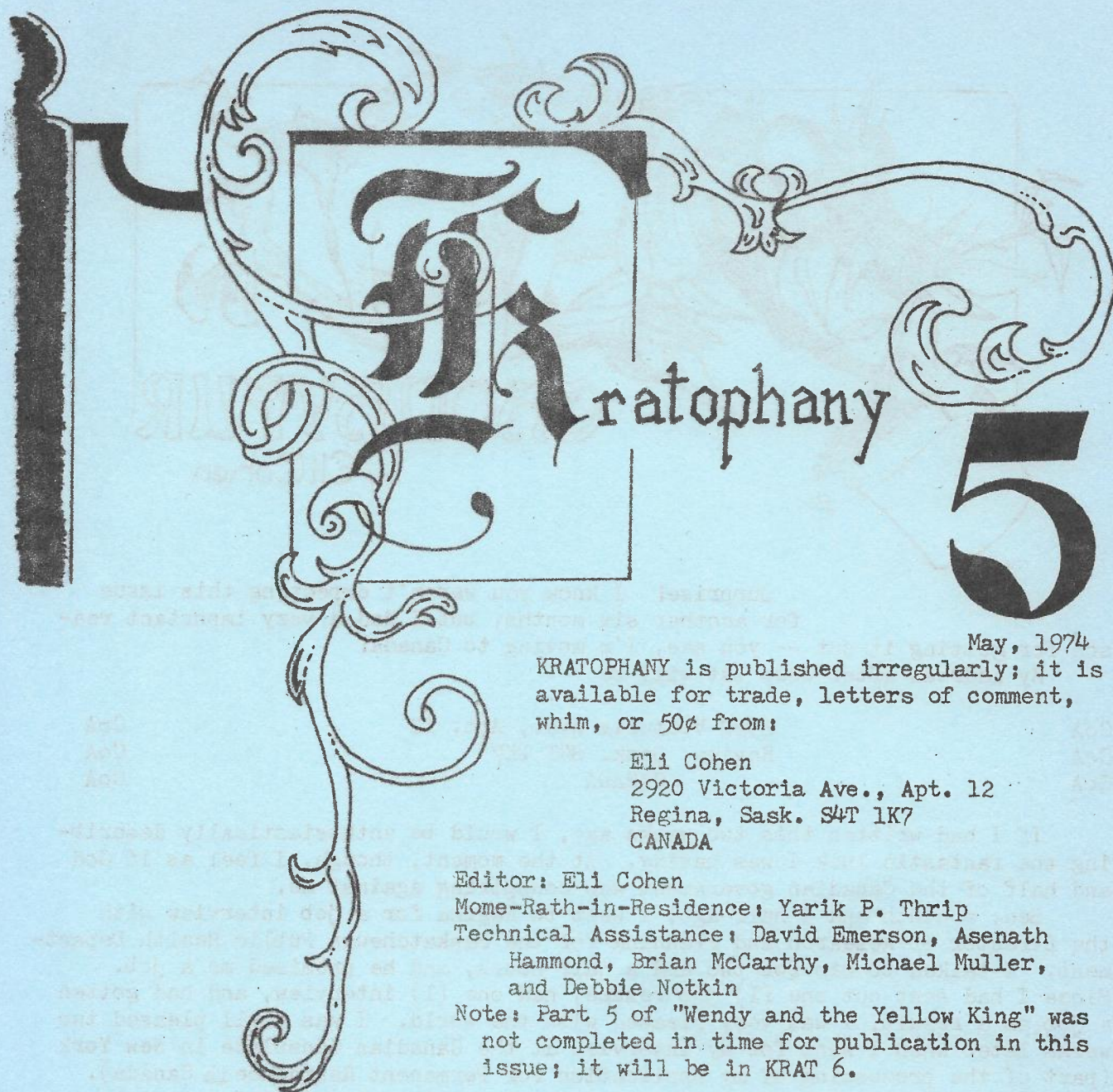


kratophany



May, 1974

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Note: Part 5 of "Wendy and the Yellow King" was not completed in time for publication in this issue; it will be in KRAT 6.

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This is an official Avocado Pit Publication.



Surprise! I know you weren't expecting this issue for another six months, but I had a very important reason for getting it out -- you see, I'm moving to Canada! My address after June 1st will be

CoA
CoA
CoA

2920 Victoria Ave., Apt. 12
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CANADA

CoA
CoA
CoA

If I had written this two weeks ago, I would be enthusiastically describing the fantastic luck I was having. At the moment, though, I feel as if God and half of the Canadian government was conspiring against me.

See, a month and a half ago, I went to Regina for a job interview with the Director of Research and Planning for the Saskatchewan Public Health Department. I talked to him for two and a half hours, and he promised me a job. Since I had sent out one (1) job resume, had one (1) interview, and had gotten a job as a result, I was very pleased with the world. I was still pleased two weeks later when I went for my interview at the Canadian Consulate in New York (part of the processing of my application for Permanent Residence in Canada). I was not quite as pleased after that interview, since it was going to take another 10 days before they let me know whether or not I was approved, but the interviewer seemed optimistic -- although he dismissed my verbally promised job with a wave of his hand.

I was not pleased at all when, ~~two~~ two weeks after that, I got a letter informing me that due to "current labour market conditions in Canada" my application could not be accepted at that time. I frantically telephoned my prospective employer, who said yeah, Immigration had changed the rules so without an actual job arranged, a prospective immigrant was given zero points in the occupation category. But he also said he would write me a strong, official-looking letter, suitable for showing to the Consulate, offering me the position of Research Officer in his department, and as soon as the red tape was gone through I would have an even more official-looking contract to show off.

Now, you might ask why I'm still upset. Well, sometime after he wrote the letter, but before it arrived here, the Canadian Postal System decided

to go on strike. So the letter is currently trapped somewhere in Canada, and likely to stay there for weeks.

Well, you might say, that accounts for the governmental conspiracy, but why do I feel God is against me, too? I didn't get to the latest news: The processing of my job contract is being delayed because every able-bodied person in Saskatchewan is out sandbagging and fighting the floods. Yes, floods. Regina had a record snowfall this year, and Spring Has Arrived. Snow, apparently, does a particularly obnoxious thing in spring -- it melts. All over.

Now if floods aren't an act of God, what is?

Anyway, all is not really that dismal. My boss is sending a telegram with the job offer, which I can possibly persuade the Consulate to accept, at least to the extent of calling for more confirmation. Since the job situation is the only apparent reason they had for rejecting me, as soon as that's cleared up (which, at worst, is just a matter of time), I should get my immigrant status. And the job is a really good one -- I'll be working as a statistician, and I might even get a thesis topic out of it so I can finish my doctorate.

Except, even if I get all the approvals and forms taken care of, there's another detail: Air Canada, the only airline serving Regina, is on strike!

And the New York Times Magazine picked this week to do an article on why Canadians hate Americans, doubtless reopening old wounds and putting Immigration officials into such a rage they'll reject everybody for the next month.

What? Oh no, I'm not paranoid. You see, they're really out to get me....

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"...our friend Plucky Purcell is an admirer of William Blake. Plucky says one has to admire a man who for 175 years can get away with rhyming 'eye' and 'symmetry.'"

-- Tom Robbins, Another Roadside Attraction

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A master was asked the question, "What is the Way?" by a curious monk.

"It is right before your eyes," said the master.

"Why do I not see it for myself?"

"Because you are thinking of yourself."

"What about you: do you see it?"

"So long as you see double, saying I don't and you do, and so on, your eyes are clouded," said the master.

"When there is neither 'I' nor 'You,' can one see it?"

"When there is neither 'I' nor 'You,' who is the one that wants to see it?"

-- Zen Stories

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"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

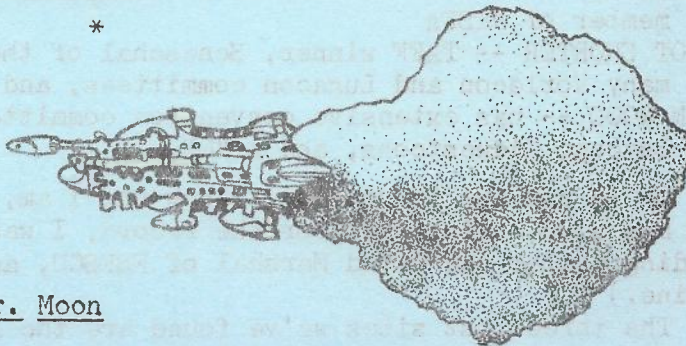
"Jesus."

"Jesus who?"

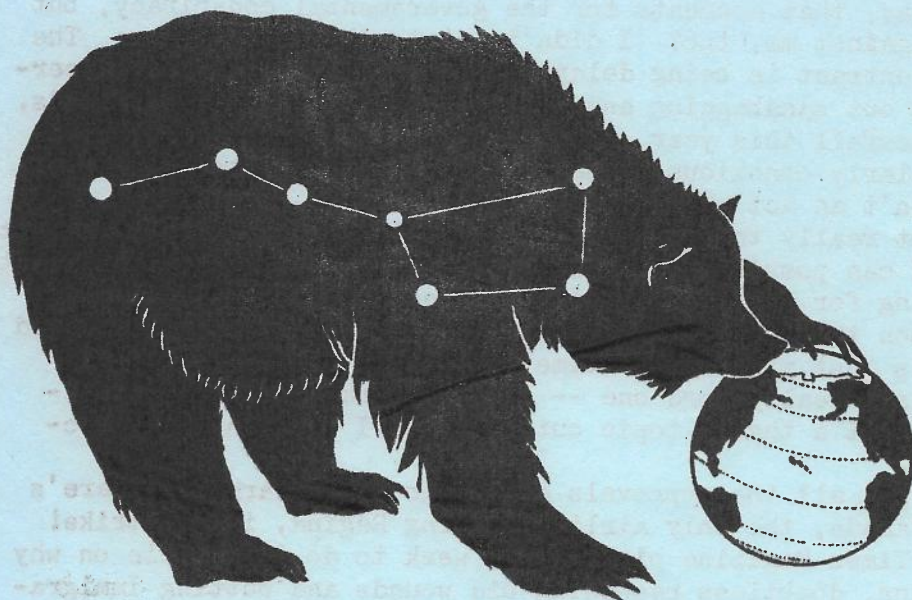
"Jesus WHO?!!"

-- Tom Stoppard,

Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon



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7
FOR
'77

If you'll just bear with me, I'll explain what's going on: Through a torturous chain of circumstances, I've found myself a member of the 7 For '77 Worldcon Bidding Committee (Don Lundry, chairman). We're trying a new philosophy: Instead of picking a city for a worldcon, and then picking committee and hotel within it, choose the best possible committee (irrespective of where the members live) and the best hotel facilities; then worry about the city. This not only makes possible a better committee, it opens up the choice of hotel (and the competition for our business) again -- the giant worldcons these days generally mean only one or two hotels large enough to hold us, in those cities where there are adequate facilities at all.

The committee consists of (drumroll):

DON LUNDY (Chairman) -- chairman of the 1972 Lunacon (Theodore Sturgeon was Guest of Honor), organizer of the successful Heicon charter flight, currently organizing an Aussiecon charter

RUSTY HEVELIN -- member of First Fandom, co-founder of Pulpcon, and huckster at just about every convention I've ever been to

BRUCE NEWROCK -- co-chairman of A-KON, founding member of BRUNSFFA, first King of the Eastern Kingdom

SUE LEWIS -- chairman of Boskone X' (1973), former President and founding member of NESFA

ELLIOT SHORTER -- TAFF winner, Seneschal of the Eastern Kingdom, member of many Worldcon and Lunacon committees, and all around Large Person

JOANN WOOD -- has extensive convention committee experience, including Baycon, Midwestcons, and A-KONS

Oh -- and me; if you don't know who I am, you have no business reading this magazine. (But just for the record, I was Treasurer of the 1972 Lunacon, founding member and Grand Marshal of FSFSCU, and editor of AKOS, my previous fanzine.)

The three best sites we've found are the Peachtree Center Plaza Hotel in

Atlanta, Georgia; the Sheraton-Boston in, obviously, Boston, Mass.; and the Sheraton Towers in Orlando, Fla. Since the hotels are all undergoing expansion and/or construction, we felt we should hold off a final selection, which also gives us an opportunity to get some feedback from you people as to your preferences. The reactions I've been getting to Orlando are either very positive ("Wan' go Disneyworld!"), or very negative ("Florida -- blecch!"). Boston, on the other hand, apparently has only one drawback -- "We were just there for Noreascon in '71." (The hotel is the same, except the planned extension is supposed to double the number of rooms.) Atlanta has been getting a wishy-washy positive response.

So: Please write and tell me your reactions, or any questions you have. Or send them to Don Lundry, 18 Karen Drive, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034.

Go with the Great Bear: Accept no ursatz!

7 FOR '77

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"Happiness is a learned condition. And since it is learned and self-generating, it does not depend upon external circumstances for its perpetuation."

-- Tom Robbins, Another Roadside Attraction

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Subhuti, a disciple of Buddha, had reached the enlightenment of Great Emptiness, where the Eternal Real and the passing unreal are one. Sitting under a tree in this enlightenment, he found flowers drifting down on him from the tree. And he heard voices. "We are praising your eloquence on Emptiness," said these voices like gods' voices.

"But I have not spoken of Emptiness," murmured Subhuti.

"You have not spoken of it. We have not heard it. This is true Emptiness," said the voices, and the flowers fell like rain.

--Zen Stories

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"When she was a small girl, Amanda hid a ticking clock in an old rotten tree trunk. It drove woodpeckers crazy. Ignoring tasty bugs all around them, they just about beat their brains out trying to get at the clock. Years later, Amanda used the woodpecker experiment for understanding Capitalism, Communism, Christianity, and all other systems that traffic in future rewards rather than in present realities."

-- Tom Robbins

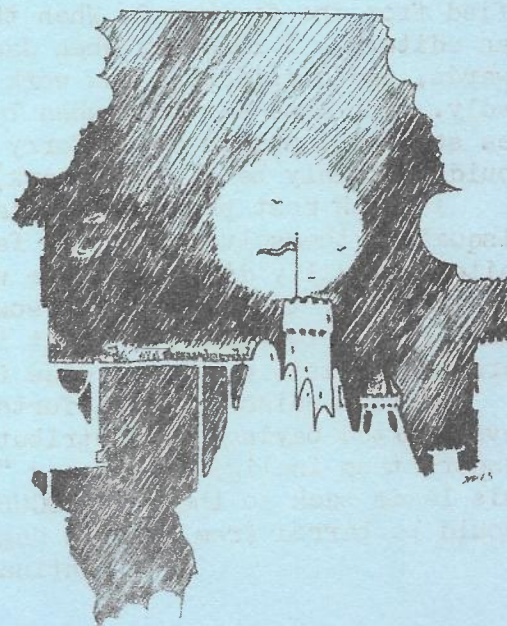
Another Roadside Attraction

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There is a controversy raging about "semi-prozines" and their eligibility for the fanzine Hugo. People have been proposing incredibly convoluted rules and



definitions designed to retain the purity and amateur standing of the award, in many cases reminiscent of the Great LOCUS Controversy of last year. This time the main targets seem to be ALGOL and THE ALIEN CRITIC.

I feel I might as well stick my two cents in, especially since sense has been notably lacking in most of the discussion.

First of all, defining "fanzine" is about as fruitless as defining "science fiction." We all know what both are -- they're whatever we point at when we use the words. Any further precision will only serve to provoke disagreement or overly rigid and pedantic categories. I would even go further -- I say a fanzine is anything a majority of Hugo voting fans think is a fanzine. It's a practical, workable definition, and automatically guarantees that only fanzines will win the fanzine Hugo.

My "proposal" is very simple: Let all Worldcon Committees include in their progress reports and on their Hugo ballots a strong admonition to voters to be familiar with the nominees in any category they vote in. If an editor says he is publishing a fanzine, and if enough fans agree to get it nominated, then let it be on the ballot. If a majority of fans think it's not only a fanzine, but the best of the year, then it certainly deserves a Hugo.

This eliminates cumbersome rule changes and agonizing, hairsplitting decisions by the committee. I think any objections on the grounds that the large circulation "semi-prozines" have to win was answered by TORCON, when small-circulation ENERGUMEN won over large-circulation LOCUS. And the whole question of whether circulation should have any effect on eligibility is difficult and one on which reasonable fans can disagree. Certainly when there are a number of large circulation fanzines, there's no problem of one unfairly dominating the field, or being assured of winning.

At some point there has to be some trust. The only reason for convoluted rules is to guard against mob stupidity among Hugo voting fans. I haven't seen any evidence that such would occur -- though we all have our personal reactions to fan and pro Hugos awarded over the years. I know when I first got into fandom, I ignored the fan categories because I had no idea who the nominees were; on the other hand, I was much better qualified to vote on the pro Hugos then than now. (With all this fanac, who has time to read SF anymore?)

The kind of definition I'm proposing carries over to the fan artist and writer categories, which have also been endlessly debated. A lot of fan artists are now doing professional SF work -- should they therefore be disqualified from the fan Hugo? When they break their backs giving free artwork to fan editors? I remember when Jack Gaughan won both the professional and fan awards, and considering the work he was doing for fanzines at the time, deservedly. The same was true when Ted White won best fanwriter -- and I'd like to see someone complain about Terry Carr's Hugo at TORCON (any such complaint would certainly be a base remark).

I think most pros who consider themselves primarily professionals would disqualify themselves from the fan awards -- as in fact Jack Gaughan and Ted White eventually did. If there was strong feeling that someone was unfairly competing, that resentment would probably cost them the Hugo. And, as has been pointed out, just what is "unfair" competition when so many fan writers and artists write and draw for a living -- but not in the SF field?

There remains only one further point to be answered: Certain fanzines have started paying for contributions, and people have been saying that this renders them ineligible for any "amateur" award. Of course, an extension of this leads back to the anti-LOCUS argument, that any fanzine making a profit should be barred from the fan Hugo (though any profit that LOCUS makes is

((continued on p. 23))

Fafia is so sad...
of course, it does allow
you to procrastinate.

far out...

which gives you
lots to write about
in fan-articles...

mother never
raised me to be
a straight man.

Presbyterian jewish

Reginafanne

by SUSAN
WOOD
GLICKSOHN

So you do, and
you aren't fatigued
anymore!
It's so sad...

i wanted to
be tucker, but
bloch beat me to
it...

Faff 196
(with a bow to
Don O'Neill)

It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan in Regina, Saskatchewan. That's why I'm sitting in the airport at 7:15 AM, on my way to Vancouver for a science fiction convention. The fact that it's pitch dark in Regina, with a strong wind whipping grains of snow whitely through the subzero air, while in Vancouver the crocuses are blooming in Stanley Park, may have something to do with my flight. Mostly, though, I faunch to frolic with fellow fen.

I arrived at Pile'o'Bones (as Regina was called before it became Respectable) on September 3, 1973, with an Aussie digger hat, a Hugo base, and bags under my eyes, all from TORCON. I'd seen approximately 2,700 fans in five days, and had had coherent conversations with none of them. I was exhausted, strung out on a massive overdose of fanac, and ready to gafiate.

Except ... except ... when I checked out the university bookstore, the SF collection consisted of THE HOBBIT, an Andre Norton Witchworld adventure, and David Gerrold's "Star Trek" book. Downtown, in Coles (a national paperbacks-and-remainders chain), beside the occult books I found THE HOBBIT, an Andre Norton Witchworld adventure, David Gerrold's "Star Trek" book, and a couple of inferior DAW releases. The used book store had a pile of tattered ANALOGs and a sign: "Please, we need used science fiction." Finally I wandered into the sleazy interior of Universal News: "Regina's Widest Selection of Books, Magazines, Posters, Gags, Incense, Incense Burners, Souvenirs, and NEWSPAPERS." There, past the rack of PLAYBOY, the postcards and plastic Mounties, the piles of SWANK, the whip'n'chill magazines and plastic-bagged porn, I found a whole rack of SF! New releases, too, amid the Conans and Clarke reprints. I set about re-establishing my SF collection.

Except ... except ... who could I talk to about my passion for "that sci-fi stuff?" Regina's only fan, Leland Sapiro, had betaken himself to Florida for graduate work amid the palm trees. He'd left a run of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY in the library, and an impression; the second question the department chairman asked, interviewing me, was: "You do intend to finish your doctorate and not waste all your time on those sci-fi magazines, don't you?" Well, I told myself, ok. I really had no time for SF, much less SF fandom. I was MUCH too busy

preparing classes on the socialist Montreal poets of the '30's, not to mention discussing life with a Marxist Regina poet of the '70's. Anyway, it would be a relief not to have my entire life ruled by slipsheeting, locs, bills for paper and ink, fanfeuds, locs and slipsheeting.

Except ... except ... here I was with a Hugo base, in a city of 145,000 people, of whom two knew what a Hugo was. Cathryn, a fringe-fan friend from Ottawa days who once ran through a Rosemary Ulliot column on her way to get a marriage license, was suitably impressed. Robin Sutherland, the 14-year-old son of the Marxist poet, thought it was nice I'd won a Hugo, but what was the title of the novel I'd written?

No fans in Regina. Or Moose Jaw or Elbow or Pense. No fanac closer than the Highmore, South Dakota bid (baa). No fanzines in the mailbox; they were all going to Michael, in Toronto. No fan news, except a phonecall from Andy Porter, who told me that someone in Saskatoon subscribed to ALGOL; a tape from Jerry Kaufman, Suzle Tompkins, and the Avocado Pit, full of fannish chatter; and a PgHLANGE report from Eli Cohen, full of fannish in-jokes. I started to miss my friends. I started to feel left-out and lonely in Regina.

I (blush) started to fanac. I produced an account of Susan the Solitary Saskfan, and got a mailbox full of letters. Suddenly, I had a personalzine growing in my typer, an envelope full of stamps to be licked, a folder full of labels to be typed. Pubbing meant fanac again, not an evening at the Vagabond talking politics. Faneds, recovering from post-Worldcon gafia, began publishing my writing. With the snow in November came a paper blizzard of zines to loc and letters asking for contributions. My favourite was from Amos Salmonson, editor of THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND TERROR, inspired by my "Breast Fetishists of Sol III" article in STARLING. (Creative orthography is his.)

"I'm contacting a few potential contributors to MOM'S HOMEMADE APPLE FANZINE, a giant one-shot wherein fans and authors speak openly and frankly about personal sexual disorientation or anything along similar lines.... payment would be a personal copy plus ten copies mailed to friends, correspondents or libraries of choice. It'll be offset, heavy coverstock jackets. For an idea of the sort of stuff I want to publish in Apple, I have to date articles from fans and writers about exhibitionism, over-age virginity, bondage fetish, and female masturbation, some humorous and some deadly serious, but all honest. I personally intend to relate a couple incidents as a professional female impersonator. Articles must or should be Entertaining, Educational and Especially freaky."

I passed up the offer, being somewhat more concerned with a series of letters from peripatetic Aussiefan Bruce Gillespie. Could he get a job in Regina? More important, could he publish a fanzine here? Would I help?

The local theatre company needed a public relations person; Bruce had all the qualifications, including the ability to run their electric mimeo. The Gestetner people had a branch store downtown, full of mimeo supplies; the university duplicating services could provide cheap, good offset printing. I knew all about slipsheeting a Hugo nominee. My letter, full of such assurances, crossed with Bruce's announcement that he was suffering from terminal culture shock, didn't think he could face a Regina winter (it was 22° below zero and blizzarding), and was going home.

I, however, didn't really notice that my efforts to make Regina Canada's new fanpublishing capital had been in vain. I was too busy politicking to set

up a science fiction course in the winter semester. After two months, and presentations-for-approval on seven different levels of bureaucracy, I had a course. I had a full class, with a waitinglist. And eleven new SF books in the bookstore; and twenty-seven SF criticism books on order in the library; and 4,000 students talking about SF and the "read SF for credit!" signs I'd plastered all over campus. Three of my colleagues had added SF novels to their freshman lit. classes, while Rick-in-the-next-office decided to audit my class, to pick up ideas for the course he was giving on fantasy.

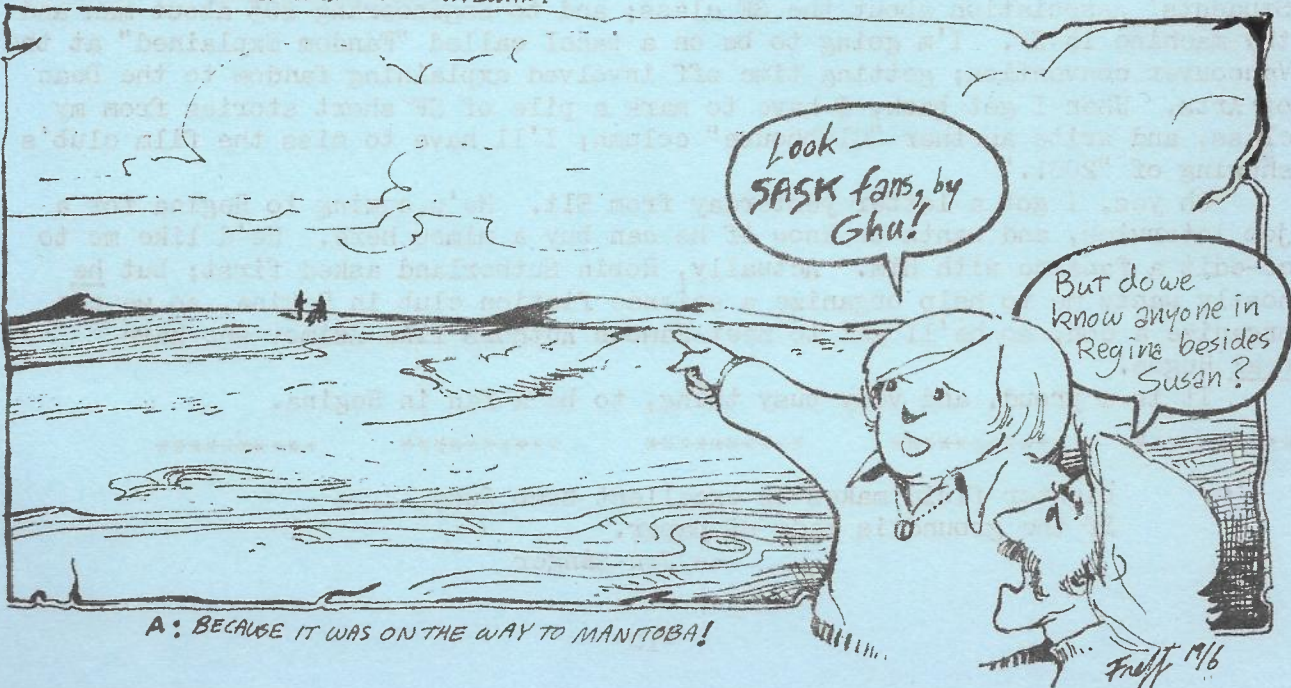
By December, I could be a proud fan. At school, I could talk about SF; at home, I could talk to all the fans I wanted, on paper and tape. All I needed was a little loneliness, to loc the growing pile of fanzines, answer the growing pile of letters. One I did answer, immediately: an egoboosting offer from Ted White, to write "The Clubhouse" column for AMAZING. All I needed was another fannish deadline.

After Christmas in Toronto (talking to fanfriends, buying SF) and Ottawa (talking to fanfriends, and occasionally my family), I flew to New York, where I was greeted by a fan: Eli Cohen. "Hello, how are you, Asenath says we should do a fanzine while you're here." I was too dazed by the subway system to protest.

Eventually we reached the Avocado Pit. A door opened, an avalanche of furry bodies "murowed" onto me (as a proud and lonely Reginafan I'd even had to live with a, shudder, dog), and David and Asenath called in chorus: "Hello, how are you, don't let The Blot get out, we think we should do a fanzine while you're here."

I spent the week seeing fans, seeing P. D. Q. Bach with fans, eating out with fans, talking on the phone to fans, and being pressured to fanac by fans. For example: I was sitting in the Pit kitchen, deboning chicken breasts for chicken cordon bleu (I was cooking dinner for six fans.) Eli kvetched to me about how his parents were pressuring him to Settle Down with a Nice Jewish Girl. I kvetched to Eli about being a non-Jewish Token Jew in

Q: WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS SASKATCHEWAN?



Protestant Regina.

"I don't want to sound anti-Semitic, but my students say I have a Jewish accent -- what's a 'Jewish accent' already? -- my colleagues ask me obscure questions about the Talmud and 'your people's customs', and everyone acts like I'm being fattened for the next pogrom. Except Fraser, the Marxist poet; we spent one night at a party comparing the scars of our Presbyterian childhoods, so whenever I won't go drinking with him, he sneers at my Calvinist conscience resurging. But here I am, a blonde, blue-eyed WASP, surrounded by people making chickensoup jokes at me."

Blond, blue-eyed Eli commiserated, swept several cats away from the plateful of chicken chests, and said thoughtfully: "'I was a non-Jew in Regina' -- that'd make a great article for our fanzine. Are there any real Jews?"

"Six Cohens in the phone book. And Bill Livant: he's a psych prof from Brooklyn, looks and talks just like Asimov. Except he thinks I'm Jewish. We were sitting around in the cafeteria one day, wishing we could buy bagels in Regina, and Bill said: 'You're a Jewish mother, bake some, already.' Then he and Fraser started arguing about me. Bill said I had to be a Jewish Mother because I talked with my hands, said 'oy veh' and kvetched a lot. Fraser said I was Presbyterian because I was uptight and conscience-ridden, and wouldn't go to Banff for the weekend with him because I had essays to mark."

"Who won?"

"They decided I combined the worst of both cultures. I'm a Presbyterian Jewish Mother."

"'I Was a Presbyterian Jewish Mother' -- that'd make a great article for our fanzine," announced Asenath. "What smells so good?"

"I'm boiling the leftover chicken bones for ..."

"Chicken soup!" chortled Asenath. "You ARE a Presbyterian Jewish Mother!"

"Susan! Marry me!" cried Eli.

"Susan's marrying Eli?" said David, puzzled. "That's nice. Will she write it up for our fanzine?"

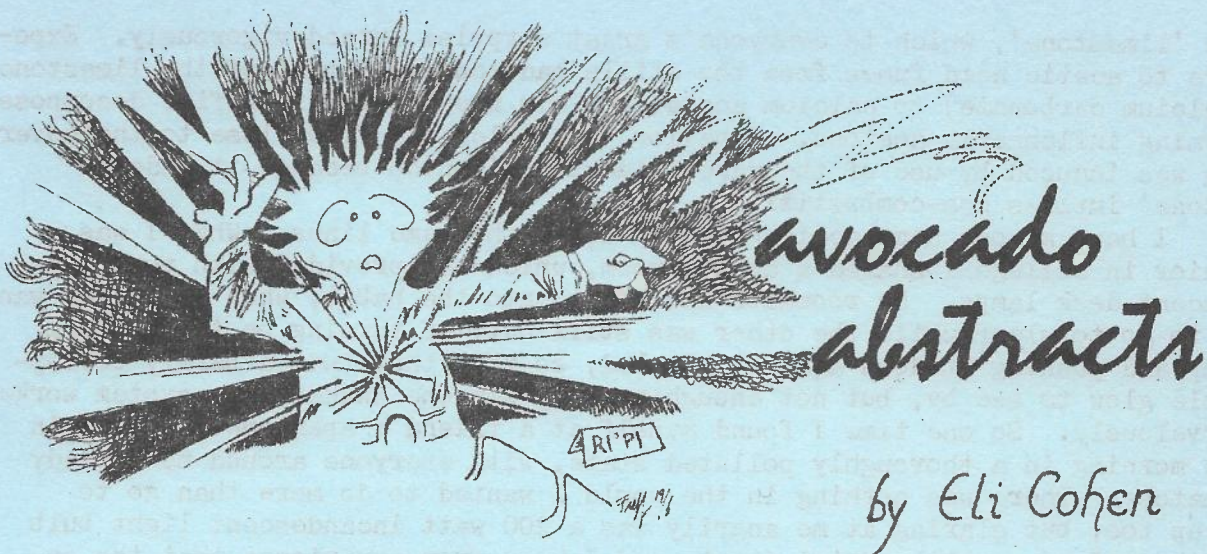
See? Everything I touch turns into fanac. By now, I'm five months behind on letters, without time to stop fanacing and put out my fanzine. Last week, Richard Labonte, erstwhile Secret Master of Canadian Fandom, stayed with me for a couple of days; he bought stencils for his apa-zine, talked about fandom, and read all my fanzines while I prepared a talk for the Humanities Association of Regina, on science fiction. The week before, I talked to the English Students' Association about the SF class; and to Engineering 205 about man and the machine in SF. I'm going to be on a panel called "Fandom Explained" at the Vancouver convention; getting time off involved explaining fandom to the Dean of Arts. When I get back, I have to mark a pile of SF short stories from my class, and write another "Clubhouse" column; I'll have to miss the film club's showing of "2001."

Oh yes, I got a letter yesterday from Eli. He's coming to Regina for a job interview, and wants to know if he can buy a mimeo here. He'd like me to co-edit a fanzine with him. Actually, Robin Sutherland asked first; but he mostly wants me to help organize a science fiction club in Regina, so we can organize a con, so he'll get to meet Famous Authors like Asimov who have real Hugos.

It is a proud, and very busy thing, to be a fan in Regina.

Lighter fluid makes an excellent bomb fuse ...
if the ground is made of paper.

-- Jon Singer



"Human beings do not live in the objective world alone ... The fact of the matter is that the 'real world' is to a large extent unconsciously built up on the language habits of the group ... We see and hear and otherwise experience very largely as we do because the language habits of our community predispose certain choices of interpretation."

-- Edward Sapir

This theory can be put more succinctly: Your worldview is largely determined by your language. It was proposed by Edward Sapir, and elaborated upon by Benjamin Whorf, both of whom did a lot of work with American Indian languages -- a set of highly diversified tongues which are in general radically different from the Standard Average European languages (as Whorf calls them) linguists had been studying. It might upset someone who has struggled with German genders or Latin cases to hear that Hopi doesn't even have tenses as we would ordinarily think of them, and its closest parallels to nouns and verbs are best described as short-term events and long-term events.

The question which naturally poses itself is, do the Hopi, whose language treats time so differently from ours, perceive time differently?

Just in terms of vocabulary, different languages slice up reality in different ways. "masa'ytaka" is the Hopi word for "flying things other than birds," and therefore includes airplanes, butterflies, and aviators. Eskimos have many words for different types of snow, and presumably see a snowstorm in more detail than the typical English speaker -- while Aztec uses the same basic word for cold, ice, and snow. The Polish word for tree includes the meaning "wood" (which might produce a strange combination for plastic Christmas trees). And one could ponder the cultural significance of the Hopi word for dog, which can also mean a pet or domestic animal of any kind.

Whorf actually started to worry about the problem of language distorting perceptions during his days as a fire insurance investigator. He gives an example in Language, Thought, and Reality:

"In a wood distillation plant the metal stills were insulated with a composition prepared from limestone and called at the plant 'spun limestone.' No attempt was made to protect this covering from excessive heat or the contact of flame. After a period of use, the fire below one of the stills spread to

the 'limestone', which to everyone's great surprise burned vigorously. Exposure to acetic acid fumes from the stills had converted part of the limestone (calcium carbonate) to calcium acetate. This when heated in a fire decomposes, forming inflammable acetone. Behavior that tolerated fire close to the covering was induced by use of the name 'limestone,' which because it ends in 'stone' implies non-combustibility."

I have my own near-accident story along the same lines. When I was a junior in college I shared a double room, which was provided with two fluorescent desk lamps. My roommate and I got into the habit, when one of us wanted to go to sleep while the other was still out, of turning on the other's lamp and pushing it down against his bed, so that there was a barely perceptible glow to see by, but not enough to keep someone awake. The system worked marvelously. So one time I found myself at a friend's apartment at four in the morning in a thoroughly polluted state, with everyone around me already comatose. There was nothing in the world I wanted to do more than go to sleep too, but glaring at me angrily was a 200 watt incandescent light bulb on the end of a mobile metal strut, and I knew from experience that the on-off knob required the strength of Hercules (and that was using pliers). My benumbed brain then made a connection -- light, couch. Roommate's light, roommate's bed. What did you do when the light bothered you? You pushed it down against the bed, or the couch in this case. Which I promptly did, and then fell into a stupor. You see, a fluorescent tube and a 200 watt incandescent bulb are both "lights," and in any case the usual English terms do not carry with them strong reminders of their relative temperatures. Fortunately, the couch cushion was only charred.

The point is, languages, by classifying certain things together, and differentiating others, can cause us to fall into thought habits that treat highly dissimilar objects as the same. And conversely, can prevent us from seeing similarities that do exist.

What happens when the grammatical habits that permeate everything we say foster habits of perception? "Time" is a noun, just like "space." We compartmentalize it the same way -- three feet, three years; you can cut it up into pieces and compare them -- ten days is longer than nine days, ten feet is longer than nine feet. But Hopi can't even say "ten days." "They stayed ten days" becomes "They left after the tenth day," or "They stayed until the eleventh day." "Ten days is greater than nine days" becomes "The tenth day is later than the ninth." As Whorf says, "Our length of time is not regarded as a length but as a relation between two events in lateness." Hopi has a special set of words that are used only for time relations, with no tinge of space-like origins (as "longer time," "distant time," and so forth have in English). And this difference permeates their language, so that "In [Hopi], 'lightning,' 'wave,' 'flame,' 'meteor,' 'puff of smoke,' 'pulsation' are verbs -- events of necessarily brief duration cannot be anything but verbs. 'Cloud' and 'storm' are at about the lower limit of duration for nouns. Hopi, you see, actually has a classification of events (or linguistic isolates) by duration type ..."

There are other strange possibilities -- certain Indian languages, such as Yokutz and Wintu, conjugate for validity rather than time. In Yokutz every statement you make has to have a grammatical particle that tells which of five classes it falls into: 1) You saw it with your own eyes 2) You perceived it by some other, less direct sense than vision 3) Someone you trust told you 4) Someone told you but you can't vouch for him (maybe equivalent to "I read it in the Daily News") 5) "People say," or "everybody knows." Strangely, or perhaps very reasonably, Wintu uses the hearsay or gossip mode

for speaking of one's own drunkenness.

I would think rumor-mongers would have tough going in Yokutz or Wintu.

However, before we get carried away, there are a number of objections to the Whorf-Sapir hypothesis. As far as vocabulary is concerned, sure some languages are better at describing some phenomena. But every natural language has the option of coining words as they are needed, so skiers with their "powder," "slush," and "crust" can rival Eskimos, and zoologists can compete with Arabs in descriptions of camels.

Even in the case of Wintu validity tenses, Roger Brown points out in Words and Things: "In the social sciences there is also great concern with evidence and an equally compulsory linguistic expression. One cannot simply report that 51 per cent of Catholics showed no fear of Communists in America while 48 per cent of Protestants showed no fear. One must say whether the difference is 'significant.' ... We conjugate our verbs with 't' ratios and reliability coefficients."

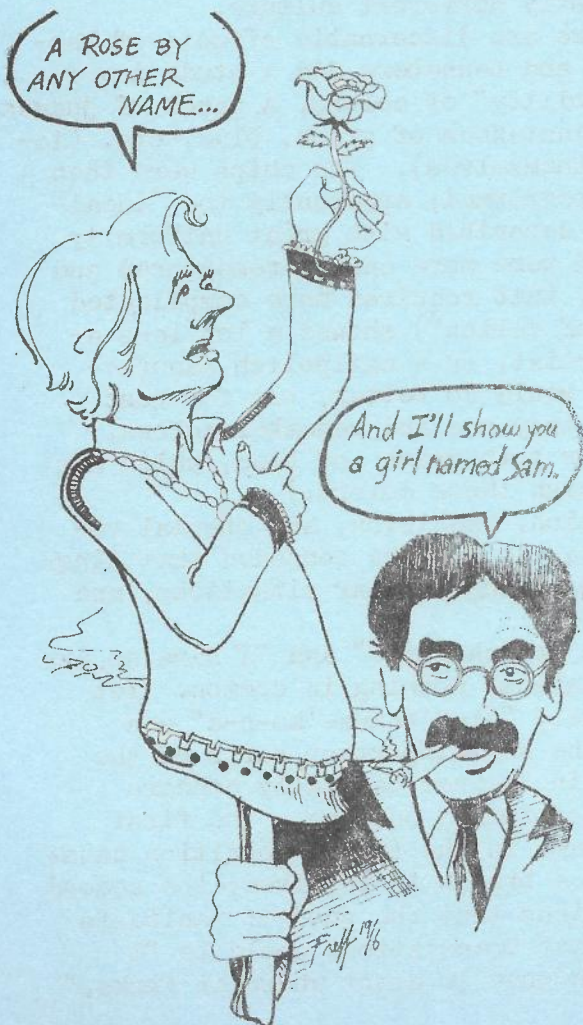
There is also a danger of literal translations leading to circular arguments -- they think differently because they use different linguistic forms, and they use different linguistic forms because we used a literal translation, and we used a literal translation instead of an idiomatic one because they think differently. Maybe the Hopi verb-sentence "ri'pi," which Whorf translates as "flash" in contrast to an idiomatic "it flashes" (to demonstrate

the English insistence on an actor and an action, in contrast to the Hopi event), is just a mistranslation. Maybe the cognitive meaning of "ri'pi" to a Hopi is identical to the cognitive meaning of "it flashes" to us.

If you take a literal translation of Standard Average European languages, where thought patterns are presumably not too different, you can get some pretty weird results. Roger Brown mentions comment allez-vous, literally "How go you," instead of "How are you." "They use a verb of action where we use a verb of being. Does this mean that the French are a kinetic and we a sedentary people?"

He also quotes a literal translation of Mark Twain's "Die Schrecken der Deutschen Sprache" ("The Horrors of the German Language"):

"I am indeed the truest friend of the German language -- not not only now, but from long since -- yes, before twenty years already ... I would only some changes effect. I would only the language method -- the luxurious, elaborate construction compress, the eternal parenthesis suppress, do away with, annihilate; the introduction of more



than thirteen subjects in one sentence forbid; the verb so far to the front pull that one it without a telescope discover can ...

...I might gladly the separable verb also a little bit reform. I might none let do what Schiller did; he has the whole history of the Thirty Years' War between the two members of a separable verb in-pushed. This has even Germany itself aroused, and one has Schiller the permission refused the History of the Hundred Years' War to compose -- God be it thanked!"

Still another problem with translation is the possibility of inadvertently animating a dead metaphor -- Hwoche is Mandarin Chinese for railroad train, from fire (Hwo) and cart (Che), certainly a more vivid word than "railroad," and definitely concentrating on different aspects of it. But "Electric train" is dyanli-hwoche, where dyanli means electric power; an electric train has no fire-spitting engine, which is strong evidence that Hwoche has the same cognitive meaning as train. Certainly "breakfast" is hardly ever thought of in terms of breaking a fast, and a translation of it as such would be in error. (Does everybody know about the computer translation of "Out of sight, out of mind" into Russian and back again, whence it emerged as "A blind lunatic"?)

Finally, in considering whether language affects your world view, one must remember how strongly world-view affects language. Even when dealing with the same word -- it is clear that German Vater has different connotations than English "father," because of the social differences between the two countries; and the Japanese for "elder brother" is even further from its English equivalent, being embedded in a vastly different culture.

However, it is equally clear that there are discernable effects of language on habitual thought patterns. Brown and Lenneberg did a study involving color chips and the comparative "codability" of colors. A panel of judges decided which color chips were the "best" instances of green, blue, etc. (incidentally showing high consistency among themselves). The chips were then shown to subjects and various experiments performed; apparently the "ideal" colors, with their single-word names, were described with great uniformity and lack of hesitation by the subjects, and were more easily remembered and picked out again. The less codable colors, that required more complicated phrases (e.g. "greenish-blue with a tinge of yellow") showed a lot less agreement and more hesitations. Maybe an artist, or a nailpolish manufacturer with "Mocha Mauve" at his fingertips would do better, but for most people their vocabulary will determine how they see and remember colors. (Iakuti, for instance, has a single word for both green and blue, which has to affect the ease with which they distinguish those colors.)

Also, despite the fact that concentration, precision, and special vocabularies can overcome linguistic handicaps, it must be conceded that linguistic similarities are a great aid in recognizing similar situations, and the opposite is also true.

Consider the two sentences "I pull the branch aside" and "I have an extra toe on my foot." They apparently have almost nothing in common. Yet their translations in Shawnee are respectively "ni-l'thawa-'ko-n-a" and "ni-l'thawa-'ko-thite." And Shawnee puts the most important parts of the sentence at the beginning! Both sentences in Shawnee basically concern themselves with the existence of some sort of forked outline. The first sentence adds morphemes indicating an increase in the forked condition caused by hand action, with an implication that a branch is involved; the second adds "pertaining to the toes" with implications that the subject manifests the condition in his own person. More literal translations would be "I pull it (something like branch of tree) more open or apart where it forks,"

and "I have an extra toe forking out like a branch from a normal toe." The point is, these two very different situations appear practically identical to the Shawnee.

Hopi has a rich set of structures for dealing with vibratory phenomena, and in particular, describes phenomena repeated in space or in time by the same device:

ho'ci - it forms a sharp acute angle

hoci'cita - it is zig zag

pa'ci - it is notched

paci'cita - it is serrated

tiri - he gives a sudden start

tiririta - he is quivering, trembling

ri'pi - it gives a flash

ripipita - it is sparkling

Taho means "it exhibits one wavelike curve, or makes one undulation."

Tahohota, when referring to a mobile substance, means "it is undulating" (e.g. a liquid surface, a snake, a shaken rope); when referring to a nonmobile substance, it means "it is scalloped" or "it forms a wave pattern."

Now if the Shawnee example is only a curiosity, any physicist will tell you that waves in space and waves in time are mathematically identical, something which is obvious to the Hopi.

Certainly a philosopher or a theologian can go into profound discourses on psychological, subjective happenings versus objective events. But how much more precise would his thinking be if he spoke Chichewa, a Zulu related language which has two past tenses -- one for past events with present results or influences, and one for past events without present influence, i.e. recorded only in memory. If you say "I ate" using the first, it implies "I'm not hungry," while the second implies "I am hungry." And every past event you talk about must be classified in one category or the other.

We can take as an axiom that all languages are equally able to describe reality, and therefore anything we can say in one language can be said in the others. The fact that we can talk about Hopi or Chichewa guarantees that. But a phrase or word in one of them might take a whole book to translate. Delany, in BABEL-17, invents the alien Ciribians, who can precisely describe a large, complex solar-energy conversion plant -- down to the color the walls are painted -- in nine words; but they require pages of explanation for the word "house." Perhaps language merely determines tendencies, merely makes some habits easier to develop than others; but when Wintu might make demagogues impossible, and a common-sense concept in Hopi (the indissolubility of space and time in describing distance) takes an Einstein to think of it, "merely" is a poor choice of word.

We can never really know what another person is thinking, except in so far as he can express it in language. When he speaks a different language we are doubly cut off. There are no Hopi physicists, despite the facility with which they might handle space-time concepts, for the Hopi are a tribe of subsistence farmers eking out a living in the plains of the American Southwest. It is unclear how to even test the Whorf-Sapir hypothesis, let alone prove it. But it can be made damn plausible. And in any case, it's a fertile source of ideas for science fiction stories.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean -- neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master -- that's all."

-- Lewis Carroll, Through the Looking Glass

BRANCHES



Hal Davis
26 W. 95th St., Apt. 3
New York, NY 10025

The following is a true-life conversation:

--Can I have popcorn now?

--Laurie, you don't have to ask permission. The only thing you have to ask permission for is to tickle me.

--Can I have a divorce?

You never get back to Topher's being run over by a car during the meal... Not that I noticed till Laurie came home and said "Topher got run over by a car?!" and I couldn't say, "Yeah, he..."

((Funny, Topher sent me a frantic postcard asking if he had survived. And Rachel wanted to know if she should apply for widow's benefits. The fact of the matter is, he stepped outside and got grazed by a car which had just made a turn, and was travelling all of about 5 m.p.h. Just got a little shaken up. Now you wouldn't have wanted me to kill a perfectly good line with such a dull anticlimax, would you?))

I like Wendy & the Yellow King, sort of. I don't mind the who-said-that layout; a refreshing change from balloons. It's the, er, story I'm having trouble with ...

Frank Denton
14654 8th Ave. S.W.
Seattle, Wash. 98166

Your usually fine KRATOPHANY arrived yesterday and I wanted to comment before it got buried under the heap. I read it cover to cover last night and enjoyed every bit of it. I was especially taken with

Freff's illo of "Tomato 1st Class". It was a superb bit of drollery and fit Ginjer's fine exposition of how to cope with skunky dogs just perfectly. Dan Freffan's title illo for Ginjer's article has either got to be Dan Steffan in an adulating mood over Freff's work, or a collaboration. I don't seem to detect Freff in there at all, and suspect the former.

((Actually, it was the other way around: The illo was pure Freff.

Dan Steffan told me I would receive a "Streff" in response to it.))

The menu looked like a lot of fun. I wanted to suggest Chicken Katchaturian, but decided that the list was mostly literate, rather than musical, so I'll let you have that one as the first for the next big banquet.

((OK. I won't even tell you about the Chopin-faced sandwiches and the Bachlava.))

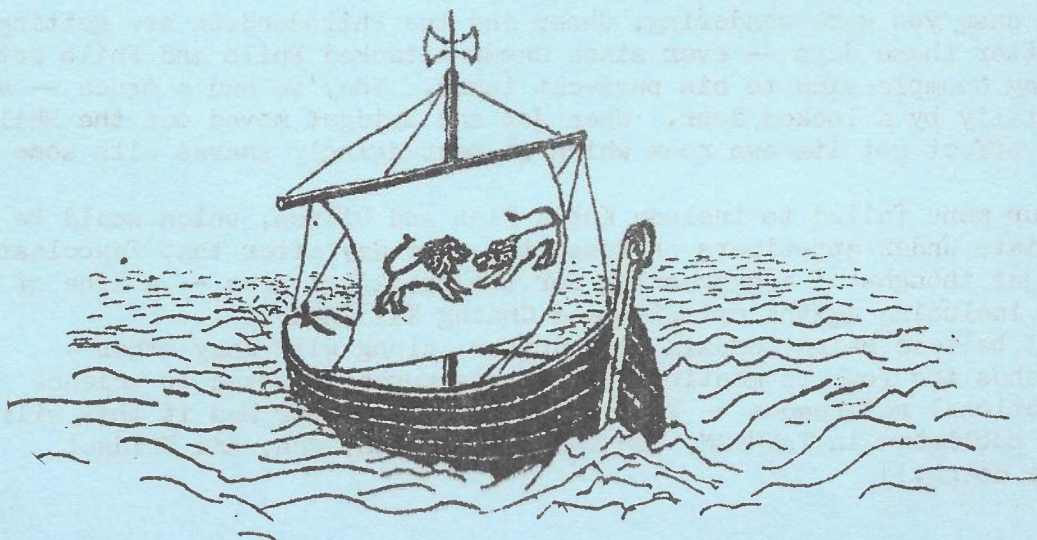
I have no more idea what Wendy and the Yellow King are up to than I did before, but I enjoyed every panel of it. Which one of those two collaborators has been to Lisdoonvarna? It's just above Lahinch and Liscannor and just south of Ballyvaughn. Look to the northwest and you'll see Slieve Elva, all 1100 feet of her. Mountains don't come very tall in the ould sod. I visited the Earth Strike station in Galway this past summer. It's near what the tourists call the Spanish Gate and they seemed to be in complete readiness. As proved out in your story. Keep dingling those two to continue that insanity. It's much fun.

Well, enough. A most enjoyable issue. Excellent art throughout. Keep up the standard you've set, even though it doesn't roll out as often as you think it ought to. And hang in there with the Zen stories. They're beautiful.

Michael K. Smith
604 N. Hampton
De Soto, Tex. 75115

My thanks for KRATOPHANY #4, which is one of the better publications to come crashing into my mailbox of late. As the result to some extent of a polylingual education myself, I agree strongly that schools ought to be geared for 3 or 4 languages, beginning at Kindergarten. I lived in Europe (my father was a military attache) from grade 4 through grade 10, in Germany, Denmark, and Italy. I went to embassy schools with a bunch of other kids of assorted nationalities, and, inevitably, we were all polyglots. In casual conversation, if you couldn't think of a word in German, say, you probably knew the same word in Russian or maybe French. And, of course, you were required to take classes in the language of the country in which you were living. Then I came back to San Antonio (my father got his first star and became Commandant of the Army Medical Service School) and went to a "regular" high school my last two years. Most of that time I was very much an outsider, surrounded by monolingualists and a few (and only a few, and this in a city that is 45% Mexican-American) who could get along in Spanish. My kids (2nd grade, 1st grade, and Kindergarten) are in a small private school which automatically teaches two other languages in addition to English (in their case, Spanish & Russian). Obviously, the problem of linguistic provincialism in this country is partly one of distance (in Europe, you're seldom more than a couple hundred miles from another country), and partly (I think) historical resistance to "un-American" languages spoken only by foreign immigrants, who had to be assimilated to become real Americans. I suspect that's still largely true regarding Mexican-Americans and Puerto Ricans.

((A case can probably be made for coercing immigrants into learning the country's dominant language; if you don't, you get a subculture so unassimilated that it can't even communicate with the larger society, and it's easy for that situation to lead to persecution and fragmentation (look at Quebec in Canada). But that's just another argument against monolingualism -- this time, the immigrants'. There are usually economic incentives available that encourage newcomers to pick up the language, except in cases like New York where the "foreign" population is large enough to be self-sustaining. It was really a tactical error to grant full citizenship to a large group of Spanish speakers, without any thought being given to the language problems. I think teaching New York



kids Spanish in the schools is a great idea -- as long as Puerto Rican kids here are also taught English. Incidentally, I think it's not resistance to "un-American" languages, but the English language chauvinism that's always been prevalent in Britain, cut off as she is from the European mainland, and transmitted to her colonies (again, English Canada is a perfect example). I've heard the Chinese had the same attitude, at least prior to the Opium Wars.))

I don't know what you said about astrology in KRAT 2 that got to Ken Ozanne, but I think he's incorrect (sounds more polite than "he's wrong!") about astrology being a relatively late development. I believe, at least in its basic features, astrology is a Sumerian discovery/invention. I refer you to Ivan T. Sanderson's Investigating the Unexplained for an intriguing explanation of what astrology was originally designed for. I wonder what Linda Goodman would say about the sign of someone who trips on avocados? My grandmother (now deceased) had an avocado ranch outside San Diego -- in southern Calif., anything larger than a quarter-acre house lot is a "ranch." She could toss a pit over her shoulder without looking and it would sprout a tree in two weeks flat. And my wife has a knack for digging a little hole with the toe of her shoe beside the back porch, dropping in an aging tomato, covering it up, and supplying us with tomatoes all summer. All I can grow is Johnson grass and moles.

Genie DiModica You'll be pleased to hear that KRAT was the basis
183 Pinehurst Ave. Apt. 4 of a substantial part of the conversation going
New York, NY 10040 on in the kitchen at Hank Davis' semi-birthday
party. However, due to the critical shortage of
walking sticks that has been crippling ((ouch!)) the country, we dropped our
Coke-bottle caps and pseudo Baskin Robbins plastic spoons instead.

Ginger's Jam Today was magnificent. It certainly captured the true essence of Donovan. (Unfortunately so did the rug at the Menagerie.) But fie on you for censoring a truly descriptive phrase. Nicotine yellow is not the proper color and besides it just isn't an appropriate word to use in reference to Donovan -- he certainly had a disgusting habit, but it had nothing to do with smoking.

((I admit Ginger did have another, more appropriate adjective in her original text, but she crossed it out, apparently not wanting to remind ex-roommates of old mishaps.))

In case you were wondering, Chomp and the Philodendron are getting along much better these days -- ever since Chomp attacked Philo and Philo retaliated by making Chomple sick to his puss-cat tummy. They've had a truce -- aided incidentally by a locked door. When Jon and Bridget moved out the Philodendron in effect got its own room which it begrudgingly shares with some of my books.

Your menu failed to include Kubla Flan and Olives, which would be equally appropriate under appetizers or desserts. The day after that Fanoclasts meeting Ginger thought of a suggestion for the breakfast menu -- a line of Baird Cereals including Agatha Crispies and Chaing Kai Chex.

((I believe Baird Cereals will appear, along with many other dishes too foul to mention, in the restaurant devoted to science fictional references -- The Alfred Bistro. Rumor has it this will be published in TANGRAM, the fanzine Asenath, Jon, and Bridget are doing.))

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107

Ah, so NYC is running into the bilingual education problem. It is something that has come under much discussion here in the past few years and, of course, bilingual teachers are a necessity in the first few grades. Unfortunately, far too many children here make their first acquaintance with English when they start school. I can well appreciate the need for bilingual teachers in the lower grades, but some of the more militant types want to carry it a bit too far, I think. There are some demands that Spanish be used all the way through college. Rather stupid, actually, because what good will it do to go all the way through, get a degree, and then still not be able to get a job because the person can't speak English. Ah, well....chap I know applied to the Albuquerque schools for a job as a bilingual teacher -- said he was qualified to instruct in either English or German. Got turned down.

When I was a child I, too, like Roger Sween, looked about for heroes and, like Roger Sween, found three: Omar Khayyam, Thorne Smith, and W.C. Fields. Who worries about the secrets of the universe?

Or as the Buddha once said: A journey of a thousand miles on a camel is damned rough.



Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

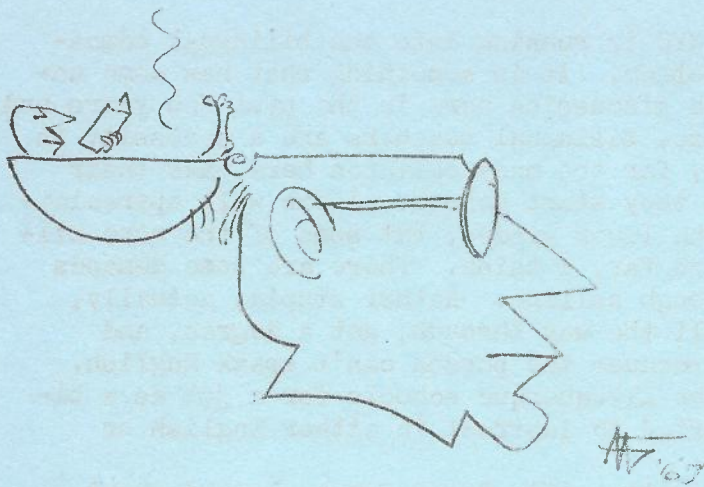
The "Food for Thought
Restaurant Menu" is
hands down the best
thing in KRAT 4.

Brilliant. Ginger's column runs it a close second. She writes funny stuff and she writes it funny.

I can remember licking my grandmother's fingers when she baked. It feels so funny. My kids have licked mine, which feels even funnier.

The boundary between reality and acting is awareness. When you are unaware of roleplaying, then you have lost sight of reality. But then, maybe that's just another form of reality. (Maybe I don't know after all.) It seems to me that as long as you have two feet somewhere on the ground and are fully aware of role playing and acting, then you're still within the bounds of reality. The people who sadden me are the ones whose acting is so much a part of them that it is their "reality."

((But there are mystic philosophies that say what we call "reality" is all maya -- illusion and role playing. It works both ways: You can get so caught up in a play or novel that it becomes vividly real to you; or you can back off and treat life like a movie in which you are merely playing a part.))



Mike Glicksohn
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Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3
Canada

What can one say about your editorial comments? Sympathize with your ordinary life? Scarcely. The only thing that's happened around here lately has been the untimely death of my tortoise. I did pass on the plants to my brother, since I apparently wasn't loving them enough for them to prosper. Our avocados never did reach the magnificence of

your own trees anyway. They'd stop at about three feet and go into some sort of stasis. Perhaps there's a municipal ordinance banning the height of avocado plants to prevent vertigo in whatever bugs they may be heir to. That way I can at least think of our somewhat feeble attempts as "patriotic" instead of "stunted." It has a nicer ring to it ...

((No, no, Mike -- it's the species that sprouts maple leaves that's patriotic. Yours were just law-abiding.))

Ginger's column is again excellent, even if it isn't true. As a dyed-in-the-fur canineophile (canineophile?? someone who likes Robert E. Howard...?) I should protest any article that puts a dog in a poor light, but with good humorous writing so hard to find, I can forgive this one instance. It's all fiction, of course. Dogs have no such drawbacks... although having a dog that regularly pissed on the bed might strain my enthusiasm, I guess...

Speaking of Richard, and reading the comments on astrology, reminds me of the funniest anti-astrology argument I've heard of. I may publish this myself somewhere, but I can safely write about it here knowing it won't see print during this calendar year anyway. ((Let that be a lesson to you!)) I've often said that astrology columns were too vague to be of any use and that believers could interpret them anyway they wanted. The last time Richard was here he told me a story that confirmed my lack of faith in these columns. You probably know that Richard received many rapid promotions at the paper he works for and ended up quite important on the night staff. On occasions, he has acted as night city editor, which means that he gets final look at all copy for the paper. On several of these occasions, Richard admitted to having rewritten the wire-service astrology copy so that it was more favorable to what he had planned to do!

Having no personal experience with Jesuits, I read the book "The Exorcist" without any preconceived ideas. I found it thoroughly engrossing. Nor did I find that the book made the Jesuits out to be particularly heroic figures. They were just there. I don't see why it couldn't have been anyone else for that matter. I was impressed by the book, and very much impressed by the film. In fact, I nominated it for Best Dramatic Performance, since it clearly rates as fantasy. What criticism I've seen of the novel has been of the "this best seller crap" type, which is scarcely valid. Just because a novel is a best seller doesn't automatically make it bad: I'm rather suspicious of those people who denigrate things popular with the masses without any other reason except their very popularity.

Murray Moore
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Norwich Ontario NOJ 1P0
Canada

Your blue paper reminds me of the late ENERGUMEN. Incidentally, do you know if Mike Glicksohn is still alive? ((Aside from his letter, which could have been ghost written, I've only heard rumors of a fabulous fannish Hat wandering the continent, leaving empty beer bottles in its wake.)) I haven't read any mention of his being arrested, which could explain his absence. He must be fandom's most well known exhibitionist. His name comes up all over in letter columns and apas, stories about how he went around Torcon showing of his, I think the euphemism was, "snake." That choice of word shows that at least something is big about him: his ego. He never made a secret of his attachment in his writing; he even gave it a name. I must say though that he was very decent about his preoccupation, always kept his vocabulary clean.

The Donald Davis cover is a fine piece of art to appear in a fanzine, and that is saying something as the level of excellence of fanzine art overall is rising and in this issue specifically is uniformly worthy of display. This issue gathers a number of the better fan artists under one cover and reminds me of how many good artists there are around and how varied they are in style and subject matter, and my appreciation is aided by your excellent reproduction. The Davis cover alone is reason enough for mailing KRAT flat.

Sheryl L. Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20760

((Making excuses for her letter being so "late"!))
...BUT -- the big hold-up (um -- poor choice of words) has been the gas shortage and my **new** car. I planned on getting one -- sooner or later, hopefully more later. Such was not to be. Almost a month ago -- in the midst of a snow/ice storm, as I went sailing past a STOP sign I got the definite feeling something was wrong.

Ah well -- perhaps it was just the slick road.

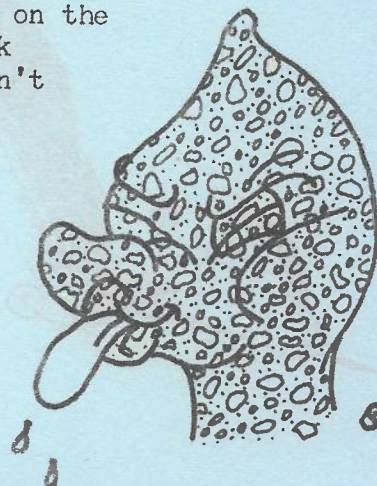
Several STOP signs, innumerable near misses, and four helps up icy hills later, I finally began to get the message -- NO BRAKES.

Condensed version -- 2½ hours after starting a 45 minute drive, I got to work. I might also mention that while I live 17-miles-out-in-the-boondocks -away from the lab and had no brakes, only one other person made it in (and he walked!).

Anyway, I called then crawled to the Dodge dealer. Poor car -- I knew it well -- a '63 Dart and just kinda tired. Today the brakes, tomorrow the alternator. Sigh. However, when I was signing on the dotted line for the national debt and they said they'd junk (gasp) the old car -- I politely (with tears, but they didn't see that) told them I'd keep it. Found it a good home too as it turns out.

So -- I'm now the proud (dubious) frustated owner (or the bank is) of a '74 BRIGHT RED (parchment vinyl top -- whoopee!) Dart. V-8 even and I've already left 50¢ worth of rubber on the road -- gotta watch ole lead-foot. Now -- problems are over -- right? No way.
(No way and no gas.)

New car -- no gas! So, I began riding with another woman who works here but the hours 6:00 - 6:00 got to me RAPIDLY. I'm still recuperating. To top that, on the first day I drove, my new jalopy died -- 100% dead. They towed it away etc. etc.



NOW -- problems are over -- right? Guess again.

New carpool (7:00-5:50, getting better) but one door won't open and the window won't roll down. SHRIEK! It's only a two-door, so I'm 50% doorless! Agh.

Yeah! Wendy -- this installment made a bit more sense to me (is it changing or am I slowly slipping?)

((Better watch it, Sheryl. Next you'll be seeing the Yellow King!))

We Also Heard From Bruce D. Arthurs, Frank Balazs, Steven Beatty, Garth Danielson, Ken Gammage, Ben Indick, Jeff Schalles, Mae Strelkov, Laurine White, and Bernie Zuber.

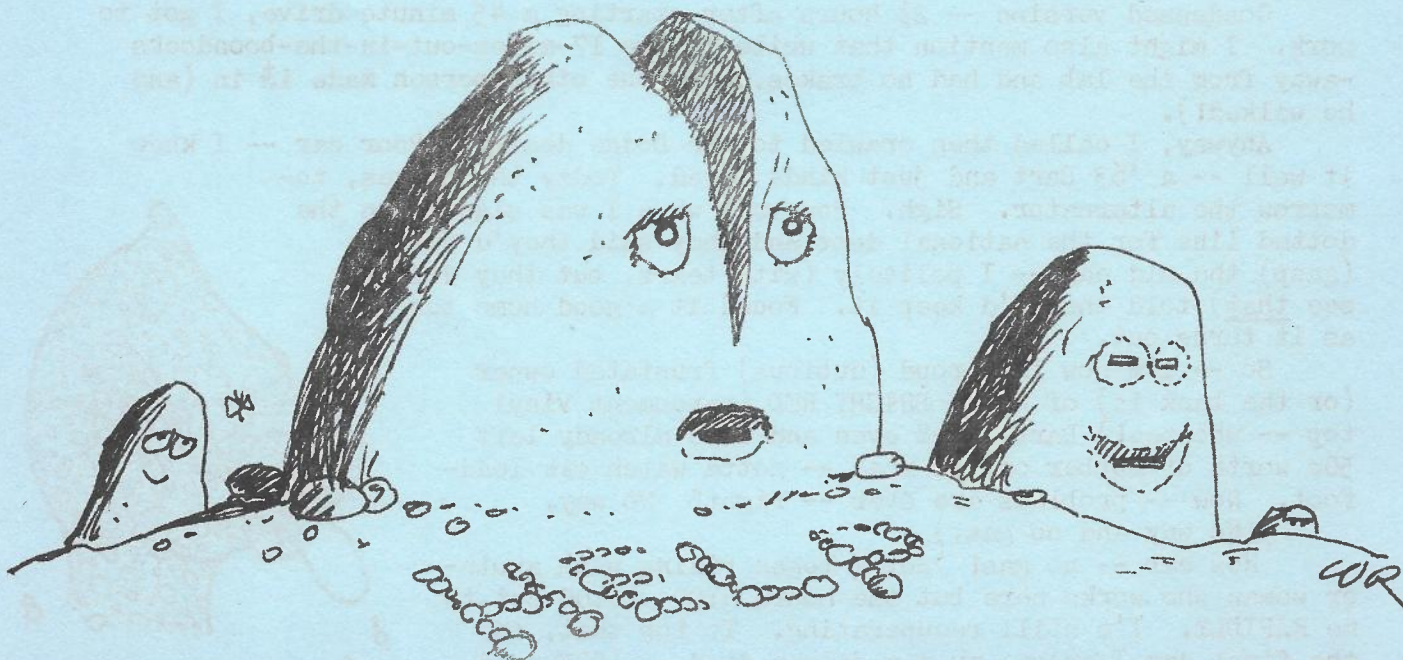
When Yamaoka was a brash young student, he visited the master Dokuon. Wanting to impress the master, he said:

"There is no mind, there is no body, there is no Buddha. There is no better, there is no worse. There is no master and there is no student; there is no giving, there is no receiving. What we think we see and feel is not real. All that is real is Emptiness. None of these seeming things really exists."

Dokuon had been sitting quietly smoking his pipe, and saying nothing. Now he picked up his staff, and without warning gave Yamaoka a terrible whack. Yamaoka jumped up in anger.

"Since none of these things really exists," said Dokuon, "and all is Emptiness, where does your anger come from? Think about it."

-- Zen Stories



THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

When the biologists of the planet Grax perfected a simple and cheap technique for genetic duplication, all sorts of legal tangles were instantly foreseen. However, most of these were forestalled when the "dupes," as they became known, turned out to bear one major difference from their originals -- something in the process made them physically incapable of any violent crime. This solved the problem of identification of criminals -- until Jarmon, one of the planet's more devoted radicals, had himself duped and then proceeded to assassinate the Chief of the Scientists' Guild. Everyone knew that the original Jarmon, and not the dupe, was the guilty party -- but no one had bargained on the dupe's cooperation. Showing extreme loyalty to the man whose genes he wore, the dupe assisted Jarmon in creating total confusion as to which was which -- and of course, since they were genetically identical in every respect, no scientist or lawyer on the planet could find a way out of the dilemma. Finally, they called in Grayson Greensward, interplanetary detective and trouble shooter, and watched, fascinated, as he did the following series of things: First, he erected a large crucifix in the town square, then he proceeded to throw mud all over it. Finally, he put a large bucket of soapy water next to it and said, "There, your problem is solved!" Confused, the Graxans asked him to explain the "solution" and he said, condescendingly -- "Just have both Jarmon and his dupe walk past here, and whichever one stops to clean off the mud will be the criminal." "But how do you know?" asked the Graxans. "I thought everyone knew," said Greensward, "that a strolling clone lathers no cross."

--Yarik P. Thrip
(with thanks to Debbie Notkin and Jeff Kleinbard)

((Continued from p.6))

obviously based on the fact that they don't pay contributors).

I think paying contributors is irrelevant. I'm not convinced that the best material would necessarily be attracted to a paying market, and in any case I think something that was "clearly" a prozine, whose editor nonetheless insisted was a fanzine, would lose at the vote.

The informality that was possible in a smaller fandom still has a few precious relics today. Let's not discard them unnecessarily.

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"Amnesia is not knowing who one is and wanting desperately to find out. Euphoria is not knowing who one is and not caring. Ecstasy is knowing exactly who one is -- and still not caring."

-- Tom Robbins, Another Roadside Attraction

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The master Ryokan lived in a poor little hut on a mountain-side. One moonlight night he came home and found a burglar looking for something to steal. But Ryokan was a hermit who owned nothing.

"Poor fellow," he said to the robber. "You have come a long way and have found nothing. But I don't want you to leave empty-handed. Please take my clothes." And Ryokan stripped, and handed the clothes to the robber.

"Poor fellow," said naked Ryokan, going outdoors again when the inconsiderate robber had left, "How I wish I could have given him this wonderful moon."

WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- () Trade and/or review
- () It seemed like the thing to do at the time
- () You're going to let me borrow your snow shovel this summer
- () You contributed
- () You LoCed
- () You thought Ursa Major had seven stars
- () You are mentioned
- () Pardon me, but you dropped your walking stick
- () You paid
- () Consider it a very elaborate CoA notice
- () Sometimes you get the elevator, and sometimes you get the shaft

