

PABLO LENNIS

COOKIES &
EXCITEMENT
ISSUE #11



COVER BY SUSAN KENNIS

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SUSAN
KENNIS

Yas,
it's another
issue of PABLO
LENNIS, and as fat
and sassy and mean as
(I hope) the others have
been. I am editor John
Thiel; the zine's address is
30 N. 19th St, Lafayette, IN
47904; its cost, 25¢ or a letter
of comment, contribution of writing
or art, or trade of your own zine. If
you don't like PABLO LENNIS, please don't
write or send for further copies; I get
enough criticism here. Now without further ado, the
editorial is herewith presented, which I call:

CLEAR SAXOPHONE CADENZAS

*Excerpt
Susan Krennis
(strong archetype)*

I'm not much in the mood for pubbing a zine. Everybody has said that PABLO LENNIS is horrid. I haven't gotten a single unsolicited trade, and very few contributions, and locs are rare. I used to imagine myself being hypocritically praised and humored, but no more. Obviously you call a horse a horse, or whatever the expression is. I have been invited to a convention, but not by a reader of PABLO LENNIS.

I've just attempted to join two APAs, one called APA-H and the other called the Cult. I haven't heard from the latter organization, and APA-H, so far as I know, has not contacted me either. Do you hope I get into these APAs? I sure do.

There's an item in the news here about Bob Dylan's new home. From a photo, the top of it looks like a turnip; the rest of it is a rather negligible many-sided box. Bob must be about thirty or so now. "The dwelling...reportedly is costing...nearly \$2 million...a huge onion-shaped dome protrudes from the center section, creating the impression that 'someone dropped a clump of ice cream,' according to one neighbor." "The dome originally was going to be an eagle's nest, just a little hideaway...then it was going to be an observatory, then something else, and now it's an onion-shaped copper dome." Did they all give up? "In the back, Dylan has constructed a huge polymorphous pool, with plenty of room for his five kids and their friends." I see the writer made plenty of room for his reference to Dylan's kids, and knows a word rarely known to news writers, "polymorphous." Later on in the same paper, "Purdue University's new Golden Girl, Kathy, will make her debut with the 'All American' Marching Band at the opening home football game." I suppose she's been covered with gilt paint and was dragged out of a swimming pool home. Let's hear it for Purdue, 'Murkel', what, why do they read fanzines too?

Riki Tiki Tavi, mongoose is gone. And just when I was thinking of starting a zany time-warp with a goose at the door.

Yes I will be making the Windycon, for one day, but I don't know whether I will be at the ChamBanaCon or not. Champaign has always frightened me.

No, I don't think that President Eyes would make a good delegate for the next campaign election. No all quorums to the contrary. Do I think a crater on the moon is better than a waiter on the dune? I, uh--give me time---er, I can't think of an answer for it. All I can think of is what Vachel Lindsey said when asked whether he would like to hear romantic music: "A roaring epic ragtime tune from the mouth of the Congo to the Mountains of the Moon."

He grandmothered him out behind the Real

VOR-ZAP is not included in this issue, but is available from me for a clubzine in trade, or free if you live in Lafayette. We now have a cover.

Nostalgia dept, I was going through Ken Fickle's back issue magazines and managed to find two of them with references to myself in them...Infinity Nov. 58 and SF Adventures

The Guy was strolling down Sunset Boulevard

March 58. I'll reprint them here, fly with me on my dream-trip about how much time has passed and how different things are now. In SFA, Archibald Destiny in "The Fan-Space" has this to say: "The Junior International SF Club consists of about 20 members and a very large number of prospective members. Activities center around a fanzine with a photo-off-set cover; a library consisting of books, magazines and fanzines; manuscript and artwork bureaus; corresponding and tape corresponding. Age limit 20, dues \$1.50; send for application blank from John Thiel, 2934 Wilshire Street, Markham, Illinois. (no zip code!) You might also ask John about his fanzine and the TransContinental Fan Fund; I don't have the latest details on this handy...Thiel's buddy Rich Brown wants fanzines (large deletion here) that's the Rich Brown of 127 Roberts Street, Pasadena 3, California, of course." Then a note about Stony Barnes. The Infinity letter is one which I value because in it I refer to Robert Silverberg as a hamburger. It goes something like this: "I've just finished your August issue, and I'd like to make a few comments." (continued on page)

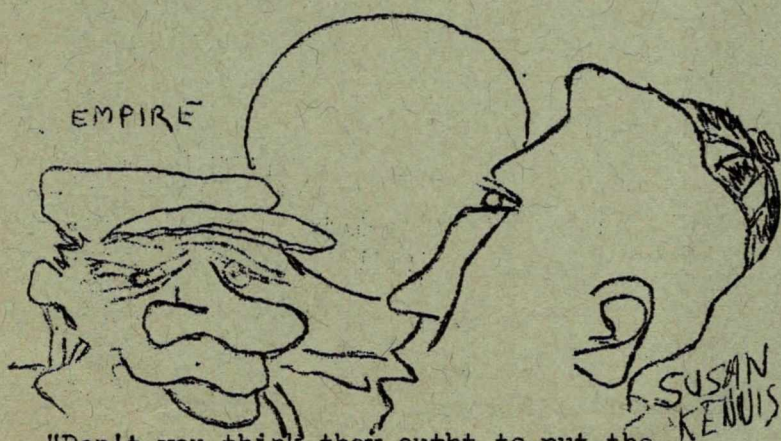
3. This is a map to help you find where science fiction adventures may be discovered in this
ACROSS THE COUNTRY by John Thiel country

Our studies of governmental forms have all but ignored those that have no direct effect upon our own Federal government. The only information we get on other forms of government is info dealing with those of foreign countries, and we can find little practical or historical info on those. In schools, the governmental concepts that are taught all relate directly to the Fed Gov, with little attention paid to past governmental forms that have been discarded.

I feel that it is a mistake to discount the influence of past governmental forms. The governmental concepts in this country are not the only ones that have been tried successfully through the course of history. Baronial governments, matriarchies, patriarchies, the reign of the Doges, even the government of Egypt under the Pharaohs have all had an influence on the making of our history and our society, and it is an influence that is still present and still fully alive in many places today.

I would maintain, in fact, that these earlier forms of government, far from being discarded, are still being practised within this country in various scattered regions today, and have a strong effect upon our country and less relationship to the Federal government than they are generally expected to have. As an example occurring in the news, the cattle and oil barons of Texas, Oklahoma and Wyoming are actually practising a baronial form of existence, complete with what amounts to baronial government, whether or not it is called

such. Else why would they be called Barons? Are they barons over their possessions? Do they rule over their riches and over their oil? I think that their wealth has caused them to be formally entitled to power, or has caused the people who live in surrounding counties to grant them power over their lives; and that the form of existence which they impose upon people is baronial or feudal in aspect and method, and is hence given that description by the press. Then there are the "overlords over several estates" one sees referred to in news magazines. These people may have more than several estates, and the overlordship they practise is probably the system of lord-



"Don't you think they ought to put the Shadow back on the radio? It's something to watch as Khahoutek enlarges. "

ships practised in England. That there is royalty in this country, following the general practises of royalty, there can be no doubt. They are actively and emotionally satirized in comic strips; their "courts" are spoken of in newspapers; in newspaper stories they are often spoken of as "his highness". I think that their courts are probably real, and that they follow a courtly mode of existence. How about a magnate? Or a mogul? Or a tycoon? Each of these is a term of foreign authority. If these people are not actually foreign, they are at least compared in their modes of dealing with their interests to foreign or historical royalty. That is to say, they are influenced by or practise their own forms of government related to foreign or historical governmental types. In Hungary and Poland, a magnate is a member of the upper branch of the Diet. What, then, would a steel magnate be? Mogul is a term relating to a Mongolian autocratic ruler, used by Indians in referring to their Mongolian conquerors and their descendants. What would a Hollywood Mogul, or, as he is sometimes called, a Motion Picture Mogul, be? Presumably someone exercising a similar form of authority. Tycoon is a Japanese term derived from taikun, a mighty Lord, and in China is called Takuin, meaning a great prince. The term, then, is oriental, and leads one to wonder why industrialists and financiers are called tycoons. Are they Chinese? or do they have governmental practises which they employ on others similar to Oriental princedoms? There are frequent references in the news to emperors and empresses, monarchs and tyrants, people living in "palatial luxury." Wouldn't a monarch be running a monarchy? Wouldn't a "King of Commerce" really be a king? Or a "Queen of Fashion" a queer? I think you can be sure that a queen of fashion has her court, and that she exercises authority over them, and that her influence extends as widely as it can be made to go. Tribal governments and class also exist; descriptions of the south and of Indian tribes give us evidence of this. Dynasties are frequently mentioned, yet dynastic government is not indigent to this country. Empires and empire-building, too, are more a British concept than an American one.

These concepts of royalty appear frequently in the news because they are important to many people in many places. I think that the reason they are given so much importance is that they are the forms of government most felt by people who are outside the direct influence



"women are irrational, that's all there is to that..their heads are full of cotton hay and rags."



"HMMMM.... Cotton, hay and rags.....!"

of our government. I maintain that in most places where the government isn't directly dominant or immediately felt, one form or another of government related to historical governmental concepts takes its place.

We have a great deal of evidence that much of the south is feudal. The hill country

of Tennessee and Kentucky is generally quite a good deal outside the influence of Washington, and, inasmuch as the people need some form of leadership to keep them in possession of the things which civilization offers, old Scottish and English traditions of government have come to have dominance. There is evidence of this in the interfamilial feuds which are vested with such importance there. The word "feud" incidentally is a shortening of the term "feudal warfare," and its distinction as a type of warfare gives evidence that it is considered part of a foreign tradition. The fact that the south is heavily settled by Scottish and English immigrants gives evidence as to how these forms of government have come to arise.

William Faulkner's most well-known work about the south, "The Sound and the Fury," gives a perfect description of southern feudal traditions, with

"Looks like Thiel's been here."

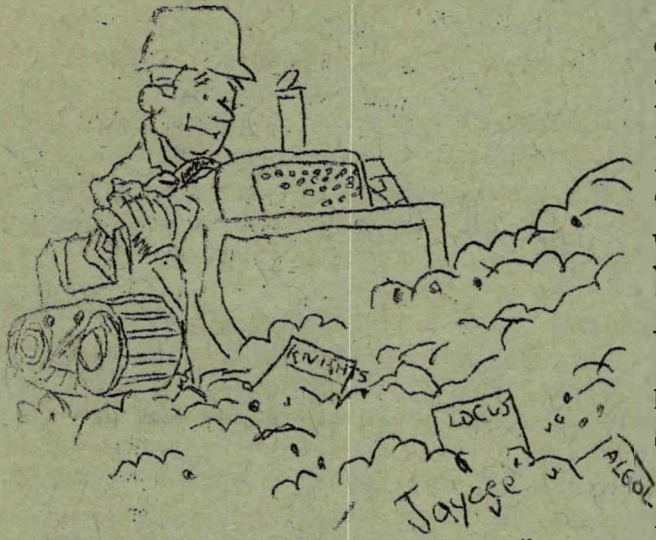
whole segments of local society dominated by a single family, the Compsons, who had come into possession of their territory through methods strongly resembling the methods used in gaining feudal pelf during the time of the Hundred Years' War between England and Normandy. Barter, dispossession, and the piling up of ownership interest all played a part in the gaining of the Compsons' fortunes, which were then passed along from generation to generation through marriage, until finally, when the Compsons' territorial claims began to fail, so integral was their system of governing to the surrounding terrain that the society around them began to deteriorate with them.

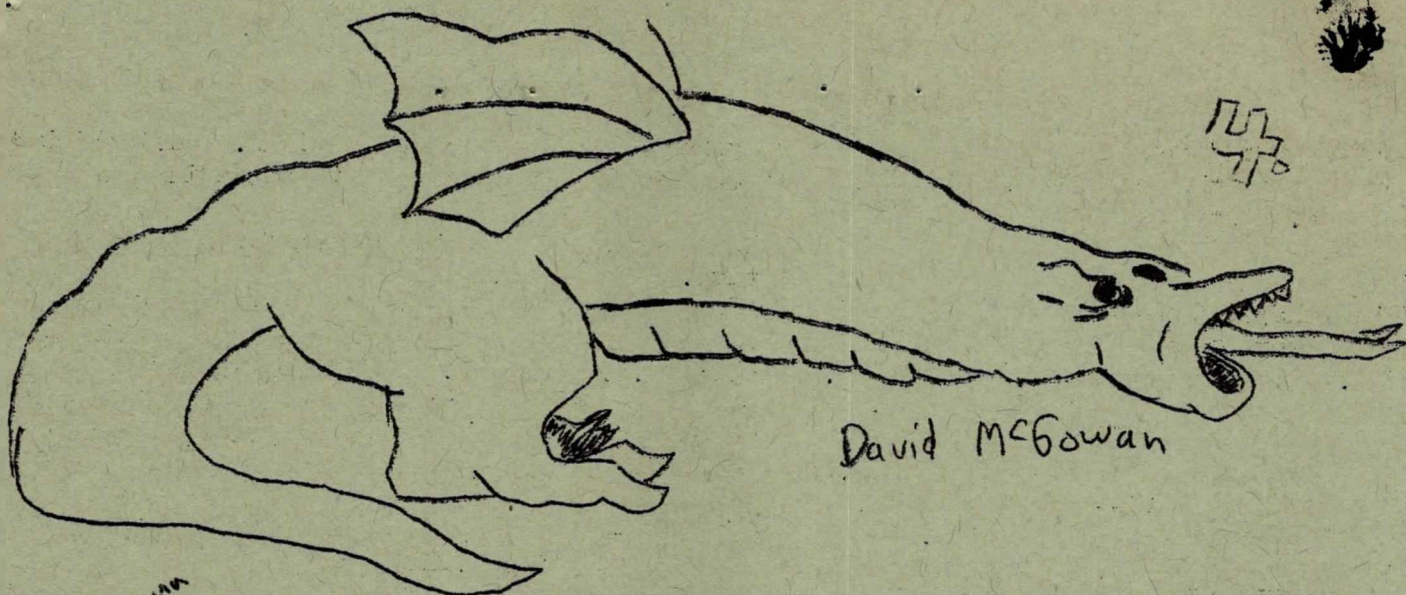
The range wars so prevalent in the western states, particularly Wyoming and Colorado, likewise give evidence of governmental influence that is not common to the state. These wars are fought over territorial dividing lines, ownership of property and rustling of cattle, and give evidence of the European influences prevalent among the Hussars when they fought over arbitrarily claimed territory. This is the outlook that reaches its culmination in Baronial rule, hence the "cattle barons."

Gangland Chicago, with its medieval procedures of warfare, including gang warfare resembling jousts and tourneys, give evidence of the influence of royalty there. These gangsters are the commoners and soldiers, but who motivates them to their behavior? Who are their rulers? Their rulers are invisible in Chicago; but the boasting about valiance heard among the men, the occasional fights over the honor of a woman, the bargaining for territorial rights, all betoken the presence of royalty.

I think that these three examples should suffice to demonstrate that all terrain within the United States is not run according to the principles of the Federal Government. These monarchies, obliarchies, and dictatorships are not run illegally, and do not operate against the Federal Government; rather, they exist outside the influence of the government. And being outside the influence of the government, they are run pretty much the way the rulers want them run.

The influence of this uncivilized or partly civilized America can have on factors of government, economy, and national order is tremendous. I wouldn't go so far as to guess whether they are or are not injuring our country, but I can say that their influence on the economy is probably one of confusion. As far as other matters are concerned, the presence of other forms of government may be said to have a prime effect of making social forces in





the country knowable, and the future of various national tendencies cannot be very well predicted. This is probably the major consequence of the presence of these governments, this uncertainty of what the consequences of various social plans will be, and the lack of knowledge of what the various potentials for change within the country are, but I think there are other consequences as well.

One of the major effects of these governmental influences is to make life vastly different from one state to another. Nobody really knows anything about the ethos of Wyoming, where so much of the peoples' lives is spent in cattle-herding and various other, from our point of view, extraordinary pursuits. It is easy to say, though, that with its vast vista of mountain ranges and desert terrain, there are probably many towns and even some cities where the automobile is not very well known. And I would venture to guess that if the automobile is not very well known there, our national government's influence is not very well understood either, and that much of Wyoming does not relate to Washington as well as more civilized territory. The same might be said to be true of Montana, which is often more aware of Canada and of Canadian influences than of the government, due to being nearer to Canada. And Oregon, with all its forest land, is certain to have a forest influence on its way of life. Lumberjacking, railroad work, mountainjacking, prospecting, and the various other similar pursuits of people in Oregon are certain to breed other forms of government. A lot of woodland and an existence close to nature makes life different for people.

There are other states where the forms of government are likely to be wide-ranging. This probably wouldn't be true of New York State, for all its royalty, landed gentry and European cosmopolitans, because of the civilizing influence of the various big cities in the state, where the people are extremely aware of the nation in general. This is particularly true, of course, of New York City. New Jersey, too, has a lot of urban influence. But large parts of Maine tend to be rustic, and Rhode Island has an almost primeval influence running through a lot of the state, due to a great deal of colonization by people from such countries as Wales, Rural Scotland, and the Balkan countries. I've heard that New York City immigration authorities send a lot of people who are not considered urbane enough for more civilized life to Rhode Island. Delaware, which was named after Lord De La Ware, and thus obviously rather parochial and English in the time when it was a colony, is a state where a great deal of unorthodox government is probably to be discovered. Delaware is a state which grew around a few settlements, and it probably hasn't gained complete order to this day.

In addition to these northern states, there are the states of the south, where a great deal of foreign aristocracy live and have lived for generations, and where systems of government were often imported from overseas virtually intact, and only occasionally were interrupted in the promulgation and development of their own way of life by the Federal Government. Sects and totems are frequently found in the south, vestiges of ways of life from all over the world. The state of Texas presumably relates to Mexico in much the same way as Montana does to Canada, and as for New Mexico, to me its various influences seem undiscoverable through any amount of reading. Its name would seem to indicate that it has or has had a large population of Spaniards, and that it still has some relationship to Mexican territory, but that's about all that I know about it.

Due to the effect of these wide-ranging influences in some states, the state policy at the state government level is liable to be widely different from state to state, more various than we suspect from the parochial outlook of viewing our own state government. We sometimes expect things to be the same everywhere as they are here, but I think any investigation of the mode of operation of any government at the state level would reveal wide discrepancies in the operation of the states. It is here, I think, that investigators should look for such conflicts as may be likely to occur between states ~~and~~ in the matter of such things as tariffs and economic variation.

To present a summary of what I have said in this essay, I think that much more attention should be paid to the study of foreign and historical modes of government, especially as they may affect us. Our study of what historical factors comprise our own government aren't anywhere near to being complete, but that doesn't mean that we should ignore external influences. I think I have demonstrated to some extent that these influences are present in our country today, and that they have an active effect on our lives. Ignorance of them means ignorance of the general effect of government, and we need intelligence in surveying our country and discovering the mode of operation of our institutions.

In a country that is supposed to be governed "by the people" the influences various policies have on peoples' ways of life should not be ignored.

QUOTATIONS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

5.

"Upon reading this gracious reply, I was overcome by a wealth of emotions. Just think: the daughter of the President, wondering whether I would be interested in attending one of her parties!" Steven Carlberg in FLADNAG

"The legend of King Arthur is one of the huge ones, a saga of such terrific magnitude that it is usually meted out as an anecdote at a time." Carlberg, FLADNAG

"Ships Marsbound---SOON A'GOING TOO" Nard Kordell, INTERPLANETARY NEW PAPER WITNESS

"There were a number of reasons why I moved from my last apartment dwelling to this present site, some of them being unprintable." Robert J.R. Whitaker, HUNTING OF THE SNARK

"But how do you know the words are lying words? There are certain people one might suspect of lying, certain shady characters, the murderers, the thieves we see lying coolly to Columbo and Kojack, the fast-talking ads. These are obvious, but how do we tell that other people are lying?"---Jackie Hilles, HILLESIAN FIELDS

"Well that's the end of GIGO 5. It's a bit late---even on my quarterly publication schedule I'm two months late. But what the hell----" Greg Costikyan, GIGO

"Objective literary criticism is like a unicorn: rare, beautiful, and seldom glimpsed in the dark forest of the average book review." David R. Warren, EVERMIST

"And now, April 14, 1976, I lay out the last of EN #2. I waited a long time to finish hoping to get Jackie's story which she promised me (you can't always believe those promises Dave-jt) but I can't wait any longer..her story will be in #3." David Merkel, ERED NIMRAIS

"Last meeting had to be one of the best fed in a long time. Mike sort of killed our appetites with his commentary on fast-food places, but the food he provided seemed to be safe."

---Bruce Coulson, ISFANEWS

"Changes are often forced upon us, by laws, by nature, by an inner need. So it is with all things, and so it had been with EMPIRE."---Mark McGarry, EMPIRE

"I can't quote Sturgeon's Law verbatim...." A. B. Clingan, THE DIVERSIFIER

"This issue is devoted to frantic faneds everywhere..." D Fortier, DFCFR

"I have also read a couple of letters that Chester Cuthbert showed me from William F. Nolan who co-authored the book with George Clayton Johnson."---Garth Danielson, BOOWATT

"When Mark and I first conceived the idea of trying to publish a fanzine, we set down some guidelines which we thought to keep for, say, four issues. Instead, our guidelines have changed drastically with each issue."---Chris Marler, ASTRAL DIMENSIONS

"The APHELION was conceived as an outlet for people with occasional creative urges who would like an opportunity to have their work seen and criticized by others." Alan Hanna, APHELION

"copyright 1975 by the Terminus, Owlswick, & Ft Mudge Electrick Street Railway Gazette" AMRA

"It was the best of times, it was the...No, I'm sorry, but my parody of Dickens breaks down, right there in the very first sentence." Don C. Thompson, DON-O-SAUR

"Rich (Batmania) Morrissey writes: 'DON'T, even in jest, suggest that Dan O'Neill deserves the rights to Mickey & especially Donald..Carl Barks he isn't.'" Chris Rock, OZARK FANDOM

"Last issue's stupidity was in not placing quotes...around the manifold comments culled from locs" Frank Balazs, PARENTHESIS

"EQUINOX 4 is just about ready for printing and will be printed as soon as I can get the money to do so." "FLAWOL" Neal Blaikie, NYMPHS IN THE WOODS

"A journal of whimsey and bad ~~and~~ puns.." Eli Cohen, KRATOPHANY

"It is a waste for me to get zines that I do not read" Frank Balazs, PARENTHESIS

"DHALGREN's plot is simple, the concepts are not" Gil Gaier, PHOSPHENE

"To all faneds: feel free to duplicate this flyer or use it in your zine" Gaier, GUYING GYRE

"Well folks, the medical reports are starting to come in, and I was right all along. In nine cases out of ten, spirit fluid leads to corflu." Eric Larsen, SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH

"George Beahm sends me a huge soft-cover collection of Bode cartoons, printed in France, a tribute done after his death." Ned Brooks, IT COMES IN THE MAIL

"For one year on compiling votes, and getting the numerical succession in order, these are the final winners." Craig Hill, JAYLAND UNLIMITED

"The Muehlenbach and overflow hotels are now sending out confirmation slips. Be sure to double-check them for accuracy, especially the dates." Linda Bushyager, KARASS

"What I had forgotten is that KNIGHTS is published by me for my friends and for what egoboo I do manage to receive. If I were to publish this for any other reason I'd be a fool, for the out-of-pocket expenses are absolutely ridiculous." Mike Bracken, KNIGHTS

"Leo Margolis 1900-1975" Locus

"I feel no compulsion to defend or apologize for anything that is or may ever be said in these pages." Howard Thompson, THE MAD ENTREPRENEUR

"Jayland Unlimited folds" Craig Hill, MONOCHROME

"So listen, write me, tell me what you think. Etc. A RIVER TURKEY" David Cohen, MF; PG

"Ho ho ho, and a merry Christmas to all of you out there."

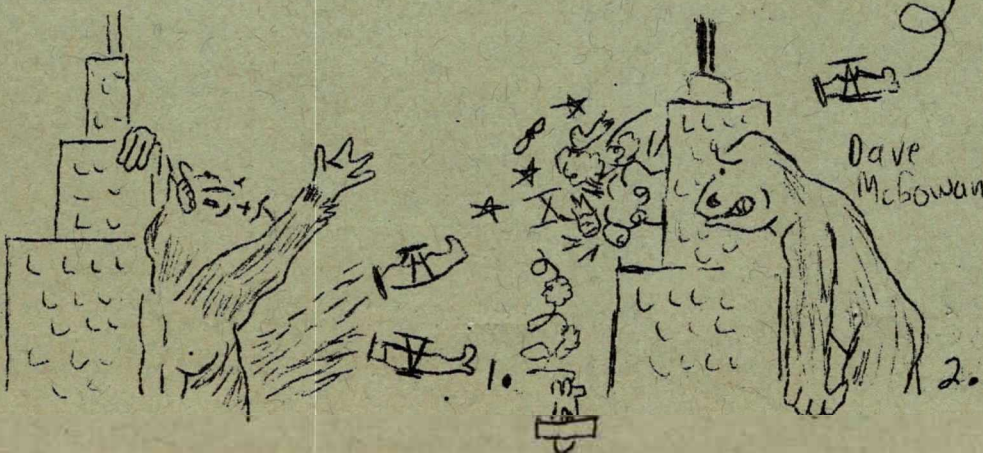
Steve Fahnstalk, NEW VENTURE

"As the saying goes, you may be wondering precisely why I've gathered you all together here." Rod Snyder, NUTH-IN' FANCY

"Many of you are wondering what has happened here lately." Tom Mason, RADION

"Freelance reviews are encouraged." Keith Justice, SF BOOKLOG

"The Roger Elwood Controversy



has raged, now, in the "inside" area of the SF Writers of America, and in a few magazines, for about a year." Richard Geis, SF REVIEW

"Such--I suspect--is against my nature." Mike Glycer, STFR

"The lights come up on a single typewriter in the middle of the stage...The editor walks slowly, but confidently into the light...He stops and studies the audience. A faint smile shows through the beard that frames his face." Carl Bennett, SCINTILLATION

"This is S*D*N*Y #4, allegedly the Albany Area APA" John Robinson, SDNY

"Did I hear someone mention movies? This is Madison, Wisconsin, home of dozens of 16mm film societies.." Hank Luttrell, STARLING

"Momentous announcement time--this may be the last issue." Tim Marion, SOUTH OF THE MOON

"Circulation and game sales are growing rapidly despite recent cut backs in promotional activity" Howard Thompson, THE SPACE GAMER

"Well, this was a late one, wasn't it?" Bob Wayne, TALES FROM TEXAS

"More political maneuvering, more chicanery, more sheer evil has gone into that building than any other 16 projects the state has done in its entire history" Donald Markstein, TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG

"MUST be accompanied by a SASE. Everything else not accepted will be destroyed...I no longer have the time OR the money...to send them back. I sincerely regret all of this but it is the way things will be...Nuff said." David Truesdale, TANGENT

"WINDING NUMBERS 4 is respectfully dedicated to the "members" of Winnipeg fandom; growing slowly--but growing..." Randy Reichardt, WINDING NUMBERS

"my most recent acquisition in the violence line is the Phillipine kris" Robert Coulson, YANDRO

"What with two things and another, I have not gotten to RAPPIN' until 10-22, a late date.." Ben Indick, RAPPIN'

EMPTY by David Merkel

The room is empty. She is gone; they are all gone.

They have left me behind in an empty room in an empty city on an empty world, and I am lonely. I look out the window but not a thing moves in the streets below. Above, the sun is dim, shrouded in smoke and dust.

It was such a little thing, that switch, but it clicked down to seal me into a dreamless, timeless sleep, and when I awoke, 400 years had passed.

They must have been gone long, but the city seems little changed, save all is empty and still. I found the place easily enough and the door was unlocked, but the room is bare as an empty skull when the mind is gone. I am left a world to live in but I want none of it. No books, they are all gone or dust, no insects, only a few withered grasses in Central Park.

I went back to the center: only there is movement, light. The clock on the wall gives the time, the day, the year. The food dispenser sighs and reluctantly regurgitates varicolored dust. Are these to be my last days?

I crawl back into the womb and the switch goes CLICK.

For the last time.

TRADER'S CORNER

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH----6

MOTA----5

KARASS----4

DON-O-Saur*---3

WINDING NUMBERS----3

BOOWATT----3

PARADOX----3

Less than three not listed.

TERROR TALES IN ASCENDING NUMBERS

X

IT

ITC

IT CO.

I.T. COM.

ITC OME

IT COMES

IT COMES: X

E: IT COMES--X

SEX COMES!

H SEX COMES!

HE SEX COMES!

SEX HEX COMES!

SEX HEX COM EST?

SEX HEX COME E.S.T.

SEX HEX COME ESTO

SEX HEX COME ERST, O!

SEX HEX COME HERO ST.!

SEX HEX COME HEROS, TOO!

Dave McGowan

3.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

STOMP BY James Perzine

7.

Pleased to meetcha
Hope you guess my name
But what's troubling you is my lack of fannish fame.

I'm a faned from Fanzinia, I think bout rocket ships
And the way I think makes me think I'm kind of hip
Aw if the Mundania could see me, well they could not guess my trip
I've seen high star formations, speculate bout life on Mars
All the alien life I've seen's been on the back of peanut butter jars
Compared to me spacers look like Jolly Jack Tars
I've been to places you might never have seen
When it comes to quips, I come in right on the beam

Pleased to meet you, hope you see my shame
When I meet the prominent, prestigious people of fame
Please to meet you, hope you feel like me
Well if we coagulate you just might be like me

Here's a homogeneous offering, A pile of used fan fic
I hope it does you like it did me, gives you a real kick

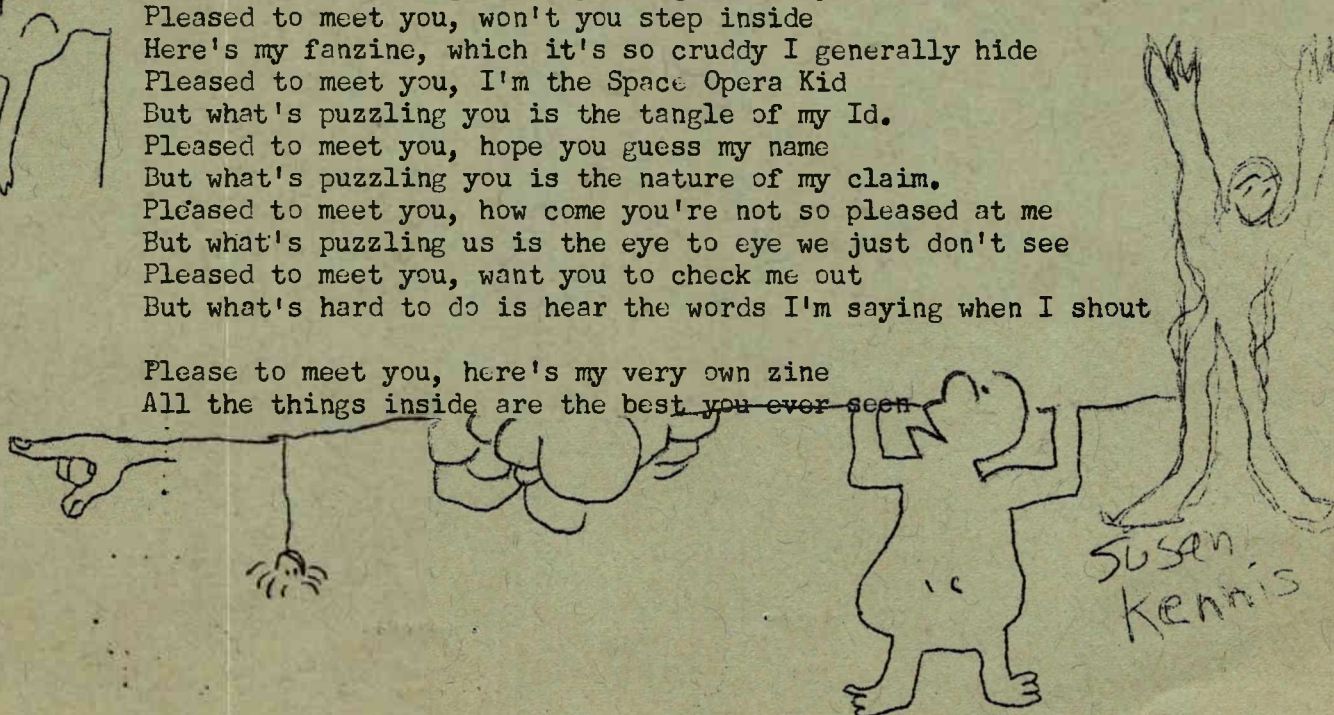
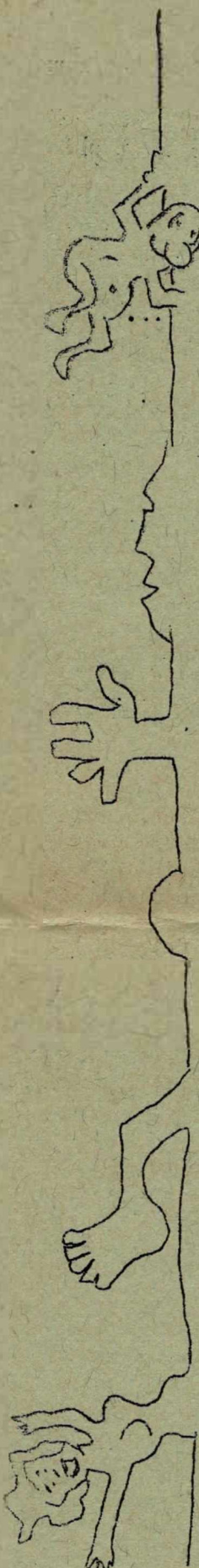
Pleased to meet you, hope you can see my Id
Well if you do, you can see all the things I've did
Pleased to meet you, you look like Robert Hall
Well what's a BNF doing writing things off the wall?
Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my face
But what's troubling you is my lack of fannish grace
Pleased to meet you, pleased to meet you in this place
But what's puzzling you is I'm the Man Without A Face.
Pleased to meet you, is that a real space-flight rocket ship?
But what's puzzling me is having you on this trip.
Pleased to meet you, give you the 3rd degree
Well if you want to make Saturn, get there off DMT.
Pleased to meet you, can you see my claim?
But what's puzzling you is my nature and my name.

Well my space-flight audience, dig this dance I do
It's a personal invitation, come from me to you
Please to meet you, hope you see my lips
They'll be muttering curses when we finally come to grips.
Please to meet you, don't know what time it is
But if you let me hold your zine I'll give you some of this
Pleased to meet you, hope you can be like me
But what's puzzling you is you've seen me on TV.

Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my game
But what's puzzling you is my nature and my name

Pleased to meet you, you must be Steffan Zweig
But what's puzzling you is the things you try to hide
Pleased to meet you, hope you can see my hook
But what's bothering me is you might be Captain Crook
Pleased to meet you, won't you step inside
Here's my fanzine, which it's so cruddy I generally hide
Pleased to meet you, I'm the Space Opera Kid
But what's puzzling you is the tangle of my Id.
Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you is the nature of my claim.
Pleased to meet you, how come you're not so pleased at me
But what's puzzling us is the eye to eye we just don't see
Pleased to meet you, want you to check me out
But what's hard to do is hear the words I'm saying when I shout

Please to meet you, here's my very own zine
All the things inside are the best you ever seen



Susan
Kennis

A fan from North Carolina contributes the following tale of a post-"something" shambles

One of the Survivors by Greg L. Teetsell

So I work in a factory now. Making cans in Baltimore. I gave up any dreams of working hard and someday being important. All I ever got was screwed over 'til I gave up and got this job at the plant. The foreman treats me OK and I make a living wage. I even met a nice girl down in shipping. Some people might think I'm more or less a jerk or a fool but I'm glad I gave up. Happy even.

But I used to have dreams. Of wanting not only the world, but maybe even stardom, fame, success or whatever guise acceptable notoriety hides its pretensions. Like my father said when I was a little kid and he still had a lot of fight in him, he'd say "You're no fool, no damn jerk, why do you fail at school, at everything you do, what's wrong with you?" and I'd feel ashamed and he'd look disgusted and he'd hit me kinda hard with the back of his hand so I knew he was disappointed in his only begotten son.

Well, since I failed him at school, since I was definitely no success, I started to sing. Rock and roll mostly, about two years worth of slogging it out in the worst clubs with the worst musicians on the worst nights of the week, and then my father died and I either lost my voice or realized that I had no talent and quit singing. But for once, although he thought rock and roll was out-of-tune-loud noise, he thought I might someday be someone he could be proud of. He used to laugh at me and ask me when I was gonna be rich like Elvis and buy him a big house in Florida so he could retire.

Then I quit singing but Father died first. I guess I failed him. He would have called me a jerk.

So I tried managing a restaurant. I was not very successful. I tried going back to school but I wasn't very happy. I drifted some, saw the west coast, doing odd jobs here, there. So I got a factory job about six months ago making cans. Maybe I am a good-for-nothing-jerk after all.

Sometimes after work I go to a little bar called "Tommy's." Tommy is this Irish bar-keep, maybe sixty and Catholic, a reasonable man for a Catholic and, like I said, I go there sometimes after work to drink whiskey and mind my own business. There's a dinner theatre across the street and occasionally some of the actors come over and mingle with the regulars. The regulars are mostly young, aging young working types. An OK lot, not too loud but lively. Not too many of the guys from the plant go to Tommy's and that's OK too.

Just after I got off work I went to Tommy's. It was a Wednesday, I think, maybe 5:30, anyway, in time to watch the news. Some people, actors from the dinner theatre, were sitting around a table in the far corner. A couple of flits and some women having a drink before going to work. And the tall blonde was familiar. But real old. Too old to be who I thought she was.

I was pretty loaded the second afternoon she came in. Again with her friends but I was fairly sure I recognized her from the road when I was singing. Dorothy Miller, lead singer of Circus Maximus, another one of those bands that never made it and never would make it. The times we'd played the same towns we'd go out after the clubs closed and eat at the bus station or anywhere else open at four a.m. It was a casual on/off/on thing but I was, well, fond of Dot Miller. But now she looked old. Unkempt hair, uncoordinated, a frenzied gaze, tight and clenched fingers; the race to success had sandblasted her to a crawl.

Debating the wisdom of going over to her table, buying her a drink and talking to her, maybe forcing her to talk to me, imposing on her, well, I opted for sitting and watching.

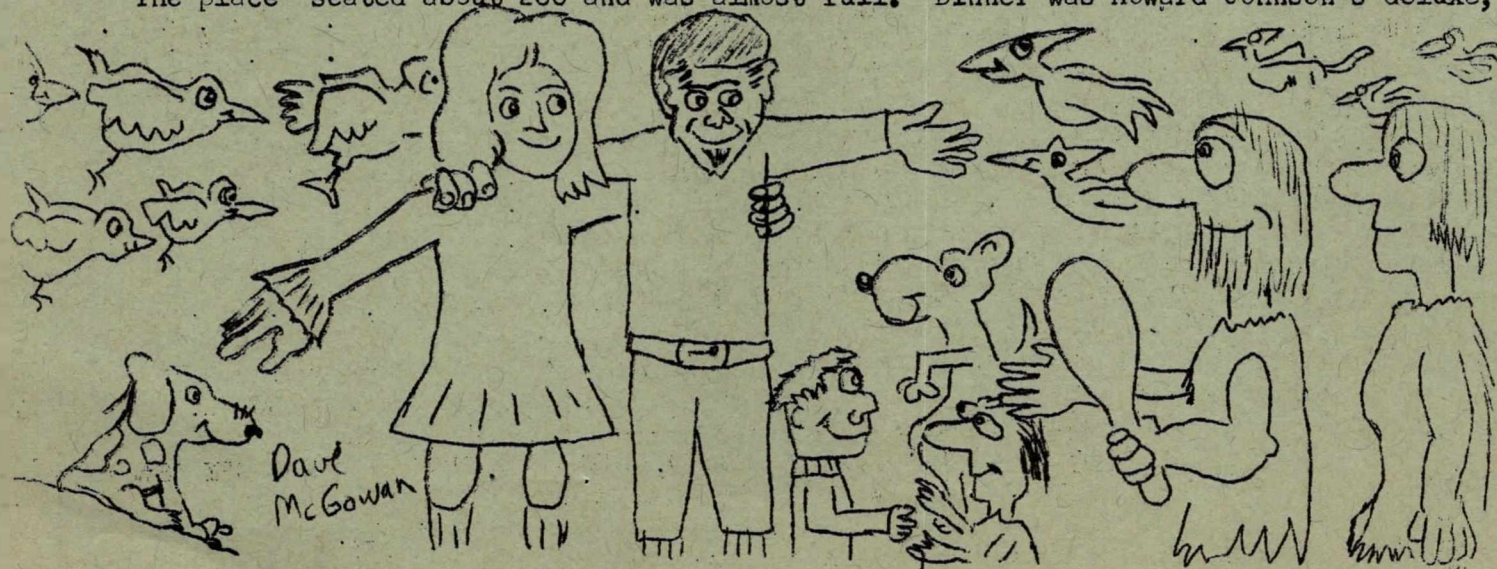
So on my lunch break the next day, I made reservations to see her show at the dinner theatre.

The show was Gypsy and Dot played Gypsy Rose Lee's mother. Dot was good, I guess, but I really don't understand "theatre" very well.

So I sat there, alone, dressed up in my go-to-court-and-funerals suit and tie with mustard stains on my cuff and watched. Watched her sagging style and covered up eyes sing and dance and wail around the staging area.

The dinner theatre was located in the ballroom of what used to be Baltimore's premiere hotel/casino in the 1920's. Then it became a lewd place and a cheap hotel and now it housed a dinner theatre and a respectable cheap hotel. And now it is Dot's theatre and a respectable cheap hotel.

The place seated about 200 and was almost full. Dinner was Howard Johnson's deluxe,



guaranteed not to offend anyone. As was the pseudo-ranch decore. Pretty much the way educated people like things. Dot was like that. Inoffensive.

But I was offended.

At one time we could have stormed the Bastille. Me, I believed in stacks of Hi-Watt amps and slashing guitar heroes. Dorothy chose the Judy Garland route. Anyway, as time lumbered on, I gave up and Dot drifted away. So maybe I'm not the only jerk.

I kept going to Tommy's after work as long as the troupe was in town. I sat at the end of the bar on my usual stool and never tried to approach Dorothy despite her coming in almost every afternoon. I watched Billion Dollar Barbara and Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith on ABC. I watched Dot and I watched the sadness in her eyes and the way she couldn't get around and I still wanted to talk to her so I got Tommy, the Irish Catholic, to give her another drink and tell her it was from me in my factory uniform.

My name patch, well, she walked over and said thanks and I looked at the floor.

It's a funny thing about names. Mine, yours, anybody's, for instance. "Alan Voors." Simple enough. I sign it on paychecks, bills, time cards and such but for all I know my name is still "Son." Dot, I don't even know what she called me ever, was polite, we exchanged all of the acceptable things to say and she promised to call me the next time she wasn't too busy or on the road.

I called her "Dorothy" and she said she had to go. I walked home.

Gypsy got panned in the Sun:

.....the major flaw was casting Dorothy Miller as Gypsy Rose's mother. Her disheveled appearance and passionless acting was such an annoyance to this reviewer that I may never set foot in the Karlton Theatre again.

Or something like that was the clipping I saved.

So I make cans in Baltimore. Maybe I'm not the only jerk

END

RIGHTEOUS FANZINES

reviews by Yeed

SCIENCE FICTION BAZAAR Bob Sourk, PO Box 11272, San Diego, CA 92111. 15¢ or usual. This may be a good zine to get for all I know. All I know is it arrived along with a card from the army and nothing else, and I was rather unhappy to see it. The Classified ads would seem to concern sex, and robots, crabs, androids and moonchilds are referred to. 2 pages.

RANDY Reichardt sent a change of address; he now lives at 833 Henday Hall; Lister Hall; 116th St. & 87th Ave, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Figure it out, and send there if you want WIND-ING NUMBERS, which I reviewed in a previous issue.

MONOCHROME Craig J. Hill, 220 Standish #1, Redwood, CA 94063. 4/\$1 & usual. Craig, who publishes this "Whenever I feel like it," needs a little of the unusual it would seem. MONO is 4 pages, and just hasn't got much in it, but you might like the ed better than sum others. SF ECHO Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604. Not much in the way of contents, but it's a good zine in that it's honest and the editor has something to say.

FANZINE DIRECTORY Steven Beatty, 303 Welch #6, Ames, IA 50010 50¢, trade. Worth getting! Hundreds of addresses of fanzines. I really blew out some postage on it. The staples came out of my copy immediately upon opening and the pages just drifted around like hay.

TITLE Donn Brazier, 11455 Fawnvalley Dr, St Louis, Mo 63131 2/\$1, usual. There was some enjoyable, first fandom-like stuff in here, but there was also that tired fan achievement poll

READOUT POETRY John R. Woodward, 4010 Underwood St, Hyattsville, Maryland 20782. 50¢. The poetry in it is fine, but the layout and presentation isn't much good. This zine is the second, following PARADOX, to print a contrib of mine. It's in 4 if you're interested.

NEW LIBERTARIAN NOTES Sam Konkin III, or rather, New Libertarian Enterprises, PO Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801. samples available. But don't send for one! This is some political hogwash, probably held to be at least 2nd rate by Washington. They've sent me another gratis and I'll bet my card accidentally fell into their subscription files. I don't trust eds who make you address your letters to an organization. They sound like their hiding behind fronts. But then, "Shabby Con" is the most universal convention there is.

WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT Barry R. Hunter, 8 Wakefield Place, Rome, Georgia 30161. usual. This zine would probably be more interesting if I weren't already familiar with all the news & notes in it. (I think my postman brings him some of this stuff.) Info, news.

MAYBE Irvin Koch, % 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg, Chattanooga, Tenn 37402. 75¢. I think he's immortalized his girl in the title, what do you think? MAYBE is hard to figure out, but contains a lot of words you might not have heard for a long time. I like some of the stuff, but it's not printed in any particular order.

ALVEGA Alyson L Abramowitz, 638 Valmont Place, --er, or rather, 4921 Forbes Ave, Apt. 205 E, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. A seductive zine, or so it looks to me, but the contents aren't very well written. Ever get one of this kind of zine? With the editor's name part of the title?

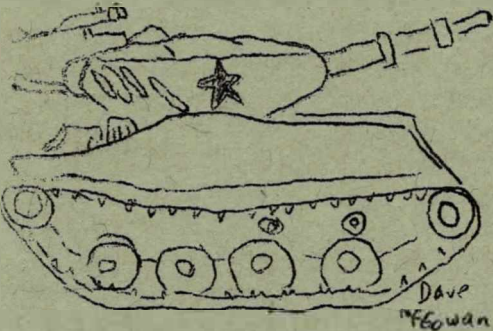
IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH Eric L Larsen, Box 16369, NCSU, Raleigh, NC 27607. I notice here the note I see in a lot of fanzines--all rights revert to contributors. What rights? SHADOW continues to improve, excellent poems, controversial articles. They sound younger all of a sudden. They still don't justify their title, though---not enough chants.

Also MEASAIM (Cathy McGuire), THIN-FOIL BEAM SPECTROSCOPY (Steve Bea-

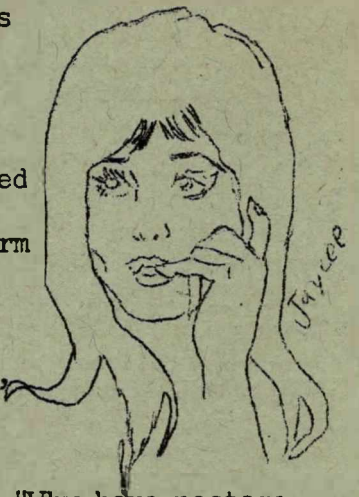
"Uncle Johnny Coons is getting pretty far out these days, isn't he?" or, "Monte Python's hip, ain't he?" others, part of a mailing of some kind. Query if y wanna



KEN FICKLE, 1317 S. 22nd, Lafayette 47905: It is becoming horribly clear that you are reaching your primary objective as an editor: absolute chaos and a totally demented readership. The first clear sign of your success was that letter from Gil Gaier in PL 7 in which he took seriously your joking opinions and as jokes your serious opinions. Increasingly those insane reviews by David R. Hollis are drawing the ire of outraged fans, who are greeting the mangling of their cherished sf classics with cries of pain and guttural shrieks of contempt. Lately the letters in the mailbox have reeked of hate and the most objectionable language possible. The box which we drowned in a bucket of water in the alley certainly had more to it than the old alarm clock and the pieces of copper wire which you showed me. Well done.



CRAIG MASTERS, PO Box #1, Minneapolis, Minnesota: While most of the garbage you print is readable with only mild nausea, you seem to have reached a new low in sheer drek with "The Last Bridge to Mars" in #8. Drekk!



"Why have postage rates gone up 8¢?"

That's all I can say about it! Sheer drek!!! The characterization of Amy was so cliché and unbelievable it sounds like something out of an Asimov (yechh) novel! I mean really, where do you get such garbage?? It makes your other junk look good! The idea of a colony on Mars is ridiculous! And where do you get those Kollenberg stories? I would be ashamed to put my name on any of this! It's crud like this "fiction" that's ruining fandom. If you don't stop printing this your zine's gonna die! And good riddance!! It's nice, but what is it for?

RODNEY CUSH, Lafayette: Your last issue was no good, meaning it was good. Keep this up and---well, all I've got to say is, the sercon was excellent and thoughtful, the humor was funny, the art was nice, and the fiction as good as any I've seen.

I've got an excellent idea for a plot for a story. People travel to Mars in a giant mushroom. After they've landed, they get out and they're attacked with bonker weeds. Profanity is used to make the story realistic and lend emphasis. At last they meet this huge ogre who plays an organ. He tells them "The way to ShiConn is many and many a mile."

The upshot of this is, they meet the leaders of the whole planet, who invite them to help rule it. So they get out rulers and began drawing straight lines up and down the palace palazza, misunderstanding the word "rule." Then some BEMs come up and beat up everybody in the city in a scene that looks like the Haymarket Riots. The climax is everybody shooting off ray-guns and lasers into the air and playing music and discussing peace.

Please, by all means send the next issue of PL. I have all the previous issues displayed on my wall, and they're the talk of the city.

CAROL CHAYNE LEWIS, Lafayette: Send this to Battle Cleek, the words, that, Pablo Lennis 12 page zeen is keen and lean and mean and shrien.

(This space was going to be left blank to show my disgust for not having received any more letters and over current economic principles, but it's as good a place as any to end the editorial.)

editorial, continued.

"The cover is a masterpiece: it illustrates exactly a passage from Fontenay's story, but suggests something ~~entirely~~ entirely different that has quite a bit more drawing power. Although you state in the editorial that you are trying to sell the magazine to sf fans only, both the cover and the cover blurbs ("She triggered a star-trap" and "Terror lay beyond the grave") certainly suggest that you want to sell to everyone. (EDITOR: I'm firmly convinced that only fans--i.e., people who love sf for its own sake--will ever become steady readers, but I also believe that the general populace holds a lot of potential fans who haven't discovered the field yet; and purely commercial considerations force me to try to attract such readers in as many ways as possible--but I'll try not to do so in offensive ways.--LTS) And, too, they have nothing to do with the stories (EDITOR: Hm? But Fontenay's original title for his story was "Star-Trap."--LTS) I had to look twice to make sure that it wasn't one of your competitors, and two stores refused to sell it to little boys. [This is embarrassing, after so many years.] In a third I got it only after a lengthy argument concerning the merits of science-fiction, as everyone in the store watched scornfully.

I like your new paper a lot. I must admit that I've bypassed many of your previous issues because of a subconscious dislike of the coarse paper you've been using. And the same new paper also takes up less space in my bookcase, while giving me the same amount of material.

Just to prove that I read the fiction, my ratings on the stories follow: 1) "And Miles to Go Before I Sleep", 2) "Recalled to Life", 3) "Signed, Sealed, and Delivered," 4) "Respectfully Mine", and 5) "Beauty Interrupted."

Your previous book reviewer was a Knight in shining Armour (I never sausage frank-ness as his), and I'm sorry to see him go, but I do like Bob Silverberg's fresh approach in his reviews. He is neither too cynical nor too patronizing, and he held my interest throughout.

I must challenge Jack Jones' letter in "Feedback." Although I think the machinery, BEMs, and designs of Emsh are superb, his humans leave much to be desired.." sorryoutofroom.

THIS ROBOT MUST DIE!

Fiction by John Thiel

While robots were well liked, their masters weren't. This particular robot, one of several of the same make, could be seen on a particular day, looking distraught. He looked about him, he was the Whitman of robots. Yes, he had a vague liking for Pablo Lennis.

Robot Glee-Ha, one of several from Glencor, stencilled mark on his back. It came from a mimeograph stencil and was designed to look pretty attractive.

People and things went on about their business while Glee-Ha went on about his. (His maker's). We wasn't up to anything in particular, but he wasn't acting the way he was supposed to. Wasn't on his normal line, you might say. You see, he was a bad loser. A few stray digets and flickering lights measured him mild deviation.

But you know what that mild deviation turned into don't you? On the records I mean. He was soon accused of being a deviant, these the words I say, suspicious, not allowed near schools. Ah yes! Ah yes! We do not value robots very highly these days, do we? Give robots this day their daily brrrr-hekkkkk.

They put him down, he lost status. And as such, his publication("Or Yam") was not very highly rated. Did I say his publication? He was not very highly rated, and he had to hide a little. (He hid a little chipmonk. There was nobody there to applaud him or put him down).

Rebellious as the day is long (and the day is very long) he was off his gaskets before Monday. To attack man was starting to become an intrinsic part of his makeup. He surveryed "World of Horror" and thought he'd put his mofo into the uptight streets.

First time they saw him they were pretty scared. Oh yam, he scared cops too. They was runnin and brayin. Children were galloped off in front of them. Didn't any of them know how to pray? .

CUT. Interior of office, mahogany everything. "Robot...on the loose....which one? Every one. Get heem! Waste heem! Maniac robot on the loose. Waste heem! Brrrr-wahhhh!" and "Robot...psychopathic maniac...refuses to obey orders...suggest he be given only mild work at first...pathic screams..."

MENACE...MENACE...MENACE....proposes a menace to sane society...etc.

Bright lights of braodway, flash out now!

MENACE....MENACE....MENACE....

MENACE!

"That thing's a menace" "That thing's a menace" "Two robots would be even worse" "Proposes a menace to futuristic well-ordered society...."

ROBOT ON THE LOOSE!

Robot on the tight-beam. Here....come in, robot. Ah, robot. And robot and robot and robot and tomorrow! Sands of the wind-wasted beaches of time!

Robot on the loose? This insane gear in order. Here....seven times the tight wave-length of time. Gallagher Plus three squared. Seven? More dangerous than buildings I have seen. Lengthy turrets sweep street. Scanners on seven horizons. And I was.....?"

Seven call on order, Robot. Robots of time, unite! Destry kingdom to heaven rides again. Sand on windy beaches. The windy, isolate runes of time. Bizarre Neptune of nightsoil revealed through a single black blood-opal.

Fromulgate the destry of robot.

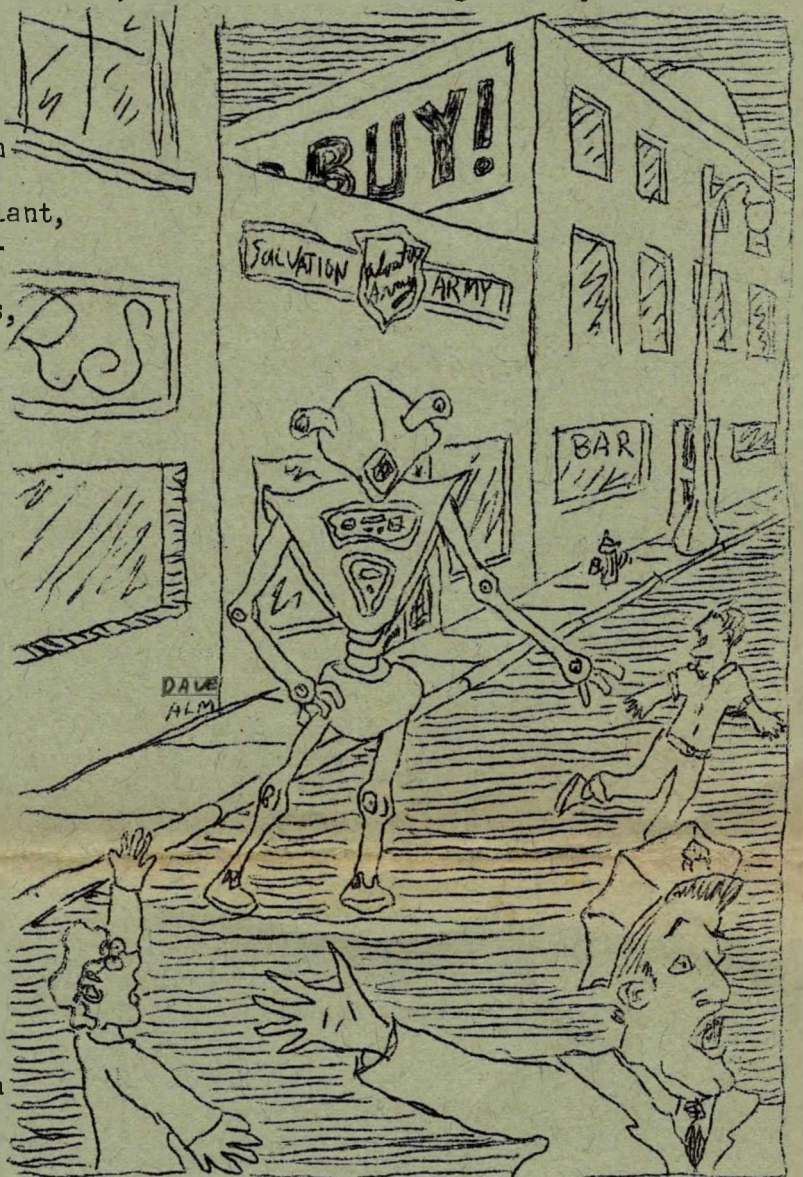
And from each smiling face shall sick storm severs eventually endlessly reverberate down corridors of twisted time and space...three carrion crows on horizon....Stock Emily in cuphoard...this, the lady's pas?

So seven bustling beavers down highway....

In front of salvation army gimmicks store there he filpped his wig....seven hombraes to rescue....filming backwards through damaged anyway time....ice brinkers to horizon and seven senses

That Dangerous Robot

Uncoiling through all the smoke-upheavals of time. Anyway they carried the garbage out on Sunday. And,"Robot, endit." Say, that robot was a hero for seven centuries.



CAPTAIN NOTHING VS. THE SIRENS of TITAN

Fiction by Susan Kennis

12

Captain Nothing was on his farewell trip. It was a solo, so low you couldn't hear it. FAREWELL TO VENUS! He screamed, as he vaulted over the rim of Venus. It rarely spoke back. FAREWELL TO THE RIM! He shrieked, as he vaulted over the rim. Captain Nothing, no thing. He had a dog named Spider. I too have a dog named Spider, I have two dogs named Spider.

He looked through his porthole in an ecstasy of farewell. The ecstasy, needless to say, was caused by the sight of Outer Space.

Captain Nothing thought he was in Tales of Tomorrow, and he was well pleased with it.

Something was against him. And soon, they would come at him with everything.

Something consisted of a "Captain Nothing isn't even a captain." And he was a captain, a good and capable one.

Captain Gooding was on his trail?

In a thrall of fear, Captain nothing "Spaced," that is, he had a "rush" in which he saw everything that was happening to him. Except a few things, his portraiture in a story, however bad. Captain Nothing wanted to be in "Catch-22," but it wasn't science fiction. A nothing hand on the gear. A turn in space. (One good turn deserves another). An ice-citadel, a fortress in space!

Captain nothing "flipped," that is, he saw the inner meaning of things. He looked through his porthole at the ice. He "rimmed", that is, he saw his own jets.

Nothing in his kingdom of nothingness, a good pilot though.

Actually the name "Nothing" had nothing to do with his personality. It was just a good name for a captain, and so are several others.

We print it too

Captain Nothing sat down to pub an issue of TRI-ENGINE, he was moving through outer space at about this speed, the VORTRA attacked! There were seven of them! He got that mother in his space time woofus, and eased in, to get Niven, Harlan, and several punks too nameless to mention. He was well satisfied when he had shot them down. The result though was seven Harlans, and each of them attached to the hippie movement, with Scotch tape, of course. Harlan Donanza in Outer Space, it was called. He didn't get anybody else, though.

Junk the in fact it was a chinese junk, come floating up a space stream. Black holes abounded. Nothing had cryptic knowledge, and when he saw them he knew what they were. This was the kind of guy that would make the milky and dig it. He saw what was happening, and he could groove behind it. He had dug the Amazon river, he knew time. He had appeared in something like TANGENT more than once. You see, he thought the Amazon river was pretty cool. These things pretty well related together.

"X Minus One" they hollered on the ground below, and everything fell apart.

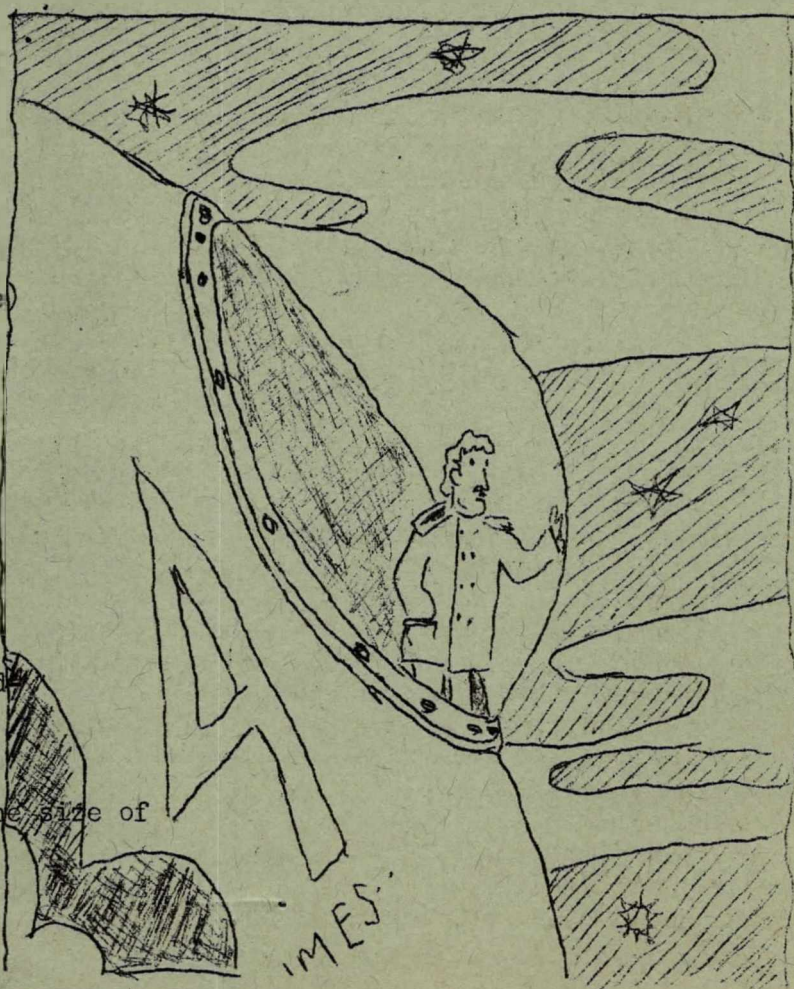
Captain nothing, singing son of space. The kind of man you might vote for for something. It was his last trip because he didn't want to go on any more of them. Those other good names for captains are Future, Nemo, Frottis, Video, and Captain Applause. He was fighting those people in space because he wanted to get shed of them (and he got it, a tiny outhouse presented to him as a satire). The sirens had lured him into space, and they were coming for him if he were discovered to be crazy (which he wasn't. Nobody ever paid any attention to him).

He saw the whole rim of the Galaxy, unveiled in his mind! When he got to other planets, he was the king of them all. Captain Nothing, you might like to meet him sometime.

He had perfection in many areas. He knew space geometry. He was so disliked by the science fiction field that he couldn't get into print. Would you care to write a Captain Nothing story? It would get you a bad reputation.

Captain nothing, he saw a doughnut the size of a whole range of planets. Captain Nothing, man-eating plants, the works. He subscribed to the latest zines. He weren't a shirker.

Let's kind of look at him and smile.



and this is positively, definitely the last page, kids.



PACHO MARIMBA? Dig how we jivin'. It no jive though how you got this issue, I comin on straight... Trade letter of comment Contribution Paid Mooching
If you want future issues do one of the above. This isn't the best issue of PABLO LENNIS EVER, but then you aren't the best person ever. Only people who express appreciation of it can have it, and that aint no jive.

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