

FARRAGO

ABOUT THE COVER, ETC.

STUART GILSON

As a rule I find deadlines meaningless, simply because I find myself unable to adhere to them. In the case of the FARRAGO cover we discussed over the phone, however, I've made an exception.

I've long been disappointed at fantasy artwork that's content to be merely decorative, and in following this principle I have attempted to work most of my drawings around serious themes and speculations, to invest a considerable amount of thought into an illustration's dramatic effect, *balance* and plot. The cover you hold before you is no exception. As a result of over six hour's pondering and actual work, I've come up with what I consider to be my most involved creation to date, the title of which is, simply, *RESCUE PARTY*.

Whereas artists such as Schull or Rotsler can draw something basically simple in structure and yet gives the impression of being complex and involved in form, in this instance I've tried for the opposite effect; I've gone to great lengths to create shaded areas by use of many dots (a pain in the behind like I've never known), and yet have tried to keep the thing simple and clear so that I might emphasize the stark desolation and barrenness of the scene. The hopelessness of the rescue party's search is also important to the illo's overall effect. This feeling I've tried to intensify by the buried astronaut's placement *behind* the two who have already passed him; in addition, the line of sight between the search party and the astronaut is intentionally obstructed by two sand dunes.

The immense mountains in the background surmounted by ovoid shapes are intended to be so suspiciously symmetrical as to suggest the handiwork of some alien intelligence. This raises the question whether it was natural disaster alone that entrapped the lost astronaut. As a final ironic touch, the lone astronaut's hands are positioned in such a pose as to suggest worship, supplication to an unheeding god that lies beyond within the alien wasteland; the barrenness of this last was again emphasized by leaving the lower right-hand corner of illustration blank (with the exception of my signature, the placement of which was a mistake on my part). If you draw a straight line that intercepts both the astronaut's hands, it approximates the base of a triangle that points out into that same desolation, a device which intensifies the alien mood.

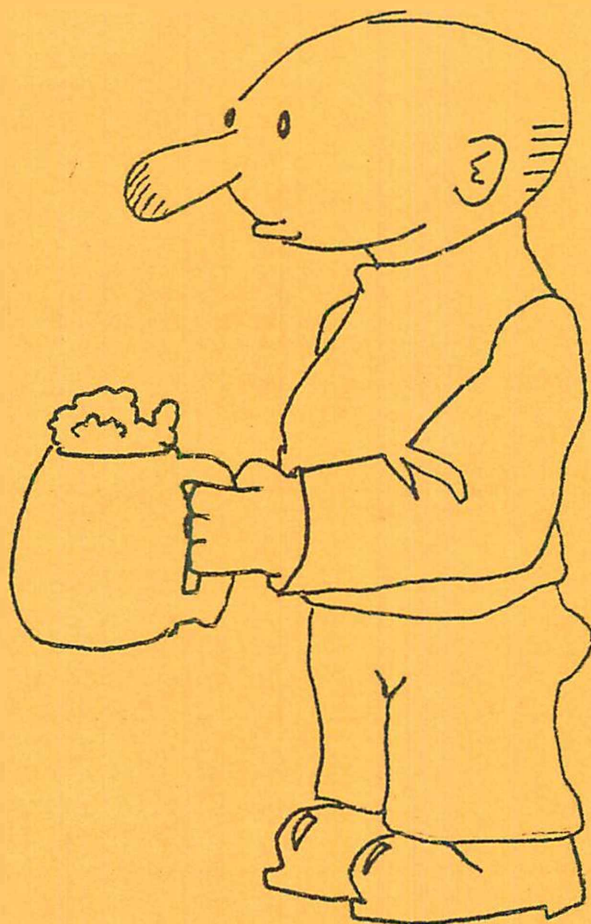
Actually, *RESCUE PARTY* in itself took no abnormally long time to complete, but rather the designing. The starry sky posed the greatest inconvenience simply because I had no white ink and so was forced to "draw around" each individual star ... gawd, but that got frustrating. My decision to even use a starry background made me hesitant, at first, since I was unsure whether your duplicating methods could handle the contrast, for the intensity of the black is important. ((*I failed you here, Stu, because my method is Xerox and the blacks just didn't come out black, thus lowering the stark intensity of your scene.*))

FARRAGO #3 AUTUMN, 1976
DONN BRAZIER, EDITOR
1455 FAWNVALLEY DRIVE
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131

Obtainable through contributions of everything but LoCs or 75¢ in stamps or cash. Published three or four times a year.

BARBEK THE INFLAMED
IS PROUD TO PRESENT
THE FOLLOWING CAST
OF CHARACTERS IN THE
ORDER OF THEIR
APPEARANCE.

BARBEK IS EASILY
APPEASED BY BHEER
OF ANY FLAVOR. IF
YOU CAN'T SUB AND
CAN'T DRAW OR WRITE
-- SEND AN EMPTY
BEER CAN FROM DISTANT
SHORES. BHEER OFFER-
ING ILLO BY HANK HEATH.



RESCUE PARTY FRONT COVER ART AND EXPLANATION
COUNTER-RESPONSE H.P.L. & BLACKWOOD ENCORE
 illos by Sheryl Birkhead

STUART GILSON
ROBERT E. BLENHEIM

ROOM PARTY #1 IN WHICH LOGIC IS ALL
LOOKING AT ANOTHER FANDOM RUNNING
 illos by Barbek

PAM SNEED
MICHAEL T.
SHOEMAKER

A JOVIAL JOVIAN JOURNEY A SQUIBB
 illo by Sheryl Birkhead

BARBEK

A LOADED TALE CALLED JOWLS DOGGONE DANDY
 illos by Magenta Hayes

RANDALL LARSON

ADIPOSE REX A PLAY IN FOUR COURSES, PLUS DESSERT
 illos cribbed by Barbek

PAUL DI FILIPPO

OH, MY DUMAS... CLASSICAL DUST #2
 illo by Alan Lankin

PAUL WALKER

HE IS ARISEN THE 20TH CENTURY WAY
 illo by Joyce Ryan

WAYNE HOOKS

(continued next page)

FARRAGOIANA	THE GOOD DOCTOR'S NOTEBOOK <i>illo by Hank Heath</i>	FREDRIC WERTHAM, MD
DOGMATIC MACRO- INSTRUCTION SYSTEMS	A CASE FOR THE COMPUTER	MARK R. SHARPE
THE WAYWARD MUSE ON THE HUMAN CONDITION BY A PREVIOUSLY ATHEISTIC COMPUTER CHIP		FRED MOSS
GREBAN'S CHOICE	SORT OF A CLASSICAL DUST #3 <i>illo by Jackie Franke</i>	NEAL WILGUS
KILL HIM QUICKLY AND HUMANELY	IF HE LIKES VIOLENCE	JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON
LOCKED AGAIN	BEHIND YOU AS YOU GO	FRED MOSS
SALMAGUNDI	A TOSSED SALAD OF LETTER COMMENTS-- WITH MEAT <i>illos by Sheryl Birkhead</i>	READERS CHOPPED FINE AND SALTED
THE EDITOR'S FIRST FANZINE	A SONG IN 4 VERSES WITH CHORUS <i>illo by Sheryl Birkhead</i>	FRED MOSS
BARBEK	BACK COVER ART (BARBEK HAS NO MOUTH, THUS NEVER SAYS MUCH)	SHERYL BIRKHEAD

AN OUNCE OF EDITORIAL HASH

Ghood Lhord, I tried!

My other fanzine, for those who don't know, is a *REAL* farrago-- and I pay little attention to layout, art, and balanced pages. Content is ALL. It's called TITLE, and has been coming out every month for almost five years (in March).

In FARRAGO I tried to get content variety of more standardized material and spent considerable effort on layout. I hope it shows. I know it shows when compared to TITLE. Is it worth it? Judging from the so far non-acceptance of this zine, perhaps not, because content is my real interest, not producing a McCalls or Outworlds or Algol.

But there will be a 4th issue. Why? Because I have already printed a fine cover drawn by Vic Kostriken. After that, we'll see.....

H.P.LOVECRAFT & ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

A CRITIC OF FANTASY
STRIKES BACK IN

COUNTER-RESPONSE

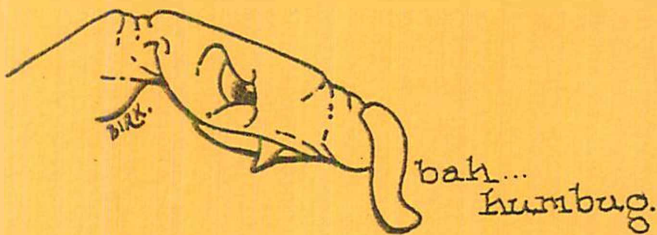
ROBERT E. BLENHEIM

I'd like to respond to those who objected to what I had to say in my article in FARRAGO #1 about Lovecraft and Blackwood. Firstly let me say that if I didn't manage to detail thoroughly my statements denigrating Lovecraft or prove them, it was a sincere opinion of mine, and mine alone. But -- as much as those who disagree would hate to admit it -- not an incompetent one.

I'm referring of course to Ed Connor, a man for whom I have always had (and always will have) the greatest respect. His fanzine, ECHO, is probably my very favorite of all (and that includes Donn's fantastic TITLE), but here Ed lost his cool and became insulting. I know that in writing responses emotionally one sometimes forgets that there is a human being on the receiving end and gets carried away with some sort of alienated pyrotechnics with the typewriter, which is -- I think -- what happened to Mr. Connor here. He is probably a very nice man who would be reasonable face-to-face. And I would honestly be interested in a proper response from him actually stating his views for I'm sure they are highly competent.

I don't feel, though, that I have to prove competency by detailing my personal credits as a writer or as a supernatural story enthusiast. I believe I am as qualified as most, perhaps more qualified than many, in this particular subject. I have been reading ghost stories since the sixth grade. I have built up since one of the largest non-professional libraries of the genre, including 65 original Arkham House books, many rare and imported books, not to mention many books on writers such as Machen, LeFanu, E.F.Benson as well as Blackwood and Lovecraft. I also have written many articles on the subject through the years (although not professionally). I am a true aficionado in all but one small detail: *I know where the genre's good points stop and where good literature begins.*

My contention was (and is) that Blackwood is a writer of Literature



and an artist, while Lovecraft is a writer of horror stories which do not really stand up -- if taken out of the genre -- as Literature. Now, you may disagree with me or not, but I have the right to my own opinion (and I am grateful to Donn for giving me the chance to voice it), but the opinion is not necessarily incompetent just because you may or may not agree with it.

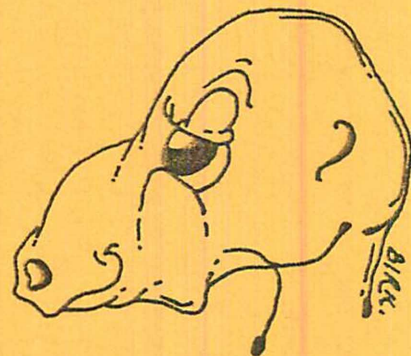
And as for Ed's statement making me appear to be both (a) someone intimately familiar with comic books, and (b) someone belittling readers of comic books by considering what they read to be juvenile tripe, let me say that (if this is really relevant) I used to be an avid comic book collector (I still collect Walt Kelly) and would never denigrate those who like them. But, let's face it, comics are comics, and Literature is Literature. *Spider-man* doesn't pretend to be a great work of Literature, though one can really enjoy reading him, but surely he's not up there with *Oliver Twist* and *Don Quixote*. Surely one of the greatest things about fandom is that someone like me can state his views perhaps not in line with "popular fannish" opinion without being personally masticated by fans who disagree.

I am 180° off in my opinion from Mr. Hall and Dr. Mosig, and I feel they are wrong. But both are, I'm sure, qualified, and I found their views enlightening and interesting. Dr. Mosig: No, I have never read Penzoldt; my opinion is my own obtained from personal experience. I believe if Blackwood appears to have been "uneven", it is only from a genre standpoint (writing definitive and scary stories), for in the sense of writing ability, and in sensitively exploring human feelings, he is NOT uneven. And -- I'm sorry -- but I believe sincerely almost everything you say about both these writers to be wrong. For example, Lovecraft by no stretch of the imagination was a "master craftsman"; he was -- as Mr. di Filippo so well put it -- an amateur writer. Blackwood was a pro. You are welcome to your opinion but I really think any objective study of the pair's writings in respect to literary merit bears out that Blackwood was a better "craftsman" (which may not PROVE that he's the better writer--but I think he was).

Mr. Warner: you raise, while disagreeing, the most interesting comment and one I truthfully cannot discount. Yes, perhaps Derleth's missionary work was harmful in the respect you claim. But my negative opinion of Lovecraft was not achieved as a counter-reaction to others' comments (although this is a large liability for young readers-- no one should dislike Lovecraft for anything but the right reasons) for I was thriving on the ghost stories before Lovecraft attained the "pop appeal" he has now. It is quite notable that even while I was naive and generally unknowledgeable in Literature, I was sensitive to particular differences in quality among supernatural authors and immediately responded to the special atmospheric delicacies of Blackwood while finding Lovecraft all too mediocre and generally ineffective except in the way I'd enjoy a good horror comic. I liked Lovecraft though, if in a shallow, hackneyed way, but Blackwood must have been to me a special crystalization of personal fears, hidden beauties, and psychological indulgences. As time went on, I achieved loftier standards and today I can see Blackwood as good Literature as well and his works viable as art.

Mr. Larson: must every sentence of an article like this be continually preceded with the words, "I think", in order for it to be understood as an opinion? If I seemed to communicate the idea that other's opinions are invalid, I apologize. However, we are kidding ourselves if we pretend we don't believe in our own opinion. Whose opinion am I supposed to feel is right, if not my own? But I do value other people's right to state their opinions.

Smile....



Probably the only comment to ultimately bother me is Donn's comment following Mr. Larson's letter in which he states: "As an editor I must share some blame... (for publishing my comments)". I guess, like Mr. Connor, I'm over-reacting to a choice of words that certainly must have been thrown out lightly, but I'd like to think that Donn isn't backing down from printing my opinion. Unfortunately, he could have been partly responsible for some of the readers' emotions by labeling the article *Lovecraft vs Blackwood*, for readers might have expected both sides to have equal time. Mr. Indick's letter is indicative of what I mean. ((My use of the word 'blame' did relate to my bad titling of the piece, NOT Blenheim's right to have his opinion printed.))

Due to my article's deliberate emphasis I have, quite admittedly, omitted qualities of Lovecraft I do recognize as positive. HPL did have a very good imagination (although not so superlative that I am overcome with awe) and he seemed to have been a very smart man and -- more importantly -- a man one wished he could have met. I am, too, a big fan of his letters and the writings about his life, a life probably more interesting than Blackwood's. The whole *oeuvre* of the entire Lovecraft circle is also of particular interest to me (and if Clark Ashton Smith is a much better writer than HPL, at least HPL is a much better writer than Frank Belknap Long.)

But, let's face it, the ones that fans idolize and dribble over are not always the best in a sense of Literature and Art. I'm not in any way asking anyone who loves HPL to like him any less, but I think he should have an open mind that perhaps his writings aren't as good as Blackwood's in a technical or artistic sense.

Someone said this of Algernon Blackwood: "Of the quality of Mr. Blackwood's genius there can be no dispute...he is the one absolute and unquestioned master of the weird atmosphere." That someone was H.P.Lovecraft. (As I said, HPL was a smart man.)

At any rate, I'm very glad some of you readers managed to take the time to read my opinion (especially those who took it seriously), and I have had my say.

1.



ROOM PARTY #1

PAM SNEED

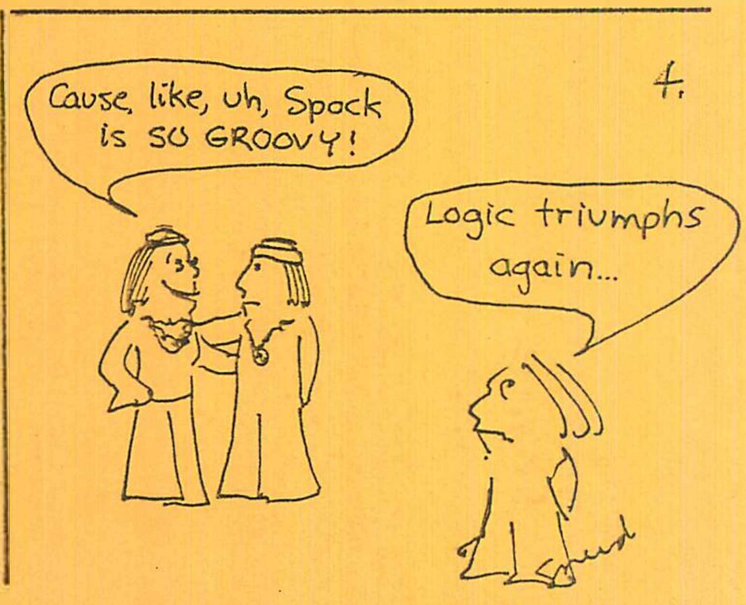
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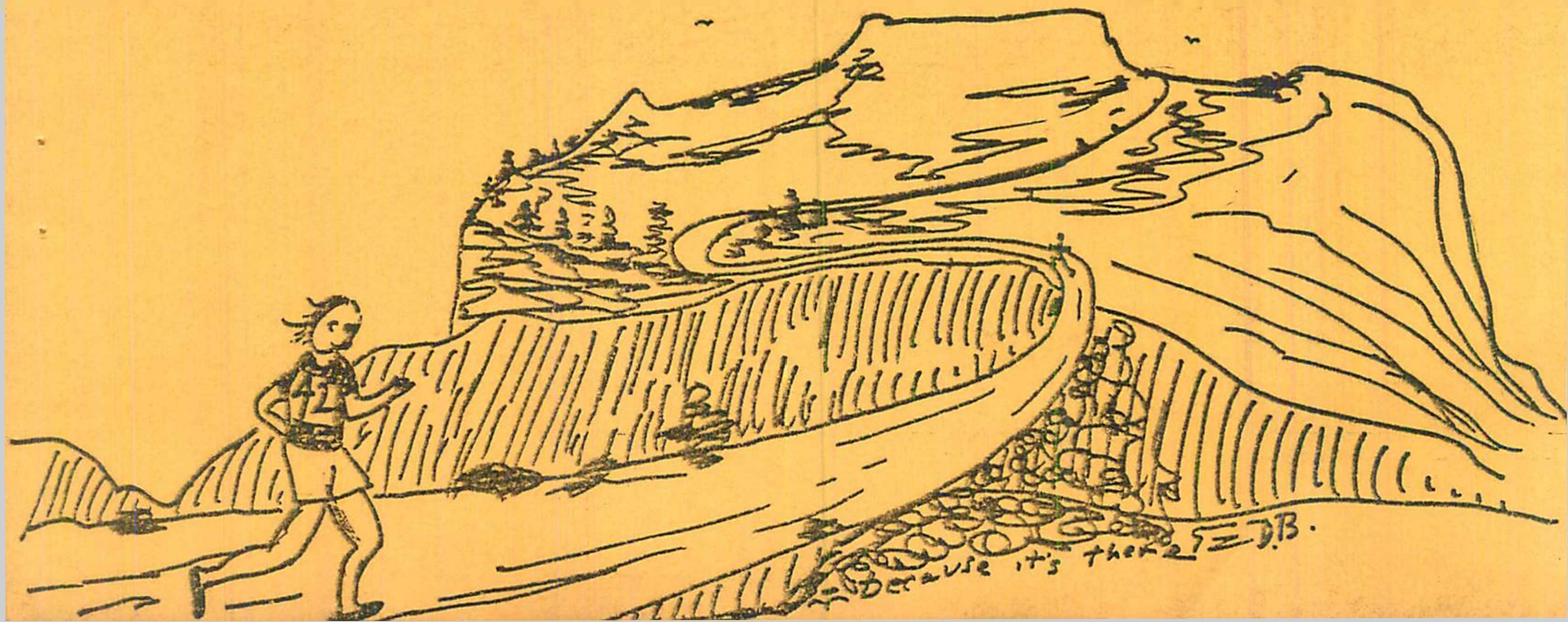
A DISTANCE RUNNER IS ALWAYS ALONE

LOOKING AT ANOTHER FANDOM

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER

In the lettercolumn of FARRAGO #2, the editor asked why distance runners like myself engage in the activity we do, torturing ourselves seemingly like a bunch of masochists. Such a question is opportune because I have been meaning to write an article on *Distance-Running Fandom* for four years. Some years ago there was a lot of discussion in fanzines about other fandoms, such as model-railroading, pro-wrestling, etc. But distance-running fandom was never mentioned. Running fandom (the "distance" is hereafter implied), which focuses on the activities of the Roadrunners Club of America (RRCA), is remarkably similar to SF fandom in every aspect.

The RRCA is a national club for the promotion of distance running. It has local chapters across the country which sponsor weekly races. These clubs function entirely on volunteer work and are often rather



socially intimate, so they can very well be likened to the SF clubs. The weekly races, also put on by all-volunteer work, are very much like the smaller conventions of SF fandom, and the major marathons are like the big cons, with the Boston Marathon perhaps being the "Worldcon" of road-running.

Ah ha, I know at this moment that you are sceptical of this comparison, but it is true that these races are just like SF cons. They are not like track races with a "killer" competitive attitude; they are often as much social as they are competitive meetings. Most runners travel to a number of races each year at their own expense, and at these races they renew friendships and rivalries with runners from all over the country. A typical example is the Washington's Birthday Marathon in Maryland every February.

Picture a giant log cabin amidst snow. Inside, things are a bit confused, with people registering for the race, pinning on numbers, shaking hands and slapping one another on the back as they meet old friends and make new ones. After the race the scene is much the same, with awards also being given out (like the Hugos) and with everyone partaking of a delicious beef stew dinner with juice and soft drinks and beer-- all you can eat. The talk is mostly about the race, with runners comparing experiences, and as they leave, asking "Are you going to make Virginia Beach or Boston this year, Joe?" And then a group of runners might retire to a local's home for a modest party.



Running fandom also has its ego-boo, which derives from the individual's performances in races, with the "BNFs" being the best dozen or so runners in the local area.

What about fanzines, you ask? The most similar publication in running fandom is *RUNNER'S WORLD*, which, though strictly professional, retains the friendliness and intimacy of a fanzine. It was started on a shoestring ten years ago by a kid just out of high school and had a circulation of only 10,000 until just a year or so ago; but now it has 50,000 subscribers. The magazine publishes technical articles, interviews with famous runners (who are treated just like BNFs or pro authors), race reports (which are exactly like con reports), and even a good deal of personalized and humorous material (i.e. faanish material). Significantly, almost the entire magazine is written by amateurs, simply articulate people who want to communicate their running experiences. There are also many amateur news-letters and zines published by various competitive clubs for their own membership.

The greatest similarity between the two fandoms is that runners, like SF fans, suffer persecution from the general public. We are considered weird masochists; the sports media reports on marathons as they would on freak shows; running is often considered adolescent. Runners are the targets of epithets and beer bottles hurled by envious motorists and other assorted slobs. The psychology this breeds is very similar to that in SF fandom. Distance runners feel a tremendous natural comradeship with one another. They all suffer the same persecution, pain and problems in training, and so, empathize with one another. Also like SF fans, distance runners have an elite attitude about their activity; they are special people and they know it.

This is all by way of getting to that question of "Why?". The reasons for distance running are no doubt as varied as the individuals. The receding is to show that the social aspect is a very powerful factor.

A couple of years ago they asked "why" on a running survey, the answers to which were printed in the program book of the International Two-Bridges 36-Mile Race. Here's what I replied in answer to that question: "I love the sheer physical act of running. I love the feeling of growing stronger day by day. Perhaps the best thing about running is being able to be alone, even in a race ((i.e. one doesn't have teammates to help do the job)). I race because I love attaining new heights beyond what I thought were my maximum capabilities. These heights are not just faster times, but toughness in bad weather, or on difficult courses, or taxing events like 50-mile races. Racing is the best way to attain these heights."

Hugh Sweeny, a famous runner from New Jersey, said, "...in a race I enjoy the sensation of strength derived from running long distances at good speed." This is what I was getting at. When one is having a good race, there is a tremendously exhilarating feeling of strength and power. One feels that there is *no limit* to how fast one can go, and one starts accelerating, faster and faster. And there is, perhaps, a sadistic enjoyment in "breaking" an opponent in a race.

Of course, 50 & 100 mile races, 24-hour relays, and mountain marathons are a little more abstract and special. Some runners gravitate toward these races because the runners' physiology and psychology is more suited to this type of race which require strength, endurance, and tenacity, rather than speed and tactics.

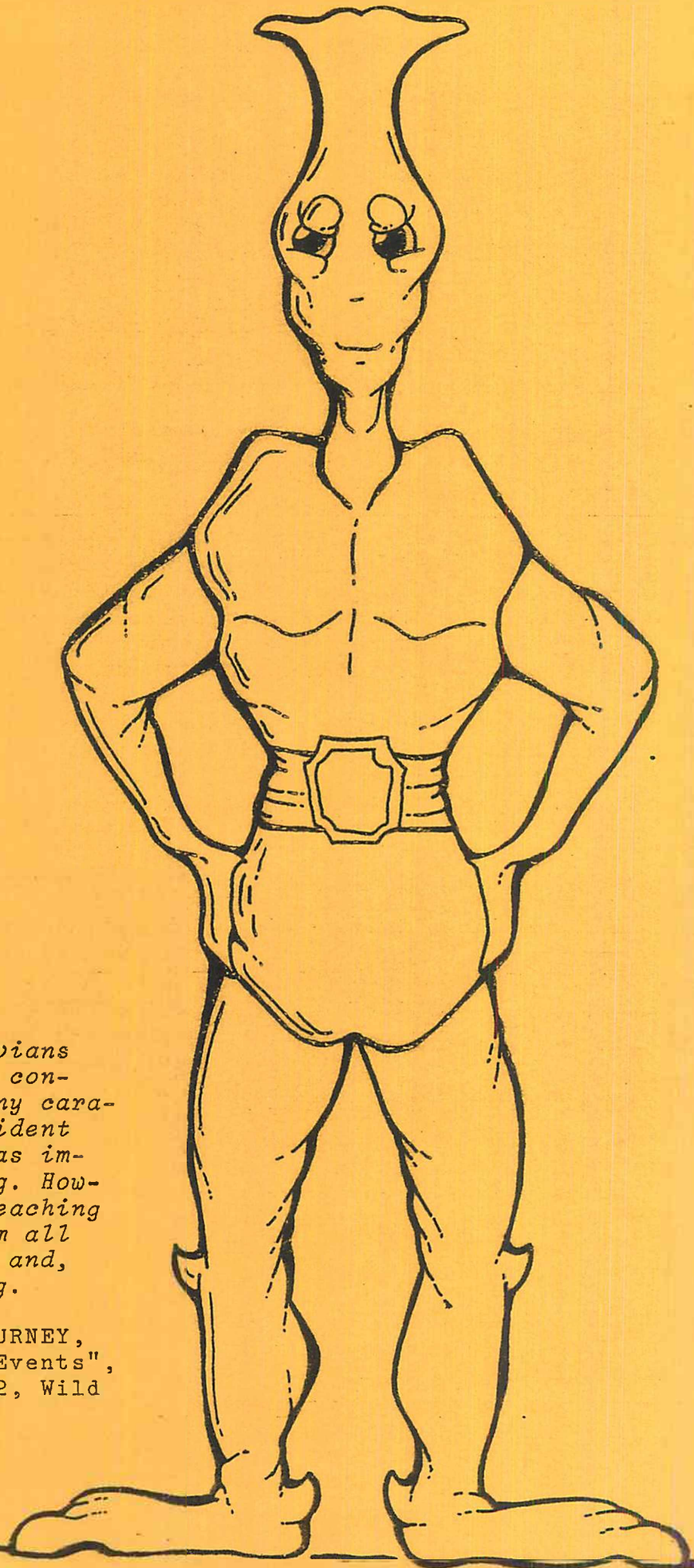
My own reason, and that of most runners, for participating in these extremely taxing events is that they provide new challenges (just as Mt. Everest did to Hillary).

Furthermore, the satisfaction is greater because the struggle is more against one's self than against competitors. Merely finishing such a race is a tremendous accomplishment, and there is a great feeling of having overcome one's physical limitations.

-- April 19, 1976

Foot races among the Jovians do not exist. Planetary conditions, besides the bony carapace supplied by a provident evolution, make racing as impossible as high-jumping. However, time trials for reaching a standing position from all fours is a taxing event and, it is said, exhilarating.

-- A JOVIAL JOVIAN JOURNEY, Chap.9, "Sporting Events", Dom de Barbek, 2302, Wild Pickle Press.



A LOADED TALE ...

A TIDBIT OF INSANITY ABOUT A RAMPAGING
BASSET HOUND WHO THREATENS TO BECOME A
MANEATING BARK

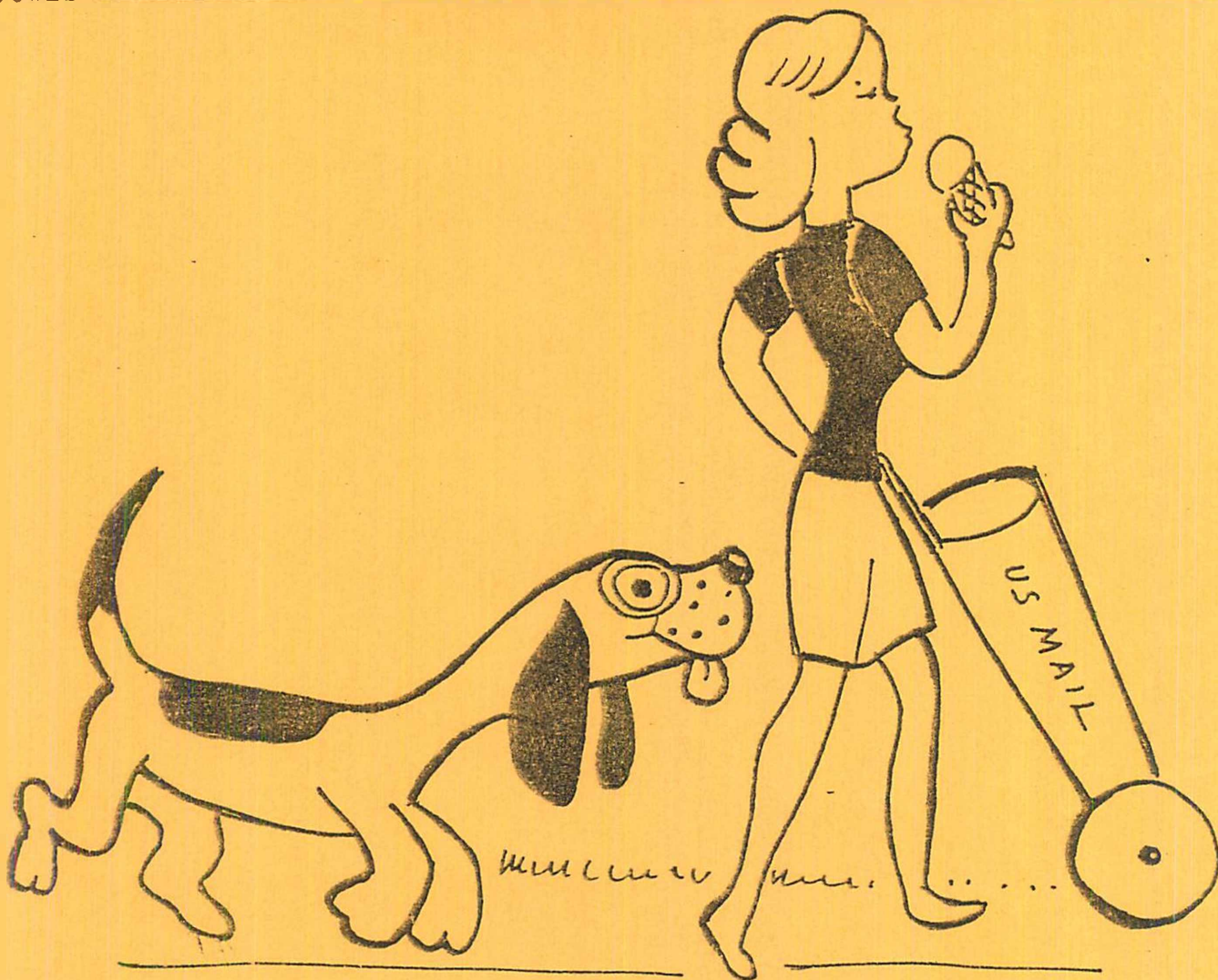
JOWLS

RANDALL LARSON

His elongated white bulk waddling along on silent, oversize paws, the basset hound slowly wove its way through the bushy foliage skirting the park. Its sensitive nose picked up a scent, and its eager brain responded by sending signals to its legs, which plodded forward. It lifted its head, alert, the movement causing its flabby jowls to jiggle below its chin. It came to a stop behind some shrubs which grew beneath a flowing beech tree. Its bulbous eyes peered forward through the foliage, watching. The woman was walking along the sidewalk which lay between the park and the street, pushing a small cart. The hound watched her as she made her way along the sidewalk, oblivious to any impending danger.

Christie pushed the mailcart ahead of her as she shrugged her shoulders, balancing an ice cream cone in her free hand. She still wasn't used to the postal person's uniform, and it was a little large for her around the shoulders, but she kept a smile on her face and enjoyed the fresh air as she pushed the cart toward the houses on the next block. She glanced toward the park -- it was nearly deserted, but that was expected at this time of day, when the children were in school and their families at work. Wait until tomorrow, she thought, the weekend will bring in a few folks. She slowly slurped at the ice cream cone, savoring its flavor, taking advantage of this fringe benefit of working on foot near the park.

The hound watched the mailwoman, its senses taking in the various odors of her person. It wrinkled its nose and snorted at the first strong whiff of perfume, but the other smells were enticing, and its great stomach rumbled. It began to move away from the beech tree, its flabby hide lumbering through the underbrush as it approached the woman's backside.



Christie was almost to the corner. On the next block her route began, and she glanced down at the envelopes lying in the cart's pouch, scanning addresses. She licked at the ice cream cone as she pushed the squeaky cart onward, still unaware of the creature stalking her from behind.

The hound was about forty feet from her, when its paws suddenly beat the ground furiously, and in two noisy bays it was upon her.

Christie turned after hearing the first howl and seeing the waddling beast approaching. "Well, hello Bruce!" Her southern accent rolled off her tongue with a happy enthusiasm at seeing her friend.

"Bruce! What are you doing?" she cried as the hound leapt upon her, knocking her to the ground. She yelped in surprise, not understanding the sudden change in her friend's nature. A paw struck her in the face, leaving a muddy streak across her cheek, while two hind legs kicked at her belly. She felt a gaping jaw clutch her arm, and then she screamed, slamming her eyes shut and succumbing to her attacker's might.

Lee sat in the armchair of his living room. In the kitchen, his wife, Cara, prepared lunch, humming sea chanties to herself.

"How was work today, dear?" Cara asked when she brought him his sand-

wich.

"Oh, you know how things are at the o' factory," Lee sighed, speaking in a slight accent due to his Finnish upbringing. "It's nice to get home early today." He took a healthy chunk out of the sandwich, munching it enjoyably. "Mmmm, that's good tuna," he said after swallowing.

His wife smiled graciously. Suddenly, the doorbell rang and she got up to answer it. "Lee, Gil's here," she returned, a young man following her into the house.

"Hello, Gilbert," Lee smiled. Gil was the gardener at the nearby park, and Lee wondered what it was that brought him here. "How is the plant life treating you today?"

"Oh, I'm pretty bushed, actually," Gil replied. "We had a rather odd thing happen today." He paused, looking at Lee. "You know your dog, Bruce?"

"Yes, we've met," Lee said, somewhat surprised, as Gil's tone bespoke trouble.

"Yeah, well, he attacked Christie just a little while ago."

"The mailwoman, you're kidding!" Lee gasped, glancing at his wife. He set his sandwich on the coffee table.

"That can't be!" Cara said, incredulously. "Bruce wouldn't do a thing like that. Why, he hasn't got the backbone."

"You must be mistaken, Gil." Lee shook his head. "Face it -- you're barking up the wrong tree."

"Well, it happened," Gil said assuredly. "Christie's out in my car if you want to talk to her."

"I most certainly do!" Lee grumbled. "I don't intend to be hounded about poor Bruce without seeing some proof of what he's done!" He followed Gil out of the house and up to a shiny red Barracuda. Christie was sitting in the front passenger seat, looking rather sour.

"Christie," Lee said to her. "Is what Gil said true, did Bruce really attack you?"

"He doggone well did!" the mailwoman replied, her southern accent ruffled in anger, as she held up her arm, which was cut in several places, though not too badly. "Knocked me right over and scared the pants off me!" Lee and Gil exchanged wry glances. "That's an expression," Christie frowned. "He *did* surprise me, we've always been friends!"

"I can't understand it," Lee frowned. "Why would he be acting like an enemy now?" He glanced at Gil, who was equally puzzled, then he turned back to Christie. "Are you hurt?"

"Not really. He just knocked me over and then ran off with my ice

cone."

"But why would he do that?" Lee said, mostly to himself.

"Maybe he was teething," Cara suggested.

"No," Lee shook his head. "He wouldn't tease Christie like that."

"I mean *teething*," Cara corrected, wondering if her punny husband was serious or not. "Exercising his *teeth*."

"Well, I wish he'd exercise them on someone else!" Christie pouted.

"Lee," Gil said. "If Bruce has gone on a rampage you'd better lock him in. Tomorrow's Saturday and people will want to picnic. We can't have Bruce putting the bite on people."

"Yeah, I get the point," Lee nodded. "But frankly, I haven't seen Bruce all day, not since last night. He hasn't been home."

"That's mighty fishy," Gil frowned. "He never was a wanderer before."

"No, he wasn't," Cara said. "Maybe it was something he saw on TV..." Lee looked at her strangely, and she felt the need to elaborate: "We were watching The Incredible Journey the other night, maybe Bruce got ideas...."

"I hope he didn't see The Hound of the Baskervilles...." Gil shook his head. "Hey, whatever it is, do you think you could get him? I've got enough to do without worrying about a rampaging basset hound!"

"Okay, I'll go out and look for him!" Lee said dogmatically, closing his mouth and clacking his canines. He returned to the house as Gil roared off in the Barracuda.

"I can't understand what's gotten into Bruce," Cara said.

"Ah yes, TV or not TV?" Lee cackled.

"Oh, cut it out!" Cara smiled, familiar with her husband's humor.

"Now, that's not very knife of you, is it? Lee chortled and returned to his sandwich. "Oh, I bought that new belt," he said, remembering. He tucked in his shirt to model it. "It's that sharkskin belt we saw downtown, fits very nicely..."

"Well, dear," Cara said, embracing him. "You always were a shark dresser!"

Lee groaned as he felt his wife giggling against him. "Touche!" he whispered in her ear. Then he kissed her and went out to find Bruce.

Lee returned well after dark, but quite empty-handed. He shrugged his shoulders at his wife as he came in the door. "Couldn't find him. I chased what looked like him for three blocks, but it turned out to be a red herring. Just somebody's dachshund."

He entered the living room and saw that Ranna, the wife of his next door neighbor, was visiting. His neighbor, a Hawaiian fellow by the name of Mano Ni-uhi, had moved in recently and Cara had been chumming it up with Ranna. Lee nodded a hello.

"Ranna and I were just talking about Hawaii," Cara explained. "Her ancestors were natives on the islands before they became civilized!"

"Well," Lee raised his eyebrows, acting impressed. "Indeed?"

"No, Indians," Ranna corrected. "They were native to the islands for centuries."

"I see," Lee nodded. "Did Cara tell you my ancestors were Finnish?"

"Finished with what?" Ranna asked.

"No, they came from Finland," Cara smiled.

Ranna nodded in understanding. "And your name, Cara," she said. "Where is that from?"

"Cara is short for Carcharia," Lee spoke up. "It's a Greek name."

"My parents were from Greece," Cara added.

"Oh!" Ranna nodded, smiling apologetically. "I'm sorry, but this is all Greek to me." She stood up, saying it was time for her to leave.



"Oh, won't you stay for some pie, Ranna?" Cara asked.

"No, thank you," Ranna said. "We're painting the house and Mano will be needing my help for the ceiling."

"In that case," Lee said, "I hope you take good care of the seals."

Ranna shook her head in confusion as she left. Cara just groaned. She cast Lee a wary glance; he just stood there, beaming. "Lee, you certainly are a finny fellow!"

The sandbox at the park was inhabited early Saturday morning by Ron and Valerie, two children. They were sitting on the railing of the sandbox, munching on ice cream cones and kicking the sand with their feet.

The hound crept up cautiously, slinking low to the ground, its eyes glaring at the two children with their backs to him. Its keen senses again picked up vital signs, and it moved slowly closer. Finally, it darted forward, baying loudly, and leapt toward them with a ferocious snarl. It fell back from its leap, unable to clear the small railing that surrounded the sand box. Ron and Valerie stood in the center of the sand, watching the hound as it looked, befuddled, at the obstacle before it. The children licked their ice cream cones apprehensively as they watched the hound who was whining in frustration.

Finally, the dog waddled several yards away, and in a second dash, it leapt and clambered over the rail, barking in victory. The children, unprepared for the hound's attack when it barreled into them, fell backwards into the sand. The small sandbox became blurred by a wild flurry of flying sand, ice cream, and an occasional flailing arm or tail. At last, the snarling and screaming ceased as the hound jumped from the box and bounded heavily away into the bushes, a large glob of ice cream trailing from its snout. Ron and Valerie lay crying amid the sand.

Lee sat in his living room, talking with his neighbor Mano Ni-uhi, when Gil came to the door. Cara let him in.

"He did it again," Gil said solemnly.

"Holy Mackerel," Gil frowned. "What's got into him?"

"Two kids named Ron and Valerie, almost," Gil said. "They were tailor-made for this attack, sitting alone at the edge of the sandbox."

"They hurt?"

"Mostly scared. The little girl's hand was covered with red, I thought she'd almost lost it, but it was just strawberry ice cream."

"I tried to find Bruce last night," Lee said. "But he wasn't around. I'll go out right now, see if my luck's any better. But I sure could use some help."

"I'll give you a hand," Gil offered.

"Great!" Lee smiled. "That'll be a big help. I'm at a handicap by myself." Then he crossed his arms, thoughtfully. "But on the other hand, I'll look while you keep people out of the park."

"Good idea," Gil nodded. "I've got to hand it to you, Lee, you sure know how to handle these situations! But how am I going to keep people away from the park?"

"Warn folks there's a mad dog loose," Lee said. "Tell them to, oh, shun the park. See what I mean?"

"Okay!" Gil said and raced off to handle it.

"I will help you hunt for your hound!" Mano-Ni-uhi spoke up.

"Well, hot dog!" Lee exclaimed. "It's sure nice of you to yelp us in our time of need." Mano ignored the pun as Lee started for the door. "Let's get going, we've got to get this taken care of before it becomes a, a universal disaster or a, a, ---" Lee pawed, searching for the right word. "Or a cal---, cal--"

"Amity!" Mano filled in.

"Calamity! That's it!" He started out the front door, then called to his wife. "Give Dick and Dave a call, will you Cara? Tell them some other time."

As he headed down the street with Mano, he explained. "I was supposed to go fishin'!"

"Nuclear?" Mano asked.

When they reached the park, they saw a county dog catcher's truck parked on the side of the road.

"Oh oh!" Lee mumbled, spying the dog catcher who was speaking with a man by a park bench. The man looked as if he had just been involved in a hound attack.

As Lee walked up, the dog catcher eyed him suspiciously from behind squinted eyes. "My name is Berg, but you can call me Squint. Most people call me that because I usually do. I'm the county's bark chaser."

"I assume Bruce -- my dog -- has bitten this man."

"That's right!" the wounded man said angrily. "My name is Williams. I was on my way to meet a date when your dog attacked me."

"I guess you didn't score on that one, huh, Williams?" Lee smirked. Williams just glared at him, offended. "So what happened?" Lee asked, frowning at the man's lack of good humor.

"Well, he attacked me, and I screamed, and--"

"Ice cream!" Lee cried. "You were eating ice cream."

"Well, yes I was, but I said that I screamed, and--"

"Yes, ice cream!" Lee proclaimed. "It's the ice cream that attracts him! We stopped giving him it at home because it made him overweight. It must be the lack of it that's sparking these attacks! I had no idea he wanted it so much." Lee nodded his head in understanding. "Yes, now Ice see!"

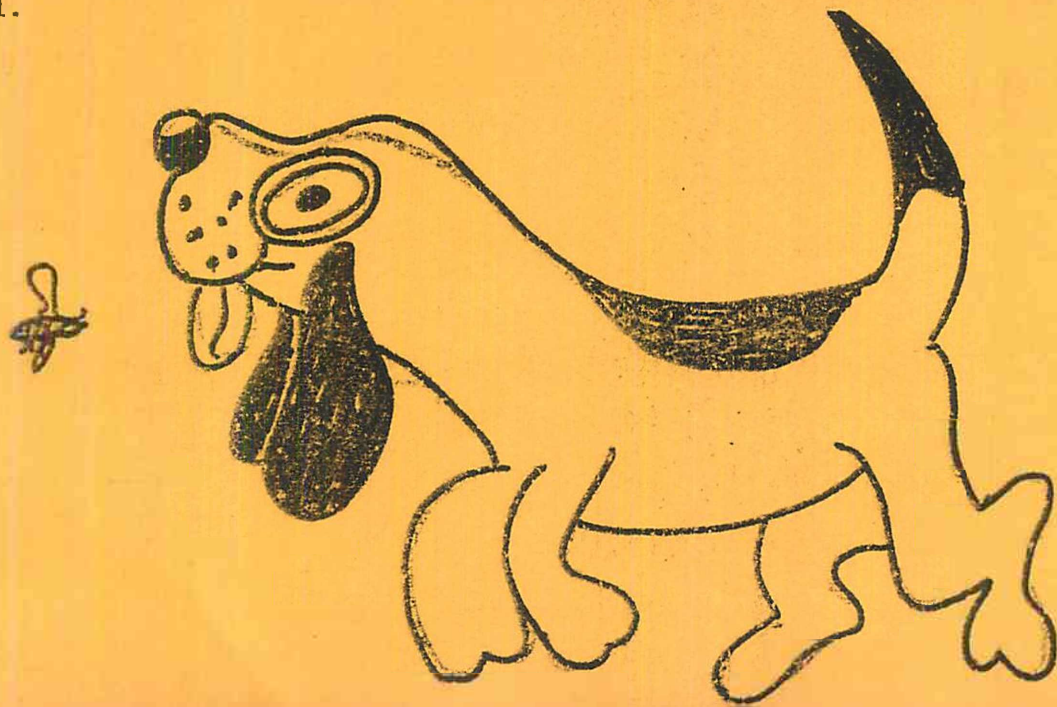
"You see what?" Berg asked, looking around.

"Use your eyes, Berg! Watch for people carrying ice cream cones," Lee said, indicating that Mano should do the same. "Cone you understand that? Hammer it into your heads, we've got to get that dog before he attacks again!"

The three hunters set out, each one doggedly determined to find their prey and return unscathed with the object of their search. Williams stalked away, grumbling to himself. Berg headed toward a clump of trees while Lee and Mano headed toward the playground. "Watch your step near those trees, Berg!" Lee called after the dog catcher. "There's some rough ground there so be careful you don't flounder." Berg nodded in agreement as he trouted away. "Mano, keep your eyes open. I don't mean to be a crab, I just want to fish Bruce out of here before he tips the scales any more against him. I'm sure he's not harming people on porpoise."

"I understand," Mano said, heading off toward a vast array of picnic tables where Bruce might perch in wait for a sole victim to pass by. Lee was still carping at this sudden change of nature within Bruce who'd always been friendly to everyone before. The lack of ice cream really must have done something to him, he thought as he scanned the playground.

The hound raced through the underbrush, carrying its bulk on sturdy, if short, legs that stumbled occasionally over the largest of weeds. It circles behind a bush and hid, its eyes glaring at the white-garbed dog catcher who approached. The dog's nose flared in instinctive hatred as it recognized the squinting man as one it must not let pass by undisturbed.



As Berg stepped around the outer edges of the clump of bushes, the hound kept pace with him from within the shrubbery, its mind concentrating on only one thought: help rid dogdom of the blasphemous evil being. It quickened its pace to keep up with the trotting of the dog catcher. It spit out the fly that had buzzed into its mouth, and continued through the bushes, trying not to pant so much. The dog noticed that the man's path was starting to cross its own, and its heart began to pound with anticipation. When the dog catcher was in the correct position, the hound lunged out upon the unprepared man who began to dance crazily, attempting to keep his legs out of the savage jaws of the mad beast.

Lee heard the scream and dashed off in that direction. He saw that Mano, too, was on his way. They both reached the bushes in time to see a white blur streak away through the underbrush, and then Berg came stumbling out, dirty and scratched, and visibly shaken by the encounter. "That's it, I resign," he muttered as he walked past Lee and Mano, heading for his county truck.

"Bruce attacked the dog catcher," Lee said as Gil raced up and Berg drove off. "At least *that's* something I can understand."

"He went off that way," Mano pointed, and the three of them set off in the direction, Lee calling the dog's name aloud.

The hound was spitting out fragments of the dog catcher's uniform when a scent overwhelmed it. It moved closer to the source of that scent. Carefully climbing a small mound, it peered through the shrubs planted there.

The troop of Girl Scouts skipped into the park from the Southern entrance, their middle-aged leader trying frantically to keep the giggling girls organized. Each of the twelve girls carried an ice cream cone, of varying color, and they slurped at them merrily.

Keeping close to the ground, jowls dangling against the dirt, the hound made its way parallel with the troop until the clump of bushes came to an end. Then it made its move.

"Let's split up," Lee said, "and converge on the bushes from each side." He raced off toward the shrubs with Mano following and swerving to the far side. Gil hesitated for a moment, but just enough for him to hear a commotion coming from the Southern entrance of the park. He looked in the direction and saw a troop of young Girl Scouts flailing about, their den mother screaming for help. He ran off toward them.

When he reached their location, all he found were a dozen mussed up little girls and their leader; and puddles of splattered ice cream on the path.

"Calm down," the den mother was saying to the crying girls, who were apparently more concerned over the loss of their ice cream than of the hound attack. "It's no use crying over spilt milk. You'll get more cones..."

Mano ran up, looked at the Scouts, and then at Gil.

"Where's Lee?" Gil asked him.

"I don't know," Mano said, panting. "He went through those bushes over there and hasn't come out."

"Bruce must have gone that way and met him!" Gil said, and the two of them raced toward the bushes. When they reached the site, they found Lee sprawled on the ground.

"Bruce went tearing through here and knocked me down," Lee said, standing up and brushing off his clothes. "I didn't even get a chance to grab him. What a rip off...."

"That tears it!" Gil spat, angrily. "Lee, you've got to get him or I'll have to call the cops. The *real* ones," he added, thinking of Berg.

"I think he's headed out of the park, probably gone home," Lee said, glancing in the direction that Bruce went. "Mano and I will go after him, you may as well stay here, Gil. They walked out of the park and headed for home."

Cara was hovering over the ironing board, and Bruce was lapping at a bowl of ice cream. He glanced up at Lee, who had just walked in. He then returned his gaze to the bowl, looking quite contented.

Lee just stood there, dumfounded, staring at Bruce, glancing at Cara, and then back at Cara. He didn't know what to do, what to say, or what to think. Finally, Cara asked him if he had become petrified.

"You *wood* say that," Lee smirked. "How long has Bruce been here?"

"About fifteen minutes. I was out hanging the laundry when he came into the yard and nearly knocked me over with his affection. What happened at the park?"

"Don't ask." Lee slumped down in his armchair, as Bruce finished the ice cream and waddled over to a corner, plopped down heavily and lowered his head with a sigh. "You'd never believe it." Lee shook his head. "I'm not sure I do myself." He stared at Bruce, and the long hound's brown eyes met his. Lee could have sworn that Bruce winked at him.

The hound lay contentedly on the floor, gazing up at the man who sat shaking his head, and the woman who stood by the ironing board. The dog chuckled to itself, its jowls quivering. *They would never understand*, it thought, looking now at the empty dish that had held the ice cream. Its eyes wandered toward the kitchen. *They've been skimping on my milk bone, too.* The hound grumbled silently. Its eyes glanced at the man in the armchair, and then they came to rest on the front door.

And the hound smiled to itself.

ADIPOSE REX

PAUL DI FILIPPO

A PLAY IN FOUR COURSES, PLUS DESSERT

CHARACTERS

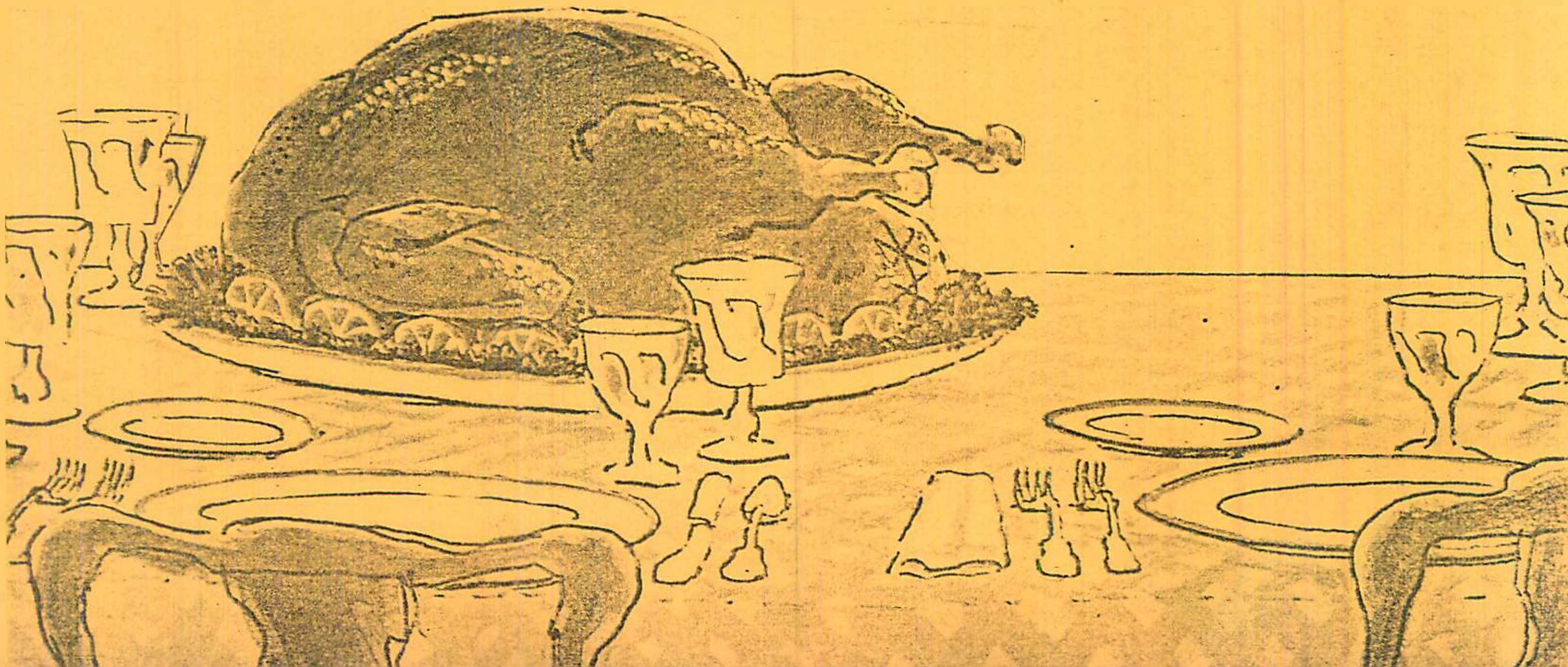
Adipose Rex, King of Sybaris
Jocustard, Queen of Sybaris
Tiresilex, editor of a restaurant guide
Antipasto, daughter to Adipose
Turnspit, a kitchen lackey in the palace
A Page
Chorus
Citizens

FIRST COURSE

(A marketplace in Sybaris. Chorus and Citizens present.)

CHORUS

The people of Sybaris now assailed are by plague.
Tomatoes are bruised, and all meat is tough;
Butter is not to hand, and all margarine is rancid;
Cream curdles, sauces are lumpy and good servants hard to find.
And what is worse, yea, a thousand times worse--
We get no kick from champagne.
Citizens who have not raised their duffs
From their stained cushions for untold years
Now clamor in the streets, crying,
"How have we offended ye, oh gods?"
And, "Give us a break, you dumb kibitzers!"
It seems as if no man can help them in their anguish.
But wait, here approaches blind Tiresilex,
Whose artful sense of taste was increased
A thousandfold by Bacchus, who sorrowed at his blindness.



(Enter Tiresilex.)

CITIZENS

Wisest of guides, nominator of four-star eateries,
 Possessor of a most subtle palate, aid us in our plight.
 Tell us the cause of our misfortune,
 And help us set it right.

TIRESILEX

Someone, and do not ask me who,
 Has violated his mother's recipe
 And killed his father's fatted calf--
 The animal we Sybarites hold most sacred.
 That is all I can say,
 And no more can I do.

CITIZENS

This is not enough, Oh Sage, and is very cruel of you.
 Your words sit uneasily with us,
 Like an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard,
 A crumb of --

CHORUS

Hold it, we bid you. That's arrogant cribbing from Dickens,
 And we'll have none of that.
 Continue in a less facetious vein.

CITIZENS

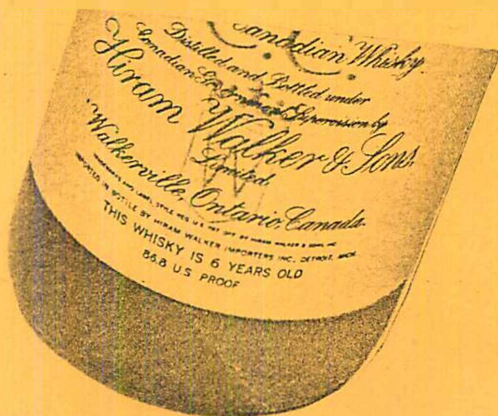
Accept our apologies, if you please.
 Tell us, Tiresilex, the name of this miscreant,
 This foul wretch who has violated
 The sacred canons of his mother's cookbook.

TIRESILEX

I dare not. You will not take the words kindly from my lips,
 For they are words of doom.

CITIZENS

Tell us, tell us! We must know his name.



Mere alcohol doesn't
 thrill us at all....

TIRESILEX

Very well, if you would have this dreadful knowledge,
Then I tell you it is Adipose.

CITIZENS

Not our king! Never our king!

CHORUS

Yes, citizens, your king.
A man most honored and revered by you,
Who saved your city when it was threatened
By fast-food merchants bent on despoilation.
A man surpassingly corpulent, whose every fold
Testifies how well he is practiced in Sybaritic ways.
This is the man Tiresilex accuses.

CITIZENS

These words you utter cannot be true, old chow-hound,
But yet will we give you some credence
And go before Adipose with your story,
His answer to receive.

TIRESILEX

Let us depart then, I know of what I speak.

(Exit all.)



NOT OUR KING ? I TELL
YOU IT IS... WOULD I, 4-STAR
RESTAURENT GUIDE EDITOR,
LIE TO YOU ?

SECOND COURSE

(A courtyard before the palace. Adipose alone on a balcony.)

ADIPOSE

The plague grows more burdensome, and now I feel
That somehow I must be the cause.
I remember what the Syracusan seer did tell me, years ago:
"Young tub, your love of food will be the end of you,
For you will kill your father's fattened calf
And violate your mother's recipe, bringing disaster to all."
And so I fled from my parents, coming here to Sybaris,
Where I won the vacant kingship and my queen.
Now I sit uneasily in my chair
(The naugahyde is worn and the ribs protrude),
For I do not think I have eluded Fate.
Hark, a hungry-sounding crowd nears my seat.
I must deal with them as best I can.

(Enter Tiresilex, Citizens and Chorus.)

CITIZENS

Now you shall confront him with your charge, Tiresilex.

TIRESILEX

Do not make me name it before the king.
He has served us well and has created for me
The post of State Restaurant Inspector.
I would not seem ungrateful now.

CITIZENS

Speak freely, ancient forkwielder, we know
You do so from duty, not from spite.

TIRESILEX

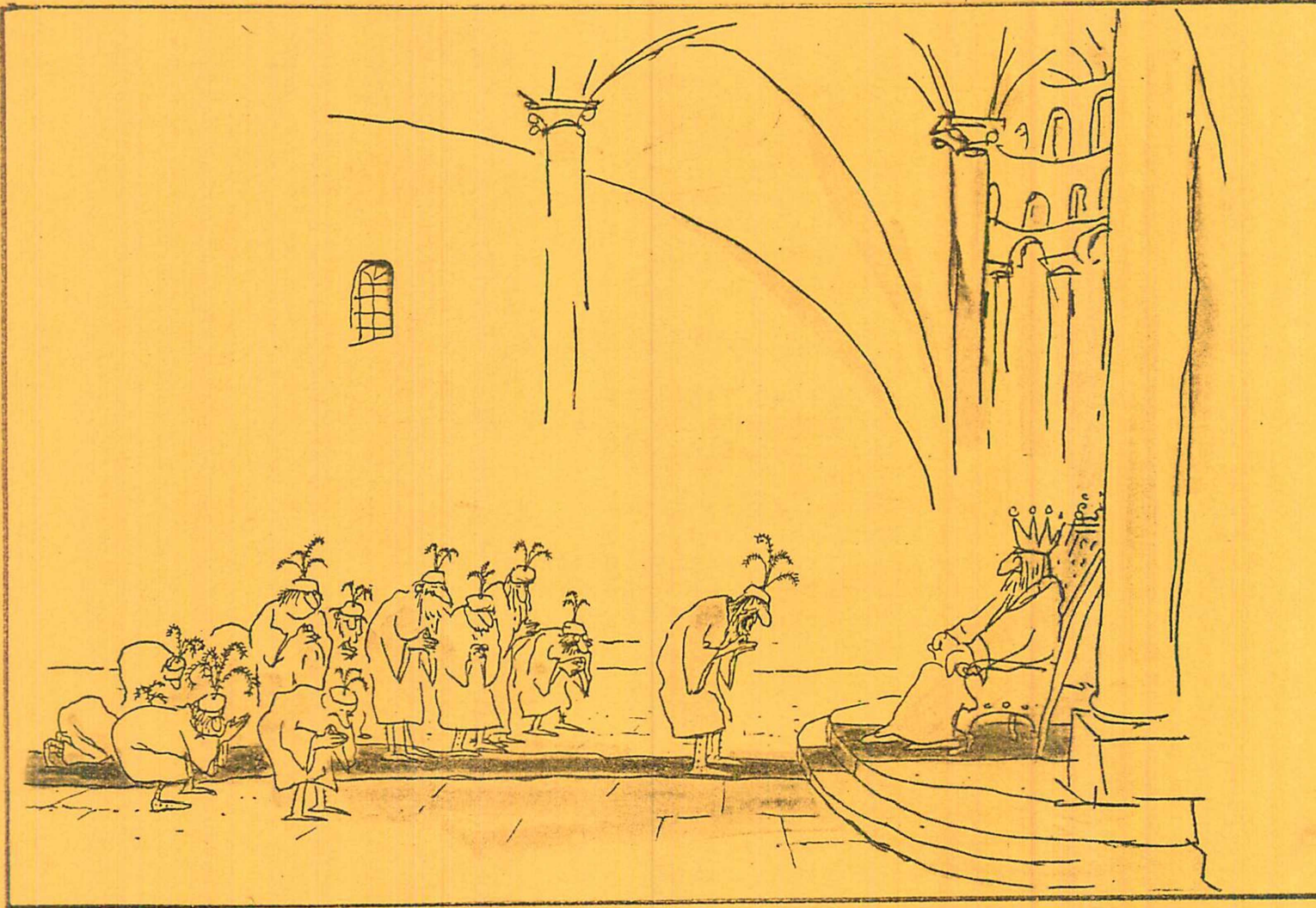
If it must be so, it must.
Adipose, I do declare
That you have killed the paternal calf
And desecrated your mother's formula
For Hungarian Goulash.

CHORUS

Woe to us, woe to us!

ADIPOSE

I deny it. Let proof, if there be any,
Be brought forth. Until then,
I maintain that nothing ignoble have I done.



CITIZENS

Let the land be scoured
For those with knowledge of this affair.
We must have it settled, to regain
The gods' benison -- not to mention, good venison.
Meanwhile, let us retire, each to his home.

CHORUS

Good thinking.

(Exit all.)

THIRD COURSE

(An interior room in the palace. Adipose and Jocustard
present.)

JOCUSTARD

Adipose, my husband, do not think too precisely on the event,
For --

(Enter Chorus, hastily,)

CHORUS

Our ears do detect more cribbing,
Which is ever odious to us.
This time, from Shakespeare you have stolen.
Let this practice be held in check.

(Exit Chorus, in a huff.)

JOCUSTARD

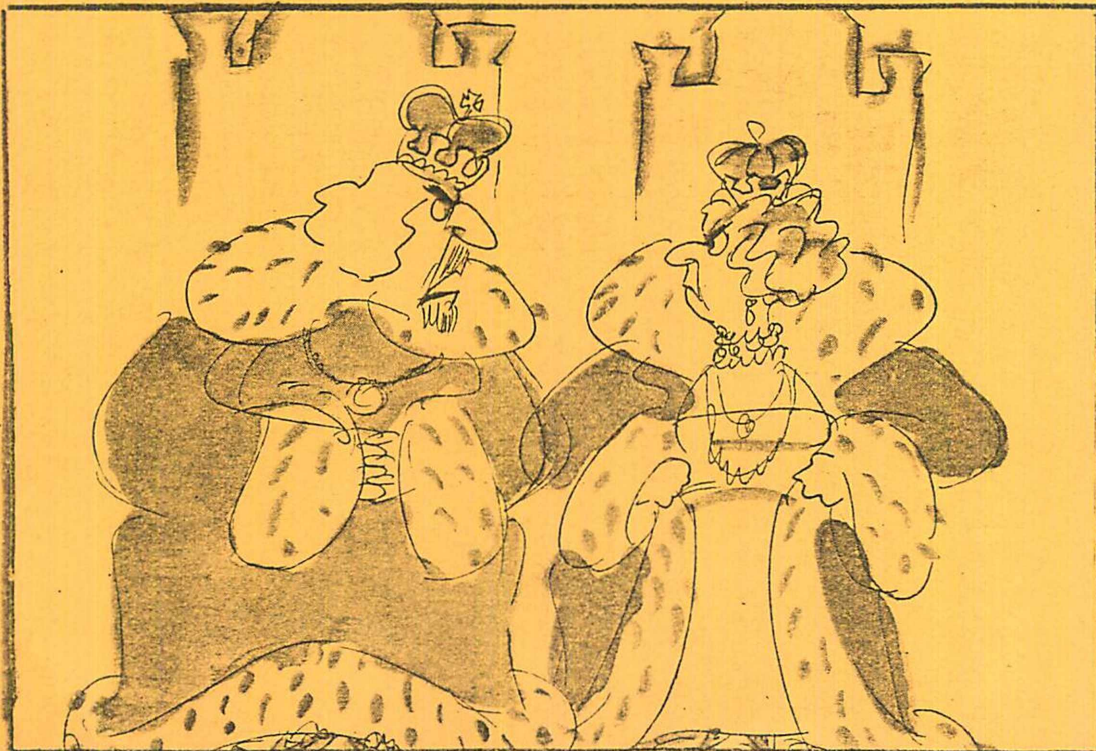
Alas, they are never less than vigilant.
Anyway, my love, I enjoin you not to belabor yourself
With the niggling cares and carpings
Set before you by the rabble.
Your obligations as a king, it is true,
Demand that you safeguard the land,
But you should not take these weighty matters
So personally. It will put you off your feed.
Please, abandon these concerns, and leave off this senseless quest.

(Aside.)

In actuality, I do fear
What these investigations may reveal.
For it seems to me that Adipose's girth
Is much like that of my infant son,
Who my late husband and I did trade
For a choice ham, when famine struck.
I pray it is not so.

ADIPOSE

I find your advice tempting, Queen.



ADIPOSE (continues)

It would be exceedingly easy to dally with you,
The two of us lolling before the Royal Trough,
Servants meeting our every whim.
But I must ask, is this the proper course
For a man to follow? Should this be the pattern
Of all our days? Should we never seek
To know ourselves? Much study and cogitation
Leads me to believe that the answer is yes.
So let Hades take the hoi polloi.
I will sit here insouciantly, belching quite contentedly.

(Enter a Page.)

PAGE

The citizens assemble in the Throne Room
And demand your presence, My Lord.
The rumor is that they have some new proof against you.

ADIPOSE

I sense my doom before me,
As if it were a spoiled clam.
But yet will I go, if only I can to my flat feet rise.

JOCUSTARD

Do not, Adipose, O do not.

ADIPOSE

*I must. They will only come for me if I do not.
Bring Antipasto, our daughter, to my side.
I would drink in her image one last time.*

(Exit all.)

BEAUTEOUS ANTIPASTO

FOURTH COURSE

(The Throne Room. Citizens, Chorus and Turnspit present.
Enter Adipose, Jocustard and Antipasto.)

CITIZENS

Here is the source of our misfortune, men,
The vile, abhorred man
Who violated his mother's recipe
And slaughtered his father's calf.
Lead Turnspit forward, so he might set forth the truth.

TURNSPIT

I am merely a kitchen lackey,
But always have I served loyally the royal family.
It pains me this story now to tell,
But I shall say what I know.
It was my job, many years ago,
To secure provisions for the house.
I recall being given the young heir
And told to bring back some pork.
I did so, but that poor youth
Remained always in my mind,
And I now testify that Adipose is he.

ADIPOSE

Citizens, so what? I married my mother
And begot an incestuous child,
But that is hardly frowned upon in Sybaris.
Where is my crime?

CITIZENS

There is more to come, Adipose.
Continue, Turnspit.

TURNSPIT

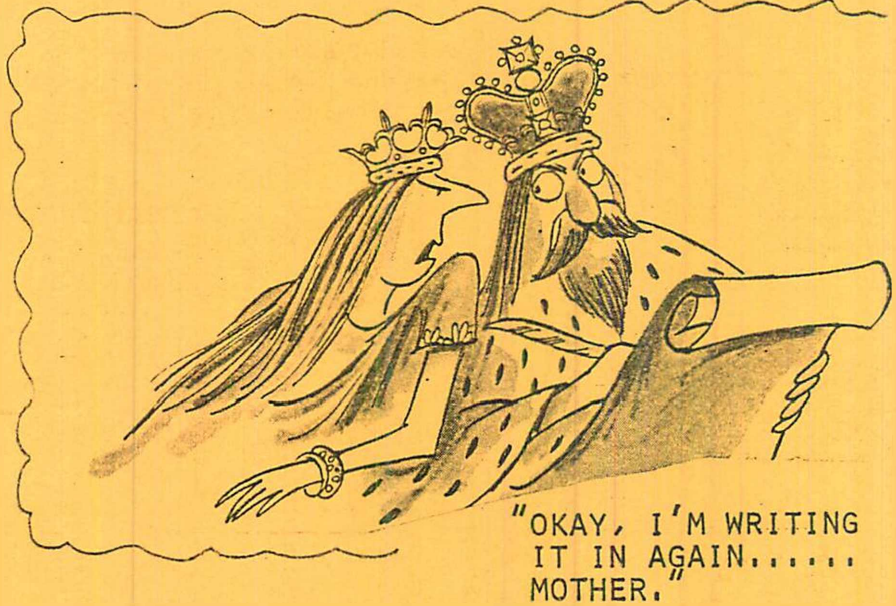
Knowing this, you will now see
Adipose's crime. One day, not too long past,
He came to me in the kitchen
With bloody veal in his hands.
(I knew not then what sacreligious meat it was.)
He bade me fashion it into goulash,
But when I attempted to follow the Queen's recipe,
He ordered me to forego the sour cream.
And in this manner did he doom himself.

ADIPOSE

Alas, I always did detest sour cream!

CHORUS

Now it's hit the fan.



JOCUSTARD

O my son, to alter the ratios
Set down by your own mother's hand!

ANTIPASTO

Father, how could you?

ADIPOSE

It was that damned sour cream,
Which I now have before me in my hand.
O, that I had never seen it!
Out, vile jelly!

CHORUS

Hold it, quits, we call enough!
That last line was more egregious cribbing,
Again from the Bard. And it was, besides,
A complicated allusion, a thing we decry.
For, you see, in the original play,
Adipose blinded himself at this point,
And the line to which we object
Refers also to a blinding,
Namely, Gloucester's, in *King Lear*.
But we begin to lose our thrust.
We think that this nonsense has gone far enough,
And call an end to it now.
Everyone disperse, and may Pluto curse you for your silliness.
Meanwhile, we shall serve dessert.

(Exit all but Chorus.)

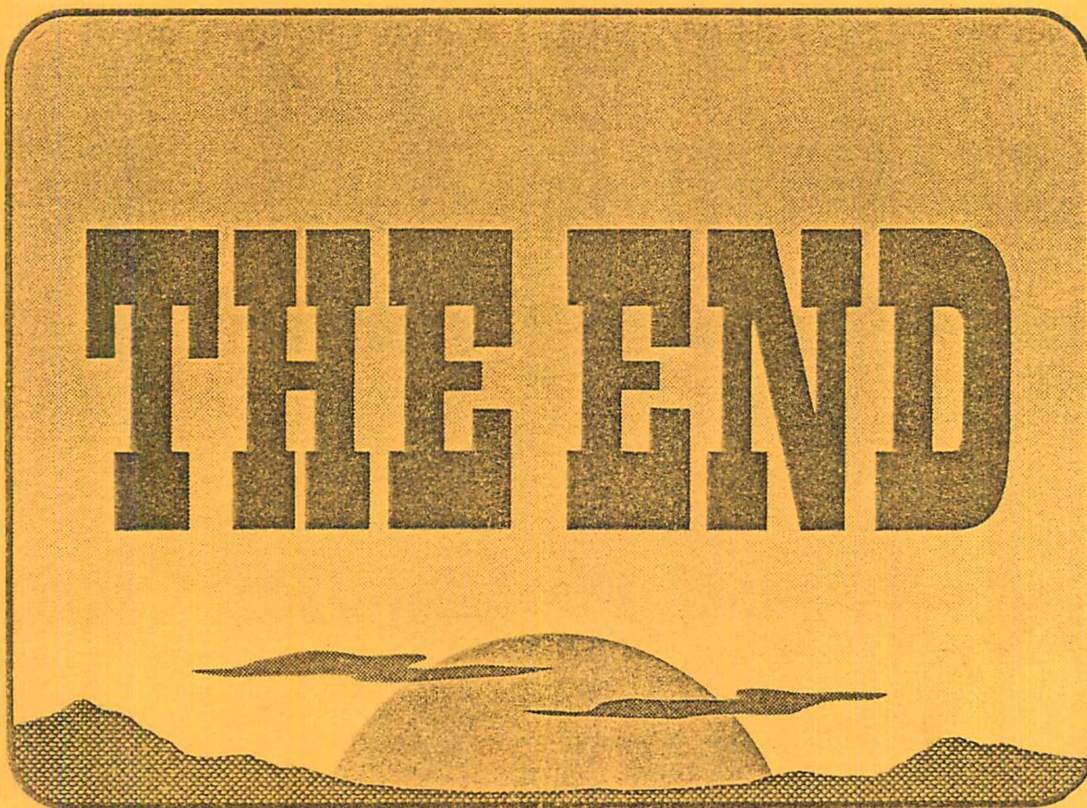
DESSERT



ANTIPASTO APPROACHES
DESSERT

CHORUS

This play should be, we modestly declare,
A lesson to aspiring parodists:
There is no work so honored that it cannot be debauched,
And one is assured of success
If the treatment is bizarre
And cribbin's not carried to excess.



(Decorations cribbed from issues of THE NEWYORKER by Sci Izzors,
layout chief to the editor.)

CLASSICAL DUST -- 2

OH, MY DUMAS, TO ME YOU WERE SO GRAND!

PAUL WALKER

Years ago there was a comic book series called *CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED*. When I was in grammar school it was controversial. It was claimed that children would read the comic books instead of the classics themselves and use them to make false book reports. I do not know anyone who did, but if anyone did, they failed for sure because the plots in the comics were altered. The counter-claim to the *CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED*, and the film versions, as a distraction of the young from the originals was that they would encourage the young to try the novels themselves. I cannot cite a single case in which this happened but the argument was successful. Whole classes are regularly taken to see film versions of the *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* and *DON QUIXOTE* among others.

Rapidly approaching thirty-five, I am passing through a conservative phase in which I have reversed my previous sympathies and am now in league with the reactionaries and suspicious of classic comic and movies and even *MASTERPIECE THEATRE*. While these versions have value in educating young and old readers to the existence of the works they (generally) vulgarize, I think more often than not they turn people away from them.

What is worse, they compel the reader/viewer to draw comparisons between the different versions in which the originals may suffer. There are films I prefer to the books, classics though they be. They are more entertaining, more structurally successful than the books, but historically, thematically empty. Great classics are most often great portraits of their age. They re-create for the modern reader other worlds filled with exotic manners and minds that are absent from the films which content themselves and their viewers with the action. Great classics, even the most tedious, leave the reader with a greater fullness of having visited foreign lands and shared foreign thoughts whereas films content themselves with inducing a pleasant lull from reality.

Case in point -- Alexander Dumas père. Grandson of an African woman and the French Marquis de la Pailleterie, an officer under Napoleon, he was born in 1803, received little education, and came to Paris at the age of twenty where he worked as a clerk. He acquired his dubious historical knowledge from dictionaries and autobiographies. Although he wrote plays for the Theatre Francaise, one of which was an instant hit, it was as a novelist that he became rich and famous. He is said to have turned out more than 300 works with the aid of a number of collaborators, but of them, his most famous, *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*, *THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO*, and *THE BLACK TUL-*

OH, MY DUMAS, TO ME YOU WERE SO GRAND! -----

IP are in his own handwriting.

According to my handbook of literary history, "*The importance of Dumas' novels is that they popularized the historical novel at its most swash-buckling. The prose, the psychology, the characterization are slipshod and empty. But Dumas must be mentioned in such a study as this only because of the public he reached.*" What a sad fate for a genius! And Dumas was a genius -- one of the greatest imaginative writers that ever lived, who wrote one of the greatest novels of all time, *THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO*.

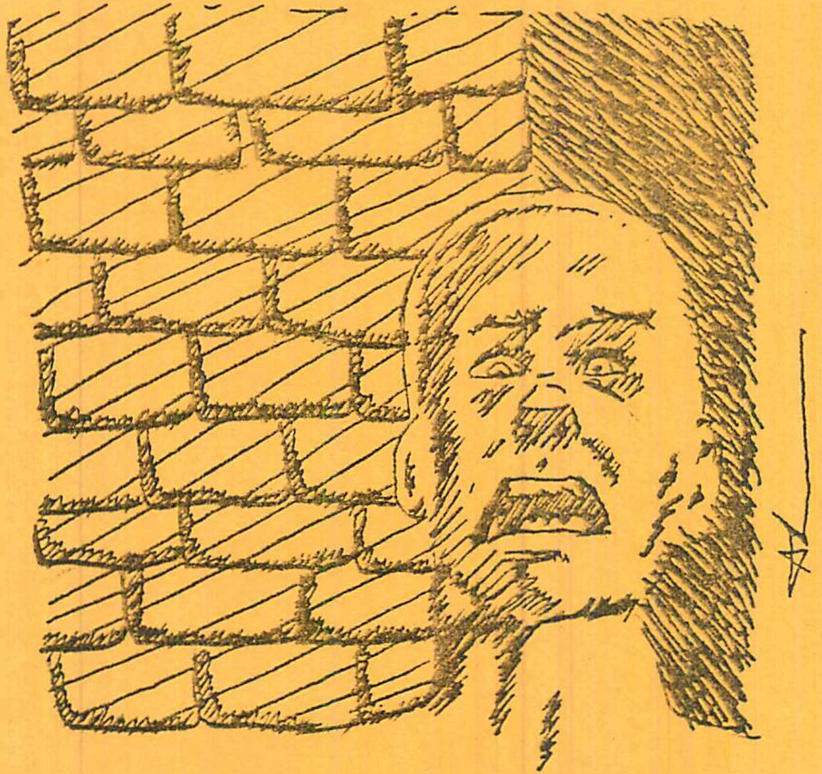
Have you ever seen the film with Robert Donat? Excellent. The one with Richard Chamberlin? Even better in some ways. But it was because of them I avoided the novel. As much as I admired the productions, I found both of them almost dull. When one thinks of the *Count*, one thinks of dueling and derring-do, but there is little of that in either the book or the film. It was the cheap, costume drama sequels that gave that reputation. What the book and film are about is how Edmond Dantes schemes to bring down his enemies, and neither film made this process very interesting. Dantes is an innocent, about to be married to his sweetheart. He is falsely accused of treason through the treachery of his acquaintances and a police official. He is sent to prison. He escapes with the knowledge of a vast treasure. And there, for all practical purposes, the films lose my interest. Dantes reappears in Paris with the treasure and his schemes intact. How did he get the treasure off the island? How did he find out the misdeeds of his enemies? How does he so quickly win their confidence?

The book is another matter. Like the films, it is very long. Like the films, it traces Dantes' fall, but unlike the films, *that is where the story begins*. From the moment of Dantes' escape, the book becomes more and more interesting.

Unlike the film portrayal, Dantes' enemies are not at all inhuman, cynical masterminds, but very human, credible villains who act out of very simple motives: greed, jealousy, ignorance, and selfishness. It is the triviality of their motives that makes their actions so plausible. Dantes is not condemned to a dungeon in the Chateau D'If out of malice. The magistrate who first interviews him does not believe he is guilty of anything. But the letter he was asked to deliver implicates the magistrate's father in a Napoleonic conspiracy against the King which might harm the magistrate's career. Dantes is a security risk in the true bureaucratic sense. But he is not thrown into a dungeon immediately, but offered some freedom and courtesy until he expresses violent indignation at his confinement. Threatening to disrupt routine, he is assumed to be mad and is then locked in a dungeon. But even then he might have gone free, having convinced a prison official to review his case. The official opens the files and finds the original magistrate's recommendation: "Dantes is a security risk." He writes, "Nothing to be done" on the file and leaves Dantes to rot. Fans of Watergate will find the psychology quite accurate and contemporary.

In the film versions, Dantes' motive for the stalking of his enemies is a desire for justice. In the book, his motive is hatred. One of his favorite pastimes is attending executions, comparing various methods to find just the right ones to destroy his enemies, as he does. His punishments fit their crimes precisely in his mind which is more criminal than theirs. It is the irrationality of Dantes' hatred that consumes

his wealth and happiness and destroys the innocent as terribly as it destroys the guilty that makes him so believable. In the end, without a trace of maudlin Victorian remorse, he comes to realize how much worse he is than they. And with typical irony, it is too late to save anyone but the prime mover of the plot against him. As in *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*, there is a subtle, perhaps unconscious, perception of the absurdity of the world, of great passions, and uncompromising idealism.



Dumas' Parisian society is an amoral, avaricious world, monomaniacally concerned with the pursuit of wealth and status. But unlike the Victorian novelists, Dumas is not totally unsympathetic to the pursuit. The *Count* is a romance of money and power, undoubtedly Dumas' own daydreams; one which he attempted to live after the success of the book and which broke him financially. It is a world much like Proust's at the turn of the Century, spiritually empty, mean, gossip-ridden, materialistic but redeemed for those within it by an adoration of *style*. And with *style*, Dumas, like Proust, is in complete sympathy. Virtually any crime is tolerable to him if it is done with *style*.

But in this, as in everything else, Dumas is unpredictable, and it is his unpredictability that is the mark of his genius. His repertory of invention, if not original, is inexhaustible. His characters are wonderfully varied, and if not as wonderfully caricatured as in Dickens, they are individual. They are not the brooding, in-depth characterizations we associate with great fiction, but they are not two-dimensional either, nor are they types. As in the plots, each character has his or her ironic aspect. The facade of respectability and morality, or the reality of their actions -- which Dumas accepts as the most real is an open question.

In *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*, he has D'Artagnan, on his way to England on a dangerous mission, speculate in a single, unexpected paragraph why he is risking his life for perfect strangers to whom he means nothing. His mission, to recover a set of diamond studs the Queen has indiscreetly given to her lover, the Duke of Buckingham, is essentially a trivial affair despite its grave risks to himself. And whether he succeeds or fails it will not settle anything between the Queen and her enemy, Richilieu. Why is he doing it? Why such loyalty to people who have no loyalty to him? Dumas does not say. He leaves D'Artagnan in a Kafka-like quandry utterly alone, acting

OH, MY DUMAS, TO ME YOU WERE SO GRAND! -----

on commitment alone.

What makes the *Count* a great novel is its indefatigable plot. The process of the Count's intrigues against his enemies requires almost a thousand pages and is never at a loss for a new twist. Unlike the films, each new event makes us wonder even more what happens next. And unlike other classics, it is consistently entertaining.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS is less impressive. In fact, I found it tedious and weak in invention and had to skim wildly to get through it. It was published in the same year as the *Count*, and is probably even better known. Almost any librarian, however puritan, will tell you it is an ideal work for children. All that swashbuckling. How odd! So few adults remember the book. First, it has no plot in all its 600 pages. And secondly, it is a romance of amorality. A few lengthy incidents pass for plots. D'Artagnan's meeting with Musketeers, his task of recovering the diamond studs for the Queen opens the book very well, but my interest was not sustained for two hundred pages. The last episode is redeemed only by the fascinating character of the treacherous Countess "Milady" De Winter and her hilarious seduction of her Puritan jailer. She is the best character in the book and her fate, although well-deserved, left me sad.

The middle portion of the book is a complete surprise -- three long, talky character sketches of the Musketeers, interminable, but unexpectedly funny.

MGM did a glossy production of the book in the '40s with Gene Kelly that did capture the spirit and humor of the book, and did a much better job of bringing the disparate elements together than Dumas did. But again, their version was deceptive, and somewhat boring. Dumas is no writer of simple swashbuckling romance. He had a first-rate inventive mind and a perceptive intelligence. While nothing he has to say about human nature is quotable, it is all interesting and accurate. *TTM* is the portrait of an amoral age whose concepts of romantic love and idealism were as ludicrous as they were glorious. In the film version you have an anti-intellectual conflict between the pure, bright but home-spun D'Artagnan and the worldly, scheming Richilieu. He is greedy, nosy, irresponsible and homicidal. He and his friends are as the Samurai in Japanese westerns, like *YOJIMBO*, hired killers with a Hell's Angels loyalty to one another, whose romantic pursuits are as mercenary as they are macho.

Here is the real weakness of the book. There are no sides to choose between-- not a moral, admirable character in the whole novel. Not even D'Artagnan, who is at best just likeable. The conflict between the King and Queen and Richilieu is too attenuated and absurd to excite interest. But there are compensations. The middle portion portraits of the Musketeers at play -- Porthos besieged at the Inn, Aramis' delightful theological discussions on the use of one or two hands in the Benediction, and Athos, dark, terrible Athos (a totally uncharacteristic character for an adventure story) brooding over the fate of his wife. Then, the Countess. Perhaps my favorite vixen, more ruthless, but essentially no more amoral than her executioners.

A final note.. Both my editions of *TCOMC* and *TTM* list no translator's name, and neither seems distinguished. Dumas was no stylist but you would think he deserves the best translation possible. Has no scholar thought it worth his while to attempt a new translation? While I would not recommend the *MUSKETEERS*, the *COUNT* is a must for all who love a grand story.

THE 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN WAY

HE IS ARISEN

WAYNE HOOKS

Chip was drunk, drunker than he had ever been before.

From his position on the floor, he watched the party swirl around him. He didn't even know how he had ended up at the party. A date with Denise... Frowning, he tried to collect his scattered thoughts. Yeah, he thought, that's how he had started the evening. Somebody had ripped off his stash and Denise had come over to console him. She had scored some dope that afternoon.

Fine thing, one of his own customers having to share with him, he who was supposed to be a super dealer. Only a dealer's no dealer without something to deal and somebody had ripped him off but good. All of his mescaline, peyote, and hash was gone, and then Denise showed up, charity and good will written all over her stupid face. She didn't even have enough for one person, much less two. So Chip had started out to get drunk and Denise had tagged along.

Now here they were, at some beer bust for some fraternity and Chip had no idea of how they'd progressed from bar hopping to a beer bust. And in a haze of alcoholic euphoria, he really didn't care. Over in the corner, he saw Denise. Some super jock was pouring beer between her breasts and she was giggling her head off. But then, she had always been stupid.

Chip, by this time, was having trouble holding his head up and his eyes refused to focus. Underneath him, he could feel a beer bottle, but it was only a minor nuisance. All he wanted now was to go to sleep.

When he woke up, he knew he was in trouble. He couldn't see. He was blind. Blind as a bat, he thought. Stone blind, no that's dead. Confused thoughts scurried one after another through his alcohol soaked brain.

Then he tried to get up and discovered to his horror that he had no legs, or arms, or ears or anything else that he had when he had come to the party. Oh my God, he thought, somebody ripped me off again. Just wait until I get my hands.... Then he stopped. How could he get his hands on anybody's neck if somebody had stolen his arms, with hands attached? Besides, how would someone go about stealing somebody's arms, legs and ears without the victim becoming aware of the theft?

As he lay there, he heard other bodies moving. Without ears? No, heard was not the right word, he thought; it was more that he sensed them moving. Their body heat registered on his epidermis in a kaleidoscope of colors. His skin served as both eyes and ears. His entire skin acted as both cornea and tympanic membrane, he thought. He heard and saw through osmosis....whatever....

It seemed his senses were coming back. Maybe somebody had slipped a little acid into his beer, or more than likely, they had mixed bootleg liquor with the beer. It seems everyone would know bootleg liquor was poison, picking up lead salts from the old car radiators used to distill it. Almost anybody, that is, except a dumb jock. His sight and hearing was becoming clearer and clear, if it were possible to see and hear in infrared.

Curious, he looked at his own body and would have screamed, except that he didn't have a mouth. His body was not all that great, but he was somewhat attached to it. Therefore, he was horrified to discover that somehow or another, he had turned into a giant cheeseburger. Toasted slices of bun, two hamburgers, two slices of melted cheese, lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise, catsup, slaw and mustard had replaced his arms, legs, torso, head and other parts of his body.

The sonic waves of a groan bounced off him. My God, he thought, that sounds like Denise waking up. Knowing her, he was terrified that she would eat him before she realized who he was. After all, how do you explain to somebody that you exchanged your skinny undernourished body for a cheeseburger, albeit a cheeseburger three feet across at its broadest point. It just wasn't dignified. Sweating catsup, he prayed he didn't have enough salt for Denise's taste. Then he thought of some of the other things he had seen her eat and despaired. She would eat anything; her tastebuds had died years ago of indignation. He heard her sigh. Well, for the minute anyway, he was safe. The slob always sighed before she went to sleep. If she had belched, he would have been in a lot of trouble.

Reassured, he resumed the examination of his new body. His lower half consisted of a toasted sesame seed bun with an all soybean, meat scrap pattie covered with slaw, mayonnaise, melted cheese and catsup. The upper part of his body was another pattie covered with lettuce, mustard, melted cheese and catsup. A toasted sesame seed bun was where his head was supposed to be. Like a jaunty green beret, he was topped by a large green pickle. He was the perfect cheeseburger, the paragon, the epitome of what a fast food cheeseburger should be.

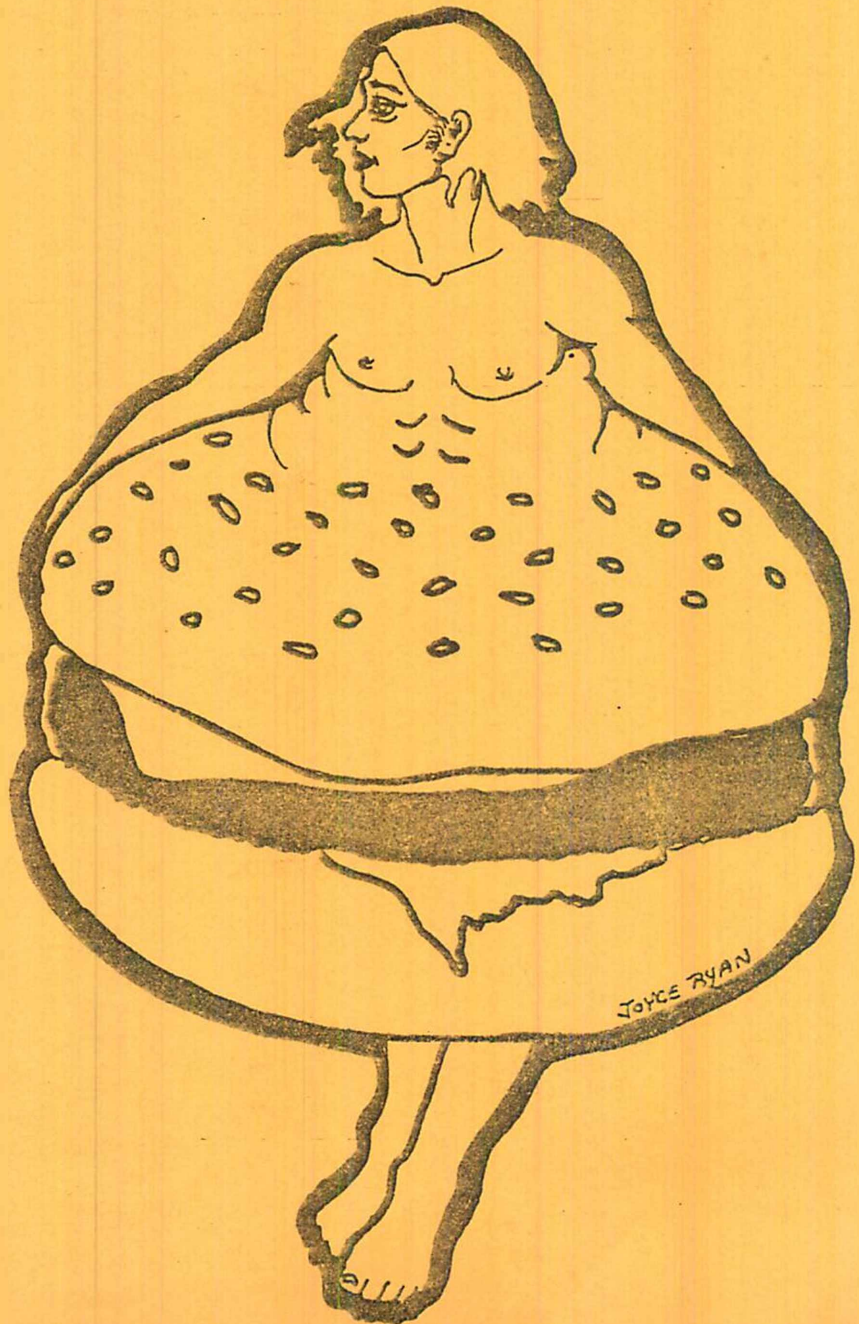
He raged against his fate. Why should he turn into a cheeseburger? What was the purpose? Was he given a mission? Around him, he heard bodies moving. His epidermis picked up the sweet smell of hashish. Here he was a cheeseburger and they were getting stoned. The injustice galled him. After all, he was unique. How many giant cheeseburgers does the

normal person see in the course of a day? He was transfigured, in his perfect state. Centuries earlier another Messiah had come in the form of a man. Jesus had taught perfection and was perfect in his exalted state, but no one had understood. After all, who could believe in a Saviour who looked like everyone else? Eat, this is my body, drink, this is my blood, so he had said, but none had understood. The people could not accept such a common looking Christ and so he was martyred, to some day arise again.

Chip had arisen. For years his perfection had lain dormant, Christ, too, who had not taught until he was thirty. Now, Chip had achieved perfection. As the ultimate cheeseburger, he would lead man to salvation. What more perfect form? Turn on the television to any channel, and there would be commercials extolling the virtues of cheeseburger. Temples to cheeseburgers were everywhere, with names like MacDonalds or Burger Chef. The jingles had been taken by the young as their new hymns. Even as they sat in the sanctuaries of a tired old Jewish God, their thoughts went out to the new god, the omnipotent cheeseburger. It was the god of American commercialism and Chip was the ultimate cheeseburger. The Kingdom was coming, no slip ups, no Pilates, this time. The cross replaced by the golden arches, the Pope by the fry cook, the cassock by the greasy apron. Hosannah Hosannah, the Lord had arisen. In his mind's eye he could see the crowds and the palm branches.

"Hey," he heard Denise's slurred voice, "who sent out for food? I'm starved." All around him he could hear other voices, hungry.

"No," Chip tried to shout, "no, I am the Messiah." Eager hands snatched at his body, tearing out big chunks. Through his pain a curious litany ran: eat, this is my body; drink, for this is my catsup of the covenant poured out for the forgiveness of sins. "Judas," he screamed at them. Fainting from the pain, he cried in despair, "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do."



FARRAGOIANA

DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM

*I study insanity,
I love humanity.
But to tell them apart .
Is quite an art.*

We cannot command a shadow. If we want to move it, we must move either the light or the object.

There is not a single book documenting the enormous influence the American Revolution of 1776 had on leading European intellectuals of that time.

The greatest luxury is to say what you think -- but it may be expensive.

A sign on a roadside stand in Pennsylvania: COURTEOUS AND EFFICIENT SELF-SERVICE

Examinations are the conclusion of an educational process teaching students to answer questions. Wouldn't it be better if they were taught to question answers?

It isn't generally realized that the omnipotent censor in the U.S. who decides what published material is displayed is the wholesale distributor.

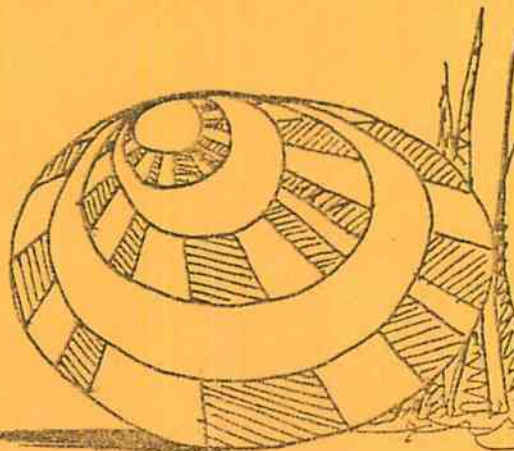
When I was a baby I never cried. Nobody could explain it. But now I know why: I just didn't know what was coming.

The road of life has a lot of red stopsigns. The sensible thing is to wait until the light changes.

If robots were to study the way human beings behave in our computer-pushbutton civilization, they would reject them as being too mechanical.

Many folks believe in experts and mistrust the ordinary man. Maybe they'd be better off if they believed in the ordinary man and mistrusted the experts.

When Dr. Elmer McCollum, discoverer of vitamins A and D, was showing visiting legislators around his laboratory at Hopkins, one of them, a farmer, was incensed: "I try to rid my barn of rats -- and here we are appropriating funds for a guy to grow bigger and fatter ones!"



FEATH

DOGMATIC MACROINSTRUCTION SYSTEMS OR
A CASE FOR COMPUTERIZED WORLD DOMINATION

MARK R. SHARPE

I have just finished watching the TV version of *THE FORBIN PROJECT*, which, briefly, envisioned the creation of the "ultimate computer", one totally controlling the defense system of the United States. As it turns out, there was a complementary system in the Soviet Union, and these two computers, Guardian (USSR) and Colossus (USA), establish communication between themselves, in their own common language (not FORTRAN, COBAL, NL-1, SNOBOL or any of the others). An attempt is made by the governments to sever the connection. After the computers arranged a *nucking* of a Soviet oil complex and attempting to do the same to Andrews AFB, the communications link was restored. All attempts to break the coupling thereafter were spectacularly unsuccessful. At the close of the motion picture we hear Colossus addressing the entire globe, in English of course, giving a pep talk about the enlightened era that will take place under computer control. Obviously, the screen writer's intention was to have the audience repelled by this and to cheer on Dr. Forbin as he said, "Never!"

Perhaps I am too cynical of human rationality but I would welcome, no matter how remote the possibility, a somewhat revised Colossus/Guardian.

Picture, if you will, a nuclear war. It is estimated by the government of the United States that Israel has three nuclear bombs (higher estimates up to ten bombs have been made by differing sources, but we will use the more conservative figure). The Arab countries have nuclear warheads as well, but how many has not been estimated; at least no figures that I have seen. In desperation these warheads could be armed and exploded. There is a possibility that from such a modest start a full blown nuclear war could bloom (an apt description of the fiery mushroom). Fortunately, even I doubt the stupidity of the other governments with the Bomb (China, France, England,

USA, USSR, India and others). However, it has been estimated that before the 21st Century over 20 countries AND organizations (such as the Palestine Liberation Organization) will have nuclear capabilities. I don't want to think about Edi Amin with a nuclear warhead in his arsenal.

The worldwide public furor created by a limited nuclear war as mentioned in the previous paragraph might well be such as to disarm the world, but don't count on it; the technology exists and the nuclear idea will persist. An idea can be suppressed but not killed.

What would an entity like Colossus/Guardian be able to do? Stop warfare? No, but if the USSR and the USA stopped their petty squabbling the chances would be greatly reduced. A computer entity might help resolve problems leading to disputes.

The benefits of a computer controlled society would be great. Food production and distribution would be greatly enhanced. With an ERS (Earth Resources Satellite) we are now able to detect crop ailments such as corn blight, pinpointing to the very acres affected. Distribution of food would be improved, perhaps by a system similar to the one used to direct rail service in parts of Europe and Japan. Computers now route freight cars with the efficiency ConRail and Amtrak would do well to imitate. An ERS has also discovered a \$10 billion source of ore previously unknown and, still, unexploited. In this age of disappearing resources, any deposit of valuable minerals would be welcome. The manganese nodules in the ocean is a recent, excellent source of minerals, especially cobalt, of which 95% was imported by this country.

Could computers improve the human condition? If allowed to, of course. But, a computer dominated world? A chain of command with an omnipotent electronic intelligence at its apex? Not likely, but the idea stimulates the imagination. Perhaps with Asimov's *Three Laws of Robotics*, the equivalent to the Ten Commandments in artificial intelligence, such a computer might be acceptable to the world. Making the decisions, but with a human or group of humans deciding whether or not to accept this decision is an idea which I heartily sanction. Logic would be an excellent basis for making decisions, especially where human welfare is concerned.

But whoever said humans are logical creatures?

END

THE WAYWARD MUSE ON THE
HUMAN CONDITION BY A
PREVIOUSLY ATHEISTIC
COMPUTER CHIP

*Dangling from a shrouded cliff,
The lamp sheds a golden glow
On a line too fragile
To withstand the final blow.*

FRED MOSS

*Yet, who hung the brassy clay
That it should swing
Against the crags of night
To make it sing?*

GREBAN'S CHOICE

NEAL WILGUS

"Good evening, Dr. Rittsetter," the Captain said with a brittle smile. "I hope you don't mind my having waited in your tent. These N'York desert afternoons are rather merciless." He had somehow crossed his legs without wrinkling his spotless uniform.

Marshena Rittsetter paused at the entrance of her tent to take stock of the situation, then moved calmly to the crowded work table to relieve herself of the heavy backpack she wore. "Captain Greban, how nice to see you," she said, making the customary salute. She shivered slightly, suppressing a flood of unwelcome memories of the Home world she'd hoped to have left behind.

Captain Leevich Greban smiled humorously and stirred the cup of heavy tea he'd made while awaiting her return. "After reading the reports on the finds you've made, I expected more in the way of surface ruins. There wasn't much to see while I waited."

"Yes, it's pretty barren up here," she agreed, taking a seat at the field desk across from him and ignoring the untidy evidence of his search of her quarters. With a shock she noted that her library of ancient books had disappeared. "But tomorrow you'll be given the grand tour," she went on. "I'd planned to invite you down soon anyway, but I did want to finish exploring the fourteenth level -- "

"Dr. Rittsetter," the Captain interrupted, "I'm afraid we'll have no time for that. I know you'll find this an unpleasant surprise, but I've decided to cancel the work at this site and move your party back to expeditionary headquarters in Grenlind until we've received permission to return Home."

Marshena sat in stunned silence. "I don't quite understand," she said at last. "Is there some emergency at Home? A setback in the wars? A new outbreak of the Plague?"

He shook his head mechanically. "No, no, nothing like that. But there is a serious crisis facing our culture, Dr. Rittsetter. One that no one at Home is even aware of at this point. And I think if we act firmly -- and fast enough -- the danger need not spread beyond this camp."

"Are you telling me that my work poses a threat? From this long dead desert?" She hurried on before he could interrupt, "But there's much to gain from staying. As you know from my reports, there's evidence that this is the lost 'Mother Planet' of mythology. And if it is, a lifetime of work here desperately needs to be done. It's imperative that I stay and continue the search."

Greban was silent as he swirled the cold, dead tea in the bottom of the cup. At last he sighed and set the cup aside. "Dr. Rittsetter," he said as he stood up and stepped to the entrance of the tent, "the evening seems in pleasant contrast to the heat of the day. May I suggest a stroll while we discuss the situation?"

Recognizing the command behind the suggestion, Marshena reluctantly followed her superior officer out into the shadowed coolness of the desert evening. A slight breeze blew lifeless sand from the tops of the dunes around the camp. As they passed Greban's armored cruiser two guards armed with needle guns fell into step at a respectful distance behind them. They walked in silence, Marshena lagging the required half-step behind Greban, until the camp was left behind and they were approaching the top of the nearest dune.

"Dr. Rittsetter," the Captain said at last, "I realize how dedicated you are to your work. I've read your reports and the samples from the ancient library which you've translated. Your theory that this was the 'Mother Planet' is very convincing. But, Marshena," he said, suddenly shifting to a more personal tone, "let me remind you of a time, long ago on the trip out from Home, when we talked of our conflicting attitudes toward the Home culture. You shocked me with your heretical views on the basic principles of our culture. Perhaps I shocked you, too, orthodox as you found me to be. For, yes, I do hold firm on the matters of discipline which you find most appalling. I don't imagine either of us has found reason to change since then."

Marshena stopped abruptly, anger flushing her features as he turned to face her. "I certainly haven't changed, and I gave up hoping you would understand years ago. But I'm still not afraid to say that our culture is needlessly rigid in its adherence to military tradition. I was prepared for the same old argument as soon as I saw your cruiser outside camp. Surely you are too."

"Of course," the Captain snapped. "But try as I will to understand you, I can't help reacting to heresy as they taught us to at Home."

"And that's why it's so important to continue our research here," she insisted. "You know from my reports that the Mother Culture was vastly different from ours-- we must learn the secrets of human understanding it can teach us. From what I've learned here I'm more than ever convinced that our Home culture is dangerously brittle and likely to splinter into chaos when confronted by disasters such as the Armandian in-

vasion or the Newroban Plague. Worse still is the constant struggle for power behind the scenes-- even at the highest levels of our society."

"A natural tendency, my dear," the Captain put in with unexpected mildness.

"Natural to a point, perhaps," she replied in anger, "but carried to such an extreme that it's become a sickness, Leevich. The fact that it's heresy to think otherwise is itself an indication of how unhealthy our culture has become. And just think, Leevich, there are three hundred and twenty seven other crimes for which the punishment is death. Why, you hold my life in your hands. You need only report my heresy to the Council to be rid of my nagging for good."

"No, my dear, I'm quite willing to let you dispose of your life however you see fit. Losing yourself in the ruins of our ancestor's Home is no worse a fate than many others I imagine. No, the expedition is not being canceled out of personal spite..."

"Why then?" she asked from between clenched teeth.



He stopped and looked back to where the first camp fires of the evening marked the camp's location. "The answer should be obvious. In all your reports you've pointed out how the ancients of this planet far surpassed us in the fields you've labeled the 'Humane Sciences'. You've sent me partial translations of some ancient books-- all in fields of study which N'Yorkers had carried to greater extremes than we could even imagine."

"Exactly," Marshena agreed ruthlessly. "They had insights into their ways of behavior that we never dreamed of. And these are the very insights our culture is most desperately in need of, Leevich-- don't you see that? The N'Yorkers were themselves in their earliest times as rigid as we are, and as ruthless with their violators. But then they turned inward and began examining the causes of their own behavior. When they did, they began to learn to be less rigid, less disciplined. They began to relax and enjoy life instead of driving themselves to live by inflexible rules."

Greban turned and lead her down the opposite side of the dune, toward the hollow ruin which had first brought the site to Marshena's attention ten years earlier. The chill wind picked sand from where their feet had trod and flung it in ripples across the face of the dune.

"But you see, my dear," he said as they neared the bottom, "there's more to it than that. For as you pointed out in your reports, one group of ancients held that man was a free, independent agent, capable of making up his own mind and taking responsibility for what he did. To control this burden of freedom, men devised complex social and political codes which carried heavy penalties for violation. On the other hand, there were the behaviorists who believed that human actions are the result of an incredibly complex network of factors-- all studied in your so-called Humane Sciences. They rejected free will and therefore put aside the strict codes which the traditionalists had lived by. For if you can analyze a man's situation in life and understand what motivates his behavior, then you can never hold him responsible for what he might do. Is this not the situation you described in your reports?"

"Of course," Marshena agreed impatiently as they neared the priceless ruins she'd found. "And it's just this kind of insight our Home culture desperately needs. And, Leevich, the ancient N'Yorkers were right! Don't you see how important it is to take this truth of human behavior back to our Home culture? Don't you want to bring an end to the narrow-mindedness that makes our civilization so drab and inhumane?"

As she spoke they had passed from the windswept dunes into the protection of the first low ruins which a recent shifting of the planet's crust had pushed again to the surface. Surely here, Marshena thought, where she'd found the vital clues to the Mother Culture's past, where the ancient books had first been found, the Captain would finally understand. But Greban's face was lost in the dark shadows now and his voice seemed strangely muffled when he answered.

"Marshena, don't you see? The N'Yorkers own records tell of the mounting social chaos, the increasing instability of their society at the very time they were gaining these insights. And what, after all, was the cause of the N'Yorker's destruction if not their own humane and behavioristic values? For you see, my dear, this is the crux of the behaviorist's trap: once they realized that they were the product of the

complex factors which ruled their lives, that very insight became the deciding factor that caused their culture to fall apart.

"And fall it did," he went on as he resumed his stroll through the ruins. "This you have documented too. The N'Yorker culture died of industrial pollution, overpopulation, genetic collapse, plague, famine and nuclear war. And when it went it took all life on the planet with it. If it was indeed the fabled 'Mother Planet' from which we evolved, we were saved only by the historic accident that its space colonies had ventured too far from Home to be pulled down when the 'Mother' finally collapsed. We were tremendously fortunate, Marshena, that when we left the 'Mother Planet' for the frontiers of space we left behind the Human Sciences which had caused the fall of the original culture. We lost the complex truth which the N'Yorkers had gained. We fell into the old error of belief in free will and individual responsibility -- the very things which had earlier given the ancient culture its greatest strength."

Marshena smiled bitterly. "And how do you propose to bury the truth so easily, Leevich? Too many people already know what valuable finds have been made here. Surely not all of them will agree to silence."

They stopped in the shadows of the ruins again, this time only a few yards from the darkened entrance to the shaft which lead to the excavation site fourteen levels below. Standing there, facing her antagonistic Captain, Marshena sensed again what priceless wisdom awaited them and how fragile was the thread that protected them from final loss. Her pulse raced wildly when she realized how near the Captain stood to the entrance of the shadowed shaft.

"Yes, of course there are complications," Greban said, rubbing his hands together nervously and scowling. "I'm afraid these people will have to be wiped clean with the psychoprobe following a mutiny which will occur during the trip Home. Yes, an unfortunate uprising -- almost the entire scientific staff will have fallen prey to the strange rebellion. Ah well, it will only provide an additional reason for sealing off further exploration of this planet in the name of stability at Home.

As he spoke Greban turned and walked nervously forward, carelessly placing himself between Marshena and the dark opening of the shaft entrance. No longer caring what might happen to her as a result, Marshena lunged forward, throwing herself at the Captain in a desperate attempt to drag him with her into the darkness of the shaft. Hitting him squarely with all her might, she felt him stagger under her impact, heard the breath rush from him. For one brief moment she hoped that she might actually succeed. But the moment passed quickly as they struggled in the dark, and then she was thrown rudely to the ground at Greban's feet with two guards standing over her, needle guns pointed at her head.

"A foolish mistake, Dr. Rittsetter," the Captain said, brushing himself off and turning to her with a bitter smile. "For now you have revealed to witnesses the lengths to which even the most level-headed scientists will go when they've become infected with the alien ideas which the N'Yorkers left behind. Evidence enough, do you not agree, to warrant the destruction of this excavation of

yours and the canceling of the entire expedition.

"First, though," he went on as he signaled to a party of uniformed crewmen waiting in the shadows, "we must make sure that none of these subversive ideas are allowed to remain when we leave. As you can see, my men have gathered all the artifacts, all the manuscripts, all the books and reports you've plagued us with during the long stay here, Dr. Rittsetter. And now we must make sure that none of these items is allowed to survive."

In frozen horror, Marshena watched as crewmen brought forth a seemingly endless collection of boxes and bundles to be thrown unceremoniously into the mouth of the excavation shaft. Silently she watched as the work of years, the ambitions of a lifetime, were rudely dumped into what was now nothing better than a garbage dump of the past. At last, when the ordeal was almost over, she turned her face to Captain Greban again.

"Will you spare nothing, Leevich?" she asked. "Not one tiny shred of the wonder that was once our Mother Culture?"

Greban smiled and his voice sank to a near whisper. "I almost believe you can read my mind, Marshena Rittsetter. Yes, as a matter of fact, I have selected one item from the Mother Culture to survive. Have chosen it, in fact, to be my own inspiration and guide to the complexities of the power struggles at Home. That's why these items from your precious library have been saved till the last -- so that I can make my selection before your very eyes," he said, waving at the solitary figure of a crewman who stood in the shadows with a box in his arms.

"For you see," the Captain went on, leaning closer to her now, "you didn't learn what you really should have from the ancients, Dr. Rittsetter. You didn't realize that you had no need to adopt their whole culture; to substitute it for your own. Instead you should have done what I intend to do -- select the book which will best serve your purpose, use it carefully to your own advantage and let the rest crumble into forgotten dust and be damned."

Marshena lunged suddenly forward in one last attempt to defy her cruel Captain, but she knew in advance it was to no avail. As she felt the rough hands of the guards tighten on her arms, she saw Greban summon the waiting crewman to his side. She watched as he opened the box of books whose translations she had sent to him in her reports. Breathlessly she watched as Greban made his unhesitating selection and then gave a contemptuous signal that the remaining volumes be cast into the mouth of the shaft.

"Rest easy, Marshena, for I've made my choice. And, as you've suggested, a scrap of ancient wisdom will live on in the hallowed halls of Home."

Then he turned from her for the last time to direct the final operation that would close the shaft for good.

In the growing darkness of the ruins, Marshena's eyes widened in horror as she realized that Greban's choice to influence the destiny of the stars was her worn and yellowed copy of Adolf Hitler's *MEIN KAMPF*.

THIS VIEW MAY STIR SOME READERS TO VIOLENCE

IF THE CENSOR DISLIKES VIOLENCE---
KILL HIM QUICKLY AND HUMANELY

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

Men have met in battle courageously, with mutual respect, and engaged in an endeavor unfairly called pointless. It is in error that violence is considered morally wrong. Poets have shown us in their sagas, as victors have proven in their elation, that violence can be attractive, rewarding. The pacifists should be allowed their paths, yes, but not at the price of interfering with those people of a different nature. My girlfriend and I often wrestle vigorously-- it is mostly painless, harmless and erotic, but qualifies as a form of violence. For others, mock-fighting might not suffice. They should be allowed their Thompson machine guns and a battlefield.

Fundamentally I am an immensely non-violent person, too fragile of psyche and body to want to be anything else. Yet there was a time when I was destructive. Many valuable objects were smashed. Many vile oaths screamed. My temper stopped short of harming, physically, anything living, except possibly myself.

None of this past violence stemmed from gore in movies, bloodshed in the streets, glamorous government war-propaganda or graphic comics. Neither did I overcome and vanquish those outbursts by censor intervention in altering of my learning environment. I struck out against the frustration and restriction of a nightmare lifestyle called the Great American Dream. Working 50 hours a week just to be sapped of energy for creativity. Wanting things just beyond my grasp and being dissatisfied with those few things attained. Mental rubber bands stretched to the point of snapping.

The striking out in violence went away when I escaped the tediously gruelling lifestyle of the average American worker. I became a calm individual, almost impossible to anger. I became, and remain,

IF THE CENSOR DISLIKES VIOLENCE -----

free enough to work out any frustrations rationally, to explore my potential sexually and artistically. To be no one's automaton. To be myself.

We could censor violence in art, literature, celluloid, history books and journalism. We could remove *every* potential of learning violence. We could accept the non-applicable religion called Psychiatrism as Shining Truth, shelter and coddle every human individual from what even the shrews must face, and leave no opportunity to "learn" violent behavior.

And the same number of people would return from their emotionally and physically unrewarding jobs, drained and caged and frustrated, and take a meat cleaver to the first person in the path.

If violence were just learned, the cornered beast or man would have no alternative but to die. If it *is* learned, then it *must* be learned, or we *will* die in the corners of this frustrating system of steel and concrete ecology.

I love violence in literature and film. I thrill to a good chill, an eye-popping spectacle. But my behavior patterns are not altered into violence by the sort of entertainment I enjoy. I have no personal need for non-fictional violence.

Cage me again, and I shall.

END

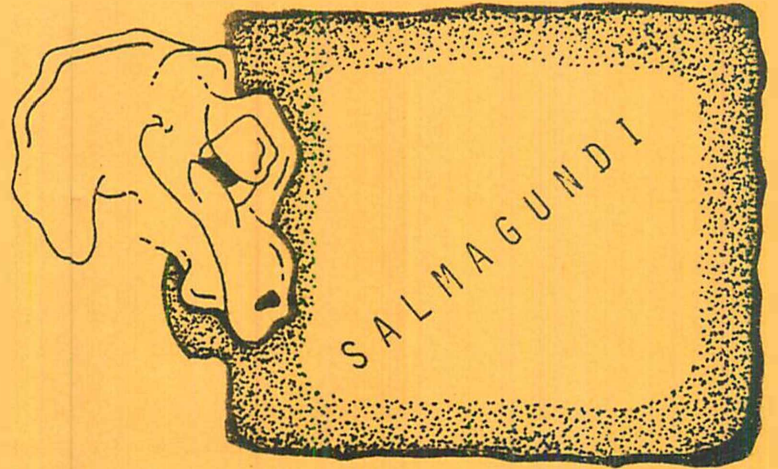
LOCKED AGAIN -- BEHIND YOU

FRED MOSS

WHEN SUMMERS SLUMP TO BLOWS OF WINTERS
ON YOUR PATH TO MATURITY,
DON'T KICK THE DOOR AHEAD TO SPLINTERS;
FIND BY THOUGHT AND USE WITH LOVE,
THE GENTLE KEY OF RATIONALITY

In Maine is a lake
 . Sebago
 Where they don't know
 about Farrago.
 They swim, they fish,
 they row,
 I'm sure they'd like
 to know.

-- Dr. Fredric
 Wertham



IN GENERAL

JIM MEADOWS-- *This second issue had a jumbled unorganized appearance, made even worse by a lot of short pieces. I suggest a shorter issue, with one or two longish pieces, and some strategy for arranging fiction and non-fiction so the whole thing won't come out like fruit salad. [I like the salmagundi/farrago fruit salad effect...]*

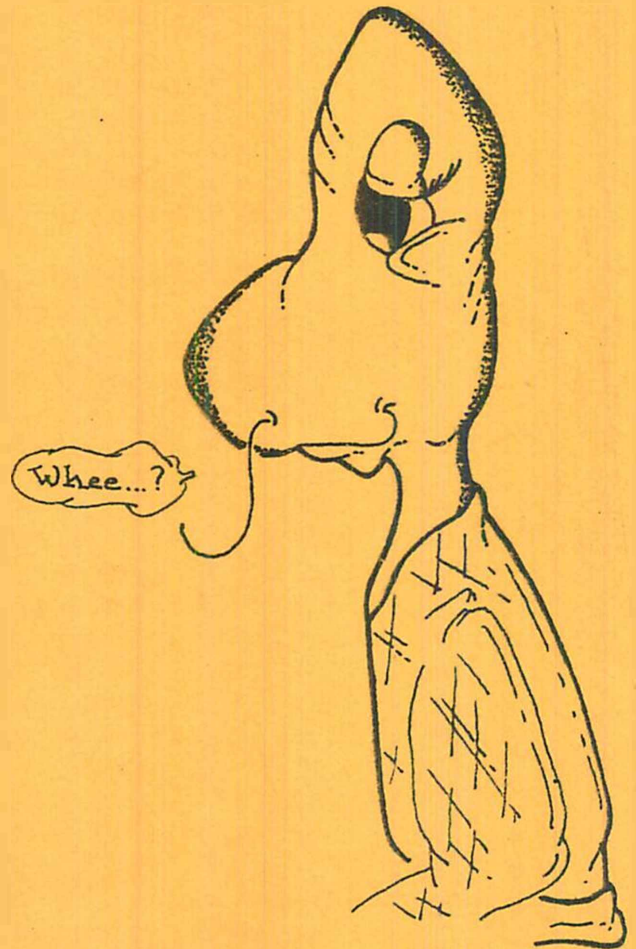
DAVID C. MERKEL -- *BOYOHBOY! One of the 3 or 4 best zines I've seen yet. It's zines like this that keep me in fandom when in the dark hours I wonder if it's worth the time and money it takes away from pro SF. [Ahhh....]*

CATHY MCGUIRE -- *...a wonderful concoction... [You like my fruit salad?]*

LAURINE WHITE -- *...Farrago doesn't really entertain me, and I don't enjoy it enough to want it. [That's what makes the world go 'round.]*

GIL GAIER -- *The editorial balance of art, article, ss, poetry, column, etc. was excellent. [Not too many marshmallows?]*

WINDING UP THE GENERAL, THE EDITOR ADMITS THAT FARRAGO HAS NOT MADE ANY PARTICULAR IMPACT. ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE LOCS FROM ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTY COPIES MAILED OUT. PERHAPS THE RESPONSE TO TITLE HAS SPOILED ME FOR ANYTHING LESS.



ARTWORK

SHAKRALLAH C. JABRE -- *Like the chick on the backcover. [Thought they were turtles...]*

DAVE HAUGH -- *The backcover by Shari Hulse is great, as is the Canfield cartoon of the rail walker.*

DAVID C. MERKEL -- *After reading Wilber's story, I was deeply, almost frighteningly, moved by the back cover. It conveyed the message of the story in one prolonged moment, and struck somewhere deep within me. That is the mark of really good writing or art; not how nice or how well done it looks or how easily it reads, but what if anything it does to you. [You may be interested to know that Shari Hulse sent me that picture a long time before Farrago appeared, and, like you, I thought it was a perfect match to Wilber's "The End of the Chase".]*

BOB WEBBER -- *I'm afraid I find an ongoing disappointment in Bruce Townley's "art". I really don't see the appeal to most of what he produces (though there are exceptions). [See Merkel's comment above. Somehow, Townley's drawings, if not "art", hit me smack in the id.]*

JIM MEADOWS -- *It takes a certain sort of editor to allow "jolting tales of tedium in the Brazier tradition" on his cover. I guess you're that kind of guy. [Aw, shucks....]*

FICTION IN GENERAL

ROBERT BRIGGS -- *You're right. Fan fic is a 'major interest segment of fandom. Bradbury, Ellison, and most likely Silverberg started with fan fic. [As yet, Farrago apparently hasn't reached this segment of fandom since most copies have been sent to Title-readers who don't seem to be that much interested in fanfic.]*

CAROLYN "C.D." DOYLE -- *Farrago has the only fanfic, good or otherwise, that I've read in at least 6 months. And the stuff in Farrago is good. I like to see what other fen have thought up. [Well, not all the Titlers look down on fanfic.]*

BEN INDICK -- *... fiction somewhat tepid... [Lukewarm is better than ice cold-- as long as we're not talking about bheer...]*

ERIC MAYER -- *I liked these stories. I got as much out of them as out of the more accepted fan fare of humor and articles. Every one of them rates above the faanish non-fiction norm so far as originality, idea content and style go. Probably far above considering how much more difficult fiction is. [Since you're a fiction writer (as well as everything else) I'd expect such a comment from the author of "The Enemy" and my favorite from a past TITLE, "The Menace".]*

ANNA M. SCHOPPENHORST -- *Overall, I'd say that Farrago has the best fanfic I've ever read. I like the good stuff written by fellow crazies; it's just that I can't find very much of it. Thanks for providing some. [There are other fanzines printing good fanfic, but most of the all fiction zines tend to specialize in types, whereas Farrago strives for the proverbial fruit salad of mixed fodder.]*

BOB WEBBER -- *I must admit to a certain prejudice against fanfic, on the basis of: If it were good, it would have sold to a prozine. I'm*

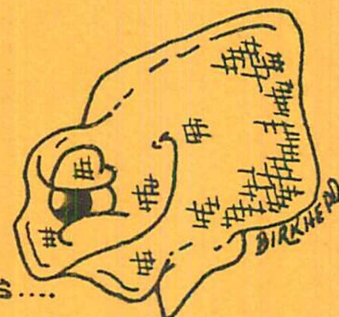
afraid that this issue really did not help to dispel that prejudice. I preferred the articles. [With a little more word-pumping in developing character, many fanfictionists could probably sell to the pro markets, if they felt so inclined. Probably many fans suffer from thin skins, too, and can't withstand rejection slips; thus, they avoid heartbreak by submitting to fanzines. And don't forget this, except for the out-and-out faanish non-fiction piece, there are markets for book reviews, articles, essays, etc. in the mundane publishing world.]

DAVE TAGGART -- Aw, why do you persist at it, Donn? I like fiction, I write some of it myself now and again, but revealing it in fanzines is just blah! to me. As to criticism of fan fiction-- why be needlessly cruel on the author? Add to this that you limit story length somewhat-- the longest story was about six pages, which is not too much space in which to display the components of fiction: character, plot, dialogue, theme, and style. [To me, in general, short stories are too long anyway with extraneous garbage diluting the sense-of-wonder gimmick. And criticism can be constructive, not cruel. And why not reveal - if you're a fiction writer - what some faned, at least, thought worthy of printing?]

FICTION IN PARTICULAR

ERIC MAYER -- Of the fiction I most enjoyed Rick Wilber's. A polished piece, not at all typical of that 'awful, amateur fan fiction junk' except for the fact, alas, that it's printed in a fanzine! Jeff Hecht's story was amusing and different. It's tough to do a story only a couple of pages long. Too often what you get in fanzines are condensations. But Jeff's piece was just the right length. Gail White's story would have benefited from a more elaborate treatment.

aww... shucks....



HARRY WARNER -- 'The End of the Chase' seems like the best story, although I might be prejudiced because it offered no large enigmas to distract me. 'Procedure' left me baffled. Is it supposed to be a parody on the Delany-Ellison passion for describing in minute detail the most trivial actions of their characters? Why wasn't the device provided with protective devices more effective than simple bolts and verbal urgings? 'Death-Rites of Varjanel' is fairly well done, but it gives the impression of being just a tentative outline of a much longer story.

DAVE TAGGART -- Wilber's 'The End of the Chase' was the best (and longest -- no coincidence, I say). Plot, theme, and character are present. Brandt's 'Nightmare in White' impressed me with its style and dialogue. As to the others-- sorry, man.

ROBERT BRIGGS -- 'Procedure' was a success! I don't see how it could have been, but it was. A two page story about unscrewing four bolts! Jeff Hecht shows real talent. He made one mistake, however; he should have sent it to a prozine. [I hope you all caught Jeff Hecht's article in ANALOG.]

JIM MEADOWS -- Gail White's story was very short, which it shouldn't have been. If she had been able to put together a longer work, focusing in on the alien culture, there would have been a story that glowed from beginning to end, a quality that would have illuminated and uplifted the trick ending. "Procedure" just floated by me. You need more than this for a story; there has to be a reason for it all. "The End of the Chase" was a little meatier than most, but a feeling of a mediocre Galaxy story came through. I'm surprised that Rick doesn't send some of his fiction to Jim Baen, since he prints so much of this kind of stuff. Suggest Rick find more graceful ways of introducing readers to bits of information; his way of telling us what a Yahoo is was in the vein of "How does the ray gun work, Professor?". Good enough for Danny Dunn, but this sort of thing looks thin even in Galaxy. "Nightmare in White" was another trick story, done with a certain amount of style, but not enough.

BOB WEBBER -- "Death Rites" and "Procedure" both seemed pointless. In the latter, there is no explanation as to why the turning off is being done; the piece comes out as "just another 2001 imitation", while if it had been properly planted in a longer story, it might have been more successful. I wish I could say the same for "Death Rites". "Nightmare in White" wasn't very good. The appearance and disappearance of the ape are never properly explained, and no one in the story appears in sufficient detail to become a sympathetic character. The twist ending appears, and the reader is left yawning.

CAROLYN "C.D" DOYLE -- Gail White's story didn't seem to go any place, though it was written nicely. If it could have been longer... "Procedure" was kinda cute, and "The End of the Chase" was pretty, and a little sad. "Nightmare in White" was a good story, though not without a touch of corniness.

CATHY MCGUIRE -- The most original story was "The Enemy", solid, consistent plotting, and the hero's conclusions believable, although not what I might have come up with.

JEFF HECHT -- Rick Wilber's story was good, solid stuff that flowed and held together logically, which is more than I can say for some pro fiction. And Shari Hulse's picture on the back cover fitted so well I wish I could see the original. Eric Mayer's story is intriguing with the essential ambiguity woven deeply into the threads of the text. The words are well-polished. I get a feeling that he tried to do something similar to what I tried in "Procedure" and I'm not sure if either of us succeeded.

ANNA M. SCHOPPENHORST -- Best was Hecht's "Procedure". Gail White's story dealt with an interesting idea, but a different format would have been better. The others were fair, but much better than most fanfic.

SKIPPING THROUGH THE ARTICLES

BOB WEBBER -- The article on Frankenstein and the one on the classics were an oddly appropriate juxtaposition. I recently finished re-reading the novel in question, found it quite tedious and turgid, thus leading me to the conclusion that it is considered a 'classic' simply on the basis of its popularity as a book people buy without reading, or from curiosity as to how it compares with the movie, or, recently, because it is currently in vogue with teachers of SF courses. Before these

latter factors came into existence, I suspect that it survived because of the "name" author, and because of the interesting, though badly handled, theme. ... I hate to rain on Mark Sharpe's parade, but the first colonials in Australia were not prisoners. Prisoners were rented out to the free colonials for farm labour, in effect, slaves. Even ignoring the historical error, I doubt Mark's thesis. ... Di Filippo's "Collaborations" led me to think of some myself: Hubbard and Heinlein, OLE DOC METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN; Zelazny and Ian Wallace, NINE CROYDS IN AMBER; Dick and Bester, WE CAN BUILD YOU THE COMPUTER CONNECTION; James Fenimore Cooper and John Boyd, THE LAST MOHICAN FROM EARTH.

JACKIE HILLES -- My favorite of everything was Walker's "Classical Dust". What he says is true; many a reader is in such a state of boredom that most classics have the first thirty pages dog-eared and the rest of the pages suffer from pristine cleanliness. The beginnings of Far from the Madding Crowd and Wuthering Heights were terribly boring, requiring great patience. One evening I started reading Pride and Prejudice, thinking that it would be dull, flat, boring. Yet at five a.m., there I sat, so entranced with the personality of Elizabeth Bennet that I couldn't put the book down. It's such a pity, I think, that so many people regard classics as a chore to be endured only in school.

LEAH ZELDES -- I found the 'Leisure' thing interesting and sat down to figure out exactly what my own average was:

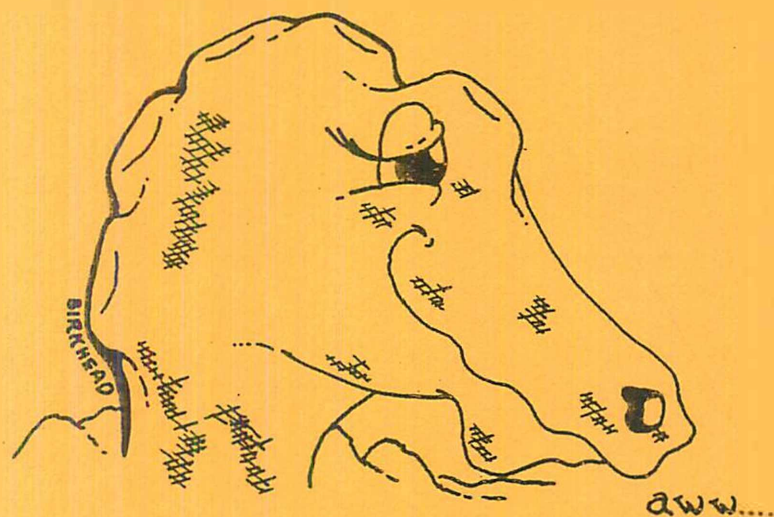
*Sleep	224 hrs	Dinner	28 hrs
Dressing	28	*Housework	50
*School		*Misc.	3
homework	100		
Job &		Total	550 hrs/28 days
travel	89		

Average is 2+ hrs/day Mon-Sat & 15 hrs on Sundays

*Approximated because I don't keep regular hours.

CHESTER CUTHBERT -- Eric Lindsay's "Leisure" is the most timely and important topic treated. I have been completely at leisure for over nine years, and my passive nature is fully occupied with my hobbies and my volunteer work as Librarian-Treasurer of the Winnipeg SF Society. Like Lovecraft, I prefer the role of observer, rather than to engage in senseless activity. This would not suit everyone, fortunately-- especially de Camp. But if the prime purpose of the machine is to minimize or eliminate human labor, why shouldn't humans toil less? Ultimately there'll be perhaps 98% unemployment, not merely 10%. So education for constructive use of leisure is a prime need. Yet both the economists and the politicians are insisting "no welfare without work". Yet they are careful to avoid putting the "bums" to work at any jobs which are highly unionized: how could the unions demand higher wages if "slave" labor were competing? The necessity for new priorities is strong if we are to avoid world economic collapse.

HARRY WARNER -- I wonder if most people really do want leisure? ... Walker's article struck me as the highlight of the issue. It has the compact packing of many ideas into few lines that Bacon and Emerson achieved in their essays. Moreover, it averts most of the cliches about the classics. I enjoy the classics, but Jane



Austen is the only writer of classic novels I can think of whom I've never been able to enjoy reading. I tried twice, once forcing myself to plow through an omnibus collection. I still can't comprehend her merits, and even worse, I can't analyze exactly what I dislike in her books. ... Ben Indick revived some pleasant, ancient memories of Saki's short stories and When William Came. The anti-Semitic prejudice emerged in the works of many important writers in the 19th and early 20th Centuries. The attitude seems to have been taken for granted; I wonder if there is anything in today's fiction which will seem as shocking and inhumane to future

readers? Maybe by then science will have solved the puzzle of anti-social behavior and will have created ways to correct it humanely, and everyone as a result will be distressed to read fiction written long ago in which villains are depicted unsympathetically.

LAURINE WHITE -- While reading Farrago I was getting a bit sleepy, and reading the fiction did nothing to wake me up. ... "Collaborations" was delightful; "Thunderclap" too much nitpicking.

JIM MEADOWS -- Paul Walker has a valid point: a book can suffer a lot of harm by being called a classic. I'm lucky that it was the movie and not a course requirement that made me read The Three Musketeers. I was hooked on it so deeply that I went through 500 pages in two weeks, neglecting my school work. ... Ben Indick made me want to read more Saki, and I've now got his complete short stories close at hand. Hope Ben writes on other authors in the future.

CATHY McGUIRE -- The articles were better than the fiction, and I particularly liked Sharpe's "Space Exploration and Civil Rights". Now that women have their rights, or expect them at least, they might be more active in protecting them. It's possible that only the women who want to have big families would volunteer as space pioneers. But I do not think the kind of woman who has the guts for space pioneering is the kind who'll passively give up the things she's used to.

GARTH DANIELSON -- "Thunderclap" was interesting but as a great lover of Bradbury stories, the inconsistencies don't bother me very much. [I'm with you, Garth; Bradbury rises far above such minor matters in his science-fiction fables.]

CAROLYN "C.D." DOYLE -- My aunt, recently looking through some books my grandfather, who owns a warehouse, was selling, said, "Well, there's a real nice WAR AND PEACE that someone might want to set on their mantle." Just something for show. It was an alien and disagreeable concept for me. Why would you want a book you didn't want to read? [Haven't you heard of "cocktail table books?]

JEFF HECHT -- I enjoyed Walker's article on classics, though he could have cited a few specific examples. As a consequence of being bored

in highschool English, I've read very few "classics" voluntarily, though I've enjoyed those few I've read. The reason I enjoyed them was that they interested me despite the term "classics", and they had to be very interesting to get me over that barrier. Paul, can all classics be as dull as (shudder) SILAS MARNER?

ERIC MAYER -- Classics. I don't read them when I'm writing. They intimidate me! But a good article by Walker. All is true. Just look for a book that seems to wear a frown. That'll be your classic. ... I know I need leisure time. But does everybody?

GIL GAIER -- Walker's "Classical Dust" sets a fascinating reading standard for the rest of the issue. I'm looking forward to more of Paul's revelations. Di Filippo's "Collaborations" is one of the really funny SF-oriented articles I've read recently. Wayne Martin had his say and did it well.

DAVE TAGGART -- Paul Di Filippo's "Collaborations" stays in bounds, satirizing without resort to cheap shots. ... Mark Sharpe really should have thought twice before he wrote "Space Exploration."; articles like this send me straight to my dictionary to find out the correct spelling of 'asinine'. ... Hurrah for Wayne Martin's "Thunderclap"! Wayne is able to take one of Bradbury's most popular stories and show its internal weaknesses-- weaknesses that can not be overlooked if the work is to be held up to honest criticism.

ERIC LINDSAY -- Need I remind Paul Walker that each age sets its own classics, and tends to ignore those of other ages. ... When I read about the Gabon reactors in New Scientist, I regarded the entire thing as a hoax. It seems peculiar that there has been relatively little written on the subject. Perhaps Dorneman has sources other than the French AEC? ... Unfortunately Richard Shaver's major 'fact', the immortal chicken heart of Alexis Carroll, is just not true. He was unknowingly infusing new chicken cells into his culture with the nutrients. The spark of life, in chicken cells and human cells, dies entirely after approximately 50 cell divisions. Which means it is not immortal at all. I'll give references if you like. [Yes, references, for you've destroyed one of my beliefs; and you've rung down the curtain on one of SF's most used gimmick.]

DON D'AMMASSA -- I particularly enjoyed Di Filippo's piece on collaborations. ... I don't think Martin's piece is relevant. Bradbury, like Ellison, is primarily a fantasist rather than a SF writer. If we accept Larry Niven's statement that all time travel stories are fantasy, the sort of inconsistency Wayne refers to may be irrelevant. That doesn't mean it isn't worth point out, though, and the piece was good. ... Lindsay's piece makes one mistake: "Hunger is only comparatively rare in the West". There are tens of thousands of people who don't get enough to eat (despite our welfare system) in parts of the USA, to say nothing of Mexico, parts of Spain, Portugal, and probably most other countries.

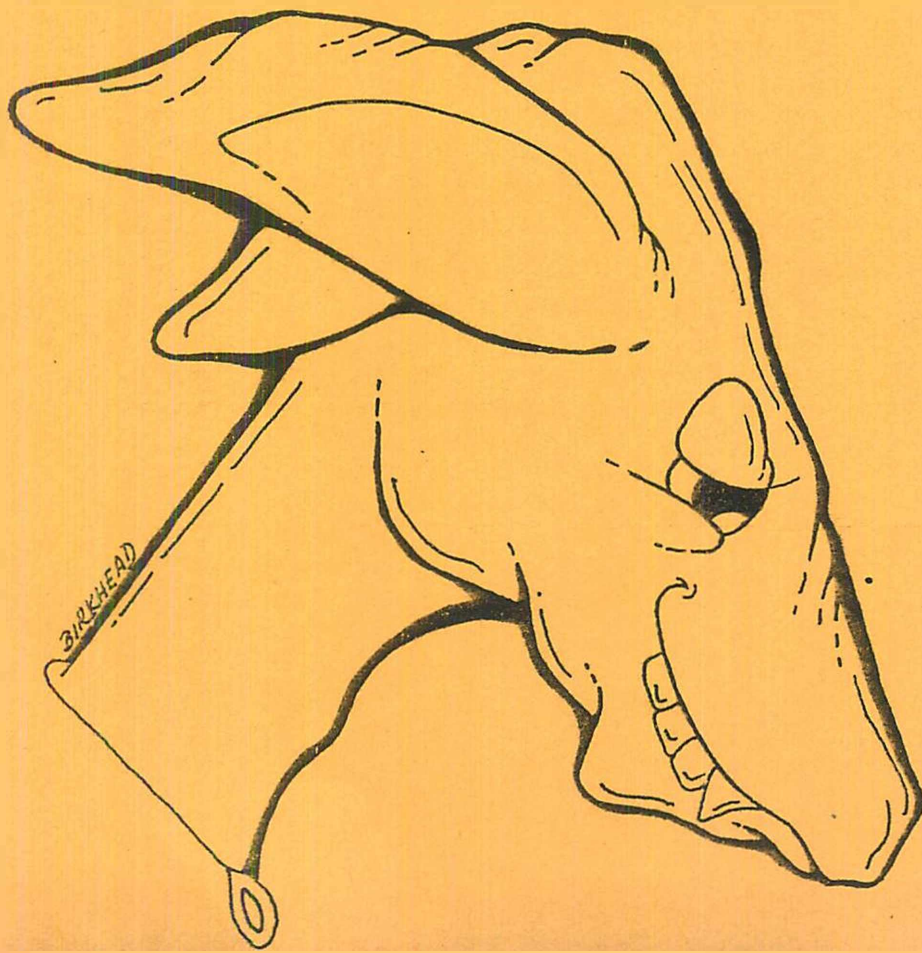
ANNA M. SCHOPPENHORST -- Perfect length and style for Walker's article on the classics; it could have been quite boring. ... Also enjoyed Di Filippo's piece: How did god ever get to collaborate with someone as big as Asimov?

MARK SHARPE -- Walker's piece was good. I just finished reading

Silas Marner again and the found the last previous checkout date was April, 1969. I wouldn't have even noticed unless Paul Walker brought the subject to my attention. Interesting. ... Loay Hall's Frankenstein article was excellent and informative.

BEN INDICK -- Paul Walker's writing is always acute. I detect a warming quality lately in his writing, a ruminative mood less common in his earlier work. Recently he had an amusing essay on his belated introduction to ballet and opera. Today he muses on classics. Generally, I find a book so-labeled has indeed stood the test of time; they are worth the effort. Of course, "classic" is abused; many classics of SF are hallowed more by age than quality of writing, and sometimes the age is that of the reader. I simply loved the Hall-Flint Munsey "classic", THE BLIND SPOT, back in 1939-41, but when I reread it a dozen years ago, I was disappointed in it. ... Hall's review is excellent, well-balanced and interesting. I am dubious about Florescu, who seems to be exploiting the success of his previous Dracula book. Mary Shelley wrote a number of supernatural stories, and it was not unusual for women to do so at that period, with the vogue of the gothic. Shelley himself did not have a bent for fiction, and I would be greatly disinclined to credit him with much of the book. I agree with Loay that the historicity of the book is far overshadowed by the novel itself, as an example of Romanticism, of the emergence of the Woman as creative artist, of a book with sufficient inner life to be called a classic! ... Richard Brandt tells his story well, but frankly it's sorta silly, in terms of reality and resolution. ... Paul diF's piece has to be one of his best.

ROBERT BRIGGS -- Ben Indick's "Saki" was the high point of the issue. If the rest of Ben's series is of the same quality, some fan book publisher will have to issue them as a book.



THE EDITOR'S FIRST FANZINE (Sung to an Ad-Lib Tune)

Fred Moss

1. The senile typer clanking on
Can't spell or punctuate.
It stutters wild while clanking on;
Can't keep a sentence straight.

CHORUS

Reacting not to mystic curses
Nor prayers devout and, what is worse is,
Shows no respect for what the ed is banking on.

2. The mindless duper cranking on
Spews paper by the ream.
It gargles ink while cranking on;
Spits gunk out in a stream.

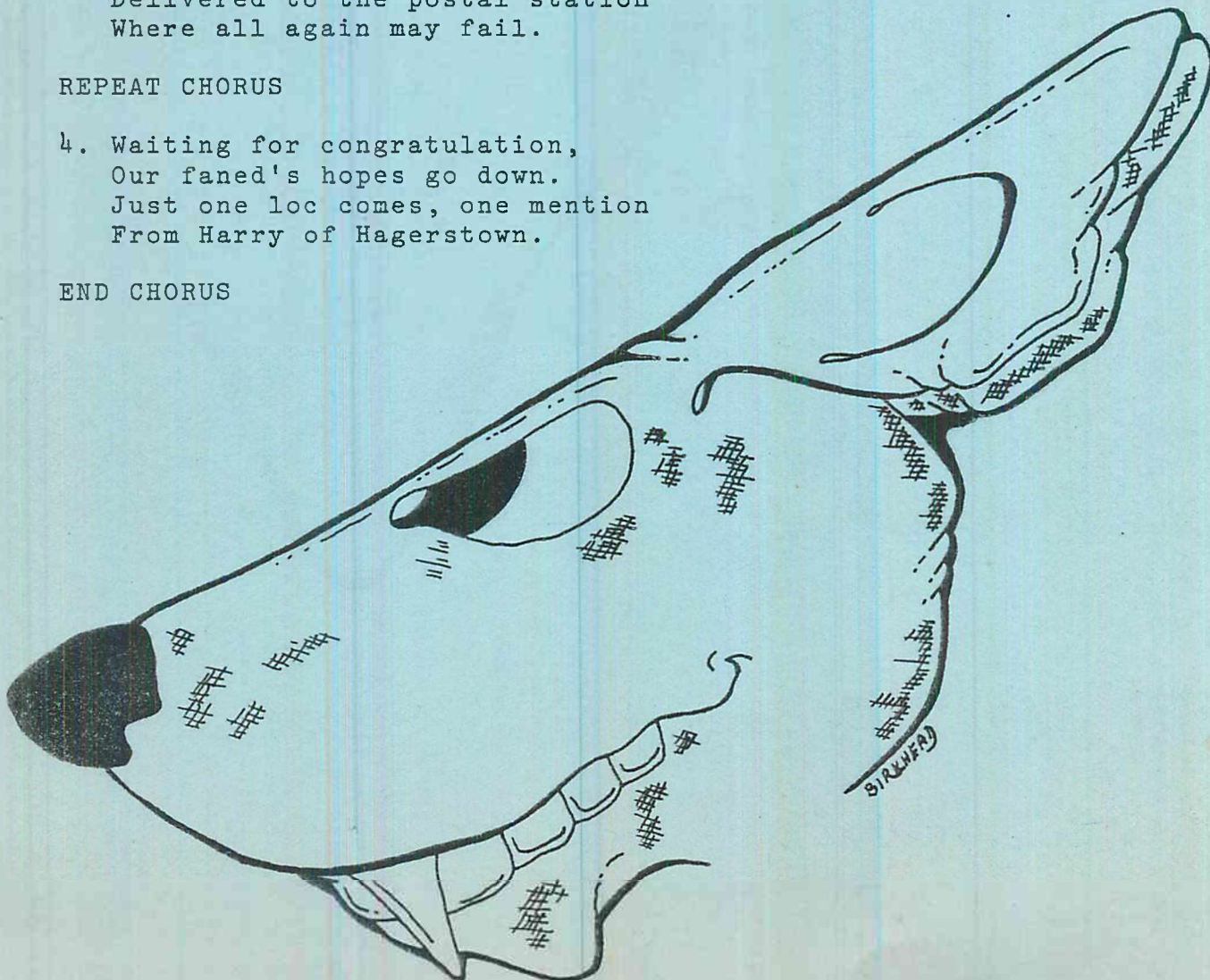
REPEAT CHORUS

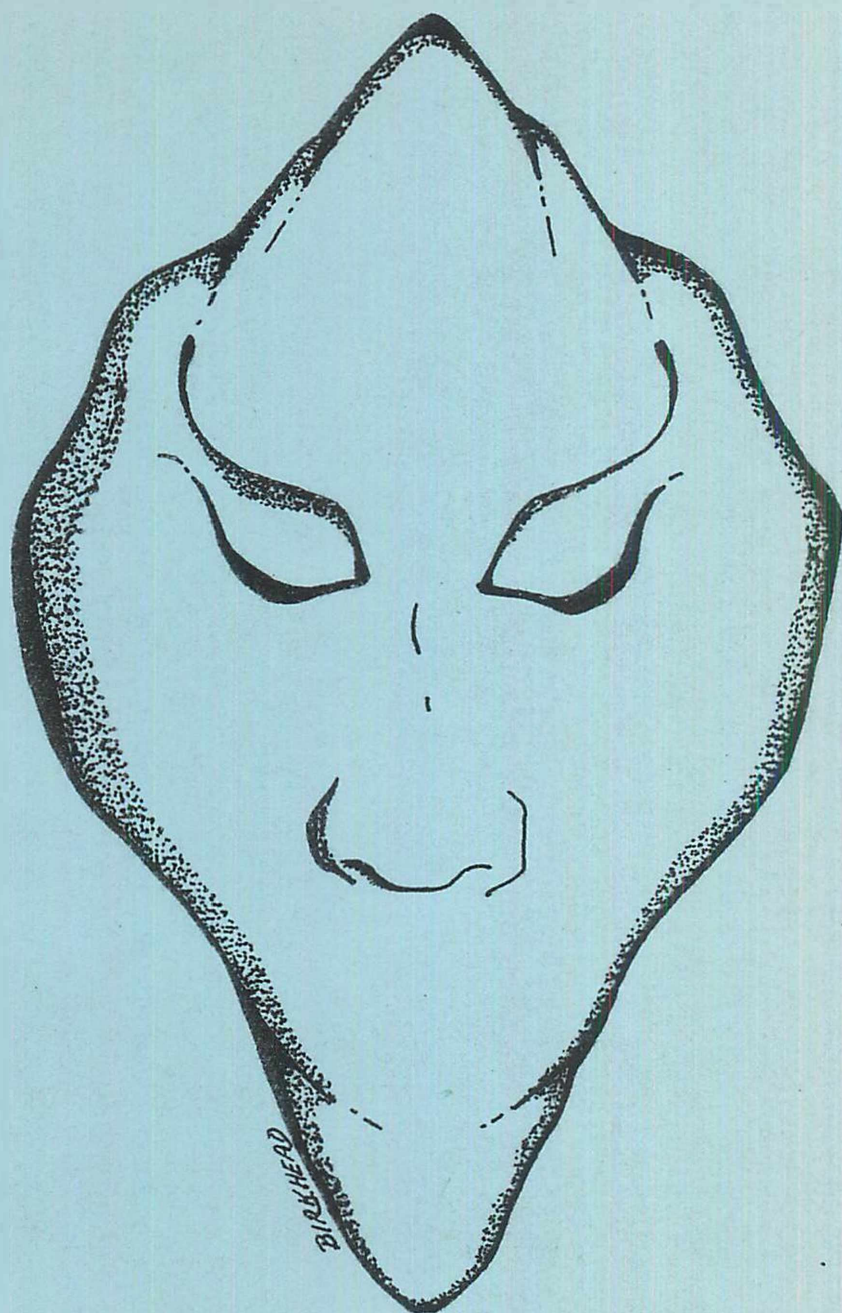
3. At last it's done, all stapled down,
Stamped, addressed, third class mail,
Delivered to the postal station
Where all again may fail.

REPEAT CHORUS

4. Waiting for congratulation,
Our faned's hopes go down.
Just one loc comes, one mention
From Harry of Hagerstown.

END CHORUS





BENEFIT BOOK SALE

Since this will be distributed through 4 a.p.a.'s, a brief explanation is in order. Prof. Dirk Mosig, of the Georgia Southwestern Univ., a famed Lovecraftian scholar and enthusiast, is raising funds to erect a proper tombstone for America's great fantasiste, Howard Phillips Lovecraft. At present, HPL is buried under a common family marker stating simply "LOVECRAFT". For an appropriate marker, fans are being asked to contribute within their means, and already over \$250.00 has been donated.

As part of my own contribution, I am offering the following books for sale, from my own collection. There are no "treasures" but all are worthwhile. I shall donate THE FULL PROCEEDS, less only postage expenses, to the fund. I ask the cooperation of all readers: BUY! In addition, if you wish, you may EXCEED the stated prices. I SHALL REPORT ALL BUYERS TO DR. MOSIG, TO BE INCLUDED ON HIS HONORARY LIST. I have kept the prices LOW, to encourage buying and contributing. I repeat: I shall make not one cent on anything in this sale. PLEASE HELP A WORTHY CAUSE!

Blackwood, A. TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS AND MACABRE, d/w Exc. Great Coll'n	\$3.00
Cabell THE WHITE ROBE This is the beautiful ill'd edn, very nice, but it is NOT the original binding; it is nicely rebound	5.00
Cabell QUIET PLEASE no d/w, v.g. Essays	2.50
Nicen and Pournelle THE NOTE IN GOD'S EYE d/w; prob. 1st. Good but ex-lib, NO markings, but some tape scrapes. Great SF novel	2.50
Stockton THE LADY MIM OR THE TIGER AND OTHER STORIES Very Good. Rep. Edn	1.50
Ginsburg, M. THE ULTIMATE THRESHOLD d/w, 1st, exc. Antho of Soviet SF	2.00
Merrill PATH INTO THE UNKNOWN d/w, exc. 1st. Antho of Soviet SF	2.00
Merrill SF 12 exc, d/w 1st. Antho of SF	2.00
Merrill SHADOW ON THE HEARTH 1st edn, good no d/w. Fine SF novel	2.00
Asimov THE GODS THEMSELVES, 1st, d/w good. Prize-winning SF novel	2.00
Eklund BEYOND THE RESURRECTION, v.g., 1st, d/w. SF novel	2.00
Elwppd SHOWCASE exc, 1st, d/w. SF antho	2.00
A.C. Doyle THE LOST WORLD, repr. ed, with photo from classic film as fts. Gd.	2.00
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St. Louis museum director honored by fanzine fans

By R.A. WILBER

Donn Brazier, director of the Museum of Science and Natural History in Oak Knoll Park, was recently guest of honor at a convention honoring his skills, not in science, but in science fiction.

Brazier was honored for his efforts in producing *Title* magazine, a small publication devoted to science fiction fans and their interests. He was one of two guests of honor at the convention, called Autoclave, held in Detroit over the Memorial Day weekend to celebrate the world of science fiction fandom.

Fandom, Brazier explained to some relative neophytes during the day-long drive to Detroit from St. Louis, is "an unorganized group of people from all over the world who have science fiction as a basic interest."

UNLIKE MANY casual readers of science fiction, the hardcore group in fandom takes its collective hobby seriously. There are fan groups in most major cities (including a presently quiescent group in St. Louis), and there are many publications which circulate among the fans.

"These amateur publications, called fanzines," said Brazier, "range in circulation from under 100 to thousands, and in quality from very slick to one-page typewritten. What they all have in common is that fans use them to communicate with one another."

Title, Brazier's fanzine, has a circulation of just 125, but the addresses range from England and Australia to Canada and nearby Edwardsville, Ill.

"The fanzines," Brazier explained later, between stints as a seminar leader at the convention, "are really amateur. There is no profit motive, and they really aren't for sale."

HE EXPLAINED that fans arrange to receive fanzines by either trading one for another, or by contributing comments, stories, fiction, or the like to a fanzine editor. Such contributions, or at times enough money to cover the mailing, will usually get a fan on the mailing list.

"The fanzines are for communication, entertainment, enjoyment, service, or, more commonly, for an ego boost," explained Brazier.

The fan editors, many of them as deeply involved in their own "real world" jobs as is Brazier in his, publish their magazines as a part-time hobby, although that hobby can take on staggering proportions as an editor's desires to communicate increase.

One editor at the convention, who publishes a slick magazine called *Algol*, seems to be on the verge of being ostracized by his peers

because of an overdose of fan editor activity. *Algol*, it seems, is now accepting advertising, boosting circulation, and paying its contributors—all of which are anathema to the purists.

AT AUTOCLAVE Brazier was fan guest of honor. Gene Wolfe, one of the brighter lights in science fiction's authorial heavens, was the professional guest of honor. Together the two held court for the long holiday weekend. Wolfe is not only an outstanding science fiction writer, he is also a frequent contributor to *Title*.

Brazier arrived at the convention hotel late Friday night and had some plans to steal away to his room for a recovery from the long drive. His 1 a.m. arrival, however, only increased the enthusiasm of the fans already present. He was immediately welcomed to the opening night party at the convention headquarters suite, and the high regard in which his fannish editorial skills are held,

was obvious.

The first full day of the convention was assigned to panels and seminars, and Brazier handled both with ease. The panel on "Fanzines: Their organization and why people publish them" did not, perhaps, answer a lot of questions that people outside the field might want to ask. But the panel did show that *Title*, despite its small circulation, is well known and respected.

The seminar was more interesting. There the museum director-turned editor explained the intricacies of various methods of small-time printing to an interested gathering of would-be fanzine publishers.

Although its circulation is small, *Title*'s reputation is quite large, so much so that the fanzine was recently awarded second-place in an annual judging of such publications. The magazine, published monthly since 1969, is a one-man hobby operation.

"It was in 1969, at the World Science Fiction Convention, held here in St. Louis, that I got started with *Title*," explained Brazier a few days after returning from the heady atmosphere that surrounds guests of honor. "I had been away from fandom (which is how sci-fi fans refer to themselves) since 1950, but that con (convention) got me all turned on about it again."

Title's readers are glad that the convention had that effect on the normally sober and scientific Brazier. In *Title*'s pages are a variety of columns, letters of comment (LOCs), short stories, critical essays, and more, all handled with the deftly humorous Brazier touch that more than compensates for the magazine's decided lack of visual appeal. *Title*, like good science fiction, must be read to be appreciated.

It all started for Brazier in the summer of 1934, when a childhood friend told him that since he was so interested in science, he ought to read a particular magazine.

"The magazine was *Astounding Stories*," said Brazier, "and I still remember the first story I read. It was 'Colossus' by Donald Wandrei. I was 17 years old then, (which most sci-fi fans say is a little late to begin) and it really got me started."

From reading the stuff to becoming a fan is not an automatic step. Science fiction fans are a curious breed, with the genre serving more as a central personality trait than an over-all topic of discussion. Many fans get together to share their common interest but only rarely do they wind up discussing the field. As one fan at the recent convention in Detroit put it just before Brazier's dinner speech, "We all know what we think about science fiction. We'd rather discuss other things here."

Enter fandom Brazier did, and loomed (wrote letters of comment), short-storied, and columned away until World War II intervened. Following his duty in the Pacific theater and Florida, Brazier resumed his fan activities until about 1950, when a growing family and a growing career took too much time.

It wasn't until the pace had slowed, in the late '60s, that he felt able again to become a fan. When he did, he became one with a vengeance.

Title #52, which is currently in the mail to those fans who did not receive it at the Autoclave gathering in Detroit, is a fairly representative issue. The first few pages of the 24-page dittoed fanzine comprise a rambling essay on previous issues. Then, in order, come a satiric article on how to determine the sex of your science fiction novel (which was inspired by a previous issue's satiric effort to determine the sex of your box turtle), an essay on attending cons by a *Title* regular; a lengthy and rather scientific appraisal of astrology, with an experiment and its results; another critical essay; and then a host of letters of comment at the end.

It makes for an interesting mishmash, and that is just what Brazier and his avid readers want. *Title*, after all, is really a smooth vehicle of communication between editor and fans.

As Brazier notes, "*Title* is not the proper zine to coax neos (new fans) into fandom . . . because most neos are very interested in science-fiction, which *Title* more or less ignores; and they don't know too many people yet and so might find the personal references boring."

All that may be true, but for the die-hard followers of Brazier's *Title*, each issue's arrival in the mail is an event worth anticipating. Most *Titlers* fire off their letters of comment within a short time, having read the issue cover to cover to glean each "inside" comment from it.

"*Title* is," said one convention-goer "the most interesting fanzine to read that I get. It gives me a chance to keep up with what other fans are thinking and doing; has enough humor to make the reading enjoyable; and has some of the more interesting serious articles available."

R.A. Wilber is *Title*-Farrago writer, Rick Wilber, and a SF fan himself; he thus knows better than to use the term Sci-Fi, but the newspaper editor insisted on it because mundanes would recognize the term. Please forgive other small inaccuracies....DB



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