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KRATOPHANY

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April, 1976

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Despite the fact that it's been almost a year since KRAT 7, I am, as usual, throwing this issue together in a couple of weeks. I'm trying to get this finished in time for my trip to New York in April, which is scheduled for then so I can take advantage of a Federal/Provincial conference I have to go to in Ottawa. Must get some use out of these conferences; aside from fanzine articles, I mean. The last one produced nothing but a resolution on the gathering of statistical data in the criminal justice field, which was sent out to all the provincial Ministers concerned. Our Minister sent it to his Deputy Minister (with a covering memo) for response. He sent it to the Director of Corrections (with covering memo), who saw it dealt with statistics, and promptly forwarded it to the Director of Planning and Evaluation, who happens to be my boss. He saw it pertained to Corrections, and handed it to the Research Officer responsible for such things, namely me. So there I was, writing a response to a resolution I had helped draft, said resolution now encrusted with 4 layers of intradepartmental memos. Do I need to tell you that my response had to work its way back up the ladder, with more covering memos added at each stage? And you wonder why paper prices are so high ...

Anyway, I have now survived my second Regina winter. I took my Saskatchewan driving test in the middle of a blizzard, and passed, so I guess I've been certified to drive on ice. Don't know how I'll cope on roads, though, if they ever re-appear. (The local joke is that Saskatchewan has two seasons -- Winter and July.) This winter was actually pretty mild; so was last year's, for that matter. I've been lucky, because the one before that was just horrendous. We did have a fair share of minus 30° weather (that's Celsius -- Fahrenheit, that's only minus 26°), but that's quite tolerable for the ten minutes or so it takes me to walk to work, or to the downtown shopping area. And there are some consolations, even in the dead of winter. Cold, yes, but the climate here is dry, and the skies are usually clear. There's a first instant, stepping outside, before your house-warmth flows away, when the air is acutely fresh: Snow-covered Regina, with bright sunlight shimmering on the crystalline, ice-encrusted branches, is one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen.

Unfortunately, after a few minutes the magic is gone, and you're left with a rapidly freezing nose and a five block slog through that pretty snow. (Unlike New York, it stays white. But equally unlike New York, it stays.)

When not coping with the climate, I've managed to do a little cooking (why do my egg rolls keep coming out like blintzes?), and read DAHLGREN. (I had to work that in somewhere, you know.) When I first started the book, many moons ago, I was intrigued by the background, and reading mostly out of curiosity, i.e. reading for plot. Said plot was somewhat lagging, and when I read a number of reviews that told

me nothing would ever be explained, I put the book aside as something to look at the next time I was snowed in for 6 months. But then I read some more reviews, and had some discussions with friends whose opinions I respected (Debbie Notkin and Richard Labonte), and I picked it up again. Now, I like Delany's writing -- over and above the marvelous ideas he throws out in books like NOVA and BABEL-17, I enjoy his descriptions and characterizations. So I went back to DAHLGREN not expecting anything to be explained, and just read it for the pleasure of watching Delany string words together. Watching his characters move around and do things, the same way I can get into watching people on a bus or a streetcorner. It meant that if I put the book down for any reason, there was no compulsion to pick it up again, but sooner or later I would get back into the proper mood, and before I knew it, I had finished the book. It wasn't bad at all. However, I think that the total lack of narrative drive is a major flaw (I mean, the suspense consists mostly of whether there'll be another anagram of Delany's name), and TRITON shares that to a large extent. At least in TRITON he's put back the dazzle of ideas. Now if the next one will only put back the plot ...

Also read Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance, which I enjoyed (though I think there are large chunks where the various purposes of the book are working against each other; particularly where the narrator's actions undercut the philosophy he is espousing, because the philosophy really comes from a later stage in his development). The only problem was, when I finished it, I had this uncontrollable urge to run out and fix things.

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"Be content with the moment, and be willing to follow the flow; then there will be no room for grief or joy. In the old days this was called freedom from bondage. The wood is consumed but the fire burns on, and we do not know when it will come to an end."

-- Chuang Tsu

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People keep asking me if I intend to stay in Regina. The long term answer is no. In the short term, well, the project I'm working on is currently running about six months behind its deadlines, and I feel obligated to stay until it's done, which means at least till the Fall. Part of my problem is the question of where to move to -- I am torn between Vancouver, San Francisco/Berkeley, and New York, a complicated equation involving parents, friends, environment, and job opportunities, mostly in conflict with each other. Meanwhile, I've got a marvelous job in Regina, which is mine as long as I want it, a situation that encourages procrastination in these times of high unemployment. On top of all this, I'm still not sure whether I want to be a Canadian or an American.

On that last item, let me say that as of now (March, 1976), I'm still not legally a permanent resident in Canada (story follows below). Any day now, honest. But I have been told that when (?) I do become a landed immigrant, I can only leave Canada for temporary visits -- if I leave for any extended length of time, letting me back in the country is totally at the discretion of the Immigration official at the border. Conversely, I can always go back to the U.S., since I will retain my American citizenship. Since I recently celebrated the second anniversary of my original application to Canadian Immigration, I'd feel really funny about throwing away all that effort.

I have this vision of moving back to New York, and ten years later deciding that I want to be a Canadian after all. I go to the Consulate to apply, and the agent asks me, "Have you ever previously applied for permanent residence in Canada?"

After watching me giggle hysterically for 15 minutes, he calls the men in the white coats to take me away. He writes on the form, "Applicant subject to uncontrollable seizures. Unfit to be a Canadian."

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ZEN AND THE ART OF MIMEO MAINTENANCE by Robert M. Cursive
(C. 1975, William Tomorrow Co., New York, \$7.95)

This extraordinary work is one of the most unique and exciting books fandom has ever produced. On one level it is the story of the narrator and his 11 year old son, as they run off a 500 page genzine. But on a deeper level it is a philosophical inquiry that attempts to reconcile sercon and fannish, Old Wave and New Wave, and heal the schisms that have rent modern fandom. On still another level it is a moving description of the narrator's deteriorating relationship with his son, who would really rather be outside playing baseball. Throughout, Cursive writes with wit and eloquence; and not the least part of the book is its fascinating survey of modern mimeo technology. Highly recommended. -- Yarik P. Thrip

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Once upon a time (February 6, 1974, to be exact), I applied for Landed Immigrant status in Canada. It's not that I had any overwhelming desire to be a Canadian -- it's just that Susan Wood was looking for someone to slipsheet her fanzine, and since my fellowship at Columbia University was running out anyway, I figured what the hell. (Regina? I thought you said Virginia!) They told me I couldn't work in Canada unless I became a Landed Immigrant, so I obligingly applied.

Who knew, in those innocent of long ago, what heroic struggles would ensue, what acres of trees would be demolished for paper as a consequence of that simple act! (This is known as foreshadowing. It's supposed to build suspense and tension. Will someone wake up that dummy in the third row ...)

Two months later, I received a (badly mimeographed) letter informing me that due to "current labour market conditions in Canada," the Dept. of Manpower and Immigration could not accept my application. ("But Saskatchewan has only 2% unemployment!" "Saskatchewan? Is that a suburb of Toronto?")

OK. So they wanted to play games. Armed with two offers of employment from the Saskatchewan government (which had been only slightly delayed by red tape, floods, and a Canadian postal strike), I tried again. This time I got a real letter, informing me that my "offers of employment are not satisfactory for consideration as employment of a lasting nature." See, the offers were both for Temporary Appointments to the Saskatchewan civil service, good for 12 months; the processing, applications, and interviews for a Permanent Appointment are incredibly time-consuming and extremely difficult to conduct at a 2000 mile distance. (For example, our systems analyst started out working for us on loan from the Systems Centre, and it took us three months to get her officially on our staff.) Still, I guess a temporary job is a temporary job, and Immigration can't take any chances on winding up with a deadbeat. Besides, Manpower had no indications that there was a shortage of statisticians in Canada. But if I came up with a "firm offer of employment" they would be only too pleased to review my case.

So I decided (it now being May and my fellowship having expired) to go to Canada and find a permanent job.

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Chief: Oddstack, why are you a Secret Service Agent?

Oddstack: Well, I was a toy repairman. Canada Manpower sent me here -- they don't make mistakes, you know.

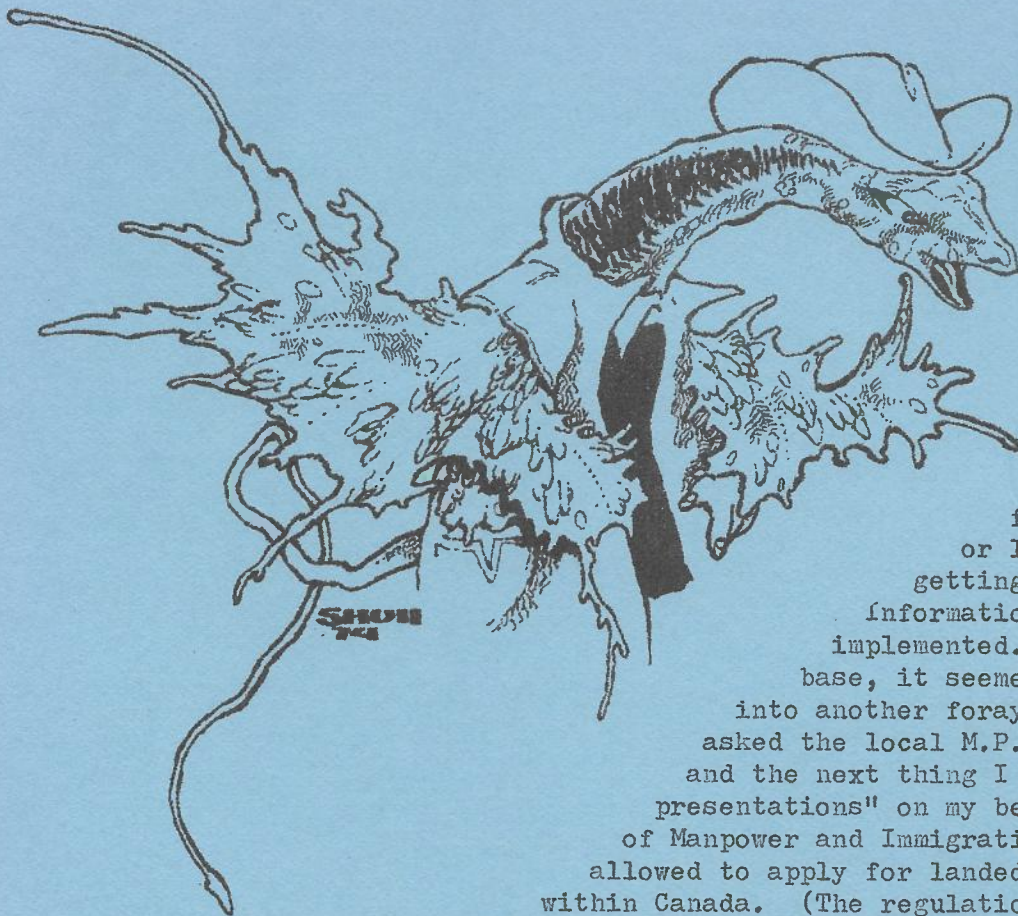
---"Harry Oddstack and the Search for the Missing King"

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My official date of arrival in Canada was May 29th, 1974. By July 23rd I had a) discovered that a Temporary Work Visa could be obtained under special circumstances to allow a non-immigrant to work in Canada b) obtained a Temporary Work Visa good until July 22nd, 1975 and c) gotten a Temporary Appointment as a Research Officer for the Saskatchewan Dept. of Social Services. The bureaucratic horrors involved in those achievements are amply documented in KRATOPHANY #6 (available



for 50¢).

By September, 1974, after some administrative reorganizations, I found myself working for Ian Potter (the Director of the Planning and Evaluation Division, or possibly Branch, a point that was still being thrashed out) as the Research Officer for Corrections, more or less responsible for getting a new Corrections Information System designed and implemented. With this secure base, it seemed reasonable to look into another foray with Immigration. I asked the local M.P. for some information, and the next thing I knew, he had "made representations" on my behalf to the Minister of Manpower and Immigration asking that I be allowed to apply for landed immigrant status from within Canada. (The regulations, which can only be set aside in special circumstances, require any such application to be made from outside the country.) To my not very great surprise, the Minister decided that "there are not sufficient grounds to warrant consideration of his case as an exception to the Immigration Regulations." My M.P., after bringing me all this futile and unasked for attention, wrote to me, "I hope that you won't hesitate to get in touch with me again at any time should you require additional assistance." (My stress.)

Well, it seemed best at this point to lie low and consolidate my position. By April, 1975, I had made myself sufficiently indispensable that I was offered a Permanent Appointment involving a raise and a promotion (this only involved a minor shuffle to create the appropriate vacancy; a mere shift of three staff members plus three months of paperwork).

One little catch -- number 22, I think it was -- the Minister of Social Services, the top of my Dept.'s chain of command, had objections to an American on a temporary work visa being given a permanent job with the Saskatchewan government. (I'm sure this lapse of judgment had nothing to do with his being voted out of office in the election two months later.) Not that the Dept. was uncooperative -- they gave me the raise and promotion, but as another Temporary Appointment. More to the point, they took specific action to do something about my immigration status: Pressure was brought to bear on the local Immigration office, whose officials turned out to be surprisingly friendly and cooperative. (One got the impression that they spent most of their time trying to circumvent the rigid rules laid down in Ottawa.) They initiated another appeal to the Minister of Manpower and Immigration, to allow me to apply for landed immigrant status from Regina. I didn't see why there should be any problem, since to most of Ottawa, Saskatchewan was practically a foreign country anyway.

By the way, it was at approximately this time that the case of General Quang

first came to prominence. The General, a wealthy South Vietnamese refugee, had been allowed to enter Canada after pressure from U.S. authorities. Ugly rumours began to surface, accusing the General of running the heroin trade in South Vietnam, of acting as Thieu's bag-man, of collecting exorbitant payoffs for exit visas in the last days of the Saigon regime ... An investigation was begun into the charges.

My case, however, looked encouraging; the local officials were coming up with alternate plans in case the appeal was denied, but considered this unlikely. Meanwhile, I was up to my, er, I was deeply involved in the Corrections Information System, and also the Saskatchewan delegate to the Federal/Provincial Advisory Committee on Judicial Information and Statistics (the story of this adventure appears in KRATOPHANY #7, available for 50¢).

In June, Susan took her Ph.D, her Hugos, and her teddy bear, and moved to Vancouver to become an Assistant Professor at the University of British Columbia. She left me with the mimeo (on loan), Kermit the Avocado, and a lovely jade cat (since the lease doesn't permit a real one). (She also left me with a typewriter that's still not completely recovered from her theis. And for some strange reason, she refuses to accept this typewriter in trade for her new Selectric, despite the former's obvious historic value. I only made the offer out of charity anyway -- anyone will tell you that a Selectric is much too bulky and cumbersome. It won't even fit in your suitcase, as I discovered to my chagrin the last time I visited Vancouver. But I digress.)

This brings us approximately to the situation as of the last KRATOPHANY. (What? All that was only the prolog? Listen, Wagner spends the first 30 minutes of Gotterdammerung recapitulating. So shaddup.)

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"The reason there's so much red tape in government is that every politician has to cover his ass."

-- Yarik P. Thrip, Close Enough for Government Work

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What I did on My Summer Vacation, or The Leaning Tower of Visa

(Which is not to imply that Canadian Immigration is crooked. A trifle warped, perhaps ...)

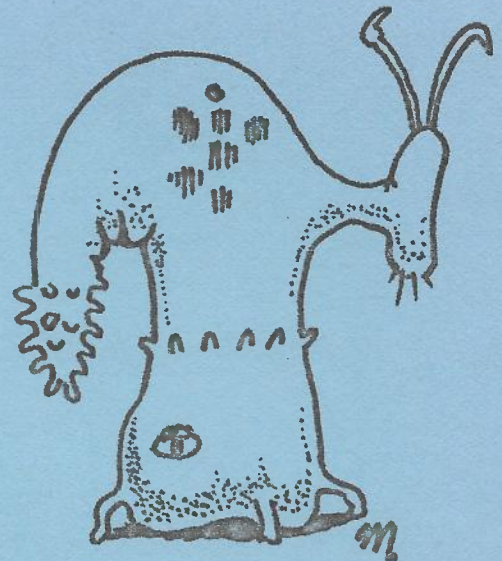


The processing of my appeal sped on with the breathtaking velocity of a glacier. Periodically, the local officials would ask for more documentation, in response to requests from Ottawa, and I got a picture of the appeal climbing up level by level through the bureaucracy, apparently by building its own mountain of paper. With no decision by July 21st, they had to issue me another work visa, this one good until Oct. 15th.

Meanwhile, as a classic example of what happened when you skimped on the documentation, poor Robert Andras, the Minister of Manpower and Immigration, was spending his time in the House fending off questions about the unfortunate General Quang. Since, however, I was neither a heroin smuggler nor a corrupt foreign politician, there were no shortcuts for me. (Parenthetically, just to place things in a broader perspective, some of the delay in Ottawa was due to the influx of Vietnamese refugees, with all the attendant extra paperwork.)

Meanwhile, Back at the Branch

While Ian was busy deciding whether we were a Division or a Branch, I was running all over the province with our systems analyst, having meetings with field staff to try to design the new forms for the Information System. We spent many wonderful hours working out the procedures for situations such as, say, an inmate having a heart attack in the middle of a transfer between two jails. Or coming up with a clearly defined set of categories for "Ethnic Origin," despite the fact that under current laws if a white woman married an Indian and adopted a Chinese baby, the baby could be legally a full-blooded Indian. (Conversely, if an Indian woman married a white, she could lose her Indian status completely!)



The investigation into General Quang's past concluded that he wasn't really desirable as a Canadian resident, and proceedings were begun to deport him. I knew I was caught in a Joseph Heller novel when Ian stuck his head in my office and said, "They got your buddy." As stricken as Yossarian, I could only stammer, "What?" "They got your buddy, General Quang."

I began to get a feeling of dreamlike unreality at work. I knew things were bad when I started coming up with hypothetical responses to our new forms:

"Give the length of the probation order."

"Oh, about 14". "

"Has the offender ever had any convictions?"

"Nah, he's always been a pretty wishy-washy fellow."

Dorothy, our systems analyst, began giving me funny looks. For instance, during a discussion about how to indicate the card numbers to the keypunchers (with numbers on the forms, they were too cluttered; without the numbers, they were difficult to keypunch), I came up with the brilliant idea of printing the numbers in invisible ink, and issuing special glasses to the keypunchers to read them. She considered this unfeasible. But she didn't throw me out of her office until, carried away, I began to describe how we could do the same for all our reports, printing them in special ink and giving everybody rose-colored glasses ...

I managed to get to Westercon, which provided a nice break, and was well-timed, too -- my U.S. passport expired the day after I got back from San Francisco. It was sobering to realize that it had been five years since I'd gotten it, to go to HEICON. Not that I needed a passport between the U.S. and Canada, but it made things a bit smoother.

Finally, in the middle of August, the Word came back from Ottawa: The appeal was granted, I could apply from Regina, and the application would be handled by the friendly local officials. My Department (under a new Minister) was so impressed, they gave me the Permanent Appointment effective Sept. 1, which immediately cost me \$73.58 a month, due to various retirement and insurance plans I was now "Eligible" for.

On Sept. 5, 1975, I toddled over to Immigration to officially apply for permanent residence in Canada.

Sign Here. And Here. And Here and Here ...

As soon as I completed the application, they confiscated my work visa. Fortunately, they replaced it right away with a lovely Minister's Permit, complete with a big red seal (though I think a beaver would have been more appropriate ...). The Permit, good until Sept. 4, 1976, allowed me to live and work anywhere in Canada (the visa had been tied to my specific job), and was practically non-revocable.

(Which made me feel quite secure until I found out that General Quang had a Minister's Permit, too. Incidentally, Immigration was now trying to find a country to deport him to.) But it was still only a temporary document, to be used while my application was being processed. I was assured that the September date was just to be on the safe side -- processing couldn't possibly take a year. This assurance was repeated after they mentioned that the permit could be extended if necessary.

Anyway, from here on it was going to be smooth sailing. I had already gotten my medical clearance; there was just one thing -- a formality, really: They wanted proof, just for the record, that I was an American citizen.

May I See Your Passport, Please

A birth certificate, in a technical sense, would merely be proof that I used to be an American citizen; the simplest proof of current status would be my passport.

Um. Yes. My passport. My passport which had expired just after Westercon. See, I had thoughtfully procured a U.S. Passport Office Form DSP-82, "Application for Passport by Mail," and sent it off to the nearest office, in Seattle. It was returned; I was informed that the mail procedure could only be used within the U.S., and it was suggested that I apply in person at the nearest U.S. Consulate. In Winnipeg. (I'm not making this up, you know!)

So, by Sept. 5, 1975, I was in the midst of explaining to the New York Passport Office (via my parents, under the technically true theory that my permanent residence was with them, and I was only temporarily in Canada) precisely what I was doing for that foreign (and Socialist!) government of Saskatchewan.

I told Immigration that I would have my new passport Real Soon Now. They assured me that this wouldn't slow things down. Much.

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"Therefore the sage harmonizes right with wrong and rests in the balance of nature. This is called taking both sides at once."

-- Chuang Tsu

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In mid-September I went back to New York for a visit. You know, I can never decide how I feel about that city. It embodies an almost mystical union of opposites; the best of cities and the worst of cities ... There was one night that brought it all vividly together for me:

I was meeting Joan Serrano for dinner in Chinatown, and I got there a little early; so I decided to walk around. It turned out that it was the middle of the Festival of San Gennaro, which spilled over from neighboring Little Italy to cover half of Chinatown. The streets were all gaily decorated, and filled with food stands and entertainment booths. I wandered around with my tongue hanging out (I was starving, but I didn't want to spoil my appetite for



dinner), dying to try some of the food all around me --- zeppole, calzones, soft-shelled crab sandwiches, pizza everywhere ... (I think real New York pizza has replaced bagels as the thing I miss most in Regina) I had a sudden realization that something like this festival probably could be found any day of the year in New York; there would always be some tiny corner of the city filled with exotic delights, new experiences, mouth-watering delicacies ... I swear I missed New York more in that moment than I had in the entire preceding year.

I met Joanie and we had an exquisitely delicious meal at Hong Fat, and then, stuffed to the gills, we headed back out into the Festival.

All around us were mobs of people, pushing and shoving. The streets were full of empty cartons, used napkins, watermelon rinds, half-eaten Italian pastry. With a full stomach I was no longer tempted by the food stalls, and became much more aware of the hucksters blaring at us through their loudspeakers, urging us to try their wheels of fortune, or buy their tacky jewelry. It was noisy, dirty, crowded, and unbearable.

It was the same damn festival I had walked through an hour before.

It was precisely, quintessentially New York City.

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I did manage to get my passport renewed while I was in New York, though not before I submitted a signed, notarized affidavit affirming that I was not now nor had I ever been a Canadian citizen, nor had I ever taken any oaths of allegiance to any foreign governments. At the beginning of October, 1975, passport in hand, I wandered over to the Regina Immigration office; they said everything was all set, except for one little formality ... (You knew that was coming, right?) See, you can't become a Canadian landed immigrant unless you have a visa signed outside of Canada. Those are the rules, and in order to break the rules, you need a special Order in Council, a waiver from the Cabinet. (But wasn't that what the four months of hassling with Ottawa was about? No, it seems that that only gave me permission to apply from within Canada. It had nothing to do with making it legal to accept me. No, I am not making this up.)

Not to worry, though. This was a pure formality, with no doubt about the outcome, and as soon as the Order in Council arrived I would be instantly made a landed immigrant. And the paperwork for this document should only take, oh, three or four months.

Barring a postal strike.

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"AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHH!!!"

-- B.C. Strikes Back

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On Oct. 21, 1975, the Canadian Union of Postal Workers went on strike. Although by not too long after this enough Regina workers had crossed picket lines to restore local delivery, national mail service remained disrupted until December. This meant that I could get mail from the phone company, the power company, and Simpson's department store, and I could send a letter to absolutely anyone I wanted to in Regina. I did, however, get one letter during the strike. It was from my M.P., who had been notified of Immigration's decision, and wrote to tell me, "I am very pleased that the Department has decided to reverse its decision and grant you landed immigrant status. If there are no complications you should receive it in approximately six months.

"I hope this answer is to your satisfaction. Should you have any further questions or problems, please do not hesitate to communicate with me."

Isn't it nice to have responsive, helpful people representing you in the capital? So here I am. Let me mention that as far as General Quang is concerned, the

only country Immigration has found that is willing to accept him is South Vietnam. The General, for some reason, has objections to being sent there; the humanitarian Immigration Dept. is still investigating alternatives, and meanwhile General Quang remains in Canada. On the other hand, Xaviera Hollander has been deported.

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Electricity, n. ...Electricity seems destined to play a most important part in the arts and industries. The question of its economical application to some purposes is still unsettled, but experiment has already proved that it will propel a street car better than a gas jet and give more light than a horse.

--- Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

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You've got to be crazy to jump out of an airplane. This is what I told Jane, the 4'10" Research Officer who works down the hall from me, when I found out that's what she spent her weekends doing. (She claims before she took up skydiving she used to be 5' 10".) However, one shouldn't always jump to conclusions (though this strikes me as safer than jumping out of planes); after all, some people might think it's crazy to spend a weekend driving from New York to Cincinnati and back, just to sit around a MIDWESCON swimming pool. I decided to find out a little more about this skydiving.

But the more I found out, the more I began to envision a Bob Newhart routine:

"You say you pay \$4 for each jump. Well, that's pretty cheap for an airplane ride. Yes, of course -- you're only going one way. So then you

say you jump out, and after a few seconds you reach terminal velocity, and a freezing hundred mile an hour wind pulls your cheeks back against your face and makes your nose run, and you know if your chute doesn't work you'll be killed. What's that? Oh, you say that's the fun part. Uhuh. Couldn't you get the same effect standing in a wind tunnel? Oh, it's just not the same thing ..."

Jane seemed to be fairly bright, so her hobby couldn't be explained by simple brain damage. I watched her animatedly explaining how if your main gets hopelessly tangled coming out you've got to cut away before you let out your reserve ... and suddenly I had a vision of Jon Singer explaining about the rivet in the Gestetner 120. It all became clear: Jane was a fan; skydiving was just another fandom.

With this insight, the parallels became obvious -- "jumpers," as they call themselves, have their own slang, both for the technical aspects of the sport (e.g. "dumping" for pulling the rip cord to open your chute) and for the culture it's embedded in (for example, a "whuffer" is the jumper equivalent of a mundane; it comes from non-jumpers asking "what for" all the time, as in "What for do you jump out of planes?" "Hammering in" might be translated as an extreme example of fannation -- it's what happens to you when your chute doesn't open, and its derivation is obvious.) Jane told me that most of the gear was made by small businesses, run by jumpers or ex-jumpers, which sounds even more fannish. Your gear, by the way, costs approximately as much as a nifeo. And most important -- though jumping may initially be what attracts you, it's the social group, the subculture, that keeps you in. (Talk about an in-group -- when jumpers look down on "whuffers", it's from 6000 feet up!) There are numerous traditions involved, such as the after-jump drunk, to make up for the prohibition on alcohol for 8 hours prior to a jump. (Jane has developed an astonishing capacity for beer, for someone who only weighs 76 lbs.) And the club politics (Jane is President of the Saskatchewan skydiving club) would be

instantly recognizable to any Lunarian, I'm sure.

Nevertheless, jumping still seems to me to combine the worst features of hiking and attempted suicide. For one thing, you never know where you're going to land -- though the wind is tested by dropping pieces of paper or student jumpers out of the plane, even the most experienced jumper can get caught in a sudden gust of wind, and wind up trudging half a mile back to the drop zone carrying 45 lbs. of gear. ("This is the target. It is called the bowl. All good parachutists land in the bowl. Colour the bowl empty." -- from The Canadian Skydiver's Colouring Book.)



Jumpers delight in telling malfunction stories, most of which make a WPSFA car trip sound as dull as a Sam Moskowitz speech.

In fact, the weekend before Jane started to work for us, she'd had an incredible experience: She was boppin' along in free fall, she said, and at about 3000 feet decided it was time to dump. So she tried to pull her rip cord, and discovered it was stuck! Well, that's OK -- this sort of thing happens some times; that's what reserve chutes are for. So she yanked at her reserve cord, and that was stuck too! She thought it was all over, but she went back to working on her main. As Jane puts it, your strength is proportional to your adrenalin, and when you're at terminal velocity a thousand feet above ground, you've got a lot of adrenalin. At 700 feet she gave the cord a tremendous yank, and the chute started to open -- only to get tangled in its lines (this is what they call a partial malfunction). She had just about consigned herself to that great Drop Zone in the Sky, when whomp! She said it felt as if the proverbial skyhook had reached down and caught her; there she was, dangling 5 feet off the ground. She looked up, and her chute had caught in some power lines. She looked over, and saw the power company workman staring at her in shock, looking back and forth between her and the power lines -- which he had just put up 30 minutes before!

After an experience like that, I would switch to needlepoint or stamp collecting. But she was back at it the next weekend. As she put it, "Every jumper gets one chance to hammer in. I had my chance, and I blew it." Then she shrugged, and looked at me with the same impish expression she had the time she hit me with a snowball, and said, "Want to come up with us Saturday?"

Let me say that when I told Susan Wood about Jane, her immediate response was -- and I quote -- "You should try skydiving; it would make a great column." This has been the near-universal reaction among those I thought were my friends. Well, I say if Ghu had intended us to jump out of planes, he would have given us propellor beanies. Oops ...

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"The Zen Masters have brought the art of collating to a peak of perfection unimaginable to the West. And although a reverence for life is deeply instilled in them, the consequences if this inhibition is released can be extraordinary. The story is told of the great Tibetan Master C'Lud Daiglo, who could reputedly collate 300 perfect copies of a fanzine in pitch blackness. Returning to his village one day, he discovered that Chinese soldiers had burned it to the ground, killing his wife and son. C'Lud faced the invaders, made the ceremonial bow in the direction of Hagerstown, and in a blur of motion, collated an entire company of Chinese soldiers and stapled them to death."

-- Yarik P. Thrup, Zen and the Art of Collating

"I'm in favor of capital punishment -- as long as it's not too severe."

CONVERSATIONAL FANNISH

USEFUL PHRASES FOR THE TOURIST

BY ALJO SVOBODA

GETTING THERE:

Are you a fan?
I've been reading science-fiction since the third grade.
I had one once, but the wheels fell off.
What does that word mean?
Would you like to buy my fanzine?
Goshwowohboyohboy!
Do you know Robert Silverberg?
Let's start a science fiction club.
Why is everyone ignoring me?
I used to be a neofan.

LOCCING THE FANZINE:

I found that amusing.
I agree with you.
I agree with Harry Warner, Jr.
Excuse me. I did not wish to start a feud.
Are you a hoax?
Excuse me. I have to take a shit.
I do not believe in Numbered Fandoms.
Have you read DAHLGREN?
What Fandom is this?
Your fanzine did not agree with me.
And so on.
Or something.
So it goes. It is to laugh.
As they say.
Was that a pun? Has this gimmick been used before?
Stupid Clod of a Woman. You Bastard.
I had one once, but he feels well off.

AT THE CONVENTION:

Are you a fan?
Why are you wearing a propellor beanie?
I recognized you by your sensitive fannish face.
You look just like you write!
Who is that?
I've always wanted to meet you.
Smoooooth!

Conventions are getting too big.
 Where is the party? Where are the parties?
 No, I do not wish to buy your fanzine.
 No, I do not wish to skinnydip. Could I just watch?
 Have you read DAIN GREN?
 Let's do a one-shot.
 And then I said to Harlan ...
 May I crash in your room?
 I need some sleep. Please may I crash in your room?
 I am sorry, sir, I did not know there was no sleeping in the lobby.
 Praise be to Roscoe.
 I drank one once, and my heels fell off.
 Would you do a couple of illustrations for my fanzine?
 It will be finished Real Soon Now.
 Why am I being ignored?
 Put a box around it, I said with my mouth.
 Are you Mike Glicksohn/Harry Warner, Jr./Terry Carr/Susan Wood?
 What is Herbangalism? Whose frog is that?
 I used to read science fiction.



MISCELLANEOUS:

Maximum Kumquattage.
 Thank you for your egoboo. Thank you for the egoboo.
 I do not have time for the apas.
 You are a promising and prolific young fan.
 I seem to have misplaced my paper soul.
 chortle
 sigh
 Minneapolis in '73!
 Maybe not. But maybe not. But then again, maybe not.
 Seth eats worms.
 I had won once, but my appeal fell off.

(Continued next page)

GETTING OUT:

Fandom seems a bit childish at times.
Gafia is just a part-time death hoax.
There must be better things to do.
Fandom has been taking up too much of my time.
I have decided to try my hand at professional SF writing.
I wouldn't want to live here.
Is this where I get off?
Keep in touch, please.
I used to be a fan.



THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

As a result of mutations produced by the nuclear fallout of World War Three, an intelligent species of buffalo developed. While in most ways equal to humans, the buffalo had one major shortcoming: They completely lacked any aesthetic sense. This flaw was felt very keenly, and it can be imagined how much interest was generated when one of their younger members seemed to be developing a talent for illustrating children's books. Some talent was clear; but the question was, was it Art?

To answer this question, the foremost art critic of his time was called in, no less than Grayson Greensward himself. He subjected the young buffalo to a rigorous series of tests, and carefully scrutinized his work.

Greensward was to report his results at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Just before he mounted the rostrum, the President of the D.A.R. whispered in his ear, "Say something patriotic."

Greensward held up a sample of the work and gave his conclusion: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is what I call a bison-Tenniel."

-- Yarik P. Thrif

(with thanks to Gary Hubbard, and apologies to Reginald Bretnor)

A monk asked the master Joshu: "Does a dog too possess a Buddha nature, or does he not?"

Joshu made his famous koan: "Un-thing!"

-- Zen Stories



Mike Glicksohn There's a strong sense of deja vu about the latest KRATOPHANY
141 High Park Ave. but I can't quite put my finger on what is is that seems so
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3 familiar about it ... (As it happens, I overheard a man on
 the subway yesterday remarking to his companion that a mutual
acquaintance "... couldn't tell his Amor from a Krat in the ground" so I'm working
on that too.)

This positive plethora of attractive, neatly printed, well illustrated and superbly written Canadian fanzines (there have been four this month) is undoubtedly a signal of great things to come. It's almost enough to make me want to Pub My Ish and join in all this top-quality fanac ... if that desire gets any stronger, I'll have to call up Derek Carter or Peter Gill or Rosemary Ulliot and have them drop over with a bottle of scotch and talk me out of it!

The artwork this issue is once again of exceptional quality. The McLeod and Freff stuff is among the best I've seen, and the cartoons by Shull and Canfield are of their usual excellence. (Freff's bacover is a particularly fascinating...er... doodle.) For pure humour, though, the two foot high silver and gold trophy with the angels holding an illuminated model of Bill Rotsler's penis has to go to the (un-credited) genius behind the seeing-eye frog. A classic indeed, and fie on you for denying this Jonik his or her just measure of egoboo.

((Actually, it was a cartoon pinned on the bulletin board at work, and I have no idea who did it. For obvious reasons, I couldn't resist printing it, but it's probably stolen from Punch or something, and I've violated 27 different international copyright conventions. (A copyright convention is, of course, a gathering of Xerox executives.)))

Enjoyed your tales of bureaucratic incompetence among the various echelons of government here in our great dominion and hope that eventually all your personal hassles are resolved satisfactorily. I expect we'll eventually see several fanzines from the wheatfields graced by a photocover of an ecstatic Eli sitting in the middle of a mountain of official correspondence and quadruplicate wastepaper kipple happily clutching the symbolic beaver that is presented to each applicant whose sanity and endurance outlasts the machinations of the Department of Official Governmental Delaying Tactics.

There was a time, brief and very far back in history, when I was bothered by revelations of extravagant wastage of taxpayers' money for frivolous entertainment of governmental employees. (I was quite idealistic for a week or two when I was young.) Nowadays, my dismay is on a far more personal level: I never get any of the goodies that seem to be an inescapable part of modern life. Still, it's better that someone I know enjoys these benefits rather than the usual faceless bunch of self-serving public employees. Besides, how many of them have the decency to write up their experiences in an amusing fanzine article? (Could you swipe me a chicken leg next time maybe...?)

((What? Steal from the government?!! For the benefit of a miserable taxpayer? Sir, you impugn my honor by even making such a suggestion. I will have to consume even more liquor at the next conference to drown out the memory of this insult.))

Susan's article is ... typical. A brilliant evocation of the sights and feelings of an experience she has lived through. Just, it would seem! Her flair for description, dialog and the conveying of utter panic and pandemonium remains undiminished by all that exposure to dull agrarian novels. Good stuff, as expected.

The Michael Weissguy puns were appreciated: they almost made up for the lack of Zen stories. Can KRAT be KRAT without Zen stories? Is the real Eli Cohen still the mastermind behind it, or does he languish drunk and dissipated under some government-funded banquet table, his friends and avocados desperately trying to cover up his fall into disgraceful iniquity? If the next issue lacks Zen stories, I'm going to demand a Royal Commission ...

Skel
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Offerton, Stockport
Cheshire SK2 5NW
England

I cannot believe that hordes of potential Eastern gurus met one day and resolved henceforth to lead an existence leaning heavily on the metaphysical simply in order to put to use all the vast quantities of such words which had, up to that point, been lying around gathering much dust but little karma. It seems much more reasonable to believe that the Indians invented words to differentiate between states of metaphysical awareness that are identical to 99.999 points because they first felt the need to so differentiate. This of course presupposes that the Indians are a reasonable people. How one can equate this supposition with the fact that they slung us out and insisted upon ruling themselves, I don't know. These silly colonials never learn from each other's mistakes. Look what happened to the USA!!

The fact that the Welsh have a word for a colour which might be blue or might be grey, only indicates that they are grey/blue colour blind. Obviously this trait has been inherited from their ancient Briton forebears, a fact I haven't come across in any learned treatises on the subject. Obviously this trait is contra-survival because the ancient Britons were nearly wiped out by those who didn't possess it and now exist only on their reservations, Caernarvonshire, Merri-onethshire, etc.

I suppose frozen tundras are difficult to play a decent game of cricket on, what with Esquimaux and moose and Canada geese getting in the way all the time. Pity though, as it does prevent you from enjoying a truly mystical experience (yes, it's played in India & Pakistan). Cas doesn't like cricket. She sits there whilst I am communing with a higher reality, saying "What a boring game cricket is!!" Then Lallicharran hammers that thick Aussie Lillee for 4,4,4,4,4,1,4,6,0,4 in ten bowls before getting out and she is bouncing about on the settee (not a pretty sight) asking, "Can he come in again?"



Can he?? Uh? Can he can he?? That was dead good! Can he??" ((Let me note that I find the preceding totally incomprehensible. Bagels, anyone?)) I'm glad the Australians lost. Any country that harbors someone who can pervert the gastronomical delight of "one can of soup plus 'N'slices of bread" by using, of all things, tomato (ugh!!) soup, deserves to lose a cricket match. What can you expect from a load of ex-cons?

((The preceding has been a paid political announcement by the Committee for Commonwealth solidarity.))

Aljo Svoboda
Johnston Clg.
Redlands, CA 92373

Susan Wood is obviously engaged in an act of cleancut religious devotion on

the cover of this most recent KRATOPHANY. I must admit that I'm not at all familiar with her rite, although I burn my candle to Roscoe in the ikon stand each and every night with a similar kneeling posture, and attend the Last Church of Jesus Christ Quadraplegic on Sundays. Slightly confusing. Still, your determination to maintain a high moral tone in your fanzine is truly heartwarming, and to be applauded.

You put together a very ... competent fanzine. Besides which, it has a very friendly (though more in the benevolently impersonal than the communally personal sense) feel about it. Mike O'Brien's piece is extremely funny, Henry Holtzman's article is as paranoically believable as it sets out to be, your editorial delineates well the fascinations of your everyday, Susan Wood's article adds nothing new to my sense of the City, but amuses nonetheless.

I'm glad "it seemed like the thing to do at the time." KRAT satisfies without draining.

Sam Long
Box 4946
Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925

Avocado always reminds me of advocaat, a liquor made from distilled lawyers.

((Well, that's not too far off. The liquor is actually made from distilled eggheads, isn't it?))

Angus Taylor: I hate to destroy his illusions, but adverbs and adjectives are essentially identical in English. There was no "change" in Dutch and German: modifiers have always been used in both offices, with only inflectional endings. The inflections have since withered away, and so we can use slow, fast, sure both as adjectives and adverbs without change. "Good" as adverb has been replaced by "well" in Standard English, and most "made-up" adverbs, derived from words other than modifiers, end in -ly; but then, so do some adjectives -- friendly, for example. -ly is the sign of most adverbs of manner, but there are many classes of adverbs, not all of which have a 'sign'. May I suggest he read Edwin Newman's Strictly Speaking -- and H.L. Mencken's The American Language. He'd enjoy them both, I believe. So would you, Eli -- they're very good and highly fannish.

Pat McGuire's bit was interesting too, from a linguistic point of view. Colors are linguistically unstable. Our "blue", for example, is cognate with Latin flavus,



yellow; and the Roman imperial purple would appear crimson to us, not reddish violet. Azure is sky-blue to us, but to the heralds of the Middle Ages (and the present day) it is dark blue as in lapis lazuli, whence the word was originally derived.

I wish people would capitalize Doug Barbour's letters -- or that he would -- or both.

((There are two parts to the answer to that. The general part is that that's the way Doug writes his letters, and it's part of his style the same way sentence structure would be. The argument for leaving it untouched is the same as for not correcting Rick Sneary's spelling. And it does suggest something of the breathless, can't-even-stop-to-capitalize manner with which he talks -- I consider it part of a lettercol's purpose to convey the writers' characters (which is why I dislike segmented letter columns). However, in the specific case of the last KRAT, I had another reason. See, partly as a result of Susan's Thesis Demon (the story of which has been chronicled elsewhere), by the time her thesis was finished and I sat down to type KRAT, the shift key on my typewriter had self-destructed. Thus, the entire last issue was typed with the typewriter, bottom removed, perched on two volumes of Feynman's Lectures on Physics about 3" apart, so that I could reach under and manually engage the shift for every damn capital in the fanzine. I can not describe my relief when I reached Doug's letter ...))

There is in fact a Wyoming. It is, or was, a district in Pennsylvania, whose name got transferred Out West by settlers. My source says that the name, meaning "hills and valleys," was originally given to the valley of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania; and there was a massacre of settlers there in 1778. When the new territory out west was organized, in 1868, it was given its name to commemorate the massacre, or rather, the victims. There's a Wyoming County in Pennsylvania just northwest of Scranton.

Don D'Amassa
19 Angell Drive
East Providence, R.I. 02914

What's wrong with curling? When I was going to school in Michigan, I used to watch curling on the TV whenever possible, broadcast from across the border. The idea of two grown men crouched on ice skates, using little whiskbrooms to smooth the path for this big stone with the handle on top is just too hilarious to describe, one has to actually watch it.

Peter Roberts' discussion of accents reminded me of my brief stint teaching high schools in Michigan with my New England accent. Shortly after I started, I noticed a nearly constant tittering in all my classes. Now a certain amount of suppressed laughter is inevitable in a classroom, but things seemed to be getting out of hand. So one day I picked my victim -- a shy girl who wouldn't think of not answering me when I asked her what was so funny. She told me. My accent was such that I pronounce "merry", "Mary", and "marry" all differently. In Michigan, they are all pronounced the same. Similarly, "cherry" and "strawberry" are pronounced in Michigan as if they had a long "a", whereas I rhyme them with "bury".

But the most hilarious of all was that some words were entirely different. I cracked up one class by referring to a drinking fountain as a bubbler. Frappes in Michigan are cabinets in Rhode Island. Pop in Michigan is tonic in Massachusetts and soda in Rhode Island. And on and on.

One student listened intently to our hour long discussion of the various differences in pronunciation and word usage and then asked straightfacedly: "Why is it, Mr. Dee, that everyone has an accent except the people who live in Michigan?" That cracked me up.

Belladonna, n. In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues.

-- Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

Tom Digby
1043 N. Curzon Ave. #6
L.A. CA 90046

On words people don't hear the same, I've noticed strange things with "fairy" and "ferry". Where I grew up they definitely sound different, but other people say they sound the same. And one person I used to know who grew up in Europe said that they sounded the same when I said them, even though they sounded different to me. However, to me they sounded the same when he said them even though

he said he was also pronouncing them differently. Also, there is a song with a line about "We had to carry harry to the ferry" which some people say rhymes, even though it doesn't for me. But poetry that rhymes for some people but not others depending on their dialect is another subject. ("Again" does NOT rhyme with "lane" but does come acceptably close to rhyming with "then" or "in" or "been" (which does not rhyme with "seen"). And "thing" has no rhymes, or at least no legitimate ones. At least, when I look the sound up in the phonetically-arranged rhyming dictionaries it isn't listed, and I haven't noticed any rhyming words for it. Many poets rhyme it with "spring" or "bring" but that's an entirely different sound.)

((I remember being surprised and then irritated at Damon Knight when he castigated an SF writer for rhyming "ruin" and "moon." It was the first time I became aware that some people thought they didn't rhyme, and I felt it was quite provincial of Knight to assume he was right. Things like this are the real reason we'll never have a phonetic alphabet in Eng-

lish; who could agree on a spelling for "marry"?))

P.S. How do you distinguish a bagel from a donut?

((See Alexis Gilliland's letter.))



Alexis Gilliland
4030 8th St. South
Arlington, Va. 22204

A bagel is something which you know but can't describe, yes? Permit me. Bagels were created in Vienna shortly before the revolution. They are made by preparing a high gluten dough* in the form of rolled sections which are then made into loops and dipped briefly into boiling water which leaches some of the gluten from the outside. Then they are popped into the oven and baked, resulting in a crisp outside and a chewy inside. Without the boiling step, you would have only a hard roll. Recently, bagel machines have been made, permitting the mass production of this delicacy, which may or may not be a good thing. Even the commercial bagels are good with cream cheese, but they are not as good (well, commercial ... somehow mechanical sounds wrong. The Clockwork Bagel, or Food for Golems ... say industrial commercial vs. bakery commercial).

*from hard red or hard white wheat flour

There is a case to be made for punishing malefactors, but it depends on the effects of the punishment on the society at large to generate social cohesion i.e. we are a group and these are our laws ... and the knowledge of punishment makes the group more conscious of the laws and, by inference, its own groupness.

Interesting point; mild but certain punishments have far more deterrent effect than savage but erratic ones. With all the constitutional support currently impeding the conviction of the accused (and the emphasis on tainted evidence), it may be that we can no longer afford criminal justice.

((I'll agree with your first point -- a 10 year sentence is no more deterrent than a 2 month sentence, if it's a 1000 to 1 against either. But as to tainted evidence, well, it's like national security: You can tolerate a little as long as it's not abused. But I think it's more reasonable to make the distinction between inadvertently tainted evidence, and deliberate law-breaking by the police. Particularly where serious crimes are involved, and, granted the tainted evidence, there's no question about guilt.: Anyway, there's no room in the prisons for those who do make it through the courts, which is the real reason we can no longer afford criminal justice.))

You didn't have Wendy. Sigh.

Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, CA 95841

On the cover, what is Susan Wood so excited about? ((The picture was taken at DISCON, the morning after she won her Hugo.)) Jim Shull's logo on page 1 is quite attractive. Lovely McLeod art on page 7.

Well, I did it, but it took a lot of willpower, reading all the way through Susan Wood's "Wilds of New York", I mean. It would have been simple to take a peek at the end of the article to find out quickly if she made it unscathed to Wild's and found the lute parts, or even learned if the store was still there. Only three pages to that point, but I was wiggling impatiently while reading them. That can't really be a Kirk illo on page 10!? Not his style at all.

((It is indeed. But it's only a detail of a larger illo --it just seemed so appropriate there I couldn't resist.))

Again, lovely McLeod art on pages 22 and 26. ~~He likes around here. I should say something good about him.~~

Treff's nice bacover reminds me of a piece of Vermillion Sands statuary.

Dentist, n. A prestidigitator who, putting metal into your mouth, pulls coins out of your pocket.

-- Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary



John Carl
3750 Green Lane
Butte, MT 59701

My method of penning letters of comment is, I suppose, fairly widespread. It involves a subtle sort of self-deception. The first step entails deciding whether to loc a fanzine at all. If not, the fanzine is skimmed and filed. If so, the fanzine is read thoroughly, and stashed in a file box with dozens of similar fanzines. I let the concepts expressed in the issue simmer in my mind for several days, and before they turn stale I remove it from the box and put it in a conspicuous spot next to my typewriter. After a week or so has gone by, my subconscious begins to nag me, telling me "Look, there's only one fanzine here. Get it over with and loc it so it won't clutter up the desk any longer" -- though my conscious knows that there are dozens of zines to be locced. But the subconscious is supreme. Finally, I get sick of the sight of the thing and write a letter just so I can file it away, never again to be seen; whereupon I drag out the next fanzine ...

However, you, Eli Cohen, have foiled this scheme. I liked having the latest KRATOPHANY around so much that I didn't want to loc it. I just wanted to let it sit there, where I could see it forever... So I didn't write, and fanzines began to glut the box. Finally, a few days ago, so many fanzines were in the box that if some were not pulled immediately, it would explode. So, this.

I once applied for a job as a typist. They were certainly impressed when I told them that I can type maybe 70 words a minute with only a mistake on a page. So they put a typewriter in front of me, and told me to type something. I obliged. "Hey," they said, "you're using the wrong fingers. We can't use you." This is true: as most all self-taught typists, I use four fingers more efficiently than many secretaries can use nine. I've been typing in this haphazard manner so long that I doubt any typing course could correct it. So, fandom has robbed me of a potential livelihood.

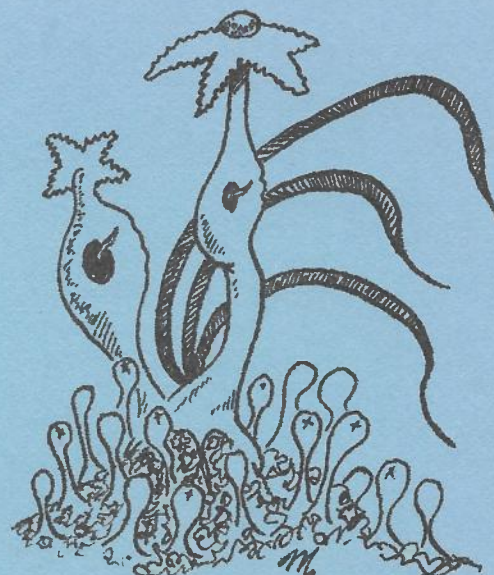
P.S. Do you have any extras of the cover? Jeez, you'd think Susan was happy or something. (('Fraid they're all gone. But I'm trying to talk her into a centerfold.))

Ben P. Indick
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

Firstly, I now regret more than ever not having read Susan Wood in her salad days, of Energumen and other young dreams. The cover photo, even if a foolish art editor has placed her within, and maybe represented her as, a peanut! shows a lively and attractive young lady. I hope her new eminence as a Phid will not elevate her right out of fandom. ((Peanut? I hope you don't mean the avocado fillo?))

Where is Wendy?

((Where is Wendy? The cry rolls out from the yearning masses of fen. Let me tell you a story. Last June I commissioned a Judy Mitchell painting to give to Susan as a birthday/Christmas present. Judy and I, with the concurrence of Mike Mason, agreed on a scene from WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, with the secondary purpose of getting Judy to read the book. I told Judy that I expected to be in NY in the fall. Fine. End of August I dropped her a note saying I'd be there in mid-September, when I hoped to pick up the painting. Arrived in New York and called her, and was informed that she had just gotten the book, and would start the painting immediately. Suffice it to say that two weeks later, my last night in the city, I sat watching her draw dragon scales until 8 P.M. Now, the picture was a masterpiece, a really



beautiful job. My point is that with a picture I was paying for, she still procrastinated till the very last possible minute, and this with me in New York nagging her. How the hell can you expect Wendy? But don't give up hope -- Mike is still scripting madly away, and Real Soon Now...))

Henry Holtzman's disquieting article about the non-existence of Wyoming is reminiscent of Robert Benchley's "There is no Bucharest" (I think) many years ago. Maybe it was Romania, I forget, but he did a few funny pieces insisting on the imaginary nature of the place.

((Budapest, I think it was. Or wasn't, to be more precise.))

doug barbour
10808 75th Ave.
Edmonton, Alta. T6E 1K2

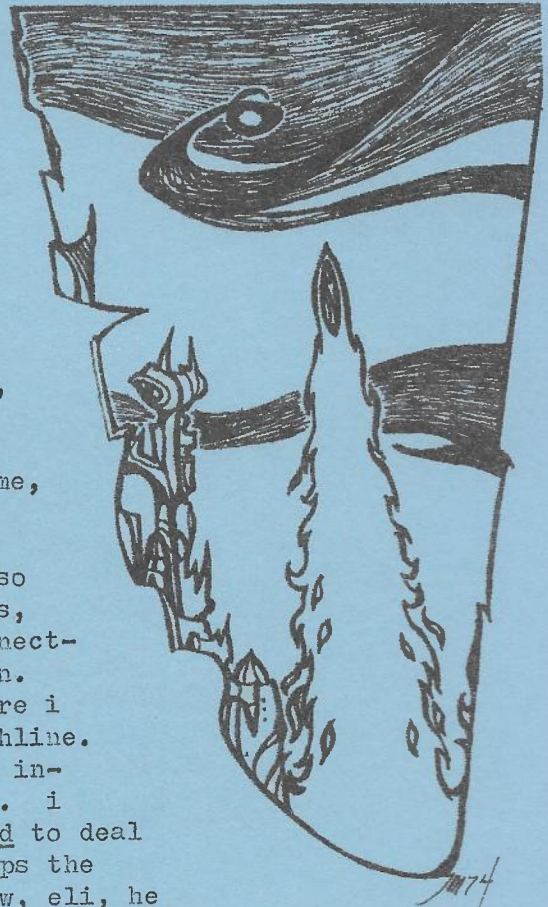
i enjoyed #7 as much as
the others -- excep-
ting only my missing
wendy et al. i found

yr comments on reading LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS
really interesting. i've read LHD at least 4
times, maybe more in the years of thesis writing,
& it has stayed good. but then so has the earth-
sea trilogy. i mean to read all three again, & i
suspect that the 2nd book may not stand up too well,
but the first & third definitely will. still you're
right about tastes with that LOTR reference. i mean,
really! i read LOTR for the 8th time this year as i
had sneakily put it on a course just so i could --
hadn't read it since about 1971, far too long. for me,
it stands up too, but on some different levels than
leguin's work, even if she did learn a lot from him.
but the connections in le guin's novel -- yes, yes, so
very right. of course i find them, in different ways,
in delany's & russ's work too. & i suspect such connec-
tions are part of what makes good fiction good fiction.

goddamn! i had to read half the lettercol before i
found out the meaning of the greyson greensward punchline.
unfair! unfair! except that the lettercol was most in-
teresting, & i'll even forgive you your attack on me. i
would answer it, though. yes, heinlein has attempted to deal
with linguistic changes in his work, & MOON is perhaps the
most interesting of those attempts. but, come on now, eli, he
hasn't the stylistic capability to really carry through -- in
the writing -- the way someone like delany, russ, disch, tiptree,
& a lot of other writers of that calibre can. i may be a heinlein bigot, but bi got
i got some reason on my side. (see peter nicholls' review of TIME ENOUGH in FOUN-
DATION 7/8; it says all i would want to here with wit & intelligence. a lovely review.)

((From a later letter:))

am i being too hard on Heinlein? it's a fair question, & your points are at
least putatively valid; require some thought, & real answers. i have a number of
problems: one: RITE OF PASSAGE is better than anything of that sort that Heinlein
essayed, even though Alexei now admits that the ending is still too Heinleinish
(ie, sexist). i could empathize with the protagonist in RITE; i found it usually
impossible to do so with that little bitch from mars. against this, i too enjoyed
early Heinlein. in the fifties, when i first read sf, he was one of the major ones.
but, do you know? my favorites then were Bester (numero uno!) & Sturgeon, followed
by some of the other madmen, Pohl & Kornbluth, for example. (& i always loved the
long story of the Venus warriors by PadgettKuttner). Heinlein was, even then, a
writer i read for the story, yes, but not for the kind of vivid excitement i could
get from the others. even as an untrained kid, ghudammit, i could tell style, & he



Joe Pearson
5401 Redoalt Dr.
Hollywood, CA. 90068

As far as written material goes, I really enjoyed Susan's article, reminds me of my more harrowing experiences working w/ Christmas parties in Watts & the various barrios. Also, sniff, it reminds of her columns in the long departed and lamented Energumen (ah, yes, nostalgia).

Norman Hollyn -
69 Fifth Ave. Apt. 4F
New York, NY 10003

Eli, you are about to hear a deep secret of mine, one so shameful that only electronic old Leigh Edmonds could pry it from me. I can well imagine good old Valma's horror at Leigh's culinary delight (at tomato soup and bread) for that is the reaction that my one eating quirk brings to others.

There is not one person I know of who can stand the look of joy on my face as I eat or describe this joyous delicacy (which is why I am so secretive about this craving -- or was, until now).

[illegible]

---Robertson Davies, The Table Talk of Samuel Marchbanks



WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- ☐ Trade and/or review
- ☐ It seemed like the thing to do at the time
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ Think of it as something to keep the rain off
- ☐ You LoCed
- ☐ You finished DAHLGREN
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ You paid
- ☐ He jests at scarves, who never felt a wind