



# KRATOPHANY

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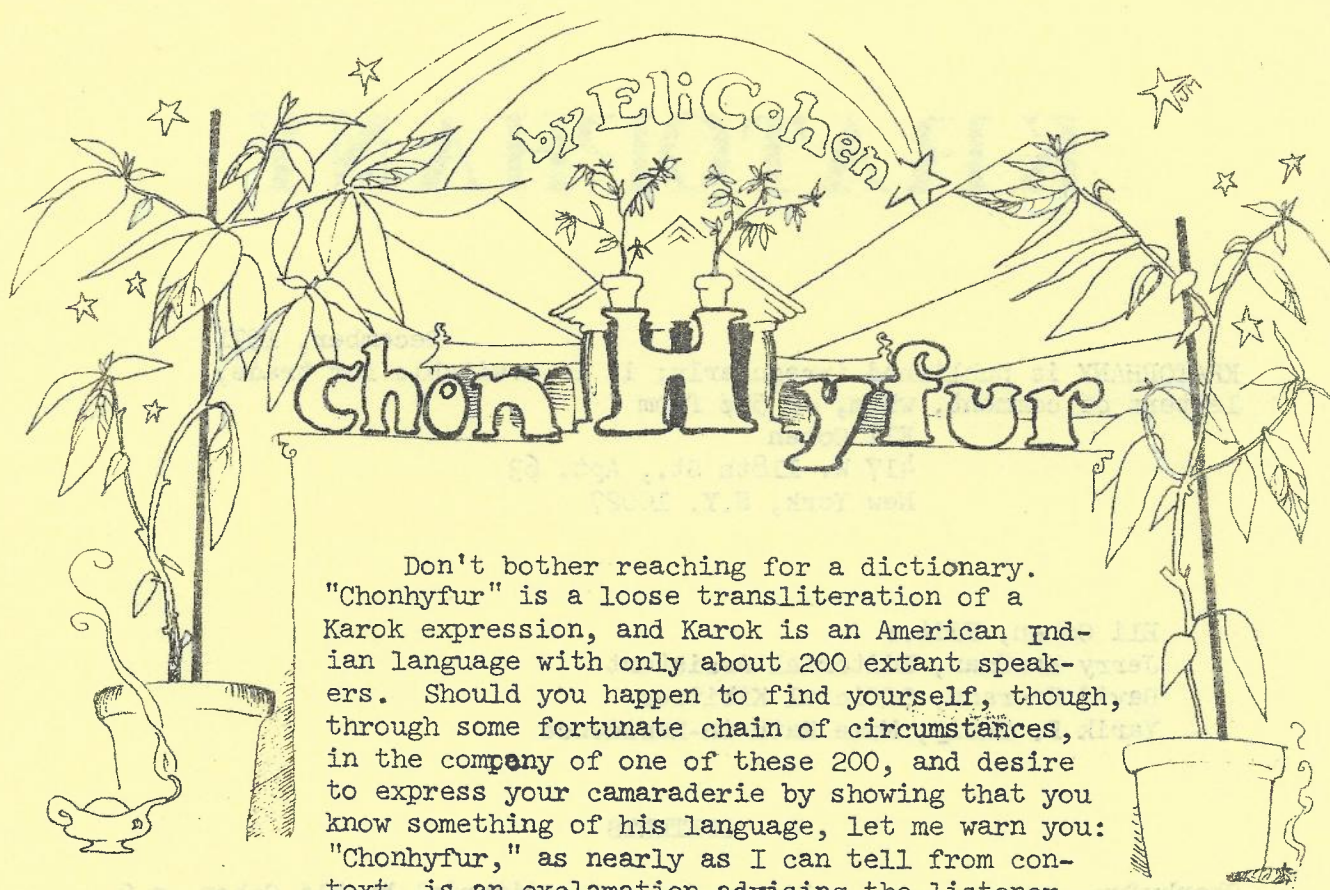
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Don't bother reaching for a dictionary. "Chonhyfur" is a loose transliteration of a Karok expression, and Karok is an American Indian language with only about 200 extant speakers. Should you happen to find yourself, though, through some fortunate chain of circumstances, in the company of one of these 200, and desire to express your camaraderie by showing that you know something of his language, let me warn you: "Chonhyfur," as nearly as I can tell from context, is an exclamation advising the listener

to perform upon himself an anatomically impossible act, which, even if it could be committed, would not normally be done in polite company.

KRATOPHANY comes to you from the Avocado Pit, an apartment I share with: David Emerson, an ex-physics student who, when he's not pretending to be a gargoyle or writing letters to Rolling Stone, can sometimes be persuaded to whistle Bach's 3rd Brandenburg; Jerry Kaufman, known to many of you for his articles and loc's, not to mention his recipe for chili; a kitten named Snap (for Snub Nosed Avocadivorous Pussycat); and five avocado plants.

As for myself, I'm a second year graduate student in statistics. In my copious spare time I pretend to run FSFSCU (the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University), which means that every Thursday night the Society takes over that portion of the apartment not already overrun with the club library and the avocados.

The avocado plants keep accumulating because, well, basically I like avocados -- and when you have a perfectly healthy avocado pit in your hands, it's criminal to throw it out. Practically murder. It's become almost a habit for me to stick three toothpicks in it, put it in a glass of water, and let it sprout. Not only do avocado plants make lovely decorations and fine gifts, but (and this is a little known fact) they also provide protection against theft. The avocado is normally quite placid and non-violent, but when aroused (say by a burglar breaking its window), it can become quite ferocious. Snap still has scars from the time she tried to eat Yarik's leaves (Yarik, named after our mome rath, is the oldest and toughest of the plants). Unfortunately, despite their endearing qualities, avocados are quite stupid, and cannot be taught even the simplest of tasks, such as collating and licking stamps. But then, that's what we have cats for.

(Continued on p. 22)



# PgHLANGE 3

by Eli Cohen

On Friday, August 6, 1971, I woke up at the ridiculous hour of 7:30 A.M., only to find that my roommate, Jerry Kaufman, had been up since six. (I was not too surprised, since Jerry is one of those people who are wide awake at eight A.M. I, on the other hand, habitually get up at noon.) We were meeting Bruce and Flo Newrock in New Brunswick at 10:30. I staggered around blindly for an hour or so, tossed a copy of Shilov's Linear Algebra in my suitcase to assuage my conscience (I was studying for a Ph.D. qualifying exam in the fall), and then stumbled out after Jerry (even when I get up earlier, you see, I still sleep till noon.)

The Newrocks had just (the day before) bought a new, air-conditioned station wagon. We rode in it, cool, comfortable, and secure in the knowledge that with such a new car, nothing could possibly go wrong. Twenty feet before the Kittatinny Tunnel, the curse of WPSFA struck.

The curse is quite simple: At least once on any long convention trip the car must break down. For instance, last year I went to the WPSFA Halloween party with Ted Greenstone and Genie DiModica. We had two spare tires in the trunk, so we didn't worry much when we had a flat. Taking out the second spare, a perfectly healthy tire, we discovered to our chagrin that it didn't fit! There was no way to attach it to the car. So we wound up having to get a gas station to switch the healthy spare to the hub of one of the flats, using equipment they had to borrow from still another gas station, and ... Well, you get the idea.

Jerry and I, though not native WPSFAns, have apparently caught the curse through long exposure. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was not really too surprising that a car less than 24 hours out from the dealer, with 312.4 miles on the odometer, should stop and die. The engine wouldn't work, the air-conditioner wouldn't work, even the parking lights wouldn't work. Fortunately, a turnpike service truck came along in a few minutes, and for a mere \$7.36, the man informed us that the trouble was caused by a loose wire, which he fixed in 30 seconds. Breathing sighs of relief that we had so easily propitiated the gods, we drove on, and arrived in Pittsburgh a little after 5.

After greeting people, I went off to dinner at an unpronounceable mid-East restaurant (the name starts with B) with Ricky and Janet Kagan, and Bob Lippman. They have the dubious distinction of being the only people ever to fly from New York to PgHLANGE in a 4 seater Piper Cherokee while chewing bean sprouts and snow peas.

With dinner out of the way, I found Ginjer Buchanan, Suzle Tompkins, and Jerry, and we plotted what we were going to do to Mike Glicksohn over the weekend. Mike, the editor of Hugo nominee



ENERGUMEN and Boy Wonder of Canadian fandom, is inordinately fond of Ballantine India Pale Ale -- a brew not sold in Canada. Jerry and I had therefore brought a few of the many thousands of bottles of IPA that flourish in our neighborhood (eat your heart out, Mike). We decided it would be more effective to give them to Mike one by one, at unexpected times. To begin the campaign, Jerry and I synchronized watches and grabbed one bottle each. Mike was in the con committee party room, and I walked in and handed him "a little present from New York." He thanked me profusely; 60 seconds later Jerry walked in and handed him the second bottle. Mike simply overflowed with gratitude (wetting the rug).

I wandered around chatting with various people for a while. At about midnight, the third resident of the Avocado Pit, the incomparable D\*A\*V\*I\*D E\*M\*E\*R\*S\*O\*N, arrived. Screaming "Mail call" over the din of conversation, he gave Jerry and me the day's mail (delivered after we left). Then, brandishing his auto-harp and singing lustily, he disappeared down the corridor, hotly pursued by a swarm of Maenads.

At about 1 A.M., Mike Glicksohn and Bob Lippman discovered their mutual membership in IPA fandom, and started swapping stories. This was an opportune moment. Jerry, Suzle, and I glanced at each other and wordlessly agreed. Five minutes later, as Mike was animatedly telling Bob how he had once scoured the entire city of Buffalo vainly searching for IPA, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned around, and Suzle shoved a bottle of India Pale Ale into his hands.

The rest of the evening I spent mostly talking to Ginjer, and after I said goodnight to her (about 3 A.M.), it was sufficiently late, and I was sufficiently tired to go to bed. By the time the four people in my room shut up, and I fell asleep, it was about 4:30.

I was having a wonderful fannish dream (I don't remember any of it, except that Mike Glicksohn was in it -- I recognized his hat) when the phone rang. Groggily, I said, "Hello?" A crisp, woman's voice said, "This is the front desk. What is your name?" I told her. "Who is the room registered to?" "Why, to me." "Thank you." Click.

Propping open my eyes, I peered at my watch. It was 8 o'clock. I still don't know what happened. When I complained later on, the hotel denied all knowledge, and in fact intimated it must have been one of my own friends. (As if I had any friends who would be up at that hour!)

Anyway, I went back to sleep until Ginjer called to wake me up for breakfast (at 12:15). The program was supposed to start at 1:00; Terry Carr, who was supposed to be on the first panel, didn't get a phone call waking him up, and consequently slept till 12:45. What with this and that, things didn't get underway until 2:30. Ginjer opened the program by explaining the purpose of the con -- to find a ride to NOREASCON for her and Suzle. She then proceeded to introduce all the notables present, since the members of the first panel were notably absent. When she got to Mike Glicksohn, Barbara Silverberg dashed up and dropped into his lap a bottle of IPA which I had thoughtfully given her for that purpose.



The first panel was on "The Resurgence of Faannish Fandom," with Jerry, Terry Carr, Charlie Brown, and Mike Glicksohn, Ginjer moderating. Though most of the remarks directed to the topic were dull, there was sufficient wit and repartee to make the panel entertaining. The faannish versus sercon debate was beautifully encapsulated when Lester del Rey accused Jerry of being sercon because he was up there talking seriously about faannishness. Jerry straightened up and started saying, "But I can prove to you I'm faannish ...," when Lester cut in with, "That's sercon." Defeated before he'd even begun, Jerry slumped back and said "Why bother ...". "That's faannish," yelled someone in the audience gleefully.

After a short intermission, Ginjer, pausing only to give Mike Glicksohn another bottle of IPA, introduced the next panel: "The Sensuous SF Writer." Lester del Rey, Bob Toomey, Terry Carr, and Robert Silverberg participated, with Fred Lerner moderating. The panel discussed CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED CENSOR

The banquet Saturday night was a buffet, all the food you could eat. The Glicksohns had gone out for supper; they returned towards the end of the buffet. Whereupon Robert Silverberg, taking a hand-off from Barbara, zig-zagged down the field, outmaneuvered the tables in his path, and passed Mike the last bottle of IPA.

Ginjer began the speeches with a great introduction of Robert Silverberg, PgHLANGE's permanent Guest of Honor Emeritus ("well known author of 'The Nudes of Quendar III'"). She pointed out that he had not yet reached the pinnacle of success for an SF writer, namely being a character in a comic book. But WPSFA felt, despite this serious fault, that he deserved something special at what might be the last PgHLANGE in Pittsburgh. He had in the past evinced a bizarre fascination with a certain suburb of Pittsburgh ("He would often demand, in his urbane, dignified way, 'Wan' go Sewickly!'"). So, in keeping with this strange aberration, Ginjer presented him with ... the key to Sewickly! ("Sewickly means never having to say you're sorry.")

Bob then introduced Lester del Rey, the Guest of Honor, who have an interesting speech on the truth behind certain cliches; when Lester finished, he got a standing ovation.

The high points of the evening were a showing of "Bedazzled," a rousing rendition of "Green Grow the Rushes, Oh" in the committee suite (by David Emerson, Jon Singer, and Nancy Lambert),





and a bust scare (Telephone call: "This is a friend. Pittsburgh police are on the way up.") which never materialized.

What with this and that, I went to sleep at 6 A.M., and awoke at the crack of 1:00. Sunday consisted mostly of goodbyes; at 3:30, Jerry, Nancy Lambert, Genie DiModica, Ted Greenstone, and I left in Engelbert, Ted's 1961 Falcon. (David went to Columbus with Alex Krislov, to visit a friend.)

At 11:20, on the corner of Route 22 and Nowhere, Engelbert's transmission gave up the ghost. The WPSFA curse had struck again. It turned out we were not too far from Newark, by car that is; but there were no buses running. An hour and a half and a frantic phone call to the Newrocks produced rescue. (There was a hysterical five minutes when the group, under the influence of "Bedazzled," blew raspberries in an effort to disappear from the whole mess.) Bruce and Flo, who are two very wonderful people, picked us up and drove us to our respective homes. May the great MITSFS-NESFA-BRUNSSFA smile upon them eternally. I just wish I knew why every time Bruce sees me he screams, "Jonah! Get away from my car!"

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Excerpt from "TALKING PHYSICS BLUES"

by David L. Emerson

Now here's a particle in a box;  
At a certain time this box unlocks.  
If you weigh the box in a time that's long,  
Does this mean Heisenberg was wrong?  
Einstein thought so ...  
But he forget about ...  
His own general theory ...  
Seems he didn't realize ...  
The gravity of the situation.

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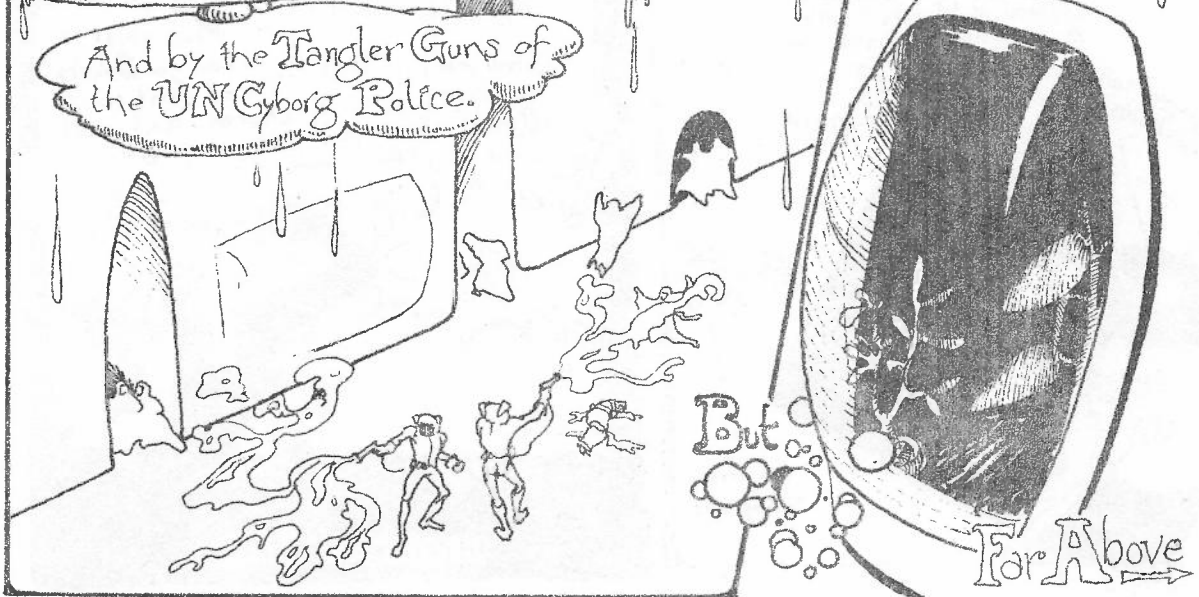
From "A Dictionary for Statisticians":

best estimate: In the theory of estimation, an estimate having optimum qualities under conditions almost never met in practice.

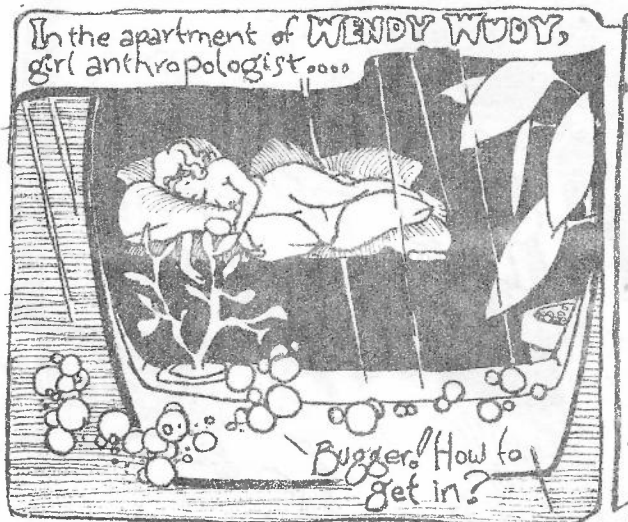
infinitely: 1. According to an exhaustive statistical survey by Countem, Countem, and Fudge, the use of infinitely in such expressions as "infinitely better" means "at least 10%"  
2. In poetry, infinite means about 3000 -- as in "infinite as the stars that light our night skies."



August... 2040 A.D. ... 3 A.M. -- A minor disturbance in the streets of Earthport, U.N. is quenched by the 3:15 Automatic Rain...

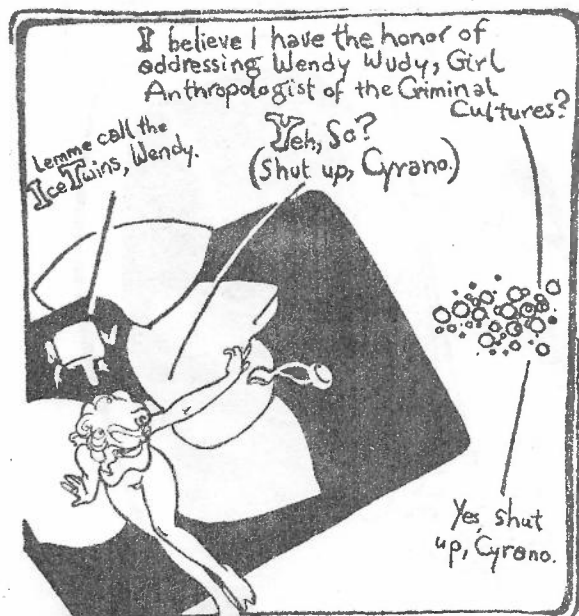




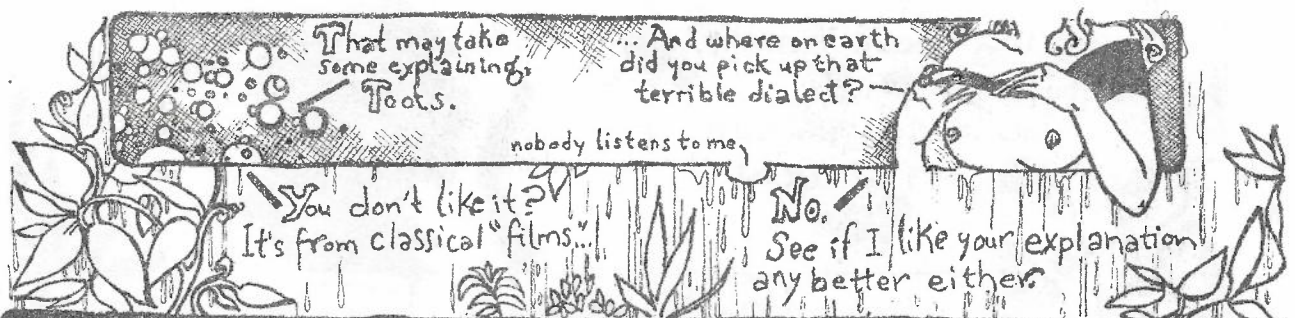


Motion!

Don't get upset,  
Cupcake.









...But it seems all this is  
changing your Earth  
into a  
docile colonial culture....  
am I right?

What's  
it to ya?

Well, I'm very  
quietly looking for  
some people who  
object to this  
arrangement....  
which objection is  
punishable by  
**Rehabilitation,**  
I hear....

Oh Shit! Cyano,  
Call the  
Ice Twins  
!!

I told you so.  
(I adore  
using the  
Transcom)

It's  
Wendy  
again,  
Pollux....  
Trouble

Immense  
Reaction  
-Bummm!

Who are the Ice Twins? Where are their other arms?  
What is Bubbles up to? What is the Point of  
all this? How do you tell the Good guys from the Bad  
guys? To be Continued....



# Even Skippy

## Magic

by JOHN BOARDMAN

Lord Cockloft's crystal ball gave a treble imitation of the Big Ben chimes. Since he had no trace of the Talent, he could not answer it, but referred it to his Chief Sorcerer, Robert d'Argentville.

"Bad news, my lord," the sorcerer reported. "That was Samuel de la Ney, Sorcerer-in-Residence at Argyll Castle. His master, the Duke of Argyll, has been murdered!"

Lord Cockloft, who possessed the most brilliant deductive mind in the whole Plantagenet Empire, sprung to action. "Undoubtedly His Majesty will have need of our talents, Master Robert," he said. "Order Dick the ostler to saddle up two nightmares at once. We must ride to Argyll!"

"Mahound and Termagaunt take these Arabs!" the sorcerer replied as he and Lord Cockloft headed for the stables. "If they would share with us the spells they use on their carpets, we would not need these steeds to get to Argyll."

"According to Master Sorcerer Leo Spragius Castrorum," Lord Cockloft replied, "those spells will work only for Moslems. Would you fly to Argyll at the cost of your immortal soul?"

"No - but someday we will break through technologically and catch up with the Arabs," Master Robert said.

Dick the ostler was roused from his customary somnolence, and two nightmares were saddled and bridled. Dick had a small touch of the Talent himself, but he preferred to use it in conjuring up female satyrs and centaurs for purposes about which Lord Cockloft preferred to remain in ignorance. As soon as the detective and the sorcerer had ridden these steeds out of the stable, he returned to an experimental conjuration designed to materialize a mermaid in the horsetrough.

By these efforts he missed the riders who intercepted Lord Cockloft and Master Robert as they headed for the King's Highway. One of this group, mounted on a superb black nightmare of the Vanlande stud, grasped the bridle of Cockloft's steed as his companions drew back.

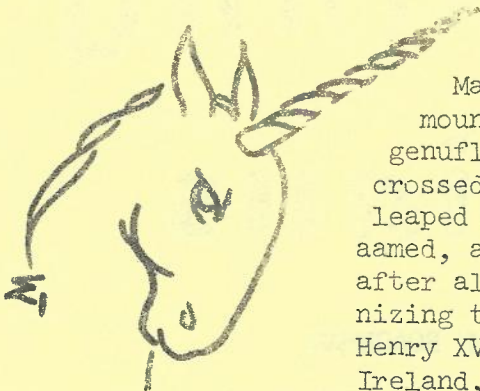
"Lord Cockloft! I must speak with you, my lord!"

Suspecting foul play, Lord Cockloft drew back. "And who might you be? How do you know you indeed have Lord Cockloft?"

"That will not be difficult, my lord," the stranger laughed, "so long as you bear your arms on your horsecloth. Who else but Lord Cockloft would have 'Argent, a pale, chevron, and bordure sable'?"

"And what might your arms be?" Cockloft snapped.





"Quarterly: First, gules, in pale three lions passant guardant or; Second..."

But this was all Lord Cockloft and Master Robert needed. In a trice they dismounted, tore off their hats, bowed deeply, genuflected, threw their arms to the ground, crossed themselves, did three deep knee-bends, leaped into the air, clicked their heels, saluted, and kissed the boot of the stranger. That, after all, was the prescribed ritual upon recognizing the incognito of His Most Dread Majesty, Henry XVI, King of England, France, Scotland, Ireland, New England, New France, and West Covina, and Defender of the Faith (Any Faith -- Reasonable Rates).

"My lord, and Master Robert," the King said when they stood before him once more, "We have just been informed of the murder of the Duke of Argyll. You should know that We regard this act as more than a mere breach of the peace of Our Realms. The Duke's body was discovered by his housekeeper, Catherine Goudron-Clabaude, when she was taking in his morning whisky. Mlle. Goudron-Clabaude, though not fully competent to look after herself, is highly talented as a witch-smeller. And she reported to Master Sorcerer Samuel de la Ney that the room reeked of --" the King paused, as if to use the words were to invoke the fact "--black magic!"

\* \* \*

After they took their leave from the King -- using, owing to the haste of their mission, a short form of the ritual requiring only 17 minutes -- Lord Cockloft and Master Robert rode at full speed towards Argyll. Though the nightmares were slower than the flying carpets of the Fatimite United Caliphate-Kingdom, they were faster than any other means, and the two investigators were galloping down Smith Street just as the sun rose and the warranty on their steeds expired. In a few minutes they were seated in the Lesser Dining Room of His late Grace of Argyll, while the local Master-at-Arms, a Scot named MacReynalds, gave them more details.

"So ye ken, my laird and Master Robert," MacReynalds said, "thot His Grace was a marrvelous suspeecious mon. Ilka nicht he would lock his ain door himself, and nay mon but he and his hoosekeeper had a key tae it."

"I would like to speak with the housekeeper," of course," said Lord Cockloft.

"Nocht's easier. Meestress Goudron-Clabaude!" the Master-at-Arms called. "Would ye be sae gude as tae breeng us a wee deoch-andorris?"

Shortly a doddering old woman came slowly into the room, bearing a tray with three glasses and a tall bottle. "My laird, Master Robert," said MacReynalds, "this is Meestress Goudron-Clabaude, His Grace's hoosekeeper."

The old woman set the tray on the table, curtsied as deeply as her feeble bones would allow, and dabbled at the corner of a rheumy eye with her apron. "I'm happy to be of service to you, my lords, I'm



sure," she said in a quavering voice.

"you're not a Scotswoman," Lord Cockloft observed from his detailed knowledge of the dialects of Anglo-French.

"No, my lord."

"I'd say, as a guess," he went on, "that you were born of a Breton mother and an Armagnac father, spent your early years in Touraine, and then lived for some time in Cornwall."

"Why, yes, my lord!" the old woman croaked in amazement. "After the Earl of Tremayne passed away, I went into His Grace's service."

"How many keys are there to His Grace's bedchamber?" Lord Cockloft asked.

"Only two -- one for His Grace, and one that would never leave my person but that the Master-at-Arms has it now, to investigate this awful thing."

"Did your key leave your person last night?"

"No, my lord. His Grace went to bed as usual, at about ten o' the clock, and locked himself in with his key. My own key remained on my key-ring, and the key-ring fast in my hand, all the time I slept."

"Is this true?" Lord Cockloft asked MacReynalds.

"Aye. The auld dame's mortal afeard of burglars, and more so of sex fiends."

Cockloft's left eyebrow arose, as he indicated the housekeeper's age. The Master-at-Arms leaned close to him and whispered.

"A mite daft on the topic, my laird. The younger maids say that she's a zealous guardian o' their vairtue -- even for them as don't wish to have it guarded!"

"This is all we can do here," Cockloft said. "I suggest that we examine the scene of the crime."

A Man-at-Arms stood at the door of the Duke's bedchamber, and just inside stood Master Sorcerer Samuel de la Ney, casting a preservative spell over his late master's body. Sprinkling powders around, the mage chanted

"Chelle Vas Dor  
Quelle Vas Neytere  
Frieze Hiem Nau  
Ratte Hiem Leytere!"

"Well done, confrere Samuel," said Master Robert. "Though for my part I always prefer the spell where you put the rabbit in the ..."

While the two magicians talked shop, Lord Cockloft looked about the room, pausing from time to time to ask MacReynalds a question. He was particularly interested in a little window, the only one in the room. It was five feet tall but only 18 inches wide, and was divided in two by a thick iron rod that extended from top to bottom of the narrow aperture. Through the opening they could see a little balcony.

"His Grace ordered the rod placed there in 1942," MacReynalds explained in answer to Cockloft's question, "during the war with







Colchis. The Colchians had just started their Harpy raids, and His Grace wanted tae leave them nae entry. So he had the railings pulled off the balcony, as ye can see, and the rod put in. It's solid cold iron, and nae Harpy could squeeze past it."

"Is there any access to the balcony from outside?"

"If there were, my laird, nae grown mon could squeeze through. And 'tis a sheer drop of seventy-five feet to the moat, or twenty feet upwards tae the roof."

"Master Robert, would you please bring your things here?" Lord Cockloft called. The sorcerer at once appeared with his carpet bag full of magical apparatus.

"Could you tell me whether any magic has been at this cold iron rod, Master Robert?"

"In a trice, my lord." The sorcerer began to unpack his gear. "That's why cold iron is so useful, my lord. It takes any impress you might lay on it, and holds it."

He took out a steel rod, and began to poke at and about the cold iron rod with it. "I don't

detect any sign of any magic directed at or around this rod," he went on. "If I did, it would react according to Trismegistos' Law, whereby my test rod would be deflected by the energy that went into the casting of the spell, minus hysteresis losses. No, my lord, you can be absolutely certain that if anything went through this window, it did so by purely natural means."

"Then," said Cockloft, "if we have eliminated the magical, then whatever remains, howsoever improbable, must be natural. For the time being, neglect the sheer walls of the castle, and tell me whether there is anyone, adult, child, or dwarf, in the neighborhood who could get through this window."

"Nane at all," replied the Master-at-Arms. "There are nae bairns at the castle, and nae mon so unco' scrawny in all Argyll, clansman or toureest."

"Indeed?" asked Lord Cockloft dryly. "Then could you be so good as to tell me who those emaciated gentlemen are?" And he pointed down and across the castle's moat, to where two guant figures stared upward at the building. They were clad in the blue-and-silver garb of Master Sorcerers.

\* \* \*

Lord Cockloft and Master-at-Arms MacReynalds hastened down to the moat, but when they got there the men were gone. Questioning of all the castle servants revealed no one who had ever seen anyone of such unnatural guantness in Argyll.



"Though I hear tell," quavered the old housekeeper, "that there be a Norseman staying at the Broken Sword Inn, who is lean as a starved cormorant. But even he is not so spare as those sorcerers you saw."

"A Norseman, eh?" Lord Cockloft turned to the Master-at-Arms. "Who might he be?"

"He signed the register as 'Flandri Sondag'," said MacReynalds, "but we have information frae the Scandinavian police that he is really Yngvi Polander, an unlicensed sorcerer in the King Canute Society!"

"This case develops further complications," Cockloft sighed. He did not need to be told that the King Canute Society was a group of Scandinavians who were dissatisfied with the secondary role their homeland held as an ally of the Plantagenet Empire, and longed for the re-establishment of King Canute's 11th-century rule over Britain. "What does he claim to be doing in Scotland?"

"He says, my laird, that he's on vacation. We hae kept an eye on him, but he's done noucht here but walk oot looking at the scenery."

"Bring him in for questioning," Cockloft ordered. "Now, Mlle. Goudron-Clabaude," he asked, "you say that you smelled black magic around His Grace's body."

"Powerful strong it was, my lord," she said. "Old I may be, but if there is black magic anywhere about, I can smell it out in a trice!"

The old woman went into a long, rambling account of how she had detected the operations of a Cornish sorcerer fifty years ago. Not wanting to miss any matter of relevance to the case, Lord Cockloft listened carefully until MacReynalds returned. With him was a tall, slender Viking in leather breeks and boots, a chain-mail shirt, and a winged helmet.

"By yumpin' yiminy, vat the Hel yu vant?" the Viking asked in high indignation.

"You, I take it, are Flandri Sondag, alias Yngvi Polander?" Cockloft asked. He noted that the Scandinavian, while tall and lean, could not possibly have been either of the two mysterious men he had seen earlier.

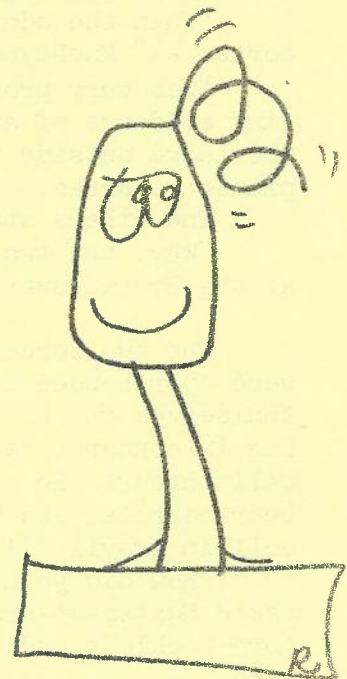
"Yu haven't got a t'ing on me," Polander protested. "Ay bane on vacation, and haven't cast vun spell since Ay bane in Scotland. By Thor, Ay bane thirsty. Yu got any beer here?"

"Mlle. Goudron-Clabaude, could you please fetch our guest a beer?"

"My pardons, my lord and sirs," she replied, "but His Grace kept no beer in the castle. He said that those who couldn't stomach good Scots whuskey could drink milk or water."

"I fear that I must confess to having disobeyed His Grace," said de la Ney. "There are a few bottles in my quarters, if the housekeeper will be so good as to fetch them."

"If yu bane looking for a sorcerer," Polander went on, while the housekeeper shuffled off, "there's vun more in the village besides present company. Hans Holzhand is also staying at the Broken Sword."





"Hans Holzhand -- that name strikes a light," d'Argentville mused.

"I know who it is," Cockloft said. "Do you remember that trouble in Germany about 30 years ago, when the mercenary captain Chequelle-Groubert overthrew the Landgrave of Braunau and began persecuting sorcerers?"

"Yes, indeed!" the three sorcerers chorused.

"He claimed dat all magic vas black magic," Polander recalled, "and he expelled every sorcerer from his domain."

"Before we exerted a little discreet pressure for his overthrow," Cockloft said, "many of those sorcerers fled to England. And one of them was Holzhand."

"I remember now," said d'Argentville. "It would seem that in his case at least Chequelle-Groubert was right. He was later in trouble with the Guild of Sorcerers for changing caterpillars into butterflies."

"Ya, I remember dat case," Polander added. "He said dat the whole basis of theoretical sorcery vas wrong."

The housekeeper shuffled back with the beer, and set the bottles on the table. "Allow me, gentlemen," said Cockloft, taking the corkscrew. "Our Scandinavian friend is not the only one who would like a draught of beer."

But as soon as Lord Cockloft had drawn the cork, Mlle. Goudron-Clabaude reeled back and almost fell. "Black magic, my lords!" she croaked. "I smell it, even stronger than when His Grace was murdered!"

"Nonsense!" Polander snapped. "Dis is the same gude British beer dat the Broken Sword serves." He poured a glass and drank it off with gusto. The other men followed suit.

As the old housekeeper stood thunderstruck, Lord Cockloft wiped foam from his lips and pronounced the conclusion reached by his fine deductive mind. "Gentlemen, it would appear that age has dulled the edge of Mlle. Goudron-Clabaude's unusual perception. She is no longer able to distinguish between the odors of black magic and of beer."

"Then the odor of black magic that she detected on the Duke's corpus --" MacReynalds began.

"Was very probably beer," Cockloft said. "However, you will find evidence of an unusual sort of magic -- not black of itself -- on the ledge outside the Duke's bedchamber. Master-at-Arms, would you please go arrest the Duke's murderer?"

The others stared in amazement. "Who?" MacReynalds asked.

"Why, the two skinny magicians occupying Hans Holzhand's room at the Broken Sword, of course."

\* \* \*

The two sorcerers, who looked like gaunt copies of Holzhand, were apprehended at the Broken Sword. They attempted to levitate themselves out of MacReynalds' grasp, but the three sorcerers, acting in concert, cast a heaviness spell on them. The two culprits fell through the floor into the Broken Sword's cellar, landed in two beer barrels, and were hauled off in that condition to a spell-guarded cell in Argyll village.

"How did ye ever peer tae the truth of the matter, my laird?" asked Master-at-Arms MacReynalds. He was having a final beer with Lord Cockloft and Master Sorcerer d'Argentville before they returned home.



"As soon as I knew that Holzhand was involved," Cockloft replied, "it was merely a matter of filtering out such extraneous aspects of the problem as the housekeeper's 'witch-smelling' and Yngvi Polander's politics. You see, Holzhand is one of those sorcerers who are engaged in overthrowing the entire foundations of magic upon which our technology -- nay, our very civilization -- is based. It is his contention that a certain mystical study called 'natural science', based on observation and induction from nature, is the key to the mysteries of the universe. Towards this end, he ground and employed those little pieces of glass which you found in his sorcery valise -- which he used, not in spells like an honest sorcerer, but to peer through, for finding tiny animals which he claimed lived in droplets of water. According to the proceedings of his hearing before the Guild of Sorcerers, he has been involved in this for years. Apparently he found a spell which would enable him to duplicate a function of these mythical tiny animals -- splitting himself completely into two smaller duplicates of himself."

"The twa skinny magicians!" MacReynalds exclaimed.

"Exactly. The entire mass of his body was divided into two bodies -- no wonder they were so gaunt. Owing to the late Duke of Argyll's propensity for unusual theories, he attempted to get His Grace to sponsor his researches. But, though a mite unorthodox in his thoughts, the Duke was thoroughly dedicated to the principles of magic, and refused him. Holzhand's motive was revenge."

"And his means, my laird?"

"Holzhand levitated himself to the balcony, and then applied the spell which divided himself in twain. His two bodies then were thin enough to slip through the window. He strangled the Duke with one of his bodies, while holding his arms with the other. Then he returned the way he had come, having previously brought with him two suits of clothes to his new size. That was he whom we saw returning to the scene of the crime. The housekeeper's 'black magic' was merely the beer of this excellent hostelry on his breath."





"And gude beer it is, my laird, if I do say so mysainseel'," the landlord said, replenishing their mugs. "'tis the water that makes it, I always say."

"Indeed?" Lord Cockloft asked. "And where do you get the water for this fine beer?"

"Why, frae my well," replied the innkeeper. "Ye may see it your ainsel's, my laird, in back of the inn, right doonhill frae the privy."

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The first rule of magic:

"Don't conjure chickens before they're hatched."

--- Randall Garrett

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## DINING OUT: THE HOUSE OF KUGEL

by Yarik P. Thrip

Discovering a fine restaurant is always a magnificent experience. Imagine, then, the feelings one has on finding not just a new place to eat, but a whole new style of cooking! The Society for the Willing Investigation of New Eateries (SWINE) at first listened in disbelief to ace agent Hitchie La Pghlange's report on a Jewish-Chinese restaurant hidden on Manhattan's lower East Side. But his eloquent description of the HOUSE OF KUGEL convinced us that this was a truly unique establishment, which had succeeded in creatively blending two great culinary traditions to produce a delectable treat for its patrons.

The following Sunday evening found the membership of SWINE shaking hands with Goldie and Meyer Chu, the owners of the HOUSE OF KUGEL. It was disconcerting at first to watch the Chinese-looking waiters (all evidently members of the Chu family) shouting back and forth in rapid-fire Yiddish. But the novelty of that quickly wore off, and we were soon lost in amazed exploration of the menu.

After much argument, and with advice from Mrs. Chu, we settled on our meal. While we sat there dipping our Chinese noodles in the small dish of horse radish on the table, the waiter brought out a large pot of Manischowitz Concord Grape. Mrs. Chu herself brought out the first dish: Gefilte Fish Sizzling Farfel Soup. A satisfying cloud of steam arose from the huge bowl of soup when the sizzling farfel was dumped in, and we all fell to. It was quite tasty, and the crisp farfel added a delightful crunchiness to the flavor.

In rapid succession, the waiter brought out five more mouth-watering dishes:

Kung Po Kasha Varnishkas, a hot, spicy blend of kasha, noodles, bamboo shoots, and hot peppers

Sweet and Sour Kreplach (the sauce was exquisite and very subtly flavored)

Belly Lox Szechuan Style, which was perhaps a bit too salty; I would like to try the Nova next time

Mongolian Kishkes, a special treat for those who like a strong flavor of ginger in their food

and finally, a specialty of the house -- Bung Bung Blintzes (blintzes in a special peanut butter and hot pepper sauce).

The portions were quite large, and in fact we had some difficulty finishing all the food. But Mrs. Chu came around every so often urging us to "Eat, eat, it's good for you," and we managed to clean the plates.

Completely stuffed, we sat around in awestruck silence, contemplating the magnificent repast we had just experienced. Mrs. Chu then brought out the traditional plate of fortune kichels, a perfect end to a perfect meal.

Four stars.

--- Yarik P. Thrip

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"What do you call holy heavy water?"

"Deuteronomy."



# LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES, OR:

## HOW I WENT COLD TURKEY IN THE

### MIDDLE OF A POULTRY STORE

by JERRY KAUFMAN

When I was very young I read science fiction.

I did more than read it. I talked it, ate it, even dreamed it. (I once dreamed a more beautiful conception of Mars than I have ever seen in a movie or read of in a book.) In a few short years I exhausted the library's juvenile section, their special sf section, and their adult stacks, which I used to haunt in the hopes of finding some obscure piece of fantasy the inept librarians had overlooked. (I discovered Tolkien this way, only months before the fad began.)

I quickly deserted the library for the paperback racks at the drug-store, and was soon reading a book a day, buying and borrowing them. I discovered the magazines, and subscribed to them all. A friend or two loaned me whole boxfuls of old magazines, and I read them as quick snacks between novels and anthologies.

In short, I was a typical adolescent science fiction fan.

But I entered college and discovered fandom almost simultaneously. Even though I would occasionally pass through a bout of sf reading (for instance, during finals week), I was finally weaned from sf. I read fanzines by the scores and wrote letters to them all. I would sometimes read a textbook, and mundane fiction and non-fiction demonstrated their delights. I read books on film, mythology, James Joyce, medieval history, the meaning of life, the non-meaning of life, and poetry. I was not reading sf.

Then I moved to New York. I was to share an apartment with Eli Cohen and David Emerson. I looked forward to joining David and Eli in madcap adventures in the crazy streets of New York. I would meet all the other legendary fans -- Lunarians, FSFSCU, and those stalwarts of fan-nishness, the Fanoclasts. The thought of science fiction never entered my mind.

Now, I have nothing against science fiction. I am certain it has its place. Many fine, fine people write it, and even more fine people read it. I do not. Although, as I said, I once could read it by the yard, I now break out in hives if I try. I am afraid I am just not a social reader, anyway. Were I to try to finish an entire novel, I wouldn't be able to leave things there, and would eventually wind up in a sanatorium, or at any rate would make a fool of myself at parties.

So the time came to enter my new life in New York. I walked into the apartment and dropped my suitcases in surprise. The living room was a library, with about thirty feet of books and magazines lining the walls. I rushed from room to room. One room had three shelves of sf. The next room had four shelves of sf. The last room was full of boxes. I looked in every box, and each was full of science fiction. The kitchen had books on top of the refrigerator, and Tau Zero was precariously resting on the toilet tank.



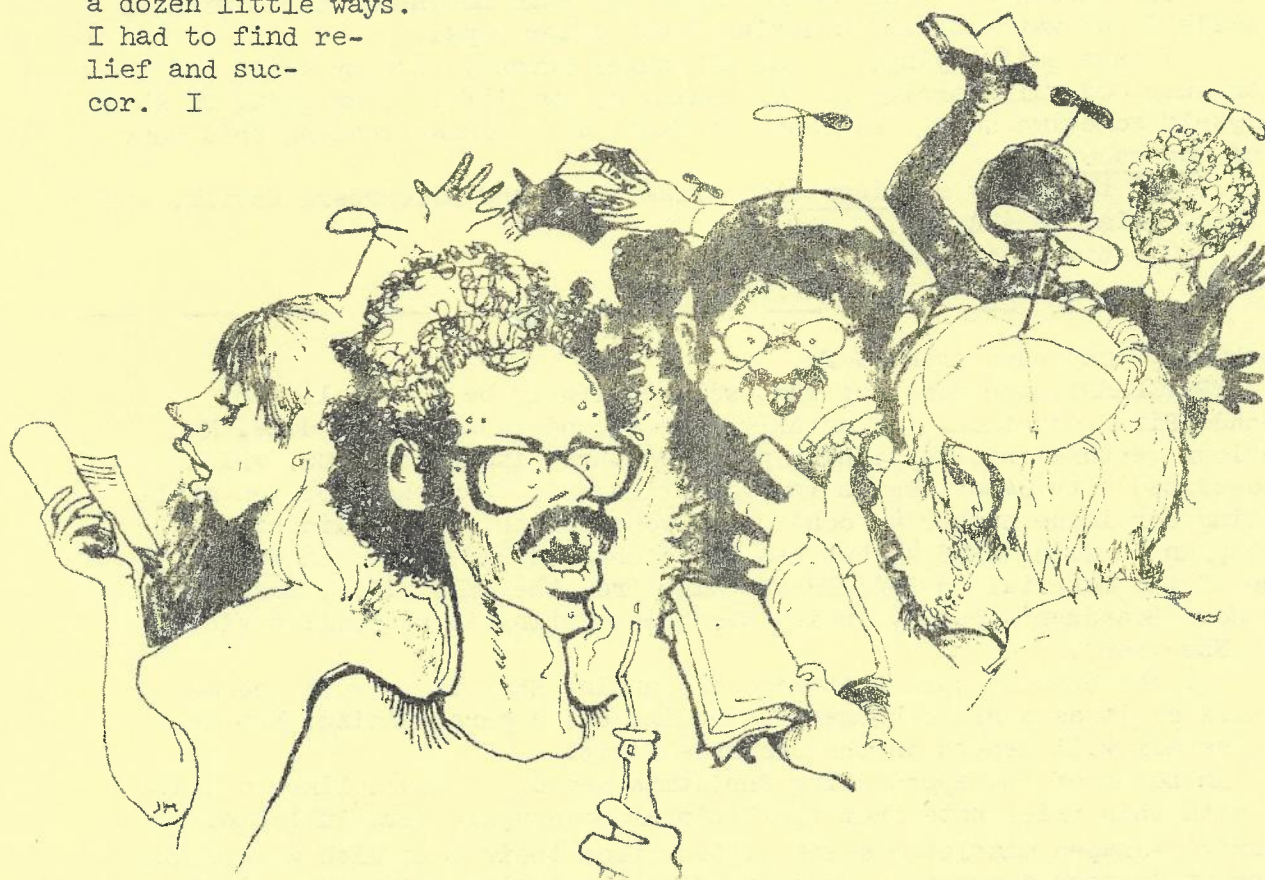
I returned to the living room and fell into an easy chair. Eli, awakened by the noise I had made, came in. "Hello, Jerry," he said, "Read Ringworld this morning. Have you met David yet? Languages of Pao was awful. Is Vincent King a penname?"

David came into the living room, and sleepily began talking. "I'm David. Glad to meet you. Languages of Pao wasn't that bad. Here, read Clarion. 'Wheels', wow."

I found life difficult with them. When David and Eli awoke in the morning they would say, "Read!" instead of "Good morning!" At every turn (our apartment is a collection of disagreeing right angles) they would shove half-a-dozen paperbacks at me. When I would attempt to sit down, someone was sure to yell, "Not on the October GALAXY!"

I was going insane, and none of the other fans I met helped me. I traveled to Brooklyn to visit Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar, and they spent the entire afternoon talking about Robert Silverberg. I visited people from Columbia, and they spent the whole afternoon talking about Robert Silverberg. I got a letter from Suzle Tompkins, ripped it open looking for relief and found that she spent the entire letter writing about Robert Silverberg. I went to collate at Charlie Brown's, and found they expected me to hurry. When I asked why, Charlie said they were going out for dinner that night with Robert Silverberg.

I was sinking fast. My will-power was being gnawed away in a dozen little ways. I had to find relief and success. I





needed a bastion of sf non-readers, a little coterie of mutually supporting and protecting people, an Alcoholics Anonymous for former sf addicts (Science Fiction Fanonymous, or something.) I needed the Fanoclasts.

I called Arnie Katz. "Arnie, I need the Fanoclasts. I am dying of temptation here, and I need the company of fannish saints if I am to take strength and survive. Now I understand I need an invitation to come to a Fanoclasts meeting. Can you get me one?"

"What's a 'fanoclast'?" he asked.

After half an hour, I convinced Arnie that I could certainly behave myself in fannish company. I even promised to write a letter of comment on Focal Point. Having so promised, I was invited to a Fanoclast meeting.

Silently riding the great distance to 45th Street in Brooklyn on an airconditioned subway car, I anticipated the meeting. I thought about the great lines, hard truths, pointed witticisms and detailed analyses of micro- and macrocosm I would hear, about the trivial but pleasant babble I would join, about the Pepsis I would drink. Underlying all my thoughts was this one, that no one would say anything about science fiction.

I finally arrived at the station, walked to Steve Stile's apartment, and jauntily strolled into the meeting.

Arnie looked up, and said, "Hi, Jerry. Tried to read Ringworld last night. How are you? Almost finished Downward to the Earth. Have you met Rich Brown yet? Languages of Pao was awful. Do you know any of Andy Offutt's pennames?"

The Fanoclasts then talked about the Hugo nominees for 45 minutes while I sat watching and drinking Pepsi after Pepsi.

I have quit trying. I can no longer humanly save my soul, and I am sure God will forgive me for taking my own life. I am going to shoot myself sometime soon. As soon, in fact, as I finish reading this copy of Macroscopic.

And this copy of Ringworld, these three new Silverberg novels, and this serial in AMAZING.

Sometime real soon ... maybe.

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(Chonhyfur, continued from p. 2)

KRATOPHANY, the first of what will hopefully be a long line of Avocado Pit Productions, is actually the second fanzine I've done. My previous venture into publishing produced three issues of AKOS, which I co-edited with Janet Megson (now Janet Kagan). For those of you still waiting for issue number 4, don't hold your breath. Janet did at one time plan on doing AKOS 4, but has since changed her mind. In fact, some of the material in KRATOPHANY comes from the AKOS files, most notably John Boardman's parody (which had been sitting in said files since last November).

I'm not exactly sure what kind of fanzine KRAT is or will become. I think of it as a cross between a genzine and a personalzine, but the precise mix will depend on the response I get.

In honor of the approaching Christmas season, I would like to leave you with this brief note from the National Geographic News Bulletin.

"Teardrop-shaped mistletoe seeds explode from their pods with a velocity of about 45 feet a second. Pods can fire the seeds as far as 33 feet."



## AVOCADO ABSTRACTS

by Eli Cohen

I would like to discuss a simple question: How likely is it that an arbitrary planet with an intelligent life-form will develop an advanced technological civilization?

Obviously, the question is quite important for science fiction stories, and has a profound effect on the chances of our contacting alien races. Equally obvious is that I'm not going to be able to answer it. However, this is my fanzine, and I am going to engage in public speculation about the subject, so be warned! (Everybody knows that solitary speculation leads to pimples and insanity, besides being a mortal sin.) And if you had anything better to do, you wouldn't have read this far, so:

I Assumptions and implicit definitions for the purpose of confusing the issue:

- 1) The Romans did not have an advanced technological civilization
- 2) We do
- 3) Before 1600 there were no advanced technological civilizations in the world (which is not to imply that there were any before 1800 either)
- 4) By technology, I do not necessarily mean mechanical, or physics-based control of the environment

II Debatable statements which I choose to believe, but could perhaps be talked out of:

- 1) The existence of a working technology implies the existence of a well-developed science
- 2) The existence of well-developed science implies relatively sophisticated mathematics (something the Graeco-Romans for the most part lacked, though Archimedes for one came close)
- 3) If you have science but no technology, you're doing something wrong
- 4) Physics (in the sense of mechanics) is inherently easier to develop than chemistry, which is easier than biology, which is easier than psychology (because of the increasing number of variables)

I'm not bothering to explicitly define "advanced technological civilization" because for one thing, I'm not exactly sure what I mean. The achievements, or capabilities for achievement I'm interested in are: Space travel, interstellar communication, total self-destruction, world-wide civilization, genetic manipulation (i.e. conscious control over the race's own evolution), freedom from natural disasters, and so forth. A side question might be, if we bombed ourselves back to the Neolithic, would we have a good chance of re-achieving our present degree of control over the environment (shoddy though it may be)?

I think you basically have a tripod consisting of technology, mathematics, and a paradigm of the universe (in the sense of Thomas Kuhn's Structure of Scientific Revolutions -- an accepted body of facts, theories, and views about what is possible). The combination will, under appropriate circumstances, produce a more accurate paradigm of the



universe, a more sophisticated mathematics, and a more advanced technology.

One can presume that certain basics will inevitably develop in any civilization: Enough rudiments of arithmetic and geometry to carry on commerce and measure land; a collection of techniques painfully accumulated over millenia through trial and error; and a paradigm incorporating observation and theology. The paradigm will determine what you think is worth trying, and specifically how you should go about increasing your control over the environment. If you believe floods are caused capriciously by gods, you will try prayers or magic to avoid them. If you think they are an inevitable part of the yearly cycle, you will try to learn to live with them. And if you consider them the result of a complicated interaction between climatic conditions and topography, you just might build dams and channels, seed clouds, and put weather satellites into orbit to predict and control them. It all depends on your paradigm of how the world works.

Now, when your paradigm begins to get very close to reality (close in terms of accurate predictions), your technology should get a big boost. But in order to get that degree of accuracy, you need a system of mathematics sophisticated enough to organize your data. (At one stage, this may mean a positional notation to facilitate computation -- like the Babylonians, Chinese, and Mayans had, which enabled them to get accurate calendars and eclipse predictions. At a later stage, calculus would be the minimum necessary -- as in Newtonian mechanics, for instance. Modern physics uses ridiculously abstract branches of mathematics, such as group theory and Hilbert spaces.) Even more, in order to get the data you need to formulate your theory, you need instruments that depend on technology (like telescopes, accurate clocks and scales, powerful magnets, spectrosopes, cloud chambers, and so on). And just to tie everything up, specific scientific needs often cause the development of the necessary mathematics (most easily seen from 1600-1850, when the same people were making brilliant contributions to both mathematics and physics). The mathematicians have managed to stay ahead of the physicists since about 1850, though, so that Einstein found tensor calculus and Riemannian geometry waiting for him, and Heisenberg, after painfully re-inventing sections of matrix algebra, discovered the full-fledged theory had been used by mathematicians for decades.

The critical difference between advanced technology and what has gone before is the importance of theory (paradigm and mathematics, or, loosely speaking, science). While luck and fiddling may suffice to produce a windmill, an aqueduct, or a steam engine, you're not going to get nuclear reactors, solid-state computers, electro-cardiograms, and continental telephone systems unless you know what you're doing.

So the question becomes whether the upward spiral on all three legs of the tripod is irreversible. It seems to me, intuitively, that some cultures would prevent advanced technology from developing -- cultures dedicated to stability, for instance (like the Incas), or those which rigidly separated theory from practice (the Greeks had this problem). A hostility towards the abstract would prevent basic research, which in turn lays the groundwork for future technological advance.

Western civilization was lucky enough to hit on whatever the trick is -- why didn't the Chinese develop correspondingly? After all, they had the printing press, gunpowder, and astronomy, plus mathematics that dealt with fourth and higher degree equations. One disadvantage China had was



its relative isolation and unification. Western Europe was a tangle of competing nations, receiving influences from the Mediterranean, the Arabs, the Byzantines, and the Americas.

Postulate a planet with a single continent, so that at most one civilization exists at a time. Will it ever get beyond the primitive technology needed for survival? Postulate a pair of races, living in a sort of symbiosis, so that one race does the thinking, and the other the manual labor (any similarity to the Greek slave owners is, well, a similarity to the Greek slave owners). One might get much philosophy, and some mathematics, but the scientific method, with its combination of hypothesis and experiment, would never develop. The ruling race, by the way, might be the workers rather than the thinkers (any similarity to the Romans and their Greek slaves ...), so that obvious technology (e.g. tricks to make work easier) would develop, but still no real science.

The critical point seems to me to be the rise of science, which unites theory and observation, and ties together mathematics, paradigm, and existing technology (by using all three). So the original question can perhaps be re-worded:

How likely is it that an arbitrary planet with an intelligent life-form will develop science?

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#### THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

There were strange goings on at the Durma Shave factory when Greensward was called to the scene. He met the president, Galahad T. Shick, on the floor of the new spice grinding complex, where the mysterious activity was centered.

Shick was standing over a whitish discoloration on the floor which had once been his foreman. "Monstrous," he sobbed. "Devoured by a carnivorous gob of shaving cream."

The president said his workmen described the killer as a slobbering, cackling, obscene mass of shaving cream, which left an evil stench and revolting spittle trail wherever it went. The last anyone saw of it was as it disappeared into one of the spice vaults.

On hearing this, Grayson had the solution and immediately took off for the vats. "You see," Greensward explained as he walked, "By cornering the spice market for your new shave, you create a shortage. The inflation hurts not only the homemaker, but also many witches, whose brews and philtres depend on such spices. I'm afraid you have a witch on your hands."

When they arrived at the vats, Grayson politely asked the offending witch to come out. When she failed to appear, Greensward drew back, then suddenly let loose with an excruciating barrage of feghoots. The consequent moans coming from the thyme vat gave the culprit away.

The bedraggled witch, having been caught totally off-guard, managed to crawl to the top where she momentarily teetered, then fell into the spice grinder with a long wailing scream.

"Horrible, horrible," muttered the president. "But one thing before you leave. That witch contaminated a great deal of spice. I'm wondering about the shaving cream which will come of it."

"Don't worry," replied Greensward. "A witch in thyme shaves fine."

--- Yarik P. Thrip

(with thanks to Jeff Kleinbard)





YOU GOT THIS:

- ( ) Trade and/or review
- ( ) It seemed like the thing to do at the time
- ( ) You know what "kratophany" means. Say, you must be Sandra Miesel!
- ( ) You contributed
- ( ) There's a unicorn in your living room
- ( ) You are mentioned
- ( ) There's a certain koala-ty about you
- ( ) You paid
- ( ) Everybody hates you because you're tired
- ( ) Your avocado pit is upside down
- ( ) If you stick three toothpicks into this fanzine, put it in a jar of water, and keep it in a dark place for two to three weeks, your boa constrictor will eat it