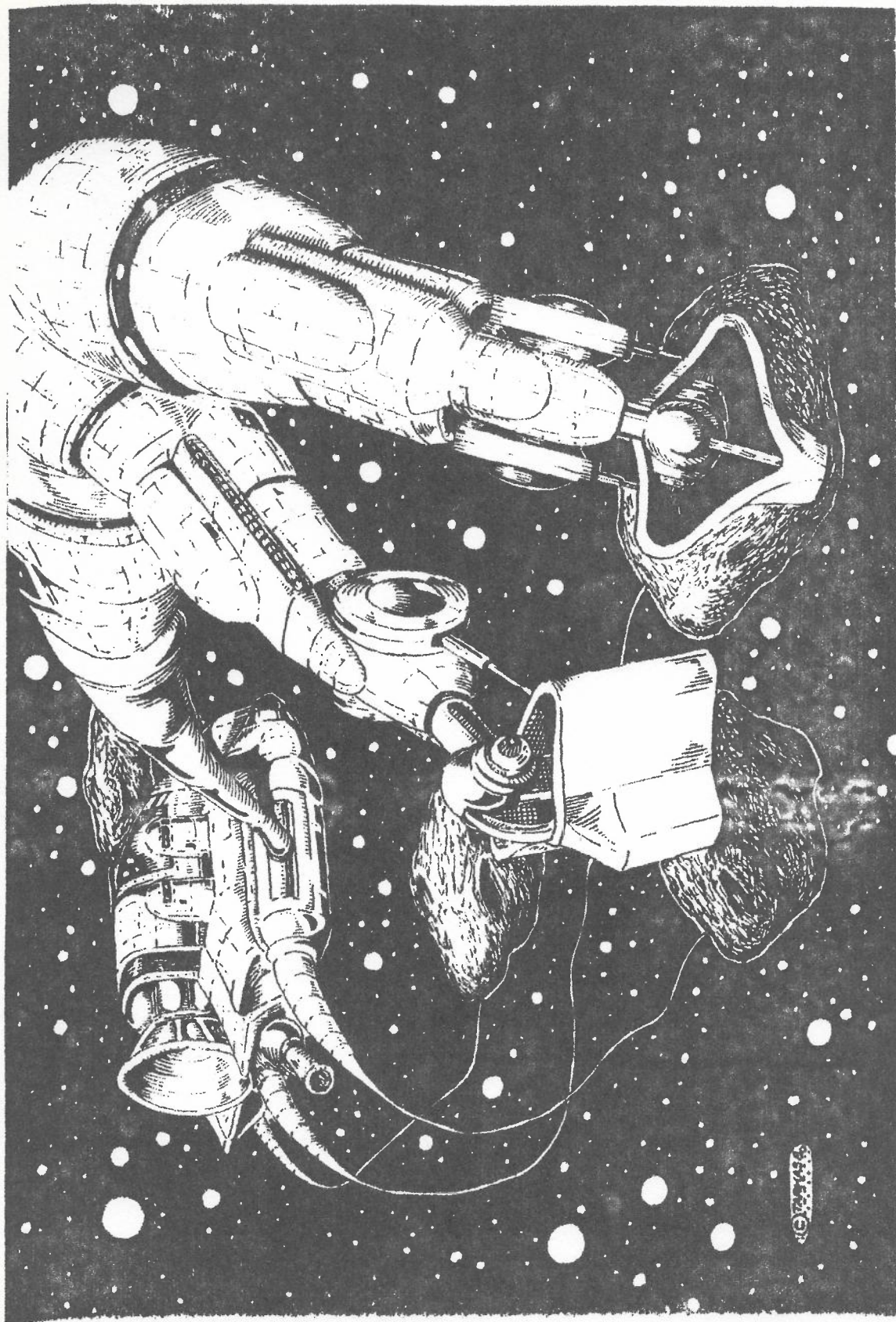


КРАТОПЕЧЬ



KRATOPHANY

July, 1981

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IN MEMORIAM

SUSAN Wood 1948-1980

Susan Joan Wood died on November 12, 1980, in Vancouver. She was 32 years old.

(I still find it hard to believe she's dead. I lived with her, off and on, from May, 1974 until January, 1980; she was the most important person in my life for seven years.)

She co-edited, with Mike Glicksohn, the Hugo-winning fanzine *ENERGUMEN*; she also published *ASPIDISTRA* and the "Amor de Cosmos People's Memorial Quietrevolutionary Susanzine". *(I remember the kiss after each page of AMOR we finished running off... Fastest slipsheeteer in the West, she was, and she could collate like the wind.)*

She won the Hugo for Best Fan Writer in 1974, and again in 1977. *The Language of the Night*, a collection of Ursula Le Guin essays which Susan edited, was a Hugo nominee for Best Non-Fiction Book of 1979. *(In fact, she would have been nominated in four different Hugo categories, but we never got together enough votes to put her SF class on the ballot for "Best Dramatic Presentation".)*

In September, 1973, she moved to Saskatchewan (and we started corresponding. On December 29, 1973, she came to New York for a visit and I fell in love with her); she spent two years teaching at the University of Regina. *(I've still got the Chinese cookbook she gave me when I arrived, inscribed "To Eli -- because you think Saskatchewan is a type of Chinese cooking".)*

She received her doctorate in Canadian Literature from the University of Toronto in 1975 *(I remember the night she tried to throw her thesis off our third floor balcony)*, the same year she moved to Vancouver to become an assistant professor of English at U.B.C. *(She taped "Another Storm", by Humphrey and the Dumptrucks, before she left. In snowless Vancouver it was hard to remember the weekend it hit 50 below and we had an 8 inch icicle growing into our living room. But then there was the night we stood in the snow at the Millers' farm, watching the aurora ...)*

Her hobbies included rock and folk music *(there were so many concerts we went to -- Cris Williamson, Janis Ian, Warren Zevon, Yes, Stringband ...)*, gardening *(she used to talk to her plants: "Grow, baby, grow" she'd tell them, and they would)*, and photography. She also carried on extensive correspondence with many people *(not to mention*

putting up hordes of visiting fen at the Wood Hotel).

Her academic interests included Canadian Literature, science fiction, and children's literature, in all of which she taught courses and published papers. U.B.C. granted her tenure in the spring of 1980.

The next-door neighbor heard a thud and, finding her unconscious, called the police. She had apparently been on her way out of the house, pausing to write a note which she was in the middle of when she collapsed. She was pronounced dead on arrival at Vancouver General Hospital.

(There were a lot of bad times and a lot of good times. I won't ever see her again. I miss her.)

(A slightly different version of the above was published for the 18th mailing of C/RAPA, December 1980.)

* * *

Empty yourself of everything.

Let the mind rest at peace.

The ten thousand things rise and fall while the Self
watches their return.

They grow and flourish and then return to the source.

Returning to the source is stillness, which is
the way of nature.

The way of nature is unchanging.

Knowing constancy is insight.

Not knowing constancy leads to disaster.

Knowing constancy, the mind is open.

With an open mind, you will be openhearted.

Being openhearted, you will act royally.

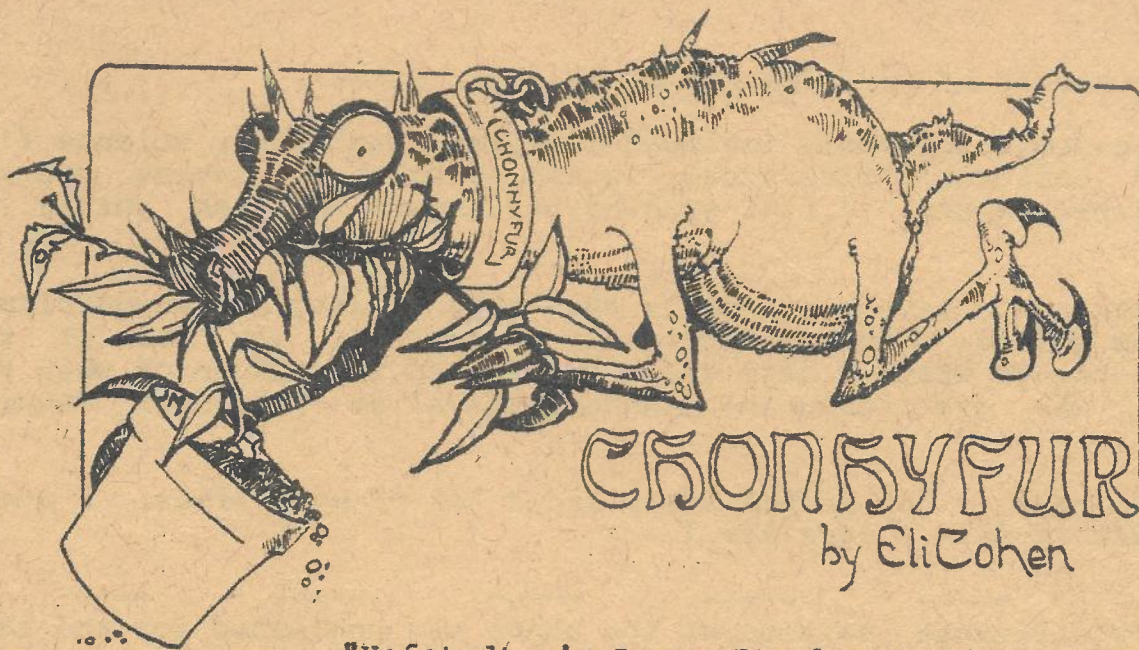
Being royal, you will attain the divine.

Being divine, you will be at one with the Tao.

Being at one with the Tao is eternal.

And though the body dies, the Tao will never pass away.

--- Tao Te Ching
(translated by Gia-fu Feng and Jane English)



"Hofstadter's Law: It always takes longer than you expect, even when you take into account Hofstadter's Law."

-- Douglas R. Hofstadter, *Goedel, Escher, Bach*

I know I never promised you a regular publishing schedule, but a two year gap is really excessive. I apologize, especially to all the artists whose artwork I've been sitting on far too long. A lot has happened since KRATOPHANY 12. In addition to delays from getting settled in NY and my normal procrastinative tendencies, Susan's death was, obviously, deeply upsetting to me -- it was hard to sit down to write witty fannish chatter afterwards. I still experience the shock of suddenly remembering she's dead, but the shocks are diminishing as time passes (there's a lot of music I still can't listen to, though). Susan herself was pretty good at writing witty fannish chatter: As an example, and a remembrance of that facet of her, I'm reprinting in this issue her article "Wild's of New York", which she wrote for KRATOPHANY 7.

* * *

"Writing is, for most, laborious and slow. The mind travels faster than the pen; consequently, writing becomes a question of learning to make occasional wing shots, bringing down the bird of thought as it flashes by."

-- Strunk & White, *The Elements of Style*

* * *

The issue of KRAT I might have done a year ago would have been full of Seacon stories; at this late date most of the details have faded. Nevertheless (hah! Thought you'd got out of it, huh?), there are a few events that stick in my mind. I won't explain how to get to Glastonbury from Vancouver using every known means of transportation, as this has been covered by Suzle Tompkins in MAINSTREAM 4 and 5, not to mention in my brilliant article on The WPSFA Curse, as yet unpublished (hi, Joyce!). I did want to say something about the 2000 year old Roman Q-Tips at Glastonbury Abbey, but I can't remember what.

I do remember the kick of introducing Dave Piper (the Hermit of Ruislip) to British fans he'd been corresponding with for years, like

Paul & Cas Skelton and Mike & Pat Meara. And watching Cas sliding down the Metropole staircase on a tray; or sitting on the staircase at some ungodly hour the last night of the con, when Janet & Ricky Kagan wandered by and dropped a half-full bottle of Remy-Martin cognac in my lap -- "You don't expect us to take it home with us, do you?" asked Janet.

I remember Dave Langford trying to teach me how to pronounce "Twyll Ddu" (it was hopeless). When my throat was raw I asked him to please buy me a drink, but my please fell on deaf ears.

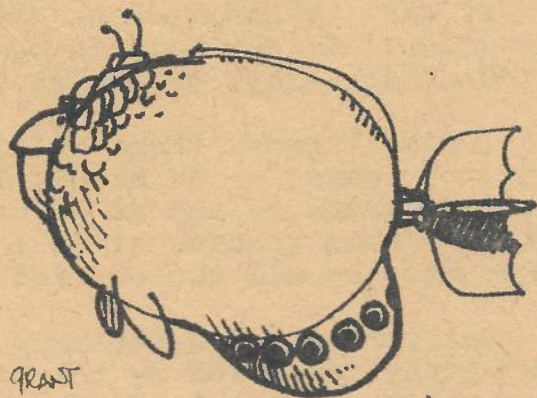
Sightseeing in London was marvelous, though the liquor laws seemed incomprehensibly arbitrary. As far as we could determine, the rule was beer couldn't be served anytime you were thirsty, such as at 3 PM when you were exhausted from looking at 5000 year old artifacts from Ur. On the other hand, one of my fondest memories is having lunch at the Tate, where John Douglas, Ginjer Buchanan, Suzle Tompkins, and I drank a bottle and a half of truly excellent champagne, and then floated around the galleries.

You know, I don't normally drink much -- I don't understand why I have so many alcohol-associated memories of England ...

Well, one thing that didn't involve drink was my visit to St. Paul's. The dome is impressive from the floor, but I couldn't resist the staircase that led to the Whispering Gallery, 100 feet above. The stairs seemed to go on endlessly, but eventually, on the verge of collapse, I arrived. The view was magnificent. I idly started wandering around the circumference as I caught my breath, until I saw a door with a horrifying sign: "WAY UP", it said. Well, I said to myself, here I am in St. Paul's in London and ghod knows when I'll be back and if there's a way up then by ghod I'm going to try it. So I went through the door and began trudging up miles of rickety metal stairs. I made it to the top of the Statue of Liberty when I was 11, and I'd be damned if I was going to poop out halfway up some silly cathedral. Finally, after an eternity (with some rest stops), I emerged outside onto the Stone Gallery, with London spread out all around me.

A glorious sight. I walked -- well, more accurately, limped -- around, looking at the city, until I saw something terrifying, a sight that drained the color from my face, that chilled me to my very sole: A door, with a sign on it saying "WAY UP".

Needless to say, with only a few twitches of fear, I forged on. After eons of stone passages and spiralling metal staircases, I got to peek out of a grimy little window some 350 feet above the ground. It was all downhill from there, including a stopover at the Golden Gallery, a smaller outside ring between the Stone Gallery and the top, where the view was even more beautiful.



the GOOPYEAR
blimpfish

I'm thinking of writing a novel



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SANDWICH

based on the experience, about the reactions of human beings confronted with great stress and challenge, to be titled THE STAIRS MY DESTINATION.

*

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*

In October of 1979, I was invited by Fabulous Edmonton Fandom to be the Fan Guest of Honor at NONCON, their regional convention. This was my first experience doing such a thing, and though the egoboo was nice, I've got quite a way to go before I'm comfortable enough with public speaking to keep the anticipatory panic from ruining my digestion. Once I was through with my GoH speech, I had a wonderful time. Of course, after all this time, the only things I remember aren't printable -- but I just happen to have here (aren't you lucky?) a copy of my speech ...

NONCON Speech, October 1979

First of all, I'd like to thank you for asking me to be your Fan Guest of Honor, or "GoH", as we say in the business.

You know, when I was first asked, I thought it was a barbarous idea -- and my suspicions were confirmed: It is, indeed, the fault of the good Dr. Barbour over here, who threatened to hold his breath till he turned blue in the face if I didn't accept. So I want you to know that I'm here tonight because I didn't want the world to think of Doug Barbour as a bluenose.

Let me warn you that my natural medium is the printed word, so I'm not altogether happy with this speech-making stuff. I mention this in case I should be suddenly struck dumb up here -- so you'll know I'm not striking a happy medium ...

Be that as it may... I am very honored, not to mention panic-stricken, to be here in this role. I certainly didn't imagine this would ever happen to me when I went to my first convention, some dozen years ago.

It was, to be precise, NYCON III, the 25th World Science Fiction Convention. It was held in New York, the city in which I happened to be, coincidentally, living at the time.

I didn't know, then, what science fiction conventions were all about, of course -- at NYCON, I religiously attended all the programming, and gazed in awe at all those science fiction writers whose books I'd been reading since I was a kid. But I went home every night, missing all the parties.

Well, that's not strictly accurate -- I did go to a "Meet the Pros" party sponsored by the convention. I stood alone in a corner for a while, trying to figure out how to actually meet one of these celebrities. Fortunately, I happened to be carrying a collection of John Brunner stories, which I was reading at the time, and even more

fortunately, I spotted John Brunner standing alone in another corner; so I went up and asked for his autograph.

Well, he turned out to be a very easy person to talk to. In fact, he told me about his first convention, where he went into the huckster room on the first day, and emerged, broke, with a two foot stack of books and magazines. He took these up to his room and spent the rest of the con there, reading them. He said he'd had a marvelous time, but felt he'd sort of missed the point.

It's sometimes hard to explain exactly what the point is, what we actually do at these things. At HEICON, for instance, which was the Worldcon held in Germany in 1970, I was in a small hotel a mile away from the convention hall, with only a single Norwegian fan for company. At breakfast one morning, one of the other guests noticed our convention badges.

"Oh," she said, "A science fiction convention! What do you people do -- sit around and tell each other ghost stories?"

I mean, what can you say to that? It didn't help, by the way, that my brain felt like jello, since I'd been up till 4 AM that morning at a drunken orgy.

(It doesn't help now, either ...)

So what is the point of this?

Well, to me, the point of a convention is meeting people. Science fiction fandom is a marvellous, unique subculture, a worldwide network of people, held together by the written word. Fanzines and letters crisscross the oceans and continents, introducing people to each other, and keeping them in touch.

Conventions are a chance for people who've known each other for years to actually meet; they're an opportunity to draw new people into the network; they provide an excuse for fans from distant geographic areas to get together, which can lead to strong friendships and many changes of address.

They are also, of course, a great bonanza for the liquor industry.

For me, personally, this convention has been a chance to meet fabulous Edmonton fandom, and I'm very glad to have had the opportunity.

So, in closing, let me once again thank the Noncon committee for asking me to be a 'GoH', and thank you, for listening to this particular 'GoH' story.

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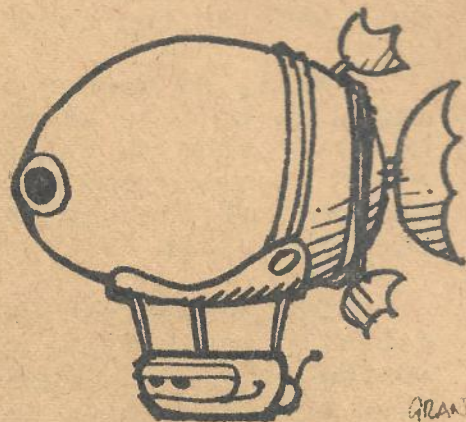
In January of 1980, I moved back to New



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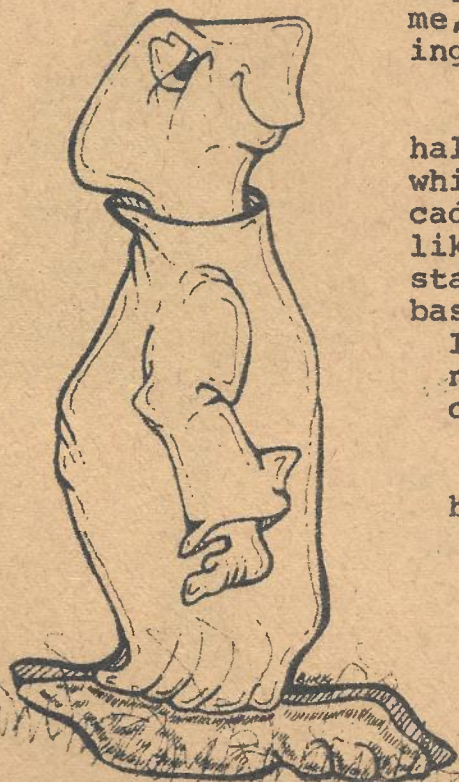
MELISSA
SNOWING

York, and went to work for Republic National Bank of New York as a Programmer/Analyst (and ended up sharing an office with Don Lundry's sister, but that's another story). Though the job initially looked promising, by the summer I found myself underworked, bored, and not getting along at all with my boss. (At my job interview the previous November, I had had a fantastically good time talking with Marta, the head of the department, and Mike, the manager of systems development; there was also this guy named Alec off in a corner who didn't say much. Guess who turned out to be my boss.)



Fortunately, just when I started seriously job hunting, my boss turned in his resignation. Unfortunately, I inherited the insanely complex system that he had developed in conjunction with the consultant he went to work for. Fortunately, I was able to cope with the system, keep it running, and even add some major features. Having made myself indispensable, I was promoted to Systems Officer and formally appointed project leader for what is effectively a Letter of Credit, Banker's Acceptance, and (embryonic) Customer Information System.

The bad news was that I was now subject to 3 AM phone calls when the system crashed, and had to carry a beeper around (it does make for a great conversation item, though; and then there was the salesman who thought the bulge under my jacket was a gun...). Then again, there was a certain amount of prestige involved (not to mention \$\$'s, and an increase to 4 weeks' vacation -- bringing me back to what I enjoyed in Vancouver). I've now got a staff of 3, and the supervisory/training responsibilities involved are new and interesting for me (though I've almost decided that to me, banking applications are intrinsically boring).



So here I am in an apartment in Queens, half an hour's subway ride from Times Square, which I share with a computer and a dying avocado. (This is the second one that's grown like crazy to a height of 3 feet and then started to turn brown and shed leaves. On the basis of my previous experience with avocados, I can only assume that there is an essential nutrient in cat urine, without which no avocado can truly flourish.)

After a year and a half, I am just now beginning to feel a part of New York fandom again ("again" is perhaps misleading, since most of my former circle has either left town or entered semi-gafia). There's Fanoclasts every other Friday, and the occasional FISTFA, and the odd party here and there, and entertaining wandering Britfans. (I

got to come along for dinner with James and Peggy White at a seafood restaurant -- "Scallops?" says James, "Aren't they what Indians collect?" -- and we just recently took Ian and Janice Maule to the best Chinese restaurant in the city, the Sichuan Pavillion (a block from the UN), run by the People's Republic of China; they claim it's the only authentic Szechuan restaurant in New York.)

Meanwhile, I've had hardly any trouble from the WPSFA Curse since I moved back (ignoring the perennial breakdowns on the subway, which obviously show no such fine discrimination as the Curse). For example, Louise Sachter's yellow Volkswagon carried me from Brooklyn to Disclave without mishap, and all the way from Disclave (in Alexandria, Virginia) to Brooklyn, and all the way from Brooklyn to Washington Heights (to drop off Stu Shiffman and Sue-Rae Rosenfeld), and, in fact, from Washington Heights all the way to just onto the 59th St. Bridge (you know, just around the curve to where no one can see you until they're right on top of you) before dying...

However, Louise made some mystical passes and eventually got the car started again, and it didn't completely collapse till later the next week, far from any taint of WPSFA. (Brooklyn fans may be growing their own curse: one hears tales of Stu Hellinger stalling out in the middle of the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, and Louise's VW, post-repairs, sprayed bits of its activated charcoal filter all over the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway.)

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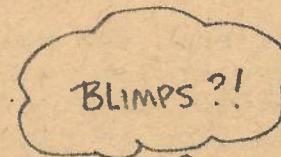
"... a population unwilling to shift automobile gears for itself will not have the patience, discipline, and logical turn of mind needed to write conventional programs."

-- Jim Edlin, "The Mass Market Micro", INFOWORLD, 12/8/80

* * *

If I may shift gears here for a moment, I'd like to talk a little bit about word processing. This issue of KRAT is quite an experiment for me -- you could call it the first serious use I've made of my computer since I got it (aside from assorted letters and short apazines). This entire magazine is being done using the Exidy Word Processor Pac on a cassette-based Sorcerer microcomputer. The overwhelming advantage of it is that I don't have to type stencils; once the text is done, my computer will graciously type it on anything I want, using the converted Selectric I've got. Other advantages include being able to edit -- even do extensive cutting and pasting -- without re-typing anything; being able to proofread to the best of my ability before committing anything to stencil (no more corflut!); and trying out layout electronically, so that I know the lettercolumn will come out just to the end of the page.

((continued on p.33))



"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 till 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, afternoon-ish, 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 bottle-clutching humans; the local black gang holding a meeting outside the burned out 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.

"Weeeelll," 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



RR #5, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
S7K 3J8, Canada. This has been a
Free Plug. Of course, if you want
to build your own, you can always
go to Wild's

EDITOR'S NOTE (1981): It's fasci-
nating that almost all the New
Yorkers mentioned have since left
the city -- Jon Singer is living in
Boulder, Colorado; Jerry Kaufman
and Suzanne Tompkins are in Seat-
tle, Debbie Notkin is in Berkeley,
Steve Stiles is in Baltimore; for-
mer Avocado Pitsters David Emerson
and Asenath Hammond are in Minne-
apolis, Minnesota and Irvine, Cali-
fornia, respectively. Rumor has it
that even Wild's has closed up shop
and gone strictly mail order (but I
haven't been back to check). David
Miller is still, however, making
beautiful instruments, and the Plug
still stands.

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THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

Grayson Greensward had a problem. An injudicious attack of avarice had caused him to promise eight different magazines the story of his most recent exploit -- the capture of the Loch Ness monster. The voluptuous doctor who treated his wounds after the capture caused him to succumb to an even more injudicious attack of lust, and he suddenly found himself with all his deadlines imminent. As he explained to his doctor during a session of Strip Space Invaders on her home computer, "I can't possibly do all those articles in time, even though they'll be variations of the same story."

She told him it was possible, and gave him some advice on what to do. She was therefore quite surprised when Greensward telephoned in a panic, wailing "It's not working!" This was nothing compared to her astonishment when she entered his hotel room: There he was, surrounded by hundreds of scraps of paper, with a fantastic assortment of strange industrial shears.

"Grayson, whatev'r are ye doin'?"

"Why, just what you told me to -- in fact, I went out and got a whole bunch of weird pro scissors ..."

-- Yarik P. Thrip

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"At any rate by about 1890, only six thousand years after the Egyptians and Babylonians began to work with whole numbers, fractions, and irrational numbers, the mathematicians could finally prove that $2+2=4$."

-- Morris Kline, *Mathematics: The Loss of Certainty*

BRANCHES



SHUN
8-4-75

David Emerson, 1921 Elliot Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404

Glad to see avocado thingies perpetuated. The old mythos must be kept alive, y'know. Why, I try to tell tales of the Pit whenever I can, just to make sure all those blarsted neos are aware of their heritage. (You should know that the story of the time that I Found Out WHY -- And Then Forgot has become a favorite around here. The young-fans gather 'round the campfire (we're very outdoorsy in Minnesota) and chant, "Unca David, tell us a story!" They are all amazed at the concept of sugar on American chesse, and no one to this day can understand the "Shazam!" part, not even I ... nor, I presume, you yourself. But still they beg for stories again and again until I divert them by asking were the pipe has got to.)
(Sept. 6, 1979)

((Have you told them about food hangovers, David? I suppose, since you mentioned it, the story of WHY should be recorded for posterity: See, at the Avocado Pit, we had this strange dining table which curved up slightly in the middle. One evening, when David and I were in a somewhat elevated state of consciousness, I noticed him staring intently at nothing (actually, he was staring at the tabletop). He started to say, in that solemn tone reserved for the announcement of great truths, "I know why ...", and then paused, as one does in those circumstances. Then he said, sadly, "but I forgot."

Well, what he meant was that he had figured out why the table curved, and then in a typical stoned manner had forgotten what he was going to say. However, in my enhanced state, I thought David had figured out WHY! You know, All Had Been Revealed to his cosmically enhanced consciousness. He had figured out WHY, the Answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything... and then the colossal boob had forgotten! Can you imagine? I was furious!

To this day, I wonder if David didn't make up the table

story just to pacify me; if somewhere, locked in his sub-conscious, is WHY, and all we have to do is get him stoned enough to remember it ...))

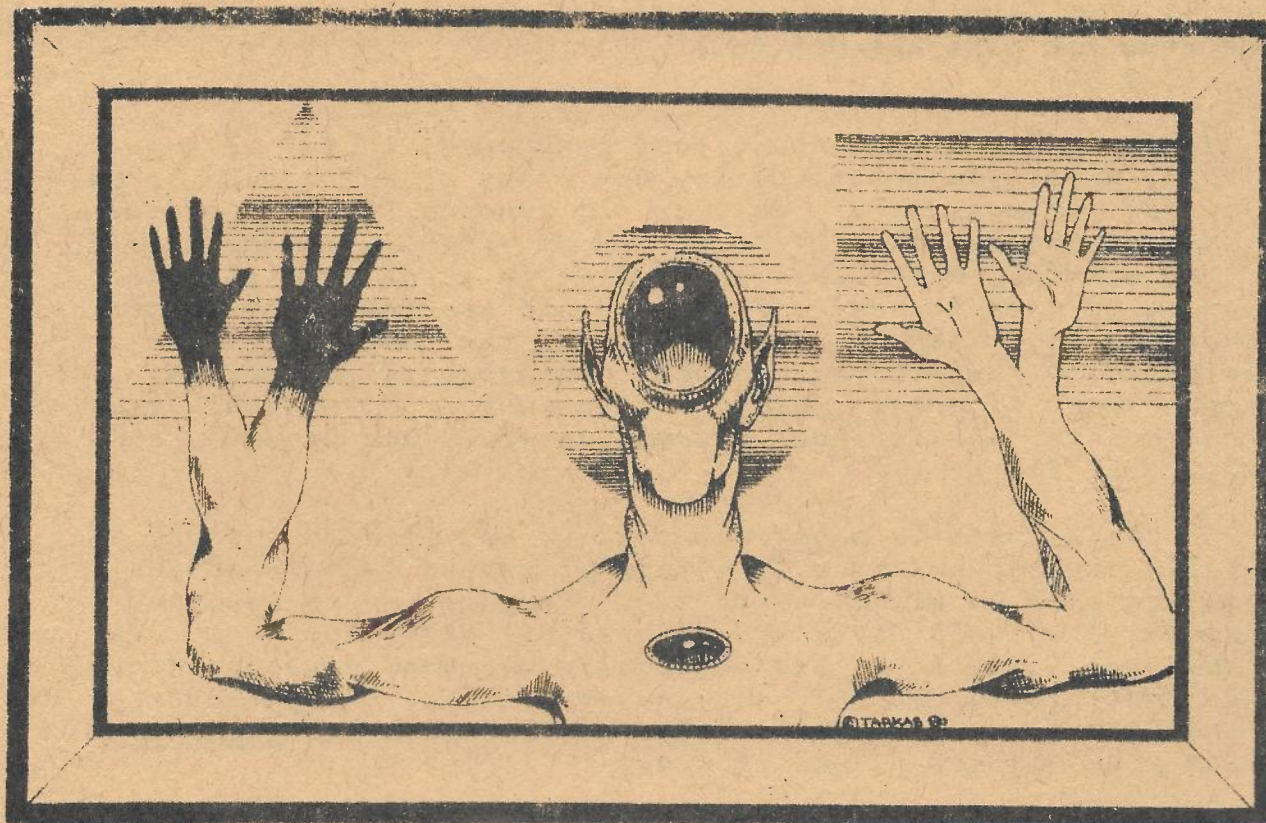
Ron Salomon, 1014 Concord St., Framingham, MA. 01701

A layman's question: if you can "draw" on a video monitor, and record the end-product on a videocassette or disc, could not this constitute a new art form, where you could playback not only the video-painting but rewind to its creation? And you could record only sequential final products (video cels) and make your own cartoon with a computer and appropriate video recorder. I think of Future Fanzine with its moving Rotsler illos and am croggled.

(Sept. 4, 1979)

((Actually, if you've ever seen Radio Shack's "Dancing Demon", you know that low-grade animation via home computers is already here. You can also now record a session with your Apple on a VCR. The catch is that good, high-resolution graphics still requires hardware that is too expensive -- though you'd be surprised what a mere \$40,000 will get you these days.

Then there's a super animation system Bill Gibson told me about, where you draw two pictures and the computer fills in the intervening cels to make a smooth change from the first to the second. This is a great boon when you draw the



same figure in slightly different positions. What makes it wild is that, according to Bill, you can present the computer with, say, a picture of a man and a picture of a teacup, and the machine will dutifully put together a sequence wherein the man turns into a teacup...))



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SNOWING

Marc Ortlieb, 70 Hamblynn Rd., Elizabeth Downs, S. Aust. 5113
Australia

Thank you for the copy of KRATOPHANY 12, I think. Mumble, these new-fangled computer things may be all very well, but they're ruining the art of conversation. We had a party while Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury were visiting, and all the computer nuts conglomerated in the kitchen and started exchanging megabytes of jargon. One of my favourite was "The (fill in the name and serial number of a computer chip) is the most intelligent chip on the market." Trouble is that Linda has just found employment as a computer programmer. Still, I guess I can talk her into writing me a word processing programme when I get rich enough to afford my own beast. (I guess it'd be useful for keeping track of books too.) It's getting so that I'm going to have to take a course in computers so that I can talk to people at parties. (I've learnt just enough to be able to mutter "Well, have you thought about a floppy disc?" I don't know what it means, but it usually leads to a nine page discourse on why a floppy can't be rigged, or can be rigged, or should be replaced by a video disc. What ever happened to fannish conversations about the relative merits of duplicators?)
(Sept. 16, 1979)

((Well, I've discovered a slightly different problem with computers at parties -- what happens when you invite one? It might have been similar in the early days of TV, I suppose, but what happened at the first few parties was that bunches of people clustered around the new toy, or waited in line for a chance to play Space Invaders, thereby further corroding the art of conversation. On the other hand, I got a chance to play "Nuclear Explosion", a two-person computer game I hadn't previously appreciated. Things settled down, though, and lately it's been something sitting off in a corner, dedicated to games, not much worse than Steve Stiles' pachinko machine was at Fanoclasts. When the party is down to a few die-hards though, they can get involved in a computer Adventure that goes on till the wee hours of the morning (occasionally till the next day).

The one thing that I expected that hasn't happened yet is the word-processing one-shot. The first time John Douglas saw the machine, he said "Let's do a one-shot" and proceeded to bash one out. There were two copies made (one carbon), and I lost the tape it was recorded on. What I anticipated was a new art form -- a continuous one-shot,



printed up each time, but re-loaded and added to at the next party. Imagine: as the years went by, one would have a text encrusted with comments and annotations by generations of fans; juxtaposed remarks could be decades apart! For a normal fanzine, I see word processing as merely assisting in the editing and multiple drafts I would go through anyway. But think about a spontaneous, first-draft one-shot where the sentences could have been written in any sequence, where your second paragraph was written two weeks before the first...))

Elizabeth A. Lynn, P.O. Box 14107
San Francisco, CA 94114

Apropos of sexist language -- the person to talk to about that is Suzette Haden Elgin, Professor of Linguistics. She points out that English (and other languages, of course) is filled with sexist assumptions based on usage, i.e. certain verbs apply only to women and when they do apply to men carry with them particularly connotative info, i.e. Alice giggled, that's right, James giggled, oh did he, then he's either under 7 yrs old or a

fag. And so on. I agree the pronoun problem is a real one but I find the tacit assumptions just as interesting ...

(August 17, 1979)

((And then there are all the nouns with their implicit gender connotations -- nurse, doctor, master, mistress, secretary (of State?).))

Tony Strelkov, Casilla de Correo 55, 5220 Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina

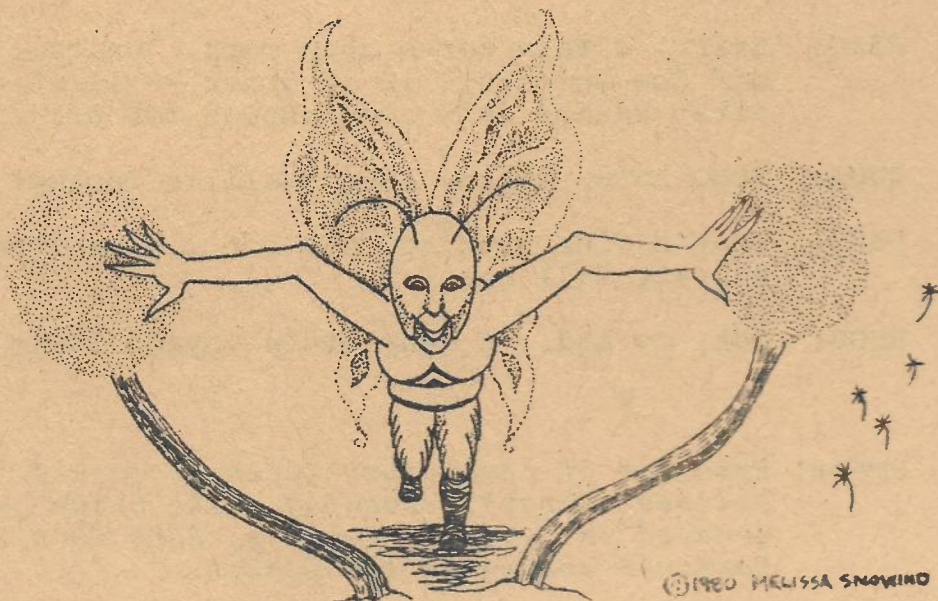
... sexism ... is a subject that can be easily ignored here in Argentina, not because it is non-existent, but rather because it is so predominant that most Argentines take it for granted and are hardly even aware of its existence, and even in TV programs where the subject is discussed, the general opinion is that there isn't any sexism, but that of course it is the duty of the wife to be at home all fixed and elegant looking, waiting with open arms for when her husband comes all sweaty and dirty from work ... Arggh! it makes our blood boil, here at home, when we hear them talking. Now, reading Kratophany, I started wondering. I have heard religion being described as a disease of language ... and is sexism not a disease of religion, partially, at least? Latins, who have championed Christianity for centuries, have

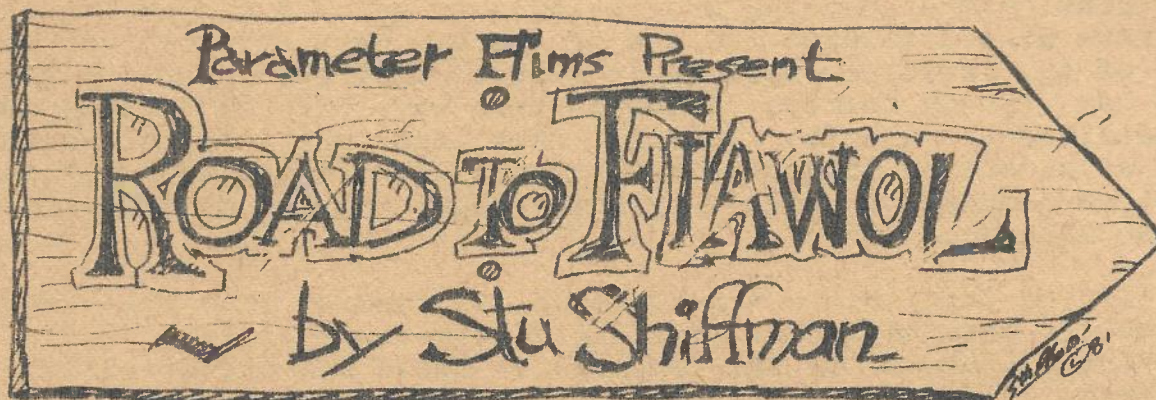
made translations changing everything into he, and one could say that they were biased towards the use of the him when referring to God, because of the influence upon their culture that their earlier pagan beliefs had already formed. I see it this way; wise olden time Goddesses: matriarchal culture. Powerful male Gods: patriarchic societies. Now, Latin-derived languages are rampant with sexism in a way that cannot be compared to the -- by comparison, only -- mild sexism of the English language.

((To be fair, bible translations are working from Greek and Hebrew originals that have sex distinctions at least as firmly embedded in the language as Latin and its descendants. I don't think there's any question but that Yahweh is male; or were you referring to Indian religions?))

One Spanish-speaking country, Mexico, is considered no. 1 for "machismo"; another, Argentina, is in second place. Knowing Argentina, I hate to imagine what it is like in Mexico. But now I'm only concentrating on the aspect relating religion and language. For instance, when we say in English: "God, be with us," there is no mention of God's sex. But in Spanish: "El Senor este con nosotros". El: male. Senor: male. Este con: sexless. Nosotros: (us) only rendered in a male form! For there to be no implied sexism in that word, it would have to be accompanied by a nosotras, also. In Spanish, when a word finishes with o it is a male word. If it finishes with a it is a female word. Now, if there is a group of men and women together here, they are ellos, or them. The females have to accept being called in the way that one would speak of an exclusively male gathering. Yet, if it is a predominantly female group, and you address them as chicas instead of chicos, look out! The "man" might even feel justified in hitting you for "calling him a girl" ... unless you happen to be bigger or better built physically than him.
((Jan. 16, 1980))

We Also Heard From: Harry Andruschak, Tim Marion, Lee Pelton, David Bratman, John Hertz, Charles Seelig, Buck Coulson, Gary S. Mattingly, Dave Szurek, Sheryl Birkhead, J. Owen Hanner, Mike Glicksohn, Jon Singer, Henry Holtzman, Andy Porter, Robert Runte, Wayne Hooks, Jessica Salmonson, Philip Stephensen-Payne, Joan Baker, Fran Skene, Patrick McGuire, Teresa Nielsen-Hayden, Gloria Andersson, Doug Faunt, Stephen Eber, James Shull, Sharee Carton, Richard Labonte, Allyn Cadogan, and Ben Indick.





Starring Bhob Hoop and Hoy Ping Crosby

Produced, Directed, and Scripted by STUART SHIFFMAN

From an idea by Stu Shiffman

Scene: *Exterior, Fountainebleu Hotel, Miami Beach. Mid-day. The bhoys are tossed out into the street by two large Pinkerton security guards. They sit up and examine their bruises.*

BHOB: Fout! I knew that we shouldn'ta come down here for a Perry Rhodan convention.

PING: Well, junior, I told you that there was bad karma here since 'Seventy-seven. ...And it was your idea to sell those -- (Two large cardboard boxes and a sign lettered "Cosmiak Sales, Un-ltd." land on BHOB) -- fuschia Ben Casey shirts as "Peacelord of the Galaxy" uniforms.

BHOB: (Removing rubble) Naah, that wasn't it, PING. It was those two co-chairladies finding out you were doing a "Captain's Paradise" reprise with them. Bhoys, this is it for me -- Sandra even wanted to settle down in a cosy little slan shack in Minneapolis...

PING: Brrrrr, a fate worse than work, junior. I think an oath to lay off the womenfolk is in order -- if it was good enough for First Fandom it's good enough for us!

BHOB: SOOO true, cozin. And shall we decamp?

PING: That's fine with me, old son ... as long as we don't have to do a pratt fall also...

BHOB: Ook, my lad. A long ocean voyage is in order...

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Scene: *Exterior of oceanliner lifeboat marked "Canard Lines -- S.S. Princess Sarah". Evening. The bhoys get out of the lifeboat dressed in "yachty" outfite, BHOB in a blazer with a "Saint Fantony" emblem on the pocket.*

PING: Well, the coast seems to be clear, junior. Shall we proceed to the saloon for a wee libation? What's the state of our economy, old son?

BHOB: About five dollars, three quarters, an Irish pound note and a Bermuda penny...

PING: Excellent, we are in the chips, as Uncle J.P. used to say.
(They turn and run right into two ship's officers, the Purser and the First Officer) Oooops.

BHOB: (Flicks at imaginary dust on the First Officer's uniform)
Hnnnnnn, a rare case of spontaneous generation...

PURSER: Stowaways, huh?

PING: (Giving BHOB a glance) ...Most perceptive fellows ... ah, Robert, come hither for the nonce...



BHOB: Prithee, nuncle, what desireth thou? (The ship's officers look confused, and one mimes a "screwy" handmotion)
Oh...of course, m'lord.

BHOB and PING: (With appropriate hand motions)
Pattycake, pattycake, Mimeo Man.
Pub an ish as fast as you CAN!!
(The officers are knocked out)

BHOB: Pretty good -- we're lucky they've never seen any of our pictures.

PING: Well...I guess. I suggest coordinating running noises with

actual movements of our legs...shall we?

BHOB: Of course, Mister Bones.

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Scene: The "Rialto" deck. A large fat man and DOROTHY GLAMOUR are strolling along as the sound of rapidly approaching feet herald the arrival of BHOB and PING, closely followed by a half-dozen ship's officers. They are caught right in front of the couple.

PURSER: GOTCHA! Gotchoo bostitches!

FIRST OFFICER: What's all this, then? You guys are gonna end up spending this cruise in the brig, eh?

FAT MAN: What's going on here, Mister Hubbard? Who are these men?

FIRST OFFICER: They're stowaways, Doctor Clegler, they tried to

"crash" the cruise and your "con" by hiding in Lifeboat Ten.

CLEGLER: Indeed, Mister Hubbard. Why don't you and Mister Lafayette leave them with my niece and myself. We'll take care of them.

PURSER: I sure hope that you know whatcha doing, Doctor Clegler. I guess we better go resolve a sub-plot on the LUAU deck, anyway. Cummon, fellahs. (*The officers exeunt*)

BHOB: Gee, thanks, Doc. I guess we'll be going then. (*Turns to go*) Coming, Ping?

CLEGLER: STOP, gentlemen...you're going nowhere. You'll work your way back...in whatever manner I tell you to...

PING: Hey! Who do you think you are?

CLEGLER: I am Doctor Dodd Clegler, sponsor of the "Sea-going Science Fiction Conclave" or Seaclave. This is my niece, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: He thought that "Seacon" was used for too many conventions already. (*To CLEGLER*) Uncle, they're skiffy fans, look at the Saint Fantony emblem on that blazer!

PING: (*To BHOB*) You mean you're not Stan Freberg, buddy boy?

BHOB: NAAH. (*To CLEGLER and DOROTHY*) I'm Bhob Hoop, and this mentally-deficient crooner is my partner, Hoy Ping Crosby...

DOROTHY: Hoy Ping Crosby?

BHOB: Yeah. His name is really Harry -- but fans in FAPA usta get him confused with Harry Warner, Jr. He had to assume a *nom de fanac* -- like Ted Johnstone.

CLEGLER: Tell us more, I need to know how to use you -- with the con, of course.

PING: Well, sir, we're two actifen and travailling ghiants --

DOROTHY: --travailling ghiants?

PING: Yes, my dear, we've been having a lot of trouble lately. We've tried selling town apa's for sci-fi fanzines in Nova City --

BHOB: -- Juice from grape jelly to drobes and dozmos in Detroit --

PING: -- and agenting space-opera to Deth-Ray Books in New York...but we always get typed and corflu'd and ridden out of town on a rail...

BHOB: We had trouble, my friends, right there in New York City!

CLEGLER: Well, I've heard that everything's up-to-date in New York City. I think we'll use you gentlemen to substitute in the Fan Cabaret -- I suppose you do perform?

PING: A bit of acting and singing...

BHOB: Don't belittle yourself, old son. I shall do a revival of my Solacon triumph, "The Merchant of Venezuala", my -- ha ha -- Southern Exposure...

PING: ...more of a Schlock characterization, junior. You were safe from venereal diseases -- no claps. (To CLEGLER) Don't worry, doc, you, Dorothy, and the Seaclavers won't be disappointed.

BHOB: ...and if they are, they can go see the prints of the Aussiecon bidding films in the movie room.

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Scene: Interior, the Club Bergerac entertainment hall. A large crowd dressed in formal costume (or in formal kaftan) is watching Jon Singer finish his imitation of a mimeograph.

AUDIENCE: (Resounding applause)

MC (BOB TUCKER): Wal, thank you, Jon, for your wonderful performance. From now on you'll get all my printing work (laughter from audience), but that doesn't mean I'll let you help me with my reproduction duties (somewhat less laughter).

BAND: (Rimshot)

MC: Thank you, Mister Krupa. (Scattered giggles) Wal, next we'll be having that well-known pair of bon vivants -- the winners of the 1964 Hugo for best Dramatic Presentation -- BHOB HOOP and HOY PING CROSBY! (thunderous applause)

BHOB: (Entering with PING as band plays "Send in the Clowns") Good evening, everybody... I thought I'd start with a bit of musical dazzlement. (To band) Any of you guys got a shawm or a krummhorn?

BAND LEADER: (With puzzled expression) Uh..er..nope, Bhob.

PING: Ohh, bad for you, Fred -- didn't your old scout leader tell you to always be prepared?

BAND LEADER: No, actually, he used to say mostly: "Put that fire dead out." That doesn't come up too often in the music biz.



BHOB: Well, I guess I'll have to take a saxophone... (*One of the musicians hands him one*)

PING: (*To audience*) Sorry, folks, he has a saxual hangup...

BHOB: I don't know how to reed that, buddy. (*Blows a few experimental notes*) Splendiferous, Mister Crosby. Shall we?

PING: Indubitably, junior.

BAND: (*Overture becoming jazz version of "Hard Times of Old England", with accompaniment of BHOB on sax.*)

PING: Come all brother Hucksters that travel along
O pray come and tell me where the trade has all gone
Long time have I huckstered and I cannot find none
CHORUS (*BHOB and PING together*)

And sing O the hard times of Con Fandom
Dealers room very hard times
The stuff you'd bought cheap it is true
But "no sales" is always just meaning "screw you"
So what's a man with Trek posters to do
CHORUS

You go to a con and put out your book
They'll answer you there with a shake and a look
And its e'en worse when they call you a crook
You see the poor huckster looking so beat
From morning 'til night for the big sales they need
And prices too low their expenses to meet
CHORUS

All tables seem to be selling new books
And the "buyers" who come give the pulpzines a look
Say the prices marked on makes them feel took
CHORUS

And now to conclude and to finish my song
Let us hope that these hard times they do not last long
I hope soon to have occasion to alter my song
And sing O the good sales in Con Fandom
In Con Fandom jolly good sales

(*Thunderous applause and cries of OOK OOK*)

BHOB: (*To audience*) Confidentially, I taught him everything he knows.

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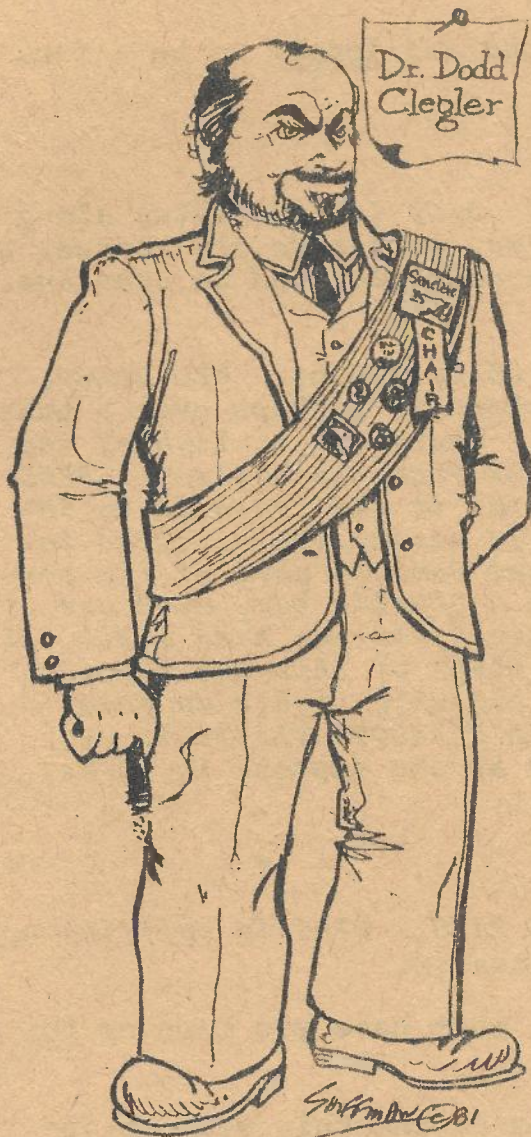
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Scene: Interior, palacial stateroom of Doctor Clegler. Shortly after previous scene. CLEGLER is speaking with the Captain, G.T. DOOM.

CLEGLER: ...It must be before we reach Puerto Rosco on San Ghumoochlee.

DOOM: I dunno, doctor. It seems a trifle extreme to me...

CLEGLER: No my dear Captain Doom. The World Science Fiction Associa-



tion rejected my proposals for incorporation, my revising of the Hugos -- and the fanzine fans panned my articles. And now that I'm dying so painfully of Nydahl's Syndrome complicated by Twonk's Disease -- I'M TAKING ALL THE BNF'S ON THIS SHIP WITH ME!!

DOOM: You, sir, are a trifle meshuggeh... but your money is good enough for me. And these twits Hoop and Crosby are the perfect scapegoats...

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Scene: Exterior, the stern rail.
DOROTHY is gazing out onto the ocean.
PING comes up behind her.

PING: (To tune of "Moonlight Becomes You")
Fanac becomes you
It shows in your smile
You've certainly been a fan quite a while --

DOROTHY: --what?! Where'd that music come from?

PING: Just a Sony Walkman, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Really? I was afraid that I was going to be attacked by Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra...

PING: ...Just lil old me, Harry "Hoy Ping" Crosby. (DOROTHY laughs) You look beautiful -- you must be a glorious sight when the glow of a lightboard lamp picks out the highlights of your hair... Let's go to my cabin for an editorial conference...

DOROTHY: Oh fout, Ping, how can you be so silly... You may be content to pursue the road to FIAWOL wth all its childlike attitudes -- however, I'm on a Reality FIJAGDH, with a whole life and interests beyond fandom. This lovely body of mine is my most precious possession, aside from my Gestetner, and I don't loan it out without really knowing who's doing the borrowing.

PING: I guess that means no...

DOROTHY: QX, Grey Lensman.

PING: You are a rare and fascinating person, Dorothy, and well worth anyone's investment of time and emotion.

DOROTHY: It's so nice to have one's ego soothed. I think that you're

nice too -- and it isn't always proud and lonely to be a fan,
you know ...

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Scene: Interior, hallway by cargo stowage. BHOB is sauntering along boyishly, curious to discover what may be around the corner. He is periodically checking hatches in order to find an open one. He finally does so.

BHOB: (To self) Swell -- finally hit on an open door. Who knows, I may discover the wonders of Samarkand -- perhaps even a Lady or a Tiger. (He enters cargo hold. There are no lights; the room is only illuminated by the light from the hallway. BHOB takes out a cigarette lighter, ignites it and proceeds to investigate. The hold is full of large wooden crates wired together in series. BHOB opens one and removes part of its contents -- a lump of gray material in a plastic bag, with one of the wires stuck into it. BHOB tosses it in one hand a bit, almost dropping it at one point. He tires of this and turns to leave. On the way out his lighter suddenly lights up some markings on one crate -- "INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH PLASTIQUE -- DANGER") Nothing is as interesting as one expects it to be. No excitement in the world anymore...

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Scene: Interior, the stateroom of BHOB and PING. PING is spiffing up in a Grey Lensman uniform. BHOB comes in.

PING: Ah, the wandering boy is returned. What have you been up to, buddy boy?

BHOB: Just scrutinizing the hidden reaches of the ship with an intense scrute... found some mildly interesting stuff. At least one of the holds is filled with crates of some sort of French plasticine modelling clay... pretty weird, I thought.

PING: Indeed. Now, hurry up and get dressed for the Masquerade Ball, and don't tell me again that it makes you feel like a drobe... this is a class act, junior. What's your costume?

BHOB: Hey! Why are you so gung-ho about this junk? Did Dorothy talk you into something? I thought we swore to lay off the ladies for a while -- at least until our systems recover.

PING: YOU are a fine one to talk -- I saw you and that young lady taking photos for SF Chronicle... besides, "it isn't always proud and lonely to be a fan".

BHOB: Swell, now I'm getting lectures. Next you'll be telling me that anything two fans do together is fanac...

PING: Of course, buddy boy. Its all on the road to FIAWOL -- Fandom is a way of life and I've been doing some living...

BHOB: Is this a song cue?

PING: INDUBITABLY, Robert (walks over to Sony Walkman on night table)

BHOB & PING: (To tune of "Road to Morrocco")
We're off on the Road to FIAWOL
(And we'll avoid using cliches)
We made First Contact years ago
When we were quite naive.
What's happened since is so damn weird
It's still hard to believe

O we're on the Road to FIAWOL
(Jophan would be real proud of us)
We joined a club of skiffy fans
Just to hear them talk.
We started trading books and stuff
And thus began our "walk"

Well, we're on the Road to FIAWOL
(And never beguiled by Star Trek)
We started seeing some fanzines
From our new friends relayed
We thought we'd try to pub our own
And send them out in trade.

Yup...we're on the Road to FIAWOL
(Praise Roscoe who's blessed us so much)
We thought the HYPHENS were quite neat
Dick Bergeron agreed
The VOID Bhoys gathered editors
Their work a joy to read.

Well, still on the Road to FIAWOL
(Tell Fred Haskell we said "hey!")
The local cons soon beckoned us
The parties were real swell.
We stayed up singing all night long
Did things we blush to tell.

Trucking up the Road to FIAWOL
(We're travelling giants now)
We still pursue the Great Ideal
That Jophan handed down.
We pub our ish quite regularly
And send it all aroun'.

Pushing up the Road to FIAWOL
(I'm sure you will concur)
Fandom Is A Way Of Life,
We certainly agree.
And what's more -- for membership --
There isn't any fee!

And so...unlike Warhoon Twenty-Eight...
We'll never be Hard-Bound----

BHOB: We're pals forever...

PING: ...and by the ancient wyrd that binds us do I swear it.
So...let us adjourn to the masqueradioactive soiree.

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Scene: Interior, Pimpernel Ballroom. The room is full of costumed fans. BHOB and PING enter, PING in his Lensman outfit and BHOB in an Arabic costume. DR. CLEGLER is on the dais dressed as Ming the Merciless.

PING: ...So, junior, what do your accuterments refer to?

BHOB: (Holds up scissors) I'm the barber in THE SHAVING OF SHAG-PUT, a classic of Adult Fantasy. (Distracted) Hey -- there's Dorothy with the photog for SF CHRONICLE, Galadriel or Margarita or whatever...

PING: You seem awfully unsure for the man who spent so many hours with her in the darkroom seeng what would develop. Perhaps the excercise will build up your character, old son.

DOROTHY: (Approaches, dressed in a brightly-patterned sarong, with a red-haired woman dressed as Belpheobe from THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER) Well, bhoys, you look quite natty...

BHOB: (To PING) Natty?

DOROTHY: Well... this is Ursula Weinreb, she's taking pictures for Andy Porter's SF CHRONICLE -- I believe she knows one of you already --



URSULA: Hiya, Bhobby!
What's new, pussycat?

PING: (To DOROTHY)
That's the wrong movie...

BHOB: I've just been exploring the ship -- I told Ping already, I found huge crates of French plasticine modeling material -- I even brought along a packet of it. (BHOB withdraws a plastic package from a pocket in his cape. It has the lettering "Plastique" on it and dangles a few loose wires) Here it is... whaddya think?

URSULA: Hey! That looks like -- (She is interrupted by the arrival of

four ship's officers: Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Lafayette, Mr. Malzberg, and Mr. O'Donnell) -- What?

FIRST OFFICER: Excuse me, gentlemen. The Captain would like to see you on deck... quite important, eh?

PING: *(Over his shoulder we see DR. CLEGLER disappear from the dais through a small door)* Well, goshwow, to coin a phrase, old buddy. Well, *(to DOROTHY and URSULA)* we'll see you ladies later.

BHOB: *(To self)* It's all raher confusing, really... *(They exit with ship's officers. As they leave the ballroom, the bewildered expressions of the women are obscured by the iron bars, seen over the last crewmember's shoulder, that descend to trap the fans within)*

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Scene: Exterior, main deck. BHOB and PING are brought handcuffed up to DR. CLEGLER and dumped unceremoniously to the ground.

PING: What's the meaning of this, Clegler!!

CLEGLER: You and your idiot savant friend are due for a large starring role in my new production: DOC CLEGLER RIDES AGAIN or THE INFERNAL DEVICE OF DOCTOR DODD CLEGLER. I'm putting an end to all this pretentious uber-fandom from every Dan Steffan and Ted White to the Real-soon-now alrighnriks of the surreal Mipple-Stipple zines. I hate you all -- every selfish egoboo-glutton one of you!

CAPTAN G.T.DOOM: The good doctor feels himself slighted -- PONG made fun of his Intellectual pretensions, Patrick Hayden called him a fringe-fan, and BOOWATT returned his submissions (they didn't meet Garth's requirements, y'see).

BHOB: Whuh?

CAPT. DOOM: ...And he's going to blow up the "Princess Sarah" with everybody aboard and blame it on you guys...

BHOB: *(To PING)* Hey! This doesn't look so good. Do we get rescued in the last reel?

PING: I don't know, I didn't get to the preview...

BHOB: For ghu's sake, what were you doing?

PING: ...uh...I think we went to the Nebula Banquet...

BHOB: *(To self)* ...damn sercon thing to do...*(to Clegler and Captain)* You'll never get away with this, you know! Though I must apologize for that melodramatic phrase...

CAPT. DOOM: That's all right -- this is quite a melodramatic occasion...

CLEGLER: (To all) To the boats
-- and then we set off the
plastic explosive...

BHOB: (To self) He's going to
blow up a ship with model-
ling clay? A moderately
loony individual -- hey!
Ping -- we can't let these
nuts get away with this --

PING: WAIT! Look up in the sky
-- (In the far distance a
smudge on the horizon is
growing in size, coalesc-
ing into separate shapes)

FIRST OFFICER: -- It's a bird --
(The swarm is growing
closer and larger, and its
attendant musical accompa-
niment grows

CLEGLER: It's not a plane --

BHOB: -- it's a helicopter as-
sault squadron!! (We see
that he is correct, and the
music is now identifiable
as some military air, and
the aircraft as Huey as-
sault 'copters with Bri-
tish markings) -- THE AIR
CAVALRY IS HERE! You're
finished now, Clegler.

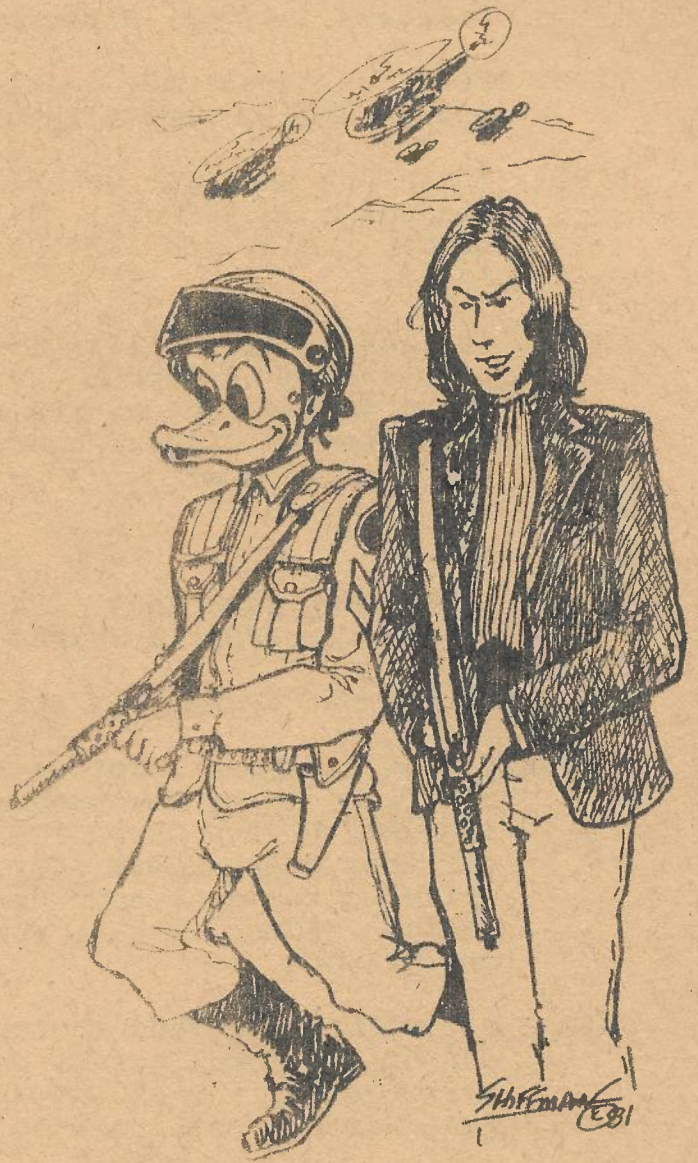
CAPT. DOOM: It's a fair cop, but
society is to blame...

CLEGLER: (Screaming) They'll never take me alive! (He makes a
final dash towards the demolition equipment) I'll take you
all with me (The dramatic tension of this last phrase is
diffused by having the lead helicopter -- with the legend
"B.S.F.A. Rules OK" on the side -- land on him. Immediately a
number of figures in military costumes and Donald Duck masks
leap out and take control of the situation)

BHOB: Wow...a Ducks ex machina! (He is instantly beaten into sub-
mission by one of the soldiers. A slightly limp-wristed figure
in a velvet jacket and a ~~shiffon~~ crepe scarf now exits the
copter and removes his mask to reveal: Joseph Nicholas.)

PING: By the blessed Roscoe, patron of faneds and people who go to
conventions by air transport: Joseph Nicholas -- what are you
doing here?

JOSEPH NICHOLAS: No problem, boss. Stu Shiffman sent a copy of this



script to Dave Langford and Kev Smith for DRILKJIS. They thought it sufficiently suspicious to follow up -- and since I had some connections at the Diogenes Club...

BHOB: ...we're all saved, hurrah! (*All reprise "The Road to FIAWOL" as the imprisoned fans are released*)

THE END

* * *
((CHONHYFUR, continued from p.9))

In the dubious advantage department, I can do justified margins. The dubiousness is due to the rather inept routine the program uses to fill in blank spaces. If I had a \$3000 printer with proportional spacing, the program could be upgraded to make use of that, but with a Selectric, all you can do is add blanks. There are also a few bugs in the system with respect to special codes that get it to stop so I can change type balls -- the special codes don't print, but they throw off the justification routine. And it's not really suitable when you have illos on the right side of the page.

It's not that the word processor doesn't save lots of time over a regular typewriter. It's that it tempts you into doing things that weren't even possible before, thereby causing you to spend more time overall to do more than you did before (this is my usual response to the argument that computers reduce employment). I should stick to my principles -- one could even make the case that in these increasingly conservative times, the right hardly needs more justification.

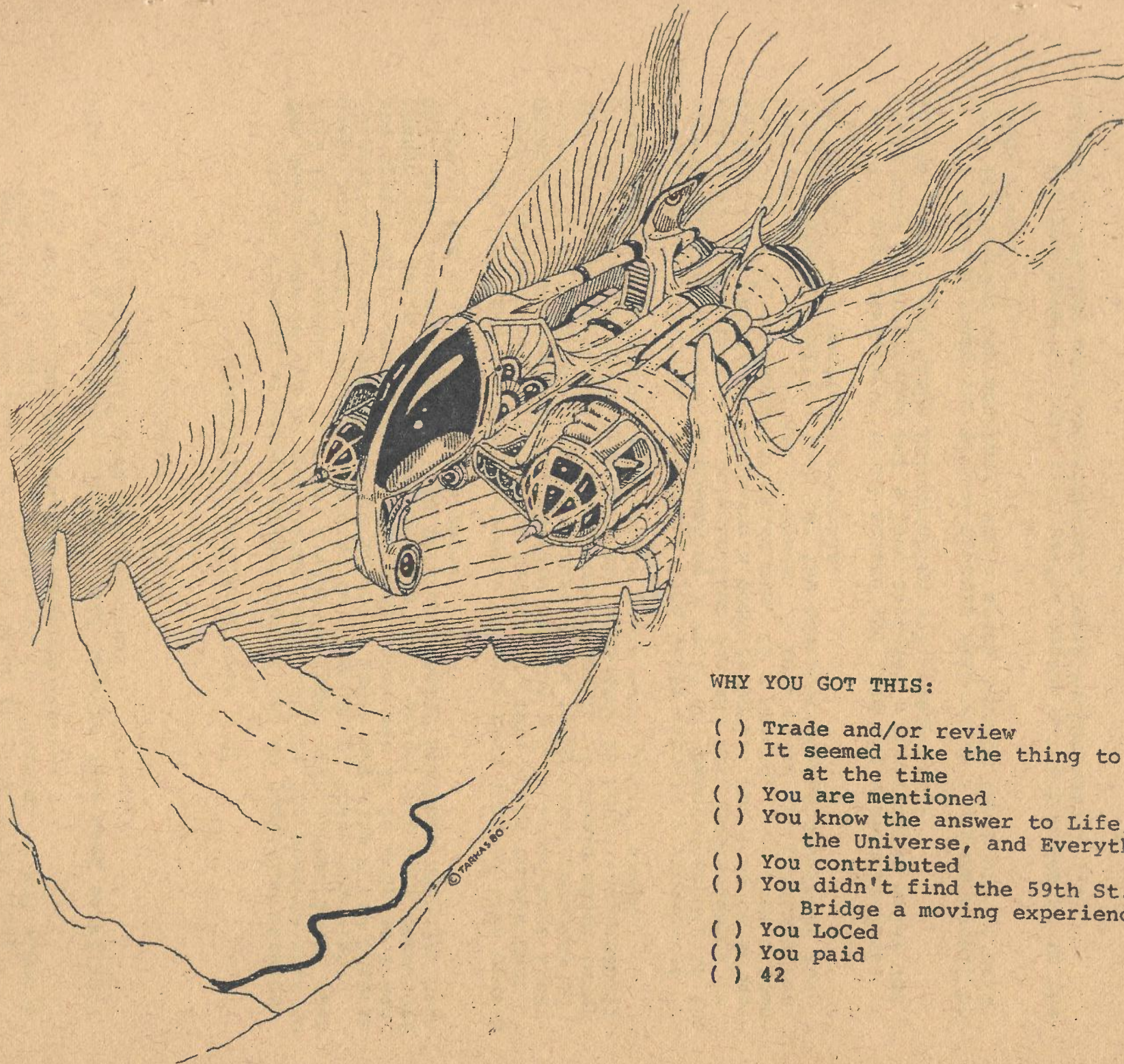
Minor irritations: Switching type balls (itself a symptom of conspicuous technology) is something I would do absent-mindedly in the course of typing (and what Selectrified fan has not inadvertently italicized the paragraph following a book title?). Now I do it in menial service to my computer, which can, in a second, transform a thousand gods to ghods, but has no hands. I know there are printers for umpteen thousand dollars that let the computer change typefaces itself... but they won't cut stencils.

The tape cassettes, which record and load 150 characters/sec, still take a few minutes for a long article, a frustrating delay (of course, once I get disks this problem will disappear).

I won't discuss the arcane rituals with which I ground myself before approaching the machine, lest a spark destroy two hours of brilliant creativity.

And you haven't lived till you've gotten a "DEVICE ERROR" in the middle of loading your painstakingly typed letter column ...

* * *
"The Sage falls asleep not
because he ought to
Nor even because he wants to
But because he is sleepy."
-- Raymond M. Smullyan,
The Tao Is Silent



WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- ☐ Trade and/or review
- ☐ It seemed like the thing to do
at the time
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ You know the answer to Life,
the Universe, and Everything
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ You didn't find the 59th St.
Bridge a moving experience
- ☐ You LoCed
- ☐ You paid
- ☐ 42