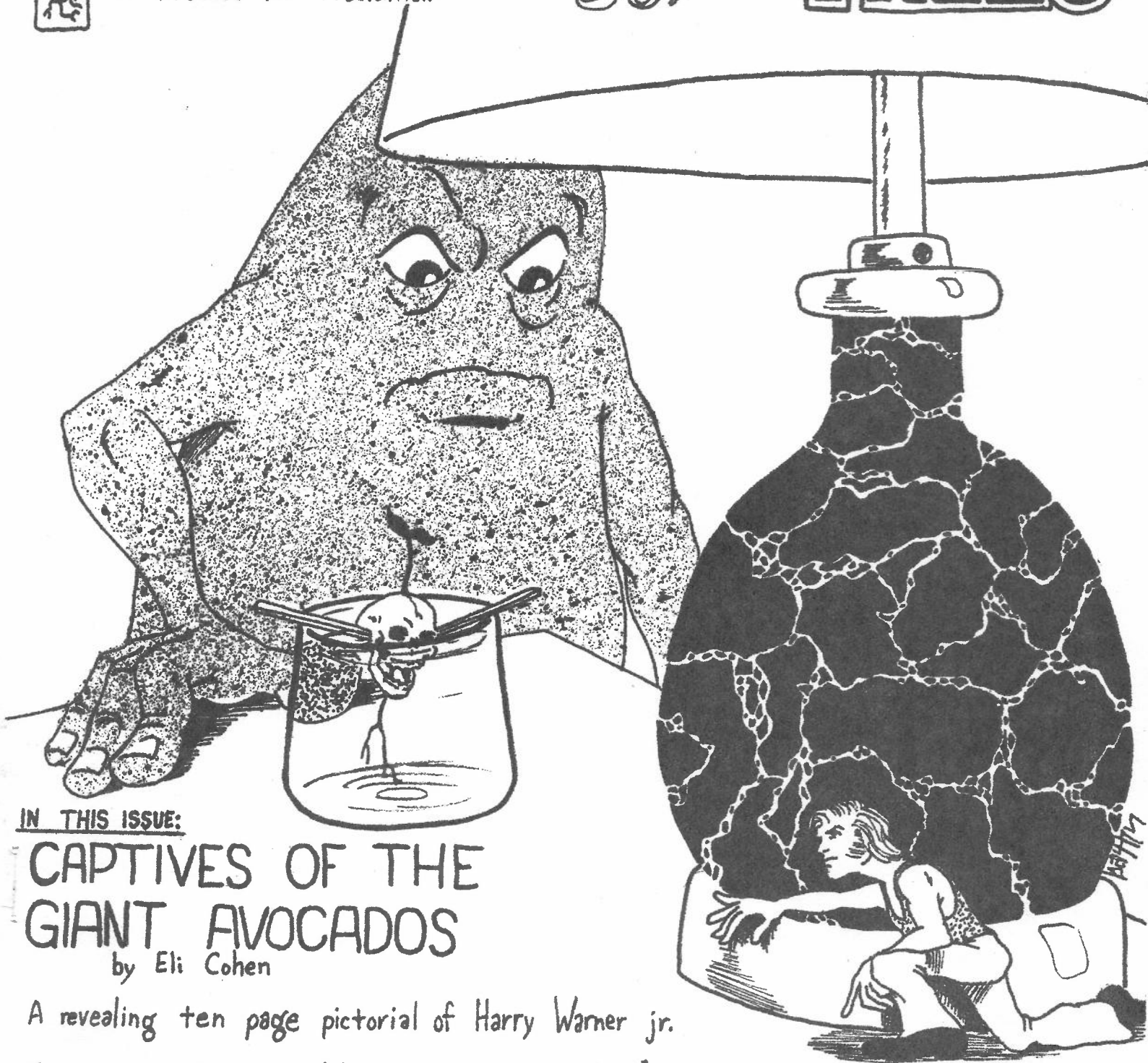


TRUE KRATOPHANY TALES

AN AVOCADO PIT PUBLICATION

50¢



IN THIS ISSUE:

CAPTIVES OF THE GIANT AVOCADOS

by Eli Cohen

A revealing ten page pictorial of Harry Warner jr.

I spent a week at 417 W. 118th Street and lived!

Kratophany

December, 1974

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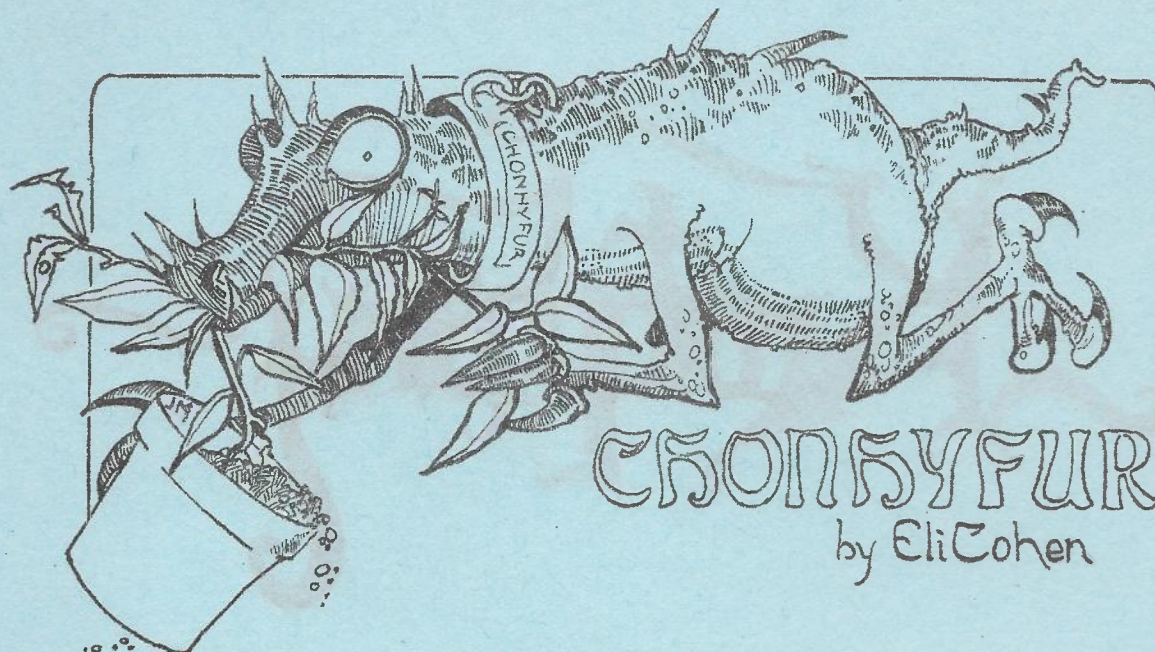
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Electrostencils courtesy of Brian McCarthy

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Gobrin Press Publication #5.



This issue comes to you from Gobra Heights, the fannish centre of Regina, Saskatchewan. I share the apartment with Susan Wood, a mild-mannered English professor who periodically changes into the Best Fan Writer of 1973; Kermit the Avocado, five feet tall and still growing; and five other avocado pits in varying stages of development.

Despite the optimism of my last editorial, I spent most of the summer without a job -- you'll hear more about that later -- and I still haven't gotten my landed immigrant status. Though an injudicious question I asked of the local Member of Parliament has resulted in his making "representations" on my behalf to the Minister of Manpower and Immigration, which might clear things up. If they don't get me deported. I was assured that with Les Benjamin (the M.P.) taking a hand, my troubles were over; case in point is that of a couple at the University that he's been helping to become landed immigrants. Of course, it's been seven years now, but everyone is very hopeful.

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"The scooter disturbed the head monk.

'Koan study,' he said, 'leads to understanding that all things are connected. All beings are bound to each other by strong, invisible threads. Anyone who has realized this truth will be careful, will try to be aware of what he is doing. You aren't.'

'No?' I asked politely.

'No,' the head monk said and looked at me discontentedly. 'I saw you turn a corner the other day and you didn't hold out your hand. Because of your carelessness a truckdriver, who happened to be driving behind you, got into trouble and had to drive his truck on the sidewalk where a lady pushing her pram hit a director of a large trading company. The man, who was in a bad mood already, fired an employee that day who might have stayed on. That employee got drunk that night and killed a young man who could have become a Zen master.'

'Come off it,' I said.

'Perhaps it will be better if you hold out your hand in future when you turn a corner,' the head monk said."

-- Janwillem van de Wetering, The Empty Mirror

As I mentioned, I spent most of the summer looking for a job; herewith is the tale of my epic search, which I call (with apologies to Mel Brooks)

ELI AMONG THE ICE FLOES

OR: NEVER GIVE A SAGA AN EVEN BREAK

When we last left our hero, his landed immigrant application had been rejected by the Canadian Consulate for "lack of employment," his job offer was caught in the Canadian postal strike, Regina was flooded, and he was trapped on the bottom of the acid-filled oceans of Venus with every lethal organism mind-programmed by the Galactic Overlord for his destruction ...

(Actually, I was waiting for a telegram from my employer, sent to bypass the strike, confirming my job; the Galactic Overlord had been defeated three episodes ago.)

Suddenly the phone rang. It was Western Union, and they had a telegram for me. I told them to deliver it instantly, and I was assured it would be in my hands that very evening.

Five days later, not only didn't I have the telegram, but all traces of its existence had disappeared from the Western Union office. By the following day it didn't matter, for the postal strike was over and I had in my hand not just a job offer from the Public Health Dept. of Saskatchewan, but a letter from Jenny Smythe of the Labour Department expressing strong interest in interviewing me for a job as soon as I arrived in Regina.

Let me backtrack a minute and explain something about the Saskatchewan provincial government: There are two kinds of civil service jobs -- Permanent Appointments, which necessitate formal advertisements and selection on a competitive basis, and Temporary Appointments, which can be given at the discretion of Directors for a maximum of 12 months. I had been offered a Temporary Appointment.

Imagine my surprise when the Consulate, in response to my two letters and glowing description of the skills and training I was bringing to Saskatchewan, coldly informed me that I had not offered "sufficient evidence of lasting employment" in Canada, and turned me down again. Since they had also told me I couldn't work without landed immigrant status, it looked pretty dismal.

However, they had also delayed telling me this for long enough that all my plans were made, so I figured I'd leave for Regina anyway and look for a permanent job that would satisfy them.

A SEPARATE AND COMPLETE APPLICATION MUST BE FILLED OUT FOR EACH POSITION FOR WHICH YOU APPLY:

The first interview I had was with Jennie Smythe, who turned out to be a transplanted American with a formerly-draft-age son. I explained my problem with temporary appointments, and Jennie gently explained that she was on temporary appointment. The red tape required by the Public Service Commission for a Permanent Appointment is so horrendous, in fact, that most of her division consisted of temps -- something about changing all the job titles every 12 months and rehiring everybody, which pisses off the Public Service Commission no end.

She did, however, give me some names to check, as did my almost-employer, and advised me to apply for the Permanent Appointments advertised in the papers. So I spent the next few weeks talking to





lots of people (most of them friendly and helpful). And, since the government will not do anything without a Public Service Commission job application, I spent hours writing "Puerto Rican Legal Defense and Education Fund, Inc." in little tiny spaces marked "Previous Employer." Over and over again.

Anyway, all this is mere prolog, for in the course of my wanderings I met Ian Potter at the Department of Social Services.

THE LONGEST UNDEFENDED BORDER IN THE WORLD:

Ian was marvelous. He thought a permanent position was a

possibility in the long run, but would have to wait until Social Services finished the massive reorganization it was currently in the throes of. However, the E.S.P. project desperately needed someone to put in about two months work ...

I explained that Canadian Manpower and Immigration in New York had told me I had to be a landed immigrant to work, that I couldn't be a landed immigrant on the basis of a temporary job, and that temporary work visas were only available in such extraordinary cases that I needn't even bother about them. Besides, I had never done very well with Rhine cards.

Ian handed me a booklet on the Employment Support Program and called Manpower and Immigration in Regina. The friendly natives told him that all that was needed for a temporary work permit was assurance that no Canadians were displaced -- and they managed to give the impression that they could care less about that, but Ottawa worried about such things.

Everything looked just rosy.

But a few little details had to be taken care of ...

AND MOSES SAID, "WHY DON'T WE JUST TAKE A SHORTCUT THROUGH THIS DESERT":

First of all, it turned out Ian didn't work for Social Services -- he was a troubleshooter sent over from Central Planning to help during the reorganization. So he had to find someone there to write me a letter of employment.

There ensued a comedy of errors involving Deputy Ministers with necessary signatures being in Winnipeg, and letters theoretically mailed actually found sitting on desks in Personnel, and secretaries leaving early for Election Day; but after a week of slapstick I finally got a lovely letter offering me a (temporary) Research Officer position, and going on about my "unique qualifications." I promptly trotted over to Manpower with it and asked for a

temporary work permit.

Let me say that throughout the subsequent two and a half weeks of aggravation and delay, the people at Manpower remained perfectly friendly and gave every appearance of being helpful.

First off, as to what the New York Consulate said: Not only was there nothing extraordinary about work permits, there was a regular procedure and (of course!) set of forms, and everyone gave the impression that such a thing was quite normal and commonplace. A Ms. Quirk took my name, address, and a copy of the letter, asked some questions about my qualifications, and told me I'd know by the end of the week.

Now, I'm not blaming her for being out for two days -- anybody can get sick. And I suppose it's normal in a large, busy office for a person to have to call twice in three hours, and be assured each time that someone would call back immediately. But the second time the guy told me (after I explained my problem) that he'd call me back in ten minutes, as soon as he found my file. So I was naturally disconcerted by the fact that the response I got ten minutes later was a result of my first call, which was OK except the caller in question had no idea of what the problem was (he had gotten back from lunch and found a message to call me), and after we'd straightened that out, he offered to call me back in ten minutes as soon as he found my file ...

Anyway, I eventually got hold of Ms. Quirk, and she apologized all over the place and said I would know in just another week, because they had to search for available Canadians. So while they scoured the continent looking for Canadian citizens with graduate degrees in statistics, programming experience, and writing ability, who wanted to move to Regina for a temporary job, I sat back and chewed my fingernails.

CALGARY ARRIVES AT THE LAST MINUTE:

I have to hand it to them; it took a little more than a week, but they did manage to come up with what they thought was a suitable resume -- a chap from Calgary, only about 470 miles away. So it was now up to my employer to decide between us. Ian assured me it was a mere formality. But Manpower had to go through the motions, so all we could do was get it over with as quickly as possible.

Except ... remember that Ian didn't work for Social Services. The actual offer of employment was signed by the Deputy Minister, and by God, Manpower had to talk to him. Of course, since Deputy Ministers are hard to find, this took a few hours, and he just said he didn't know anything about it and they'd have to talk to Ian, who by this time was in conference ... (The third time I called Ms. Quirk to check on progress, she confided to me that it had been a very frustrating day. No comment.)

Ah, but eventually everyone got together, the motions were gone through, I got my permit (it took about five minutes once the decisions were made), and I am now employed as a Research Officer in the Saskatchewan Department of Social Services with a work visa good until July, 1975.

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((Archie Goodwin has just asked Nero Wolfe to explain how he knew something, and Wolfe replies:))

"...I would not attempt to place plain to your eyes the sights my own have discerned. God made you and me, in certain respects, quite unequal, and it would be futile to try any interference with His arrangements."

The League of Frightened Men, by Rex Stout



"The Bangkok politicians had no interest whatsoever in helping the Vietnamese, Communist or non-Communist. Their obligation to the United States for feeding and strengthening them domestically was strictly limited by their desire not to interfere while the Vietnamese destroyed each other and by their calculations as to the final outcome of the conflict. There is an old Thai proverb to the effect that it is worthwhile to try and help an elephant that is trying to stand up, but perfectly useless to help one that happens to be falling down."

-- Fire in the Lake, by
Frances Fitzgerald

* * *

Small World Dept.: I have a friend in New York named Steve Gelb that I've known since high school. And Steve and I have a mutual friend from college who, it turns out, has also moved to Canada. Well, this friend, Tom, was visiting New York this past August, and Steve was telling him about my job hassles and it seems Tom is currently living in Calgary and KNOWS THE GUY WHO WAS OFFERED MY JOB!

Says he didn't want to move to Regina anyway ...

* * *

"Meeting a friend in a corridor, Wittgenstein said; 'Tell me, why do people always say it was natural for men to assume that the sun went round the earth, rather than that the earth was rotating?' His friend said, 'Well, obviously, because it just looks as if the sun is going around the earth.' To which the philosopher replied, 'Well, what would it have looked like if it had looked as if the earth was rotating?'"

-- Tom Stoppard, "Jumpers"

* * *

Aside from being unemployed and in imminent danger of eviction (a long story that ended when we acceded to an illegal \$20 a month rent increase; with a .2% vacancy rate in Regina apartments we didn't press the point), it was a pretty good summer. Despite the dire warnings of my friends, I did not freeze any of the more delicate portions of my anatomy. In fact, the weather was almost invariably sunny and in the 70's or 80's, not at all humid, and very comfortable.

Regina has birds! Not just New York pigeons and sparrows, but robins and starlings and grackles and crows and God knows what else. Now, I'm sure New York has other species, too, but no robin ever landed on the window sill of the Avocado Pit -- for one thing, coming through Morningside Park it would've been mugged by the pigeons.

And flowers! Lots of private gardens with bright colors, and very well landscaped parks. Victoria Park even had a Canadian flag flower bed; the Western third was a little late in blooming, but I'm sure no symbolism was intended.

Aside from birds and flowers (and mosquitos, which we will try to forget), Regina also has people, about 150,000 of them. And they all suffer from a fanatical devotion to barbecues. The first week I was here I got taken to three barbecues -- one given by Susan's crazy colleague Goodhue, and two hosted by the English Students Association. One of the latter was an all day affair at Last Mountain Lake (I've seen bigger hills in Manhattan, but I suppose one makes do with what one has), and lots of fun except for the mosquitos. That first week was by no means unusual -- the following week I got dragged off to Wascana Park for more barbecue (and mosquitos), and this happened periodically throughout the rest of the summer. Every supermarket has a whole section devoted to charcoal, fire-starting fluid, pokers, and other arcane necessities of the ritual. (But not mosquito repellent, which I consider a most puzzling oversight.) The parks are full of special grills, for those unfortunates without a backyard. I guess it's a reaction to the long winters -- everyone tries to stay outdoors as much as possible when they can.



Inbetween barbecues, Susan and I found time to visit her friends David and Cathryn Miller, who live on a farm outside of Saskatoon. They used to live in Regina, working for the local theatre company (David as an actor and Cathryn as stage manager), but David felt the city closed in on him too much. (De gustibus non disputandum est, or, as we say in English, you're weird, David.) They are truly fascinating people -- I sat there gaping while they counted up the 27 kinds of jobs they had, between them, earned money at. They have now settled down to farm and build dulcimers. Someday, Susan insists, she will get David to write up how he was paid \$10 an hour to curse at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

In any case, we spent a weekend on the farm, and I helped trim logs, and played with the cats (our landlord forbids all pets, but particularly cats), and swatted mosquitos. I also had fresh vegetable soup, one of the most delicious things I've ever eaten, complete with just-picked snow peas from the garden. I decided what I wanted to do was live next to a farm, and drop in for dinner from time to time.

And at night I saw the stars. As I'm fond of telling people, I saw the stars once -- at summer camp, when I was 12. (New York is not well suited to stargazing.) Gorgeous. Fantastic. But it turned out the stars were just the warmup performance -- at about 2 A.M. the Aurora appeared. Wow. Shimmering curtains of red and green, covering a third of the sky. Sense of Wonder! The only other aurora I'd ever seen was the one NESFA arranged for Lexicon I, a simple white one that, you should pardon the expression, paled in comparison. (Stu Brownstein described that aurora as a "pretty Borealis affair.") The frozen North does have its advantages.

Of course, I did not spend the whole summer on this Nature stuff. I spent a certain amount of time learning to cook Chinese meals with the wok Susan got me for my birthday, using ingredients from the local Chinese food store. (It's amazing, the things this town has.) I also had Chateaubriand for the first time in my life, in the local fancy restaurant. (I know; I agree it's totally absurd to have to move from New York to Regina to taste Chateaubriand.) The

culinary delights of Regina, by the way, also include round "pizza" which is unaccountably cut into squares. And banana soft ice cream.

As far as things fancish go, I don't think any other city can beat a Gestetner 300 in very good condition for \$60 (with a quire of stencils thrown in). Said mimeo, yclept Gobrin Press, is producing this fanzine. Canadian Gestetners are weird -- the stencils have about nine million holes, to go with the nine million bumps of assorted sizes and shapes on the machine. I've had to make a special cardboard collar for the American Gestetner electrostencils I brought up with me. But the windfall savings on the mimeo are being eaten up by paper prices, which run \$3.50 to \$4.50 a ream.

Regina is not all idyllic. Despite the government liquor monopoly and the general inaccessibility of liquor stores, Saskatchewan has a very bad alcoholism problem. I've seen an old drunk leave the supermarket clutching his only purchase -- a jar of vanilla extract, contents 2% alcohol. There's also a Native Indian problem almost completely analogous to New York and its Blacks about 10-15 years ago, when militancy was just starting. There's still a very low level of street crime, but the Natives, comprising 10% of Saskatchewan's population, account for almost 70% of prison admissions. I've heard a Regina cabby complaining about Indian welfare bums, and demanding their sterilization, in words so close to those of his New York brethren that I was almost homesick. And another revelation for the big-city boy -- there really are railroad tracks going through town, and there really is a wrong side of them. It's the side where all the Natives live.

But all that sort of thing is remarkably easy to ignore. Meanwhile, the supermarket and bank employees are friendly and talk to you. The streets are clean; so is the air. The problem with Regina is the lack of certain accompaniments to civilized living -- like Szechuan restaurants, a decent local newspaper, and weird Halloween cards. And bagels. Most of all bagels.

New York, on the other hand, with its 24 hour, 7 day a week bagel store on 80th and Broadway ...

I was back in New York for a little while around Worldcon time, and I was shocked. I guess 26 years of steadily living there had made me oblivious to a lot of things -- the air, the littered streets, and the noise: Buses roaring, cars honking, subways crashing ... it was unbelievable! I swear I had never really noticed it before. And it didn't help that in the two and a half months I had been away my mother had had her purse snatched, a girl was murdered across the street from my junior high school, and there were signs in the subways asking people to stay in the first four cars after 8 P.M., so the Transit Police could protect them better. Oh yeah -- the sales tax had also gone up to 8%.

This is not say there aren't good things about New York, -- concerts, theatres, fine restaurants, parks and botanical gardens ... But I decided that to enjoy them you need at a minimum two things: a safe, comfortable haven to which you can retreat from the awful pressure of the city; and money. Hell, a round trip subway ride is 70¢, and even the museums are charging admission these days. Unfortunately, I had been unemployed all summer and was kind of broke. And my roommates had dismantled the Avocado Pit and moved to Greenwich Village at the beginning of August, so I spent the time before the Worldcon packing and living in a gutted apartment, and the week after the con at my parents' and with various friends. The combination was devastating, and all the bagels in the world couldn't make up for it.

The preceding has undoubtedly given a bad impression of New York. I don't really mean a blanket condemnation. Let's just say it's a nice place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit there.



The Saskatchewan Dept. of Social Services finally completed its reorganization, fortunately around the time I was finishing the E.S.P. work, and the new Director of the new Planning and Evaluation Branch was none other than Ian Potter, who was responsible for my getting hired in the first place. So now that the ice chips have settled, I find myself the Research Officer in charge of the Corrections Division (that's Corrections as in prisons, not erasers). I'm responsible for all research, information collection, and data analysis pertaining to Corrections, and generally act as liason between them and our Branch. At the moment, for instance, I'm helping to do an evaluation of the Community Training Residence program (essentially halfway houses where offenders can finish their sentences while maintaining a job in the community). (We have cleverly arranged to visit the North Battleford residence in the middle of blizzard season, which they tell me is the best time to see the real Saskatchewan.) I just finished a

report on "Recidivism Among 1971-1972 Direct Sentence Releases," and (an ongoing project) am working out plans for a total overhaul of the Corrections information system.

Things are going quite well. Ian keeps complimenting me on my "clear, succinct memos," and reacts well to the various suggestions I've made about the new information system -- for instance, I proposed that once we've computerized who is serving time where, we sell the mailing list to Reader's Digest, to defray escalating prison costs. And to cut down on paperwork, I suggested eliminating all forms completely, letting the various components of the system communicate entirely by rumor. (I was severely castigated for this latter recommendation, on the grounds that the current system operated that way already.)

When I'm not at my job, I pretend to be reading Karlin's Stochastic Processes for my thesis, though in actuality I tend to have a Nero Wolfe murder mystery concealed behind its pages. This becomes embarrassing when Susan wanders in to read me a particularly choice excerpt from the essays she's grading ("Heart of Darkness is a dull and complexed short story." "The lines in this poem are average length for a poem."), because lately, since she's been so virtuous about working on her thesis, she thinks everybody should do the same. "Canadian literature is dull and boring," she wails at me continually. But if, rather than subject her to a tirade on the tediousness of mathematical statistics, I choose to relax with Nero Wolfe, it's "Work on your thesis, Eli." So it goes. I'm sure, though, that I will get my thesis done Real Soon Now.

Meanwhile, after I fought all summer to get my job, it seems my union (which all Saskatchewan government employees must join) is dissatisfied with the current contract, and is at this very moment taking a strike vote.

AAAARRGGHHHH!!!!

UNIMPEACHABLY OFFENSIVE

by Mike Gorra

My younger brother John is a naive lad, and last night I had to warn him about all the perils that he would face once he got out into the world. "The people you have to watch out for are the Christian Scientists, the Jehovah's Witnesses, and the Seventh Day Adventists.

"The Christian Scientists are the best of the lot, but don't go out with any of their daughters because they can't take the Pill.

"You have to watch out for the Jehovah's Witnesses because they put their foot in the door so that you can't slam it in their faces."

"Why would you want to do that?"

"They come around and try to sell you their fanzine which isn't even available for the usual, and when you tell them no, they put their foot in the door and talk at you for three hours. Don't worry about being polite and staying to talk with them, though. Just throw them out. And don't worry, they won't steal anything except the doorstep.

"Once you know three facts about the Jehovah's Witnesses, you know everything you need to know about them. 1. They believe that only 144,000 people will go to heaven. 2. All Jehovah's Witnesses will go to heaven. 3. There are now 159,000 Jehovah's Witnesses.

"I don't know anything about the Seventh Day adventists except that they make you eat broccoli. You don't want to have anything to do with people that make you eat broccoli.

"Now, after them, there's the Jesus Freaks. They come up to you to ask if you've been Saved. Tell them your account is with Chase Manhattan, and they'll go away after putting a rotten dandelion in your hand. The Hari Krishna people are worse. There's this guy Hari Krishna, and he has just a long, thick piece of hair on his head, and he goes around selling fanzines too. Except that you can't tell which one is the real Hari Krishna, because all his followers call themselves the same thing, except for the girls. They call themselves Harriet Krishna.

"The Jews are all right, except they don't celebrate Christmas and can't eat pork on Fridays.

"Then there's the Amish. You have to watch out for them. They don't let their kids go to school, because they don't believe in the law of gravity. Instead they keep them at home and teach them how to steal cars. That's the Amish profession you know -- you have to watch out for them or they'll steal your car. You see, since they can't go to school, they can't take Driver's Ed, and so they can't get a license. Since they can't drive, they don't want anybody else driving, so they steal your car and sell it to the Mormons.

"See, the Mormon Church is very good about taking care of its own, rather like the Republican Party. No member of the Mormon Church has to go on welfare, because if they're needy, the church will take care of them. They put them to work selling the used cars that they bought from the Amish."

"Wow... all these screwy religions are really out to get you ..."

"Yeah, they sure are," I replied. "Come on, hurry up and get dressed. We'll be late for the Shaker's meeting."

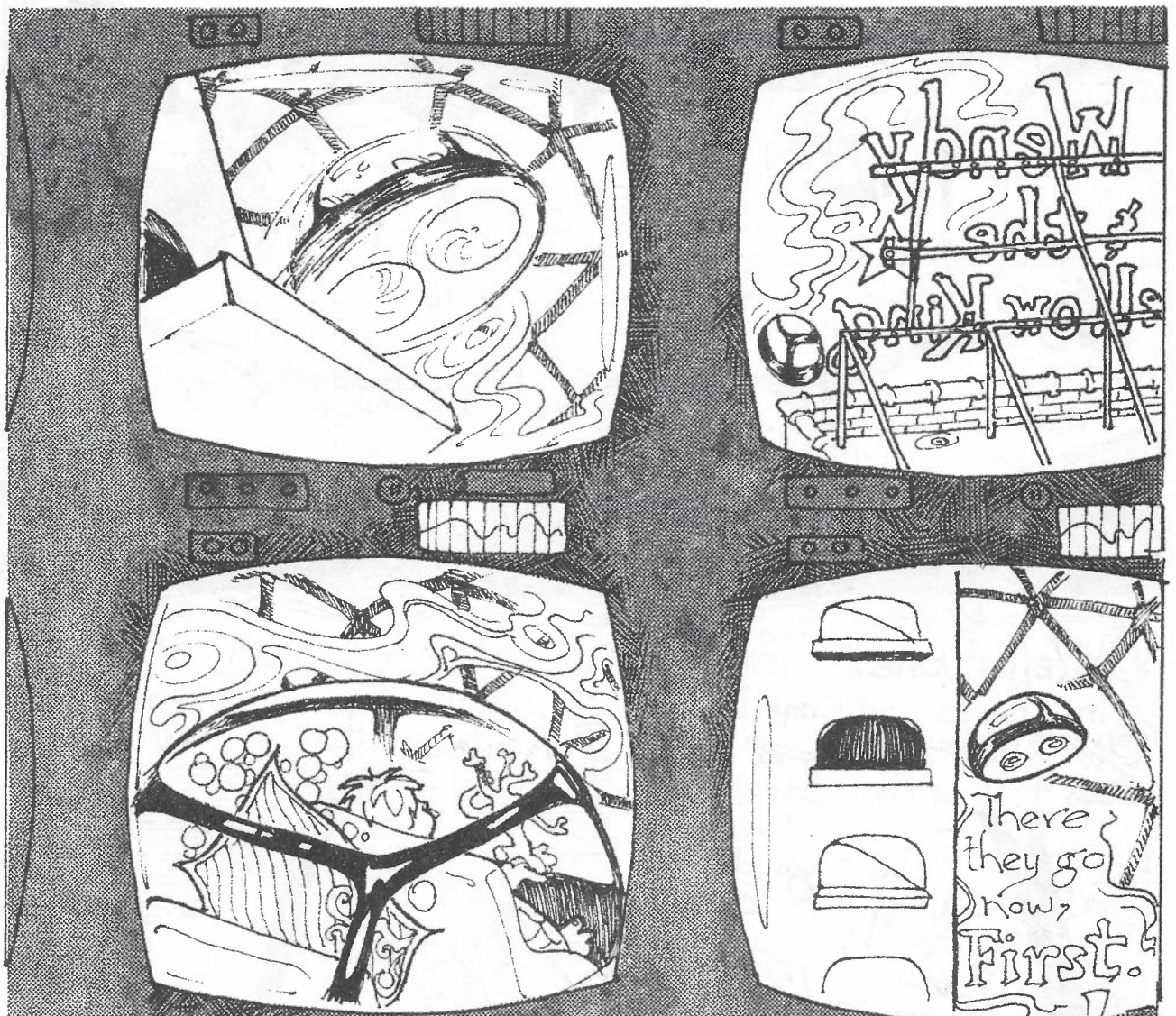
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"I am one of the few people who uses sealing wax on private correspondence; ... I have never thought highly of the modern custom of sealing letters with horse-hoof glue and spit."

-- Robertson Davies, The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks



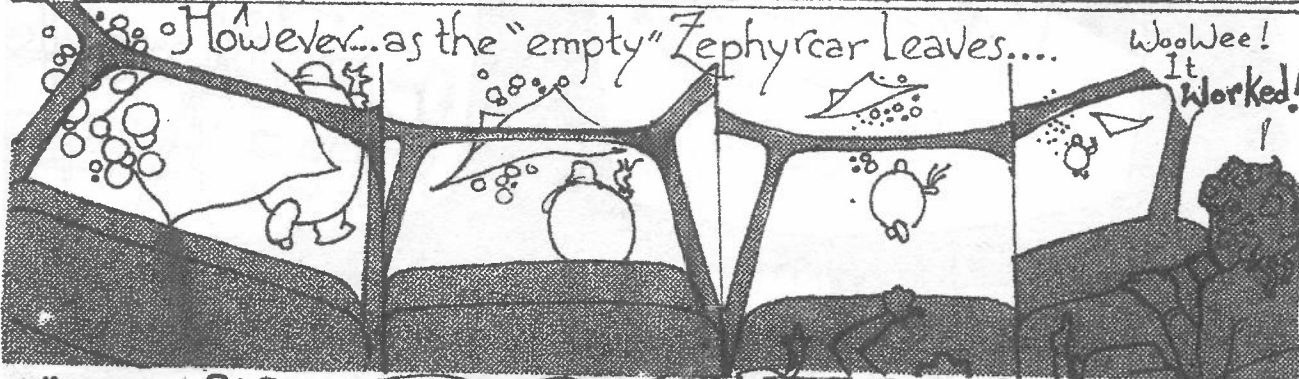
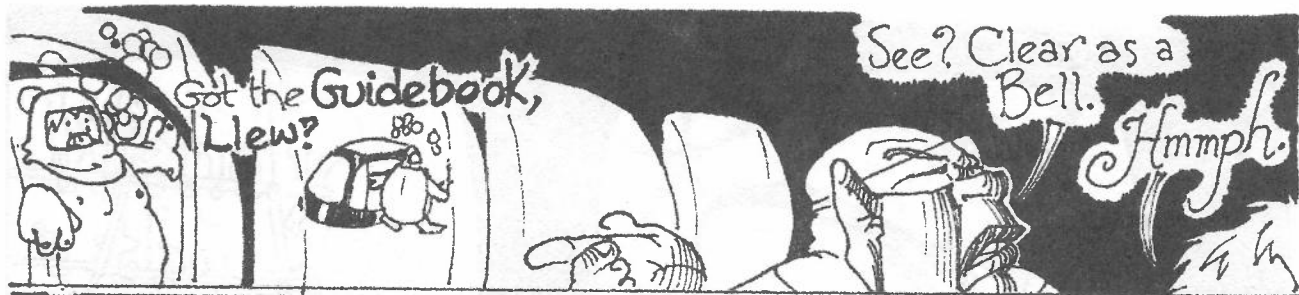
Bubbles and his gang are under Intensive Surveillance by the Consortium UN Authority.

We'll have sound & vision Bees on 'em wherever they land. Don't worry.

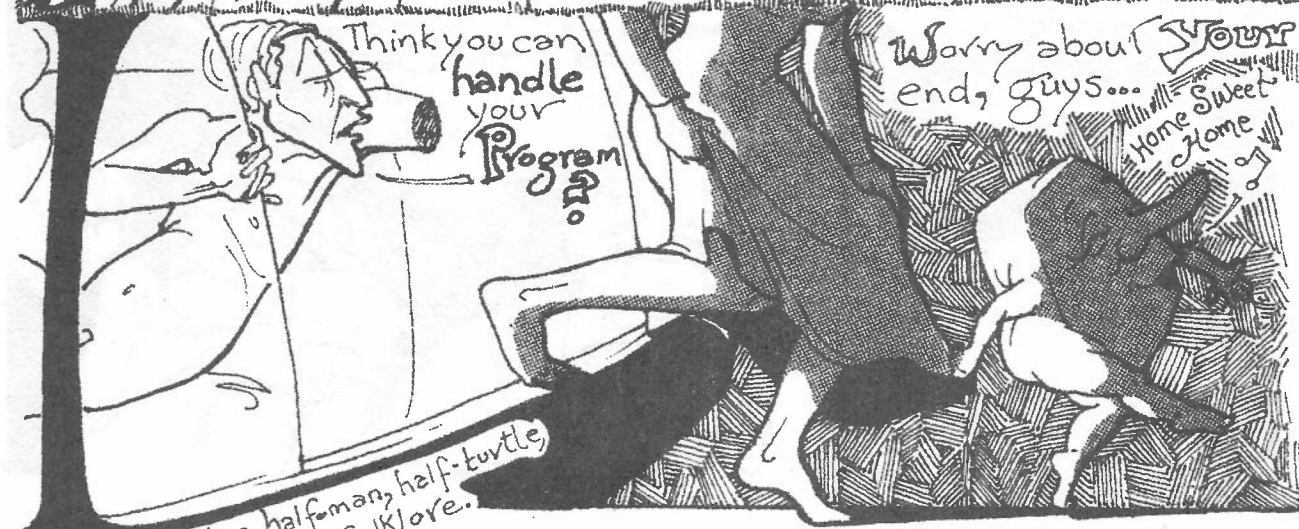
No Sound?



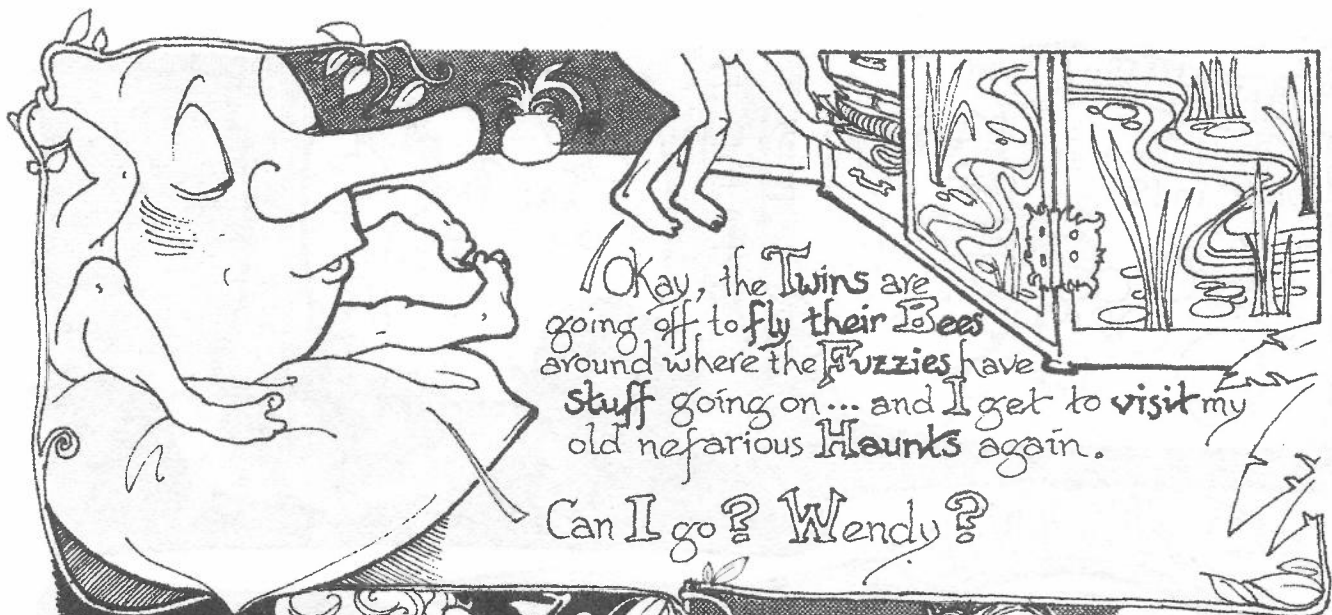
Ah Ha! Hee! Heh!



Well Done! "Blanked" by ***'s hallucinatory electro-magnetic emissions till the last second, our plucky adventurers evade Surveillance!



* A Kappa is a half-man, half-turtle, in Japanese folklore.



Okay, the Twins are going off to fly their Bees around where the Fuzzies have stuff going on... and I get to visit my old nefarious Haunts again.

Can I go? Wendy?

Between us, we should find out...



Huh, Wendy? Can I... Take me too, huh.

Something about these Gustible things. (I hope!)



No. They'd Kidnap you.

Aw, please Wendy...



Stop whining!

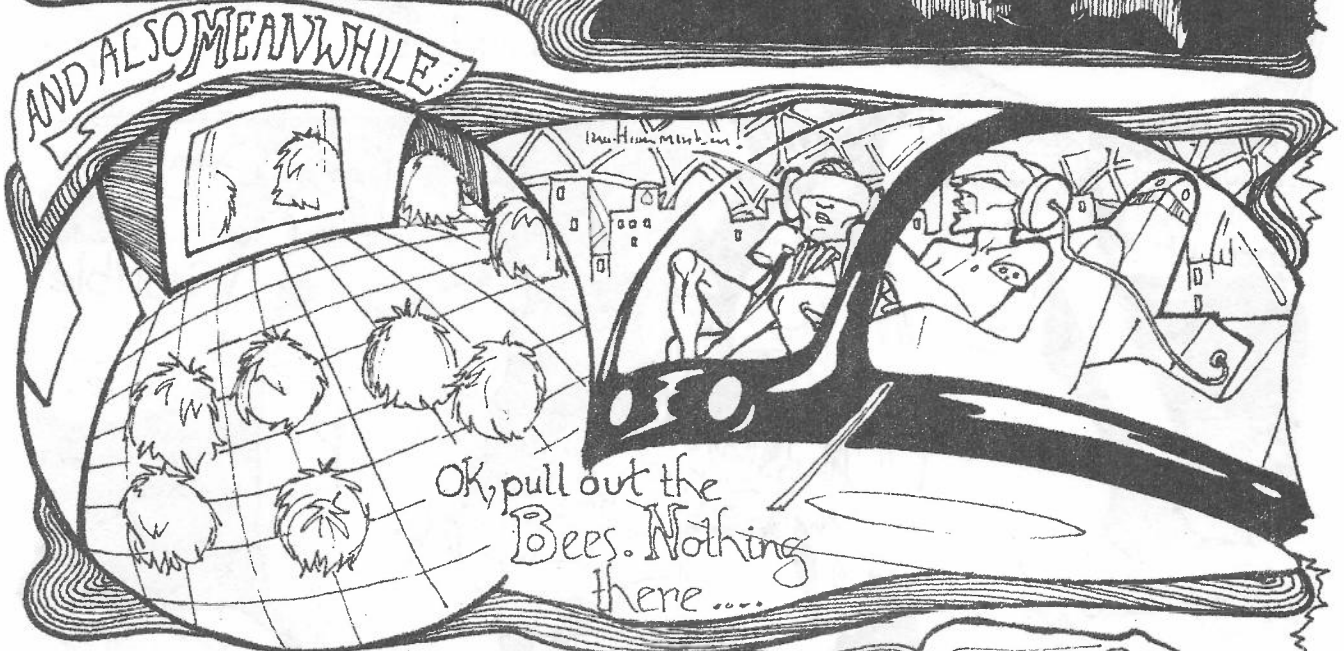
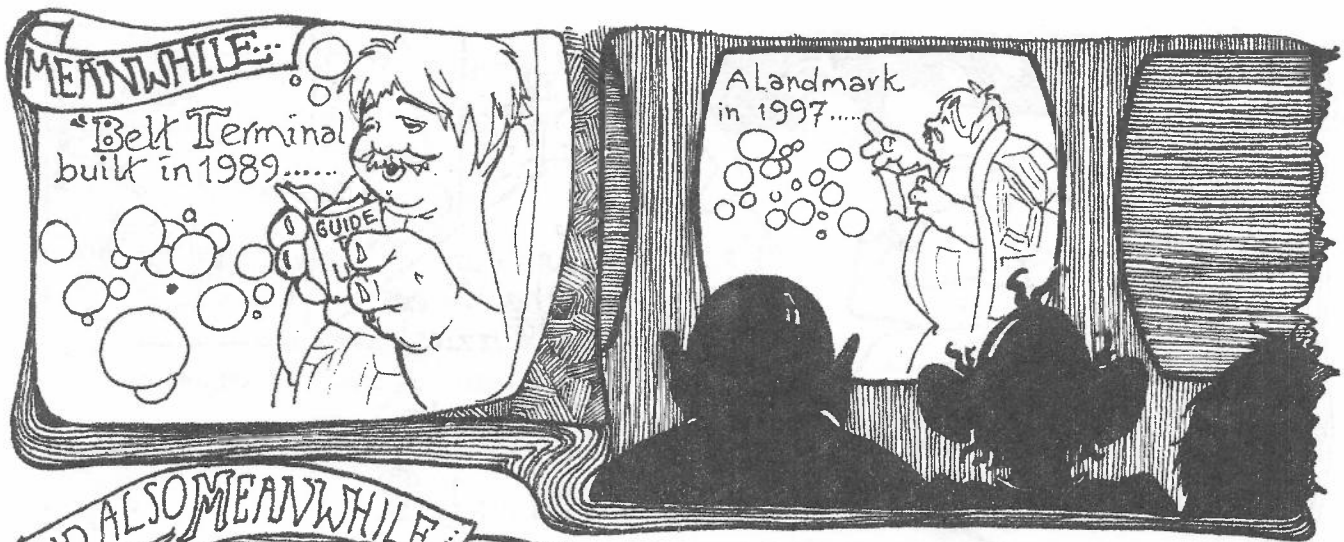
You know I hate that!

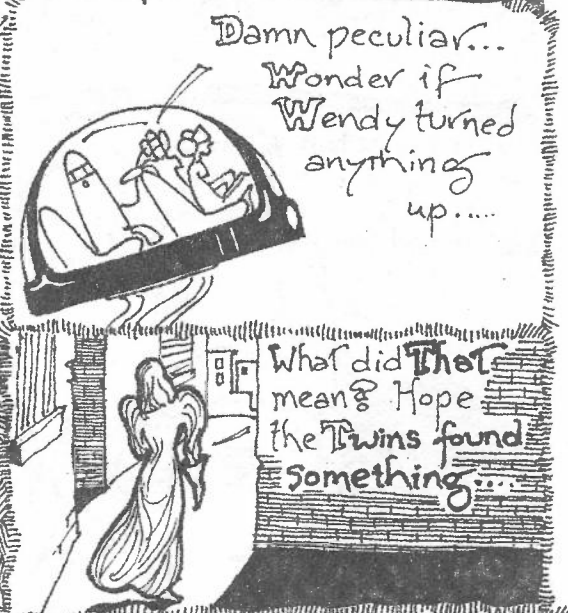
Phoo!



Bah.







Our mettlesome investigators are Foiled at every turn; have all their Persistent Researches come to Naught? To be Continued!

BOOK REVUES

by Mike O'Brien

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vol. 7: Evidence Georgian S.S.R. The complete transcript of the trial before the World Court in which the U.S.S.R. attempted to sue the United States for

damages for occupying the State of Georgia. These 1034 pages of evidence were submitted by the Russians in support of their claim that the similarity of names between the American Georgia and the Russian Georgia was more than coincidental, but was in fact due to the consummation of a contract between the outlawed Czarist regime and the English capitalist Lords.. The case was dismissed by the court before coming to trial. The Russians are at the moment attempting to force the United Nations to set up a body to which they can appeal.

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

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

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

((To Be Continued))

* * *

"Traditionally Zen monasteries will only admit wandering Zen monks if they can show proof of having solved a koan.

It seems that a monk once knocked on a monastery gate. The monk who opened the gate didn't say 'Hello' or 'Good morning,' but 'Show me your original face, the face you had before your father and mother were born.' The monk who wanted a room for the night smiled, pulled a sandal off his foot and hit his questioner in the face with it. The other monk stepped back, bowed respectfully and bade the visitor welcome. After dinner host and guest started a conversation, and the host complimented his guest on his splendid answer.

'Do you yourself know the answer to the koan you gave me?' the guest asked.

'No,' answered the host, 'but I knew that your answer was right. You didn't hesitate for a moment. It came out quite spontaneously. It agreed exactly with everything I have ever heard or read about Zen.'

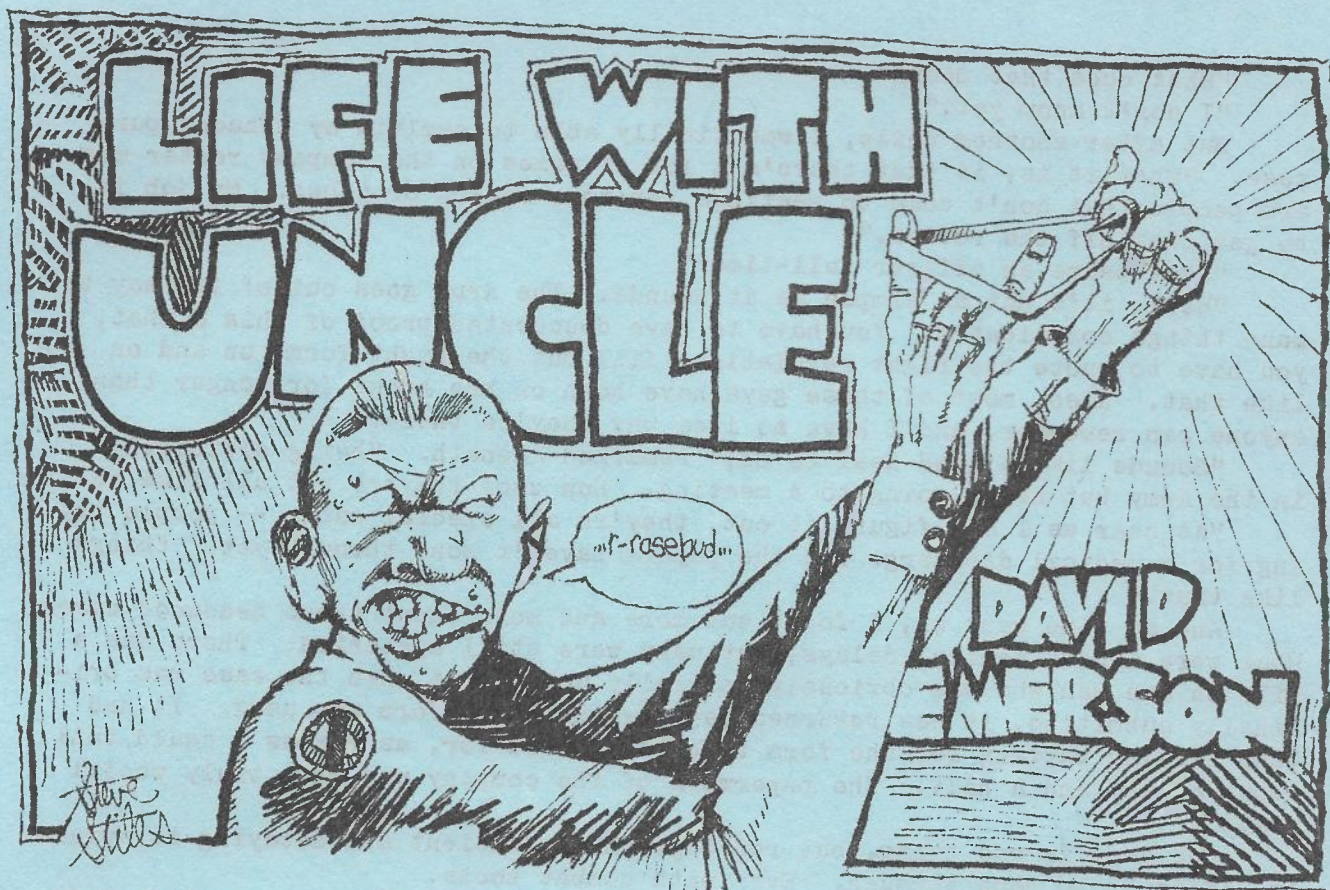
The guest didn't say anything, and sipped his tea. Suddenly the host became suspicious. There was something in the face of his guest which he didn't like.

'You do know the answer, don't you?' he asked.

The guest began to laugh and finally rolled over on the mat with mirth.

'No, reverend brother,' he said, 'but I too have read a lot and heard a lot about Zen.'

Janwillem van de Wetering, The Empty Mirror



Fans, as we all know, are weird. The younger ones tend to be hippie-freak-weirdos in addition to Sci-Fi weirdos, thus setting themselves even farther apart from the mundane folk. But it's hard to be a hippie-freak-weirdo when Uncle Samuel owns your body two days out of the month. You tend to do terrible things like getting your hair cut and shaving off your beard. Or not growing one in the first place.

Such a situation is one in which I find myself. Better, at any rate, than having gone to Viet Nam in 1969 and getting my head blown off, which was about the only alternative, but still it's annoying to have my civilian life disrupted once a month (sometimes more often) and be forced into a funny green suit which doesn't fit anyway. It even disrupts my fannish life. Not only does my two week stint in August wipe out half of DISCON, but even regular meetings cut into time I could be otherwise spending at Fanoclasts or Insurgents meetings, instead of at home polishing my boots and trying to get enough sleep before arising at 5:00 on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

Usually I come home from reserve meetings with the burning desire to get out of uniform as fast as humanly possible; at such times I prefer not to be seen by any of my friends until I'm once more dressed like a normal person. But one time my roommates caught me between the front door and my bedroom and gazed in wonder at that amazing apparition, Emerson the Lieutenant.

They wondered aloud, while they gawked, about what I did all day. "Not much," I replied. "Mostly I walk around trying to look busy. I drink a lot of coffee."

"Don't you do anything?" asked Eli.

"Not yet. But I've only been going to meetings for three months. They'll find me something to do eventually."

Prophetic words, those. A mere two months later, when asked again, I was able to answer, "The company commander just made me Paperwork Officer."

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know yet."

But after another while, I was finally able to explain my tenuous purpose. "What it is, is that there's a lot of names on the company roster who are people that don't come to meetings for some reason or other. My job is to get them off the roster."

"That takes an officer full-time?"

"Well, it's not as simple as it sounds. The Army goes out of its way to make things complicated. You have to have documented proof of this & that, you have to quote the right regulation, fill out the right form, on and on like that. Also, most of these guys have been on the books for longer than anyone can remember, and I have no idea why they're there."

"Sounds like a good deal to me," remarked Asenath. "being officially in the Army but never going to a meeting. How come they're not all like that?"

"As near as I can figure it out, they're all special cases -- people trying for a medical discharge but the papers haven't gone through yet, things like that."

And as time went on, I found out more and more about these deadwood cases. Most were indeed medical delays, but many were still mysteries. There was a file on one man who was obviously medically unfit, but when the case was originally submitted, it was returned because the wrong form was used. It had been sitting waiting for the form to be corrected for, as far as I could tell, about a year and a half. The paperwork of the company was in a truly woeful state.

Red tape is one thing, but red tape that's ancient and decaying is awfully difficult to wade through. Even with combat boots.

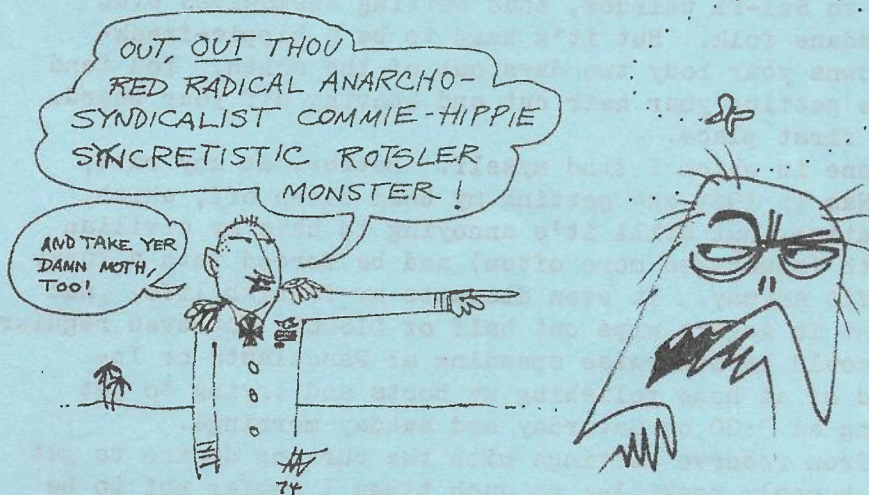
The next time I came home from a meeting, my roommates once again asked,

for want of a topic, how the war was going. By this they meant either: (1) Is Brooklyn safe from invasion this month? or, (2) Have I got any more interesting stories about the deadwood? Seeing as how there was no third answer specifying "none of the above," I chose to answer the second.

"Now that you mention it, I did come across an interesting case.

Seems there was this guy named Schwartz who tried to get out of the Army by convincing everybody he was crazy. The company First Sergeant told me about the summer camp a few years ago when Schwartz tried to commit suicide with a thumbtack. (Didn't work too well.) They locked him up somehow, but he escaped and went running down the street 'semi-nude' as the official report says, and half the company took off after him. It was apparently a wild time.

"Then there's the guy who enlisted in the Reserves, reported for his initial active duty, and promptly disappeared. Nothing we can do about that one. It's supposedly the Active Duty unit's problem. But it's been a couple of years now, and doesn't look like they've done anything about it."



"Gee," said Eli, turning the conversation to fannish matters, "it sounds like it's a lot easier to get out of the army than to get out of fandom. After all, LASTFS keeps saying, 'Death shall not release you!'"

"Don't be too sure about that," I hastened to add. "It didn't help PFC Patrick, either."

"What?"

"One of the names on the roster is a kid that's been dead for some years now." I could see that my words were having an effect on my audience. Either that or they were doing their jaw-lowering exercises for the day.

"WHAT?!? DEAD!?!"

"Yeah... for some reason nobody could ever come up with any legal document of his death, and the Army won't take our word, so he's still listed as being in the company."

Eli, at this point, was covering his face with his hands, muttering, "Oh, God, no ..."

"Oh, yes," I reassured him cheerfully.

"The dead man in Yossarian's tent," he said. Then I got it too.

"Oh -- Catch-22! The dead man in Yossarian's tent!" I started thinking about Catch-22, but stopped real quick when it dawned on me that it wasn't that highly exaggerated an account of the military. I also began to recall certain experiences with the Army medical service which tended to convince me that M.A.S.H. was no exaggeration, either.

I guess the only thing to do is keep reminding myself that I only have a year or so to go, and try to forget about matters military.

But then Eli comes in and demands to know, "When are you going to write me another Life With Uncle column for KRATOPHANY?"

"Life with who?"

* * *

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

The planet Adanac had long been divided into two bitterly hostile groups: The primarily agricultural Western Hemisphere, a major supplier of corn to the Galaxy with down-to-earth farming traditions (though leavened with quite a reputation for the gift of "blarney"), resented the "snootiness" of the primarily industrial Eastern Hemisphere (also known for its MacDonald's School of Hamburger and Rhetoric, which produced some of the Galaxy's finest debaters and demagogues), who in turn looked down on the "peasants" of the West. The result was costly off-planet imports of industrial goods in the West, and equally costly food imports for the East. The leaders of both groups agreed that Union was the only solution, but couldn't see how to persuade their followers. In desperation they called in Grayson Greensward.

Greensward, no slouch at demagoguery himself, undertook an Eastern speaking tour; but though the population rated him up with MacDonald's best, they remained unmoved. His Western tour was an equally dismal failure, though his own gift of blarney impressed one farmer enough to get Grayson an invitation to dinner. There he was sumptuously fed on corn fritters, corn on the cob, corn a la Adanac (a veritable cornucopia of local produce), and, as a special treat, the local corn likker never seen out of the Hemisphere.

To Greensward's amazement, after imbibing a few glasses of this brew, he found himself discoursing with new-found eloquence on the joys of Union, and soon had the entire household convinced. A bit of scientific experimentation disclosed the presence of an enzyme in the likker that hyperactivated the speech center, and turned a trained rhetorician into an irresistible force.

The possibilities of combining Western likker with Eastern training were enormous. Suitably fortified, Greensward embarked on a whirlwind tour of the planet, resulting in a unified planetary government almost overnight.

When Greensward, nursing a monstrous hangover, was asked how he had done it, he replied, "I merely pointed out to them the benefits of corn-fed oration."

-- Yarik P. Thrip

BRANCHES



Jerry Kaufman
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New York, N.Y. 10025

Your material is fine stuff. The artwork is very good, especially the Canfield cover, and the specially drawn Freff cartoons. Susan's column is up to her own high standards, and your material ...

well, you are one of the untapped Good Writers of fandom. You may not get any Hugos very soon, but remember this ... you will deserve one. (And I'm putting KRAT down for a Hugo for this year, unless you think that's too much of a putdown.) ((Aw, shucks, I jes' do the best I can. I appreciate your compliments very much, and I'm sure they were in no way influenced by my loaning you my stereo system.))

Admonitions printed on ballots are of no value. May as well just leave the thing open, relying on the dubious good faith of nominees and the even more dubious good sense of voters.

From what I have read elsewhere, Eli, the Greeks had fewer colors than we, because they used fewer words to designate colors. I believe they lumped blue and green together, and must have seen them as different shades of the same "color." And Hindi has many words for various states of consciousness, parts of the soul, centers of psychic energy as well as Sanskrit and Pali words for philosophical concepts; this would explain why there is such an emphasis on religious life, and such an abundance of mystics, yogis, and adepts there. (And why so many mystics here borrow from them. You can't say such things in English simply.)

((Except you can't separate cause and effect; i.e. they have all those words because there is such an emphasis on religious life. There is also the question of whether a word like "taboo" is an English word. I could make a very good argument that it is -- at least as good an argument as for the borrowed-from-the-French "beef."))

Gene DiModica is a good letter writer. She is, in fact, the Star of this lettercol. Why doesn't she write more letters? Why doesn't she write us letters? Since SpanInq is going genzine, whole hog and all eight piglets, I demand it of her. (You may be wondering why I am writing this to you, when Gene lives thirty blocks from here. (No, more like sixty.) Well, I expect you to print this, and the shock to loosen her hands more than a sample word over the phone.)

I missed Wendy and the Yellow King. Furthermore, I understood it. It may be because I live across the street from Mike and Judy and have had occasion to talk to them about it. It may also be because KRAT is one of the few fanzines I compulsively read over and over again. And by the third or fourth time, even the tricky layout of the first two installments began to straighten itself out.

Tom Digby
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Los Angeles, CA 90046

Maybe if on each Hugo category ballot they had a place to check either "() I am not sufficiently familiar with the entries in this category to vote on them." or "() I am familiar with a majority of the entries and vote as follows (followed by list of entries and place to

write in ranking numbers as on present ballot)" fewer people would vote on stuff they didn't know a Plergb about.

Speaking of CoA's, will 2920 Victoria join the Avocado Pit chain of Fine Fannish Residences? (Look for the pointy dome roof, and the moat with the three bridges equally spaced around the circumference ...)

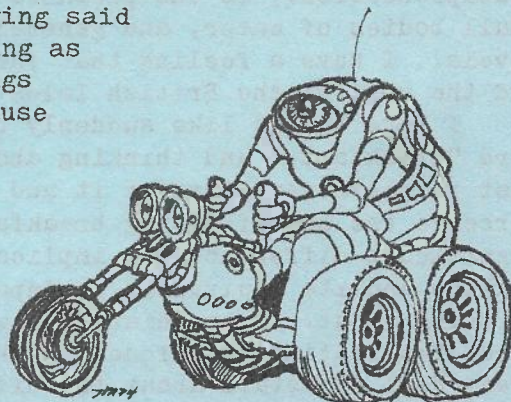
On immigrants and languages, have you noticed that the language most spoken by poor immigrants in a given area automatically gets low-status connotations, while languages people have to learn in college are high-status? I tend to think of Spanish as low-status since Mexican immigrants are a large minority here and therefore Mexican Spanish is a language of the poor, and of menial laborers, etc. I would not tend to feel the same way about the Scandinavian languages. Yet in some comics and such, the stereotype janitor has a heavy Scandinavian accent. And Spanish would probably be under no such stigma in Saskatchewan.

Speaking of cereals, one supermarket near here has signs up about how it does not handle Income Tax Chex.

John Berry I think I've managed to avoid writing a letter of comment on 1749 18th St. NW KRATOPHANY for a couple of years now, or however long you've Washington, D.C. been publishing it, but the latest issue has induced so many checkmarks from me in the margins that I've got to give in. Besides, it's one of the most entertaining fanzines I get these days. #5 has one of the best pieces of Canfield art I've seen in a year as its cover, and a highly entertaining and attractively-illustrated article from Susan Wood on the inside, which should be enough for any fanzine. In addition, you keep quoting Zen stories, which I love anyway (and find I can't print myself because you keep using all the best ones), you write well yourself, and you've got a few interesting letters. I'll even forgive you for publishing without another Judy Mitchell strip.

((Just to keep peace in the family, it's a Mike Mason-Judy Mitchell strip. OK, Mike, you can let go my arm now.))

I've been familiar with the idea that language shapes thought for many years, although I've never heard directly of Edward Sapir or Benjamin Whorf. I may even have picked the idea up originally from a Heinlein story; I remember it formed a small but intrinsic part of the basis of Gulf. The idea has always seemed to me to have obvious merits, but I've never gotten hung up in the question of whether it's language that shapes thought or thought that shapes language. That's the sort of argument that strikes me as futile. One of the few general facts that I've learned entirely by myself, from empirical evidence and not from anybody's having said it to me, is that there is really no such thing as cause-and-effect: that any two (or more) things that act upon each other are always mutual cause and effect, simultaneously. It may work fine in Newtonian physics that one action causes a reaction, but in anything else it's obvious to me that all interactions are mutual, and worrying about which is cause and which effect is just silly. So of course language shapes thought, and equally of course perception is shaping language at the same time.

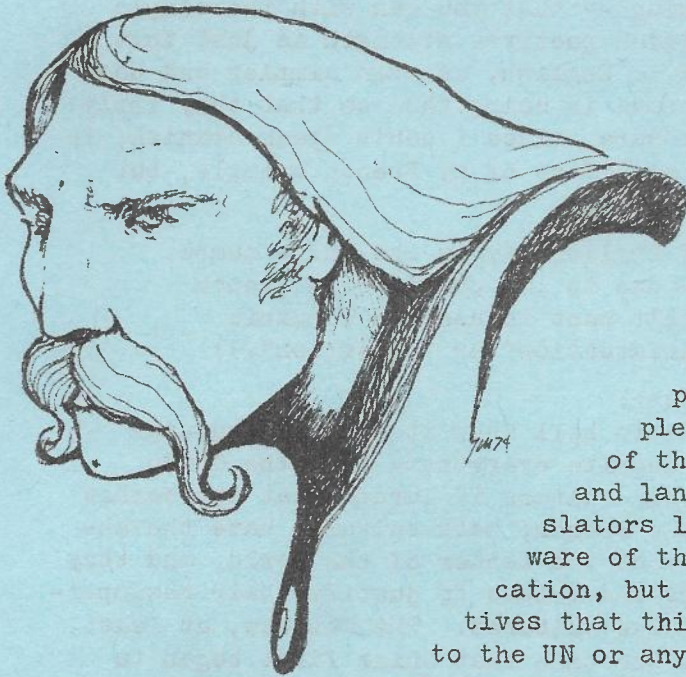


((The interest comes when you have a chance to change one of the components and observe the effect on the other -- like Orwell's Newspeak. Our own Ministry of Peace and Truth has tried to make certain political acts easier to cope with through "megadeaths" and "body counts." Of course these examples deal with superficial vocabulary, not subtle, pervasive grammar. I'm curious to see how gender-ridden English finally deals with women's lib, particularly where pronouns are concerned.))

Along the lines of the Hopi lack of distinction between nouns and verbs, have you ever read The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry, by Ernest Fenollosa (edited and put together posthumously by Ezra Pound)? I take it from the comments I've seen that there's a lot of controversy and disagreement about this book, but it's certainly fascinating as a look at wholly different perceptions of language. (Or, perhaps, in language.) It's available from City Lights Books for a buck and a quarter.

Your examples of skiers coining words for types of snow and of social scientists qualifying their statements only point out that you're over-generalizing if you speak of a language as if everybody speaking it used it the same way. You invent what you need to express what you want to say -- which is why we have such a weird specialized vocabulary in fandom. (As Lee Hoffman pointed out a while back, the fannish variants on words like "god" and "giant" (ghod and jiant) have distinct meanings that are not expressed by the more common English equivalents.) The fact is that most English-speakers don't need to distinguish all the different types of snow so minutely, but when they need it, they start inventing new words, or new combinations of them, to make the distinctions. Using those new words among themselves, a sub-group of the English-speaking world create their own specialized vocabulary within their own circle, and if their numbers are great enough it will be perpetuated. It doesn't change the fact that someone living in, say, southern Louisiana probably wouldn't know the difference between powder snow and slush without being told or shown. (I just thought of something, while considering the languages you got your examples from -- mostly American Indian languages. A language that's used only by a small group of people in a localized area is not going to have the enormous variations you'll find in something like modern English, so the distinctions will be much more clear-cut in the less widely-distributed languages.) My own most frequent encounter with specialization in the English language comes when I remember all the nautical and marine terms I've learned from growing up partly along the Atlantic seashore, and realizing how infrequently I use them when I'm living inland. Another one that strikes me, although from the opposite side of the fence (i.e. incomprehension), is the plethora of words for various types of woods, hills, small bodies of water, and general kinds of landscape that crop up in English novels. I have a feeling that far more of these words are in use in England and the rest of the British Isles than in America.

I love things like suddenly becoming aware of the original meaning of the word "breakfast," and thinking about its implications, but I recognize that most people never consider it and that it doesn't mean much about how they perceive the act of eating breakfast. But when you get into things like the significant differences in implication between the phrase "elder brother" in English and its equivalent in Japanese, then you've got something that you have to think about. I was disturbed a few years ago to read an article in ETC.. about translation techniques in the United Nations. The article went into a great deal of detail about the different implications of idiomatic translations



in different languages -- how the phrase used in one language might conjure up entirely different associations from the different idiom that would be used in exactly the same place in another language -- and then the article said that UN translators made it a point to translate as idiomatically as possible, with no attempt to explain the implications of the original phrase in its own language.

That means that the translation, although perfectly accurate, could conjure up completely different associations in the mind of the listener than they had in the mind and language of the speaker. I guess the translators leave it up to the UN diplomats to be aware of the differences in association and implication, but considering the quality of representatives that this country, at least, habitually sends to the UN or any international post, I cringe to think of the confusion.

((First off, I would think an idiomatic translation is precisely one that preserves as much connotation as possible. The alternative is a literal translation that loses everything. Though I'm reminded of the story about the 1950's Russian diplomat who referred to the "recall" of a staff member, which the translator idiomatically put as said member's "liquidation." It's things like this, I guess, that explain why UN translators get six months vacation after each tour of duty. And spend most of it in rest homes.))

The Iakuti lack of verbal distinction between green and blue is interesting, and it reminds me of such things as Japanese and Chinese having no distinction between 'r' and 'l' sounds, or the friend of mine who pronounced the words "pin" and "pen" exactly the same and claimed that he couldn't hear the difference even when I said them to him. You hear what you expect to hear, and some people seem incapable of ever hearing distinctions that they didn't learn when they were little children. Just why any particular lack of distinction crops up is another question, and I have no useful suggestions.

((Why, there are even people who think the "k" sounds in "sky", "key", and "cough" are identical, though an Arab would assure you the last is completely different from the first two, and a Hindi speaker would be just as adamant about the first differing from the others.))

Something like the Chichewa necessity to categorize any past event into something that has present results or something that doesn't is a useful distinction, yet it is also limiting at the same time. The advantage of a flexible, flowing language like English is that you can do so much with implication and nuance of words just because you have to work at it to make them distinct. In French, for instance, there are an enormous number of different words to distinguish various shades of "love," while in English there is only the one word in common usage (with maybe a few others thrown in from time to time.) This is great for becoming and remaining aware of all the distinctions and avoiding confusion, yet for the same reason you don't have the flexibility

you have in English to imply a whole range of emotions -- and to imply that they are somehow all part of the same thing -- that you can with the simple English "love." I've been told that Spanish poetry's strength is just this sort of thing, because Spanish, compared to English, is even simpler and has even fewer words, so that the artistry comes in using them so that they imply different things. I don't know that for sure, since I don't speak Spanish; in fact, I may be on shaky ground with the specifics of my French example, but I think the idea is sound.

((I always thought the advantage of English lay in the large number of words it has to convey nuance -- due to its combination French and Teutonic heritage. So if we don't want to use the Germanic "love" we can go to the Latinate "infatuation" or "affection".))

A comment or two from the lettercolumn:

The Chinese had the English beat all to hell when it came to language chauvinism, and they probably still do, despite everything from the Opium Wars right up to the present day. The only culture in Europe that approaches the Chinese for sheer ethnocentrism is the French; both cultures have the absolute intrinsic conviction that they are at the center of the world, and they have gone through incredible mental leaps and twists to justify their assumptions even in the face of dominance by outside cultures. The Chinese, at least, had good reason for their attitude: from the time that China first began to unify enough to consider itself one culture to the time European expansion forced the Chinese to take note of the foreign barbarians, the Chinese culture was actually and literally at the center of the world as it was known. East Asia is pretty well cut off from the rest of the world's major cultures by geographical boundaries such as the Pacific Ocean and the Himalayas. Even in those occasional periods of embarrassment such as the Mongol Conquest, China was at the cultural center of its world, and during most of its history China dominated all its neighbors as far as it could see. Exactly why the French developed the same sort of attitude is a mystery to me, however.

Freff	Concerning the Food For Thought Restaurant. A good
c/o Cochran	friend of mine in Kansas City, named Bruce Ryder, had
424 Kioldstad	these few small suggestions: ("... if I may be so bold
Placentia, CA 92670	as to make some suggestions to the chef; I think he
	should include Corn on the Hobbes, and for those with
	poor digestion, a Chaucer of Milk with Aesop of Bread. Also, if he's willing
	to include composers ... why not Raveloli, Lime and Lemon Schubert, and Cho-
	colate Moussorgsky, not to mention an expanded Wine Liszt?")

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"The little house looked so cosy and safe in the darkness, with a bright light showing through its blinds, and the chimney smoking beautifully, and Peter standing on guard. After a time he fell asleep, and some unsteady fairies had to climb over him on their way home from an orgy."

-- Peter Pan, by James M. Barrie

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Cows burp 50 million tons of hydrocarbons into the atmosphere annually. Ten cows burp enough annually to provide heat, hot water, and cooking gas requirements for a small home.

-- The Farmers Almanac (with thanks to Hal Davis)

Mike Glicksohn
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Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3

Lots of good stuff in this issue of K (I'm not going to call it "K**T" because of the inherent ugliness of that word: "Oh, krat!" he swore, staring at the bloody mess that had once been his hand ... "Krat off, motherkratter!" she yelled after his departing pogo stick ..."). I hope this proves to you that it doesn't take you nine months to Pub Your Ish, as they say, and henceforth there'll be regular streams of KRATOPHANYs pouring forth.

Rumours of my death have been greatly exaggerated, tell Murray Moore. I'm currently engaged on a project to preserve my body for medical research once I go. Those empty bottles are scotch bottles, not beer bottles. Right, Jerry? (I have to say that, for obscure reasons.)

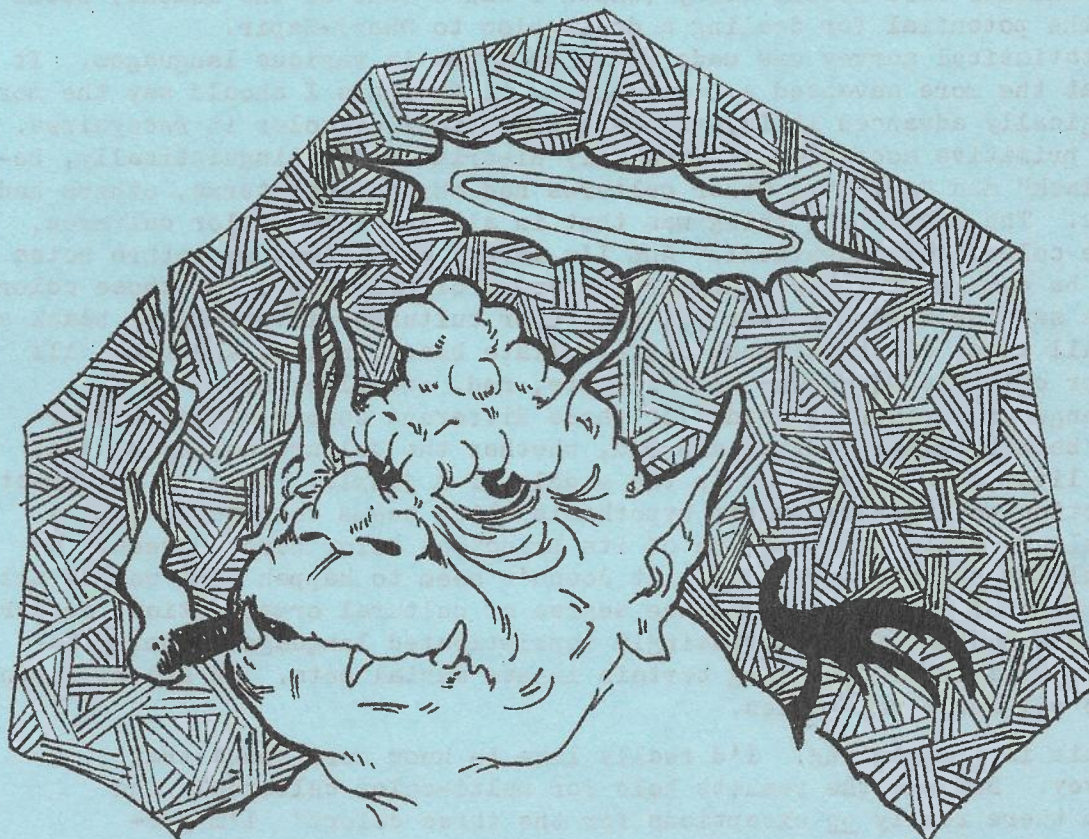
Rosemary and I went to sixteen hours of Horror Movies at the Roxy last weekend. Ever had an epiphany in a mouldering crypt? At one point a pair of hands burst through a window trying to grab some girl and I threw good scotch all over the nearest five people.. What a waste!

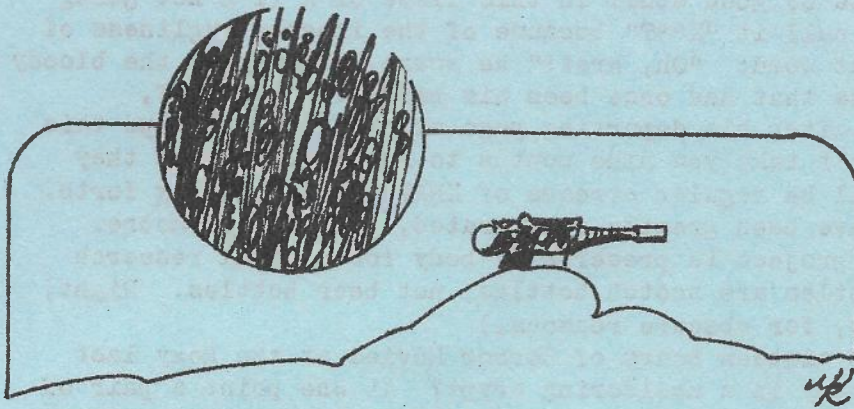
Eric Mayer
RD 1 Box 147
Falls, PA 18615

Thanks for KRATOPHANY -- always one of the more attractive zines around. Very good cover and very good artwork. I especially liked McLeod's page 19 illo and Judy Mitchell's bacover.

I agree with your thoughts on Hugo eligibility. (Though I might not have a few months ago.) A fanzine is like an impeachable offense. It's whatever the majority of voters say it is.

The article on language and cognition was fascinating. A recent book, THROUGH NAVAJO EYES by Worth and Adair, tells of an interesting attempt to examine the Whorf-Sapir hypothesis. The anthropologists attempted to avoid





the translational tangle by teaching Navajo the mechanics of movie cameras, and then letting them take whatever kinds of movies they desired. Since a great deal is known about the Navajo language it was thought that a comparison of linguistic tendencies with the non-verbal world

view displayed in the films would help determine whether language does indeed reflect cognition.

On the surface the results of the experiment seemed to be positive. The Navajo are, linguistically at least, very motion conscious and in their films there was a great deal of movement, such as walking, which was not of interest except as movement. The Navajo also use certain "eventing" words which describe an operation, such as winding up a ball of twine, in full. (Not just the act of performing the operation, but the whole operation.) Sure enough, in the films a Navajo weaver is shown winding up an entire ball of twine, from beginning to end.

It may be, however, that the films do not reflect how the Navajo actually perceive their world any more than their language does. Film may be just another language. Nevertheless, the experiment is suggestive.

But another more recent study (which I can't name at the moment) seems to have the potential for dealing a death blow to Whorf-Sapir.

A statistical survey was made of color terms in various languages. It seems that the more advanced a civilization is (perhaps I should say the more technologically advanced it is) the more gradations of color it recognizes. The most primitive societies studied only discriminated, linguistically, between "black" and "white". Other cultures had three color terms, others had four, etc. The surprising thing was that in all the three-color cultures, the three colors were identical. And I'm sorry, but I lost my anthro notes and I'll be damned if I can remember the order of appearance for those colors. But let's say for instance that all two color cultures differentiate black and white. All three color cultures differentiate black, white, and red. All four color cultures recognize black, white, red, and blue, etc.

A language containing words for three different colors always differentiated between black, white, and red, whether the culture employing that language lived on a desert, or in the middle of a jungle. This is in direct contradiction to the Whorf-Sapir hypothesis which seems to predict that a jungle culture would have, as one of its principal color words "green," a desert culture "brown" and so on. It doesn't seem to happen that way at all. Colors appear as concomitant to the degree of cultural organization, or perhaps it is a matter of an increasingly sophisticated language becoming increasingly capable of mirroring certain innate mental sets. We may be having a glimpse of Kant's categories.

((This is fascinating. I'd really like to know more about that survey. But did the results hold for multi-color cultures? And were there really no exceptions for the three colors? I'm per-

fectly willing to accept that the physiological environment common to all people overrides their surroundings, so two-color cultures picking the same dichotomy wouldn't surprise me; I could even live with three colors, if they were in some sense "natural." But I'm kind of upset at the thought of every culture picking the same four colors. Especially if one of them was mocha mauve. I'd also like to know how many languages were involved, and how many different language families. See, I've always had a low opinion of Kant.))

Of course it can be argued that even the native who has words only for white and black, still sees the full spectrum. His rods, cones, nerves, and what-have-you are the same as yours or mine. But "seeing" is a mental process as much as a physical process. We can hear our own heartbeat when we want to, but we usually ignore it, just as we usually ignore differences in snow quality that might be readily apparent to Eskimos. The sensory data we receive is not so important as the use our minds make of it. To the aforementioned native red and green might simply both mean black. If they both have the same meaning, then they are, in effect, the same. To the native they don't exist as separate entities.

Is it possible that all human beings are receiving sensory data which we do not recognize, simply because we have not developed concepts, linguistic and otherwise, to classify it? Can you be conditioned against seeing?

((I doubt if language can block sensory input, since there are lots of feelings we can't put into words as it is. But it can certainly handicap you in classifying, understanding, and remembering such inputs.))

Michael Weiss
473 F.D.R. Drive, Apt. K2105
New York, N.Y. 10002

I pass along, without further remark, David Slater's observation that, since the electron microscope (thanks to the greater mass and hence shorter wavelength of electrons as compared with light) resolves far better than any optical microscope can, and the proton microscope does still better, use baseballs and you'll be able to make out the scratches on the electrons. (Indeed, Ray Cummings' fans would be able to scrutinize the pores of the Girl in the Golden Atom.)

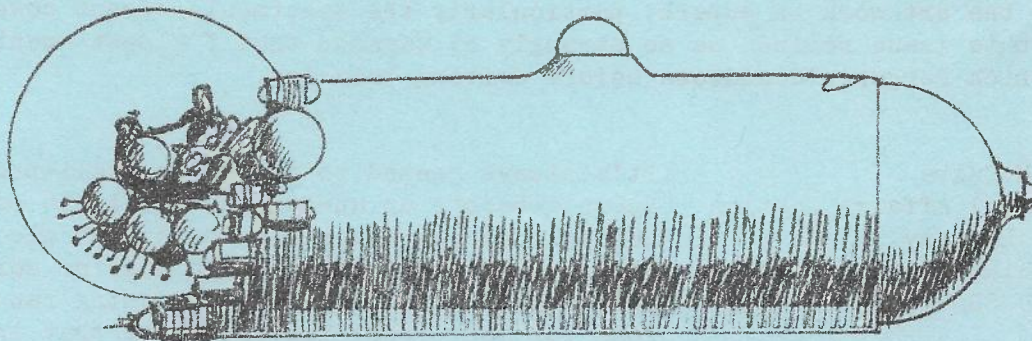
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"If the substance of the star has this property \angle energy produced by something like radioactive disintegration, the star can be in no danger of exploding, for a mass of uranium or radium does not explode whatever we do to it."

Sir James Jeans, The Universe Around Us, 1929





Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

This is the first completely clear explanation of the 7 for '77 proposal that I've seen since escaping from the 1950's. I never take sides on competition for con sites so I won't say aye or nay to this proposed bid. But it does cause me to wonder if it isn't a forerunner of what might eventually represent the regular method of choosing a con site, as it becomes increasingly hard to find a hotel and expensive to buy liquids for one-city bids. In other words, basically a committee decision on the site of each year's world-con within the region whose turn it is, rather than a vote by con members.

((I think the geographically spread out committee will catch on -- for 77 not only is our Orlando bid using it, the Montreal bid has committee spread over at least three cities. And, of course, once your committee isn't tied to a single city, neither is your hotel. But the vote will still occur after the various committees have picked their sites, so the location will always remain up to the con members. Well, at least as much as the choice of President is up to the voters (it occurs to me that by the actual time of voting, Heicon, LAcon, Torcon, and Aussiecon were uncontested). You might say selection of the con hotel is the only committee action the voters have to go on when deciding.))

It's uncanny, how totally your opinions on pro vs. fan in the Hugo awards match up with mine. This is one situation where any attempt to set up distinctions would create many more fusses than those which have emerged from the uncontrolled circumstances. One parting thought: has any nominee for the fan art awards ever been an amateur? My impression is that everyone popular enough to get nominated for fan art work has sold his work at con art shows and I suspect that in many cases the price was higher than some prozines pay for an illustration.

Susan's article was infinitely funny and wise. It symbolizes how useful fandom can be if kept properly under control. I'm sure Susan would have been either very lonely or totally preoccupied by faculty politics, if she hadn't had something like a new fanzine to turn to during her first months in a North Pole suburb.

All the art work is superb, particularly the spectacular front cover. Inside, this issue reminds me so strongly of Warhoon that I almost went hunting for Dick Bergeron's address before writing this loc.

Patrick McGuire
c/o Cultural Affairs Section
American Embassy
19/21 Chaikovskaia Ulitsa
Moscow, USSR

It's always seemed to me that a "semi-prozine" doesn't become an un-fanzine until its revenues not only exceed materials costs, but also costs of labor rated at the minimum wage or some such. And maybe not even then if the thing ran at a loss for many years previously so that in the

net it hasn't broken even. By this definition, of course, one might have great difficulty proving that AMAZING and FANTASTIC weren't fanzines, so perhaps we could throw in something about general fannish character with no regard to circulation or profitability. And on the whole perhaps this means that it's simplest just to let the people nominating decide what a fanzine is. Hugos are popular awards, and trying to make them into something else doesn't seem sensible. Yes, the voters often -- but not all that often -- make the sorts of mistakes that one associates with The Masses (which "masses" really only number in the hundreds), but that's why you have to take the whole award with a small pinch of salt.

I found your remarks on language to be interesting. (Are fans more involved with linguistics and such than the literate population at large? Often seems so to me.) For a long time I have been telling myself that Someday I'm going to study a non-Indo-European language just to see what sorts of perspective I could get from it. But curiously enough, Russian has two of the particles you note for Yokutz, though their use is optional. (Written and educated Russian has been heavily influenced by European languages and looks more or less "normal," but there are all sorts of curious folk formations.) Mol corresponds to class (4) -- somebody told you but you can't vouch for him -- and ved' is class (5) -- "Everybody knows."

Your computer-generated Russian joke (which I don't like as well as "the liquor's OK but the meat's gone bad") reminds me of an example of the life and death of metaphors. I knew that the Russian for "crazy" was "sumashedshii" for years before I realized that broke down into s (from) uma (genitive case of "mind") and shedshii (an obsolete form for "gone" as an adjective).

P.S. No, Michael Smith, astrology is "late" and Babylonian rather than Sumerian.



Mike O'Brien
1642 W. Morse #1S
Chicago, Ill. 60626

The minute detail exhibited by almost all of the articles in KRATOPHANY leads me to believe that this must be the Playboy of the librarian set. Don't ask me to explain that ... it just has to be true. I can just see all these librarians peeking around, then digging Kratophany out of the bottom desk drawer, and getting all the juicy details on how a Hopi could say, "He was serrated by a sudden flash of lightning" in three words or less. What's Hopi for "kinky," anyway?

I noticed that the most recent KRAT had no funny papers attached. I hope this condition is rectified soon; I

hear IBM is working on a molecular rectifier so you might apply to them for aid.

((As you can see, Wendy is back this issue; since her creators are now 2,000 miles away, however, I can't vouch for the next installment. Maybe if everybody sends Mike and Judy threatening/complimentary letters ...))

((From 1969 to 1973 I had the dubious privilege of being Grand Marshal of the Fantasy & Science Fiction Society of Columbia University. The following letter is printed for the small group of fans who look back on those early meetings with fondness. And I guess, when all is said and done, that includes me.))

Stephen R. Eber
CMR #8 Box 8013
Lackland AFB Texas 78236

Gone is Eli, up the river, ever further cross the border of our neighbor. Never more the cryptic meetings, never more the Baskin Robbins, never more the impromptu Grayson Greensward story,

gone is Eli ever more.

In this day and age nostalgia has become big business. We all mourn those old Superman and Captain Marvel issues which we read and then tossed out. Indeed we now are faced with instant nostalgia. Science Fiction books just a few months out of print triple and quadruple in price. Comics are becoming worth their weight in gold.

As I remember past meetings of FSFSCU, I can not help but think of all the profitable nostalgia which slipped my fingers, naturally unrecognized as such at the time. If only I had thought to bring a camera or tape recorder to meetings. How much, I wonder, would future fans be willing to pay for photos of old FSFSCU meetings? What price, someday, would a tape of Jon reading a Retief story bring? Bet I, lot whole a! Numerous original Grayson Greensward tales which were thought up on the spot, told and then lost forever to future fans. Weird stories related on ghost trains speeding towards secret destinations in China Town. Strange happenings involving Sacred Green Cats; and then there was the mysterious lurking avocado. Fred playing the piano and nose while Fred sang God Save the Queen. Or those orgiastic feasts at Baskin Robbins.

Alas, of all these things there are no pictures or tapes to be found. However, I am still left with my fond memories of those events. Events which I may enhance, alter, and expand upon in days to come. But most of my memories of those past events need no retouching for they are full and rich just as they are. And it is to the person who helped make those memories memorable, to the host of FSFSCU past that I send my fond regards and best wishes. Thanks for everything Eli, Canada's gain is our loss.

((From an earlier letter on KRAT 4:))

...Jon is correct in saying that grooves on a ceramic record tend to fill in when glazed; the glazing is necessary to save excessive wear on the needle.

((And as we bid a final farewell to Highmore, two last sheep jokes:))

...Destination Mutton

Ram jet rocket fuel -- Ewe 235.

We Also Heard From: Moshe Feder, Dave Sell, Mike Gorra, Ronald Salomon, Garth Danielson, Paul Novitski, Bob Tucker, Mike Gorra, Bruce Townley, Eric Lindsay, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Gorra, Jodie Offutt, John Pettengill, Dave Piper, Paula Lieberman, Lord Jim Khennedy, Ben Indick, Sheryl Birkhead, Loren MacGregor, Mae Strelkov, Hal Davis & Laura Haney, Richard Bartucci, Sean Summers, and Mike Gorra.

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A master who lived as a hermit on a mountain was asked by a monk, "What is the Way?"

"What a fine mountain this is," the master said in reply.

"I am not asking you about the mountain, but about the Way."

"So long as you cannot go beyond the mountain, my son, you cannot reach the Way," replied the master.



7 FOR '77 ORLANDO

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DON LUNDY, Chairman

ELI COHEN

RUSTY HEVELIN

SUFORD LEWIS

BRUCE NEWROCK

ELLIOT SHORTER

JOANN WOOD

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The Sheraton Towers has: A 24 hour restaurant on the premises. Two double beds in every room. A liquor store in the hotel open till 2 A.M. Ice and soda machines on every floor; candy and cigarettes on alternate floors. 700 sleeping rooms are already blocked for us, with another 824 available in sister hotels across the street. There are plenty of varied restaurants inside the hotel and within walking distance. AND THE PRICES ARE LOW!

The Sheraton Towers is part of a chain that fans have successfully worked with before. Sheraton knows SF conventions are good business. They know us. They want us. And they're willing to go out of their way to get our business and keep it.

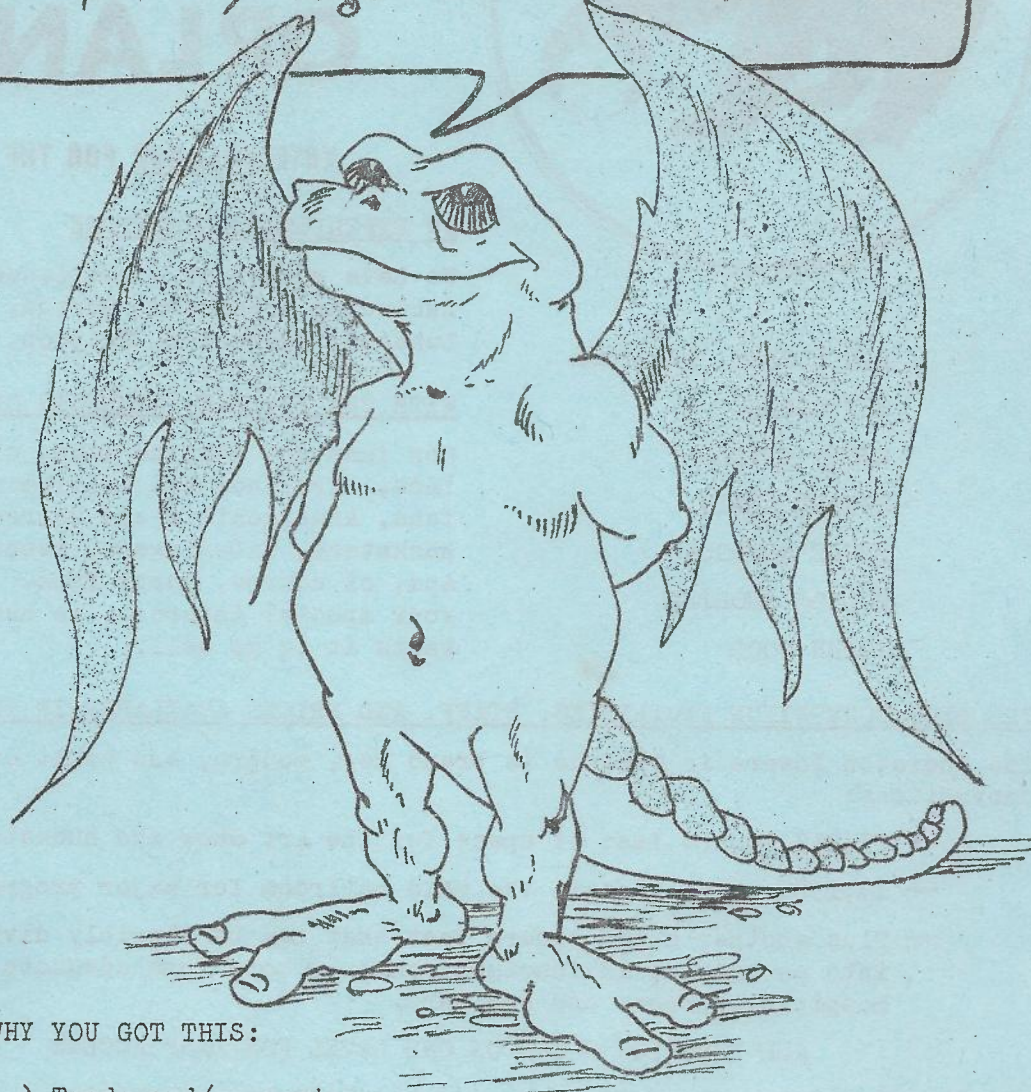
PLUS CAPE CANAVERAL AND DISNEYWORLD!

We haven't had a Worldcon in the South since 1951!

It's about time fandom enjoyed a little Southern hospitality again!

VOTE ORLANDO IN '77

Hmm.. right nice zine you have here Cohen...
just put my bags over in the corner.



WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- ☐ Trade and/or review
- ☐ It seemed like the thing to do at the time
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ You think Saskatchewan is a kind of Chinese food
- ☐ You LoCed
- ☐ You helped bring a fannish musical to life;
now you know how Dr. Frankenstein felt.
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ You paid
- ☐ It's a chill wind that blows snow good