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KRATOPHANY

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1-23-75

May, 1975

KRATOPHANY #7. Published irregularly; available for trade, letters of comment, whim, or 50¢ from:

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CANADA

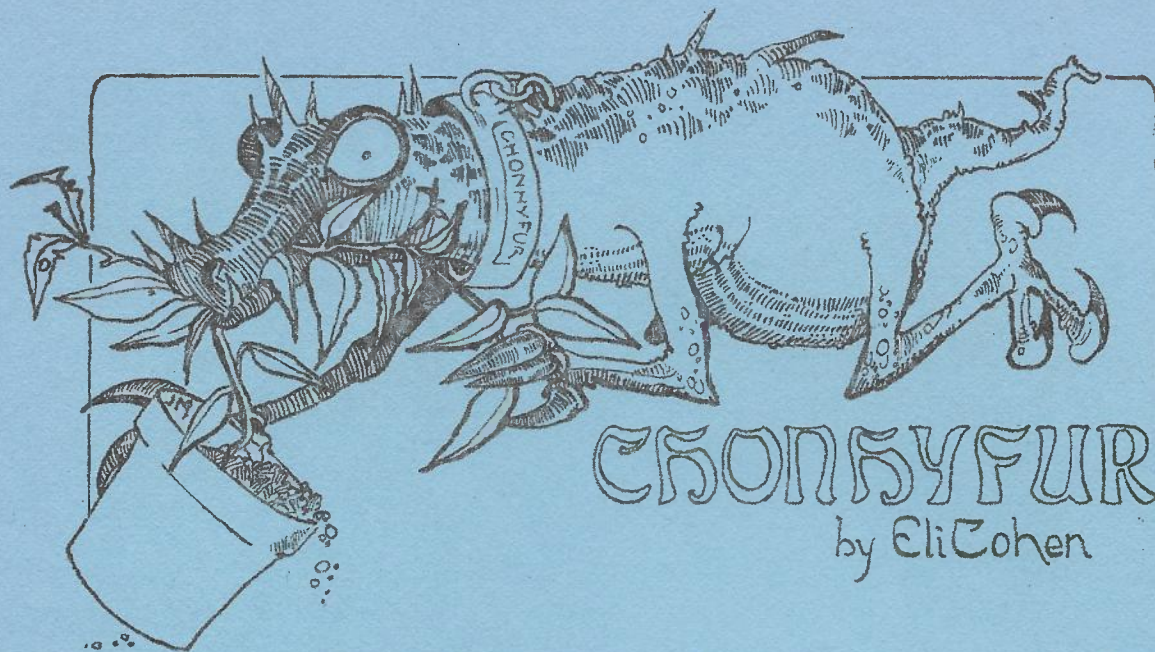
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CONTENTS

Chonhyfur.....	editorial by Eli Cohen	p. 2
Wild's of New York.....	article by Susan Wood	p. 8
There Is No Wyoming.....	article by Henry Holtzman	p.13
Book Revues.....	by Mike O'Brien	p.17
The Adventures of Grayson Greensward.....	by Yarik P. Thrip	p.18
Branches.....	letter column	p.19

ARTWORK: Cover courtesy of Susan Wood; cover photo by Jim Saklad, printed by Dick Eney; Jim Shull -- p. 1, 12, 31; Judy Mitchell -- p. 2; Grant Canfield -- p. 3, 5, 15; Bill Rotsler -- p. 4; Jim McLeod -- p. 7, 22, 26; Tim Kirk -- p. 10; Alexis Gilliland -- p. 14; Freff -- p. 21, 29, 32; Barlow Palminteri -- p. 27.

Gobrin Press Publication #8.



First of all, I think I should bring you up to date on my current status with the Canadian authorities. Well, it's this way: My case is being appealed to the Minister of Immigration, and I should hear Real Soon Now.

What? That's how things were in the last issue, 6 months ago? No, no, this is a different appeal to the Minister. The last one, a request that I be allowed to apply for landed immigrant status from within Canada, was initiated more or less without my knowledge by our local MP, Les Benjamin. There the Minister politely informed both of us that he saw no reason to make any exceptions in my case, and Mr. Benjamin wrote to assure me that anytime I required further assistance he would be glad to help. I suppose a politician needs a lot of gall.

Meanwhile, complicated reorganizations and machinations were taking place in the Saskatchewan Dept. of Social Services, my employer, which produced (but not before April) a permanent job for me -- involving a promotion and a raise, no less. (The original hassle with Immigration, a few eons ago, had been due to my job being a temporary civil service appointment.) They also produced a meeting between the local Immigration officials and a rather high ranking delegation from Social Services -- the Director of Planning & Evaluation (my boss), the Director of Corrections (the guy I mostly work for), and the Director of Personnel & Training, accompanied by a letter from the Deputy Minister informing the world that I was invaluable, irreplaceable, essential, vitally necessary for the good of the province and the nation, and not a bad sort at all, really.

So this time the appeal is being made by the browbeaten local Immigration officials, who are fairly decent people, actually, to their own Minister. The funny thing is that all the fuss is to allow me to apply from within Canada and stay here during the processing; nobody has indicated there's any problem with my being accepted!

Anyway, if the appeal fails, there are numerous alternatives, involving various degrees of underhandedness and regulation-bending by the local people. To satisfy the letter of the law, I may wind up flying to Minneapolis (the closest non-busy Canadian Consulate) for 24 hours. Or it might be for a week. Or a month ... It might even be Minot, North Dakota, where in 24 hours you can spend a month. I put my foot down, however, at disguising myself as a Vietnamese refugee.

It would clearly, after all this time, be silly to say things look optimistic; let's just say the local people appear to be on my side, and there are

things they can do to help.

The irony of it all is that having made myself indispensable here (the new Corrections Information System I am helping to set up requires my presence in Regina at least until next April or May), and with my only chance to become a landed immigrant depending on my job, I really am stuck in Regina for a while -- despite the fact that Susan has been granted an Assistant Professorship by the University of British Columbia (only the best CanLit department in the country) and is moving to Vancouver.

It's going to be a very cold winter.

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From "The Complete Subway Strategist" by Robert Edelstein:

"THE EMERGENCY CORD. Silly as it looks, the emergency cord means business. Do not pull it because you are bored, depressed, horny, have not found a strap to hold or want to see if it is indeed the short end of a jump rope. It is not.

CRIME ON TRAINS. Crime is here to stay, and reasonable people do not expect the IND to be any different from the streets. The best way to ward off evil doers is to be alert at all times. Drink a few cups of coffee before boarding a train. Once on, spin your head around periodically. If you enjoy scowling, scowl. It will show that you are not a pushover. When you feel particularly uneasy, carry a mallet or long hatpin. A whistle around your neck could save your life. A piccolo is more original but weighs heavily on the neck and may inhibit you when running."

(with thanks to Hal Davis)

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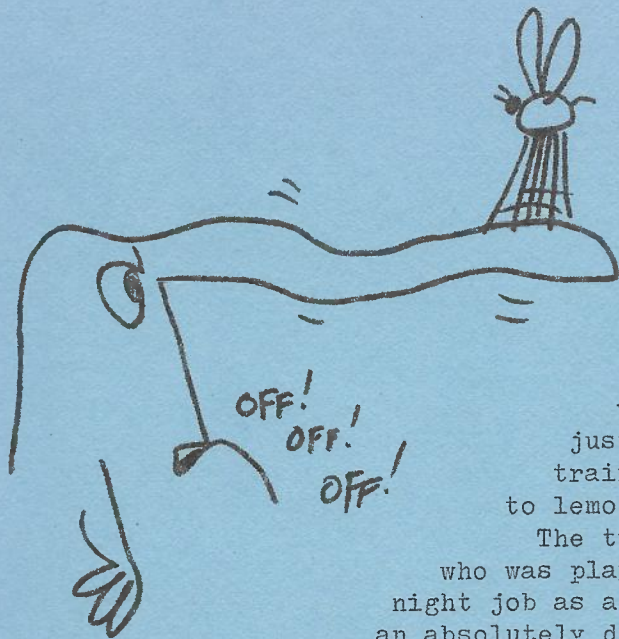
Now don't get me wrong -- aside from the fact that it's in Regina, my job is just about perfect. I am doing something socially worthwhile, I get to write and play with statistics, both of which I enjoy, I have free access to a computer terminal, I have a well-paying, interesting job with a good deal of responsibility and very little supervision, and best of all, I get to leave Regina every so often at government expense.

For instance, I just happen to be half of the official Saskatchewan delegation to the Federal/Provincial Committee on Judicial Information Systems, representing our Corrections Division (I feel like an American spy in the high councils of Canadian government), which got me a trip to Ottawa last December:

I met Harvey Murchison and Wayne McKendrick (from the Attorney General's Dept.) at the Regina airport. After a rousing session with airport security ("but officer, that tickles."), during which I had to remove my earmuffs (metal band) from my coat pocket to prove they weren't a machine gun, we boarded the plane, and had our first policy meeting. We agreed that Saskatchewan's position was, the conference should end as early on Wednesday as was humanly possible, and if necessary we should claim a 3 PM flight home. (It was 6:20, actually.) Harvey then described the last meeting to us newcomers, concentrating on the im-

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LANEY PURDUE BLAH
LAH KINNEY ROTSL
BLAH BLAH ELAH
"ALKINS BARR"
BLAH P"





portant details like the lavish banquet the delegates had been treated to.

We arrived at Ottawa at 4:30. Canada's capital doesn't even have those connecting things at its airport, so we had to walk from the plane to the terminal outdoors. It was 5° colder than Regina, and a lot windier. I called Elizabeth Kimmerly from the airport, and arranged to meet her at my hotel, which she works quite close to. Elizabeth had just returned from a week of management training, where she was taught how to relate to lemons, but that's another story.

The two of us then found Richard Labonte, who was playing hooky for a few hours from his night job as a newspaperperson, and we went off for an absolutely delicious Chinese meal at the Pine Tree Village.

Tuesday morning I met Wayne and Harvey, and we toddled off to the Government Conference Centre. The session was thrilling. For example, we spent half an hour arguing over whether "Justice" could be used as an adjective as in "Justice Information Systems." British Columbia, which is spending \$2-3 million on their judicial information system (which will have at its peak 153 people working on it, including 81 systems analysts; we've got one system analyst plus me to do a similar job), showed a film.

The chairman opened by apologizing for the lack of translators, since everyone was busy with the Finance Ministers meeting that was held the same time. The Quebec delegate didn't say anything. In fact, he didn't say anything throughout the day and a half conference.

I would like to mention that the sugar packets for our coffee came in an assortment with different provincial coats of arms on them.

The meeting Tuesday would no doubt have dragged on forever, had it not been announced that Statistics Canada was holding a reception for us with free drinks, followed by a buffet dinner.

You might say that Stats Canada was trying to seduce us: They plied us with liquor and food, and then propositioned us. Specifically, I talked with the head of Stats Canada's Judicial Division, who was willing, nay, eager, to help us revamp our information system. In pursuit of their goal of more, and more uniform statistics throughout the country, they offered to fly down systems analysts to talk to us, offered to send experts to help us redesign our forms, even offered to print up the new forms! It may sound like a reasonable offer, but Stats Canada is notorious for slow service. They print up a juvenile offender statistical form for us, and the last time we ran low on them, it took 3 months of memos and phone calls before they finally sent us 2000 new forms. Unfortunately, these forms were in French; another month down the drain.

The meal, though, was delicious. Even a bottle of wine at every table. And Black Forest cake for desert. Mmmm.

Richard called later that night; I had told him I was eating at the government's expense, and he started on a tirade about the provinces wasting money on us and how he was glad it wasn't his taxes. I gently told him it was the Federal government, and it was his taxes. He was upset. (A Richard Labonte story: Richard was once part of some student conference hosted by the government, at which they were treated to a very lavish banquet, and the damned ingrates passed a resolution the following morning condemning the government for

wasteful extravagance!)

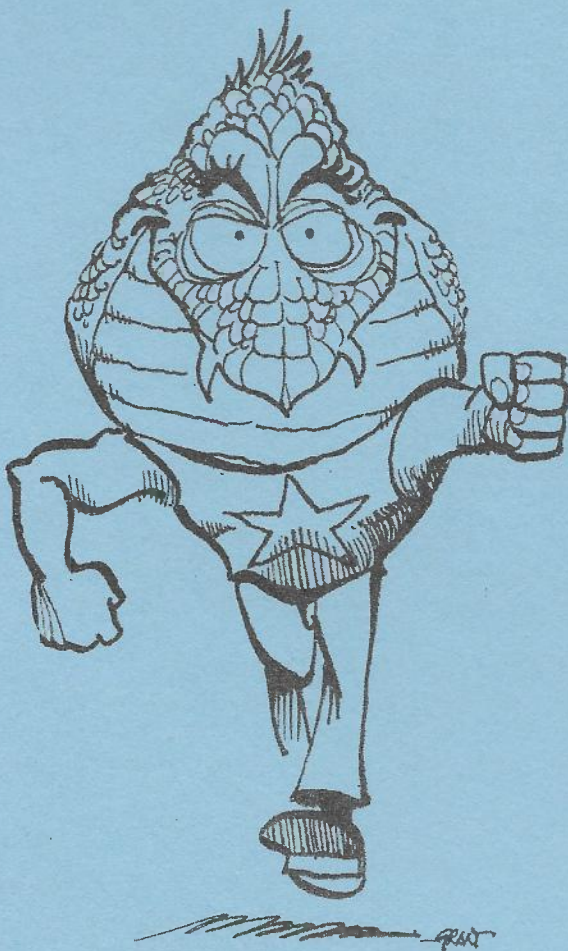
Wednesday's session was as thrilling as Tuesday's, and I spent the afternoon shopping for books and records with Richard, who also tried to find me bagels.

I really don't want to cast aspersions on the competence of Statistics Canada, but: The next Committee meeting was tentatively set for June 3. However, the official Stats Canada committee to organize the meeting couldn't set a date to meet to approve the Committee meeting date. (Don't think I'm not incoherent.) The executive secretary cancelled our meeting in disgust in mid-May, and it's now postponed till September.

But all is not lost -- the Committee's Task Force on Identifiers, which I belong to, has scheduled a meeting for June 3rd in Vancouver.

Lest I give the wrong impression, the conference was not totally useless

-- I did make arrangements which resulted in three consultants from Stats Canada flying out to Regina. This led to the strange situation of an American (myself) and an Englishwoman (our systems analyst) negotiating with a Canadian Federal agency on behalf of Saskatchewan. But that's another story.



* * *

"Now, if you are to punish a man retributively, you must injure him. If you are to reform him, you must improve him. And men are not improved by injuries. To propose to punish and reform by the same operation, is exactly as if you were to take a man suffering from pneumonia and attempt to combine punitive and curative treatment. Arguing that a man with pneumonia is a danger to the community and that he need not catch it if he takes proper care of his health, you resolve that he shall have a severe lesson, both to punish him for his negligence and his pulmonary weakness, and to deter others from following his example. You therefore strip him naked and in that condition, stand him all night in the snow. But as you admit the duty of restoring him to health if possible and discharging him with sound lungs, you engage a doctor to superintend the punishment

and administer cough lozenges made as unpleasant to the taste as possible so as not to pamper the culprit. A board of commissioners ordering such treatment, would prove thereby either that they were imbeciles or else that they were hotly in earnest about punishing the patient and not in the least earnest about curing him."

-- George Bernard Shaw

* * *

Reading The Left Hand of Darkness aloud to a blind Milton scholar in the middle of frozen Regina is a unique experience. I had never read anything longer than a cartoon caption aloud to anyone; the thought of reading my favorite SF book (and possibly my favorite book, period) to an English profes-

sor with very high critical standards appealed to me about as much as submitting my fanzine to Buck Coulson for review. Furthermore, I knew that even stories that read very well with your mouth shut can contain real clinkers of prose, mercilessly exposed by an oral reading (as was amply demonstrated the time Jon Singer read a Cordwainer Smith story to FSFSCU).

But Susan and I had spent so much time telling Burton (the blind Milton scholar in question) what a great book Left Hand was, that it really wasn't fair not to read it to him. I must confess I was a little curious, too. (After all, I do send KRAT to Buck Coulson.) Thus my weekly Sunday afternoon Bach tutorial with Burton turned into a 12-part serialized reading of The Left Hand of Darkness.

I love that book. I'd read it three times before, the third time because I made the mistake of "glancing through" it before loaning it to a friend. Reading it to Burton involved a double reading of each section -- once carefully beforehand to get the sentence stresses and pronunciation right (you try pronouncing "Eskichwe rem ir Her" or "Odharhahad Susmy"), and then the actual reading itself. I can think of few books that I could bear to do that to; even books I like very much tend to have some dull or draggy sections -- parts I would skin on re-reading, if not the first time through.

But this treatment not only didn't kill the book for me, it deepened my appreciation of it. I saw connections I'd missed before, and the necessity of cutting it up into manageable sections made me intensely aware of how tightly connected the entire work is, every piece of it interacting with what comes before and after, lines reverberating throughout the length of the book:

"Very-long-ago a keystone was always set in with a mortar of ground bones mixed with blood. Human bones, human blood."

"...shifgrethor -- prestige, face, place, the pride-relationship, the untranslatable and all-important principle of social authority in Karhide and all civilizations of Gethen."

"Within the year he ended the old feud, giving up half the disputed lands to the Domain of Stok. For this, and for the murder of his hearth-brothers, he was called Estraven the Traitor. Yet his name, Therem, is still given to children of that Domain."

"Edondurath said, 'Why are my sons followed thus by darkness?'

His kemmering said, 'Because they were born in the house of flesh, therefore death follows at their heels. They are in the middle of time. In the beginning there was the sun and the ice, and there was no shadow. In the end when we are done, the sun will devour itself and shadow will eat light, and there will be nothing left but the ice and the darkness.'"

"'Fear's very useful. Like darkness; like shadows.'"

"'How did you get all this?' 'Stole it', said the one-time Prime Minister of Karhide.... He was not proud of his exploit, and not able to laugh at it. Stealing is a vile crime on Winter; indeed the only man more despised than the thief is the suicide."

"He ran from me, and straight into the guns of the border-guards."

"'Shifgrethor? It comes from an old word for shadow.'"

Light is the left hand of darkness
and darkness the right hand of light.
Two are one, life and death, lying
together like lovers in kemmer,
like hands joined together,
like the end and the way."

"Therefore for the first time it came plainly to me that my friend being dead, I must accomplish the thing he died for. I must set the keystone in the arch It had taken Estraven six months to arrange my first audience. It had taken the rest of his life to arrange this second one."

I was astonished at how well the book read -- in fact, the only section I had real difficulty with was the scientific report, Chapter 7, with syntactically over-complicated sentences that simply don't occur elsewhere. I became highly conscious of the stylistic differences between Estraven's chapters and Genly Ai's, and the completely different texture of the Gethenian myths. Throughout, LeGuin does a masterful job of matching style to subject. An extra bonus: Forced for the first time to pronounce all those alien names, I realized that Orgota and Karhidish really are two different languages. You can hear it, in the difference between "Sembensyen" and "Kargav", between "Mishnory" and "Ehrenrang."

Even more gratifying, Burton liked the book, despite the butchered reading I undoubtedly gave, and the long waits between sections. During the first chapter he commented on LeGuin's "clean writing," and kept muttering at other points things like "She knows what she's doing. She has control of her material." He was visibly moved many times, not least at the line, "On a world where a common table implement is a little device with which you crack the ice that has formed on your drink between drafts..." Sitting in 30° below Regina, Burton, who grew up in St. Louis, found the concept delightful.

I find Left Hand one of the most completely satisfying books I have ever read. Everything works together -- plot, characters, setting, style, philosophy -- all serve to reinforce each other. Burton, on the other hand ... Well, Burton is strange. He has quite varied tastes in, say, music, ranging from



Renaissance composers to the Beatles to Bach to Humphrey and the Dumptrucks. But he is bored by politics, and claims he never cared much for the beauty or grandeur of Nature. People, and the stuff of human relationships are what turn him on. He's also a sucker for tragedy and suffering; so it's clear what he liked about the book. But coincidentally (or perhaps not so), while I was reading him Left Hand on Sundays, his nine year old son Sam was spending his Saturday visits (Burton and his wife separated the year before he went blind) reading him A Wizard of Earthsea.

Burton liked it better.

His case was simply that, as a children's book, it dealt more directly and powerfully with basic mythic patterns, archetypes if you will, and thus he found it more moving; I know it's just because there's no politics in it.

But I forgive him. First of all, I think Wizard of Earthsea is a fine book; secondly, Burton also prefers The Hobbit to Lord of the Rings.

There's no accounting for tastes. * * *

(Continued on p.31)

WILDS of NEW YORK

by SUSAN WOOD

When I flew to New York last year, I was a Woman With a Mission.

No mere pleasure trip, this jaunt -- though Eli had tickets to five plays and the ballet; Freff was going to show me the Met's art treasures, Jon Singer, the Botanical Gardens, and Eli, the Cloisters; and we had a full schedule of dinner-dates with the city's finest fen. No mere flight from W*I*N*T*E*R, though there was ice on the puddles and not a sign of an open bud outside my Regina house when I left April 30, while to the south the rhododendrons bloomed and a cardinal fluttered through the dogwood in the Cloister gardens. Pleasant: but I had no time for Pleasure. I had a Quest.

My friends the Millers -- Georgeous David the Actor and Talented Cathryn the Artist -- had decided to retreat from the Big Bad City (pop. 145,000) to a 30-acre farm near Saskatoon. There, they said, they would live in peace and contentment, growing food, raising goats and rabbits, pruning the orchard and waiting for The Collapse of Civilization. "Money?" I said. Ah, that would come from their other vocations: Cathryn would sew and embroider beauteous custom clothing; David would build guitars and dulcimers..

It is marginally possible to be a self-sufficient farmer in Saskatchewan.

It is not possible to be a self-sufficient luthier.

David searched lumberyards for mahogany and cherry, talked wistfully of someday travelling to Brazil to buy a rosewood log. He ordered rosewood pegs, wire, and pretty beads for fine-tuning dulcimer strings, all from India. The order took six months to fill, but it wandered through Customs eventually. Finally, he ordered guitar rosettes, mother-of-pearl and gold inlays, and other exotica from faroff, fabled New York. The order had taken six months to remain unfilled.

"Susan, dear," said Cathryn, holding some art for AMOR just out of reach.

"Susan, dear," said David, holding the promise of an article for AMOR realsoon and the cast preview of a new show at Globe Theatre that night, before me.

"Susan, dear," purred the cats, holding in their claws, for a change. "Dear good friend Susan, will you run an errand for us in New York? All you have to do is go to Wild's."

"What do you want in Brooklyn? A copy of THE INCOMPLEAT TERRY CARR?"

"No, no, not the wilds. Wild's. They sell guitar rosettes and ..."

"No, no, Cathryn," David corrected. "They have guitar rosettes there, among ~~other~~ things, including a lot of dust. Sometimes you can buy them. If you send them a mail order, sometimes they mail it out. If you go there with money and an order, sometimes they'll let you buy stuff and maybe even mail it to you. So here's the order, and here's a money order, and here's a map. It's not too hard to find. I got there on my bike just a few years ago." He repressed a shudder. David dislikes cities.

I looked at the little cardboard rectangle David handed me. "H.L. Wild,

dealer in supplies for the professional and amateur wood worker. Established 1876," it said. "All roads lead to Wild," it said. "Directions how to come here: All Subways, Bus Lines and the Hudson Tubes have stations on 14th Street. Get off there and take the 14th Street Crosstown Bus going East marked Delancey and Clinton streets, which will bring you to Avenue A and 11th Street. We are located 4 doors from the Corner. BLUE BUILDING," it said. I looked at the map on the other side of the card. My knowledge of how-to-trek-around-NYC is limited to "here's the subway stop for the Avocado Pit, that's the street Jerry and Suzle live on," but it seemed simple enough. I did note that Wild's was near the East River.

"It's sort of a rundown neighbourhood," David added. "And it's a dark little store. And the people are completely crazy. You shouldn't have any trouble. Thanks!"

I trotted off the plane at Kennedy, and was met by Richard Labonte, looking healthy. Since I'd last seen him four months before, in Vancouver looking ill, I was momentarily disoriented. Then Eli appeared.

"Hiya! We're having dinner with the DiFates tomorrow, and Debbie Notkin the day after, and Sandra Miesel wants you to call, and I have tickets for ..." and he reeled off ten minutes' worth of entertainments, diversions, treats and messages. "Anything else you'd like to do? We might fit it in Thursday."

"Well, yes, love. Before I can enjoy myself, I have to go to Wild's."

"Oh, sure. Friday, the Fanoclasts' meeting at Steve Stiles' place ..."

"No, no, not the wilds. Wild's. I have to get dulcimer inlays and guitar rosettes. The career of Saskatchewan's Finest Luthier depends on me!"

"Pretentious, isn't she?" muttered Richard, who's known me since before I was a neo. I ignored him, and handed that card to Eli. "Avenue A and ... Oh wow, I can show you the Canarsie Line!" He sounded nostalgic.

It was late Saturday afternoon before we got ourselves out of the Avocado Pit and onto the subway. Riding the New York subway is, as Eli once observed, a Taoist experience: everything connects, even if you can't see how. Funny, I never associated the Tao with dirt, noise, pushy crowds, feltpen and spraypaint decor, "Miss Subways," Eli switching at random from the local to the express, or a feeling of total panic. However, after no more than the usual number of unexplained 20-minute waits in dank tunnels between stations, we arrived at Union Square. Eli asked to see the map. Reading over his shoulder, I saw, in small letters at the bottom: "Business Hours: open daily Mondays through Fridays til 6 p.m. Saturdays till 3 p.m." I saw the clock above me. Beneath the grime it said 3:30.

We went off to buy Debbie's roommates a bag of bagels instead.

Such exotic delights as bagels, Baskin-Robbins and ballet could not distract me for long, though. Monday morning -- well, afternoonish, after finishing the bagels -- found me waiting for the Canarsie Line, while Eli reminisced about waiting up to 45 minutes for the train, every day on his way to Stuyvesant High. Since the train, like Entropy or God, failed to manifest itself, we eventually walked down 14th St., to 1st Ave., down to 11th, and then towards Avenue A.

I remembered David saying "It's a sort of rundown neighbourhood."

I saw dirt, garbage, dogshit, broken windows, shabby, furtive people, dinge and grime and decay: your average New York street.

And I saw the Catholic school, its windows barred with heavy iron on every story; and its concentration-camp fence; and its web of barbed wire enclosing the entire structure. I saw more broken buildings and broken people.

Eli didn't seem to notice, except to observe : "Hey, you realize when Wild's was founded, this was probably midtown?"

We crossed 1st Avenue. And on the next block I saw: a gutted row of tenements, black and desolate; derelict cars, chained-to-railing garbage cans and filth almost blocking the street; derelict bottles-clutching humans; the local black gang holding a meeting outside the burnedout houses; a sodden lump huddled in a cellar doorway, moaning ...

And there I was, a well-dressed WASP female with nearly a hundred dollars in my purse to spend on frivolities, all alone in another universe with only a little blond New Yorker for protection. But of course this was normal, this was New York, my Native Guide didn't notice anything unusual ... At which point Eli clutched me, muttering "ohmighod, there can't be a business here, it's a slum!"

"Oh," said a little touristy part of my brain. "A real New York slum! Maybe I'll get mugged! How nice to experience the totality of a city!" Most of my mind, however, was occupied with pondering how I could get out of there, fast; and whether Saskatchewan really needed a luthier.

Then, halfway down the street I noticed a building that might once, in a happier era (circa 1876) have been blue. Dragging Eli, I made for it, trying to blend into the grubby scenery. The gang, winos, druggies, and dogs all ignored us.

The lettering on the dirt-smeared, triple-locked door said "Wild's." The sign in the dirt-smeared triple-barred, empty show window said: "Closed Mondays."

We took the Canarsie Line home, and I took to wailing about My Failed Quest to anyone foolish enough to ask "So what have you been doing in the city?"

Jon Singer asked that very question as, inspired by the Botanical Gardens, we sat eating mangoes so he could grow a mango tree.

"...And I have to go back to that awful place tomorrow, because I promised David I'd buy his supplies, and the whole career of Saskatchewan's Finest Luthier depends on me!" I finished, melodramatically.

"Pretentious, isn't she?" Singer observed to Eli. "Easily freaked out, too. Now, we New Yorkers don't let the city bother us." He patted me. "Now where is this place, anyway?"

"Avenue A and 11th," I said, expecting Singer to ooze with nostalgia for the Canarsie Line and Stuyvesant.

Singer turned pale. "Mighod, that's where those two cops got shot... You went there? It's a slum! Eli, how could you?"

"...Cops got shot?" Eli repeated.

"Weeelll," I said, magnanimously, "it was only that last half block that was really bad."

"Yeah, I suppose," said Singer thoughtfully. "You'd be OK during the day, the junkies just stand there and sway a little, they're too far out of it to do any real damage. Didn't mean to scare you."

"...Any real damage..." Eli muttered. "Say, Jon, why don't we all have



dim sum in Chinatown tomorrow, and you can come with us."

"Sure. The place sounds like fun," said Jon.

The next day, I put my brain in gear: I called Wild's. "Yeah, we're open, why not?" growled a voice of indeterminate gender, against a background of barks, snarls and vicious voices. Cheery, I thought, as I took off my watch and jewellery, emptied everything but lunch money and David's order out of my purse, and put on my grubbiest clothes.

Past the garbage, past the derelicts, past the wire-wound school, past the gang meeting, sauntered the three whites. Pushed open the dirty once-blue door. And found: one hysterically barking German Shepherd trying to leap over the counter to tear out our throats; one large cat, spitting; a cavern full of dust, shadows, and bits of wood, receding towards infinity or 10th St.; and a violent quarrel between a large scruffy female named Mary and a large scruffy male named Joe. The former took time off from telling the latter that her father had owned this place, he had just married into the business, and he could shut up and do as he was told, to tell the dog roughly the same thing.

Very wild.

A small, stooped person materialized to lure Singer off into the cavern, with promises of rare balsa woods -- and maybe the Holy Grail, it was that sort of place. Eli petted the cat which, puzzled by kindness, purred. Thus abandoned by my boon companions, I fished out David's order and turned to a quiet woman, sitting methodically typing in the store's one patch of light. Outraged by this challenge to their authority, Joe and Mary stopped bickering, and converged on me.

I wish I could convey, in mere words, the impression of this dingy warehouse full of grubby treasure, or the effort it took to place a simple order. "Guitar rosettes? Sure, we got real fine rosettes," Joe would say, making no move to show them to me. "Sheddup, it was my father's store. Sure, honey, only the finest rosettes, all from England, really fine quality, how many didya want," Mary would interrupt, not showing me any either. After half an hour, during which I learned a great deal about guitar rosettes, I finally was allowed to see one. Wrong size, but never mind. We progressed through inlays, David's request for a current pricelist, and the fact that David's original order, sitting on the counter, couldn't possibly be re-addressed from Regina to Saskatoon. ("Yeah, Joe, ya gotta mail that parcel soon." "Why don't you do somethin' for a change." "Shaddup, it's my father's store. Now, honey, what was it you wanted again?") The robot-lady typed on, probably filling orders from 1969. Singer reappeared, clutching fistsful of balsa. Eli patted the dog. The cat, since no-one was yelling, slept. Hours passed. I learned from Mary, Joe, and then Mary again that they had no quarter-inch mother-of-pearl. Possibly the supply old H.L. laid in in 1876 was exhausted. Certainly I was.

Finally I decided I preferred the hoods and the winos to Joe, Mary, and the existential dilemmas of who owned the store and whether they had any five-inch guitar rosettes, pattern 53B. ("Sure you don't want 53A, honey? We may have some of those.") I thrust the list at Mary, the money order at Joe, said "Look, please, just send him this sometime, OK?" and fled.

"Those were really interesting people," said Singer, as we walked towards the Canarsie Line station.

"Yeah, they'd make a good column for KRAT" said Eli.

Last October, I visited Cathryn and David on the farm. They'd been busy all summer, putting in crops, pruning an orchard neglected for 25 years, digging a root cellar and greenhouse foundations, pouring concrete, building the greenhouse. The parcels from Wild's had both arrived by midsummer, though, and David had taken time to set up his workshop and build a few instruments. A dulcimer hung on the wall above the couch: a lovely thing of dark wood and gold inlay, with a carved falcon head. It resonated softly as we talked.

"Well," I said, looking at it, I guess the trip was worth it."

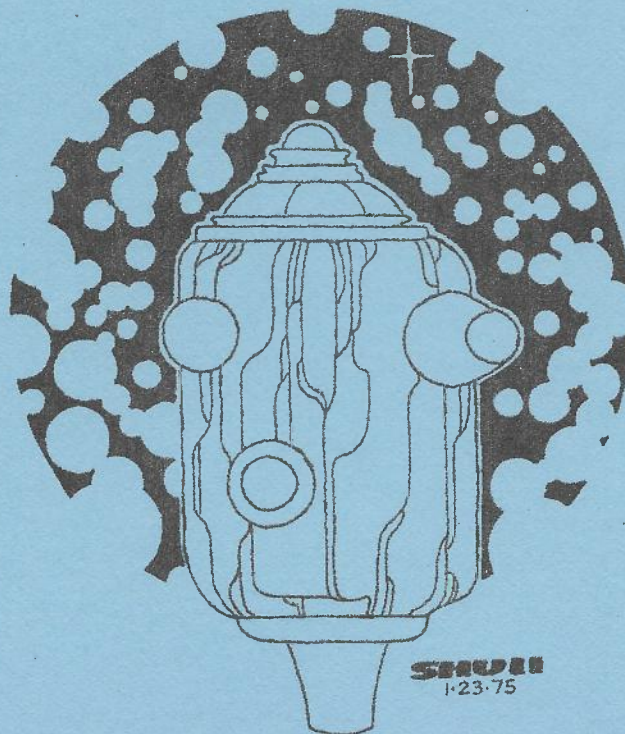
"Of course. Just think what a treat you had, getting to visit Wild's! But I still don't see why you were upset about the neighbourhood. All New York looks like that. And I never had any trouble," said David -- the six-foot-two ex-biker.

I snarled. The dulcimer answered sweetly.

"Anyway, thank you, Susan. And you won't have to go back. I discovered oh, just before you got back, that there's a supplier right in Vancouver. Efficient, too: got my last order in two weeks."

"WHAT? All the time I was traipsing through the slums, you could've been writing to Vancouver!" I yelped. David nodded, grinning. And the dulcimer chuckled softly.

AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT: As a graduation present Eli gave me a Miller Saskatchewan Appalachian dulcimer, a lovely mahogany creation of fine tone, exceptional volume, and exquisite crafting. I am now learning to play it. David also makes guitars and Celtic harps to order -- and Cathryn can embroider you a carrying bag. They can be reached at Sub Post Office 13, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7H 0R0, Canada. This had been a Free Plug. Of course, if you want to build your own, you can always go to Wild's



THERE IS NO WYOMING

by Henry Holtzman

It was an unusually clear week for Seattle. Mt. Rainier hung like an American Fuji in the October air, and I'd just concluded five days of successful business negotiations. I was feeling rather full of myself. Especially since my negotiations involved a canny old politician like the Lieutenant Governor of Montana.

As a gesture, my company picked up the tab for a dinner party that included the Right Honorable Lieutenant Governor. And I had the chance to play the expansive host. The Right Honorable and I struck up a conversation at dinner and quickly found we shared a mutual passion for politics, anthropology, and Amerind cultures.

After dinner we adjourned to a small bar in the basement of the Plaza Hotel. As the evening wore on we became more relaxed with each other and were soon chatting on a genuinely friendly basis.

I ordered a third round of drinks, and on a whim asked, "Governor, why in the hell aren't the Cheyenne Indians where they belong?"

"What, Hank?"

"Why aren't they on their native lands in a central Wyoming reservation instead of being where they are now ... Montana?"

The R.H. peered over his glasses and cocked an eyebrow. "C'mon, Hank, a knowledgeable guy like you can't figure it out? Hell, this is 1970 and there's a wealth of material on it. Basically it was the same old reasons. Settlers, westward expansion, good grazing land."

"That's not quite right, Governor. There's not a great deal of information about it. What's more I've studied enough topographical maps of Wyoming to know that the only thing you can graze in the central part of the state is mountain goats. The area was never heavily settled. What's more, the Cheyenne were kicked out and sent to Oklahoma in 1874. The famous long march back by them almost destroyed the rest of the tribe in 1878, and the survivors were sent back to Oklahoma. That's at least ten years before the heavy settlement of Wyoming. Then, when the federal government finally found its conscience in 1907, the Cheyennes were returned to your state, Montana. But why weren't they sent back to Wyoming?"

He looked at me, sipped on his scotch and said, "Christ, I guess I just don't know."

"Was it because they didn't have anything to go back to?"

"What?" There was no doubt that I had his attention.

"Governor, you may think I'm nuts, but I think they couldn't go back because the federal government wouldn't let them. Furthermore, I don't think you could get in there either. Then, now, or in between. Because there is no Wyoming."

"You were right the first time, Hank," he smiled benignly at me. "You're nuts. But do go on, this ought to be a whopper."

"Am I? I became interested in Wyoming about 1963, and started cataloging a wealth of innocuous but absolutely accurate facts. Let's continue with the Indians: According to most political maps of Wyoming, there's a rather amorphously-shaped Shoshone Indian reservation squarely in the middle of the state. Aside from the fact that it makes no sense to put Shoshones in the middle of Cheyenne territory, and five hundred miles from their traditional lands, you and I both know that there aren't any organized Indian tribes living north of the state capitol, east of Afton, south of Sheridan, or west of Lusk. And, by the way, none of these places is any more than thirty miles in from their respective state borders. In fact there isn't much of anything

more than seventy miles from borders with other states."

"Wait, Hank, before you get carried away. First, Caspar, the ski resort, is in the middle of the state. Second, two major national parks are in Wyoming."

"You wait a minute, Governor. Do you fly an airplane?"

"Yes, why?"

"When did you last fly into Caspar?"

"Why, never. You can't fly there because there's no airport."

"Right, the only way in is by car or train. And both routes wind through canyons and around mountains. By the time you've gone ten miles you can't tell in which direction you're traveling or how far in a straight line you've gone. It's like a maze. And all your car's odometer tells you is that you added 145 miles to the clock. Add to that, that the only road in is from the east, And who laid out both the roads and the tracks?"

"Why federal surveyors ...," his voice trailed off, "... about the turn of the century."

"It's beginning to mount up, drop by drop, isn't it Governor? And as for Grand Teton and Yellowstone Parks, well, one is tucked along the western edge of Wyoming and the other occupies the northwest corner."

The R.H. took a long pull on his J&B and ordered another round.

"By the way, Governor, how often have you flown across the center of Wyoming?"

"Never in a small aircraft. You can't get FAA clearance unless you're at least 25,000 feet. But, hell, I wouldn't want to fly over those mountains at less than 20,000."

"Well, the official route maps of airlines like American, United, TWA, and Continental might interest you, then. There are no official



routes over central Wyoming."

Sucking on a piece of ice, the R.H. stated, "Look, Facts, routes, geography. So what! I know over a hundred people from Wyoming."

"Governor, I've only met two. Both from Cheyenne. Like you, they're convinced I'm a candidate for the funny farm. But they've never been to Central Wyoming either. And what they do say is quite enlightening: Number one, as you know the state capital is at Cheyenne, and one fact makes it unique for a western landlocked state: it's not at the center. Hell, nothing's at the center that we know about. Cheyenne is only fifteen miles north of the Colorado border. Furthermore, it's a standing joke -- but quite accurate -- that Wyoming's largest liquor store is in Colorado. The largest shopping center is, too."

"Proving?"

"Proving you don't put liquor stores and shopping centers where there aren't any people. South of Cheyenne and all the way to the Colorado border there are people. The greatest concentration in Wyoming. North of Cheyenne, nobody."

"Fine, Hank, but that's not the people I had in mind. I'm talking politics. Where you have people in politics with a secret like that you also get some very

talkative people. There has to have been a leak long before now."

"But there was a leak."

The R.H. gave me a fisheye look, and said, "I've never heard of it."

"But you have. It was reported by one of your own departments."

"Oh, come off it."

"Wait a minute, now. Prove it to yourself. Isn't Montana a leading sheep raising state?"

"Damn straight it is," he agreed.

"Your state Department of Agriculture and Animal Husbandry put out three news releases between 1965 and 1969. A total of one thousand head of sheep died under mysterious circumstances. Not diseased, but gassed. Or so says the US Army, who was so goddam quick to admit ..."

"Whoa. Back off, stud. We do have an army facility in Montana that does test gas."

"Right, Governor, and it's north of Butte. According to your Agriculture Dept. every one of the sheep killed was being grazed within 10 miles of the Wyoming border. I don't know how much you understand about poison gas, but they're all designed to hug the ground so that you can kill enemy troops. How the hell did gas escape north of Butte, manage to avoid killing Montana citizens, and fall back to earth just north of Wyoming?"

"Christ, you know it never occurred to me at the time..."

"Uhuh. In any event my point was that how come the army was so quick in admitting guilt? That in itself is hard to believe. Hell, the army takes months to admit that a reporter actually caught a Washington general with more than one personal servant. Why the sudden rush to admit killing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of livestock?"

"Hank, we've been complaining to Washington about that for years. Their reasonable explanation is national security requires them to test. They do apologize and they do pay off the ranchers."

"Governor, doesn't one fact occur to you in all this? Pardon the theatrics, but my analogy is to Sherlock Holmes' famous 'dog in the night' explanation. Familiar with it?"

"Sure. If I recall it goes, 'What was so strange about the dog in the night? Why, he did nothing. And that's what was strange... he did nothing.'"

"You've got it. My point is this: With all those sheep killed just north of Wyoming, there has never been a single press release or document filed by the Wyoming Agriculture Dept. about sheep death in Wyoming from accidental poison gassing. I consider it rather remarkable that nerve gas or whatever is accidentally released in Northern Montana, skips over the state, and settles within ten miles of the Wyoming border killing only Montana sheep."

"That's quite interesting, but there is one area where I can put the kabosh to your whole beautiful, and somewhat alcoholic, theory: Politics. I know many of the officials in Wyoming. They don't seem like a gang of closed mouth conspirators to me. Why some of them regularly get their asses whipped at election time. What's more, the people of Wyoming elect whoever they damn please. It's not a police state."

"Oh? And how do officials get elected?"

"By primary balloting for nomination of candidates."

"And who selects who is to go on the ballots?"

"Why a committee of about ten to fifteen..."

Never mind. I see what you mean. But what about



the appointed officials?"

"You know better than I do that they're easier to control than elected officials. What's more, most of them would deal with people problems. And the people of Wyoming are scattered around the state like the frame of a picture. The picture itself is blank.... There probably aren't more than forty people who would deal with the problems of the center part of the state. Only forty people. Hell, that's only equal to a... a..."

"A platoon of infantry," interposed the R.H.

"Or engineers. So, you're beginning to believe that there may be more to it than a pleasant bullshit theory, eh, Governor?"

"I'm not sure, Hank, but I will add an extra that has always puzzled me. I'm an enthusiastic hunter. But I've never hunted in Central Wyoming. What's more I've never met anyone else that has. All I know is that the best hunting in the Rockies is in Montana. No one ever goes to Wyoming."

"You know, that's a point I never considered."

"It's your theory, my friend, but what the hell do you think is really going on in there?"

"Damned if I know. I think the government has something very big going on, and whatever it is they're using an area of 200 miles by 400 miles to hide it in. It's got to be the biggest installation in the world to occupy 80,000 square miles. The only conclusions I reach are that it takes a helluva lot of power and it's not benevolent."

"How do you figure that?"

"First, there's a chain of three reservoirs sixty miles long. The maps show that, if you can believe them. Now if there's one thing Wyoming doesn't lack, it's water. So irrigation is out. Flood control? Perhaps, but Wyoming never had a particularly bad problem that way. That leaves only hydroelectric power. And lakes that size in valleys that steep could provide enough power for all the states around Wyoming, yet officially Wyoming doesn't have the hydroelectric output that those reservoirs seem to indicate."

"Why isn't it benevolent?"

"Because it's killed over a 1,000 sheep in Montana. God knows what it has done in Wyoming."

The R.H. turned to the waitress and called for the check. We talked while strolling to the elevator.

"So, Hank, you don't buy the poison gas theory."

"Not poison gas from Montana, anyway."

"I've not really thought about it before, but I think I agree that those Montana sheep weren't poisoned from the Montana side of the border. As to the rest of your theory ... well, it's been a pleasant evening."

I got off the elevator at the lobby level, while the R.H. stayed aboard. He grabbed the door as it started to close and said, "Hank, have you ever thought that they might not be trying to keep us out?"

"What's that?"

"They might be trying to keep something in."

The door slid silently closed. I never again saw the Right Honorable Lieutenant Governor of Montana. He never answered any of my letters. In 1972 he failed to be re-nominated for public office.

By the way, every time I ride the turnpike more than a few miles I manage to see a car with a Wyoming plate. It's the same car with the same plate ... every time.

"I went to call on some people today and stumbled into a children's party....After refreshments the party grew rough; one lad kept jumping off the top of the piano, landing in a sitting posture on the keyboard; he did this a number of times -- leaving no tone unsterned, in fact."

--Robertson Davies, The Table Talk of Samuel Marchbanks

BOOK REVUES

by Mike O'Brien

((Editor's note: As promised last issue, Mike herewith continues his reviews of the 19 volume set of books he acquired from the Britannica Corporation.))

Vol. 11: Livingstone Metalwork A showcase book of the work done by the famous Livingstone of the African quote. Until Stanley found him, the unfortunate Livingstone was reduced to converting the rings on his jungle pack, his shoe buckles, and indeed every piece of metal in his possession into intricately wrought sculptures as a means of passing the time. Unfortunately the only surviving specimens are in sadly corroded condition due to the jungle conditions and much of the fine detail is lost.

Vol. 12: Metamorphic New Jersey The new Phil Dick novel.

Vol. 13: Newman Peisistratus The touching story of a poor Greek immigrant who comes to our shores, scrimps and saves for years, and is finally able to open a modest restaurant on the Lower East Side. A rampaging mob descends upon him, however, after a significant proportion of the clientele develops food poisoning. It is rumored that this quaint volume was written by Mrs. Horatio Alger after she learned of the literary excursions of Mary Shelley, another wife of another famous writer. Mrs. Alger's husband took as dim a view of the affair as did Mrs. Shelley's.

Vol. 14: Peking Probability The reviewer has not had the courage to open this one yet. It is either an action-adventure-spy novel, or the Red Chinese Plan for World Domination.

Vol. 15: Proboscidea Rubber This curious volume of military research dating from WWII has finally been declassified after the death of all the participants. It is to be inferred that the original classification was not so much in the interests of national security as in the personal interests of the principals and their reputations, as the entire project dealt with an attempt to devise a suitable substitute for rubber from the effluvium of the human nose.

Vol. 16: Rubens Somalia One of the most audacious art frauds ever attempted, this pseudo-scholarly treatise attempts to trace an African influence on the work of the great painter dating from his purported trip there. The fraud was exposed when it was conclusively proved that the great man had never left the continent in his entire life.

Vol 17: Sonar Tax Law Possibly the greatest, although the least well known, of the works of Charles Evans Hughes, who once was nearly elected President of the United States. There are some who claim that this book was the sad product of his decline (the book was published one year before his death in 1948), but this must remain in doubt as no one has ever understood the work well enough to comment on it.

Vol. 18: Taylor Utah The story of a small mining town in Utah, this novel takes the interesting approach of opening just after the departure of the last inhabitant, making the village a ghost town. The pace is best described as slow.

Vol. 19: Utilitarianism Zwingli Huldrych Zwingli was the most important figure in the Swiss Reformation, but he was the only major reformer of the 16th Century whose movement did not evolve into a church. This work traces this singular failure to Zwingli's penchant for wars and ecclesiastical politics, which was carried to such extremes that he was once rumored to favor the re-establishment of the full regalia of the Holy Roman Empire. His following began to decline after a rumor was circulated quoting him as saying, "You can't take a hamlet without breaking legs."

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

The situation was intolerable. The President of Orbiting Luxury, Inc., sat in his office and cursed. He cursed himself for sinking all his money into building a satellite luxury hotel. He cursed his very expensive Design Director for not allowing the Dining Room to be opened because "the decor was not quite right" and he couldn't decide what was wrong. He cursed the clause in the Director's contract that gave him total artistic control. He cursed his creditors, who would own him lock, stock, and barrel if Orbiting Luxury didn't open soon. And above all he cursed Grayson Greensward, art connoisseur, gourmet, and ace troubleshooter, whom he had hired to solve the problem and who was already ten minutes late for his appointment.

Greensward soon arrived, and was taken to the offending room while the situation was explained. It was a magnificent work: The diners would be surrounded on all sides by a solidograph of a deserted beach, each diner apparently gazing, past a log half-buried in the sand, towards the ocean, rolling into shore beneath a glorious sunset.

"I'll simply have to try it out," Greensward told the President, and while the latter chafed and fumed, he methodically worked his way through Blinis with Sour Cream, Green-Turtle Soup, Flounder Poached in White Wine with Mussel and Mushroom Sauce, Roast Pheasant, and Chestnut Croquettes. Finally, even Greensward's enormous appetite was satiated, and he leaned back in his chair contentedly.

"Well?" demanded the President.

"The Director is correct -- there is something not quite right, but I can't put my finger on it. I think some further research in San Francisco might help."

The hapless President was forced to sit raging while exorbitant expense sheets from Greensward flowed in, along with reports from the detectives he had following Greensward that the latter was, indeed, "researching" -- in all the finest and most expensive restaurants the city had to offer. Then came the report that Greensward, last seen heading toward San Francisco Bay, had disappeared.

The President's nerves were so shattered that he almost forgot to be infuriated when Greensward sauntered into his office 24 hours later with a large bird perched on his shoulder. "I think I've got it," he announced, and, after a short conference left the Design Director beaming, it appeared that he indeed had got it. One week later, Orbiting Luxury held its grand opening, and Greensward was there, dining sumptuously with the Director and a much calmer President. The room was almost the same, but now perched on the half-buried log was a replica of the bird Greensward had brought back. Even the President had to admit the improvement.

"How did you ever know?" he foolishly asked Greensward.

Grayson shrugged his shoulders expressively, spread his hands, and said, "So what could go better together than logs and Bay gulls?"

-- Yarik P. Thrip

BRANCHES



Jerry Kaufman
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This issue of KRATOPHANY was quite a nice issue, but I know if I'm too complimentary, you'll put this letter first in the letter col, and then make insinuations about my integrity.

((Jerry, how can you say such things? I would never doubt the sincerity of a compliment on KRAT, which I know has nothing to do with the fulsome praise I've heaped upon SPAN INQ.))

Mike Gorra and Mike O'Brien were both amusing, and I chuckled through both of them. Maybe someone should try to review fanzines as though they contained something related to their titles. KRATOPHANY obviously is the journal of military display, political revelation, and weightlifting.

Maybe we need a new word like "interrelate" (which I do not suggest as the word I mean) to represent a relationship between objects, events, etc., which depend on but which do not cause each other. I mean which do cause each other, but one doesn't cause the other. Like language and a state of mind. In my last letter I said that the Indian vocabulary (from Sanskrit, Pali, Hindu) for religious, metaphysical experience caused or allowed their predilection and proficiency for such experience. You said they have the words because they have the predilection. I don't know of a word to express the relationship, only several long expressions. One word would clarify the problem. "The Indian vocabulary interrelated the Indian religious spirit." Now, quick, what's the word I'm looking for?

((You're right. I think I know just what you mean, but I can't think of the word either. It's the relationship between yin and yang, body and mind (No matter. Never mind.), and all those other Western dichotomies that require both factors to be meaningful. It may be indicative of our way of thought that neither of us can think of the word, whereas one of those weird Indian languages (e.g. Shawnee), that kind of throw a bunch of "nouns" into a pot and let the concepts blend together and modify each other in order to produce a sentence, might find it very easy.))

Dave Piper
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Thanks for the almost-true Kratophany tales. 'Almost-true' because although I enjoyed the 'Captives of the Ghiant Avocados' and the horrendous story of that horrendous week at horrendous 417 and horrendously lived (it says here) ...

really, SHAME upon thee and all your house (!) ... I've searched, and searched, and searched but for the life of me I can't seem to find that revealing 10 page pictorial of H. Warner Esq. In colour, and full-frontal yet, I bet, in all the other copies of this issue you sent out ... but mine (?) ... I guess I was just unlucky.

And, whilst I feel in this whining, complaining mood I do have one other (mild) complaint:

I can follow, and understand, the inherent validity of having your heroine (in the Avocado tale) dressed (well, undressed would be more to the point I suppose!) as an Amazon (after all, apart from any plot ramification, a tit's a tit for all that) but I really must protest. In the penultimate chapter, and with the structure and 'feel' of the tale unfolding in such a way that

anything after the ritual bathing, by the heroine, in concentrated essence of raccoon's armpit would seem to be an anti-climax of the most flagrantly contrived type; to actually crib direct from page 75 of 'Masters of the Vortex' and have the sex-crazed Avocado plump for the tight-sweatered Professor's daughter is just ... well ... just, er, ... too much man! Too much. It just don't scan, like.

P.S. What's a bagel?

((The story is told of a Martian who landed his flying saucer one night in New York, in the middle of the Bronx, and went exploring. After wandering around for about half an hour, he came upon a bakery, and was intrigued by one of the items in the window. He entered and, pointing his green tertiary finger at the item, said, "Give me one of those little wheels." "What?" asked the surprised baker. "Give me one of those little wheels," the Martian repeated. "Oh, you mean a bagel!" He handed one to the Martian, who promptly bit into it. "You know," he said, chewing thoughtfully, "this would go good with lox...."

But I digress. A bagel is a Jewish delicacy, a sort of roll with a hole in the middle. Which is like saying Niagra Falls is water falling down a hill.

Just to forestall further questions from other culturally deprived readers, lox is occasionally also called smoked salmon.))

Peter Roberts
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I honestly don't believe in all this rotating Earth business, I'm afraid. If the Earth was spinning round, we'd all feel giddy and have to hold on to something; also, there'd be one hell of a wind.

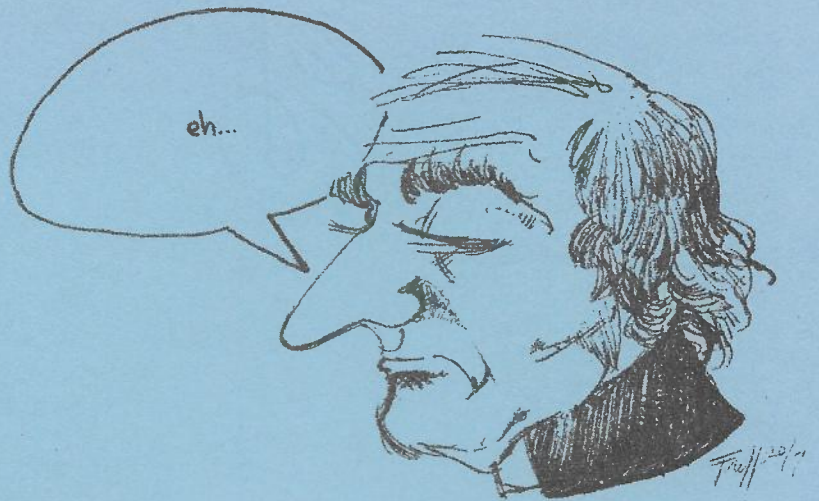
Anyway, my granny thought the Earth was flat (which seems reasonable to me too). She also used a Welsh word for colours which might have been blue or might have been grey. It's a pity I can't remember it, but it was useful in describing the sea on cloudy days.

I started school when we moved to Bristol in 1955. The Bristolian accent is a distinct one, akin to the surrounding one of Somerset (pronounced Zummer-zet), but detectably different. Schools never encourage children to retain their dialect, but force the Queen's English on everyone. Fortunately, they're not always successful. The teachers found it impossible, for example, to make the kids distinguish between "idea" and "ideal". I was as baffled as the other children, because I couldn't see why anyone had to devote an entire lesson to something so obvious. However, the native Bristolians could only recognize one word: "ideal". The eccentric feature of the local dialect is that the 'l' is added to some words ending in a vowel -- "Where's thy sister to, then?" "She did go to Canadal last week -- lives in Reginal." This causes some amusement to aliens, especially in phrases like "The Shahl of Persial" and unwieldy words like "umbrellal" and "cockatool"; however, Bristolians simply don't notice it -- the schoolchildren were unable to say "idea" and were eventually taught to spell it in two different ways, according to meaning. Hence the lesson and the subsequent spelling test (in which I scored 100%, being a Cornishman, and was disqualified!).

Harry Warner, Jr.
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Wendy and the Yellow King is very impressive, I'm awed by the time that must have gone into it, and yet I'll have to admit that I feel a bit perplexed by the whole thing. I keep imagining that two out of every three panels have been left out, just as I keep thinking that some advanced movies have been severely edited for television when all the time, the abrupt cuts from one scene and situation to another were done on purpose.

You'll just have to take my antiquity and mental rigidity into consideration, trust me when I say that I liked it outside of that, and take consolation in all the praise that I'm sure it'll receive from people who have more experience with modern comic art and can keep their bearings.



Fortunately, David Emerson's column was well within my comprehensibility index. I found it true to life, almost

painfully so where the armed forces are concerned. I've never belonged, but I've come into brushing encounters on various occasions. There was the time the armed forces grew all excited about the failure of another Hagerstown reporter to return his identification card which the armed forces had issued for access to certain interviews and such; the fact that he had ended his reporting career to be drafted into the armed forces didn't matter, the newspaper was supposed to track him down and get back that card and give it back to the armed forces, even if he was in the army itself. Once I covered in wartime the launching of a ship in Philadelphia that had been named for this area and was required to submit my story to naval censorship before wiring it back to Hagerstown. The censor didn't mind anything until he came to the list of names of Hagerstown people who had attended the ceremonies. "How do I know this isn't some kind of code?" he asked me. "I dunno," I said. He sighed and passed it, obviously worried for fear he had let slip through a list of Axis sympathizers or something. But my favorite experience was the time I almost got drafted. At the induction station each potential victim was given a little bottle and told to go behind that curtain and not come out until he'd filled the bottle. Then the whole crowd of us dutifully put the dozens of identical little bottles on a counter top and went on to the next test, with no way to link an individual to what he had left behind.

Another example of translation difficulties was the time Khrushchev stirred up excitement by telling the United States: "We'll bury you." As I understand it, this was the literal translation of a Russian phrase which had no sinister connotations, but just meant that we'll excel. I have also read somewhere that the celebrated adventure of Jonah is all a mistake; the original used a phrase which translated literally as "in a great fish" and meant approximately what we mean when we say someone is in a bind or in a pickle.

((("And Jonah was swallowed by a great pickle ..." Quick, what's green and lies at the bottom of the ocean?))

Don D'Amassa 19 Angell Drive E. Prov., RI 02914	I learned early in my Army career that the ability to type was a definite personal asset, so I made certain that I mentioned I could type better than forty words a minute at every opportunity. This kept me out of combat while I was in Vietnam, and out of most extra duty assignments when I was in Oklahoma. But it was in the latter job that I really became intimate with the Army's paperwork.
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I landed a job as public information clerk for an artillery battalion, in

which job I was supposed to function as a public relations clerk, writing news stories for the wire services, etc. Unfortunately, not much newsworthy happens at stateside jobs, and keeping myself busy became a real chore. So when the colonel's personal clerk was released from the army, I snatched the job up.

With over a year remaining in the service, I was still eligible to be sent to Europe for a tour. Not wanting to spend any more time than necessary out of the country, I set about making myself indispensable. I became an authority on the proper formats for military letters of every kind. There is an entire manual that tells you where to place the date, how many lines to skip, etc. I began to write all the colonel's correspondence for him, thus eliminating an onerous task and allowing him to spend more time putting on his rug. When the battalion legal clerk was released, I took over his duties, so they never replaced him. I took over personal supervision of the company clerks so that even the subsidiary units were dependent on me for any non-routine correspondence. And I studied the Army filing regulations so thoroughly that other units used to borrow me to straighten out their filing systems.

But to get back to the point at hand, the paperwork was indeed monumental. There were less than five hundred people in our entire battalion, but we used to receive an average of over 1000 peices of correspondence daily. All of this crossed my desk. Outside of our office building were three large sized garbage cans, which I used to fill daily with correspondence we had no need for, such as regulations on barracks for WACs, specifications for barbershops on military posts, and repair manuals for helicopters.

Obviously, it was impossible to respond to everything from our battalion headquarters, and most of the people who answered these letters cared very little about anything except the time they had remaining before they became civilians again.

So the unit rosters were almost always inaccurate. We had at least three dead enlisted men in the battalion, two of whom had died in Vietnam.

While I was in Vietnam, we read of one unit which had listed two dogs as members, and it took months to have them deleted, even after they knew what was wrong. We had one fellow who was listed on our roster twice, so when his time was up, we had to release him from the army twice to get him off the records. Another fellow had his name spelled wrong on the roster, so when he was released, the clearance wasn't accepted, and he remains there to this day as far as I know, PFC Edwin F. Jonhson.

((Anyone for an Eric Frank Russell "offog," portrayed so touchingly in his story "Allamagoosa"?))



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Trust the perverse mind of Randy Bathurst to conceive of that truly inspired cover! Why it was almost enough to make me hesitate for a second before eating the avocado I had in a salad today. Then I realized that if giant avocados are used to the weather in Regina, they'd never survive the warm and snow-free clime of Sunny Toronto, so I was safe to proceed as usual. (He, he, he ...) ((Listen, wise guy, according to "Weather Goes Metric", the record high Canadian temperature of 45^o Celsius occurred at Yellow Grass, Saskatchewan.)) The cover must have been a challenge to mimeo but it makes your \$50 machine look like a very sound investment indeed!

This issue continues the instances of graphic brilliance for which you are known and is another fine and typical Canadian fanzine. Coff, coff. The welcome return of Judy Mitchell's artistic piece de resistance was warmly received here, even if there was a hint of possible difficulties in obtaining future installments. I do hope this was only your slightly sadistic editorial tendencies coming to the fore to tease your readers once more. There is just nothing like Wendy and the Yellow King in any of the fanzines I see, and it truly would not be in keeping with your cherubic image to keep this from us in the future. Surely you could rationalize the occasional flight to New York to pick it up if such were called for? They don't have a Baskin-Robbins in Regina yet, do they? Or a Szechuan restaurant? Any excuse would do, as long as you brought back the next part of the strip with you.

((Bringing it back assumes that it has been done. While letters from that infamous Mitchell/Mason team continually promise future thrilling and titillating installments of Wendy, you can see the concrete results in this issue.))

And then there's the splendid work of Freff, which I don't see in any other fanzine either, and his art is among the best currently being printed in fanzines. (Hell, I even remember when he had two names and was drawing competent doodles instead of those minor masterpieces which decorate KRATOPHANY. I'm getting old, I guess ...)

It all looks very good, and that's a nice pleasant change from the dittoed and mimeoed ten page illegible crud/personalazines that often descend here like some twisted form of the plagues of Egypt. Amidst all that incompetence, it's nice to see someone who still retains a little of the old skill and care for design and visual appearances.

Angus Taylor
Fleerde 34
Amsterdam (Bylmermeer)
Netherlands

Thank you very much for sending me a free introductory issue of your magazine, STARK RAVING BONKERS. Although I don't really go for the kind of sadism depicted on your cover, I really got off on some of the delectable pieces inside. Let's have more girls like Wendy King! Especially that shot of her on page 13, exposing all but an artfully concealed nipple. Could you get your photographer to do some pix in color next time? I know all the boys at the factory and we would really appreciate it.

About different sounds and different languages: I have a Dutch friend who was having great difficulty distinguishing between, for example, "said" and "sad." Even when she could finally hear the difference, she couldn't say the difference. Both words came out sounding the same -- an unhappy medium. Now I am going slowly mad trying to pronounce correctly the Dutch sound "ui", as in "huis" (house) and "uit" (out). When I think I'm repeating the sound perfectly I'm told I'm all wrong.

One thing that has annoyed me considerably is the fact that adverts, as distinct words, seem to be rapidly disappearing from the English language. I place the blame for this mostly on Americans, and particularly upon those legions

of morons who fill the channels of U.S. television. Within fifty years all of us will be saying, "The team played real good out there in the first half, Howard," and no one will bat an eyelash (as if many do now). But I like the simple, regular grammar of the English language: so is not "real good" a logical move? This change has already occurred in Dutch; you can play real good and pass your language tests in school with flying colors.

Although Americans seem involved in a conspiracy to degrade the language beyond hope of recovery, there's something that annoys me about the English: they don't pronounce their "r"s. The letter "r" does not exist in the speech of an Englishman -- it either sounds like "ah", or else disappears entirely. Fortunately, Scotsmen (Scotspersons?) are more than blameless here. And Canadians -- well, of course, we're perfect. God, I'm surrounded by traitors.

Leigh Edmonds
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Australia

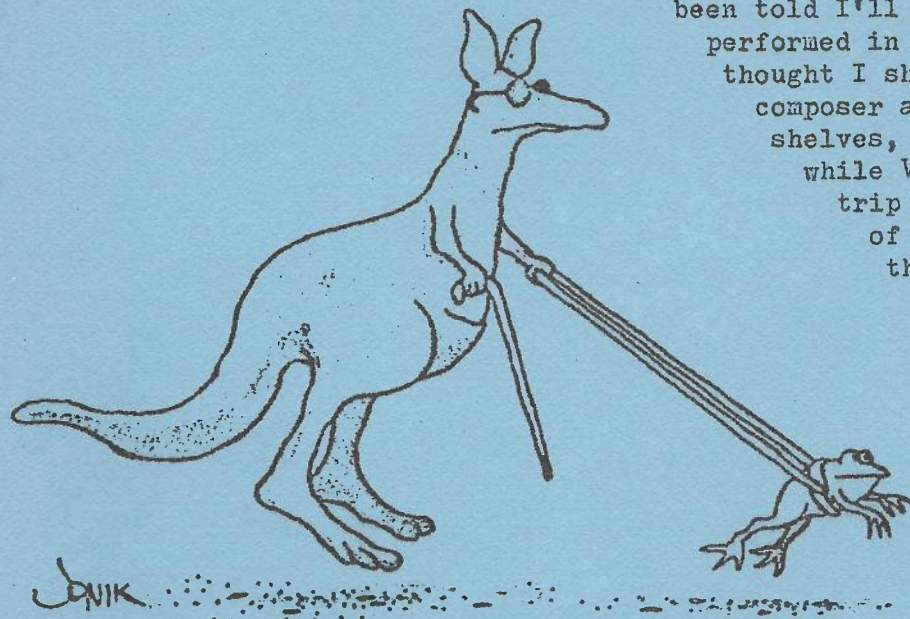
Valma is in Brisbane at the moment, spending a couple of weeks with her mother while I am here looking after myself and making a right mess of the place, mainly with wood shavings and paint making all sorts of

massive furniture ... well since I've been told I'll have a composition

performed in a month or two I thought I should make like a real composer and carpenter some bookshelves, and it is best done while Valma isn't here to

trip over the various bits of wood or drag up against the drying paint (though the cats are all too good at that). The

place is a real mess and there's not a place to put anything, for a few lines up there I tried typing with the typer on my knee but it doesn't go so well with a full sized ma-



chine so I swept into the kitchen and swept all the stuff on the table to one end and here I am.

Actually I read your fanzine over supper which today consisted of a can of tomato soup (one of the luxuries I permit myself when Valma isn't here to make sure I eat properly). I sometimes wonder why a person who is obviously as intelligent and perceptive as yourself would want to go to all the trouble of learning to cook Chinese meals when it seems to me that there isn't anything much more enjoyable to be eaten than a nice heated up tin of tomato soup with about ten slices of bread to soak it up so it doesn't just run straight through or cause sloshing sounds every time one moves. Anyhow I heated up the soup, poured it into a bowl, opened KRATOPHANY at the first page and reached for the bread. Unfortunately the bread had gone half green with mould which wasn't surprising when I worked out that it was over a week old. A quick rush to the calender tells me that Valma will only be gone another four days and then at least I'll have fresh bread even if she does make disgusting noises when I prepare to treat myself to a real culinary delight.

Your experiences with the Canadian Public Service reminded me very fondly

of my very own office though I must say that the people there seem to have studied US efficiency to really make their inefficiency top class. In comparison, we at Department of Transport are bumbling idiots. I also found it a little difficult to get used to the idea of an American fanzine which talked about MP's and Ministers, I don't know what the US counterparts might be but I would find them much more natural I am sure in a fanzine than I do the terms which I use only in my mundane alter-ego. Canada isn't just another bit of the US I have to keep reminding myself but it isn't easy. Experience has taught me that Canadians speak with something which is remarkably like an American accent and they just don't look like members of the Commonwealth. Even more important I gain the impression that Canadians don't share an obsession for cricket which most other Commonwealth countries do and to my humble mind (especially since Australian fandom at the moment seems also to be becoming cricket mad) (with a little bit of prodding from myself and a couple of others) is where the true distinction lies. Maybe I'm wrong there, but I've never heard of a Canadian cricket team and I've never heard of Canada playing tests against anybody. If this is the case all I can say is that Canadians had either start to learn cricket or give up hope of ever retaining their national identity.

((As long as thousands of Canadians continue to throw rocks across pebbly ice attempting to hit other rocks, a procedure unaccountably called "curling," their national identity is not in doubt. Their sanity, maybe ...))

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

On the subject of colors: Russian divides them up rather differently from English. If you want to say "brown," you have the choice of saying "chestnut" or "brick," suggesting the color was never as central in the Russian mind as it is in the English-speaking world. The same word means "crimson" and "purple." But that's getting half-fancy. A more basic distinction is that there are two words in Russian for blue, meaning light blue and dark blue respectively. (Spanish, the other foreign language I have any competence in -- tho it's getting rusty -- has as I recall two words for purple which may or may not be just synonyms, and two words for brown, same comment.) The light blue - dark blue distinction seems to be absolutely thorough-going. For instance, I was reading the other day about Soviet efforts in the 1960's at sensing colors through the skin, and while in other cases the colors listed were what one would think of as somehow "basic" -- red, green, yellow, etc. -- the English description mentions both light and dark blue (with completely different descriptions of how they "feel"), and this linguistic distinction in Russian must have been the reason. (Struck me as I wrote this that the distinction between "red" and "pink" in English -- and Spanish and Russian -- might seem to make as little or as much sense to the Unbiased Observer.)

I would agree with John Berry that language probably reflects cultural interests as much as it causes them, and that when interests change, language can be adapted to the new ones. If one is an Old Stone Age -- well, I'm not sure we have any of those left -- a New Stone Age savage with a vocabulary of three thousand words and a group of fellow speakers numbering in the hundreds, it may seem simpler on the whole just to learn the language of a more advanced culture rather than to try such an update, but that doesn't mean it couldn't be done. I'd be interested in knowing what Cherokee looked like by the time it went out of general use, for instance, when it was being used by farmers largely acculturated to their white neighbors You used to hear -- still do, in fact -- arguments on how Indo-European languages analyze things into cause-effect and how this was supposed to promote science, and look at how people speaking non-IE languages would publish their science in English or German or

French because they couldn't explain things in their own. Well, a number of years ago I read a book (whose title and author escape me) by a linguist who was bilingual in English and Chinese (said he did his mental arithmetic in Chinese because, with the names of the numbers shorter, it seemed to go faster). He said that he had once shared this impression that Chinese was unsuited for science, but that after the Chinese Communists came into power, they had made a few simple but important changes (previously, e.g., the names of many chemical elements had been pronounced indentically), and presto, had a language sufficiently useful for scientific expression that it was employed in a computer-translation project as one of the more straightforward and "easy" cases (though I gather that machine translation in general isn't going very well). Similarly, the Japanese previously published in English mainly because they wanted to communicate. Now, with nationalism rising again and with a larger scientific community in Japan anyhow, I'm told much more is being published in Japanese. (Japanese had to be tinkered with a little bit just to encompass the European novel. What grammatical form for politeness was the narrator to use, for instance?)

((A fascinating problem - it would be so much more pervasive than the familiar "du" or "tu" second person forms translators have to wrestle with when translating German or French. As to assimilating a superior culture's language, I hear that the vocabulary of Armenian is almost entirely Turkish, from long occupation, but it still retains its IE grammar, in fact in an archaic form invaluable for research purposes.))



I agree with you that "idiomatically" means getting the connotations right even at the expense of the denotations. Translating as "heart" instead of "bowels" from biblical Hebrew and that sort of thing. I have heard (here) of one instance in which a Russian delegate to the UN made some sort of ringing speech on a critical issue and was foolish enough to end it up by a resounding quotation from Pushkin. The English translator, thinking fast, found some analogous lines from Macbeth to use.

P.S. Carl Sagan or somebody has suggested that cows in fact burp enough methane to be detected from space -- simplest way of detecting life on Earth.

Aristocracy, n. Government by the best men. (In this sense the word is obsolete; so is that kind of government.)

Conservative, n. A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others. --Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

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talking about language &
perception, i would -- if
my fear of sounding too of-
ficious about something so

light & marvy didn't hold me back -- suggest that there are visual languages too, & that WENDY & THE YELLOW KING does an awful lot to rend askew our ordinary perception through its manipulation of ordinary comicstrip lingo. i really do enjoy that strip, but it's taking so damned long to get thru. i hope they're planning a book! for 1984, maybe? it does move -- especially from frame to frame -- beautifully. bp nichol, a canadian poet who has written some pretty far out sf poetry in THE MARTYROLOGY, is also a comix freak, & in his latest book, LOVE: A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCES, he has a section called "Frames" in which he uses the comicstrip frame to encounter aspects of language per se. as another believer in sapir & co., he is fascinated with linguistics of all kinds. i expect he would love wendy. it is, of course, especially interesting to me as a lover of delany's work, to look at the whorf-sapir hypothesis, & see its expression, apparently, in his work, esp. BABEL-17. but delany has told me he hadn't read whorf. had, rather read PHILOSOPHY IN A NEW KEY by susanne k. langer -- which, surprise, surprise, has a lot to say about language & worldviews. her ideas are too complex to go into here (by which i mean, i've only read the book twice, i can't possibly tell you what she means, not really). i find john berry's comment that he picked up the notion that language shapes thought from heinlein just slightly mind-boggling. i remember enjoying that particular story, but don't remember anything like a real idea in it, at least not one on linguistic theory. & heinlein is himself such a maladroitness user of language, i really don't believe he would ever be a good example of a writer who used such ideas in his work (look at TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE as an example of maladroitness in handling the various lingos within english: he cannot, at all, handle the language of sexual love, for example). on the other hand his reference to pound's edition of fenollosa's work is useful i am sure. i think -- whether or not the whorf/sapir hypothesis is ever proven -- poets, & all writers really, will continue to love it: there's something metaphorically right about it, at least if you're a writer. eric mayer's letter is as you say fascinating. hope he sends you more information. i also call to your attention a book by Owen Barfield, SAVING THE APPEARANCES, which says much the same thing as Charles L. Harness's "The New Reality" (in THE ROSE), but at great, & learned, length. he talks about the way people's perceptions of 'reality' have altered over the eons as our sense of what we could perceive has altered. it's worth a glance, anyhow.

((Doug, you're a bigot on Heinlein. "Gulf" certainly had a linguistic idea in it, to wit, that Homo superior could devise and speak a language impossible for normal homo.sap to learn, a language with a much higher information content so that thoughts could be expressed much more quickly and clearly. This is bad enough, but to say Heinlein wouldn't be the type to use linguistic ideas in his work is ridiculous -- almost



every book does it: MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS had the author speaking an English with Russian/Chinese syntactical elements, and a good deal of playing with slang. Alien languages and the way they shape/mirror cultural patterns pop up with Sir Isaac Newton in BETWEEN PLANETS, and the Venusians in SPACE CADET, not to mention in kinship terms aboard the Sisu in CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY. What the hell is STRANGER about if not how another language (Martian) changes your worldview and even your ability to manipulate the world? (Shades of BABEL-17.) Heinlein is a fine writer/storyteller with almost the sole exception of handling love conversations (which he does abominably), which is why his juveniles (with no love interest) still work, whereas I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, written almost entirely as cutesy-poo love dialog between our narrator's egos, is unreadable garbage. It is unfortunate that his latter-day preoccupation with sex is ruining his books; I think TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE would have been fine if John Campbell had edited it. But clearly, Heinlein loves to play around with linguistics.))

Fred Lerner

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David Emerson's mention of Catch-22 reminded me of my

first reaction to the novel, when I read it in high

school. I didn't like it. Satire, like science fiction,

has to be believable: and I couldn't see any real humor

in a book so little related to any form of reality. Needless to say, that opinion changed: when I re-read Catch-22 six years later, wearing Funny Green Clothes at the time, it seemed very realistic. So realistic that it almost wasn't funny

Could not the "plethora of words for various types of woods, hills, ... and general kinds of landscape" that John Berry notices in British usage be the result of long residence and limited mobility? If one's family and one's neighbors and their families have inhabited the same shire for generations, and spent little time outside of it, would one's vocabulary not contain detailed words to describe every feature of it? Americans, Canadians, and Australians are mobile people; and where they have settled they found people before them, and used some of their place-names and place-words. They have had neither the time nor the need to evolve a large native vocabulary of topographic description.

I, too, miss FSFSCU: and there are damn' few things I miss about New York.

Jeff Schalles

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There is a lot of truth floating around in your letter

column, in one form or another. Like John Berry, I

sometimes go off on a tangent upon realising the base

meaning of an everyday word like 'breakfast' or even

'cupboard', but beyond that, sometimes I'll get stuck on some word with no obvious direct antecedent, like, well, 'dark' or 'plank' though the strongest ones that have presented themselves (it usually comes on with a feeling like deja vu) elude me at the moment. I guess when you are strongly involved with words, constantly, on active rather than passive levels ("duh-pass me da shugar" is what I'd consider a passive level) you are more prone to having little zaps from the central source of it all. I only know one language, my mind has always refused to accept the inflow of any other, though I've tried both German and Spanish with near-disastrous results, but this does not bother me. I don't mind specializing, and here I come to a point that runs on to the scratch marks I made beside Eric Mayer's letter, when he speculates that we humans may be receiving sensory data which we do not consciously process or acknowledge.

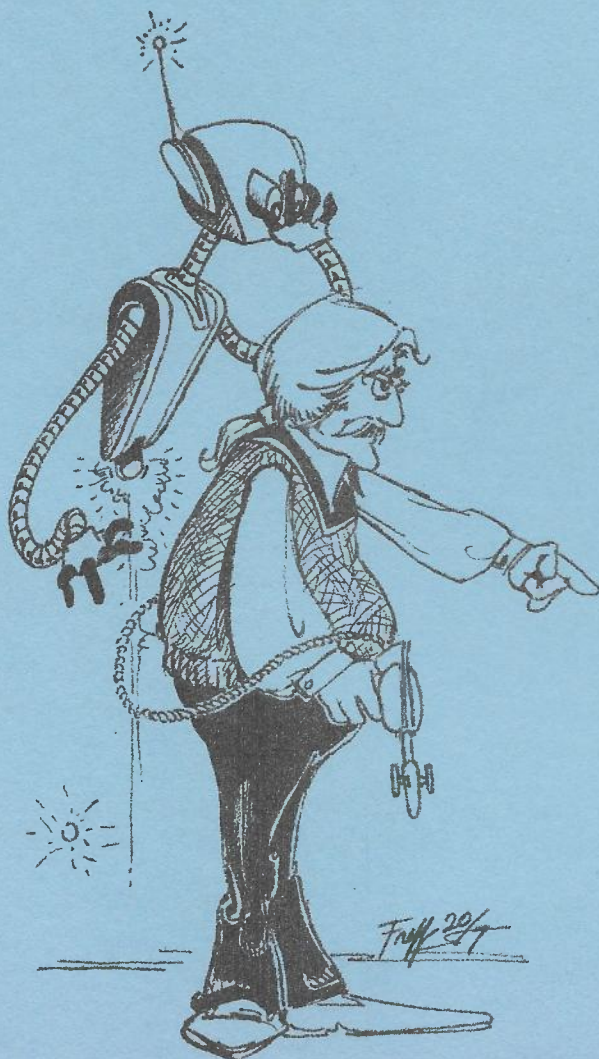
This is treated somewhat in The Doors of Perception, and also, I think, in Wilhelm Reich, in blocking and armoring. I scare easily, and often when I

John Carl
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You know, if KRAT was a little more heavily illustrated, about four times as thick and frequent, and had columns by Walt Willis and Walter Breen, it would remind me just a poke that for a compliment?

"Unimpeachably Offensive" is the best single piece of writing that I've seen by Mike Gorra, which may or may not be saying much depending on how you look at it. I'm going to resist the temptation to call Mike one of the better new fanwriters or one of the more promising neofanwriters, because I've never seen such polish on someone that is just barely beginning to flex his faanish wings. I can't wait to read his material, however, when it's filled its full potential.

Nice back cover. Bathurst is an all-right fellow.



Wendy, Wendy, Wendy. We love you because you are beautiful, and sometimes bear an agonizingly exquisite line (Cf. p.3, left panel on bottom, combining Art Nouveau and Winsor McKay). So who cares if we don't know what the devil is going on? Judy is a marvelous craftsperson. (Ugh.)

He used statistics like a drunk
uses a lamppost -- for support,
not for illumination.

Sean K. Summers

P.O. Box 3000

Drumheller, Alberta T0J 0Y0

I knew several crazy genius math nuts at school.

The most organized (and intelligent) was Cole the physicist. Now Cole had a very straight and upright floor leader whom he loved to needle. (A

floor leader, for those of you lucky enough not to have had one, is a sort of den mother of a dormitory floor, usually a grad. student getting free room & board. The floor leader is supposed to answer questions, unsnarl hassles, and promote "civic responsibility.") Cole loved to shock Dorothy, the poor floor leader (this is a coed dorm, of course). One of his tricks was to slip notes under her door while she was gone saying "Wait for me, Dorothy," signed Godot. After several days his mind conceived the fiendish plan. Exactly one month later, poor Dorothy got a letter from Georgetown, Texas (20 miles from the site of the conspiracy, Austin) saying "Dorothy, I am coming, wait for me" signed Godot. The next day she got another letter, from Dallas, saying the same thing. Then a letter from Phoenix. Godot. One from Las Vegas -- Godot. San Francisco, Los Angeles were next. Then in quick succession letters came from Honolulu, Tokyo, and Manila. All from Godot. Bangkok, Rangoon, New Delhi, Saudi Arabia, followed in order. Rome, Paris, Berlin, London, and Dublin were next on the whirlwind tour. Then New York. Followed by Washington, Charleston, Atlanta. Godot crept closer. Columbus, Mississippi, New Orleans, Houston! He was back in the state from Houston to San Antonio to San Marcus (25 miles to the South). Lastly a letter mailed from in the city. The next day Dorothy came home from class as usual. When she opened her door, a note was lying inside. It read, "I came but you weren't here. Sorry. Signed Godot."

And poor Dorothy still doesn't know who's responsible for it all. From behind the scenes we had mobilized everyone with friends overseas and had everything timed perfectly. The postmarks were in perfect succession. A masterful job.

Michael Weiss

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Complaining about your thesis should get you little sympathy. For my orals, I shall have to know my topology inside out, my algebra backwards & forwards (that is to say, categorically), and my analysis to the limit. So quit griping.

Jon Singer

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Brooklyn, NY 11210

Waiter: How ya like ya eggs, Bud?

Feghoot: Ova easy.

I can just see the home of the future: seven spacious rooms, two bath, wb fplc (NYorkish for 'woodburning fireplace'), kitte (NYorkish for 'pets permitted'), and barn with *AUTOCOW*, the new thing in cow control. This amazing new device determines hours in advance just what your energy needs will be, and stokes your cows automatically. No more having to go into the barn and boot Bossie to get that extra little bit of ice for the company. No more bills for having your spouse extricated from the corner of the barn after a well placed kick from Bossie.

Duhhh.

It has been discovered recently, according to anthropologists filming on location, that the three colors used by all three-color cultures are black, white, and gray.

Today, German bombers dropped thousands of cardboard bombs on Salisbury Plain.

((You Goon, you. Private Singer! Have a grenade!))

"A refrigerator makes a nice room heater if you leave the door open."

--Jon Singer

We Also Heard From: Gloria Andersson, Bruce D. Arthurs, Rich Bartucci, Steve Beatty, Sheryl Birkhead, Leslie Bloom, John Boardman, Linda Bushyager, Garth Danielson, David Emerson, Jackie Franke, Gil Gaier, Mike Gorra, Lee Hoffman, Jay K. Klein, Paula Lieberman, Eric Lindsay, Tim C. Marion, Bruce Newrock, Jodie Offutt, Roy Porter, John Robinson, Ronald Salomon, Kenneth Scher, Robert Silverberg, Gary Tesser, Bruce Townley, and Laurine White.

"The Most Important Gardening Tool Since the Watering Can, by Tom Riker and Harvey Rottenberg (William Morrow): This fascinating document, 10 3/4" x 14 1/2", blabs a mass of information ... I read gardeners' books the way some people read cookbooks, but no book yet has told me that one of the best feeders for indoor plants is chopped-up avocado pits pushed under with bits of the Sunday, not the daily, New York Times."

Vogue, Feb. 1975

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Of course, I did other things this winter besides fly to Ottawa, read to Burton, and fight with Immigration. (Leave us not speak at all of my thesis.) Susan and I went to V-Con, where we tramped all over Vancouver buying weird coffees and teas for deprived Regina-friends. At the Stanley Park Zoo I discovered that dolphins have navels (yes, of course it makes sense -- I'd just never thought about it!); I was also attacked by a goon squad of Canada geese, who swam up honking loudly and chased away all the pigeons and non-unionized geese I was feeding. At the convention itself I met Doug and Sharon Barbour for the first time, and fell in love with Anna Jo Denton; I also shared a pillow with Lynne Dollis (forgive me, Rick), but that is still another story, which there's clearly no room for here. (This is only fair, as there was no room on the pillow either.)

And I've been spending a lot of time in and out of jail (Just Visiting, as we say in Monopoly). All in the line of duty, you know. (I even had to visit a halfway house we run in North Battleford, a thriving metropolis of 10,000 that is so far out they're an hour behind the rest of the province.) Then there was the three days I spent in a TB ward ... well, actually, the former TB sanitarium at Fort Qu'Appelle that the government decided to keep as a "conference centre" when the sanitarium closed down. What this means is, they couldn't find a sucker to take it off their hands, and now they force various departments to use it so it has some sort of income. Corrections Division held one of its quarterly management sessions there. Let me say that renovations since the change in function appear to have been minimal. Let me also note that when the government was trying to unload the centre, they approached Corrections about the possibility of using it as a jail; it was turned down as being unfit for our inmates.

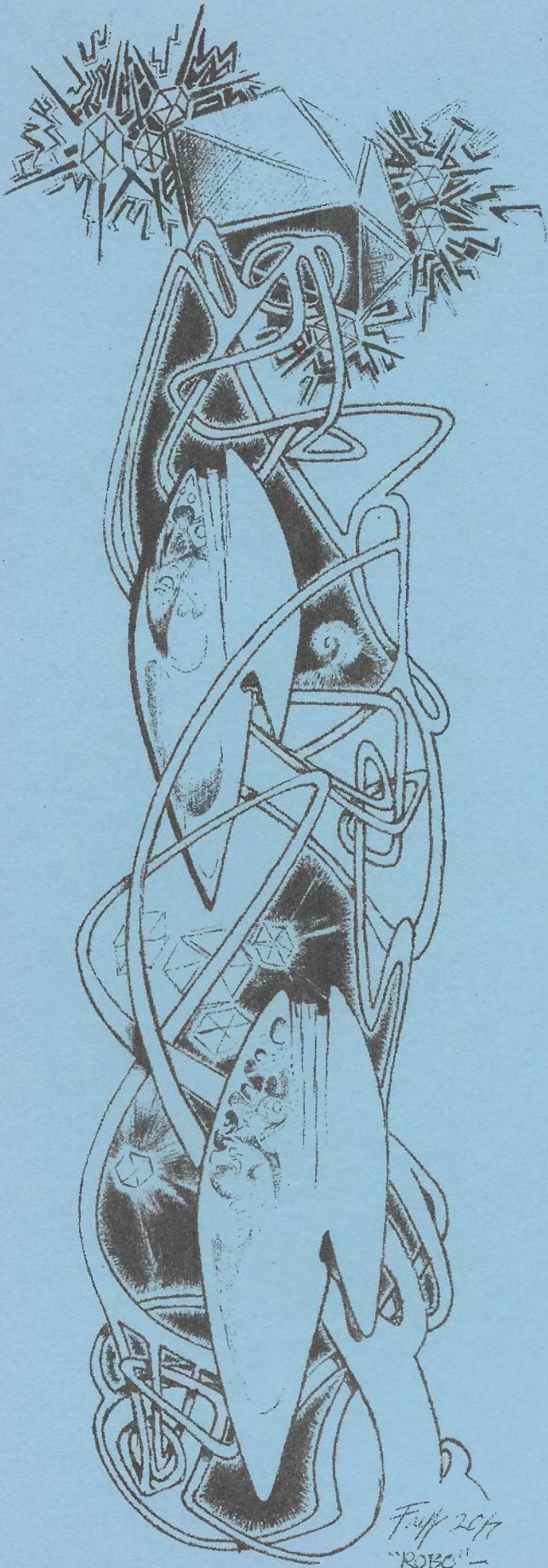
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LAST MINUTE NEWS BULLETIN: Susan passed her thesis oral!!! She is now officially a Doctor. Dr. Wood reports, "It was all rather anticlimactic. Winning the Hugo was better." This statement was recorded during one of the rare intervals when she stopped bouncing.





WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- () Trade and/or review
- () It seemed like the thing to do at the time
- () You contributed
- () Consider it a small bonus for moving a piano from one room to another.
(Laughs maniacally)
- () You LoCed
- () This fanzine contains 32 pages, Fahrenheit (0 Celsius)
- () You are mentioned
- () You paid
- () Many are cold, but few are frozen