

WELCOME TO

# KYBEN # 3

SPECIAL TRAVELING ISSUE  
IN THESE PAGES YOU WILL FIND:

TIPTREE SOMEWHERE IN  
EAST QUINTANA ROO

MERTZ IN THE WILDS  
OF LOS ANGELES

HOPWOOD IN THE  
SIN DENS OF EUROPE







# KYBEN 3

KYBEN 3 is the second issue of the non-sf fanzine published by Jeff Smith, he of 4102-301 Potter Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21229. Kyben is published irregularly, and this is the September 1972 issue. Monetary cost is 35¢, 3/\$1. Contributions, letters of comment and tradezines help you save your money. This is Phantasmicom Press Publication # 18, and is Copyright © 1972 by Jeffrey D. Smith.

covers by Mike Archibald

"Nameless"--words by Jeff Smith, pictures by Bill Rotsler

"Gemutlichkeit in Osterreich"--words by Charlie Hopwood,  
pictures by Dany Frolich (lettering by Archibald)

"So You Want to Go to LACon"--words by Dan Mertz, pictures  
by Grant Canfield

"The 20-Mile Zone"--words by James Tiptree, Jr., pictures  
by Mike Archibald

## NAMELESS

DON KELLER:

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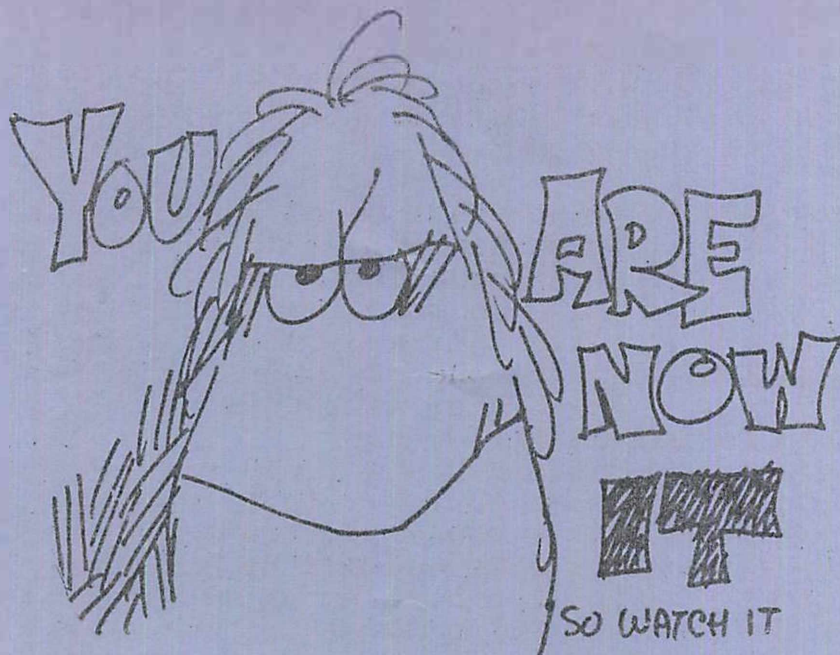
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see, Just Before deciding to do TUBEN and launching into the editorial, I had been writing the editorial to PhCOM 10, and in the first page-and-a-half (all I did before throwing it out), I had explained the 'who' of Donald Gerard Keller--and by the time I got to the middle of KY's editorial a couple days later, all I remembered was mentioning him--but I had forgotten where. --These sentences are horrible. I hate rewriting, but always need to revise, and this composing-on-stencil does not fit my writing habits. However, I don't especially want to longhand it first....dilemma, huh? Maybe if I go slower...A n y w a y , D o n K e l l e r i s t h e e x e d i t o r o f P H A N T A S M I C O M . . .

That's pure hell. Ted White says he got a manuscript submitted to him that way once, double-spaced quote unquote. Try it sometime. Is no simple, uh-uhn.

JOHN BEAM:

What the hell kind of address do you have? Do you live in two houses? Are you on a corner? Do you live in an apartment? You might not even get this'. I was originally going to choose one of the addresses, but I decided to take the whole thing and print it. \*\*\*

Ann and I live in a strange little apartment--not abnormally strange, just a bit unusual. (The bedroom is small, so small we weren't sure we'd be able to get the bed in it. The bedroom closet, on the other hand, is large enough to hold all our clothes, all the linens and soaps and stuffs, boxes and bags and loose junk galore, the chest of drawers, and enough room for somebody to sleep. Careful measurements have shown that the bedroom itself is bigger than the closet, but we still aren't sure.

Admittedly, the address is strange-looking. Yet, that is the address, I think it is because there are only thirteen buildings in the complex and they are all on Potter Street, so the two sets of numbers place you immediately. Everybody around knows what street you're on. (Except that we aren't, but who cares?)



We've had other strange looks cast in our direction when we've given our address as "forty-one-oh-two dash three-oh-one," but the most trouble I've had has been with the return address on the last KYBEN--and then it was with my name.

KY 2 was the first time I had mailed out a fanzine without envelopes, folded in half and stapled. I did it a bit wrong. For one thing, the cartoon was upside down. For another, I put my return address too near the center, so that when folded the tops of the "d" and "h" in my arty "jdsmith" were cut off. When I got Dan Dickinson's change of address, in one of those post office forms that says "we threw away your thingie; mail a new one to..." it was sent to someone named "Jasmun." Which is I guess what it looked like. Ann called me "Jasmine" for a couple days, how wonderful.

When I got Terry Carr's new address, I got the whole copy back --in such poor shape I threw it out after copying down the address (which came in FOCAL POINT the next day anyway). However, the day they tried to return it to me (postage due, of course) nobody was home; so I was left a little note. The next day I took it to the post office (and due to all the one-way streets and such it turns out to be faster to walk there than to drive) and asked for my "letter"--which is what the card said it was. They couldn't find any trace of it at the station, so I went back home in case a redelivery attempt was being made that day. It wasn't. So, back again the next day, when they finally found it filed in amongst the "j"s instead of the "S"s, since "j" was the first initial. \*sigh\*

Have I learned my lesson? Probably not. But I don't know how I'll do my return address this time.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER:

I hope you know what you're doing with this splitting of sercon and fannish material between PhCOM and KYBEN. It's questionable if either type can continue indefinitely without becoming dull. The secret of a good fanzine is balance. \*\*\*

The problem is that I couldn't balance PHANTASMICOM the way I wanted to. PhCOM should have been primarily serious material with a leavening of lighter writing; instead it was working just the opposite. PhCOM 10 as originally set up would have been the three articles in this KYBEN, then ZAP! Jeff Clark would be taking you very deeply into Barry Malzberg's THE FALLING ASTRONAUTS. I think it's safe to assume you'd have skipped the analysis. So, I shall surround Jeff's article with others similar, and it won't seem so out of place. (Jeff, incidently, will probably be listed as Associate Editor of PhCOM when it comes out.)

In fandom today there is a preponderance of non-sf material being written. A couple years ago we were able to run mostly sf reviews and such. Now, with the faanish revival, more personal-type material is being written. I don't mind this, because I like both types, but it necessitates two Jeff Smith fanzines. PhCOM will not (I hope) become dull and serious, and I'm working hard on this matter. PhCOM 10 will be out in November, and we'll see then.

As for KYBEN, no two issues will be the same. A lot of the same contributors will be present, but I hope to keep having surprise people like Dan Mertz to add variety. And that reminds me: I better explain about the contents of this issue.

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zap-gun-weilding fellows; and my opinion of him and his work plummets. \*\*\*

You are fighting the good fight, Floyd. I too must wince when I see the term "sci-fi" used. And I suppose that's why I used it last issue, in a self-deprecating way. The sentence was "I'm a sci-fi fan, not a thinker"--or, if I'm only a "sci-fi" fan I can't be expected to produce much in the way of profound thoughts, right? But, those who know me can tell you that I hate that term with a passion.

...Do you really want to hear about that party? No, it's not worth telling, and anyway it shows me up as being completely ineffectual. True, I am, but why spread it around? No, you don't want to hear it...

JOHN BEAM:

I have just finished reading the worst short story I have ever had the misfortune of encountering; it was by Terri E. Pinckard and hid behind the name of "The Hate." Now, I have read very badly written stories previous to this, but this story was an absolute insult to my intelligence. To top it all off, it was being published by Donald Wollheim's new publishing house in a collected entitled "The Year's BEST Horror Stories." Some of the situations in this story were really pathetic. For instance:

"She had been imagining Jeff's appraising her as he looked her up and down with that "Look what's mine" proud look of his when--IT HIT HER!! AS THOUGH IT HELD A WHIP, IT SLAPPED AT HER FACE... IN SHORT, SHARP TIRADES OF ANGRY LASHES!!"

...or consider this shocking passage...

"No sooner had she entered the room when--IT HIT HER FULL FORCE!! The hate swept across the room smothering her with a gale-like force. It lifted the tray of canapes from her with a quick surge of power. They fell to the floor."

What a powerful story!! It reminds me of a story we once had in our grade-school newspaper that went:

"In Sr. Mary M---'s room, you may hear some weird noises. That's because there's a little band which consists of drums, shakers, tambourines and a pair of sand-paper rubbers."

(Read that a few times.)

Tell Darrell Schweitzer that he ought to write an article on Catholic gradeschools....I think that they are infinitely funnier than the high schools. One factor that contributes to this is that nuns are funnier brothers... \*\*\*

...Yes, well, a month after our marriage, Ann and I still hadn't managed to get the apartment straightened up. Boxes of books were piled everywhere, wedding gifts crowded the dining area, blah. And we weren't making much progress in our lackluster attempts to fix things up. So, we decided, let's have a party. We scheduled one for about a week off, and in that week we Worked.



Thursday we both had off, so Thursday we did most of the work. We took back all the wedding gifts that had to be exchanged, bought things that needed buying, and didn't get home till somewhere in the vicinity of midnight.

(We got nine yards of purple velvet to make into a bedspread, but on the way home Ann realized she had no pins to use on the material while running it through the sewing machine. Where could we get some that late? We were near my grandparents' house, but they were on vacation. Then I realized we were just down the street from Roger Zelazny's. "Roger will lend us some straight pins," I said. "You're not going over there this late at night," Ann insisted. "I'm sure he's awake," I said; "this is when he writes." "Do you want to interrupt him and be known as another Person from Porlock?" So we just drove home and Ann made do with needles. We had a full dinner at one a.m., too.)

Saturday night started poorly. The first two ice machines I had tried were just empty, but the third was broken. It was at a gas station, and the attendant to whom I was imploring spoke Spanish and wore a hearing aid. I was still shaving when Patty Sullivan and Don arrived. But for a while, everything went well.

Then we were crashed by the couple next door: Pat, a white girl, and Dick, a big black man. Both were totally bombed before they even fell in our door. From there on out it was a nightmare. I can't even remember the exact order of things.

Pat kept asking people if they were prejudiced, but our Patty shut her up with a neat little response: "Should I be?" Pat pondered that and never could quite figure it out. She lurched to the couch and flopped on Don's lap. Then she tried to squeeze in between Don and Charlie. Charlie (yes, Hopwood) arose quickly and made haste for the bedroom. Judy went with him. (Ahem.) Ann followed fairly soon. Norman was sitting in one of the dining room chairs and Pat went over to sit on his lap. Norman, who is not small, pulled an incredible maneuver and got out from under her and over the back of the chair.



Dick, meanwhile, noticed that people were looking at Mike Archibald's Maya drawings, and had to stagger next door to get his own artwork for people to admire. He asked Barb if he could draw her and Pat misunderstood. She thought he wanted to make her, and Pat was all for the idea. I missed all this until Barb came over and said: "Will you please tell that woman I don't want to fuck her husband, and that it has nothing to do with the fact that he's black?" Muttering apologies, but at a complete loss as to what to do, I found Ann in the bedroom and told her what had happened. Ann looked like she wanted to cry.

Pat was crying, on Gayle's



shoulder. I asked Dick to take her home. Dick said, "Let her cry it out." I told Ann what Dick said. I don't remember what Ann said, but Sue Ellen turned to me as Ann headed for the bathroom and a couple aspirin, "I didn't know she knew those words."

Finally Gayle and Ed got Pat home, and I managed to listen to Dick long enough to wear him out, and he went home.

And things were then fine. We played singalong with old Beatle records around two-thirty, and Don and Charlie and I ran through our Noreascon routine (you should see it live) (you should see Patty doing her LACon routine; it's even better), and we played "Here Comes the Sun" off the Bangla Desh album as Don and Patty and Charlie finally staggered out at quarter till six...

See? And they lived happily ever after.

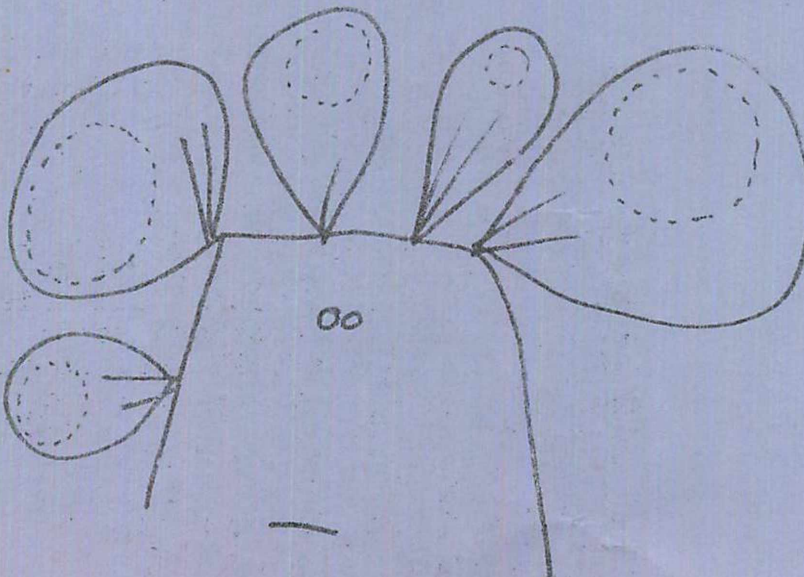
DARRELL SCHWEITZER:

Re that Philcon incident 3 years ago, I confess to the horrendous crime of having cheated you mercilessly by trading a CRAS 2 for a PhCOM 1. I don't recall being reluctant to make such a trade, since I sp clearly got the better end of the deal. And I traded freely with several other people at that con, too. (Not to mention selling sixty copies of the bloody thing Saturday afternoon. Thus it was proved that I can sell anything.)

But in the long run I don't think you and Don came out too badly, even if you did get robbed. Because if you look back over things and count all the material I've contributed to PhCOM, HOIWE LOND (just sent Don a semi-pornographic William Morris parody) and now KYBEN, you'll probably find that I've written more items for you than any other outside contributor. Considering that all that stuff got accepted, you both must think it worth something. \*\*\*

Rejoice whilst thou canst, people. Neither KY 3 nor PhCOM 10 has anything but Schweitzer letters--no other contributions. This

situation will probably not last too long, so take advantage of it. I am in the odd position of not wanting to publish an endless stream of Schweitzer material, but on the other hand totally unwilling to reject material solely on the basis of its author. I will therefore continue to publish mucho Schweitzer, but I do plan on breather issues, like this and the next PhCOM.



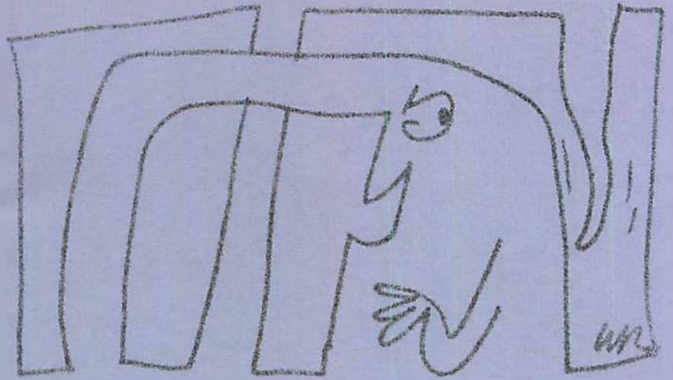
THE NOTHING MAN

WR

Darrell is just too prolific for his own good. Prolific professional writers soon re-



alize that their major selling point--their name--can be cheapened by overuse, much as the value of the dollar would shrink if millions of dollars were suddenly printed up and distributed. How can a reader look forward to a new Dean Koontz novel if there have been three other Dean Koontz novels published in the last six weeks. Who picks up an anthology and says, "Ah, a new Ed Bryant story?" All new anthologies have an Ed Bryant story.



(I was trying to come up with a one-word name to describe the anthologies of all-originsl stories, and came up with orinthologies. But then I decided it was for the birds.)

If you don't write enough, people won't know who you are. If you write too much, they won't care.

Next on the agenda for Phantasmicom Press, excepting an apazine or two (not from me), will be HOLWE LOND 2. This is Don Keller's excellent fantasyzine. (Unfortunately, HL 2 has a mediocre piece by me. There's about half a page in there that I like, but that's all.)

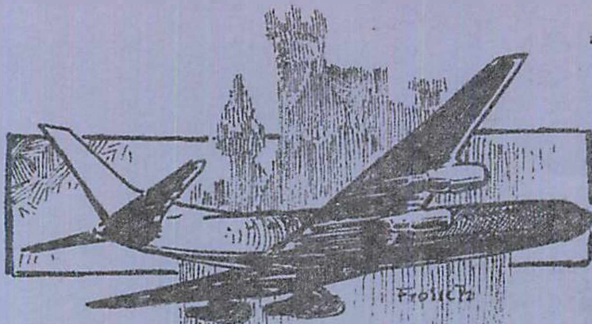
Then...ta-dah--PHANTASMICOM 10. 10 is being rebuilt, of course, which has taken some time, but it's shaping up and looks good. Contributors will be, more or less, Archibald, Chauvin, Clark, Stephen Hunter, Keller, Marmor, Smith, and Zelazny. The final lineup isn't quite set, but that's close. November. Philcon. Yes.

KYBEN 4 and Holwe Lond 3 will follow sometime later in the winter (I'm not mentioning Don's DYLANOID RELIC because it isn't technically a Phantasmicom Press Publication), and all I have for KYBEN so far is a short Darrell Schweitzer piece. (I told you it wouldn't last.) It's a kind-of sequel to his article last issue. But there will be more.

Coming in for the finale, now. Unless something happens during the mimeography stage, I think I can confess to some pleasure with the way this issue turned out. Even the mistake I made turned out, so I won't even tell you what it was..

I'm sending this out to everybody again, but this is the last time. If you want to continue receiving KYBEN, you better let me know. To the ten of you who responded this time, many thanks. I hope you're in more company next issue.

And so... here I am, with ten lines left. It's too late to start anything new. Shall I sing? Dance? Hum? "And so, folks, that's it for this week. Hope you enjoyed the show, and will tune us in next week, same time, same station, and tell all your friends, too, ya hear? And keep those cards and letters pouring in, folks. It gets cold here during the winter. Good night, and ghu bless. Bye-bye. Don't forget to buy, buy, buy our sponsers' products. You can turn off your television set now. See you next week. Keep on a-trucking, yessir. Keep on a-that other thing, too. \*heh, heh\* Why not now? Aw, c'mon, turn off the set...."



Those of you who read my conreport on Noreascon--dealing with just one weekend in Boston--brace yourselves, for here we go again. This time we'll have a little international flavor for this report is about a two-week trip I took in January to Germany and Austria--and if you know what I and my friends are like, you'll know why Europe needed another Marshall Plan after we left. Too, in a more serious vein, I'll pass on some curious insights I gained while observing the European scene.

Every January vacation Towson State College offers a two-week ski-vacation minimester course in Innsbruck, Austria, at a very modest cost. Being a History major, and having a few loose dollars just lying around, I, along with my friends Larry and Sue, signed up for the course in Austrian History. We spent a dull week in class learning about Austria under the benighted guidance of Herr Dr. Mruck (more on him later--he was the surprise of the trip) and getting to know the other six people in our tight little group. But, in the best American tradition, from the minute we stepped on the plane at Friendship Airport till we returned two weeks later high academic ideals were tossed aside in favor of the more earthy pursuits of Drinking, Virgin Chasing (I've come to the conclusion there are only five virgins left in this country--unfortunately, I know them all), and What Have You.

We flew a KLM Super 8 Stretch Jet to Munich, and we were treated in full to the lavish hospitality for which the Dutch are justly famous. We had "all the liquor we could drink"--which, with 200 students, was gone by the time we were halfway across the Atlantic--and the food was good, almost excellent. By the time we landed in Munich things were off to a good start.

by Charlie  
Hopwood



# Gemütlichkeit In Österreich

It's hard to describe the joyous thrill I experienced when I first set foot off the plane on European soil. Europe! Germany! Austria! What images and dreams crowd the mind! Munich, destroyed in the last war and now completely rebuilt, reminds one of an idealistic American ultra-modern city--only a hell of a lot cleaner. German and Austrian cleanliness amazed us all, which shows it can be done--and why can't we do it here, hmmm? We found Munich a bit hectic, what with preparations for the Olympics there this summer, and we didn't really relax until we got on the busses for Innsbruck.

The bus ride took four hours and the Bavarian and Tyrolean countryside was breath-taking. (If at times I sound like I'm degenerating into a travelogue, pray forgive me--these superlatives are all I've got.) Most spectacular of all was our first sighting of the Austrian Alps at the Austro-German border. Here the mountains don't gradually rise from the foothills, but thrust up defiantly from the broad German plain like the first trumpet blast from Berlioz' "Rakoczy March" in the "Damnation of Faust." During the whole two weeks the mountains never ceased to fascinate us; the one thing I missed the most when we came home was those towering jagged granite peaks literally everywhere. And driving through the mountains was harrowing on tiny roads that the driver treated as if they were part of the Autobahn. How we reached Innsbruck alive is a question we still ponder occasionally--

But, God was kind and we did reach Innsbruck in the late afternoon. We drove through the heart of the alpine city, and it struck us all as possessing in full measure that stately, dignified, aristocratic beauty that only European cities seem to have. Finally, we reached our destination on the western outskirts, the Alpen Motel.





The Alpen Motel has to be seen and experienced to be believed.  
Versailles it isn't.

Disregarding the fact that we were tired and hungry, and that a room mix-up caused many of us--myself included--to wait over an hour before we got rooms, what we got were still enough to shock the weary. They were small, cramped, and the interior decorator, by the way he did them, must have been inspired by a weekend visit to Dachau. The lampshades looked as if they were made out of human skin, and Sue, always the snoop, went around checking them to see if she could find any tattoos. Fortunately for us all, she found nothing. I was put in a six-foot split-level apartment with three other guys, whom I didn't know: Joe, a sophomore; John, a law student from down in Georgia; and Paul, the official drunk and sex maniac representing America abroad.

Joe, John and I got along quite well. Joe and I took the upper apartment while poor John got stuck with Paul downstairs. Paul was a riot from the moment we settled in; he snored as if he were going through Purgatory--which he probably was, considering he was drunk



most of the time--and John got so fed up with him that he moved down the hall with his girlfriend after the first night. He even kept Joe and I awake 'way upstairs. Too, Paul liked to turn the lower apartment into the local version of Sodom & Gomorrah; especially memorable was the time he entertained one wayward girl we all dubbed the 'Great Whore of Innsbruck,' because she ran through guys like a cold-sufferer does through kleenex.

Paul was drunk with her downstairs and there is nothing more funny and ridiculous than a lecherous drunk trying to seduce a whore. Joe and I were treated to a show rarely seen by any but its performers. Fortunately, after the second night, Paul packed up to go on a drinking binge in Italy and we didn't see

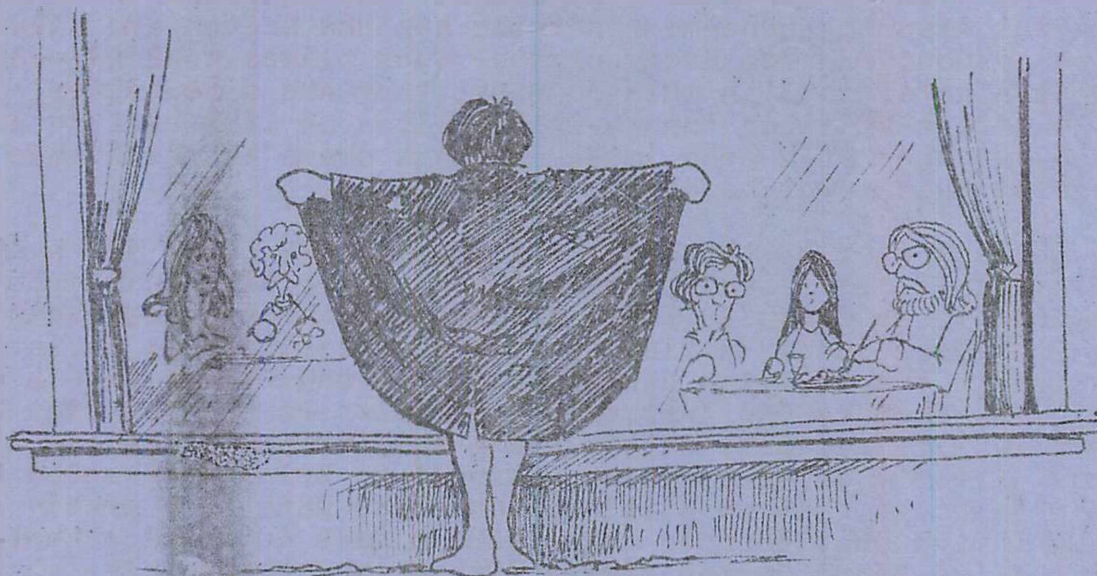
him until eleven days later when we were to leave for home. Again, God was kind. At least we had a bathtub in our room--most people had only a spray attachment extravagantly heralded as a shower.

Dinner at the motel was an experience not for those with weak stomachs. First came the soup which we all called 'creme de surprise' because we could never tell what was in it. Sue, a little less charitable than most people when it comes to food, referred to it as 'creme de turd,' which, all things considered, was just as appropriate, too. Next to disgust the palate was the main course--which was whatever the motel cook found wandering around on the grounds that afternoon. Cokes, milk, and any other such obvious accoutrements to a decent meal we paid for--and we were supposed to get them free. Most people wised up like we did and ate in the many excellent restaurants in the Old City where prices were ridiculously low by American standards. Happily, Innsbruck has many fine eating establishments--and Colonel Sanders Fried Chicken--and if you like



excellent food at low prices, you'll love Innsbruck. Austrian cooking makes ours look barbarish by comparison.

Yes, the Alpen Motel had its full share of quirks. Every time I picked up my room telephone all I got was music--I seemed to hit it every time they were playing 'Get Me to the Kirche on Time,' of all things. The toilet paper provided for that most vital of functions was a horror; it was just like crepe paper colored lavender and you used it at your own risk. I brought a roll home with me to prove that it really does exist--the Customs Agent at Friendship Airport gave me a funny look when he found it in my flight bag--and I plan to decorate the clubroom with it the next time I give a party. (Must be economical, you know.) We could have been worse off, I guess; in Yugoslavia, we were told by people who had been there, the toilet paper is just like wax paper. Like Sue commented philosophically when she first experienced it, "Christ, no wonder Europe had so many wars! Anyone would be in a fighting mood after using this stuff!" And, to top everything off, the motel had prowler problems. It seems that some oversexed Austrian got a charge out of appearing in the rooms of the girls late at night and he kept the hotel in an uproar for several days. The high point of this escapade was when



he exposed himself outside the picture window of the motel dining room when the place was packed for dinner. To some people, this was the highpoint of the trip....

For those who care about such things, Innsbruck is an old city with much history attached to it and possesses many fine monuments. To mention a few, there's the Hofburg, a Baroque palace inhabited by the famous Empress of Austria, Maria-Theresa; the Hofkirche, a magnificent church noted for its bronze statues and tomb of Emperor Maximilian (who isn't buried there after all, but in Weiner Neustadt, but nobody minds); and the dozen or so Baroque churches scattered about the city, each one trying to outdo the other in splendor. And Innsbruck, like Salzburg and Vienna and every other city of Austria, has a passion for fine music. One of the biggest disappointments of the trip was that the world-renowned Wiener Symphoniker--Vienna Symphony Orchestra--started a week's engagement in the city on January 25th--the same day we left to come home. One of my goals



on this trip was to hear a concert by a great European symphony orchestra, and we could have had front row seats for about \$3.50! You can see why I was disappointed in the extreme. Next year...

Innsbruck is a veritable paradise for shoppers by American standards. Clothes on the whole are every bit as stylish as here--and usually more so, especially in regards to men's clothing and double-knit fabrics. All kinds of bargains are to be had: crystal (Austria is noted for its fine crystal), sweaters, watches, textiles, folk art, china; what I guess you would call luxury goods were going at prices absolutely ridiculous by our price standards. The dollar went a lot farther in Austria than it ever would here at home and everybody came home loaded down with goods they couldn't nearly afford if they were sold at American rates. If you like to shop and go bargain hunting, you'll find Austria your delight. Unfortunately, the same can't be said for Germany; the standard of living there is about as costly as it is here in America and the dollar buys much less than it does in Austria. Germany was nice and interesting--I'd like to visit it again--but I preferred Austria.

Even though Innsbruck is an ancient city dating back to Roman times, it is a lively place for those with the courage to explore it. The night life is especially pleasant. The city boasts a number of excellent discotheques--most notable are the Scotch and Klima Clubs--and we patronized them every night. Such places wouldn't--and haven't--lasted long in this country; they are safe, offering dancing to the latest American tunes--which suited me fine because I love to dance--and they stay open late. It is a shame we can't have such places as these over here.

Ah, and what of the Austrians themselves? They are a delightful people. They are friendly, easy-going, cheerful, and thoroughly enjoyable to be around. There was no language problem because almost every Austrian knows English to some degree; in fact, it is a required language in the Austrian schools. As for us, German wasn't that bad--it, like French, has just enough affinity to English that one can pretty well figure out what is being said or what is being touted by signs. After a couple days we got used to being surrounded by the German language, but we still couldn't get used to a pretty girl speaking with what sounded to us like a male guttural accent. The only time we heard German spoken with a strictly feminine accent was by a fag bartender in a mountain chalet the day we went skiing--and it was incongruous. God only knows what our brand of English and our accents must have sounded like to them, schooled in British English. The Germans, on the otherhand, were far more cool and reserved; the best comparison is that the Germans are like the English while the Austrians are like the Americans. Perhaps that is why we got along so well with the Austrians.

The Austrians and I share one trait in common: we have no sense of time. The Austrians will start a building--and won't bother to finish it till years later. Nobody arrives anywhere on time; if a dinner is at 7, you're lucky if people are there by 7:30. (I am famous amongst my friends for this; Don Keller's brother says I travel in my own time zone, which is true...) Now you can see why I like the Austrians. They are a people after my own heart and watch.

Of course, to talk about Innsbruck without mentioning sports is like trying to picture Rome without the Pope. Every winter sport





one can think of--skiing, sledding, skating--is avidly indulged in and well provided for. Naturally, since Innsbruck is noted for its skiing we all trooped up to the top of famous Mt. Seegrube to try our luck on skis--uh, that is, all skiing except Sue and me. We had spent the night before sampling wines in a wine cellar--and let me warn you now that Austrian wine is deadly--and as a result Sue and I wound up with the worst hangovers ever inflicted on two mortals. While everyone else went skiing we repaired not-too-steadily to the terrace of the chalet to enjoy the view and dry out; between the two of us we consumed a gallon of orange juice that morning. But that view! Below us was spread the whole Inn Valley and the city of Innsbruck gleaming in the morning light. Gold light sparkled off the gilded Baroque domes of the city's churches and the Inn River wound its way sedately through the city in a ribbon of molten silver. We had the feeling that we were standing on top of the world; an endless panorama of mountains crowding every horizon, no two alike and each a delight to the eye. The grandeur and scope and dramatic quality of that view would have thrilled even Cecil B. DeMille.

But we didn't confine ourselves just to Innsbruck and environs. One of the high points of the whole trip was an all-day excursion to Berchtesgaden and Salzburg. Berchtesgaden--unfortunately forever <sup>note</sup> <sub>100</sub> because Hitler had his retreat there where he plotted the destruction of Austria--was really charming. (How I hate those words 'quaint' and 'charming'! They are the kiss of death to anything they are applied to.) Salzburg is an exquisite Baroque jewel. Here Mozart lived--we dutifully trooped through his home and didn't hear one note of his music, damn--and exuberant Baroque architecture surrounds you on all sides. It was snowing when we arrived in Salzburg, clothing everything in a white mist, and the effect was like walking through a dream place.

One of the more curious attractions of Salzburg is the ancient Romano-Christian catacombs carved in the side of a towering cliff, above which rests the medieval castle-palace of the Prince-Bishops who ruled Salzburg in days of yore. These catacombs are amongst the oldest in Europe; they were first started in the early years of the Fourth Century before Constantine the Great moved the capital of the tottering Roman Empire from Rome to Byzantium. Then Rome fell--THUD!--and the barbarians swept through ancient Salzburg, reducing it to ash. The famous barbarian King Odoacer stopped here, and since he didn't like Christians too much, he had fifty of them, along with a certain St. Maxentius, slaughtered in the cave church and their dismembered bodies thrown into a pit in the floor. (Who ever said Christianity is dull--?) Naturally this pit--now known as the

Tomb of the Fifty-One Martyrs--is a holy place of some importance.

Here I nearly got in trouble.

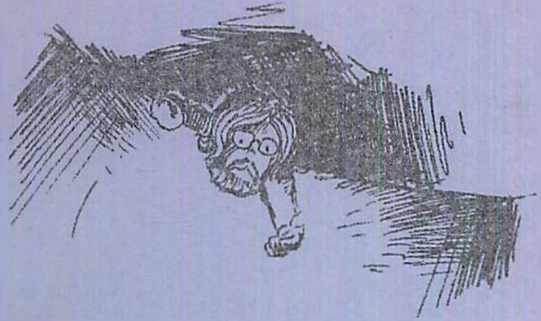
The tomb-pit, oddly enough and for reasons never explained, doesn't have a lid on the sarcophagus that surrounds it and our guide swore that anyone could go to the edge with a light, peer in, and view the sacred relics.

Well, I and a friend named Rich did what any normal skeptical Americans would do under the circumstances.

We waited until everyone had left the chamber and Rich wanted to take a picture of me sitting on the tomb. (Gauche, weren't we?) But that wasn't enough. My curiosity aroused, I lit a match and bent over the side to see what was down there. Remember, I'm a history major, so this can fall just as well into the realm of historical research as that of snooping. Seeing nothing, I kept on bending lower and lower--and no, I didn't fall in, but I came damn close to it.

If I had, they would now call it the Tomb of the Fifty-One Martyrs and One Nosy American. And I still didn't see any relics----

So many impressions crowd the mind when I think of this trip, and trying to remember them all is a task. But, if I had to put my finger on the damnedest thing to happen during the whole trip, it would have to be what happened back at the motel concerning Larry, Sue, Dr. Mruck and myself. One morning when Larry and Sue came by my room to pick me up for breakfast, I found them both laughing hysterically. When I asked them what was so funny, they just shook their heads and promised to show me that night. And when night came, I found out --and nearly choked to death laughing. You see, Sue had the room next to Herr Mruck's room





and his bathroom was right next to her bedroom. The walls were like paper and every noise carried beautifully to our ears. This night, Larry and I were half-bombed on a bottle of red wine, and we were having a good time talking until we heard the water start running in Mruck's bathtub. At the first splash Sue jumped up, motioned for quiet and pressed her ear against the wall saying the show was about to begin. They both started to laugh and I was consterned. All was silence, except for our dear professor splashing in the tub. Then it happened. We all were treated to the strangest noise symphony to come down the pike in a long time. Mruck, it seems, had a bad attack of bilious flatulence during the whole trip--and especially when he was in the bathtub. Well, the water magnified the sounds and it sounded as if a submarine was surfacing next door--and Sue told me this went on three times a day! By the time the trip was over, any number of people had heard his bathtub concerto, and doubtless he is now famous on two continents for it.

Did he ever know we knew about him? Evidently not; I got an A in his course while Sue and Larry both got B's. But we know his secret----

Perhaps this all must seem pretty infantile to you--and as I look back upon it, it does to me, too. But--it was that kind of a trip where every crazy thing imaginable happened.

Hmmm, I should be ending this thing soon, and I still have a lot of scattered thoughts to collect and relate. What to do? Perhaps it's best if I do them this Way--

Europe is--

--nationalism. It's quite interesting to notice who doesn't like whom. The Germans look down on the Austrians as being too 'soft.' The Austrians deride the Germans for being too 'cold and humorless.' The Tyroleans hate the Bavarians, and vice versa. The Russians are despised and the Yugoslavs are regarded as being uncivilized. And, of course, on general principles, everyone hates the Italians. What of Americans? I leave that up to your imagination--

--music. The great classics of music surround you everywhere you go, and they blend in beautifully. You almost expect to see Wagner, Verdi or Smetana conducting the local orchestra. One day I borrowed Joe's radio to listen to while I did a little laundry in our bathroom, and never did doing laundry seem more pleasurable. Where else would it seem pretty natural to wash your underwear to the soaring, riotous music of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances"? Only in Europe--

--cleanliness. Teutonic neatness and cleanliness has to be experienced to be believed--and applauded. The streets of Innsbruck were spotless and washed down almost every day. For Americans, notoriously careless and dirty, this comes as a shock; you almost feel you're a criminal if you drop a cigarette butt in the gutter. The forests are tended with all the care one would lavish on a favorite garden. Buildings a thousand years old are still neat and inhabitable and studiously cared for. No land is wasted. Are you listening, America--?

--everyone wanting to come to America. As brite as it may

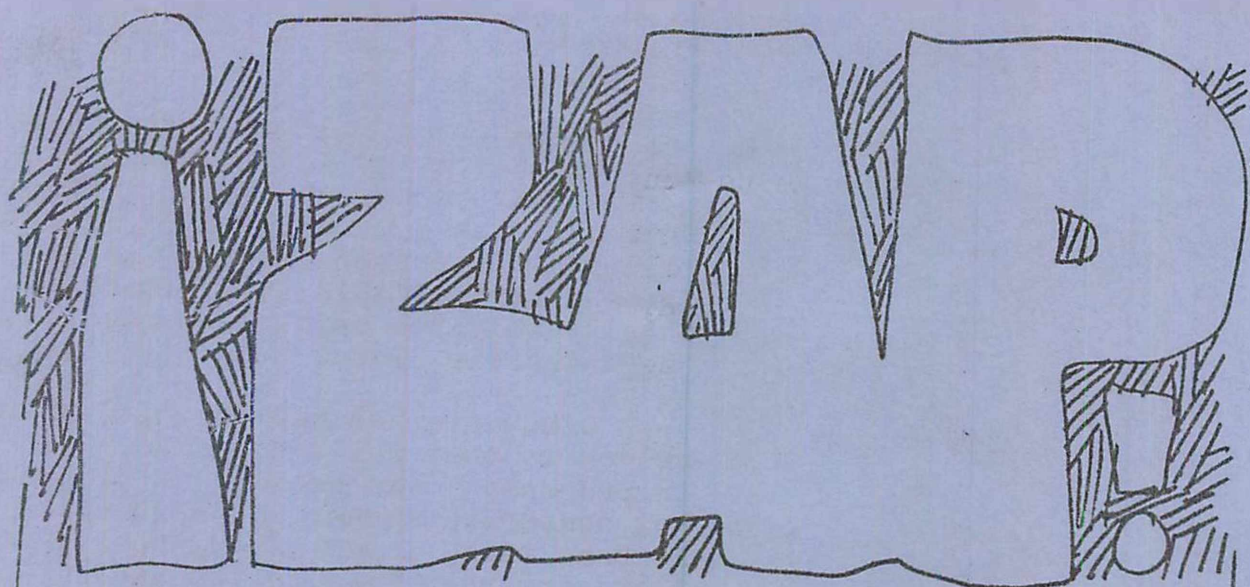
sound, almost every European we talked to said, if given the chance, he would move to America. Why? It's the same reason why people moved to Babylon, Rome and Constantinople in their heydays; America, for better or worse, is the richest, greatest and most exciting country to live in in the modern world today. We're where it's at. Europeans envy us. They may deride us for being nouveau riche and uncultured, and may laugh at us--but, given the chance, many of them would move here without question.

--the past. Everywhere you turn you're bumping into some monument or ruin. Tradition dies hard, and at the same time, it's dying fast. We think of the past as being dead and oppressive, while most Europeans find it exhilarating. And yet, it's their very past that spurs them on to the future; while accepting the new they carefully preserve the old. It must give them a sense of comfort--sense of comfort we lack--

So, in conclusion, I think I've said more than enough. I'm glad I went on the trip--and I'm determined to go back again next year, God and finances willing. If you ever get the opportunity of chance, visit Austria. Experience it. Enjoy it. Learn from it. There's still a lot I left out and probably won't remember till later. Such is always the case. Still, I have a great deal of fond memories of 'Osterreich' that I'll never forget. In fact, I think I've actually fallen in love with that country. To my mind that seems to be the highest compliment I could ever give to Austria, and a fitting note to end on.







DON'T MOVE  
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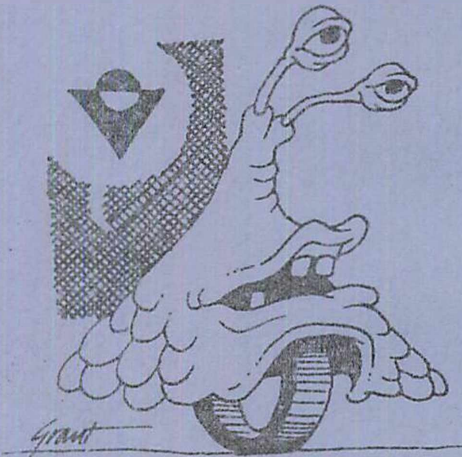


YOU HAVE  
BEEN  
GAFIATED

TURN IN YOUR STAPLES



# SO YOU WANT TO GO



On Labor Day weekend '71, I was only vaguely aware that somewhere in Boston someone was winning a batch of Hugos. I was depending on P. Schuler Miller's "Reference Library" in ANALOC for any news of this type, which is usually only two or three months late. Who's Charlie Brown?

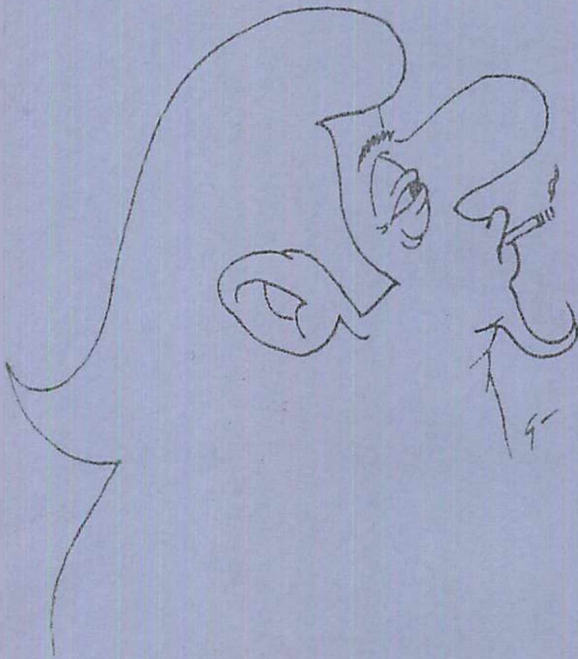
Circumstances had arranged themselves so that while N oreascon was in progress I was spending a pleasant but desperate summer in California. At that time, I was making tentative plans for returning to the East. Come late September, with the plans definite and my departure only days away, I learned of the '72 convention in Los Angeles.

Scream, groan and ohdamn.

Here in Baltimore, I find people talking about IACon in whispers. Everyone has heard about California, but no-one decent lives there. I can understand why; everything you hear about California is true, no matter how contradictory. And the whole state did slide into the ocean in 1967. Unfortunately, it slid out again the next day.

In California, a person needs only to read two books (STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and DUNE) to qualify as a fan. Faanishness? Serconism? Bah. California has no room for these disputes. Rather, there is room but faans and sercons are soon forgotten. More than anyplace else, California is a land of individuals-- or at least people who think they are individuals. In spite of this, California "fans" can be divided into two categories: A) surly loudmouths, and B) spaceouts.

The surly loudmouth can best be identified by its instantly solidified opinions. Usually at incredible decibel levels and accompanied by threats of violence. They come in all shapes but only one size: Huge.





# TO LACON?

During my own Labor Day celebration I was sitting in the kitchen with a beer and the paperback edition of THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH for security.

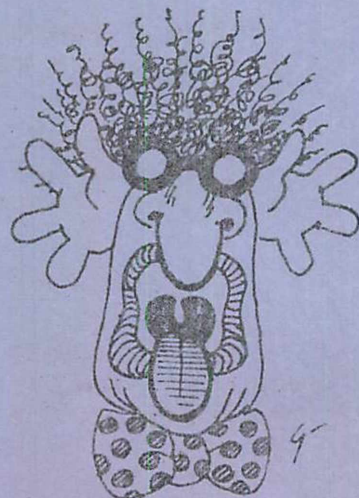
Enter surly loudmouth: Joe.

"Oooh, so you're a Heinlein freak, too, eh?" There was a trace of a snigger in his voice. He was bigger than I (most people are) and wore his hair slicked back in a pompadour a la 1947. He was reminiscent of stories I heard as a child. Nothing in Lovecraft was this bad. I nodded silently.

"He lives right up in San Jose, ya know. Big house," he gestured, "with walls all around it. He got tired of everybody bugging him." I knew, I knew; but I didn't say anything, because I had been told Joe was an inactive member of Hell's Angels (Sausalito Chapter). That ended our discussion on SF. The next three hours I spent listening to TALES FROM THE WIDE GIRTH. ("Give me eleven men and we'll plant an American flag on the Kremlin and keep it there for twenty-four hours...I want his HEAD!...Did you know that it's still possible to see the President without being checked for identification or weapons?" )

Surly loudmouths are the types who would kidnap a sixty-five-year-old, semi-retired author and drag him over three hundred miles, just so he could make a surprise appearance. Don't be surprised if it happens.

If afflicted with a surly loudmouth, the only cure is prevention. When you spot one heading in your direction, follow these emergency procedures: A) Look nondescript. If you have any books hide them under your jacket, or better yet, eat them. Consider the embarrassment if someone were to call you a Perry Rhodan freak. B) Gaze fixedly at a point five



DAN MERJZ

feet above the surly loudmouth's head. If you're fortunate he will pause and look either above or behind giving you a slim chance to escape.

The spaceout can be found almost anywhere in California: in bars, on streetcorners, in bookshops (usually browsing through the occult section), and, no doubt, a name like the 30th Annual World Science Fiction Convention will attract his attention. The spaceout's interest in SF is superficial and only because he can term it escape literature. To identify a spaceout start talking. That's all. Any subject. You could even compare Brunner or Ballard with Bradbury or Asimov. Or Brunner with Ballard. Or Bradbury with Asimov. The spaceout will usually appear to be listening very attentively, and only make comments like, "Wow... Far out...I dig it..."

Typical scene at Red's Donut Shop on Alvarado Street: I am seated, nursing a cup of sludge, and silently cursing the two creeps on my right who are playing pinball and making fools of themselves in the process. I don't mind pinball, but they treat every game as if it were a life-and-death situation. It probably was a life-and-death situation: the winner gets to stick a knife in my back. Really exclusive clientele at Red's.

Enter upstairs front neighbor: pretty, blond, but a little vacuous. She will read a book, perhaps, once every five years. She sat beside me (only seat left).

We exchanged vacant smiles.

"Hi."

"Hello." I always tend to be a bit formal. Silence for several minutes, then:

"What are you reading?" she pointed at my copy of SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE. I showed it to her. "What's it about?" I told you she was stupid. Anyone else would have said, "Oh, Vonnegut!" and bluffed it from there. Instead, I get "What's it about?" How do you explain something like Vonnegut in words of one syllable or less?

"The fire-bombing of Dresden during World War II. You might call it science fiction."

"Oh, wow, I read this really neat science fiction book. It was all about this baby who was raised on Mars and..." No. Please. Stop. I can't stand it.

You get the idea. My upstairs neighbor was a spaceout.

Anyone who's highly impressed by I WILL FEAR NO EVIL is probably a spaceout. Anyone who giggles and titters and rude-noises during the Guest of Honor speech is a spaceout. You'll find him.

However, unlike the surly loudmouth, this fan is neither



offensive nor arrogant. In fact, spaceouts are usually very passive and gentle. (They haven't the mental capacity for anything else.) Passive, gentle, inoffensive, but with no knowledge or love of the field.

One would presume that there is a variety of true fans on the West Coast since the Worldcon was held in Oakland in 1964 and 1968. I never met any, though.

I did see one.

One afternoon in Carmel Valley I heard a faint, almost hysterical laughter somewhere behind me. I turned in time to see a sparkling blur disappear over a hill almost a mile away. With a twisted convulsion in the pit of my stomach I realized I had spotted the elusive Westcoasttrufan.

I wish I had had my camera.

This report could not be complete without mentioning Southern California's insane, unpredictable, and absurd climate. Labor Day is during the dry season in Los Angeles, which means sunshine, brush fires and smog. Be thankful the convention is not during the rainy season, which means floods, mudslides and smogs. That's the catch. Smog. LA smog is the worst in the nation and is practically legendary. Unless you've experienced it, there is almost no way to prepare for the sandpapering it will give your mouth, throat and lungs. I would suggest smoking cheap cigars. It won't help, but at least you won't be able to tell which is killing you.

And earthquakes.

Or should one say the fear of earthquakes? It is amazing how one word can leave an ordinarily courageous man reduced to a quivering mass of nerves.

One evening, during a freak electrical storm, I was sitting in the apartment of a friend. I remember being quite calm--I was sitting well away from any possible form of electrical shock. I mention this solely to illustrate my complete peace of mind; usually, nature's pyrotechnics don't bother me. In fact, I had even opened the drapes to watch the lightning.

That was until some idiot half-jokingly said the word "earthquake." Instantly my serenity vanished. How many miles are we from the San Andreas Fault? Sixty? Fifty? TEN??? Should I run outside and be electrocuted or sit where I was and let the building collapse around me?

In a few minutes the storm was over, leaving me feeling not a little foolish and possessing a strong desire to throttle the loudmouth.

So you're gonna go to IACon, eh? Have fun, if you can. I'll take my nice, safe, Eastern hidey-hole.

After some of the things I've said it's probably safer. Some surly loudmouth might decide I look better with my head separated from my shoulders. Sour grapes....



# JAMES TIPTREE JR. THE 20-MILE ZONE





## MEXICO ON 5 AND 10 HAIRCUTS A DAY

My word on Mexico is essentially my word on Canada, but with fangs: DON'T COME HERE FREAKY. They're having a drive on US cultural influences, and if there is one word that is known from Cuernavaca estate to Indio hut, it's "Ippy." I saw a barefoot Maya toddler say "Ippy!" and spit. Why? Well, first don't forget Mexico is partly (superficially maybe) traditional Spanish, churchy and square. But MORE important--Mexico is a revolutionary country and most revolutionary countries are prim, Prudish. They're fighting for the early stages of what we're rejecting the ripe-rot stage of--literacy, plumbing, jobs--JOBS!--malar'ia control (which means guys in uniforms and check-boards, very dedicated & mechanised) clean-living progressive patriotic youth--man, they've HAD lying around in hovels screwing and meditating and puffing grass--they've had centuries of that, now they're after Getting Out the Vote and Rural Electrification. My eldest boy has won an engineering scholarship: That's the stage the dream is at, here. So be warned. And be warned like this: HAIR.

Mexicans, you see, don't really dig any of the distinctions between Yank & Yank that you and I would see at once. All they see is HAIR. And that goes for mustaches. Remember, most Indians have little or no facial hair. A mestizo's idea of a mustache is a Ronald Colman hairline on the upper lip. Their head hair is straight & black, and chopped in a curve about earlobe length at most. (That's progressive.) So when they see a bunch of pink giants with frizzy light-colored stuff cascading all over their heads & faces we look like Martians. I don't care if you're IBM's squarest computer-designer, in a 3-button suit and polished floaters, you come here with an inch and a half of mustache and--"Ippy!" Splat.

And another thing: Aside from the Spanish religious prejudice and the general revolutionary ideals, you have the billion-dollar budgetary weight of the turismo industry, a big-big item in a still-poor country. And what are the best-paying tourists? See that family over there, rhinestone hornrims on the old lady, forty-pounds of lard on everybody, Truman shirts? They're buying rebozos and baskets and staying at the Acapulco Holiday Inn or the Presidente and hiring cars and guides and eating--christ, do they eat--and what they are is good fat sheep trotting through the tourist circuit, leaving rich hunks of wool on all the little hooks. And nothing--but nothing--that upsets them or tightens their wool or scares them off is going to be tolerated. And it has been discovered--shades of St. Miguel d'Allende--that some kinds of Yank young people upset them. What kind? The kind with--you guessed it--HAIR.

And it has been further discovered that the hairy young family in a VW camper unfortunately does not buy serapes and dyed hats or stay at the Presidente or go on the Robinson Crusoe cruise, that they bring their own granola and leave, instead of wool, decorous little plastic bags of Pepsi bottles and soiled disposable diapers. Period. And so, no matter how nice they are, or sympatico, and genuinely interested in the Mexican people or art or history, they are a zero sign in the big balance-sheet which is counted on to build roads & hospitals as well as enriching politicians. And so...if they step over any line, or get too near the sheep-run...regretfully, their car papers get misstamped, their tourist cards expire, their trailer hitch is unsafe, their vaccinations suddenly become necessary--in short, GOODBYE TO SUNNY MEXICO.



And the first dividing line is--HAIR.

Beyond that line, way beyond it, is any chemical from grass up. (I carry every prescription taped to every pill-bottle in my first-aid kit, even vitamins.) It's as simple as this: Tequila or any sort of juice, yes. ANYTHING ELSE--NO. And the "No" takes the form of a Mexican slam which is very very very unpleasant in many indescribable ways and your friendly US consul not only can't get you out but may never find out you're there. You are, friend, in jail on an alien planet. And you stay. And stay. Mom & Pop can come down & feed you through the bars--maybe. (Prisoners have to buy several essentials, too.) The only good thing that can be said for it is that you probably won't die and it's a comparatively fast method of growing 'way 'way up, if you're capable of reflection. But I'm sure KYBEN's readership can figure out other methods, and certainly won't make the error of thinking that just because the fuzz is three feet high and a strange color that they aren't efficient as hell with a commo system that makes the country a small town. And one in which we're just about as inconspicuous as a radioactive self-luminous moog-amped giraffe on the main street.

So if it occurs to you that the Martians next door are worth seeing--and O god they are--grit your teeth, take out the clippers, stash your stash, and set forth as ju(this typer has got Mexicanised) as humble skinheads, even as your pal Tip.

Now, I don't want to give the impression that I think you can only come here shaved bald. Of course you can come in hairy; there are mustachioed Yanks motorscootling around in a lot of towns, unmolested. (It does help to come in a tour-group of 30 with Express Checks plastered on your nose. Or an armful of scuba gear--but you'd better be able to fit those curls in your mask.) What I mean is that hair niggerises you. If you hit somebody's fender or chicken, the hair throws the presumption against you. If you get sunstroke, you're presumed stoned. If you smile, the whores & shopkeepers will be mostly smiling back, not the people you'd maybe rather meet. And as for the countryside...Here: I was here when three young men visited the next plantation and made a deal to rent a hut. They looked to me (Tiptree owns binoculars, not being a Maya) like ex-Eagle scouts, seriously interested in swimming & savoring this incredible spot. Clean solid new camping gear, expensive equipment, tailored shorts, sedate swim suits. No sounds of music or revelry. Only thing they seemed to be lighting was a Coleman lantern. But...One had shoulder-length hair, two had modest guardsman lip bangs. Now they probably thought they were on a deserted world, but the fact is the place is and has been for 3000 years full of sharp-eyed Mayas. Their every move was observed by an eleven-year-old, who reported to his mother, who told her aunt, who told the foreman. (I was present; that's when the baby went "Ippy--splat.") (Another word is Malo typo.) Anyway, the foreman murmured to his boss, whose orbit crossed that of the next plantation owner, who sent word to his caretaker... and in 5 days the hut became no longer available. One loused-up vacation in paradise....See what I mean?

And there's a great deal to freak out on here, and there are, as everywhere, ways to freak out in your own way very pleasingly after you learn the lines--would I be here?--so it's worth thumbing through your stereotypes and selecting the right head to wear. Says Tip, anyway.

As of Spring 1972. Things may change.



## THE VOICE FROM THE BAGGIE

It is MUGGY HOT in this coco beach. I'm dripping into the fungus. I just connected with my typewriter last week. It arrived at Berlise, Honduras, via Spitzbergen, and has green fuzzy stuff on it. This is a very active climate; if you put something down it either grows or becomes an informal demonstration of electrolysis or turns into low-grade beer or ten thousand palmetto bugs rush out of it. The Palmett Bug is to all intents a german cockroach and they breed like they were burning up. Mother cockroaches are full of eggs. It sounds silly, but don't put this ms in with other papers and forget it. Put it in a sealed Baggie or spray it or both if you want to keep it. I stick anything too delicate to boil in the freezer for a month or so when I come out of here. Or in a snow-bank. Including, especially, dirty laundry. Books get sprayed page by page and left in a sealed case full of spray for a couple of days. The palmetto bug is not vicious or icky it is just hungry and a good mother. It grows as big as a mouse but the young are transparent little blips and VERY fast. The thing is, if something has eggs on it you won't see anything for a while but about September you'll wonder why your library or Ann's underwear is in pieces.

## MAYA MALOOB

Listen, I have to talk you about Maya Indians. I ache to talk about Maya Indians like Lawrence ached to talk about Ay-rabs. My motives are a little different, for example as far as I know I'm not suffering from obscure yearnings for alien buggery. (If I were I'd probably talk your ear off about it.) More important, Mayas are about as different from Arabs as frisbees are from cyanide capsules. The only thing they have in common is that people come down with the same intensity of Mayaphilia that you see in Victorian Arabophiles, or U.S. Pakophiles. But Mayas hook a different kind of people. Frisbee people, maybe.

All right, Tiptree. Start.

I'm looking at a Maya Indian, Maya puro. His name is Audomaro Tzul which means Honcho or Knight in Maya. His nickname is L'mus, meaning L'mus. L'mus is an adult, 19; his body is a braid of muscle the color and shine of a black bay horse. He is wearing khaki shorts and a red bandana, a blue-black earlength bob and magnificent Maya teeth.

Seen sideways L'mus is a normal well-formed male about 4' 9" tall. When he turns, which he does with the snap and power of a tuna's tail, you see that he is also about 4' 9" broad. He can pick up an 80-pound gas tank onehanded, hoist it in the air, and run. (Mayas run a lot. The sand is full of gouges where their broad, prehensile toes have dug in for take-off.) Moreover, L'mus' old grandmother could hoist you on her head and toddle off with you, without sweating her embroidered petticoat.

L'mus is an electrician. An electric line came through here last month from a generator L'mus helped install, through two transformers he also helped line in. When the juice was turned on L'mus stood at severe attention to the god of Faraday, 600 volts in each eye. When the voltmeter socked the mark L'mus split a grin of such beauty that the moonlandings paled.





He has, however, one professional difficulty: his good brain struggles with his Maya macho. This makes it difficult to persuade him to break a 115-volt current before handling the wires. And when the line was run to my tent and L'mus ran up the palmtrees to twist it around nails, I saw how he cuts and strips wire: he bites it. Up to No. 14. Teeth!

All right, so far nothing much, and maybe you've seen lots of Indians. So have I, especially the Huastec-language people in the main part of Mexico. Aztecs, to you. Now Aztecs are great. Aztecs specialise in a wild, adenoidal, faintly horrified profile that's satisfyingly archaic. But Aztecs, and most other tribes, are...well...class-structured. With them you meet this dominance-submission thing, a certain amount of Yassuh-Boss. Aztec thinking has ladders in it; you get the bottom-rung resentment

shit, the middle-rung climbing piss, the deviousness, the opacity--the residue of millenia of conquering-and-being-conquered; slaves, masters, gore and tribute.

Not Maya.

Mayas--like the Scots--have NEVER been officially conquered in war. They've been massacred and chased, most lately by the Mexicans under Porfirio Diaz, when Yucatan wanted to secede. But Mexico didn't flatten them; it ended with a negotiated truce in--gasp--1935. (The last Secretary of the Maya Armies died recently, and when this coco ranch was started in 1936 the mestizo homesteader had to pay regular tribute to the nearest Maya chief in addition to his Mexico taxes.)

Mayas have also warred plentifully among themselves--they probably threaten their ancient cities that way before the Spaniards came. But the Maya people en masse have never lived under anybody's heel. They simply took off into the jungle and some of them haven't been found to this day.

What this means is that a Maya looks at you in a way you're not used to unless you're lucky. Like the Scotsman; straight, easy, humorous. Who you? And they laugh in a way you don't hear much.



Right out, delighted. They laugh a lot, they value a joker. (Broke your leg? Hahaha!...But gentle and tender to real infirmity, and to babies.) When you meet Mayas, don't expect the How do you do, Señor, si Señor snakeoil. What you get, from men, women, infants, is questions. Sharp minds have been watching you and everything else in the environment. (Why aren't you fishing today? How much money do you make? What kind of social security program they got in the States? What's that thing for?)

Be ready to account for yourself.

Mayas have their social trauma, sure. The juggernaut of cauc culture is punishing them, too. Some Mayas lost their language before the present realisation that it's valuable. They suffer the fierce glooms that lurk inside the guy on the bottom of the intercultural cement grinder. (And which can make intercultural drinking parties end bloody.) ...L'mus stares slit-eyed at his transformers, knowing in his heart they're child's play; he senses computers he'll never have the chance to master, how-to mathematics he can't read. But it isn't in him to whine; he throws his black wings back and sends Rosa Pech Balan a killing grin. Thinking, maybe, of his new Uruguay tapes or the fact that his sons will get free education.

Rosa? Wait a minute. I didn't finish telling you how Mayas look.

Technically, Mayas are the most oriental-appearing of all American Indians. They have the strongest--is it epicanthial?--eyefold; their eyes are so slanted their own artists draw them as 90° angled almonds. And Mayas are short. But although some of the Maya tribes over by Mérida are yellow rather than mahogany and look superficially Chinese, the second look shows you the tremendous solid bones. Stone bones, fantastic strongly built. These are, remember, the people who have owned and survived in this land for at least three thousand years. They have walked right out of the old, old murals of Bonampak. L'mus was here when Pilate had his administrative problem.

One characteristic I particularly admire is the Maya leg and foot. (We're coming to Rosa.) The Maya torso is relatively small, more like a knot of muscle at the point where legs meet arms and head, and their old artists drew it that way. All limbs. Their legs are powerful but curiously smooth-muscled, a single line ending in an enormously high-arched short foot. It gives a bell-bottomed mod look, like the Beatles Yellow Submarine style. Maya court dress emphasized this: the bigger you were the more tassels you wore on your sandal instep. And your sandals had thick short soles. Very little glop hiding the body, everything mobile, going.

Mayas, you see, go. The first words they taught me were Tzim bin... "I go." Followed by You go, He goes, We go, They go, Let's go. And by god they do, Mayas take off. Boom. Walk to the next country, swim, drive, fly, pole, sail, whatever. Tzim bin! About the time of Christ they built a network of white roads, sac bes, through Yucatan and Guatemala and Honduras, limestone walkways raised about 6 feet above the jungle floor, and they're still using some of them and nobody knows where they all lead. Driving on a highway you'll see a brown figure duck off and sure enough, under the lianas and the godawful mangrove scrub, there's a chalky ridge-line.

But I still haven't told you: the Maya face. Hold hard.



In Maya, cross-eyed is beautiful. Not only that, but a slanted-back forehead is aristocratic elegance. Add to this a strong, almost beaky nose, high cheekbones, a firm but receding lower face with wide curled lips--and I wish I could draw. Those eyes, remember, are looking at you V-shaped, centered in their upper lids. Can you believe it's great?

Maya mothers used to tie a board on the baby's forehead to slant it and hang a ball of tallow over its nose to encourage cross-eyes. And obviously there's been preferential breeding for these traits; Maya babies tend to be deliciously cross-eyes, like Siamese Kittens. (They also seem to walk at six months, which I can't yet believe; Tzim bin?)

The whole thing is straight out of real Martian history, and believe Uncle Tip: Until you've seen a Maya chick trotting down the avenida with that perfect build in a minishirt and Elizabeth Arden iridescent eye gloop on those fabulous cockeyes, with the merry millenia looking out at you pussycatwise--you have not seen the full erotic spectrum. Nothing, but nothing like the oriental doll; nothing like anything but Maya.

Or the same profile in the old man's version, archaic essence of mankind...of a very special flavour. Style, they had it, those Mayas who first designed their genes....The Anglosaxon swineherd who designed mine should have been so smart.

All right. Rosalie Pech Balan. I saw her last night, running like a deer in a blizzard of blue moonlight, her long black hair flying from her small elegant head. (She was probably going to find a lump of Caribbean tar to patch the roof.) Rosa is 16. She has the trim minimal Maya torso, in her case the muscles being combined with other features of compact but highly adequate character. She wears a short white tubular thing from which her classic Maya legs emerge in a way that makes me happy I don't wear contacts, they'd fall out. (One of my problems is that the tube seems to be getting shorter and shorter; it's about the size of a washcloth now and by next week Uncle Tip may be a stretcher case.

The point is the way she runs. Wide, leaping strides and yet flowing close to the sand. Those legs flash, float with power, she is all running leg. A totally natural run, the freedom of precise adapted function. You can't learn to run like that, I think. You run like that when the genes for running in other and lesser ways got chopped out of your gene pool while the pyramids rose and fell.

Rosa has, I understand, another feature: the Mongolian spot. This is described by my textbook as an irregularly shaped blue-purplish mark on the spine just above the buttocks; it is said to be especially pronounced in Yucatan females. I would like to ask Rosa to assist me in confirming this piece of information. But there are problems.

One is at the moment twenty-five feet down a well cheerfully singing muck in preparation for installing a bomba electrica and his name is Audomaro Tzul.

There are also Rosa's three brothers-in-law and one father-in-law, all of whom can do things with their machetes that you'd think required a laser, and the coconut is far tougher than the human head.



And there is also the fact that I have seen Rosa herself bending iron pipe barehanded...

But...

Will you believe those aren't the reasons, really? Not to live a comic strip, or see life that way.

Maybe it's to keep the other Maya, the veil of illusion..?

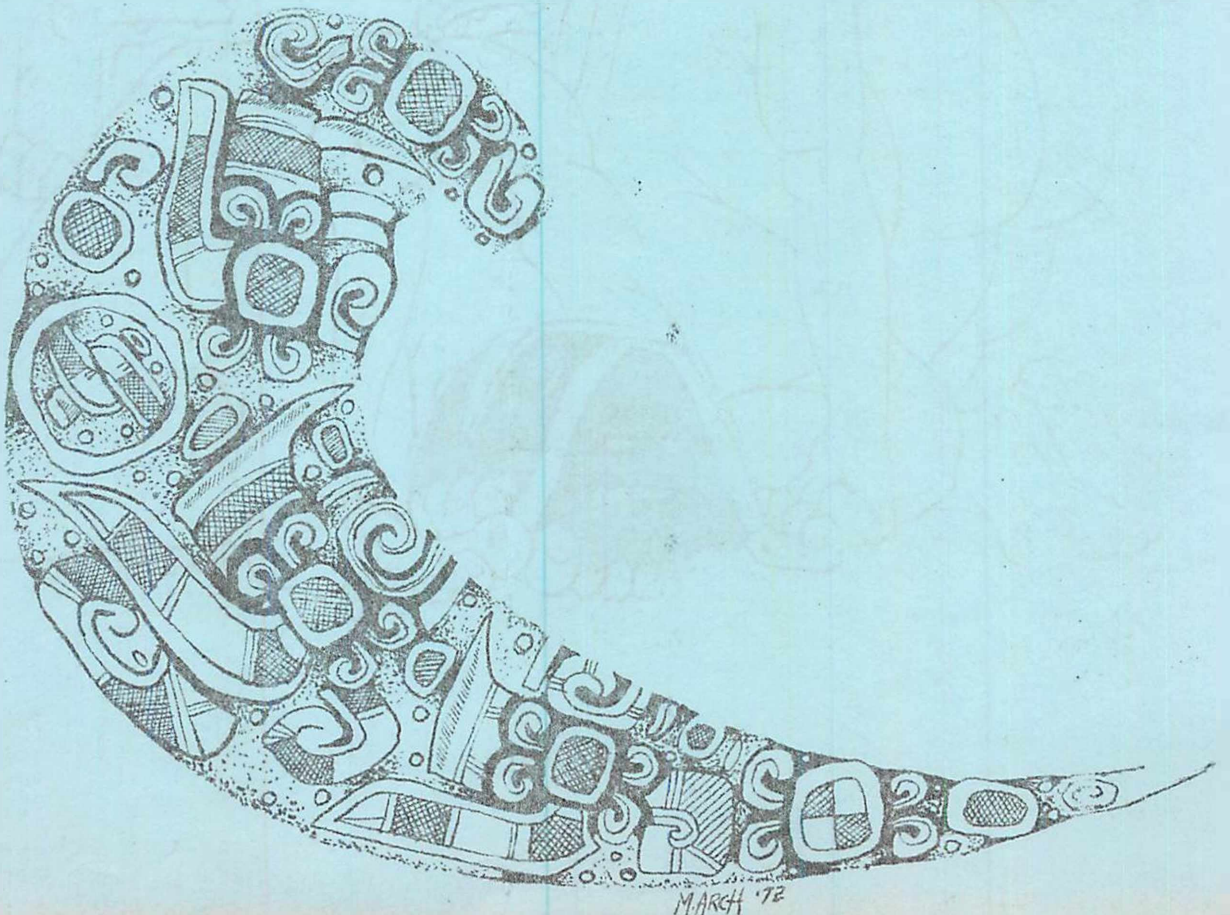
...And so we leave Tiptree, who hasn't even told you about the Maya religion (non, thank god), or the Maya Hennequin situation (lousy since nylon replaced sisal rope), or Maya-Spanish hand speech, or how Mayas sleep in midair, or the eye-popping Maya ruins and the foreigners thieving artifacts, or the joke Lorenzo-the-dark-Djinn played on L'mus the night L'mus got Rosa to hear his Uruguay tape, or how Arturo-the-neurotic-Maya got prick-fungus and went to the herb-doctor, or what Mayas do in the ocean, or what Mayas do on a bender (roll jeeps over and laugh like mad), or whether Mayas really sacrifice people, or practically any damn thing at all... except one three-thousand-year-free girl running forever in my brain in the wind and the moonlight....

Coox chital u body bec.

(Which means, Let us lie down in the shade of the roble tree, and is pronounced just as written except for a few things like sticking the back of your tongue up your nose.)

Tzim bin.

--31 Mar 72





IT JUST ISN'T FAIR! WE CAN'T  
EVEN LEAVE THE QUEEN'S  
BATHING CHAMBERS!

