

"Now you go and do that, and don't let her wiggle out."

Mother turned to Brother Pep apologetically and explained, "We really prefer her friendly with Betty than with Valentine. Valentine's the other girl, she's a Catholic. It's impossible--usually--to convert Catholics, they're so benighted. It's all the idolatry!"

Before the permission might (just by chance) be rescinded, I shot out of the house, with a hop, skip, and jump through the midst of all the Chinese always swarming along Connaught Road where we lived and down to Bubbling-Well. I went past that bus and tram terminal into the French Concession with the nice houses and their gardens just like home--back in Europe. I never walked, I skipped with occasional leaps across whole squares of sidewalk paving, for really I was so bottled up with "being good" at home, I had to let the steam out somehow.

Nobody stared. The occasional Chinese passerby would grin, and I'd grin back with a hello in Chinese. Most white folk never walked--they either called a taxi or a rickshaw if they didn't have their own cars.

Ahead in the distance I saw Betty with her bike--at least I thought it was



Betty, but being shortsighted (even with glasses) I waited before waving, so she waved first.

"I *thought* they might let you come!" she said, and we were already laughing just at life being "the funniest thing", and the fact I'd wangled permission seemed hilarious. "They almost didn't," I told her, adding, "It was that Brother Pep! Always making trouble, trying to get me into hot water with my folks."

"My mother," said Betty, "thinks it's shocking, the way your parents so trustingly take all sorts of queers guys into your home. Has he ever made a pass at you?"

"He'd not dare. He's actually scared stiff of me when my folks aren't around. But the other day he did get maudlin when he came into the living room when I was practicing for Sunday." (I played the pipe-organ at the nearby Free Christian Church, full of China Inland Missionary folk.) "He came in and said, 'Ah, that puts me in the Spirit!' 'It's Handel!' I said, getting to my feet and preparing to beat a quick retreat. You could see he'd never heard of Handel. 'Hallelujah!' he went on. 'You know what's the dream of my life?' 'No,' said I, retreating to the door."

"My dream," he said, 'is to see you humble your pride and travel third-class in the tram with me--among the coolies!'"

"My eyes just popped, but I didn't answer and beat it. I mean, I have nothing against travelling third if I have to--my gosh, I *like* the Chinese. But with him? And giving out tracts? He wanted that too, as he added, while I fled."

"Well, you just watch out for him!" said Betty.

"You bet!" said I. "I'm good at dodging passes. That other guy..."

"Which?"

"You know--the guy who said he was a Russian prince, and we're sure he takes drugs (you and I are sure) but he says Hallelujah on cue, anyway, he did try to make a pass on me, and I ducked and just ran away and he was so scared I'd tell my parents he left our home--but real fast and hasn't come back."

"You were lucky! They can pin a girl down..."

I tossed my head. "Not me!" I boasted. "I'm ever so quick!"

And I was...

Till I fell in love at eighteen, and married--but the rest of the story you know. I'm married still, to the same guy!

\* \* \*

Being a thorough sort of person, having decided "Me, I'm no Protestant," I tried Catholicism next, when we first reached Valparaiso, Chile, my husband and I, in 1936. A darling Lazarist priest assured me I didn't have to believe in Eternal Hell to be a Catholic, and he told me I was a better Catholic already than most, so refused even to give me a catechism to read (probably afraid it might put me off).

So I joined sight unseen and stayed more-or-less a Catholic till a priest wrote from North America warning me to put aside my pride and "see the justice of Eternal Hell with people in it". So I ceased to be a Catholic in due course, unable to see any justice even yet. And *there* is where I disagree with any "orthodox" believer. I do NOT want to be an "either/or" person, I do NOT want



to join the nobles and elite and watch from aloft an Eternal auto-da-fe in Hell, just for my "amusement"--greatest pleasure of Heaven promised to Catholics till so very recently. (And autos-da-fe in real-life were also provided as a foretaste of the "bliss-to-come".)

No sooner had I finally gotten down to researching the history of Christendom in the Old World and here in the New World, than I realized that I agreed with the Indian Hatuay of Cuba (during the Conquest), "If you're going to Heaven, then I'd better go to Hell," as he told his tormentors, the Conquistadores and their friars just before they set the torch to him. I don't want to go any place of Eternal Torture, but I'd feel honest there.

In Heaven, watching my "enemies, the lost" in Torment, because I signed on the dotted line and accepted "salvation", I'd feel a wretched fraud! And isn't it sad that so many people prefer personal salvation, a "hope-in-a-painless future" to the risk of love-for-all-mankind, at any cost?

## THE FAAN AWARDS

### 1976 (1975 WORK)

(Presented at WESTERCON, July 1976)

#### BEST SINGLE ISSUE -

- 1 OUTWORLDS 23 - Bill Bowers
- 2 LE ZOMBIE 67 - Bob Tucker
- 3 KHATRU 3/4 - Jeff Smith

#### BEST EDITOR -

- 1 Bill Bowers
- 2 Donn Brazier
- 3 Don D'Amassa

#### BEST FANWRITER -

- 1 Don D'Amassa
- 2 Don C. Thompson
- 3 Susan Wood

#### BEST FAN ARTIST (SERIOUS) -

- 1 James Shull
- 2 Steve Fabian
- 3 Bonnie Dalzell

#### BEST FAN CARTOONIST -

- 1 Grant Canfield
- 2 Harry Bell
- 3 Phil Foglio

#### BEST LOC WRITER -

- 1 Mike Glicksohn
- 2 Harry Warner Jr.
- 3 Don D'Amassa

### 1977 (1976 WORK)

(Presented at AUTOCLAVE, July 1977)

#### BEST SINGLE ISSUE -

- 1 MAYA 11 - Rob Jackson
- 1 SPANISH INQUISITION 7/8 -  
Kaufman & Tompkins
- 3 RUNE 48 - Fred Haskell

#### BEST EDITOR -

- 1 Rob Jackson
- 2 Terry Hughes
- 3 Kaufman & Tompkins

#### BEST FANWRITER -

- 1 Bob Shaw
- 2 Don D'Amassa
- 3 Susan Wood

#### BEST FAN ARTIST (SERIOUS) -

- 1 James Shull
- 2 Jim McLeod
- 2 Al Sirois

#### BEST FAN CARTOONIST -

- 1 Harry Bell
- 2 Grant Canfield
- 3 Derek Carter

#### BEST LOC WRITER -

- 1 Mike Glicksohn
- 2 Harry Warner Jr.
- 3 Jessica Amanda Salmonson



# Lou Stathis: RIEFENSTAL

Saw a neat movie the other day. It's called OLYMPIA and it was Leni Riefenstal's film of the 1936 Berlin Olympics. It was like four hours of THE WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS intercut with some neat pix of the Fuhrer smiling and clapping. My first introduction to Ms. Riefenstal's films came back when I took a course in The Propaganda Film at Stony Brook. One of the films we saw was something called TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, a film record of the 1934 Party Conference in Nuremburg. Great stuff. It had me singing Deutschland Uber Alles for weeks, and drinking gallons of Lowenbrau. The film is a bit boring, that is if unlike me you don't get off on endless shots of pounding jack-boots, right-arm hard-ons, and vast panoramas of grim-faced, goose-stepping Aryans. But TRIUMPH was not merely a propaganda film, it's more. It's a Wagnerian Documentary. There are no specifics, only mass archetypes. It's an attempt to mythologize (what were then) current events. The film is 9/10th long shots, with very few carefully chosen close-ups. These shots are used to accent certain sections and to make the high-party officials larger-than-life ubermenschen. And it's fascinating to watch.

One can almost see the cogs in Riefenstal's mind clicking away. She does some amazing things with a camera, things which no one before her really worked on. She, if anyone, showed the power of images and their mass effect in films. Frank Capra, working for the U.S. Signal Corps during World War II making propaganda films, saw what was going on and realized how much more advanced the Nazis were in film techniques. I'm told he used some of them in his own WHY WE FIGHT series, but I've never seen them.

In TRIUMPH we see Hitler photographed from a low angle, to give him superhuman appearance, or in extreme close-up facial shots, shouting sensually in marvelously chilling German. One classic shot takes a parade in the Nuremburg streets past a staff car with Adolf standing in the back, right arm held up by his ear, like he was taking the oath on Perry Mason. The camera is across the street, sitting about a foot off the ground pointing upward at Mister Big. So the frame is lock-kneed boots jack-knifing across the screen with Hitler in the background smirking insanely. Incredible composition. The woman has a gift for arranging objects/bodies/limbs in a frame with tremendous image-evoking power. Rows of erect arms (incredibly sexual to me) with straining fingers touching the demigod. Extreme close-ups (the most effective use in the film) of some classic, chiseled granite Aryan faces reciting a pledge to the Fatherland. Their hair is like the surface of a pool table, their skin whitepink and scrubbed shiny, their eyes rounded and insanely ecstatic like Cousin Brucie's or Sandy Becker's, with misty ethereal light framing the wide ovular head.

How someone can remain unaffected by this film is beyond me.

From SCIENTIFRICTION 4, January 1976, edited by Mike Glycer  
(14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar, CA 91342)

First appeared in RHINOCRATIC OATHS (for APA-Q), originally written 8/15/75.



If it doesn't manifest itself as an exhilarating primal sexuality, then it will in fear. Fear of the monotonous throbbing bass drums. Fear of the awesome elemental power (like Thor) that they flaunt. The film shouts in your ear and slaps you across your face with its strutting bravado--"WE ARE SUPERMEN. WE WILL DESTROY YOU."

We see a stadium at night. Searchlights of incredible power surround the stadium. They are pointing upward, forming walls thousands of feet high. The effect of this "Cathedral of Light" is nothing short of awesome. We are in the stadium, which is filled to capacity. In the central area blocks of black clad automatons begin marching to the steady thump of muffled bass drums. The stream is endless. Your frame of reference is dwarfed. You have never seen that many people in one place at one time. Except maybe the Lexington Avenue Line at 5:00. There must be hundreds of thousands of people there, holding torches and beating their drums with their fists. Then it begins. A thundering noise that you realize is a million straining vocal cords screaming in unison: SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! over and over. They are yelling with every ounce of energy their bodies can muster. It'll scare the living shit out of you. I was ready to go out and get a nose job. Anything to show I wasn't Jewish.

By OLYMPIA, Riefenstal's art has been refined. Where TRIUMPH was a horrifying nightmare, OLYMPIA is a lyrical one of harmonious peace and physical excitement. The opening is a slow intimate study of the Acropolis in Athens, Greece, and the great athletic fields in Delphi. The music (by Herbert Windt) flows romantically over the scarred columns and piled rubble. It begins building. We pull back to a spectacular view of the Parthenon seemingly floating in a clear sky sparsely littered with fibrous clouds. The olympic flame ignites a torch held by a beautifully proportioned naked young man. He begins running with the torch held high in his right hand, glowing and spitting. He threads his way through the ruins and reaches a road. We then see a montage of roadways, naked runners with torches, and maps of the route indicated, through the Balkans and to Berlin.

The star of this movie is the human body. And not the closed fist or the stamping foot, either. The sprinter is in slow motion, the gymnast twisting himself in the parallel bars, the precision-tuned human body performing a strenuous feat like a well-oiled machine. There is no undercurrent of fear running through OLYMPIA. We are not supposed to run and hide after seeing this movie. We are seeing the pride that the Third Reich had in its physical superiority. The adolescent bully-boy threats are gone. Nazi Germany has attained a maturity (if you can call a psychotic mature), a self-conscious arrival at confident adulthood. They don't have to drive the message into our heads anymore, they let the action speak for itself. The affected arrogance is no longer necessary. They are saying "See what we can do?". Look at the German officer Handrik in the pistol shooting event of the Pentathalon. His back is perfectly erect, right arm held toward the target perpendicular to his front. Look at his face--no trace of concentration or strain. He's confident of his superior abilities. No worry (what, me?). After all, he's a German, isn't he? No matter that he comes in behind the American in that section, he will win the event, he's sure. Of course, he does.

I think if Riefenstal had a completely free hand with this she might have made a slightly different movie. I don't know for sure if she had to make any concessions, but certain sections certainly do come off that way. Like I think she would have concentrated more on bodily movements in each event and its interplay with the objects involved (pole vault, bicycling, rowing, gymnastics, etc.) instead of some sections that are more journalistic in their recounting of the events. There is also an announcer shown frequently on screen against a rear-projected crowd backdrop, who served absolutely no other purpose than telling



you what was going on. Curt Gowdy or Howard Cosell would've been better. The sections that I think Riefenstal really cared about and worked on were the more balletic ones where it was quite unimportant who won. There is one idyllic section that opens on a misty morning run along a lake by a crew of gorgeously proportioned Aryan runners (old Leni must have really gotten her rocks off on this one). The music is soft flute noodling. We cut suddenly to the runners leaping in slow motion into the lake. Then we're indoors in a dark wooden sauna cabin; we pan over the reclining bodies, the white skin practically glowing in the shrouded light. Outside, the cabin has a porch that overhangs the lake. The boys are towelling themselves, massaging each others' limbs, and horsing around much as young American jock-types do in the locker rooms and showers. The camera pulls back slowly and the sun, glinting low on the horizon through the trees, sets on Valhalla. Beautiful.

There's more: silhouettes of naked females, one body and multi-armed like Kali, eclipsing the sun and waving loosely floating arms. A somewhat surprising tip-of-the-hat to Jesse Owens ("that great American Negro") who rips the field with his explosive running, and wins everything pulling away. His blackness stands out most prominently here, not only because the narrator keeps reminding us of it, but also visually as he is a striking contrast in a film otherwise composed of whites and greys. His legs are long, hairlessly smooth and muscled only as Jack Kirdy could draw them. He runs like someone built and bred for the task. His legs stride in multi-yards, while his upper torso remains erect and steady. Only his head bobs convulsively and arms pump furiously. You watch him in fascination, and then you suddenly realize that the rest of the runners are cruising along as though united by a pole, and Owens is wasting no time putting ground between them and himself.

The music is very prominent in this film. Much of it is what one expects from a Nazi propaganda film: Wagnerian pastiche. The blustering horns are there, and very nicely done I thought, but there is also contrast, and close interaction between physical action and the tone of the music. And of course, it is grandiose, sweeping, and grandly uplifting. It was also interesting to note the way the German band played "Star Spangled Banner" when an American was awarded a medal. It was at the exact same tempo that German martial music is at--sounded good, too.

A few things crop up in OLYMPIA that Riefenstal used to such great effect in TRIUMPH. Like the Cathedral of Light, for instance, where the searchlights surround the Olympic Stadium during the opening ceremonies. Again we see a familiar sequence that opens on a solo female gymnast kneeling on the ground waving her arms in some pseudoartistic fashion. Little by little the camera pulls backward to reveal that she is part of a group all performing the same movements in unison. We then dissolve into a long range shot of an entire stadium filled with flagging females--thousands of them. The shot is equally effective here.

The film is filled with nice little touches here and there. Like during the hammer throw when the second American contestant comes to the throwing point the narrator intones, "And here's another American. They keep popping up, don't they?" Or during the cross-country horse-riding section of the pentathalon where a particularly treacherous jump into a puddle proves to be the undoing of most of the riders, with hilarious results. Or a beautiful sequence where the sky over the Olympic Stadium suddenly becomes overcast with huge puffy clouds. Also the constant racial reminders--Negroes are constantly identified as such, as if we needed their help. A sprinter is called the fastest runner in the white race. The constant reminders that the Fuhrer is watching, with shots of him in very human poses surrounded by the likes of Goebbels and Goring...



# *Conversational Fannish*

## GETTING THERE:

Are you a fan?  
 I've been reading science fiction since the third grade.  
 I had one once, but the wheels fell off.  
 What does this word mean?  
 Would you like to buy my fanzine?  
 Goshwowohboyoboy!  
 Do you know Robert Silverberg?  
 Let's start a science fiction club.  
 Why is everyone ignoring me?  
 I used to be a neofan.

## LOCCING THE FANZINE:

I found that amusing.  
 I agree with you.  
 I agree with Harry Warner Jr.  
 Excuse me. I did not wish to start a feud.  
 Are you a hoax?  
 Excuse me. I have to take a shit.  
 I do not believe in numbered fandoms.  
 Have you read DHALGREN?  
 What Fandom is this?  
 Your fanzine did not agree with me.  
 And so on.  
 Or something.  
 So it goes. It is to laugh.  
 As they say.  
 Was that a pun? Has this gimmick been used before?  
 Stupid Clod of a Woman. You Bastard.  
 I had one once, but he feels well off.

## AT THE CONVENTION:

Are you a fan?  
 Why are you wearing a propellor beanie?  
 I recognized you by your sensitive fannish face.  
 You look just like you write!  
 Who is that?  
 I've always wanted to meet you.  
 Smoooooth!  
 Conventions are getting too big.



# *Aljo Szoboda*

Where is the party? Where are the parties?  
 No, I do not wish to buy your fanzine.  
 No, I do not wish to skinnydip. Could I just watch?  
 Have you read DHALGREN?  
 Let's do a one-shot.  
 And then I said to Harlan...  
 May I crash in your room?  
 I need some sleep. Please may I crash in your room?  
 I am sorry, sir, I did not know there was no sleeping in the lobby.  
 Praise be to Roscoe.  
 I drank one once, and my heels fell off.  
 Would you do a couple of illustrations for my fanzine?  
 It will be finished Real Soon Now.  
 Why am I being ignored?  
 Put a box around it, I said with my mouth.  
 Are you Mike Glicksohn/Harry Warner Jr./Terry Carr/Susan Wood?  
 What is Herbangelism? Whose frog is that?  
 I used to read science fiction.

## MISCELLANEOUS:

Maximum Kumquattage.  
 Thank you for your egoboo. Thank you for the egoboo.  
 I do not have time for the apas.  
 You are a promising and prolific young fan.  
 I seem to have misplaced my paper soul.  
 \*chortle\*  
 \*sigh\*  
 Minneapolis in '73!  
 Maybe not. But maybe not. But then again, maybe not.  
 Seth eats worms.  
 I had won once, but my appeal fell off.

## GETTING OUT:

Fandom seems a bit childish at times.  
 Gafia is just a part-time death hoax.  
 There must be better things to do.  
 Fandom has been taking up too much of my time.  
 I have decided to try my hand at professional SF writing.  
 I wouldn't want to live here.  
 Is this where I get off?  
 Keep in touch, please.  
 I used to be a fan.

\* \* \*

[CONVERSATIONAL FANNISH includes suggestions by Eli Cohen.]





# ON THE PHYSICS OF SQUARE ORBITS AND OTHER TOPICS

REPORT BY D.H. CARTER

(or WITHOUT CHURCHES FOR GUIDANCE, HOW WOULD ARCHITECTS EVER  
LEARN THEIR TRADE? )

## INTRODUCTION:

Indianapolis, Indiana, like many other cities of comparable size, features a "parking orbit" around it, called I-465 or simply "the bypass". This orbit traces roughly a square path around the city, forming a Zone of Indecision that allows motorists time to select a landing point or an outbound route. Although millions of people spend a considerable portion of their lives on this type of structure, surprisingly little information has appeared to aid the traveller. Even the AAA has been notably lax in this important area, perhaps assuming that road signs provide sufficient guidance.

Evidence that road signs alone are inadequate comes from the gruesome tales of wayfarers trapped "in orbit" for days, stopping only to meet the bare necessities of life at a Stuckey's or Po-Jo's, and finally escaping near the end of their vacations to find themselves hopelessly lost. Such sad circumstances as these could have been avoided in most instances by mastering a few elementary guidelines of orbital navigation beforehand. The layman's first basic concern is most often the question of how to enter a parking orbit once it has been encountered.

## 1. ESTABLISHING A PARKING ORBIT

Long ago, authors of science fiction invented a device that allows mind-boggling leaps to be undertaken, without worrying over countless technical problems. Usually it is called a "hyperdrive", or some such. Not to be out-classed so easily, traffic engineers came along with an analogous device called the "cloverleaf". The cloverleaf principle is based on "fluid flow with intelligent molecules", and in theory it allows safe transitions into and out of parking



orbits, or between different orbital levels (quantum states). Like the hyperdrive, it is an elegant thing to imagine and even looks very plausible.

Most similarities between the devices ends here. Unlike the hyperdrive, the cloverleaf has been extracted from its harmless literary framework and made into a glaring reality. It has seen wide use for several years now. The average person can probably find one where some of his relatives used to live. However, it is one of those little jokes of technical innovation that the cloverleaf has been found to exhibit a fatal flaw. In order to enter any orbit via cloverleaf, you must *cross the path* of vehicles which might be leaving it. No thinking person could fail to grasp the significance of this, yet it is an inherent feature of virtually every cloverleaf, which in turn forms the most common method of reaching orbital speed.

In many respects, the cloverleaf is an admirable feat of psychological engineering. It appeals strongly to the adventurer, a personality which has been left with very few other means of self-expression in this modern age. Further, it satisfies the latent gambling instincts we all have, without necessitating a voyage to Las Vegas or other expensive places. Thus, its overall utility is difficult to appreciate fully, let alone understand.

The layman's chief responsibility on the first encounter is to suppress panic at the seeming foolhardiness of the transition. The odds of success are favorable. Thousands have made it without incident. For beginners, the author strongly recommends closing the eyes and flooring the throttle, although several driving schools have criticized this approach. It works well nonetheless, as the author has never had a serious accident by trusting to probability this way. Colleagues and passengers have expressed the supporting view that there will be only one serious accident with this technique, which is a very good record for any driver. The other "intelligent molecules" on the road are generally seasoned drivers, who have learned to drive defensively and will be alert and tolerant of any initial mistakes on the part of beginners.

So, with eyes firmly closed, throttle to the floor, and allowing a certain element of luck, the novice soon finds himself cruising safely at orbital speeds. Now, wasn't that easy?

## 2. MAINTAINING ORBITAL SPEED

No rigorous definition of the term "orbital speed" exists in this context, although astronomers have borrowed the phrase for more precise applications--much as early physicists did with common words like "power", "work", "energy", and "magnetohydrodynamics". As a rule, speeds less than 60 mph are considered sub-orbital, so that 60 represents the minimum orbital speed, regardless of posted limits. Indeed, there are sound reasons for adhering strictly to this rule-of-thumb value:

1. You must avoid falling into the city. With speeds too low and icy roads, any physicist can verify that the central urban mass tends to pull the car off the road and into the city. Evidence of this effect is seen in the construction of some roads. Occasionally a tight turn seems to be banked in the wrong direction, at first glance suggesting an oversight on the part of the designers. This new factor just hints at how subtle the problems really are, and what versatile minds are required to grapple with them.
2. For safety, you should match speeds with the largest masses in orbit--i.e. heavy trucks. This condition is ideal but generally it can only be approached. If the car threatens to disintegrate from stress, then by all means reduce speed until the engine cools down, and strap in tightly against the



60  
shock waves from passing vehicles.

3. Below 55 mph or so, police will start to wonder why you are so worried about them. Almost certainly you will be pulled over for questioning as a suspicious character. Avoid this inconvenience by maintaining a nonchalant air and the speed of a rocket.

Now that these preliminary matters are aside, we can deal with some of the finer points of orbital mechanics, such as how to get out of orbit most efficiently. Disengaging is not the simple reverse process one might imagine, of merely closing the eyes and applying brakes rather than accelerator. While this method can quickly remove the car from orbit, it lacks finesse. At the very least, you will likely end up lost unless a few other points are considered first. Foremost of these, of course, is the matter of knowing where and when to leave orbit. The details vary widely with geographical location, but for illustration purposes we will examine three typical areas within the author's experience: The Triangle Area of North Carolina; Indianapolis; and Montreal, Canada. The examples are presented here in order of increasing confusion--i.e. the Triangle Area is easiest to negotiate, recommended as a training ground for the novice, Indianapolis is much trickier; and only experts or clairvoyants should ever approach Montreal by road. Several brief comparisons will serve to establish the differences in these three driving environments.

### 3. DISENGAGING FROM ORBIT

Various methods of labelling orbits have evolved over the years, through a combination of Applied Behaviour Theory and empirical studies of casualty records. One outgrowth of such research has been the widely accepted idea that all exits should be marked in advance with a sign. Today, of the three orbital networks mentioned earlier, all but Montreal have adopted this approach. Montreal has instead pursued the "braille" system, utilizing signs occasionally at the exits themselves, and allowing the exits to go either to the left or right at random. Due to a policy of overall resource conservation, the few signs there are also very small. This philosophy has generated one of the most unobstructed views of nature available anywhere in a large urban center, and incidentally accounts for the incoherent mumbles that characterize the native dialect. Special training is required here, or the layman is certain to be swept aside by a torrent of projectiles bearing local registration plates.

As a public service, the author has developed a useful training technique for this venture. If it is practiced and mastered completely beforehand, no traveller need ever fear the roads to Montreal. It requires the aid of a friend who is a fair marksman, and who is not the beneficiary of your will or any life insurance policy.

Equip this assistant with a toy archery set, including extra rubber-tipped arrows, and instruct him/her to aim the arrows just slightly to one side of your head. The assistant should be positioned about 100 feet away and be well supplied with various denominations of U.S. postage stamps.

The training procedure is as follows: When you shout "ready", the assistant picks out a stamp at random, sticks it onto the suction cup of the arrow, and takes careful aim. Now concentrate on the tip of the arrow. As soon as your attention is focused completely on that arrowhead, shout "fire". The assistant releases the arrow, and your task is to read the denomination of the postage stamp before it whizzes past your head. After a perfect record of calls is achieved, you are ready to take on Montreal. This "William Tell" method provides guaranteed results, but just in case several weeks of devoted practice



61

proves fruitless, the only practical alternative is to take along a passenger or "spotter" outfitted with high-power binoculars. Otherwise, do not make the trip by car under any circumstances. Montreal has some attractive architecture --sprawling geodesic domes, fairy-land buildings, towering spires, etc.--all remnants of a World's Fair several years ago. The author was fortunate enough to escape alive, with a collection of glossy prints that now grace his convalescent ward. But we digress. Generally, it is not worth the risk to see Montreal by auto. Sending for postcards instead should be considered, since this removes the added burden of learning "menu" French--unless you want to bring your own food and gas along, too.

Turning next to Indianapolis. The casual visitor will recognize it immediately as "The Home of the 500" by its traffic. Inside the city, most thoroughfares are wide with two lanes in each direction. These roads fairly elicit speeds of 40-45 mph, yet the posted limit is usually 30. Therefore, everyone speeds. Squad cars enforce the limits sporadically, whenever city funds are running low.\* However, the roads are a sure moneymaker for this metropolis, since motorists can seldom resist cruising (with complete safety) at speeds higher than the posted limit. Also, religion still flourishes in Indy, even among veteran police officers. On a clear day you can hear them ring out with "Bringing in the Sheaves" as they patrol merrily around town, filling out their quotas of traffic violations. This is a heartwarming sight, if you happen to be a devout, orthodox pedestrian. Or a burglar. Or a rapist or drug addict. They all love it. Job security, you know.

Now, before considering the orbital mechanics of Indy, there is another quirk worthy of attention for the novice driver. It is a traffic condition guaranteed to appease the most hideous gladiatorial instincts of tourists and natives alike. Kurt Vonnegut, a native Indianapolisian, has thus far wasted most of his productive life by failing to describe it. Here it is.

A few main arteries in Indy (such as Meridian) are three-lane affairs where the center lane changes right-of-way during the morning. Typical signs display the scripture:

USE THIS LANE 6 AM - 9 AM.

STAY OFF ALL OTHER TIMES.

Complementary instructions appear on signs facing the other direction, of course, so that rush-hour traffic can be handled economically and with greatest dispatch. Ingenious as the idea sounds, officials puzzled for some time over the curious types of phenomena that seemed to be associated with it. Eventually, the cause of these phenomena was deduced by a process so convoluted, it might well belong inside the pages of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. At any rate, the solution is a matter of history now. Tow trucks arrive every day at 6:05 and 9:05 AM to clear away the carnage, and the legendary traffic jams that once plagued this city have become a thing of the past.

Mostly.

As for the parking orbit around Indy, it can only be described as a lethal

\* Technical Note: the typical squad car is so well-equipped with speed detectors, bull-horns, air conditioners, strobe lights, and assorted "space age" technology that it gets only 5 miles per gallon. (Tops, that is.) Some return on this expense becomes essential.



structure for the layman. Contrast it with other systems and you will probably find both better ones and worse ones. Yet the Socratic mind, engaged in pure reason, must conclude that population control was emphasized over traffic control in its design. And safety had no apparent influence on the debate.

Compare this orbit with, say, the interstate systems of North Carolina. Both have the exits marked in advance (unlike Montreal). Both have roads of similar good quality. Then what possible difference could distinguish the two? Well, the problem with the Indy orbit is both endemic and highly exothermic: it is the idiotic marking system used to label the exits. Briefly stated, the signs give no clue as to whether the exits will go right or left.

That's all. Because of it, the "bypass" designers could justifiably be serving prison terms for manslaughter. (Further details must be omitted here, however, for reasons outlined in the Acknowledgements.) But travellers should be forewarned. Signs along this orbit proclaim, in foot-high letters:

EXIT 1 MILE, or  
JCT 1 MILE, or  
NEXT EXIT, etc.

Which way they will sprout off is determined upon arrival. (For the curious, about one in six or so is a "lefty".)

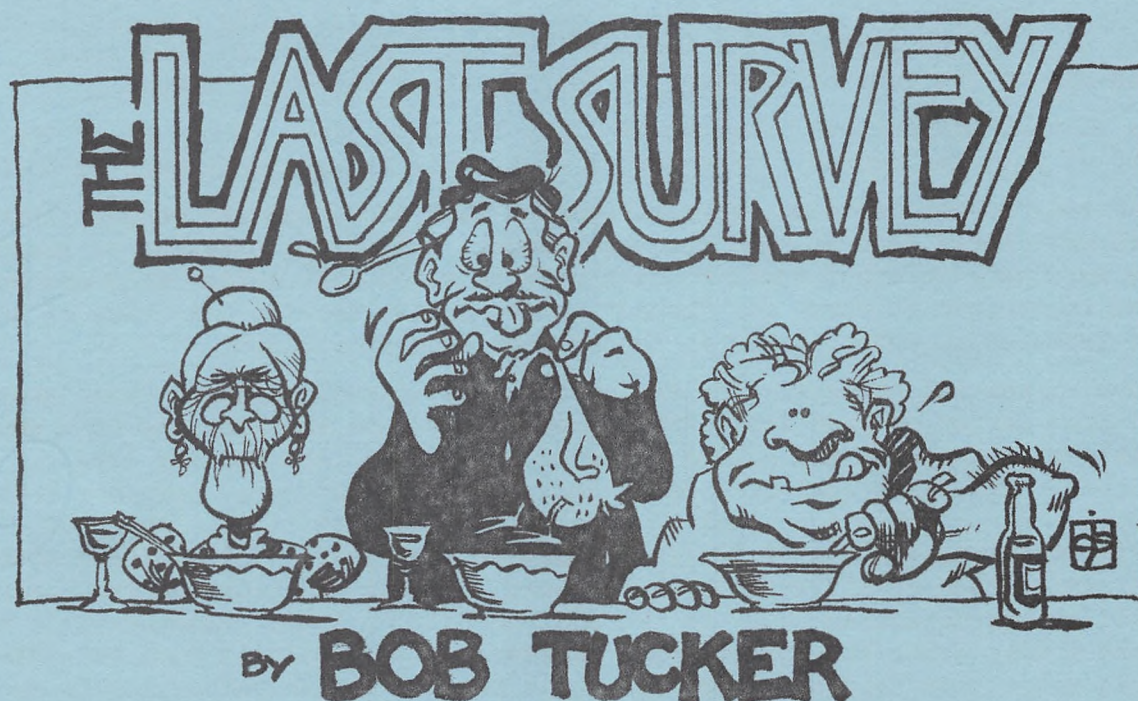
It might be assumed that such vagueness could stem from budgetary considerations, perhaps an effort to minimize the number of different signs required in the system. This is pure conjecture, naturally, but it is the kindest excuse that can be offered to mangled visitors. In many ways this network is all the more devious for the false sense of security it affords; thus one school of thought classifies it below the "braille" system in regard to safety. There is considerable supporting evidence for this view. Countless times, the author has cruised homeward along this orbit, marvelling at the profusion of levelled signs, skid marks, and shards of metal-glass-plastic that decorate the leftward exits. Cars were frequently seen darting across three lanes of traffic, diving frantically for that exit which was not on the right after all.

Nevertheless, a workable improvement appears to elude this city, even more so than in the famous "Holmes" case cited earlier. City maps are little help, although a few bright individuals have used aerial photographs with moderate success. Perhaps the best advice for the visitor is simply to dive as unfrantically as possible for the nearest outbound orbit. Anyway, the Hoosier climate is nothing to write home about, either, except for people living in Iowa. Indy's chief asset may, in fact, be its potential for constructing the world's largest turbine engine, if anyone wanted to do it.

It works like this: get Allison's to make this giant fanblade, see, and mount it on top of the Indiana National Bank tower. Then stand a quarter of a million residents in front of it and feed them all the White Castle hamburgers and coffee they can stand, see, and when the digestive pressure starts to build up, you throw a match...

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:** *The author is indebted to various national agencies for the huge piles of money that made this prolonged study attractive. Gratitude is also expressed to the Mafia and the CIA for allowing it to see print, and for the generous annuities they established in exchange for omitting certain portions of the report. My humble thanks to you all, but mostly I did it myself.*





I have a weakness for fan history, and somebody made a joke about rubber chicken. It may have been Robert Bloch because he has this weakness for chickens. Preferably chicks in showers.

I wondered if it were true that all fan convention banquets served rubber chicken? For many years the allegations were rife, the references many, the jokes extensile. Were fan banquets all rubber chicken banquets? The question itself was enough to light a mental fire, enough to cause me to spring from my rocking chair and dash quickly to the bookcase to consult Harry Warner. (The elapsed time from rocking-chair-spring to bookshelf arrival was thirty-five minutes, but then this is a wide room and I *did* become entangled between feet and beard on the first upward spring.)

I was astonished and disappointed at what I did *not* find in Warner's *ALL OUR YESTERDAYS*. I realized at once the omissions were the fault of Ed Wood and George Price, who labored many hours extracting the index which appears at the back of the book, but nevertheless Warner must share in the guilt, if only by association. The index does not have an entry "Rubber Chicken". Nor does it have a "Chicken, rubber". There isn't so much as a "Banquet" entry. I know very well the fans who attended conventions in the 1940s ate something, because I was among them and I remember eating--but here, in supposedly living history, was no mention of that fact.

Still unbelieving, I turned to the text itself and discovered that Harry had mentioned worldcon banquets but did not often reproduce the menus. Of Chicago,

From *SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY* 6, November 1976, edited by Lee Hoffman.  
(350 N.W. Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte, Florida 33950)



64  
1940, he said: "They got free meeting rooms (in the hotel) in return for staging a banquet at which they needed to guarantee only fifty dinners at one dollar each." And later: "The banquet that night had food in quantities approximating the cost of the meal." Nothing about chicken, rubber.

I was at that banquet but creeping senility has long since robbed me of the memory of what was served. (However, I doubt that it was hamburgers or hotdogs.)

Of the 1941 Denver worldcon, Warner reported that bread was the banquet entree: "There were forty fans on hand for the banquet. After the breaking of bread, there were many informal talks." It should be noted that again, Wood and Price failed to include an entry for "bread" in the index, and I'm not aware of any stale jokes about rubber bread in fandom--not even from Bloch.

But now, a partial success! The Pacificon, 1946, served chicken. Yes, they did. Read Warner on page 262: "More than ninety fans and pros ate thin soup and halves of chicken, and mulled a lot of statistics that Don Day gave..." Note that. The first admission of chicken appears in history, together with a convention menu: thin soup, halved chicken, mulled statistics. No doubt a satisfactory meal for the \$2.50 fee charged in that year. (Also please note the alarming rate of inflation: the official banquet had rocketed from only one dollar per person in 1940, to two and one-half in 1946. Remember this when someone blames Nixon for inflationary pressures.) I shouldn't have to state at this point that Wood and Price are again amiss. The index carries no mention of soup, chicken, statistics.

I do remember the mulled statistics. They were succulent.

As for the 1947 Philadelphia worldcon, Warner says only: "The banquet was served long after most stomachs needed it." The meaning of that statement is unclear. Perhaps it was that everyone had munched on bread, hotdogs, statistics, and frayed collars beforehand; or perhaps everyone was drunk and unable to appreciate a good hotel meal. And then came the first Toronto convention of 1948. Warner reports that: "The final item on the formal program was a meal that had the labored trick name of buffanet." No hint of the available food; no index entry for that labored trick name. "Buffanet" may be a Canadian colloquialism for Po'Boy sandwiches.

The last banquet to be reported by Harry Warner was that one held at the Cincinnati worldcon in 1949. His first volume of fan history ends shortly after that date, but of the Cincinnati event he said only: "The final report also showed that the banquet had attracted 116 persons." Well and good, I suppose, but the sparse statement serves no good purpose by explaining what the 116 people ate or didn't eat. Did they gorge themselves on thin or thick soup, quarter-, halved-, or three-quartered chicken, bread, mulled statistics, or Canadian buffanet? We will never know, but we are free to speculate that the menu must have been tasty, savory. "...the banquet *attracted* 116 persons." (Underlining is mine.) Either the food was very good to excite that attraction, or a naked woman was dancing on the guest of honor's tabletop.

So much for published history. But my question is not answered and my quest is incomplete. There remained the time-honored method of determining answers: the fan poll.

I mailed out 193 questionnaires. The final number was 193 because I could locate no more than that many key people. I queried past worldcon committee men and women, past guests of honor, past toastmasters, past treasurers (except those who had absconded with convention funds and now couldn't be located), and all those fans who had attended world conventions since the beginning in 1939. And because every scientific experiment must have a control group to obtain



credible results, I also sent the questionnaires to twenty fans who had never attended a convention in their lives.

The returns were in keeping with past fannish co-operation. Fifty-three completed questionnaires were returned to me, including all twenty from the control group. The competent, scientifically-trained pollster never asks a direct question, never reveals the true object he is seeking. The approved method is to ask an indirect question which only appears to be direct, and the person who is polled will reveal his true state of mind while attempting to answer that indirect question. Rick Sneary, a master pollster, applied that brilliant technique to fandom in 1945 when, tucked in among other innocuous questions, he asked the key one: "If you knew you were going to be hit by a car, what kind of car would you prefer?"

Well, what kind of car would you rather be hit by?

He received scores of answers, perhaps hundreds, ranging from the frivolous to the reasoned scientific statement, and among those which revealed the respondent's thoughtful analyses of the matter was this favorite: "A Stanley Steamer, of course. It is much softer than, say, a Mercury." Rick Sneary considered his poll a success.

My key (and loaded) question was this one: "Based upon your attendance at past worldcon banquets, what do you expect to be served at the Miami Beach convention in 1977?"





Twenty replies (every one of them from the control group) said T-bone steak. Setting aside the controls, the true response was as follows:

Rubber chicken	46%
Salisbury steak	29%
MacDonald's Super	18%
Chili	9%
Rotten fish	9%
Ptomaine	3%
Waiter's dirty thumb in my soup	1.5%

Two replies were invalid, being obvious crank answers. One of the invalid replies said: "Don Lundry's body served on a flaming skewer." The other said simply: "More of the same bullshit." These were discarded as being unscientific answers, but from the remaining answers it is obvious that rubber chicken was served at most of the past 34 worldcons. (Don't be misled by those percentages totalling more than one hundred points. My Texas Instrument is broken and I did it with pencil.)

One key person didn't answer my questionnaire, one person who was a 101% true-blue All American Fan, and I was so disappointed by his failure that I telephoned his home in Savannah, Georgia, to ask why he hadn't responded. To my surprise, his widow answered. She said that Lee had choked to death some weeks before on a rubber chicken rubber bone.

## THE ROGERS 1976

(Hoax awards presented at MIDAMERICON, Kansas City, September 1976)

BEST LOSING NOVEL - SEEDS OF CHANGE  
 BEST LOSING PRO - ALEX EISENSTEIN  
 BEST LOSING FAN - BILL ROTSLER  
 BEST LOSING EDITOR - ROGER ELWOOD  
 BEST LOSING FANZINE - AMAZING  
 BEST BORN LOSER - HARLAN ELLISON  
 BEST LOSING HOTEL - THE CHASE PARK PLAZA  
 BEST LOSING GOH SPEECH - PHILIP JOSE FARMER  
 BEST LOSING NAME - IGUANACON  
 BEST LOSING CON - SF EXPO 76  
 BEST LOSING GRANDMASTER - SAM MOSKOWITZ  
 BEST LOSING DRAMATIC PRESENTATION - SPACE: 1999  
 BEST LOSING PROZINE - ODYSSEY  
 BEST LOSING PUBLISHER - LASER BOOKS  
 BEST LOSING SERIES - GOR  
 BEST LOSING DEAD WRITER - H. P. LOVECRAFT  
 BEST LOSING DEAD FAN - DAVID GERROLD

(Presented at a pretzel banquet by the Hugo & Nebula Losers Committee)



# DON D'AMMASSA

## myth: on courage

I am not particularly fond of personal adventure of the physical sort. I never have been; I prefer my dangers to be vicarious ones. I was notorious as a child for my disinclination to take a "dare". But sometimes even I gave in to the pressure from my peers. I remember one occasion in high school, that time in our lives when we are perhaps the most conscious of our public images, when I was talked into scaling the backside of Diamond Hill. Diamond Hill is a ski slope in northern Rhode Island, the backside of which is a contorted cliff face of no inconsiderable height, faced with crags, buttresses, jagged abutments, deep hewn shelves and the like. I'd wandered about on its lower slopes from time to time, but while I knew that it was accessible to a careful climber, I'd never been much interested in trying it myself.

Well, one day I was in the area with two friends, Dave and Pete, and someone suggested that we climb Diamond Hill. I really wasn't entranced with the idea; I knew there were some pretty difficult spots, and I'm not particularly athletic in the first place. It was a windy day as well, and I wasn't looking forward to getting high enough that the gusts could reach me unhampered. But I'd refrained from similar activities in the recent past and didn't want to appear "chicken" in front of my friends, so I gave in. Up we went. The lower slopes were easy and we made good time. Dave was the most familiar with the cliff face (he lived nearby), so he led with me second and Pete trailing behind, or occasionally above or below on one or another little sidetrip.

About halfway up the going got a good deal more difficult. I'd have looked pretty silly going back down by then, having committed myself, and it was rapidly reaching the point where it would be quicker to go on than back. I concentrated on keeping to the well worn path up which hundreds (if not thousands) of others had gone before us. But I came to a dead stop at one point. Ahead of me, the face of the cliff swelled up and out like a pan of freshly risen yeast. A narrow ledge, about six inches wide, skirted the bulge like the flashing on a molded plastic toy. Dave moved out and along it without a pause, ignoring the steadily blowing wind, leaning in toward the rock face with both palms to steady himself as he crabwalked along, reaching a relatively more secure bit of footing about thirty feet away.



If I had been alone, that would have been as far as I'd have gone. I took one long look down (a mistake, obviously) and saw this small forest of stony promontories below, and said to myself, D'Ammassa, you are not going out there. But then Pete followed me to the edge of the bulge. Before I knew what I was about, I was ten feet out, inching my way very carefully along in the same manner as had Dave before me. And naturally it was at just that point that a four foot section of that little collar decided that it had put up with too many intruding feet, and relinquished its hold on the cliffside. It shattered on rocks so far below us that we barely heard the impact over the wind.

I didn't fall with it, of course. As my footing disappeared from beneath me, I instinctively leaned forward against the rock face. I did not look down again. Although I had a fairly secure grip with my fingers, my groping feet found nothing, and the configuration of rock made it impossible for me to even look for further handholds. There was no possible way for me to move to either side, forward or back. There was no ledge below for me to drop onto. Demonstrably, I did not break my stupid neck, though I probably deserved to. I managed to inch a foot or so up the cliff, which made me a bit more stable. Largely through hysterical strength, and with the aid of Pete, who was in a position to spot handholds for me, I was able to reach the far side of the bulge after only about 45 minutes. So much for adventure.

This act, then, of apparent courage, was in fact an act of cowardice.

\* \* \*

There really isn't any way you can describe adequately what it feels like to be mortared; you have to experience it. I'd been in Vietnam about six months, assigned to a small helicopter base near a tiny fishing village called Phu Hiep. My overriding impression of those long hot months was of utter boredom. Being a reader, I was one of the lucky ones. For the rest, there was alcohol, pot, a small pool room, and a movie two nights a week (usually a war movie). More than once I heard someone mutter that even an enemy attack would be welcome, just because it would be something different, something unexpected and non-routine.

About 11:00 one very hot evening, I was just falling asleep when the first mortar landed. It fell in the southwest corner of our compound, a barren section with no target worth hitting. I was wide awake before the second explosion and out of my room before the siren had started. About a hundred yards from my door was a drab, sandbagged bunker (we called it Ellsworth), and I could already see people streaming into it. A third explosion sounded, distinctly louder than the first two.

Each round was a bit louder, a bit closer, during the next several minutes. I didn't run the risk of crossing the open space, but dove into the narrow space between the wall of my hooch and an iron and sand revetment that surrounded it. The rounds continued to land; I counted numbers 7 and 8. It sounded in many ways like some gigantic creature stamping across the coastal plain toward us. It's not a situation conducive to very sane thought, and one idea kept running through my head: They're shooting at me. Me, personally, Don D'Ammassa, who doesn't really care whether the totalitarian power was administered from Saigon or Hanoi. And out there somewhere was a small group of men in black silk pajamas trying to kill me. I began mentally computing the number of square feet in the compound, dividing by the standard "kill radius" of a mortar round. The facts should have been reassuring; the odds against any one individual round killing me were something over 1000 to one. It didn't help a bit. The tenth round landed in the road just beyond officers' country and blew all four tires



off a jeep. Although I wasn't to learn about it until the next day, another round had landed directly outside the wall of my office, but had buried itself several inches deep into the sandy soil without exploding.

The initial shock over, some of my companions had come up out of the bunker, adopting an almost festive attitude. When the twelfth round landed between two of the officers' hooches, several of the men nearby burst into cheers and some began climbing up onto the corrugated iron roofs for a better view. Before long, I was almost the only person still under some cover, and I probably would have heard even more insults than I did had it not been for the fifteenth round. A piece of shrapnel from that struck the revetment near me with such a clang that I was momentarily deafened. Neither was I in a position to see the effects of the last two rounds, one of which landed directly on top of an enlisted barracks, completely destroying it (no one was hurt). The eighteenth and last was the only round to actually pass over my position, exploding harmlessly in the roadway.

On the following day, and for several days afterward, I took a great deal of kidding because I had crouched so assiduously in my shelter, unwilling to expose myself in order to watch the bombardment.

This act of apparent cowardice was an act of neither courage nor cowardice.

\* \* \*

Following my return from Vietnam, I was stationed at Fort Sill in Lawton, Oklahoma. I was the juniormost clerk in a battalion headquarters, one of nine clerks serving a colonel, a major, and a captain. It was soon evident that I was the best typist in the headquarters, so I was moved out of my position as public information clerk and made one of the two typists for the colonel. I still had eighteen months left in the service, which could conceivably have included another overseas tour, possibly in Germany. Obviously I didn't want to leave the U.S. again, since I was finally able to have Sheila with me. Unfortunately, unless I could win the direct intervention of the colonel, I would be eligible for reassignment in six months.

There was a chronic shortage of manpower in our unit, and the officers resented the need to have so many clerks. But with the clerks drawn primarily from high school dropouts, with little typing ability, no interest in their duties, the conditioned habit of making everything take as long as possible in order to always look busy, and their resentment of the officers in general, there was no other way to get the work done.

But I plotted. First, the current public information clerk left the service, and I volunteered to take over his function in addition to my regular duties. Then one of the two clerks in the message center was reassigned, and I quietly took control of the initial sorting of all incoming mail. Our legal clerk was reassigned to Vietnam, and I immediately assumed his duties. I had by now become exempt from all extra duty except fire watch, because it was necessary that I be on duty every day. This also meant I couldn't take leave time, but there was nowhere to go in Oklahoma anyway.

When the second clerk was reassigned, I assumed his duties also. All of this might seem like a horrendous workload, but I was still actually having difficulty finding work to do. There is so much wasted mantime in the service, I had only taken up a bit of the slack. I was doing five full jobs, in approximately six hours per day. But I had now passed that six months of safe time, and I was still nervous. So I extended myself further.

The adjutant's job was filled normally by a captain. The average tour was four



months, because it was used primarily to get junior officers familiar with army paperwork and, I suspect, to make them cognizant of the fact that it's the clerks who really run the military. Each time we received a new adjutant, I was supposed to show him his day to day responsibilities. In fact, each time I showed them less, adopted more of their duties into my own, became the author of the actual language of all of his reports, and eventually those of the colonel as well (the major resisted; I suspect he knew my game from the start, but did nothing about it because it was evident that we would all benefit). I made certain, in quiet, inoffensive ways, that the colonel was aware of the volume of work I was doing.

Army regulations are written to cover every conceivable combination of events. As a result, they are written in officialese, at incredible length, with a complexity that it is awesome to behold. Two of the most complex are the procedures for discharge of personnel for unusual reasons (including the famous Section 8) and the army filing system. The former is a very complex procedure which must be meticulously correct to be effective. The colonel's usual response to people in his command that he didn't like was to have them discharged under the provisions of this regulation. So I made myself an expert on the subject, studied the pertinent regs until I knew them backward and forward. Similarly, I became so much of an expert on the filing system that the colonel often traded my services to other commands in order to prepare them for their annual General Inspection, in return for various personal favors from them. So as I neared the completion of my twelfth month in the service, I was sitting pretty. As I had expected, the colonel made an exemption from transfer every month in my case, on the basis that I was too badly needed in his own command. So I had everything to lose by rocking the boat; my exemption from transfer, and my privileged position vis-a-vis extra duties. But I have a perverse streak.

Each month, several dozen reports issued from my desk to higher commands. One of these was the Savings Bond Report. Anyone in the service knows that there is a great deal of pressure to take out a bond on the payroll deduction plan. Unit commanders are under similar pressure to maintain at least a 90% level of participation. They have been known to resort to threats or actual punishments to increase their percentage. Understandably so, I might add, since their next promotion might well depend on it. A second report was the Modern Volunteer Army Report. This required the commander to personally interview five members of his command, and pass on their criticisms of present practices in the army, and their recommendations for what should be done to improve things. Remember, this was during the age of the draft, when it was becoming evident that the MVA would have to evolve shortly. A third is the material readiness report, or something of similar name, which was a report on the combat readiness of all equipment assigned to the command. This was a compilation of how many trucks, howitzers, or rifles were currently in need of repair, for example.

As part of my duties, I would compile the raw data for all these reports, and submit them to the colonel for his signature. The theory wasn't congruent to reality. Our savings bond participation was at a level of approximately 60%, due in part, I hope, to my behind the scenes pressure to get people to cancel their bonds. I was very nasty in those days, and resented the pressure tactics being used. After seeing these figures the first time, the colonel had me exclude all people who would be leaving the service within thirty days, because there was "no point" in counting them. This raised it a bit above 60%. He had me exclude those due to be transferred to other duties within thirty days; this raised it above 70%. Then he had me exclude all personnel who had joined



the unit within the past thirty days, and this brought it up to 86%. "Round it off to 90%, adjust the actual numbers, and submit it," I was told. I did so.

As I mentioned, the MVA report required that the colonel personally interview five enlisted men for each report. After the first set of five, the colonel told me to conduct the interviews myself and to submit the results to him for editing. After the third month, he decided he couldn't spend the time even doing that, and he couldn't spare five men from their duties either, so from then on, I was to fabricate the interviews, and submit them to the major for editing. Against my better judgement, but in order to protect my privileged position, I did so, but I made it a point to talk to various enlisted men and get their ideas to fill out the reports, conforming to the spirit if not the letter of the instructions. But invariably, anything which was really critical of current army procedures was edited out. The major informed me that the MVA report was not really supposed to come up with any concrete suggestions, it was just to prove to the members of Congress that the channels of communication and change were open, even if they really weren't.

I also used to bring in the collated material readiness reports from our various subordinate units for the colonel's perusal. Like the savings bond report, this was crucial to his own career. He would take the reports and call each of the unit commanders. If the reasons for listing a piece of equipment as deadlined weren't extreme, he had it deleted from the report. If the results still weren't good enough, he would order a truck or jeep listed as operational even if it were disassembled awaiting repair.

After several months of this, my anger and guilt about my own complicity were too much, and I decided to resort to filing a Congressional. A Congressional, for those of you not experienced with the military, is a direct communication (complaint) between a member of the armed forces and a member of Congress (or in rare occasions, a governor, state legislator, or other official.

I had saved several of these reports in their before and after forms, and had them all Xeroxed. Still, I was reluctant to mail them off. In addition to the obvious dangers to my privileged status, there is the fact that the army can and often does consider such communications a criminal offense, for which you can be court-martialed. But then came the deciding factor.

Fred was a reasonably close friend, our battalion mail clerk, and a member of the counter-culture. He hated the army and everything it stood for, but his basic good nature made him amiable even to the officers he professed to despise. Fred was a conscientious mail clerk, partly because of his personality, partly because it was, like my own position, an enviable job, exempting him from most other duties. But one day he came very close to being court-martialed. The sergeant from our security office told him that, per instructions of higher command, Fred was henceforth to keep a record of the return addresses of all incoming mail for those members of the unit whose personnel records indicated they were politically active. Similarly, he was to record the addresses of all mail from these individuals which passed through his hands. Fred objected, quoting the army and postal regulations which specified that this was illegal, and that the army had no right without a specific court order to do so. The sergeant countered with a confidential regulation ordering all units to do so. Fred was on his way to yell at the colonel when I caught up with him, and convinced him that all he needed to do was ignore the order, since any attempt to punish him would result in precisely the kind of publicity the illegal act could not stand.

I succeeded in calming Fred down, but not myself. The Xeroxes, with an accompanying letter that included a description of the mail-cover order was in the



mail within 24 hours, addressed to Senator Claiborne Pell.

I'm not going to go into the results at any great length. There was a subsequent investigation of the savings bond reporting procedures at Fort Sill which resulted in the loss of the coveted Minute Man Flag, as they say, from the post headquarters. The mail story was denied until it was broken by PLAYBOY magazine several months later, at which time the army promised to stop immediately. (I am told that as of a few months ago, it was still going on.) What steps were taken with regard to the other reports are unknown to me. The personal results were fairly low keyed as well. I made enough of a stink that the colonel was reluctant to take any overt action against me. The official report (which I typed) said that I had been guided by misplaced idealism, that I had misinterpreted the intent of various things. The major informed me in a private meeting that he expected me to help him write a reply which would prove me wrong in every particular, even in those cases where I was right. I respectfully declined, though I agreed to type the final document, since that was a function of my job for which I was being paid. The colonel never spoke to me again until the day I left the service, at which point he actually admitted a grudging respect.

This, then, was an act of courage.

\* \* \*

We have evolved a disproportionate respect for physical as opposed to moral courage. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who should have known better, equated physical courage with virtue, implying that all other virtues were merely facets of heroism. Our heroes reflect the same belief, as with Audie Murphy, Douglas MacArthur, even Custer, or, in some quarters, William Calley. But Mark Twain points out that "Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear--not absence of fear." A rather independent minded cleric named Francois Fenelon, whose support of lost causes and minority views often put him in both physical and social danger, felt that physical courage is "a virtue only in proportion as it is directed by prudence". It is, at best, one of many virtues. And it is a virtue that we often use to cover up a multitude of sins. It is said of Custer that "at least he died heroically, making up for the sins of his life". If Adolf Hitler had died personally defending his bunker from the Allied soldiers, would we find room in our hearts to forgive him somewhat? Would Thomas Paine be considered any less a great man if he quaked at the thought of his own death?

I have no quarrel with physical courage. Under the proper circumstances, for the right reasons, I don't believe I would turn and run from danger. But I wouldn't enjoy it. I don't think it would in any way help ameliorate my other failings. Where Emerson considered it the prime virtue from which all the others follow, I see it as merely another aspect of our individual personalities, to be neither applauded nor condemned as such, but to be employed when needed. But an ascendancy of respect in the public opinion for courage of one sort over the wise use of courage often results in the sort of saber rattling that the Soviet Union is so often prone to. It's important that we, as a country, know the difference between a wise show of force and the reckless versions demonstrated by the Soviets in Angola, to choose a recent example. A wrong decision might be our final decision.

THE NOVA - 1976 & 77

BEST BRITISH FANZINE:  
MAYA - Rob Jackson (both years)



# FANDOM INK

## TOM PERRY

As if at a secret signal, the oldtime fans left the lounge at Owens Park and disappeared into the night, bound for a top-secret rendezvous. The room of younger fans left behind scarcely noticed their departure, but one continued topic of conversation was speculation as to why so many of their elders had emerged from the woodwork at this particular time. First Fandom was represented as never before, and even the venerable fan master was present.

At their meeting high in the Tower, the traditional rituals were quickly dispensed with so that the business at hand could be settled. With what amounted to mad haste by their elongated time scale, fandom's immortals turned to calm the crisis that had brought them out of the recesses of fanhistory. Owing to the erratic behaviour of the senior elder's hearing aid, this issue--nothing less than the outbreak of fannish epidemic--was given the name of Pickledill's Itch.

I was there only as an observer, of course, being much too young to voice an opinion in such august company. Compared to these, even a mature fan like myself is only an egg. In the event I found myself dozing off as the debate raged around me. From time to time I stirred uneasily as an ear-trumpet crashed resoundingly to the floor or a local dispute was settled with a clash of crutches.

After a long time--how long is impossible to say--I was shaken rudely awake. I found myself confronted by three of the biggest of big name fans. I had thought that two of them were dead, and decided as I spoke with them that they had merely been the victims of fannish death hoaxes. Now...I'm not so sure. I didn't use to believe in ghosts. But how can one deny the evidence of one's eyes?

But never mind that. As I emerged from sleep, the leader intoned: "You have been chosen."

"Chosen?" I mumbled. "Chosen for what?"

"To carry the message to fandom. To inform...to warn...to spread the word."

I must have looked sceptical, for one of the oldfan's lieutenants chimed in: "This is of prime importance, you know. All fandom could be plunged into war."

"It sounds pretty sercon to me," I said. "Besides, I don't want to get into a fued. To me fandom is just a goddam hobby."

*From TRIODE 23, Summer 1976, edited by Eric Bentcliffe  
(17 Riverside Cresc., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, England)*



I turned back to the elder of the three. I looked him straight in the eye, intending to turn down this unwanted assignment. Instead, I found myself staring into eyes whose depths were measured in light-years...eyes like black holes in space...eyes that had seen only Ghu knows what quantity of suffering and agony, fakefans and fanzines, neos and pros, fueds and flatbeds. Behind those eyes was a mind that could recall annishes without number, crudzines beyond counting. It remembered the first word on page 28, had read PLOY No. 1, had lived through the April 31st OMPA deadline, had known Degler, fought in the 30's staple wars, battled in the L.A. Fueds. It had watched fandom coalesce from interstellar dust...it went all the way back to the big bang which had resulted in the conception of Hugo Gernsback. Warner himself was young compared with this fannish veteran.

Such eyes do not brook disagreement. My flat refusal died unspoken. Instead I managed to stutter: "Besides, I don't know this story you want me to tell... I am only an egg."

"You shall," intoned the elder. "Sleep."

At once I plunged back into slumber. When I awoke, the sun was shining and the room was empty. I looked around, uncertain of my whereabouts. Had it all been a dream? How many pints of bitter had I downed? Have to lay off the stuff, I thought blearily.

But then, suddenly, I realized that my final, dreamless sleep had not been entirely uneventful. Somehow I had gained the knowledge that the elder had predicted I would. I now knew the story that he had wanted me to tell, the message that I was to carry. Nor was there any question of failing to do it.

The mind implant caused me to stagger straight to a typer...

\* \* \*

In California, during the 1950's, it was said there were 500 BNFs. One of these was a clever young extrovert named Remizrov. He discovered fandom in college, and to him it seemed in no way different from other social activities like football or panty raids. He pubbed a bad first issue, a mediocre second, and then a stream of gradually improving issues culminating in his thousand-page annish, which contained a contribution or letter by every fan then active. The name of his fanzine was OBstruct.

Remizrov dropped out of fandom about the same time he graduated from college. Casting about for a way to make money, his eye lit on the oldsters that make California the capital of the shuffleboard world and the mecca of conservative politicians. Others were selling these oldsters high-rise apartments, kitty-cat glasses, and bermuda shorts, all of which they bought eagerly to quell their loneliness. Remizrov decided to sell them something more basic. Fandom itself.

Very quickly, even for California, he had set up his corporation--Fandom Inc.--and had scores of bright young salesmen combing the high-rises, selling Fanpaks.

A Stage One Fanpak consisted of a portable typewriter, 500 sheets of typing paper, ten SF paperbacks, and 20 current fanzines. A form letter of comment was provided, and the prospective purchaser was promised that his or her solitude was at an end. Re-type the form letter of comment, filling in the blanks from a special kit of colour-coded phrases--or make up your own letter if you were the creative type, using the optional Fanlex to look up fannish words. Within weeks you could forget all about that ingrate son who never writes to you--your mailbox would be filled with fanzines and letters. No need to like



or even to read science fiction, ma'am--discuss politics, recipes, current events--that's what everyone else does. Now, if you'll just sign right here...

As the turnover outgrew Remizrov's supply of fanzines, he set a battery of secretaries to transcribing authentic fanzines to stencil, after which he could produce as many copies as he needed on the corporate Gestetner. One snag was copying the style of fannish artwork prevalent in those bygone days; top artists from Hollywood and New York couldn't manage it. This corporate crisis was overcome when a talent search discovered a kindergarten of retarded spastics in Anaheim, and from then on the Fanzine Repro' Dept. had clear sailing.

In the next phase the sales force of Fandom Inc. hit the high-rises with the Stage Two Fanpac. It included all the requirements for pubbing a fanzine--A.B. Dick mimeo, lettering guides, reams of paper, quires of stencils, a mailing list, a book of sure-fire jokes. For an extra outlay of cash, a Rex Rotary or Gestetner could be substituted for the A.B. Dick, and if you could prove you were starving on welfare, the salesman could at his option let you step down to a hekto. The options of going photo-offset or farming out the chore of writing, editing, cranking and collating were reserved for the rich--or (in practice, since an oldster that well heeled would have his own retinue of prospective heirs in constant attendance) for those willing to transfer their portfolio or condominium to Fandom Inc.

Fandom was delighted at first at the surge in its ranks, and thoughtful articles were written and published detailing how the atomic bomb and the V-2 rocket had spurred this increase in fanac. The bumbling efforts of the crops of neos were regarded with tolerance; in a few months they would find their feet and become an asset to fandom.

But the months passed. The hoards of new fans continued to swell. Misuse of the sacred fannish neologisms continued unabated. The letters of comment from the new wave of fans showed a certain sameness, as did their fnz (which of course were modelled on a form fanzine with colour-coded inserts that was an option with the Stage Two Fanpac). The only spark of originality they possessed seemed to lie in their defense of the rightist politicians and traditional religion. God even found his way into HYPHEN before being exorcised after one issue.

Fannish organizations were swamped with new members. When Remizrov's oldsters took over the N3F, no one noticed; but when they attained a majority in LASFS and voted that its SF collection be sold to finance a shuffleboard court, it was clear something was wrong. And when their English counterparts (for Fandom Inc. was now International) sold the Shorrock Still to turn LiG into a Croquet Club; it was obvious that action was imperative.

The Grand Council of fandom moved swiftly. Its members travelled incognito to a secret meeting place in upper New York State. The debate was fierce but the outcome was never in doubt. Perhaps the proposed action reeked of something akin to racism or sexism--"ageism", one fannish elder termed it--but there was no choice: the survival of fandom was at stake.

The first stage of the operation went off without a hitch. As usual fandom moved in unison with smooth precision to attain its goal. In concept it was simplicity. Fandom was split horizontally and the members of Remizrov fandom propelled into an alternate universe. To members of that fandom, real fans seemed to go gafia, or die, or retire to that strange twilight area "The Apa". (Remizrov had never become a member of FAPA and so this area of fandom was uncharted territory for him and his customers.) CoAs were routed into the offices of Fandom Inc. by trufannish agents, and the corporation obliged by



passing the new addresses on to its clients as part of its monthly fanac service. The new addresses routed the letters and fanzines of Remizrov's customers to abandoned warehouses or vacant lots.

A few Californian real-fans had to be rescued by Operation Hoax. One single copy of a newszine went to the offices of Fandom Inc.--announcing that each of these prominent fans had been a hoax propagated by some other fan now gafia or deceased. Puzzled oldsters questioned their Fandom Inc. salesman on his monthly rounds (for paper, mimeo ink, and staples had now become an essential), only to be assured that such hoaxes were quite a normal part of jolly fannish activity. Thereafter, popular demand required Fandom Inc. to market a Hoaxpac, and Remizrov, inspired, soon followed it up with a Feudpac.

The second stage of Operation Eufanasia was the controversial one. Some means had to be found to route neofans to the true fandom and divert them from the commercial one. The means chosen was harsh but successful. The ink of SF magazines and books was impregnated with a little known drug which caused revulsion against the symptoms of age. The ink of fanzines put out by true-fandom was impregnated with the antidote. Fandom Inc. ink, lacking this ingredient, resulted in the neofan who made contact with that fandom being propelled away from it at great speed, and coming to rest in Trufandom. The measure was harsh but effective. There were a few unfortunate side effects--for instance, the numbers of young people who read SF but never found fandom, thus causing the Generation Gap of the 60's--but these were a small price to pay for the preservation of fandom.

Within a few years the crisis was over. Remizrov fandom still continues to this day, but all connection with science fiction has long been forgotten and its fanzines are indistinguishable from mimeographed Christmas letters--indeed, they are mimeographed Christmas letters. Fandom Inc. branched out, went public, became an international conglomerate, had its assets stripped after a hard-fought takeover raid, and then was put through Title 13 bankruptcy during the stock market crash of 1970-72. Its shares are now worth more as scratch paper than as stock holdings.

Remizrov himself got out early and when he died in 1969, at the age of 35, his estate was worth a reported 267 million dollars before taxes. Recent Senate hearings have since revealed that his later companies were CIA fronts; one apparently specialized in the creation of false identities for government agents.

In 1970 the secret masters of fandom agreed that the drugs in mimeo and printers ink could be withdrawn. The age-repellent drug was scheduled to be phased out first, followed 24 months later by the age-toleration drug in mimeo ink. Thus an antidote would continue to be present while stocks of the age-repellent printers ink were exhausted, and for a margin of six months afterwards, as a safety measure.

Withdrawal of the drug in mimeo ink went without a hitch, but the other assignment was given to a fan with a large backlog of fanac, including the final issues of several monster fanzines he had created and suspended over the previous decade.

He will get round to it in time, though. He will...

[FANTHOLOGY 75 is available for \$2.00 from Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, Arizona, 85040.]



# the report from point 30

by  
GRANT  
CANFIELD

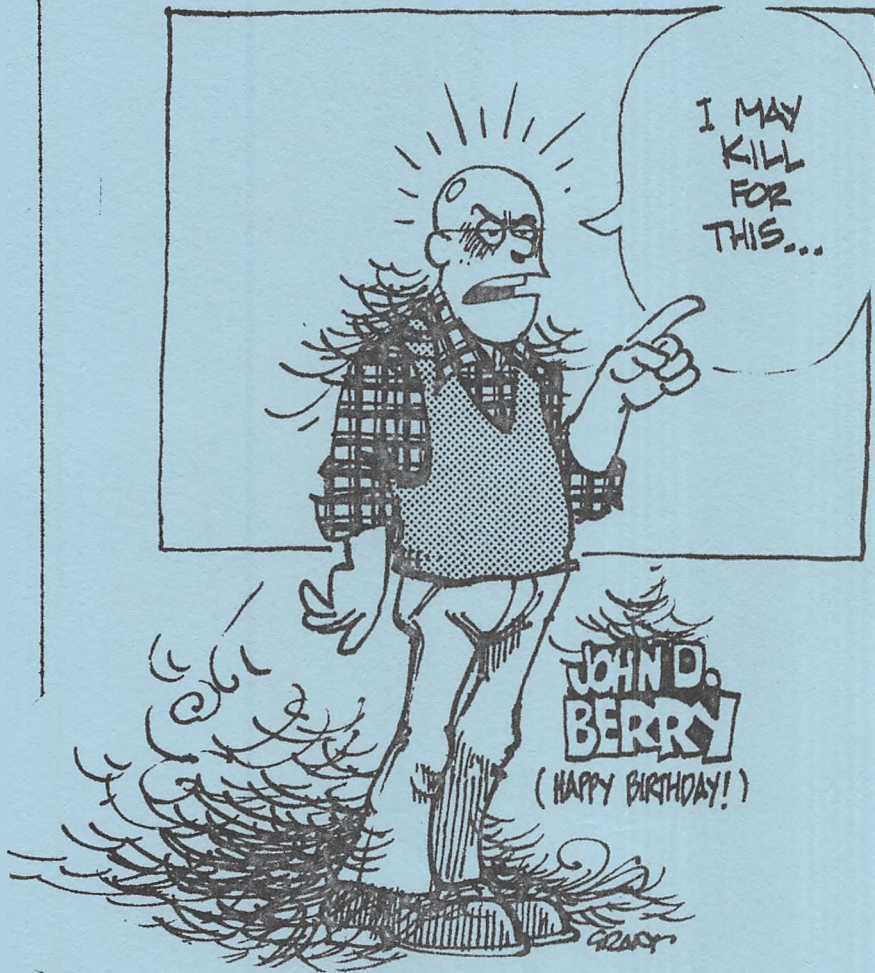


On my 30th birthday I drew my 501st gag cartoon. Actually, I prefer to think of it in a more elegant mode: I drew 500 gag cartoons before I turned 30.

The 30, of course, was an extremely difficult interface to cross, both emotionally and physically. As anticipated, my body went on immediate "Self-Destruct". It starts with the joints. In the Game of Life, 30 is like the refreshments at a party of penurious hippies--the joints are the first to go. When you turn 30, furthermore, a chemical trigger suddenly erupts in various predetermined neural clusters in four, sometimes six, locations in the right, central part of your midbrain, tilting you towards attitudes indicative of extreme untrustworthiness, from the rational sub-30 viewpoint. Imagine, if you can, such bizarre mental states as finding oneself in agreement with something said by

From MOTA 17, May 1976, edited by Terry Hughes  
(4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205)





William F. Buckley, Jr., for instance. Edge City, you know. Once with me it got so heavy I flashed that I agreed with something Ronald Reagan, for Christ's sake, had said. I thought I would flip over into Tachycardiac Overdrive, until the TV cut to a slide apologizing for severe electrical interference caused by massive amounts of bird guano on the transmitter.

Well, hitting 30 is Tough, I won't kid you about it. You young punks will find out. Terry Hughes, the editor of this...this... whatever this is; he'll find out. He has always skipped merrily through life with mud between his toes and a tune running through his head. But when he reaches 30 in a few weeks, we'll see how merrily he skips with the former running through his latter and the latter stuck between his former.

And personally, I can hardly wait to see John D. Berry turn 30. Recent analysis of his urine, obtained by our Covert Activities Department, leads me to the inescapable conclusion that on his 30th birthday, he will go bald *all over*. It will happen suddenly, and in public.

It can't be helped, Terry. That's just the way it works, John.

So forget the 30, none of us like the 30 anyway, although I understand it is often viewed rather favorably from the other side, this side, the longer one is here. This remains to be seen. Leave us now advance to our co-sponsor, the number 500, representing the total number of gag cartoons I have drawn and put into circulation at the commercial marketplace as of my 30th birthday, or Point 30 as we refer to it down at the proctologist's office.

Besides, let's face it, 500 is such an easy round-heels of a number, who could resist plumbing its depths? No self-respecting, card-carrying egotist could pass up such an opportunity deftly to dance his duo of debonair digits, a little pink Gene Kelly on the right and a little green Fred Astaire on the left (the color is the second to go), across the face of that typewriter key embossed with his favorite letter: I. What the hell, you guys are subjected to this all the time from the pro writers, this is just a cartoonist getting the same kicks.

Since I first started selling gag cartoons in 1972, I've sold 127 cartoons (or 25.4% of the First 500--not a bad rate for my first four years, perhaps) to

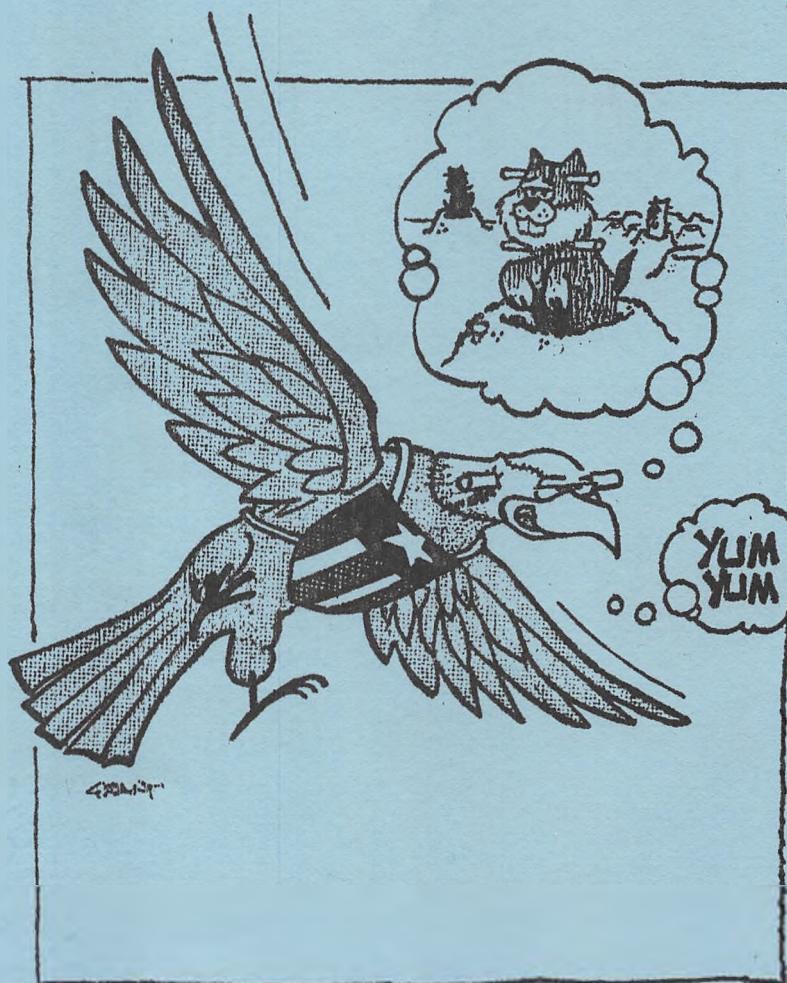


many diverse magazine markets for amounts ranging from \$5 per cartoon (at SEX TO SEXTY, for example) to \$250 (the current rate for full-page color cartoons in PLAYGIRL).

Of the unsold remainder, 199 (or 39.8%) are in current Active circulation, in batches of 10 to 15 cartoons per batch, with return postage and all that. For the most part, these earn me a fistful of rejection slips each month, but the few hits make it all worthwhile, it says here somewhere. An agent handles some of my earlier cartoons, a few recaptioned, but since that's out of my direct control I don't count these cartoons among my Active file. From time to time the agent sends me an odd-size check (he scrapes 30% off the top when he makes the sale) for a cartoon used in some obscure journal. This is nice, if not frequent, as it represents virtually serendipitous income; he is handling only cartoons I have absolutely given up on. Turkeys, if you will.

And naturally there *will* be turkeys. Some cartoons go the route, circulating to as many markets as I can find, and never make it. These are retired unceremoniously to the "Inactive" file. Often, after having circulated a particular cartoon for 3 years or so among 40 or 50 markets, I can easily begin to understand why any sensible cartoon editor would reject such an object of loathesome putridity, notwithstanding that it was Created by my own personal sweet self. Turkeys, you know. At Point 30 there are 83 cartoons (16.6% of 500) in my Inactive file. Among these are ones which actually should be classified "Dead", such as those cartoons whose gags have been returned to the gagwriters. If I can't sell a gag, maybe another cartoonist can. Win a few, lose a few. Well, actually, it's more like win a few, lose a lot.

But not all of them are turkeys, knock on masonite. A few cartoons fall under my favorite category of all, next to "Sold", namely "Awaiting Payment". At Point 30, I am Awaiting Payment from GENESIS, SWANK, SEX ON SEX, MAN'S, King Features, and BOYS' LIFE, for a total of 12 cartoons. The BOYS' LIFE hit is something of a biggie, my first "respectable" sale in several months. My major markets, by far, are the raunchy "girly" magazines. After multitudinous sales to magazines like GENT, CLIMAX, DAPPER, ESCAPADE, NUGGET, GALLERY, BACHELOR, FLING, CAPER, NIGHT & DAY, GENESIS, SIR!, MR., MAN'S WORLD, MEN, CAVALIER, SEX ON SEX, DUDE, and SEX TO SEXTY, my first sale to BOYS' LIFE [1] will make my father, an ex-Scoutmaster, almost as happy as he was when I made my Eagle. And





that's almost as happy as my Eagle was when I made the backyard prairie dog farm.

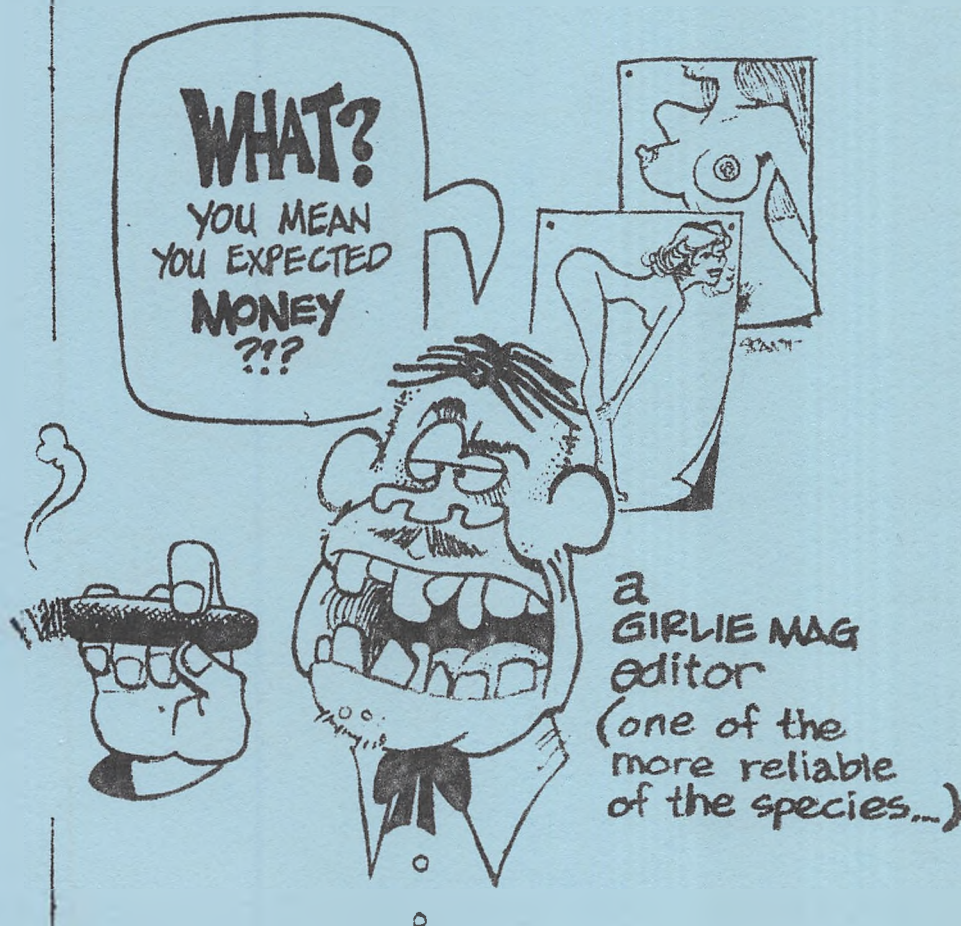
My next favorite category is "Holds". A Hold is "iffy", you see, by no means a certain Sale. Some pay-on-publication markets will hold a cartoon as inventory for future use. Other markets will sometimes hold a cartoon for further editorial consideration, ultimately rejecting it. Sometimes a Hold makes it, sometimes it does not. We do not allow our Excitement Meter to clang hysterically for a mere Hold, as such emotional display is solely reserved around here for a Sale. A Hold only rates a mild anticipatory buzz, with concomitant minor tumescence in select erectile tissues.

The remainder of my first 500 cartoons fall into various miscellaneous categories, such as "To Redraw", "Matted for Sale", "Queried", and "Gags to Other Cartoonists". Speaking of this category, remember the April 25, 1975, episode of the daily comic strip FRANK & ERNEST, by Bob Thaves? Sure you do. Funny as hell, right? Well, that was my gag. I sold him a cast off gag that didn't work for me but clicked with him. [2] Sometimes we cartoonists are also gag-writers; often we are our own gagwriters. Often we use other gagwriters' gags, but more about that later, after I mention my remaining miscellaneous file category for my cartoons: "Deadbeats".

Cartoonists keep track, naturally enough, of markets which are slow to pay, or which don't pay at all. Many cartoonists call these markets "hamhockers", but I am a traditionalist. To me, they are "deadbeats"...not to mention creeps, assholes, dirty bastards, rotten syphilitic pricks, and pus from the boil on

the ass of a hemor-rhoidal hyena. (Knowing that the Mailing List for this fanzine is comprised of many of the same, I hope and trust that no one takes personal offense. We are what we are.)

Although it is often like pulling shark's teeth to extract payment from a publisher, I have been lucky to manage to badger payment out of them one way or another--most of the time. Only once was I badly burned, in the sense of ripped off. That was for 4 cartoons. As that represents only 0.8% of my first 500 cartoons, perhaps it should not bother me much. As it represented \$600 in unrealized potential income, it rankled my pretty plump tushy.





In 1973 I had hit a big new market, a new glossy mag in the PLAYBOY-imitator sweepstakes, called GALLERY. As you may recall, this particular imitation was rather more blatant than most, with the first few issues a virtual steal of PLAYBOY features, graphics, layout, editorial stance, ads, and naked ladies. This theft extended even to such fine details as: typeface for the GALLERY logo on the cover identical to the famous PLAYBOY typeface; a contents page laid out absolutely identically to PLAYBOY's; a "GALLERY About Town" section to match "PLAYBOY After Hours"; and even an illustration by a Brad Holland analog on the Ribald Classics analog page. Carrying copyism to its logical extreme, GALLERY even located their editorial offices at 936 Michigan Avenue in Chicago, directly across the street from the PLAYBOY Building at 919 Michigan Avenue. One can only presume that they wished to be close to their source. The publisher at the start was famed criminal attorney F. Lee Bailey, but Bailey kailed out soon after take-off. Well, what the hell, a new market is a new market, and you submit your stuff. And my first hit there was for \$250, an astronomical sum for a magazine of that sort, and by far my largest single Sale to that date! They used this one expensive cartoon in a teeny-tiny, almost invisible one-column spot in the back of the magazine.

So naturally I sent them more material, at a time (as undisclosed but knowledgeable sources would later have it) when one of the top people at the magazine was apparently siphoning funds out of the corporation as fast as he could suck. Anyway, three of my cartoons were used in the July issue. Their base rates by this time had dropped to a more sensible, but still high, \$150 per black&white cartoon, so I billed them for \$450 for the 3 cartoons. [3] They sent a Purchase Order to sign, saying to bill them referring to that P.O. number. So I signed and returned the P.O. along with my new bill, in deference to their stated procedures. Nothing happened. I sent a query. Zero reply. I sent another query. Zilch. On September 5, 1973, three months after the date of the Purchase Order, and still not having been paid, I sent another letter, with copies to nearly everybody on their masthead, once again demanding payment and also withdrawing four cartoons being held for future use. Response: null set. On September 16, I wrote my fifth letter to GALLERY trying to extract payment, never receiving even the courtesy of a reply. In this fifth letter, I threaten 'em with legal action. Ballsy, right?

Then the October issue hit the stands with *another* one of my cartoons in it, one of those I had previously withdrawn. I billed them for another \$150, but of course nothing ever came of that either.

Eventually I contacted a lawyer in Chicago. I spilled my tragic \$600 story, but as it happened, his office was already representing four other claims against GALLERY, aggregating \$9000. In a letter dated October 18, 1973, he said, "We have sued them and there is no money available. There must be at least twenty-five lawsuits. I doubt whether they will ever pay out anything to creditors." On November 18, I wistfully wrote a final letter to GALLERY, offering to accept 25¢ on the dollar, or any offers whatsoever. The letter started, "Once again I write in the preposterous hope of collecting the money GALLERY owes me for published cartoons." The letter ended, "I think GALLERY has been a shitty magazine from the beginning." I get mean when I get mad, you better believe.

Well, I was never paid a dime for any of those four cartoons, so that's the story of my Deadbeat file, but not quite the end of the GALLERY story. My wife's aunt in Chicago later sent me a clipping from the February 7, 1974 SUN-TIMES, reporting that the three largest creditors of GALLERY had filed in U.S. District Court to force the magazine into bankruptcy. The three largest creditors, you might be interested to learn, were the paper supplier (claiming



\$439,170 in unpaid debts), the printer (\$198,184), and a public relations consultant who claimed he had rendered services worth \$13,379.

Following bankruptcy, the GALLERY title was bought by another publisher, Bookbridge Publishing in New York. Probably I would never have submitted anything to this "new" GALLERY had not the new editor turned out to be one Pat Reshen, to whom I had sold material before, and who I believed to be reliable in matters of payment. The rates dropped much lower--down to a reasonable \$50 for black&-white--but the new GALLERY became one of my steadiest markets, even commissioning an occasional color cartoon. In fact, I have sold more cartoons to GALLERY than to any other single magazine, which shows you how funny things can work out sometimes. Yok, yok. I hesitate to interrupt such hilarity by mentioning that shortly before Point 30, GALLERY was sold yet again, this time to Montcalm Publishing Co. So I have to break in another new cartoon editor.

GALLERY has been the only magazine to burn me by publishing cartoons without payment--so far; that I know about--but mags lose cartoons in other ways from time to time. For example, I have stopped submitting material entirely to PENTHOUSE and VIVA. You might imagine that these would be good markets, slick and solvent, what with PENTHOUSE pushing PLAYBOY for prominence of the pubic pack, but such is not the case. This publisher is well-known among cartoonists as slow to reply, slow to act on holds, and slow to pay for published material. VIVA is even listed as "No Pay" by some of the warnings in the cartoonists' trade journals. PENTHOUSE "lost" 5 holds of mine, from two separate batches. Several times people have mentioned a cartoon of mine they have seen in PENTHOUSE, but the fact is I have never sold a cartoon to PENTHOUSE. (If you actually have seen one there, and can point it out for me, I'd really like to know, because this would firmly establish them as ripoff artists, as far as I'm concerned.) Now that I no longer contribute there, perhaps I never will. Until I learn they have cleaned up their act, at any rate.

An excellent way to lose cartoons is to use the United States Postal Service. Unfortunately, mail is a freelancer's only contact with his marketplace, so use it he must. Altogether, I guess I've lost something like 30 cartoons in the

mail. Some of these have been redrawn and put back into circulation; some eventually will be. Some, I'm sure, are actually in the hands of rip-off editors and will be used at the earliest clandestine opportunity, possibly overseas, for no payment, with the Postal Service taking the blame for "lost" material. So perhaps the Postal Service doesn't really deserve all the abuse it gets--but is there anyone here who really believes that? Once a batch of my cartoons, burned and water-soaked, came back from PLAYGIRL in a plastic bag. An accompanying form letter





from the local Director of Mail Processing read, "We regret the enclosed mail was damaged while in the custody of the United States Postal Service. There are isolated instances when mail is damaged in fires, accidents involving aircraft, trains, trucks, buses, boats, and other conveyances. In this instance, a truck enroute from Los Angeles carrying this mail encountered an accident which resulted in fire to the vehicle. Postal regulations provide that the remaining mail matter be forwarded to the addressee with an explanation. We apologize for any inconvenience caused you in this instance."

A mail truck fire, no shit. In case you are interested, the Postal Service form letter reference number for notification of a fire in a mail truck enroute from L.A. is this: LPL:CFO:JM:pm 1/1. Strangely enough, several days before receiving this communique in the soggy plastic bag full of half-burnt cartoons, I had heard on the radio about a mail truck out of L.A. catching fire near Santa Barbara. Speaking with a certain prescient knowledge, rather like *deja vu* in reverse, I said to my wife, "My cartoons are on that truck." She said, "Oh, don't be paranoid." This merely proves, as all of us crazy people have known for years, that paranoia is the only healthy mental state for the Seventies.

Incidentally, among that batch of returned charred ex-cartoons was a note from the PLAYGIRL editor, commissioning a color finish from one of the black&white roughs in that batch, [4] so I guess I was lucky the Postal Service returned even the debris (the "remaining mail matter"), or I might never have known of that commission.

The bulk of my cartooning thus far has been slanted towards the "girly" field, as I said, where the current reigning controversy is: "To split or not to split, that is the beaver." The splitters are led by raunchy Larry Flynt, publisher of HUSTLER, while that aging pundit of the Sexual Revolution, Hugh Hefner, recently opted for the crown of the tasteful non-splitters. Meanwhile, a similar, in many ways identical, controversy recently raised its little pink head in magazines such as PLAYGIRL, FOXYLADY, and VIVA, which feature photo layouts of naked boys. ("Boylies"?) I refer, of course, to the uncommonly sensitive topic of tumescence. How much is too much, and how far is up? Is too far up too far out? Is all the way up absolutely out? Apparently it is, for I have yet to see any man in any of these magazines at any more than half mast.

Naturally, when one's parents ask you on the long-distance telephone how your cartooning is going, they do not want to hear about the large number of cartoons you are publishing in periodicals featuring pubic hair, male and female genitalia, naked bodies caressing, and other disgusting Communist activities. My mother is just not the sort of person to drop a bomb like "My son has a cartoon dealing with cunnilingus in the latest issue of SMELLY TWAT," into Friday night pinochle club conversation. Fortunately, however, I have made occasional sales to respectable magazines, and have been able to cite cartoons published in PARADE, SATURDAY EVENING POST, LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE, TRUE (when it was still a "men's adventure" book; recently a new publisher took over the title and is steadily converting it to the standard hard "girly" format), NORTHLINER (an in-flight magazine for an airline), WRITER'S DIGEST, GIRL TALK, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, NATIONAL ENQUIRER, and GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, among others. A sale to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING (\$150 for black&white) in 1973 got me two column inches in my parents' hometown newspaper; cartoonist son of local folks makes big time, that sort of thing. The paper, no doubt due to excessive zeal generated within the staff by the colossal impact of this mind-boggling scoop, reprinted the cartoon from GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, without bothering to ask either that magazine or me. I thought this was a commendable disregard for copyright laws;



after all, it is the people's right to know.

Once I had a respectable market that seemed right up my proverbial alley, a science fiction magazine, no less! But, alas, I blew it...

When VERTEX first appeared on the stands, I thought, "Far out! Maybe they'll use gag cartoons." As, of course, they did. I began submitting material, and almost immediately my cartoons began appearing in the magazine, at \$15 each. Two Canfield cartoons appeared in VERTEX 3, two more in issue 4, and four in issue 5. None of my cartoons appeared in VERTEX after that, however, because in the meantime I had managed, with the aid of my regrettable compulsion to appear clever and cute, to land myself on Don Pfeil's infamous VERTEX shitlist.

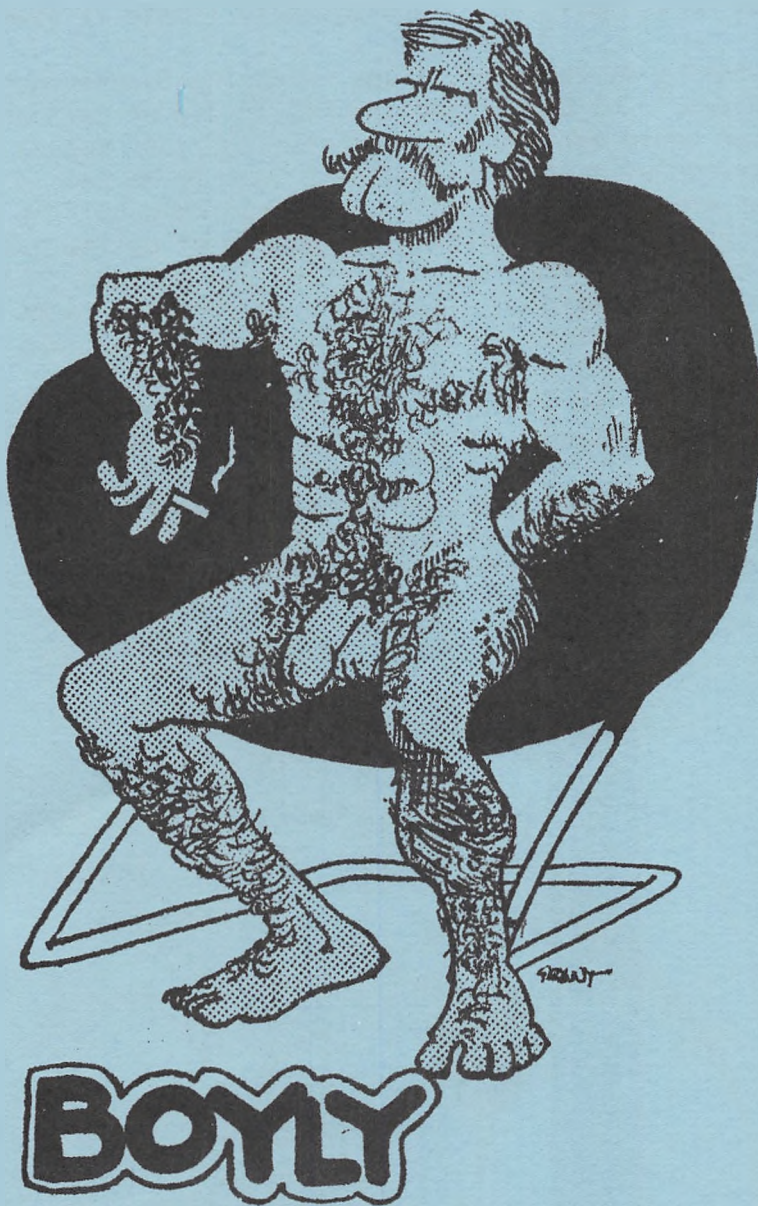
In November 1973 I had written to VERTEX asking for the return of unaccepted cartoons. Up to that point, the only word I had ever received from VERTEX was a signed check, as nice a word as any, but I was getting rather anxious about several batches of my cartoons possibly gathering dust in some filing cabinet in Los Angeles. (I'm much more relaxed about it all these days. Valium, you know.) So then I wrote what I thought was a reasonable letter of query, asking for the return of unused or unwanted material. This letter received no reply. No reply is standard communication procedure with some editors, it seems.

Two months later, in January 1974, I wrote again, asking for the return, or notification of hold status, of 14 specific cartoons. These cartoons had been in VERTEX's possession for over nine months, so I wrote, "This is far longer than most cartoonists will allow their cartoons to be held without action, or without being returned." I further added that I enjoyed having my work appear in VERTEX, and I was therefore being rather casual about the matter.

Did I say something wrong? Apparently so, because Pfeil got pissed off. He immediately sent me back 13 of the 14 cartoons, with the following note:







Dear Mr. Canfield:

Frankly, I must say I am somewhat puzzled by your last two letters. The first, thanking us for buying your cartoons and indicating an understanding of the mechanics of magazine production and the "fill" use of cartoons until we needed them.

Your next letter, sent some sixty days later, evidences a somewhat uptight tone regarding your cartoons, demanding that we immediately either buy them or return them.

Well, it took a bit of time to retrieve them from the art department assembly line, but here they are. I wish you all the luck in selling them elsewhere. For, under the circumstances, you won't sell any of them to VERTEX again.

Donald J. Pfeil, Editor

I never did demand that he buy the cartoons immediately or else return them; at any rate, I can hardly consider a nine-month hold "immediately". Nevertheless, the important thing is that my letters of query obviously gave Pfeil the wrong impression, so the letters were poorly written. All I actu-

ally wanted was the return of cartoons he knew he *wouldn't* use--or simple notification that they were being held (I enclosed prepaid, pre-addressed postcards with all my query letters, for the editor's convenience in replying). Hell, never having received any verbal communication from the magazine whatsoever until the above note from Pfeil, I didn't know but what they might be throwing away material they didn't want to use--or even worse, passing it on to LASFS members for use in their fanzines! The point is, I wrote bad query letters and pissed an editor off. Poor professional practice, pissing off an editor.

I answered Pfeil's letter with one of my own, dated January 24, 1974, in an attempt, at least when I sat down at the typewriter, to set the record straight. But, as you can see, my cuteness and my dirty mouth got in the way again:

Dear Mr. Pfeil:

Thank you for returning my cartoons. I am sorry if you took umbrage at my letters. They may have had an uptight tone, but that's only because I've been ripped off a couple of times before, by other magazines, certainly not VERTEX.



There was no hostility intended on my part, and I apologize if I made it seem that way.

When I thanked you for purchasing my cartoons, I was referring to previous ones bought and printed in VERTEX. I do understand the "fill" use of cartoons, and I understand why a publisher would want to hold material for just such a purpose. However, most cartoonists will only allow their work to be held 3 or 4 months without payment, after which they will query. You had been holding my work for more like 8 months before I began inquiring. A couple of polite queries went unanswered before I wrote with that "uptight tone" you noticed. Finally, 9-1/2 months after my initial submission, you return my cartoons to me with a note that's supposed to make me taste a mouthful of shit. I say, who needs you?

Again, I really intend no offense. It just kind of irks me for you to accuse me, in effect, of unprofessionalism when it's you who has been sitting on the crapper so long, as it were.

Thank you for wishing me luck in selling these cartoons elsewhere. "Under the circumstances", you say, I "won't sell any of them to VERTEX again." Frankly, I doubt if I will be submitting more material to VERTEX anyway, as long as there is this kind of editorial climate there.

I suppose we're both well rid of each other.

Incidentally, my records show that you are still holding one cartoon from that first batch I submitted to you 9-1/2 months ago. It has my code number 35...Again, if this piece is slated for use in the near future, for which I expect payment, that's fine. If not, return it to me. Thank you.

Cordially,  
Grant Canfield

He returned number 35. It was already pasted up and ready to drop in a spot in the magazine, but Pfeil yanked it out from under the camera and returned it to me with this last word:

Mr. Canfield:

As requested, here is your cartoon #35. Please excuse the delay, but it was being processed for an issue, and it wasn't until the flats came back that I was able to retrieve it.

Somehow, In regards to

FORGET IT, KID.  
THERE'S NO  
FUTURE IN  
SCIENCE FICTION  
THESE DAYS  
ANYHOW.





your latest letter, I feel that you are deliberately misrepresenting what has gone on between you and VERTEX, but, for the life of me, I can't understand why, unless you're sending copies of your letters to someone else without indicating so. [5] What need to distort facts when the only two people involved in this, you and I, both know the truth? I did not, as you put it, "sit on the crapper" with your cartoons for 9-1/2 months. I started using them as soon as possible after you sent them, and continued using them, and paying for them, right up to the time you started getting nasty. Unless you hoped to force me into buying a quantity of cartoons in advance, something I cannot do under the standard operating procedures set for me by the publisher, I cannot understand any of the actions you have taken--again, including your most recent letter. Your letters appear logical only if one or both of two conditions were in effect. If I was holding your cartoons without using them as needed (and using them on a regular basis), or if I was using them without paying for them. Since neither of these situations were in effect, I still see no reasons for your actions, nor for your most recent letter. If this is your version of "professional" behavior, I hope no one ever accuses me of being professional.

Sincerely, Donald J. Pfeil, Editor

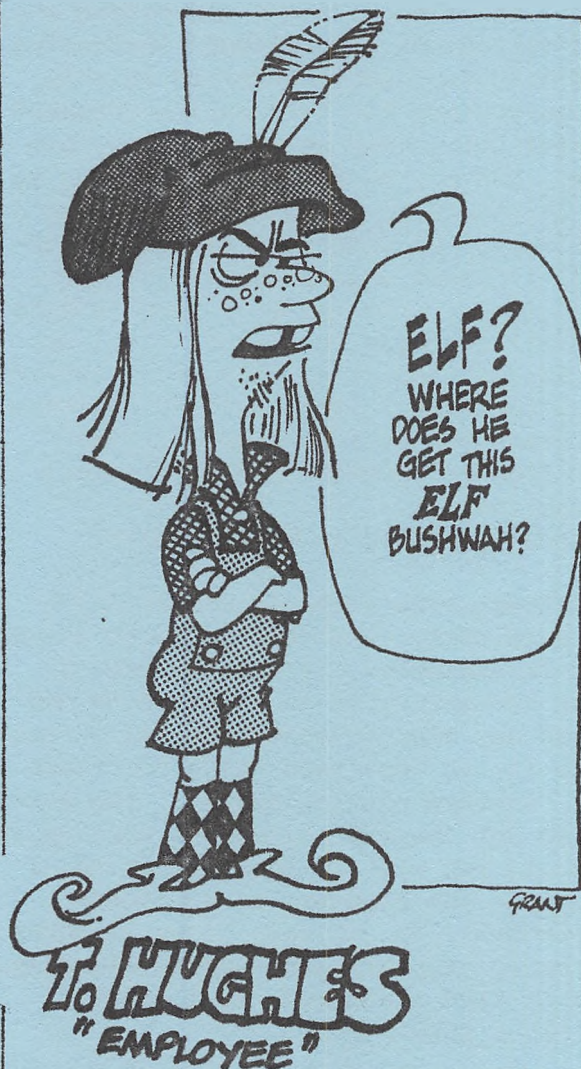
In one respect, Pfeil was 100% correct; my letters were very unprofessional--too emotional, too smarmy, too cute. It is absolutely true that he began using my material almost immediately, and paid for it promptly. It is also true I told him he could hold my material as long as he wanted, if he expected to use it. My only beef was that I was unable to get any kind of report at all on the status of my material--were they going to use it, or were they going to return it, or had they burned it, or what?--until I "started getting nasty". The nastiness got me my reply, all right, but it also got the rug pulled out from under me. VERTEX and I went our separate ways; and if you want to know the truth, I never really regretted it. Even though I enjoyed the exposure in a science fiction magazine, and even though I could reasonably expect more of my cartoons would be used, and even though I had corresponded stupidly and unprofessionally, by 1974 I was making regular sales in excess of \$100 a cartoon, so I figured VERTEX wasn't worth the aggravation, not at \$15 a pop.

Well, VERTEX eventually folded. Perhaps some of you may have noticed that VERTEX folded. Bit the dust, so to speak. Went under, as it were. The outcome of the whole affair, I might mention just in passing, is that VERTEX folded. The publisher, Mankind Publishing, also gave Don Pfeil himself the sack, but other than that the only result was (and I have to chuckle about this) that VERTEX folded. Me, I'm still at it, though.

But, I must say, I'm not "at it" entirely alone. As I mentioned earlier, I use gagwriters. Each week I look at hundreds of gag slips from professional gagwriters, holding less than one half of one per cent of what I see. When I draw these gags up, I put them in circulation along with my other cartoons. If the cartoon sells, the gagwriter gets 25% of what I get. Among others, my current stable of regularly contributing professional gagwriters includes a retired engineer in Lincoln, Nebraska, a housewife in Phoenix, a teacher in Milwaukee, an aspiring comedy writer in San Francisco, and a retired Marine top-kick in Hawarden, Iowa, who may be the world's most prolific girly-gag writer. And once I had a gagwriter who was serving time at the Florida State Penitentiary, but he suddenly stopped sending me material. I was always afraid to ask why.

More germane in this context, I also occasionally use amateur gagwriters. Ever since I wrote my first plea for gag ideas from amongst the freaky phalanx of funny folk in fandom, which appeared in GRANFALLOON 15 in early 1972, I have been proud to use gags by fans. So, now, because all of those fine folk deserve





it, it's Mass Egoboo Time!! Yaaayyyy!!!

My list of fan gagwriters reads like the WAHF column from any recent fanzine. I've sold cartoons based on gags by Arnie Katz, Linda Bushyager, Dave Locke, Avram Davidson [6], Morris Keesan, Jay Cornell, Burt Libe, Ed Cagle, David Travis, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Gorra, Brad Balfour, and Art Spiegelman. I've sold lots of gags by the incomparable Ray Nelson, the man who invented the fanzine, the city of San Francisco, and the propellor beanie. In addition, I have cartoons in Active circulation based on gags by many of the above, plus Bob Varde-man, Jay Kinney, Richard E. Geis, Gerard E. Giannattasio, Calvin W. Demmon, Bruce Town-ley, Dean Grennel, and probably somebody I've missed. I won't embarrass any fan gagwriters whose gags languish in the In-active file by naming names.

However, I must mention one more name. My all time top fan gagwriter, my bull goose loony, is none other than the elf of Ar-lington, the editor of This Puerile Trash, cute Terry Hughes. Terry has been sending me gags, often zany, occasionally outra-geous, since that first solicitation. I have sold cartoons based on Terry Hughes' gags to more magazines than I care to men-tion, including the one to GOOD HOUSEKEE-PING which got me into the hometown news-paper [7]. In 1973, I sold 4 Terry Hughes' gags; in 1974 I sold three. As of Point 30 in 1975 (I'm a Scorpio, if you must know, and therefore sexy and mysterious),

I've sold 5 of Terry's gags. In addition, eight more are in Active circulation; and, alas, several are Inactive. As you can see, Terry Hughes has been funny, to me, over twenty times. That alone is sufficient to qualify him for the per-manent Good Guy merit badge. Some people are naturally funny, and Terry, you would agree if you could see him, is one of these. You either have it or you don't, and Terry has it. Francis had it too. Mr. Ed had it. Trigger had it as well, but his elocution wasn't so terrific. But, then, neither is Terry's.

Anyway, I take this opportunity to shout "THANK YOU!" (sound carries amazingly well in the medium of a fanzine page) to Terry and all the other fine people mentioned above. Naturally, I also thanked them individually, especially in the instance of a Sale--they got the same deal as my professional gagwriters, namely a 25% commission on the sale [8]. Would anyone care to hazard a guess how much of that gagwriting income was declared to the IRS? As, hell, these people are all honest, sure.

Sure. Of course.

Incidentally, my relations with my gagwriters have usually been amiable and cordial, but not always. Once a gagwriter, Who Shall Remain Nameless (a curse), determined that I was a "deranged psychopath or a borderline demented killer."



He based this judgement partially upon the large number of his gags which I rejected (singularly unfunny), and partially from the nature of those gags which I did accept and use, which were, generally speaking, of the macabre persuasion. Who knows? Perhaps his observation of me was astute, as I am occasionally, at home, on deranged. I am sane enough to know, however, that there is no possible way to get out of a paragraph gracefully after a line like that.

The guy wasn't kidding, though, he really saw me that way. Do you have any idea how startling and how sobering is the realization that *no one else's image of you is exactly the same as your own*? This guy represented a certain polarity to the function: his image of me was entirely out of phase with my own perceptions of self. It was such an "other" observation that I have to confess I was quite shaken.

You see, I think I'm a pussycat. Even in my wildest fantasies, I seldom go beyond "semi-deranged rapist". No, that's not quite true. Once I had an excellent "cocaine-smuggling pervert" fantasy. Mainly, I suppose I see myself as a Struggling (but actually, it ain't really so tough) Young (once you cross the 30 hump, you've lost every chance to be called "The Kid" among professional peers, unless you are, God forbid, a politician) Cartoonist. Well, no doubt about that last one, I guess. Pstruggling or Psychotic, Young or Ancient, if a Cartoonist is a person who draws cartoons, I have been one all my life, or at least since the first time I was turned loose at the comic book rack in my grandfather's pharmacy & fountain, a place in time and space which still exists at the core of the many layered onion that is me. Or maybe cabbage. Arti-choke? No, onion; peel me, I'm yours.

I guess a cartoonist is what I always will be, in some form or another. Old habits die hard, as the gravedigger's apprentice said to the nun. I hope you enjoy the cartoons which accompany this text; they are here for a reason. I've been talking about my "gag" cartooning, but these examples of my "fan" cartooning are the only thing that can save us now. Only fans can blow all this hot air out of here, and mercifully end this marathon article. Fans blow, as everybody knows. Wait a minute, or is it suck? Suck or blow, one or the other, whichever you do best. Everybody start on the count of three. One...two...

#### FOOTNOTES...

- [1] One dangling possum to another: "Know what I could go for right now? A pineapple right-side-up cake!"
- [2] Frank to Ernie, on park bench: "My theology, briefly stated, is that the universe was dictated but not signed." Actually, this was not my gag line originally, but was glommed from the "Eavesdroppings" column of an old issue of EGOBOO (well, there aren't any new issues), proving once again that all humor is contained within fanzines. John D. Berry could probably tell us, if he dares, who said it first.
- [3] Gags by Bob Vardeman, Terry Hughes, and Mort Bergman. Please consider this barely compensatory egoboo, fellas.
- [4] Female rabbit (long eye-lashes) sitting on multi-colored Easter eggs in nest, to male bird (smoking cigar): "My mother warned me about these mixed marriages." This gag was by Linda and Ron Bushyager.
- [5] Not until now. --The Phantom
- [6] Man behind counter at general store, selling demon, in a glass bottle, to customer: "...plus, of course, a two-dollar deposit on the bottle." I sold this cartoon to TRUE for \$100. Avram's 25% commission works out to about \$2.50 a word. I wonder if he gets rates like that anywhere else.
- [7] Giant panda bear in doorway of child's bedroom, to boy in bed with little panda bear: "Goodnight, son."



# Bob Wilson

## A POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO GETTING HIGH

or

## WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

Last summer I wasted very little money and a fair amount of time fooling around with kites, which surprised me; I'm not generally a "hobbyist". (This, I'll have you know, is a Way of Life.) "Hobby" sounds like macrame and tie-dying, or at least a ship-in-the-bottle sort of thing. But a sudden Antoine de Saint Exuperyish urge for the skies had come over me and all I could afford was the old two-sticks-and-a-tail.

The traditional cross-stick kite isn't terribly satisfying though. Even then I longed for something more exotic--maybe something on the order of Alexander Graham Bell's multi-thousand-celled kite *Cygnets*, which would carry one passenger when it was towed behind a steam-boat. Or even the semi-apocryphal *yami doko* of Japanese history, from which enterprising Ninja would drop bombs on enemy territory.

These proved to be beyond my resources.

I tried a crude box-kite cobbled out of plastic struts and heavy brown wrapping paper, which might have been okay except that it rained during the thing's first flight. There's no joy in soggy wrapping paper, and less lift.

I still own the remains of an elaborate winged kite I designed myself, proving that aerodynamics shouldn't proceed by intuition alone. It almost flew...once...

Undaunted--not *much* daunted, anyway--I had recourse to a public library, which probably would have been a good idea in the first place. There were a couple of reasonably good history-and-design type books on kites--and I should mention that Will Yolen, world-famous fighter-kite-flyer, has published what looks like the best of these yet... The historical bits were interesting. Did you know, for instance, that an eager entrepreneur in the 30's had to be prevented by the police from hiring midgets to hang from kites and shout advertising slogans into the windows of tall buildings in New York? Did you know that unmanned kites have been flown successfully all the way across the Atlantic? (You did? Oh.)

What I decided to build, finally, was a semi-rigid kite called a Scott Sled, which uses three struts that don't cross each other and acts more-or-less as a parafoil. I decided I wanted a *big* one, and the result was (he said modestly) a minor masterpiece of catch-as-catch-can engineering.

For the body of the kite I used 2 mil transparent sheet plastic, which you can get at almost any hardware store at ridiculously low prices. Since my struts didn't need to be particularly strong I used plastic curtain-rod covers, wrapped at intervals with Scotch strapping tape--these worked fine and had the advantage of coming in 5-foot lengths. Big enough, I thought. I reinforced the bridling points with filed-down Coke can tabs held in place with more strapping tape. The result was a big and extremely sturdy kite that could be carried rolled up around itself. (Note faint flush of pride the memory brings out.)

It *flew*, too, which came as a surprise by this time. It was light enough to react to low winds; I've been able to coax it up when other people were having trouble with their dime-store fluorescent jobs.

From SOOTLI 2, August 1976, edited by Bob Wilson  
(94 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont. M5R 2H2)



High winds were something else. The thing stood five feet high by maybe four wide, remember, and that's an awful lot of surface area. It pulled. Reeling it in against anything more than a breeze cost blood and sweat if not tears; less blood when I figured out that a glove would help stop friction burns. It took more in the way of constant attention than any kite I've ever flown. Maybe that was part of the fascination.

The "fascination" is hard to dissect. It would be easy to synthesize cliches about the "sense of freedom, soaring on pinions free" etc. Except that it has nothing to do with why I was flying the kite.

It wasn't any sort of symbolism; what I felt was much more immediate. But at the same time the kite-in-the-air seemed like a different entity than the kite-on-the-ground: larger, more powerful, angrier.

The last time I ever flew the Scott Sled was during a summer meeting of the local branch of the Mythopoeic Society. It was the annual Toronto Islands meeting and a perfect opportunity to get away from power lines, hydro towers, tall buildings, crowded parks, etc. So I took my kite.

It was really too windy to fly it. But the universe forgives hubris, I thought, at least sometimes. I unfurled the kite on a windy stony beach and tied the bridle.

The kite snapped open with a sound like a gunshot. It was airborne fast, at an angle almost vertical to the ground, and the string was making this incredible high-pitched humming as if an electric current were running through it. It was all I could do to hold down the reel, and I did that by sitting on it part of the time.

The kite did high-speed dips, dives, dramatic climbs.

What it had was the feeling of volition.

Consider: the kite is inanimate; the wind is a random and vaguely directional force. But the kite is designed with a limited repertoire of responses to the wind, most of them odd ones, like flying; it feels "volitional", as if you had hold of some kind of aerial barracuda. It "fights you", it "responds", but it's only a sheet of plastic and three curtain-rod covers. Magic! Animism!

It's very much like coming into contact with a different kind of causality. I can't help wondering if it isn't the same feeling that generates and sustains real "animism", that sees souls and motives in wind and trees. A kind of electric feeling, a kind of awe. The Religious Experience of druids and aborigines. I wonder.

The kite died then.

I had rigged it with the strongest line I could get, 100+ pounds test. But it broke anyway. I felt the sudden slack in my hand. The kite hovered, paused, fluttered weakly downward and out.

It landed in Lake Ontario.

A sympathetic sailboat came round and tried to retrieve it before it sank, circling four slow times and dipping its big red-and-white sail. My personal animism must still have been on me, then, because the event took on a kind of accidental Significance, an extra dimension. The sail, wind-taut, nodding at the remains of another thing of the wind, like an eagle saluting a butterfly... The rescue was a noble failure, though. The kite sank.

This year I think I'll build a Rogallo parafoil; it takes one strut instead of three.



# David Emerson\_\_\_\_\_

## CRUDNET

**ANNOUNCER:** THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS TRUE. ONLY THE TYPEFACE HAS BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE STENCIL.

**MUSIC:** DUM, DAH-DUM DUM!

**FRIDAY:** This is The City. Los Fangeles. Eight thousand people live here. Some of them publish fanzines. I work in The City. My name's Friday.  
[pause] I'm a cop.

**MUSIC:** DUM, DAH-DUM DUM DAAAH! [Theme continues under.]

**SOUND:** Office noises--telephones ringing, chairs scuffling, low talking, papers shuffling.

**FRIDAY:** Thursday, January 15, 1976. At 4:27 PM, a call came in to the Fanzine Control Bureau, Division of Criminal Activities. I took it.

**SOUND:** Theme out. Phone ringing nearby. Receiver being picked up.

**FRIDAY:** Enforcement.....Yes.....Yes, ma'am.....What's the address, ma'am?  
.....We'll be right over, ma'am. [Hangs up phone.]

**BRANNIGAN:** What's up?

**FRIDAY:** Routine complaint. Lady says she thought she say a crudzine around. I told her we'd check it out. Get your hat.

**BRANNIGAN:** Right.

**SOUND:** Office noise fades. Theme, continuing under.

**FRIDAY:** 4:51 PM. We arrived at 8 Bozo Bus Plaza, the home of the caller, Mrs. Fred Haskell. Mrs. Haskell, a large framed, middle-aged Caucasian woman with medium-length brown hair, wire-rimmed glasses, and a walrus mustache, met us at the door.

**SOUND:** Theme out. Doorbell. Door opening.

**FRIDAY:** Mrs. Fred Haskell?

**FRED:** [In falsetto] Yes?



FRIDAY: FCB officers, ma'am.

FRED: Oh, yes. Do come in.

SOUND: *Footsteps, door closing. Then footsteps and voices approaching.*

FRED: ...you've come, officers. I wouldn't have called, except that my husband is so touchy about fanzines, and I thought, well, it never hurts to make sure. I mean, one can't be too careful these days, what with all those young hooligans and trekkies in the streets these days.

BRANNIGAN: Yes, ma'am. That's what we're here for.

FRED: I never thought I'd live to see the day, though. A crudzine in *this* house.

FRIDAY: Yes, ma'am. Want to tell us about it?

FRED: Yes. I was just sitting here in the study when Willis brought the mail in. Willis is the butler, you see--

FRIDAY: Yes, ma'am.

FRED: Most of it was tradezines and letters of comment, of course, b--

SOUND: *TV click!*

COMMERCIAL VOICE: --can be yours at the luxurious Concord Motel, located near the very heart of beautiful downt--

SOUND: *Click! Static. Click! Audience laughter.*

TALK-SHOW HOST: [lightly] But seriously, folks, hahaha....[barely audible comment from audience]...no--no, keep your elephants....[seriously] But seriously now, really, our first-- our first ghost tonight....we are proud to have with us here in the studio.....a man who was..... directly responsible...for some of the...greatest.....crudzines [laughter]....of all time.....Fandom's own...GEORGE LEROY TIREBITER! [applause]

SOUND: *Click! Click! Click! Click!*

FRED: [in falsetto] --en I dropped it on the coffee table and no one has seen it since.

MUSIC: DUM, DAH-DUM DUM!

FRIDAY: 6:02 PM. We started tracing the leads we'd gotten from Mrs. Haskell. The first was located on a back street in Canadatown.

SOUND: *Knocking. Door opening slightly.*

HAYBIN: Who is it?

FRIDAY: Mr. Haybin? Mr. Hatrick Haybin? We're FCB officers. We'd like to talk to you.

HAYBIN: Ya got nothin' on me, coppers. I'm clean.

BRANNIGAN: It's all right, we just want to ask you a few questions.

HAYBIN: About what?

FRIDAY: A few months ago, you filed for a Permit to Produce a Sub-Standard Fanzine...

HAYBIN: Oh, *that*. Yeah, I got a crudzine permit. Did this rag called ORODRUIN, a parody of THANGORODRIM! Used every cliché in the book--



lousy printing, bad corfluing, one page printed upside-down, crappy paper, terrible art badly stencilled, and the most obnoxious, juvenile editorial personality I could come up with. Pretty funny, if I do say so myself. Want to see a copy?

FRIDAY: No thanks. We just want the facts.

HAYBIN: Such as?

FRIDAY: How'd you get such bad repro?

HAYBIN: That's my secret, copper.

BRANNIGAN: Come on, Haybin, we know you've got underworld contacts. Make it easy on yourself. Who's your printer?

HAYBIN: I don't have to tell you that. I know my rights. I got my permit and it's all legit. Ya got nothin' on me.

FRIDAY: Okay, Haybin, if that's the way you want to play it. Just one thing.

HAYBIN: What's that?

FRIDAY: Don't gafiate.

MUSIC: DUM, DAH-DUM DUM! DUM, DAH-DUM DUM DAAA!

SOUND: *Change in background and sound quality, from film to videotape.*

DON: BUY Star Trek blueprints at Uncle...

SOUND: *Click!*

CLASSROOM INSTRUCTOR: --ember from Lesson 12 last week. Let's go over those points once again. First, correct use of corflu. Step 1, remove the pliofilm covering from the stencil. Step 2, burnish the incorrect area with a blunt object such as the back end of a stylus. Step 3, lift the stencil away from the backing sheet. Step 4, apply corflu. Step 5, let it dry thoroughly. Step 6, replace pliofilm and type in the correct text. Also remember [sound of a page of a flip chart being turned over] to use a typing plate for crisp letters, pliofilm to keep the wax off your typer and to avoid punched-out o's, and a backing sheet of contrasting colour so you can see what you're doing. We'll be back with the next lesson of "Introductory Mimeography" after this message.

ANNOUNCER: Tired of being a well-paid computer programmer? Want to get out of the rat race of going to work every day and spending lots of money. Do you dream of leaving your luxury high-rise behind forever and living in a tenement? Now, for a limited time only, YOU can join the hundreds of STARVING MUSICIANS already unemployed here in Fannsville. Enjoy the thrill of wondering where your next meal is coming from! Learn to play creditors off against each other! Experience that magic moment when your amp blows all its tubes five minutes before your first gig! All this and more! Plus, you'll have plenty of time for fanac! Apply now and get our free booklet, TWELVE KEYS TO PRODUCTIVE POVERTY. For details, write to the Bucklin Vocational Institute, Box 1281, Fannsville, Ohio 43210.

STAFF ANNOUNCER: This has been a Public Surplus Message brought to you by KFAN-TV.

INSTRUCTOR: Welcome back. This time, we're going to see what happens when a faned doesn't apply the lessons we've learned in this course. [Aside] (Are we ready?) Okay, here's the story of a crudzine editor and what



happened to him. [Pause] (Is it rolling, Bob?)

**MUSIC:** *Movie theme, starting suddenly in the middle of a note and slurring from slow to full speed.*

**NARRATOR:** Educational Films, Incorporated, in conjunction with--

**SOUND:** *TV Click! Click! Click! Click! Click!*

**TALK-SHOW HOST:** --other ways to achieve that true crud effect, am I right?

**TIREBITER:** Oh, sure, Jack. There's practically an unlimited number of ways. You can even have perfect repro and immaculate grammar and still produce a rag, if your content's bad enough. It makes or breaks a fanzine. You know that HYPHEN was not known for its, uh, visual impact, shall we say, haha, but it had great stuff in it. A lot of people think it was the finest fanzine of all time. On the other hand, not even offset's going to save genuine crud.

**JACK:** You mean, the visual aspect is entirely unimportant?

**TIREBITER:** Oh, no, of course not. Nothing's ever that cut and dried. You gotta have some minimal readability or you'll turn the readers right off. They won't look twice at it. And even in a good zine, certain things can be detrimental.

**JACK:** What sort of things, George?

**TIREBITER:** Oh.....things like cramped layout; you know, not enough margins, text crowded around the art too tightly. Makes you feel claustrophobic, like you can't breathe. Or copy that runs off the bottom of the page. Another thing is continuations. Some faneds, I don't entirely agree with this, some faneds insist on never having continuations. Gotta have everything end at the bottom of a page, or at least fill up the rest of the page with some art or something. That's neither here nor there, really, just personal taste, you know? But a real sign of crud is a forward-jump. That's when the continuation, or "jump" if you want to use the technical term, appears before the beginning of the article that it's continuing. No real excuse for that; it's just fuggheadedness. The faned ain't got it together enough to plan the layout before he starts typing stencils.

**JACK:** Would you say, then, that fuggheadedness is the key to it all?

**TIREBITER:** [Pause] Yeah; yeah, that's pretty much it. That, and not caring. You can be real sloppy if you don't much care about your zine. But if you don't care, why put it out at all?

**JACK:** A while back, you said that offset wouldn't save genuine crud. Can you give us an idea of what you mean by "genuine crud"?

**TIREBITER:** Well, hell, Jack, there's so much of it around, I'm surprised you even have to ask. [Audience laughter] But--let's see--well, amateur fiction would be one thing; most of that's pretty putrid. Especially the kind that re-does a trite theme for the umpteenth time without doing anything new with it. Raygun and spaceship stuff, for sure. Then there's book reviews that rattle on and on giving a run-down of the plot and never say anything about it other than "I liked it" or "I didn't like it". Ummmm....Anything boring.

**JACK:** Sounds like it's easier to say what it isn't.

**TIREBITER:** Right, right. It's a negative thing. It's a lack of something.



Lack of taste, lack of creativity, lack of talent, lack of knowledge about your subject, uh, and most of all, lack of anything to say. Being boring is just not being interesting. Nothing to say. Not that--

**JACK:** Excuse me, George, but we've got to break for a commercial just now. We'll be back with crudzine expert George Leroy Tirebiter after this word from Bassett Furni--

**SOUND:** Click! Click! Click! Click! Office noises.

**BRANNIGAN:** --esting.

**FRIDAY:** What's that?

**BRANNIGAN:** The Haskell dame. She's got a record herself.

**FRIDAY:** Yeah?

**BRANNIGAN:** Yeah. Convicted of second-degree crud for a zine named COMM'L, back in sixty-f--

**SOUND:** Click!

**UPPER-CLASS BRITISH VOICE:** Dear Sir: I object most strongly to previous sketch. Not only was there no trace of humor or plot, but there were no decent lines about albatrosses. And what about the Negro Question? Sincerely, Brigadier General Dennis Bludnock (Deceased).

**BRITISH ANNOUNCER:** And now, for something completely different. A man with a Gestetner up his nose.

**SOUND:** Ker-THUNK! Ker-THUNK! Ker-THUNK! Aaa-CHOOO! TV Click! Click!

**BOY:** Gee, Constable Rotary, wait till you hear about the award we're gonna win!

**ROTARY:** Not with that zine, sonny.

**BOY:** Huh?!

**ROTARY:** You're Wayne Joness, aren't you?

**WAYNE:** Yes, sir. With two esses in "Joness". It's more science-fictional that way.

**ROTARY:** Let me give you a piece of advice, son. Don't mail your zine out. Put it away in a drawer somewhere and take it out to look at it in a few years.

**WAYNE:** [Close to tears] But why?

**ROTARY:** Well, son, I know you're sincere, and I admire your enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, when I was your age I wanted to publish a fanzine, too. But frankly, son, you've just published a crudzine.

**WAYNE:** [Shocked] Gol-lee!

**ROTARY:** Oh, it's all right. I won't tell anybody. It'll be our secret, just between you and me. And maybe someday, if you keep trying [inspiring music begins, under] you'll produce a zine that Fandom will accept as good. And then you'll produce a better one, and then one better than that, [music swells] and they'll keep getting better and better, until all the great BNFs admire you, and you'll have the finest writers and artists wanting to be published in your zine. And then you will get an award. [Music at its gushy height] And you will be.....a Trufan!

**WAYNE:** [Enthusiastic once more] Wow!



ROTARY: Now run along and study your English composition, son.

WAYNE: Yes sir! Gee, thanks, sir!

NARRATOR: [As music approaches a dramatic ending] This has been a production of Educational Films, Incor--

FRIDAY: All right, hold it right there! [Music cuts off suddenly]

ROTARY: What? What what what what what? Who are you? What are you doing on this channel?

FRIDAY: Friday, FCB Enforcement.

ROTARY: Oh! Oh, terribly sorry, I didn't know--

FRIDAY: You Jones?

WAYNE: [Frightened] Yes, sir.

FRIDAY: You publish this? [Rustle of paper]

WAYNE: Y-yes, sir. You aren't gonna do nothin', are you? Constable Rotary said it was all right if I didn't send it out.

FRIDAY: No, we won't do anything. We just want to know where you got the idea to do this.

BRANNIGAN: Did somebody tell you to publish a fanzine like this? Somebody encourage you?

WAYNE: N-no, sir!

FRIDAY: You got the idea all on your own?

WAYNE: Well, almost. My uncle showed me *his* fanzine and I thought it was real neat.

FRIDAY: Your uncle?

WAYNE: Yes, sir, my Uncle Garth. He lives in Canadatown.

BRANNIGAN: Check!

FRIDAY: Check!

MUSIC: DUM, DAH-DUM DUM!

FRIDAY: [Over march-like theme] 10:43 AM. As soon as we radioed in to the Bureau, an AFB was sent out on Garth Danielson, using the description we'd gotten from the boy. 10:56 AM. We arrived at the Danielson home with two squad cars. Two more arrived at the back and side of the house.

SOUND: *Sirens, ending as the sound of tires screeching is heard. Car doors opening and slamming.*

FRIDAY: [Through bullhorn] Danielson! This is the FCB! We've got the house surrounded! Come out with your hands up!

SOUND: *Gunshot. Several gunshots in rapid succession. Silence.*

FRIDAY: [Normal voice] Let's go, men.

SOUND: *They break down the door, stumble into the house.*

FRIDAY: Drop it, Danielson!

SOUND: *Gun drops on floor.*

DANIELSON: How'd you find me? I thought I was covered.



FRIDAY: You were. But your cover was the only good thing about your zine.

DANIELSON: But how---?

BRANNIGAN: You made a fatal mistake, Danielson. Your kind always does.

FRIDAY: You printed on the backs of crud sheets and scratch paper. We spotted it a mile away.

MUSIC: DUM, DAH-DUM DUM!

FRIDAY: All right, let's go, Mister.

MUSIC: DUM, DAH-DUM DUM DAAAH!

ANNOUNCER: On January 22nd, the suspect Garth Danielson was arraigned in Los Fangeles Criminal Court. He was tried on February 9th for fourteen counts of first-degree crud, seventeen counts of illegible repro, and possession of an unlawful mimeograph. In a moment, the results of that trial.

\* \* \*

THE CRUDZINES: "ORODRUIIN 46" by "Hatricks Haybin" came with Bob Webber's PANTEKHNKON 0, so I assume it's Bob's doing. THE OUTER LIMITS 2 (Wayne Jones, 1021 Halliahurst Ave., Vinton VA 24179) is extremely neoish, containing terrible art, two pieces of atrocious fiction, confused layout, and a picture of Mister Spock. Two good things I can say about it, though: whoever is hand-stencilling the artwork is giving it a good try with shading plates; and all those responsible for the zine certainly have enthusiasm. Too bad the quality is so low. BOOWATT 1, 2, 3 (Garth Danielson, 616-415 Edison Ave., Winnipeg, Man. R2G 0M3) is a monthly version of the earlier BOOWATT WEEKLY, and is not much different. Although he's managed to get some artwork, Garth's content, grammar, spelling, repro, and choice of paper are still as abysmal as before. Finally, there's COMM'L (Fred Haskell, 3450 Zarthan Ave., St. Louis Park MN 55416; no longer published) which had several disgusting issues back in 1964.

\* \* \*

One last point I should make: the characters in "Crudnet" have no intentional resemblance to their fannish namesakes. They bear no relationship at all. They are fictional characters. Completely made up. Out of whole cloth. All mere figments of my imagination. For all I know, "Jones" may be the guy's real name.

\* \* \*

ANNOUNCER: The defendant was convicted of all counts and was sentenced to not less than six months and not more than ten years in Fannish Penitentiary. He is now serving that sentence in Filk Sing Sing.

MUSIC: Tympani roll.

SOUND: [Hammer on metal] Clank! ..... Clank!

ANNOUNCER: A Mark VII Production.

MUSIC: DUM, DAH-DUM DUM DAAAAAH!



# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank the writers and artists whose work appears in this volume, and the editors who first published it, for permission to reprint the material:

Jim Barker  
Eric Bentcliffe  
Linda Bushyager  
Grant Canfield  
D. H. Carter  
Eli Cohen  
Allen Curry  
Don D'Amassa  
David Emerson  
Alexis Gilliland  
Mike Glicksohn  
Mike Glycer  
Fred Haskell  
Lee Hoffman  
Terry Hughes  
Rob Jackson  
Mark Keller  
Leroy Kettle  
Mike and Pat Meara  
Taral Wayne MacDonald  
Tom Perry  
Bob Shaw  
Lou Stathis  
Dan Steffan  
Mae Strelkov  
Aljo Svoboda  
Angus Taylor  
Bob Tucker  
Reed Waller  
Harry Warner Jr.  
Bob Wilson

Special thanks are due to:  
Harry Warner Jr. for the introduction, written especially for the FANTHOLOGY 76;

Taral Wayne MacDonald for touching-up xeroxes of artwork for which originals were not available, and for miscellaneous help in connection with this book.

TECHNICAL: Gestetner #62X stencils, Gestefax 100 electrostencils; typer - Selectric II; electrostenciller - Rex Rotary 3S-4; mimeo - Gestetner 466; paper & ink from Gestetner.