

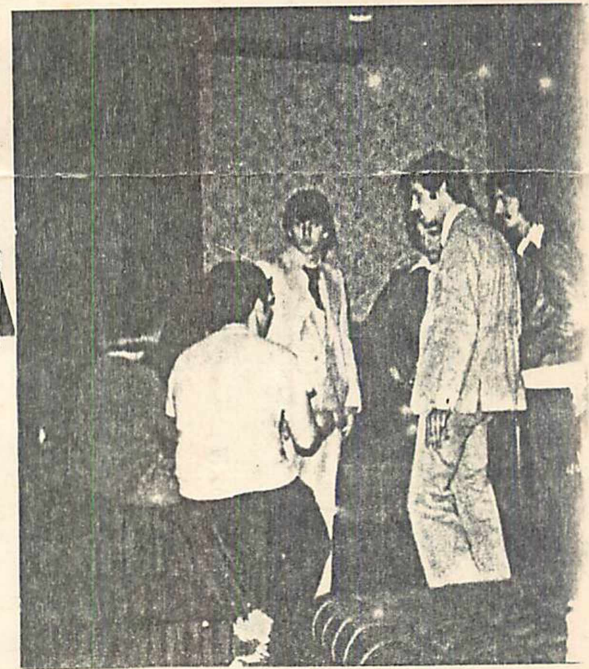
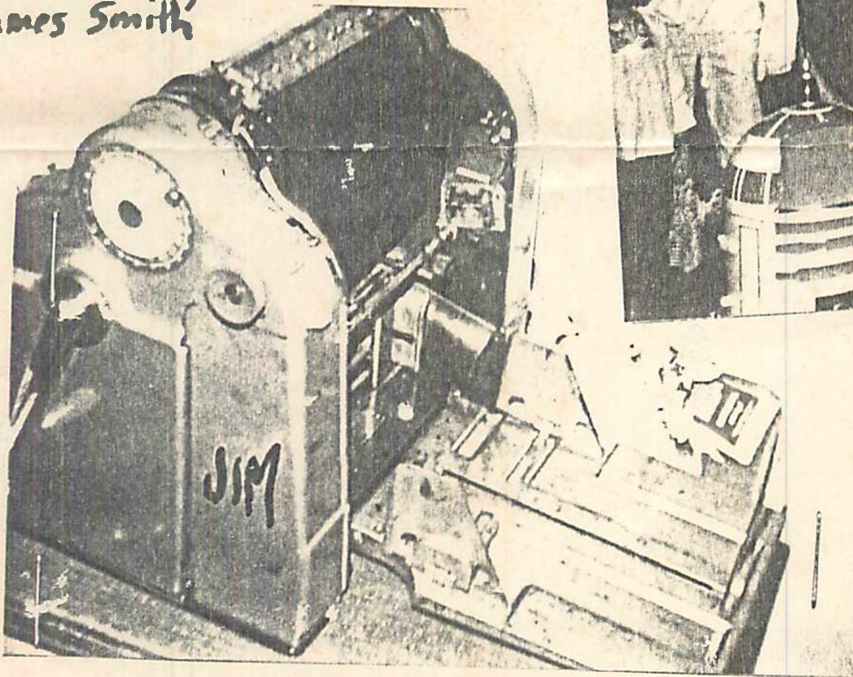
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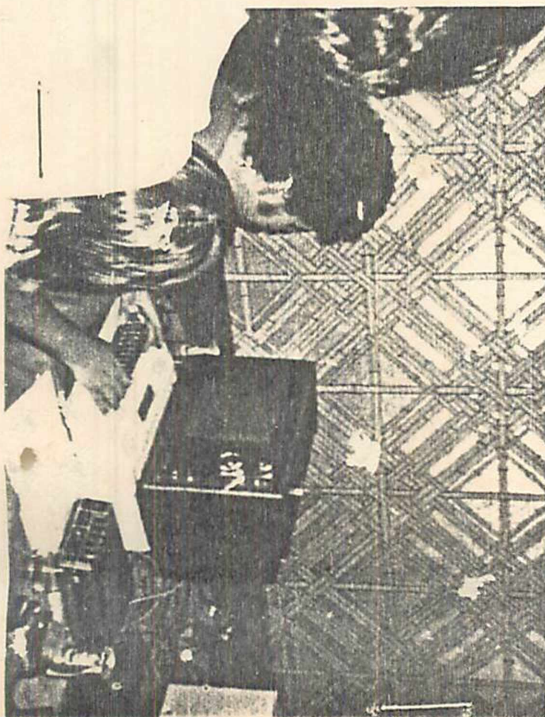
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 Oct. 1977



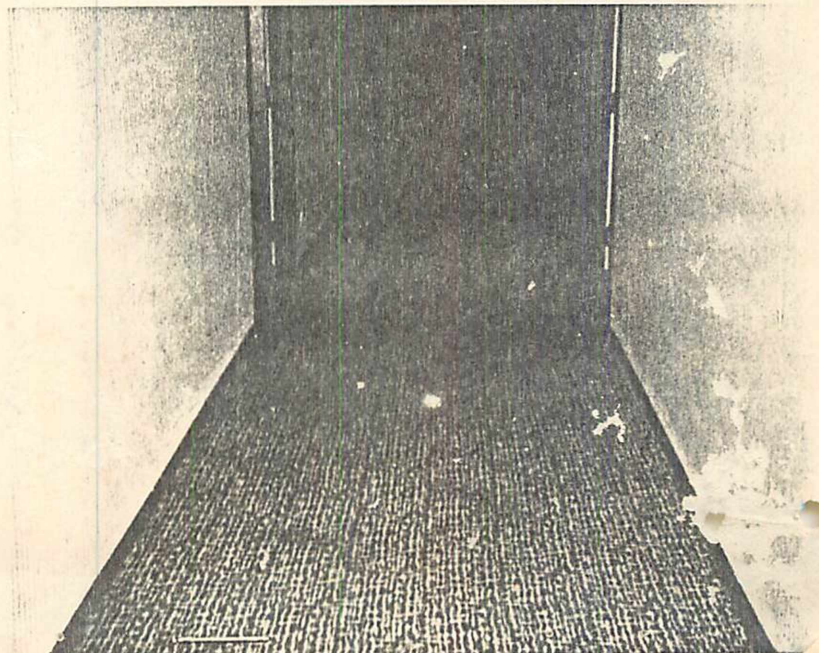
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More Fotos Inside



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HELLO LENNIS #24. October 1977. Published and edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904. Its cost 25¢; or a letter of comment. Tradds sometimes accepted. PL is a monthly fanzine. "The zine with a colophon."

C,L,E,A,R S:A:X:O:P:H:O:N:E C\*A\*D\*E\*N\*Z\*A\*S the editor speaks  
Well wot do you know. The first mellow notes are coming. It is like a rolling, golden river---a phantasy river, where strange dreams come true.

Last issue I thot I was going to have letters from politiks to transcribe. I wrote to them, didn't I? You saw my false start. Well, this issue I have one from Indiana senator Michael E. Gery, state, who lives in West Lafayette and is a man of relevance. He had this to say: Dear Mr. Thiel: Thank you for your recent letter regarding the possibility of establishing a program designed to better inform people about public affairs.//Maintaining direct communication with one's constituents is a prime responsibility of the individual legislator. (I'm not taking Rod Snyder's route, am I?) I try to be accessible to my constituents throughout the year, and not just during the legislative session. I conduct frequent citizen forums throughout the district, where people can come and ask me questions and receive information regarding actions of the General Assembly. (Through space hung screens of Yith near clammy walls obscene, who dropped that dad blamed eyeless, huge and bloated head?) I also send out periodic mailings of literature designed to keep my constituents informed of current issues. Finally, I encourage, rather than discourage, people to personally contact me whenever they have a problem with State Government or require information which is available to me through my position as a State Senator. (A tempting offer, I have a few problems of this nature, also there's a bit of that good information I'd like to see...I shall light my tapirs)//Although I feel I make a sincere effort to maintain direct and open communications with my constituents, I realize that there are many shortcomings regarding all elected officials keeping the public informed adequately. I feel a program such as one which you have suggested would be well received by the public in general. (Monte Python, that's the one they wouldn't receive?) I would be happy to meet with you to discuss some of the aspects of this proposed program. In the meantime, I have placed you on my mailing list as a means of keeping you informed on legislation before the State Senate. (After them, it's T-O-O L-A-T-E) Again, thank you for your interest and concern. (It only happens when I pub) Please feel free to contact me if I can be of any assistance. Sincerely, Mike Gery.//Very fbannish, and citizen Thiel thanks Mike Gery though the news is rather bleary. Bleary, feary, where's Tim Leary? And be you readers assured that the next time Mike is in Lafayette I will be down there to discuss mein program with him, provided that I read of his visit in the news. Hope he hasn't forgotten, the way circus men sometimes forget who they've hired. A lot of folks have wondered if, when I publish a political person's letter in PL, I send them a copy of it. No, I don't think that PL would be of that much interest in the state senate. Due to its lack of political orientation and neutrality about which party branch I belong to. However as you can see I am trying my best, to contact various people in politics and let them know my impressions about such things as state of news, Deceiver, rough roads etc.

With this issue I am returning to my original format of a free flow of editorial, reviews, and material. I am conscious of the fact that this format doesn't sit too well with some people, most notably the N3F, but it is the format I will be following (nuff said). You see, I prefer it to a contents page and all. It makes the zine much easier to do and in no way distracts from its officiality, its cool, cool officiality. Besides, look at your own formats, if you can stand to. Speaking of which, some zine reviews:

I COVER THE WATERFRONT, fanzine reviews episode 1 by ed.

KARASS 33, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, Pa 19076. This is the issue where Linda says she will be going out of business after a few more issues. I'll miss it. It was a news fanzine. Soon all of this will be gone. But wait, it's nothing but schmarz anyway. EWIGKEIT #6, Daniel L. Watson, Galactic Enterprises, 1520 Hedge Road, Champaign, Illinois 61820. 75¢. This is the kind of fanzine that makes me gripe. Contents nil, poor use of offset repro, bad grace the editor's aura.

WURLITZER #12, LASFAPA Official Organ. I doubt if you can obtain this one; I've certainly had enough trouble getting it. Not that I have ever requested it but yet I have trouble getting it. It comes in a double issue and has various pen names on the contents page plus a few real ones. There was some amusement to be found in this mailing but the omissions (Goldstein, Pelz, Bridget, Tutihasi, Andruschak, Chapman) was not among it. All of these except Tutihasi are people I have had some contact with, and all of them I have been in another organization with. The inclusions were ill-written but more interesting, as I say, than usual. Not yet as vibrant as the earlier LASFS, but improving.

SPECIAL SUNCON ISSUE OF TNFF. This N3F product is about as far from being special as any piece of mailing I have ever seen. I must escape from the N3F.

#### NEWS ITEMS

Here they are again. CONGRESSMEN LAUGH AT ZANY CIA DEVICES (WASHINGTON/AP) par the Lafayette Journal and Courier (and M. Seh-kab?)--Those zany CIA agents, who once tried to make Fidel Castro's beard fall out, have Congress in stitches again with tales of LSD bug-bombs, melting swizzle sticks and teargas launchers for agents who couldn't throw straight. Members of a Senate subcommittee broke up in laughter Tuesday as former agents told about the agency's use of special devices designed specifically to introduce drugs to unsuspecting test subjects. (why not wiretapping for subtle humor?)----SNAKE CHARMER? Connie Mitchell works amid these slithery cobras but doesn't mind a bit. (of course not, who but Swami Akidne minds a fad?) They are real, but stuffed, snakes from India (an explanation of why she doesn't mind it) and adorn the window of an office supply firm at Seattle. "They're just conversation pieces"-----said James Bennett? I'd photostat the zany picture if I had it today. Oh yes, and the HELPS column had an item where someone who got rooked by Family Interiors, you will remember it as my job, inquired about reimbursement. The editor said that the firm had gone out of business and the BBB was investigating it. Strange retrospect.



THE ARMED ATTACK is looking queer I really didn't think they'd still be here... Letters, installment #1// JERRY BAKER, 319 Rawson Drive, New Carlisle, Ohio 45344: With 5 pages devoted to the readers, the lettercol in PL #22 was, to say the least, interesting.//I am not a horticulture expert, altho don't be too surprised if I'm done in by a horde of vehemend gourd vines. And to those who either criticize or dislike my work, I say to them "Hubba Hubba!!" and trust that they are fully chastised.// "The Probably Adventures of Three Literary Men" was good, and I wouldn't mind seeing more from James.// What's all this big deal with Harlan Ellison suddenly? Maybe I've missed something?// Let's twist again like we did last year, baby!! (Jerry, I'd be happy to twist with you--but you're so far-fetched and obscured by fog.) Does it bother you to get all those "Dear Hohn" letters? (No, I've received them most of my life, due to the fact that my name is John--It does bother me a bit getting one from you, but I suppose I could have implied that by leaving off your P.S. here.)

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#### POEMS by Bill Bridget

##### LEAVES OF GRASS

Leaves of grass, leaves of grass  
are better than smoked salmon.  
I can get high even without grass  
But fish gives me indigestion/666

if i had less  
than a year to  
live I'd live  
in Detroit--and  
every day would

Polio Paul and Tubercular Bill

Went to fetch some water.

Paul couldn't make it up the hill

And had to call his Fater.

I got bugs you got bugs

Mary Jane Anderson's got bugs, et al

Here is the story of Minnie t' Moocherseem like an

She was a red-hot hootchie coocher Eternity.

She was the roughest, toughest frail

But Minnie had a heart as big as a whale

Heigh-dy Heigh-di-Hi; Hey-dy Hey-di-Hey!

She messed around with a bloke names Smokey

She loved his though he was a Coke-ie... I think this has been done (What about Ho Ho Honey

Golem on the synagogue stair

Your life is on a table t there

Above a heart you never had Shave

Engraved lies the name of God. Burma Me?)

Take a Whiff on

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#### THE BOOKSHOP reviews by John Macklemore

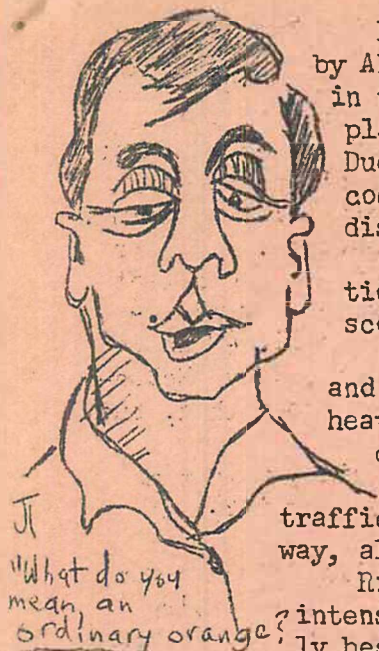
THE RIVER AND THE DREAM by Ray F. Jones, Laser \$1.25. 2.5 stars. This is a book which doesn't have much real action except in spurts. Yet the author does such a good job of leading up to it that you don't notice the change of pace. Until the end the characters come across very well (on their sickles?) in their Trek from the Frozen Land to Warm Country. The growth of Monvar the main character from a restless youth to Disillusioned adult, then into revitalized leader is very well done. The only fault I can find is the ending while good is not well done. I think he had trouble deciding how to do it and got caught by his deadline.

Now comes a real sleeper in the Laser Series. TIGER IN THE STARS by Zack Hughes, Laser, \$1.25. 4.5 stars. Other people may use Van Danikens theories for inspiration but not like this. For this is truly one of the most upbeat books I've ever read. It starts off like the average novel of a man looking for something without knowing why or who caused him to be doing it. The major portion of the novel concerns John Planks' search for home and understanding. It is filled mainly with psychological, not physical action. But so well done that the reader gets so involved you don't care. Then he springs the endings on you the first is good but the real ending, which is set three generations later, is spectacular in its way of saying man is not an animal he is much more.

Next comes another pair which are really a continuing serial. First "Brandy Jack" by Augustine Funnell, Laser, \$1.25. 2.06 stars. This is essentially the usual after the fall where Technology in the form of inventing is outlawed. The action is very well described and the characters solidly based. Especially Brandy Jack the hero a very reluctant one at that. He's happy with ale and food but he'll fight when pushed or the underdog needs him. Though it never says so I think he himself is a minor deviant (mutant). Nevertheless his adventures to find the Starship are good entertainment though then ending falls flat. The only real bad part of the whole thing.---The second half is THE REBELS OF MERKA, Funnell, \$1.25, 2.2 stars. In some ways this is better than BRANDY JACK. Brandy Jack himself is a better developed character but the others suffer from the extra attention. To anyone not having read the other book the characters are not believable. Which is not good in a relatively simple plot like this one is. On the other hand the action is well done throughout the story. Flowing well where it occurs so that everything blends together properly.

By this time you're probably ready for something other than Laser as I am. So I'll pull some out of these books over here. AH, some from one of my favorite series and the top one is just the one to start the others off with. DARKOVER LANDFALL, Marion Zimmer Bradley, DAW, \$1.20, 3.5 stars. Number one in the "Darkover" series, the book lays the groundwork for the series. The characters, plot and action all come together in what would be an excellent manner for any other book. Unfortunately it is not quite as good as most of the series. As always the descriptions of the effects, problems and joys of Telepathy and Extrasensory experience is excellent. The development from the initial crash landing to the setting up of a more permanent colony on to the first meetings with the Alien natives, is consistently well handled. Beginning with those who would not admit defeat in the crash of the ship, as well as those who wanted to stay and their shared adjustments to the planet and its dangers. THE SHATTERED CHAIN, MZB, DAW, \$1.50 4.5 stars. Another in the "Darkover" series, this is basically about the conflict of Men and Women. When there is repression of freedom by men. The conflict which causes the birth of the Free Amazon culture is well done without being exaggerated. The Free Amazons are womensworn to be free of any form of Male Domination. The plot deals with a woman from the Terran Federation masquerading as a Free Amazon, then willingly joins them. This is one of the real masterpieces in a series that is a masterpiece in itself. (sounds like something by William S. Burroughs. More of Macklemore's reviews next month. You should see the house he lives in. I must say I can see why he is so infrequently home. As a matter of fact you should see the body he lives in. vid. House.)





IN ONE DOOR--- "So What Snew"??? ---OUT THE OTHER feature  
by Allen Hansvold.....In days of yore, before the Knight ventured out  
in the Kday, he donned a coat of mail, filigreed metal, and armored  
plate to protect himself and achieve a measure of anonymity. Nowadays,  
Dude and Dame get the same results by encapsulating themselves in a  
cocoon of cloth, glass, sheet metal, and iron bar which effectively  
disguises their individuality and vulnerability.

The Knight mounted his steed, a leg-actuated, hay-powered contrap-  
tion of one-horse power, while D&D harnesses round-legged mobiles of  
scores, or even hundreds of HP, and are on their marks.

Sir Knight was now ready to exercise his territorial imperative,  
and to engage in jousts for fun and profit. He galloped over moor and  
heath, alert for both interlopers and game. D&D, too, roar off to the  
daily fray, establishing a series of proprietary turfs faster than  
a terrier can spread scents along a picket fence. A clear lane of  
traffic, the favored spot at a stop light, an illuminated green right-of-  
way, all must be savagely seized and tenaciously defended.

Rivalry for these favored positions, and inbred animosities, produce  
intense feelings of anger, impatience, and temperamental outbursts, lavish-  
ly bestowed upon the adversaries through coarse oaths, verbal billingsgate,  
and gestures of contempt and ridicule. Challenges are hurled, imprecations screamed. Dirty  
looks are legion, perhaps because the supply available to the mechanical horsemen and horse-  
women are limitless. Very rarely do these take place outside the shelter of the vehicles.  
Tigers in the caged automobiles frequently turn to pussy cats on the road.

Since the inconclusive skirmishes on the King's Highway often cannot satisfy the honor  
of the combatants, challenges are issued and accepted. These bring together the nobility  
of the mobility, Lord Ford, Count Chevroket, the Earl of Pontiac, Shogun Toyota, Chancellor  
Volkswagen, and others. The swiftest of these will vanquish the foe and receive the spoils  
of the sport.

Each combatant is accompanied by a second.....as well as a third and sometimes a fourth.

As in times medieval when there were organized contests in the Colliseum of Rome, so  
also in modern times do we have legions of gladiator's who vie for money, honour, and satis-  
faction in hot, smoky pits filled with snarling metallic mounts. Various chariots engage  
in deadly games of hors de combat, each trying to deliver a coupe de gras on chair sedans  
and station carts. The most feared of these desperate bands are known as the Mercury Mau-  
raders and the Plymouth Furies. These are generally fought by the Buick Centurions, Contin-  
ental Mark Roman Numerals II through V, and other "White Hats." These events are usually  
referred to as Demolition Derbies.

Grand tournaments are also waged on vast scales over causes, booty, ethnic differences,  
and propaganda. The assaults on cities by the Goths advance at the dawn of each day and  
retreat at night from the counterattacks. These daily invaders desperately seek to wrest  
treasures from the concrete jungles, so that they may enjoy the spoils of war in their syl-  
van manors. The Gothnots tenaciously defend their warrens, but are handicapped by weaker  
and older steeds, and are outnumbered in mounts.

EPILOGUE: South, North, East, West---that is what's SNEW!

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A FLYING TRIP journey notes by Greg L. Teetsell "if he's lying he's flying"

I had been working in a welfare office as a clerk for a couple of weeks and felt like my  
legs were bound because of that. It had been about 38 hours since Thomas and I had left Ral-  
eigh on our way out to San Francisco in my beat up 1964 Volkswagen Bug. Thomas also had one  
of those awful clerk jobs with the welfare department and he decided on the trip to help sub-  
jugate the violence pent up in him. On the trip, earlier, somewhere near Lexington, Kentucky,  
I think, he said he wanted to become an anarchist revolutionary, maybe run off and join Posse  
Comitatis (a fanatical, paramilitary anarchist group based in New Orleans), and blow up wel-  
fare and tax offices. Driving, he said, helped relieve those kind of tensions.

We were in Nebraska and it was a bright, clear Sunday. Except that there was a wind.  
About 30 mph worth of wind. Thomas was in the backseat passed out from "Driver's Hypnosis"  
and I was still awake-stimulated mentally from driving for the last nine hours and ready to  
go another eight, at least:

I stopped the car at a Chevron station, one of those new kind that look like one of  
Frank Lloyd Wright's bad dreams. While the attendant diddled with the car, I looked out be-  
hind the station. Slowly I looked; it took a moment to perceive this picture.

5000 acres, at least, of wheat. Long, glawless, manicured wheat, all blowing to the  
north, bent at a 20° angle, strong enough to take that wind.

There was a connection between that wheat and Thomas' desire to blow up government bul-  
dings. If guns and explosives are symbolic phallically, what was wheat? The wind continued  
to blow through my matted, greasy hair. I watched that wheat resist the wind.

I paid the attendant, bought a beer and used it to wash down some cheap diet pills I got  
from the 14-year-old hypochondriac girl who lives next door to my mother. Putting a David  
Bowie cassette into the machine, I drove on past Provo---buzzing in my head those words, buz-  
zing:

"I'm just waiting sometimes  
For that gift of  
Sound and Vision."

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Ah, he wants his TV. Greg finally got to meet Bill Bridget last night, and they had  
a fine, primal conversation and debate which cleared the air somewhat and framed Bill in a  
more vivid, eloquent red light in which his outlines were more prominent. Glad to see the  
chat---I think it defined Greg a bit too; and the friction was rather beautiful.



THE ARMED ATTACK pokes up its head it has a tie to knock 'em dead---Sect. II, letters TONY RENNER, P.O. Box 851, Panama, Illinois 62077: I fail to see the purpose of sending me just the page my loc was on. (Well, you want to see what it looks like in print, don't you? Just let me know. Otherwise other people will be reading it and you won't even know it's been published.) I also fail to see the purpose of printing what you did of it. (So do most people, but it's evidence.) Case in point, why didn't you print Phil Parson's statement that I enclosed? Afraid to admit to being wrong? (Parson's statements aren't worth printing.)

Where does MOTA have quality? The art, layout, reproductions, contributions, & letter column. To name five places. (Why not name Virginia?) (I see you want to make it clear that you like Terry. Okay, Tony, I'll verify that you do. Theme chords from "Swanee River"...) (The bit about (unprintable thought) comes from Monty Python & the Holy Grail. (This is hardly a good recommendation even of its veracity.) Had you printed it I'm sure Steve McDonald would have gotten a chuckle out of it. (No doubt at all that you're sure about that, but what about the chuckle Balthazar would have gotten?)

Are you trying to start a feud or what? (P.U., no, just go away) What did you want me to do about your asking me if I was a fag? (Can't you deny it? Won't anyone deny it?) If you do want a feud, go elsewhere please. (Okay, sit with your incense.)

I first heard about the "Lafayette Kinney" from KARASS. You can ask Bill Bridgett for the letters I wrote to him about it. (I know I can...he comes in every few weeks. You're the second person who's told me what I can ask Bridgett about. But I don't want to ask him about the letters you've written to him, because I'm not interested in them.) Part of one is directed to you, anyway. I do indeed like the one issue of TRIODE I've seen. (most people do) I also think MAYA 14 is a very good zine. You may remember that you said "isn't much of a fanzine." (In spite of being preoccupied with the echoes of CATCHER IN THE RYE, yes, I remember the statement. However, it wasn't much good.)

If my loc was so weak why'd you print it? Surely not to show off your "wit."

Since you don't edit VOR-ZAP, how about giving my name to the editor so he can decide if he wants to send me a copy of VOR-ZAP. (Full form is appropriate. No, I won't give him your name; I don't want you to have VOR-ZAP.)

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MORE POLITICS: Birch Bayh sent me a package of literature about himself in response to my letter that I didn't know very much about him. Also this letter was enclosed: Dear Mr. Thiel: Thank you for your very kind letter concerning my political background and achievements. I am happy to enclose materials which I hope will be informative.// It is encouraging to know that a new Indiana resident will take time to get acquainted with his political leaders. (Actually I was born in Gary.) While at the same time, I have the chance to learn about you and your valuable opinions on the important issues facing State and Country.// Please keep in touch, and if my office can be of assistance, don't hesitate to call. Warmest wishes. Sincerely, Birch Bayh, U.S. Senator. (This letter was lettermarked US SENATE Committee on Appropriations. What are appropriations? Bayh also enclosed a photo of himself on the Senate steps with a calendar on back. I'm going to drop my policy of printing letters relating to politics and govt without sending copies to the authors of them just this once, and send Sen. Bayh the tear-sheets of the pages his materials, here, are on; his letter is much friendlier than the one from Gov. Bowen and the one printed earlier from our State Senator.)

Among the materials sent by Bayh was a folder with a campaign button attached labelled SENATOR BIRCH BAYH..THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE WITH A PLAN FOR ECONOMIC RECOVERY. Inside he refers to "A deliberate policy of planned unemployment..two recessions and a record inflation. Only a genius for ineptitude could have produced recessions and inflation together." Ineptitude is a different word from the ones I use, but the statement is certainly much clearer than one is used to. The program looks good already and I wonder how far he has come with it from the times when he is campaigning. The following analysis of the economic situation is a different theory than we have been reading in the news, mentioning different facts from another perspective. In one part he almost makes it clear what the Federal Reserve is, a thing a lot of us have been disputing about. Does it mean an austere countenance or is it a reference to gold buried on a hillside? Possibly neither, but anyway Bayh suggests it needs improvements. Isn't the Fed Reserve those fellows who gave me two bucks during the New York Blackout? Anyway, Bayh's folder makes his whole program sound good.

Another enclosure is called THIS YEAR (76) ONE DEMOCRAT STANDS OUT. And his picture. Inside it says he argued with Nixon prior to Watergate (here I disagree with his policy), that he is trying to throw two highly placed individuals out of work (a rare policy, in fact) that he is endorsed by a woman's rights leader, that he wants to bring free enterprise to oil (I can see ways this wouldn't be feasible---what about the way oil drillers feel about oil?) That he is against crime (that's fine, as long as it continues to be clear that I haven't committed any), that he has added more to the constitution than anyone since Madison, and that all the candidates' statements should be checked. His will bear out. (You may remember his theme song which stated "Hey, look him over, he's your kind of guy, his first name is Birch and his last name is Bayh") This enclosure also sounded pretty good except for its opening and those qualifications.

There were four abstracts from the Congressional Record wherein Bayh is speaking. They're from Vol. 123, 12-117. I'll quote some of the contents, like this from No. 117:

S. 1848. A bill to protect the rights of individuals guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and to prevent unwarranted invasion of their privacy by prohibiting the use of polygraph-type equipment for certain purposes; to the Committee on the Judiciary. (how about that one, guys?) "discomfort and indignity of a pre-employment 'lie detector' test" "asked them irrelevant questions" "polygraph operators..delve..into sexual habits or past use of marihuana.." Later "I am aware..that the Select Committee on Intelligence is currently engaged in a study of employee security practices of agencies in the US Intelligence com-



munity.. The rest of the ~~little~~ abstract builds up his case. Later on he quotes someone named Skolnick: "...people cannot go through life without some lying, and every individual builds up his own set of responses to the act. Lying can conceivably result in satisfaction, excitement, humor, boredom, sadness, hatred, as well as guilt, fear, or anxiety." Skolnick? Scotus, maybe? Anyway, man the dams behind this one. Later I notice a case called "Boyd v. United States," which no matter how I looked was not being processed by Sen. Raeburn, there's "Miranda v. Arizona," "Boyd & Miranda," "Mapp v. Ohio" etc.

No. 12 concerns Public Welfare and Displaced Homemakers. "greater participation by women in the labor force"??? I guess from reading the precis that he hasn't got that problem quite solved. So it doesn't interest me, except that "giant oaks from little acorns grow."

No. 13 contains a good and well-phrased introductory speech by Bayh supporting Judge Griffin Bell for Attorney General. It is apparently addressed to the President of the United States.

No. 69 (1) concerns the authorization of actions by the Attorney General (Griffin Bell? It's 4 months later) to redress deprivations of constitutional and other federally protected rights of institutionalized persons. Apparently individuals are being taken a group at a time to have their rights reviewed. Clink your cups against the bars, if you would (you say you won't?) and ask if this can be a massive action. There's one case in here called "Wyatt v. Stickney." Personally, judging from the names involved, I'm for Wyatt; some of you may be for Stickney. Wyatt has a case later on with Anderhold. Must be quite a case. A fast draw versus lightning. Sounds like a good hoedown for several hundred miles around those parts. Later on, mentally ill, handicapped, nursing homes, jails, and juvenile detention centers (yum) are mentioned. All on the same list, I might add. What's this on the back? Monroe v. Pape?? Then US v. State of Mississippi. A good lively bulletin, Apr. 1977. All I want to know is, were those cases solved quickly or otherwise once they had come up.

Maybe I'm being a bit scansion-minded in going over these things, and since I'm sending a copy to Bayh, all I have to say is I'm fully in favor of most of these things he has proposed, and wonder to what extent they have gone through. Some seem to clash, like the Nixon part as opposed to the bills, but Bayh is supposed to be a man who gets results. Anyway, since I favor Bayh so wildly well, I hope he won't look askance at this my survey.

Lastly we have a booklet entitled BIRCH BAYH/THE MAN AND HIS RECORD. On the cover, "He looks more and more like a midwest John Kennedy, but with a personal background oriented much more closely, not only to the country's heartland, but to the life of most ordinary citizens. ...His origins are straight out of Horatio Alger and the mythology of the all-American boy: farmer, lawyer, class president, star athlete, Army veteran, leading state legislator and, in '62 the boyish David who felled the local Goliath, Senator Capehart. Handsome, strong, married to a natural born political wife with a record as a former campaigner. The image is almost too good to be true; if it holds a serious flaw, that hasn't shown up yet." this quotation is from Eric Sevareid on the CBS news; I doubt that Bayh's record does hold a serious flaw. Sevareid's own record is quite good, as a matter of fact. I'm not implicitly suggesting Payola here, simply holding up images of perfection. Better than Guelph, isn't it? On page 2 the biography starts; his assets are listed with little lines in front of each point like one is being invited to check off his favorites. I find that he was born fairly near Lafayette (Terre Haute in fact), that he attended IU law (so a big hello to John Ford; maybe I should send him as issue, and a tip of the Hatlo hat if I had it), that he was a light-heavyweight boxing champ, and that his son Evan attends IU now. Salient point there. This resume isn't dated but the latest date in it seems to be the fairly recent '75. The agencies Bayh is listed as belonging to are all of interest to all of us. Maybe they wouldn't seem that way at first but I notice they are. His record is a good and interesting one, except for the Women's Rights section, and seems much more accute than that of other people who have studied the same issues. I was rather surprised to find him interested in so many of the things that interest me. Apparently he is presently concentrating on certain areas of concern involving the ability to move, etc., as seen from my own point of view. As presumably he will be studying these issues further (or I don't see what else he'd move on to) I think that he's a man not only of political interest but of interest to us. I did not used to be interested in politics, but since I have developed some interest now, I was happy to receive a copy of Birch Bayh's political record, as forewarded by him, and I think if I can get some further information about Bayh, as opposed to politicians in general, I might be able to gain some insight not only into the workings of government, but into present day affairs as well. Pass the cubebs. I wonder how many of my readers might like me to place more stress upon politics in this fanzine.

Anyway, Birch, thanks for sending the information you sent, and I hope that this reprinting of it in my zine is all right with you (if hasn't got a ~~limited~~ unlimited distribution so the wrong people don't read it). This zine is a science fiction fan magazine devoted to exploration of the possibilities of what some people call the Space Age, and science, technology, theories about life on other planets etc. So, if these people become politically aware of you as senator, that will be a bunch of more people who are developing political awareness. Hipe your son is scoring well at IU.

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And now, another installment of MEN OF THE SHADOWS, Robert E. Howard's continuing masterpiece published in these pages. As synopsis, you will remember the protagonist was caught in several degraded war traps in a rather nameless land. To continue the story:

Part II. in plain, close-fitting garments, his only arm a long, straight sword. He resembled in form and features the Picts no more than did I, yet there was about him a certain apparent kinship to them.

All those things I noted vaguely, scarcely able to keep my feet.



"I have seen you," I said, speaking as one mazed. "Often and often in the forefront of battle I have seen you. Always you led the Picts to the charge while your chiefs slunk far from the field. Who are you?"

Then the warriors and the world and the sky faded, and I crumpled to the heath.

Faintly I heard the strange warrior say, "Staunch his wounds and give him food and drink." I had learned their language from Picts who came to trade at the Wall.

I was aware that they did as the warrior bid them, and presently I came to my senses, having drunk much of the wine that the Picts brew from heather. Then, spent, I lay upon the heather and slept, nor recked of all the savages in the world.

When I awoke the moon was high in the sky. My arms were gone and my helmet, and several armed Picts stood guard over me. When they saw I was awake they motioned me to follow them, and set out across the heath. Presently we came to a high bare hill with a fire gleaming upon its top. On a boulder beside the fire sat the strange dark chief, and about him, like spirits of the Dark World, sat Pictish warriors in a silent ring.

They led me before the chief, if such he was, and I stood there, gazing at him without defiance or fear. And I sensed that here was a man different from any I had ever seen. I was aware of a certain force, a certain unseen power radiating from the man, that seemed to set him apart from the common men. It was as though from the heights of self-conquest he looked down upon men, brooding, inscrutable, fraught with the ages' knowledge, somber with the ages' wisdom. Chin in hand, he sat, dark, unfathomable eyes fixed upon me.

"Who are you?"

"A Roman citizen."

"A Roman soldier. One of the wolves who have torn the world for far too many centuries."

Among the warriors passed a murmur, fleeting as the whisper of the night wind, sinister as the flash of a wolf's fang.

"There be those whom my people hate more than they do the Romans," said he. "But you are a Roman, to be sure. And yet, methinks they must grow taller Romans than I had thought. And your beard, what turned it yellow?"

At the sardonic tone, I threw back my head, and though my skin crawled at the thought of the swords at my back, I answered proudly.

"By birth I am a Norseman."

A savage, blood-lusting yell went up from the crouching horde, and in an instant they surged forward. A single motion of the chief's hand sent them slinking back, eyes blazing. His own eyes had never left my face.

"My tribe are fools," said he. "For they hate the Norse even more than they do the Romans. For the Norse harry our shores incessantly; but it is Rome that they should hate."

"But you are no Pict!"

"I am a Mediterranean."

"Of Caledonia?"

"Of the world."

"Who are you?"

"Bran Mak Morn."

(That isn't who the foolish fellow is)

"What!" I had expected a monstrosity, a hideous, deformed giant, a ferocious dwarf built in keeping with the rest of his race. "You are not as these."

"I am as the race was," he replied. "The line of chiefs has kept its blood pure thru the ages, scouring the world for women of the Old Race."

"Why does your race hate all men?" I asked curiously. "Your ferocity is a byword among the nations."

"Why should we not hate?" his dark eyes lit with a sudden fierce glitter. "Trampled upon by every wandering tribe, driven from our fertile lands, forced into the waste places of the world, deformed in body and in mind. Look upon me. I am what the race once was. Look about you. A race of ape-men, we that were the highest type of men the world could boast."

I shuddered in spite of myself at the hate that vibrated in his deep, resonant voice.

Between the lines of warriors came a girl, who sought the chief's side and nestled close to him. A slim, shy little beauty, not much more than a child. Mak Morn's face softened somewhat as he put his arm about her slender body. Then the brooding look returned to his dark eyes.

"My sister, Norseman," he said. "I am told that a rich merchant of Corinium has offered a thousand pieces of gold to any who brings her to him."

My hair prickled for I seemed to sense a sinister minor note in the Caledonian's even voice. The moon sank below the western horizon, touching the heather with a red tinge, so that the heath looked like a sea of gore in the eery light. The chief's voice broke the stillness. "The merchant sent a spy past the Wall. I sent him his head."

I started. A man stood before me. I had not seen him come. A very old man he was, clad only in a loincloth. A long white beard fell to his waist, and he was tattooed from crown to heel. His leathery face was creased with a million wrinkles, his hide was scaly as a snake's. From beneath sparse white brows his great strange eyes blazed, as though seeing weird visions. The warriors stirred restlessly. The girl shrank back into Mak Morn's arms as if frightened.

"The god of War rides the night wind," spoke the wizard suddenly, in a high eery voice. "The kites scent blood. Strange feet tramp the roads of Alba. Strange oars beat the Northern Sea."

"Lend us your craft, wizard," commanded Mak Morn imperiously.

"You have displeased the old gods, Chief," the other answered. "The temples of the Serpent are deserted. The white god of the moon feasts no more of man flesh. The lords of the air look down from their ramparts and are not pleased. Hai, hai! They say a chief has turned from the path."

"Enough," Mak Morn's voice was harsh. "The power of the Serpent is broken. The neo-



phytes offer up no more humans to their dark divinities. If I lift the Pictish nation out of the darkness of the valley of abysmal savagery, I brook no opposition by prince or priest. Mark my words, wizard."

The old man raised great eyes, weirdly alit, and stared into my face.

"I see a yellow-haired savage," came his flesh-crawling whisper. "I see a strong body and a strong mind, such as a chief might feast upon."

An impatient ejaculation from Mak Morn.

The girl put her arms about him timidly and whispered in his ear.

"Some characteristics of humanity and kindness remain still with the Picts," said he, and I sensed the fierce self-mockery in his tone. "The child asks me that you go free."

Though he spoke in the Celtic language, the warriors understood, and muttered discontent, "No!" exclaimed the wizard violently.

The opposition steeled the chief's resolution. He rose to his feet.

"I say the Norseman goes free at dawn."

A disapproving silence answered him.

"Dare any of ye to step upon the heath and match steel with me?" he challenged.

The wizard spoke. "Hark ye, Chief, I have outlived a hundred years. I have seen chiefs and conquerors come and go. In midnight forests have I battled the magic of the Druids. Long have ye mocked my power, man of the Old Race, and here I defy ye. I bid ye unto the combat."

No word was spoken. The two men advanced into the firelight which threw its fitful gleam into the shadows.

"If I conquer, the Serpent coils again, the Wildcat screeches again, and thou art my slave forever. If thou dost conquer, my arts are thine and I will serve thee."

Wizard and chief faced each other. The lurid flame-flares lit their faces. Their eyes met, clashed. Yes, the combat between the eyes and the souls behind them was clearly evident as though they had been battling with swords. The wizard's eyes widened, the chief's narrowed. Terrible forces seemed to emanate from each; unseen powers in combat swirled about them. And I was vaguely aware that it was but another phase of the eon-old warfare. The battle between Old and New. Behind the wizard lurked thousands of years of dark secrets, sinister mysteries, frightful nebulous shapes, monsters half hidden in the fogs of antiquity. Behind the chief, the clear strong light of the coming Day, the first kindling of civilization, the clean strength of a new man with a new and mighty mission. The wizard was the Stone Age typified; the chief, the coming civilization. The destiny of the Pictish race, perhaps, hinged on that struggle.

Both men seemed in the grasp of terrible effort. The veins stood out upon the chief's forehead. Their eyes of both blazed and glittered. Then a gasp broke from the wizard. With a shriek he caught at his eyes, and slumped to the heather like an empty sack.

"Enough!" he gasped. "You conquer, chief." He rose, shaken, submissive.

The tense, crouching lines relaxed, sat in their places, eyes fixed on the chief. Mak Morn shook his head as if to clear it. He stepped to the boulder and sat down, and the girl threw her arms about him, murmuring to him in a gentle, joyous voice.

"The Sword of the Picts is swift," mumbled the wizard. "The Arm of the Pict is strong. Hail! They say a mighty one has risen among the Western Men."

"Gaze ye upon the ancient Fire of the Lost Race, Wolf of the Heather! Hai, hai! They say a chief has risen to lead the race onward."

The wizard stooped above the coals of the fire which had gone out, muttering to himself, stirring the coals, mumbling in his white beard, he half droned, half sang, a weird chant, of little meaning or rhyme, but with a kind of wild rhythm, remarkably strange and eerie.

"O'er lakes agleam the old gods dream;	From peak to peak the witches shriek. (3?)
Ghosts stride the heather dim.	The gray wolf seeks the height.
The night winds croon; the eerie moon	Like gold sword-sheath, far o'er the heath
Slips o'er the ocean's rim.	Glimmers the wandering light."

The ancient stirred the coals, pausing now and then to toss on them some weird object, keeping time with his motions with his chant.

"Gods of heather, gods of lake,  
Bestial fiends of swamp and brake;  
White god riding on the moon,  
Jackal-jawed, with voice of loon;  
Serpent god whose scaly coils  
Grasp the Universe in toils.

See, the Unseen Sages sit;  
See the council fires alit.  
See I stir the glowing coals,  
Toss on manes of seven foals.

Seven foals all golden shod  
From the herds of Alba's god.  
Now in numbers one and six,  
Shape and place the magic sticks.

In and out among the coals licked the thin red flames, now leaping in swift upward spurts, now vanishing, now catching the tinder thrown upon it, with a dry crackle that sounded through the stillness. Wisps of smoke began to curl upward in a mingling, hazy cloud.

"Dimly, dimly glimmers the starlight,  
Over the heather-hill, over the vale.  
Gods of the Old Land brood o'er the far night,  
Things of the Darkness ride on the gale.

Scented wood brought from afar,  
From the land of Morning Star,  
Hewn from limbs of sandal-trees,  
Brought far o'er the Eastern Seas.

Sea-snake's fangs, see now, I fling,  
Pinions of a sea-gull's wing.  
Now the magic dust I toss,  
Men are shadows, life is dross.

Now the flames crawl, ere they blaze,  
Now the smokes rise in a haze.  
Fanned by far off ocean blast,  
Leaps the tale of distant past."

Now while the fire smoulders, while  
smokes enfold it,

Now it leaps into clear, mystic flame.  
Hearken once more (else the dark gods  
withhold it),

Hark to the tale of the race without name."



The smoke floated upward, swirling about the wizard; as through a dense fog his yellow eyes peered. As if across far spaces his voice came floating, with a strange impression of disembodiment. With a weird intonation as though the voice were, not the voice of the ancient, but a something detached, a something apart, as if disembodied ages, and not the wizard's mind, spoke through him.

A wilder setting I have seldom seen. Overhead all darkness, scarce a star aglitter, the waving tentacles of the Northern Lights reaching lurid banners across the sullen sky; somber slopes stretching away to mingle with vagueness, a dim sea of silent, waving heather; and on that bare, lone hill, the half-human horde crouching like somber specters of another world, their bestial faces now merging in the shadows, now touched with blood as the fire-light veered and flickered. And Bran Mak Morn sitting like a statue of bronze, his face thrown into bold relief by the light of the leaping flames. And that weird face, limned by the eerie light, with its great, blazing yellow eyes, and its long snow-white beard.

"A mighty race, the men of the Mediterranean."

Savage faces alit, they leaned forward. And I found myself thinking the wizard was right. No man might civilize those primeval savages. They were untamable, unconquerable. The spirit of the wild, of the Stone Age was theirs.

"Older than the snow-crowned peaks of Caledon."

The warriors leaned forward, evincing eagerness and anticipation. I sensed that the tale ever intrigued them, though doubtless they had heard it a hundred times from a hundred chiefs and ancients.

"Norseman," suddenly breaking the train of his discourse, "what lies beyond the Western Channel?"

"Why, the isle of Hibernia."

"And beyond?"

"The isles that the Celts call Aran."

"And beyond?"

"Why, in sooth, I knownot. Human knowledge pauses there. No ship has sailed those seas. The learned men call it Thule. The unknown, the realm of illusion, the edge of the world."

"Hai, hai! That mighty western ocean washes the shores of continents unknown, islands unguessed."

The Wizard's tale begins in the conclusion of this story, next ish!

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Like to take a moment here to inform all readers of this issue of PABLO LENNIS that along with it, at no cost comes a tape recording I've made. I'm going to start it out with one of the readers; with a list; you get it, you pass it on to the next reader. It has some fairly nice music on it, and I'm passing it along as a test, or demonstration, tape to blaze a trail for tape recorder fandom! I am pretty!

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THE ARMED ATTACK rehoves in sight, in all its sheer unvanquished might! letters excuse me, I guess I don't have any new letters. Instead, some more zine reviews: SF COMMENTARY Bruce Gillespie, c/o Hank Luttrell, 525 West Main, Madison, WISC 57303. \$1.20. By all means send for it! The guy lives in Australia, it's where you belong sending for fanzines from. Though in truth, it's the most dreadful job I've seen for such and such a time. Really of no value whatever! No quality! Absolutely worthless, a bane to receive! WINDFALL PROPHET David Taggart, Chandler Road, White River Jct., Vermont 05001. Sept 77. Dave Taggart has a pretty good name in fandom, but this unexpected zine doesn't explain it at all. I found it to be a poor fanzine, and the contents were nothing but ill-written reviews! It just wasn't any good! I'm not even loocing it! Why did I receive it? Quit sending it, Dave. BSFAN 7, Mike Kurman, 16-I Rich Mar Road, Owings Mills, Maryland 21117, 25¢, is starting to look more stable. The next issue after this might turn out to be pretty good. GREG KOSTIKYAN, scurvy wretch, sent a mimeographed bulletin apologizing for being a year and a half late and then saying he wasn't going to publish now, either, but if he ever did, us who commented on the last issue would receive one.

Now, here's a lone assailant, an armed attacker making his way up the hill---JERRY BAKER, 319 Rawson, New Carlisle, Ohio 45344: Thanks for the REHoward story; I enjoyed it the first time I read it (in WORMS OF THE EARTH, I believe) and was glad to see it again. (I've seen this comment before too, what's it mean? Did you lose your copy?) However, don't you think running something like this makes PL commercial and could turn it into something respected (GASP!!)? (well, I don't really know how to answer that.)//HARPER sounds as if he's been taking lessons from the Cosmic Greaser. (\*a more unique personage would be hard found). (Bing bang, I saw the whole gang!)//The lettercol was interesting, as usual, even tho the tone of the majority was somewhat oppressive. It's a shame. (think the words of Aint that A Shame.)

From ALYSON ABRAMOWITZ comes the news that she never saw Pablo Lennis before the Auto-clave. Well, I thought that she had. //From BILL BRIDGET, an utter scrawl. You've heard of Boxing Day? Well this has been shicanning day.

DISCORD; from the folks who brought you BLUE STAR MYSTERY, Dave & Susannah Bates, 355 Kennedy Drive, Putnam, Connecticut 06260 (if that's a real address), is a thriving journal of repetitious material about old pulps (magazines, that is, not early pro writers). Between them, Dave and Sue have cooked up a potpourri that can hold your interest, if you like gazing at potpourris. I myself don't even like being interested, especially in such a poorly printed myopia as this, and have decided to forego sending further commentary to the antique-collecting couple. This issue they're selling, or rather retailing, Clones, which they announced the order form for to keep their readers from perishing of shock.

THE STABILIZER, by Alfred and Shusho Gascoyne, is a barrage of anecdotes, pictures of basketball players, cheap whiskey and sentimental tunes, all set in an environment that rocks for unknown causes. The writers are mostly pretty weird folks, the commentators worse; graffiti is not absent either. I won't give you the address, but it's worth knowing.



THE ARMED ATTACK. Say, here's a person I haven't seen for awhile--the coiner of the phrase South Gate in '58. You know, I was all set to go to that convention, and I couldn't get the money. He's RICK SNEARY, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif. 90280: Thanks for sending PABLO LENNIS #15. My fanac is rather limited these days, but always glad to receive (---) fanzines, and I will try to respond as often and even as soon as possible (woops, what's this?!) -- though this some times has been as much as two years after publication. I will not take it too hard or to heart, if I am cut from your mailing list.. (If I were young and still given to uncalled fore snide remarks, I might quip that, 'we both wouldn't be loseing much, if you did.')

My intere st in fanzines these days is mainly in keeping in touch with what is going on; what old friends are doing; and to learn something about the new people. (Thanks, Rick, you can have all of that.) Thus most fan fiction, poetry, and mundain articles are eather skipped outright, or only skimmed over, and I am not up to commenting on them..

Turning first to book reviews. (say hello to Geis) Your reviews are very opininated, but you are not very cle ar as to why you like or diss-like something. Like Peake, you tend to obscure your meaning or your ideas with the words you use. - I didn't enjoy TITUS GROAN eather, and infact did not finnish the book. (you might have ended up back where you started.) I too found the characters too unapealing to be interested in finding out what happen to them. Never the less the book has great appeal for some people, apparently because of the mood it builds and the imagery Peake uses. There seemed, in view of what people said, more interest in the Castle, than in any of the charaters...and in deed, I was almost tempted to draw a plan of the castle, if I could have draged my self through the rest of it. == I can't understand your opinion of TROS OF SAMOTHRACE at all. Not that you didn't like it--I thought it only a fair adventure story, and one could easily class it as hack writing.. But what has the name got to do with it? ("Tros" isn't much of a name.) It sounds very good to me, and I thought it had a lot of imigery.. I can't understand your saying that "nothing happens".. If anything there is to much action.. If you mean there was not enough plot or development of the charaters, you might get a lot of agreement, but that isn't what you said. - I haven't read the Burroughs book, so can't really compair, but if you liked it, I can't see how you could be so turned off by Mundy, whose writing wasn't that much worse than ERB. ("Talbot" isn't as much of a name as "Rice.") - Of course, if you found LORD OF THE RINGS poor reading, your taste, at least for fantasy, ar so far different from myself and most fans that I know, that it is hard to understand. (Why is RING pluralized in the title of Tolkein's book?)

Your fanzine reviews also suffer from to much opinion and not enough reason. (As yet I have not received the early marks of suffering.) Your 'opinion' is as good as anyone else, and if you don't like a fanzine you should say so, but it would be helpfull to know your reasons more. (They're no good.) - A suggestion, in the days when I was writing fanzine reviews, I like to rate each zine on a 1-- 10 scale of exalence. Thus, readers could tell at a glance what I thought of it.. This, of course gives no hint as to way the reviewer feels as he does, and was not a popular system with many fans. But, having done it myself, I naturally think it is a helpfull addition to a review.. - As I haven't seen any of the fanzines reviewed, I can't comment on them in any detail..

Re: LoC from Bridget... Your art is pretty cruddy by current standards, but I am not greatly impressed with facy lay outs or masive spreads of electrostencil art. I tend to agree with you that the correspondence or communication in a fanzine is far more important to me than the art work. (The communication is more important than the draughtsmanship in the art, too) While you might try and get art that is easier to hand stencil, I think what you have is good enough for my taste.. Mainly I egnor the art anyway, and so if it is the greastest, or the greatest crud, it makes little difference to me.

I feel that it is rather foolish to say that Bradbury can't write. Regardless of your opinion of mine, he has written a large number of things, gained a great deal of fame, and is regarded as a very important writer by many people who's business it is to know these things. He is constently being quoted or is writing reviews or columns for the Los Angeles Times (being listed as a Science Fiction writer, even though his SF was only marginal and writen 25 years ago--I think most of what he has done sense is fantasy/nastalgia). While I like his very early works, I'm not happy with what I have seen by him, sence ILLUSTRATED MAN. Thus, I will not only defend your right to say you don't like what Bradbury writes, but probably agree with you.. Just don't go on confuseing your valid opinions, with statements of fact. (Actaully, I published that negative review to elicit comments.)

Ken Hahn gave me a bit of a laugh, calling himself a fan for 12 years without seeing a fanzine.....He doesn't become a real Fan, untell as he now is doing, he reads and writes for fanzines..

Looking at your list of letter writers, a trend is easily noted.. You hit a high with the 4th issue, with quite a number of names I know, and who might be called BNF..Then there is a decline in number and reconizeable names - to what appears to be a regular clique-- which is standard with most zines.. I'm given to wonder what caused such interesting response, and what has caused it to drop off.. (We're getting back up there, Sneary; it seems the first people who wrote didn't stay around all that long. One real experience was four postal cards from Bloch, and then no more.) SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2o10! (How about 2100?)

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#### YE EDITOR'S EGOBOO RESULTS

I've never been very prolific in fandom, but the period extending over the last year and a half---April 1976 to Sept 1977---has been the worst egoboo year of them all. Bend over this period's cryptic results with me and observe the harvest of 1½ years' fanac:

#### PUBLISHED FICTION:

1. Elphizar: IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH #64 (Larsen)
2. The New York Disappearing Act: APA-NU 25 (Crystal Drum)
3. Swamp Jinny: JEET Apr, 77 (Hahn)



## ARTICLES

1. Minas Wallstreet: ZYMURGY Mar. '76

## REVIEWS:

1. Fanzines: Baryon 6 (Hunter)
2. Books: TIGHTBEAM, March, May '77 (Holdum)

## POETRY

1. Miriam: EVERMIST Spring '77 (Warren)
2. Hipsterama: JEET Apr. '77 (Hahn)
3. Jonos: JEET Apr. '77 (Hahn)
4. Early Music: READOUT POETRY 1/4 (Woodward)
5. A Curse of Radiance: RP 2/1 (Woodward)
6. Made to Order--You! ERED NIMRAIS 4 (Merkel)
7. Murals: ST. TOAD'S JOURNAL Aug 76 (Forrest)
8. Spaceships by Starlight: STAR SONG 3 (Diederichsen)
9. Morg, He Used to be Morgenström: PARADOX 1/3 (Jones)

## INCLUSIONS

1. "This Zine is Itself A Hoax": CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH (APA-H) 57 (Beatty)
2. "We Can All Tolerate It, Because We Know It's A Lousy World" : FREFANZINE 5 (Koman)
3. "We're Only In It for the Money, So Start Tossing Coins Into the Arena": FF 6 (Koman)
4. "N U GOT SOMETHIN HERE... 'N 'N NIGGER GIVE IT TO ME" FREFANZINE 7 (Koman)
5. "How are things on Deneb? About the Same as Beneb" FREFANZINE 8 (Koman)

## MENTIONS

1. Interstellar Society: CHECKPOINT 77 (Roberts)
2. KARASS 29, 31, 32 (Bushyager)
3. DIMENSION: PRAECOX 3 (Bridget)
4. HUNTING OF THE SNARK 12 (Whitaker)
5. Various issues of TITLE (Brazier) and Bill Bridget's Zines and LASFAPA

## COMMENTED ON

1. BARYON 7 (Hunter) (Tucker, Glicksohn, Warner, Thornhill)
2. DON-O-SAUR 47 (Thompson) (Fergus, DuBois, Stoker)
3. HUNTING OF THE SNARK 12 (Whitaker)
4. RISFIP 1 (from Wilmington, Delaware)
5. OZARK FANDOM 11 (Rock)

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There it is. Not very much egoboo, is it? It's been a sour, lemon@sucking period of time. I've also pubbed 24 PL's, 15 VZ's, 5 ACTIFANS, 2 OUTDATEDs, 3 DYNKii, 2 SLAP-HAPSS, and various one-shots. And there you have it. So this is egoboo?

Omitted above: Fiction: HELL WANTS To Break LOOSE: LOCO, Mar '77 (Bridget)

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RING ALSO a column by Carole Chayne Lewis

"MALE SACK STUFFING"

Precisely because it's different from the male point of view, let me present this year's fandom as they appear, duly portrayed by Fritz Eichenberg in his engraving for "The Imp of the Perverse." From Slanshack to the brothels they've cleared the women out of, to cowboy station to convention, it's all male dominated, and what's more, cominated by males typically incapable of domination. (They don't read their dominance quarterlies. But they sure as hell receive them.) The time of the male dominetre has got to end. They sit there in their twisted fandom machinery; women are the creators.

Case in point, John Thiel. For years he had led the dirtiest fan life possible, and I am convinced he is the originator of the Slanshack, an sf club which held its meetings in a storage space under a porch in Midlothian, Illinois. You know his mameo problems, bad crankcase etc.; how about the way he gets together with the men during a riot? Do you know about that, eh? Why Eric Frank Russell has never shown up at Thiel's enclaves I don't know; I expect he's too busy making Gallings pee on his rug. You may remember Russell's Hugo acceptance speech, "I Am Something." You may remember his stories: PLUS X, CALL HIM DEAD, SINISTER BARRIER. But have you met the big, nasty man? Have you met Kelly Freas? Have you met Lyle Snyder?

Thiel's experiences sleeping in Willy Robard's pad overnight have been recounted by himself in a 12-page or so oneshot; whiskey drinking men and Bob somebody-or-other, with his shirt off, crawling into bed with him while a table falls over and vases smash. Cards and whiskey with the boys. Willy & Bob Tucker projecting motion pictures together.

Now in this moderen era you should see the Interstellar Society. That there are not many women in it, you know, but you ought to see the shape of the men. Comments relating to fun or action are taboo and the favorite sport is making jokes no one will laugh at. Why don't they laugh? Because they don't get them? No; it's because the subject of the jokes are intolerable to everyone except the speaker. Robert G. Ingersoll hasn't reached

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1. BOOK REPORT Autumn 876 (Matzye)
  2. ABBA ZABA 8 (Agree)
  3. CHECKPOINT 77, 80, 81 (Roberts)
  4. IT COMES IN THE MAIL 21, 22, 23, 25, 26 (Brooks)
  5. SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH 57 (Larsen)
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  11. VERT 3 (Gaier)
  12. PARADOX 1/2 (Jones)
  13. STAR SONG 3 (Diederichsen)
  14. PURPLE OBSCENITY 170 (Houston SF Club)
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  17. GUYING GYRE 7/8 (Gaier)
  18. MUTANT 5 (Boyle)
  19. JANUS 2/4 (Bogstad)
  20. IMPRESSIONS 3 (Romm)
  21. STAR SONG 3 (Diederichsen)
  22. THRUST 8 (Fratz)
  23. TIGHTBEAM Mar, May 77 (Holdum)
  24. TITLE 77 (Brazier) also spots in others
  25. OZARK FANDOM 7,8,11 (Rock)
  26. NEW LIBERTARIAN WEEKLY 58, 56, 71, 81 (Konkin)



reached such heights of offensiveness. Laughter is sparse at the Interstellars but joking is profuse. A smile, the slightest smile, discredits a sally.

They joys of rooming together at a convention has long been a subject of your fanzines of today. Well, no, being on a month-long rocket ship trip together. Sealed up together in a Gemini space capsule and rocketing through time and eternity. Remember Kollenberg's cartoon of the two guys changing into fags on their space flight, in the capsule with no visible blast tubes? Well I can remember the discussions of Singleton and his group about sharing the expenses by splitting a room at the convention; the jockeying around to mention that some of the men would have beards, what so and so looks like with his shirt off, and whiskey. You know, Linda: Reames went down there with that group.

Now, Thiel is sharing a one-man room with Ken Fickle at the WindyCon. Who will sleep on the floor? Will they argue about it? Or use the inevitable double bed together like Thiel and Bob did on that summer's night in Bloomington, Illinois? I can only hope that we can make the WindyCon the windiest convention that there has ever been; normally there would be no way to avoid it.

Will Cy Chauvin be there? Randy Reichardt, Kelly Freas, how about Fred Jakobcic, Chris Marler? Those conventions are good, all right; likely they'll reach perfection and be abandoned. I won't stand for it! I cannot tolerate the thought of those two men in a room. This is it! Female magic shall begun that will never cease. Nor will any of this poor male trash continue in fanzines. While (the machinery being in action) Thiel may get away with sharing his room with Ken Fickle, this will be the nader (or is it nexus); the last time ever! You can count on it! The same way Gil Gaier and Joe Peterson count on their toes.

Thiel seems to like suffering with his fanzine, scrounging pages of it together, watching his contributions to other people's efforts bounce, getting ink on his hands, visiting those mordant conventions that they hold in slums, observing the latest metallic, mechanical forays, making back cover jokes. This may not be the case with women! PABLO LENNIS is like looking into a sixteenth century barn and trying to spot cuckoldry.

Don't let me know your thoughts on these subjects. Just read mine.

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also various pieces of art,  
babies

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ON THE DEATH OF P---- by Jerry Baker  
Where does thou now repose, my friend,  
What dreams do fill thy mind?  
Dost thou walk among the fields  
And hills beyond the lands we know?  
Or is thee a-sail vast seas  
Which flow o'er unknown realms?  
Are ye lost amidst forgotten tombs  
Which lie in long-dead lands?  
Fear not, mine ancient friend,  
For ere long, I too will roam  
Those lands beyond man's ken,  
And walk with thee once again.

TO: DEATH by Jerry Baker  
O Death! Goddess that thou art  
Come to me and mine lonely heart,  
Take mine hand and lead me afar  
Afar, afar, beneath yon stars.  
Long shall we wander in the night  
On 'neath the palish moonlight;  
On toward the e'er beckoning shell  
Of doom, on towards a fiery Hell  
Shall we stride, O mine goddess,  
On to eternity, Death--My goddess!

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Now THE ARMED ATTACK reopens with DAVE SZUREK, 4417 Second, Apartment B2, Detroit, Michi-  
gan 48201: PL #23: Alright, maybe I did come on a little too strong. That doesn't mean  
that I'm taking anything back. I regret very little of what I said, and none of it strong-  
ly. But perhaps I did overstate my case on some points, and the bad part about that is that  
it hampered communication, causing you to cop a heavier attitude than necessary, finding in-  
sults even where none was intended, and bringing on a small teaspoonful of incoherence. (You  
might say it was longer, but I think it was largely my tone that set the stage. (maybe it  
was Beppi) I remember the "incoherent" section quite well, writing and reading it back a-  
like, and believe that under an objective reading, it would have been clear enough to most  
people. Of course, my tone may have made a fully objective reading next to impossible, for  
anyone other than a Vulcan. Maybe it's unrealistic and unfair to write in a highly emotion-  
al state and expect the recipient to approach from an intellectual angle. But, you know  
what? It doesn't really bother me too much. There's a song that says "Sometimes you can't  
please everybody/ Sometimes you have to please yourself." And I'll be lazy enough to let  
those lyrics explain.) You published considerably more of my loc than I'd anticipated, for  
which I'm not complaining. I did expect a heavier, more obnoxious reply when your letter  
predicted telling me to commit some impossible, grandiloquent mayhem from the swamps of  
Venus. That struck neither fear nor surprise in my heart. Actually, your quips were quite  
amusing for the most part--a sort of Don Rickles/Groucho Marx persona with a sharp, steady  
wit. "No, I don't want to buy a watch" cracked me up aloud for some reason, as did that  
"Purple Gang" comment regarding your "intended." Of course, there were also a few things  
I didn't completely understand, and a couple remarks of which the meaning is uncertain. (runes?)  
For instance, if that Donaldson bit meant what I think, I'd say it was in extremely twerp-  
ish taste, but then, I'm not sure whether or not I interpreted it correctly. (nor am I)  
There's also another subtle crack (where at? Bombero alley?) which may or may not constitute



an implication that I don't particularly care for. Even so, it could be less a deliberate lie than a misunderstanding, and I'm not going to wrongly hang myself for elaborating or protesting too much. If you read me right, you've probably at least a good idea where I'm coming from, and if not, I'm not about to fan the flames. (and I assume you recognize an opening when it's been set up for you. {flame the fans, a reference to the autoclave?} I just hope it's something better than would come immediately to "my" mind. {got the whole city of Detroit backing it?}) But, damn it, John, as much as I disapprove your conduct in the other issues I've seen, I find that I do like PABLO LENNIS. You are probably one of fandom's most gifted writers, and would make a good insult comic when you're really funny rather than simply nasty, providing you can detach his or herself from reality and view life as a stage performance. With a few exceptions, you've channeled your energies in the first direction for a change, with #23 and as a result, your talents are far more obvious. When a mailman turns talent agent, you've got it made. You could probably make it on THE NATIONAL LAMPOON staff, or if FERNWOOD ZNIGHT weren't about to go off the air, chief writer of Jerry Hubbard's dialogue. When you're strictly offensive and nothing more, it's a different matter altogether. Tony Renner has it right. If this were a two-way street, it might well be more tolerable, but since you're so hypersensitive about negative comments, it just doesn't work that way. Why dish it out if you can't take it? I'm glad to see you be honest about a couple of things. {splittin' wood & furrin wars} I appreciate you admitting that upon reflection, the W.S.U. area is not the worst conceivable slum, and I'm glad you admit slander. {If not, not as much of your letter would have been printed; but I'm curious to know if you yourself have ever been a student at Wayne State, or is it people you know?} Raises my opinion of you a tiny notch. {there may be something even more calibrated up the river a piece} Of course, you don't call it slander, and I'm left baffled as to your motives. "Being ironic" would imply something other than bare-faced malice, but I still don't know why you did it, nor why you presented what sounds like an "in-joke" of some sort to your way of thinking, in such a serious manner. {I want to be in, but not too far.} Hmmm--- sounds malicious to me, anyhow. But at least you haven't kept up the pretense ~~this~~ to this very day, and are apparently willing to let everyone know it was a peculiar variety of put-on. I guess that nobody can guess where John Thiel's head is at except himself. {what about a Welsh playwright?} As for my loc, I've already said that you printed far more than I'd hoped for, and in the majority of cases, didn't screw things up too badly via editing. Even where you did make things more vague than in the original, I'm not jumping on you for that. {markup in paratroop boots?} Look at how much you had to work from. References like "honkey boy" lose in an out of context translation when they have direct bearing on something said earlier. {well, I missed what in your letter you had said, earlier.} Mayhaps I should have tacked on a conditional d.n.q. in that case, but you might say I outsmarted myself and you took advantage of it. {I wouldn't have known what you were talking about.} Were this a true feat of the "game" classification, I'd have to congratulate you. Touche' or something along that line. {it sure wasn't "touche'" on the typewriter keys back there.} But there is the one unpublished portion which you earlier misunderstood or about which you're doing another put-on. That contrary to your charge, it was indeed honest, is largely irrelevant and if you really believe it wasn't, there's no way I can prove what I know inside myself to be true. So why even think about it? Okay, there were a number of insults thereabouts. There were the least hostile moments as well. But---formless accusations---John---any accusations I made were either well-formed or obvious speculation never intended to be taken as anything else. Don't you know the difference? And what's this about "threats" and "ways to get you?" Are you serious? If so, either you misinterpreted or I gave you too much credit for the ability to distinguish what is and what is not to be taken literally. I might have thrown in a couple of plainly overt shucks here and there but I assure you I've better things to do with my time than map out revenge plans on a relatively insignificant soul. Show me one legitimate "threat" flung at you in that letter, and then we'll both know what you're talking about. {Well, I guess if you say you didn't threaten me, then you didn't.} Incidentally, it would be straining credibility awfully for to state that "nobody" who saw the issue in question, is reading #23, even had not some of the same names appeared again. {no outsiders read the two} So I can only assume that you meant something other than what it sounds like on the surface. {like a shark surfacing through a breaker?} But whatever the "real" meaning is, I'm afraid it's too subtle for me.

Your mock con reports gave me a few good laughs. Good stuff, this.---PHANTAGRAPH was interesting, and I'm curious as to how much was based on fact. {so am I.} I don't expect an answer, but thought I'd let you know of my curiosity all the same---you really pulled one with HARPER, THE GUY WHO MURDERED ALL FANDOM. I was really getting into it, before you left us hanging. The Hansvold feature which pre-empted the rest would've been good if it hadn't been done a few times before.---Tony Renner sure went out in style. (no--not went out of style, went out in style. Caught you there, didn't I?)---The Howard serial I'll probably read later. REH---as his followers like to refer to him {don't believe there are many of those in Detroit} was a good writer, but Sword & Sorcery is one branch of fiction that leaves me cold. Besides, this wasn't what I was looking for in a fanzine. So what? Who says I have to like or even read everything in an issue, and there are doubtless a few who appreciated it. {for an alternate viewpoint, see Baker's letter.}

You know a guy has a weird mind when he sees humor in Ben Indick's store going down. Hell, I wouldn't think it was funny even had it been John Thiel's store. {Oh, yeah? Think of that guy with his head sticking out the upper window as it all goes up in smoke.} Had the page heading not indicated a jocular motive, I'd've figured you were either carrying "general principles" to the utmost extreme or gone completely bonkers. In fact, since it was the bottom half of the mailing page, it got my attention before anything else, and I "was" instantly struck with suspicions such as above. Maybe placing it there was deliberate stra-



tegy on your part?

Now, even if you do consider a specific fanzine worthless, I think it would make better sense to publish the address. There are those of us who might want it. (For a dollar, I have a name-and-address listing of 150 different fanzines, if you're interested.) You've a right to say what you think, but nobody takes you (or anyone else) as the very last word in taste (never since Petronius) and if you believe otherwise, you're suffering from delusions of grandeur. Unless of course, you're enjoying them tremendously. (I enjoy nearly all of my delusions.) While we're on the topic of fanzines, may I make a suggestion? (why not? You've made an impression.) (that's what I like about the written word. The other side can't answer before I speak my piece.) Don't you feel that your policy of cutting off fan ads, who don't print your locs, might be more self-defeating than anything else? It's the old power-play routine. (well, it wasn't always routine, anyway.) They hear your threats and a depressive streak sets in.--"Hell, if the dude's going to push on me, I'm pushing back. Does he think he can blackmail me into printing his letters? Hell--we'll see about that!"--and as a result, there could be a newly-found reluctance to comply. This is strictly theoretical, not based on anything I've been told by anyone, but it is food for thought, isn't it? You do--judging from the fanzines I get--seem to hit the WAHF even more often than myself. I'll grant you that. Could your attitude be responsible? At least in part?

(well, I suppose definitely in part. I like fanzines well enough, but can't always let them pick up here. So, small as some mailing lists are, I like to have the editors forward the ones I don't care as well for to more deserving fans.)

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I COVER THE WATERFRONT(zines): Here's something, a tasteless little rag called THE TENEAN #150, issued by TAPS. Pvt. Tussie this issue is John Prenis, but it seems to have a revolving editorship. If anyone wants to know the TAPS address to send for it, I can tell them the name of someone who could give them the address.

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POLITISS: Still friendlier than Birch Bayh's letter is this communication from Indiana Senator William L. Long, chairman of the Ways and Means committee: Dear Mr. Thiel: Thank you for your letter of early September. I apologize for not answering more expeditiously, however it has been a very busy time for me./ Your request to have the state look into recreation offered in the Lafayette area is probably not a viable suggestion. The reason I say that is that each locality has the right to implement the recreation that they feel is needed in the state, and also the obligation to pay for that recreation. Each of these are limited by state laws as to the type and source of funds./ I read your letter to mean something more than you are actually saying. It seems to me that you are asking the question, "should we not legalize alcohol for 18 year olds," and another, "should we allow other forms of entertainment that now may not be socially accepted by all," i.e., legalization of marijuana. On these two questions, if in fact this is what you are asking, I would have to be negative. Not that I am disinterested in having entertainment for people, but I believe that the types of entertainment that doing those two things would bring, would be counter-productive./ I was born and reared in Lafayette, and survived all of the lack of entertainment that it has provided for every generation as long as it has been here. Being in the process of rearing five children, I have heard this cry for some time, and I guess that I am convinced that Lafayette will never provide the recreation that the particular group of young people want at that time. Regardless of what type of recreation they might provide, or in what quantity, it will never satisfy the age group that is growing up./ I fully agree that we need to have a good countenance, and I'm in favor of people looking for, and providing for themselves, good clean entertainment. I am confident that this is not the type of answer you were looking for, however, it is the way I read your letter. My phone number is ----- if you care to call me, and I would be glad to discuss this with you further. Thanks for taking time to write me.

I don't intend to phone Sen. Long in the near future, as for one thing he may be preoccupied with duties in the Senate, but if I read in the news that he is home on vacation I may well take advantage of the offer, that is, if everything is allright in the city. It's encouraging to note, though, that he might have an accidental effect on better entertainment in the city. I might add that I hadn't known he was part of the ways2and means committee. I wonder if I have ever seen Bill strolling out on the street?

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THE ARMED ATTACK: JOHN CARTER, Regency Park, Apt. 101, 10 Lawrence St, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia B2Y 3H7, Canada: Greetings, again, from Canada, where the lilies fly and the flies lily. And how have we been? (egregarious)/PABLO LENNIS #23 attacked my mailbox a couple of wiggles ago. (wiggles?) I have enclosed .60 for the next issue; I couldn't possibly miss the Howard story. (at least not if it's on the contents page.) Ah yes, the Howie tale. Is this to be an adventurous Bran Mak Morn diddly, I ask ye? The answer is obviously in the positive. But I do miss Conan of Cimmeria. My guess is, this whole R.E.Howard thing will be nothing more than a fad, really. Remember Barry Malzberg? Harlan Ellison? Robert Silverberg? (excuse me for not answering everything with a question mark, but are these really vital questions for you?) Remember Ballantine Books and H.P.Lovecraft? Yes, I do believe that in a few months, Conan may once more wind up dead. A pity, but an unavoidable fate. Nevertheless, I shall continue to read the tales of bloodthirsty (are you sure?) stuff which ninety publishers are putting in eighty variations./ Boris Beck has a sense of the mysterious. His short short was extremely hard to follow, but once I found the trail, I never lost it. It did serve to illustrate the sketch beneath, though./That bit of info concerning the STAR WARS sequel was amusing, if nothing more. I must honestly admit, I liked the movie. The effects (ha ha) were superb but the plot was rather simple. Which is probably the secret of its success. The actors did what they could, but I think we should shoot Carrie



Fisher. (careful-she may be married) Did you read Baird Searles' column in the October F&SF: (That, is, the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction) He believes that STAR WARS is appealing to the same people who loved STAR TREK. And, i.e., they are interested not in the literary aspect of science-fiction, but the silver-screen/boob-tube aspect. Will "May the Force be with you" replace the famous Vulcan ditto? I have seen scores of guys and gals, none of them interested (at least to my knowledge) in literature at all of any kind, go do-duts over STAR WARS. Although STAR TREK fandom has Jacqueline Lichtenberg (Jacqueline Lichtenberg?) what does STAR WARS fandom have? (usury) Will it flounder? An interesting topic, surely./ Column by Carole Chayne Lewis was excellent! (maybe she had Padriac Colum's help) After reading so much about her in previous issues, I have finally seen the little lady at work. RING ALSO was not too long, just the right length. It was interesting. (so is your style.) I especially enjoyed reading Frederick Pohl's theory on how raccoon fur can be used to build leather animals. (you might have enjoyed the beaver on Joyce and Arnie's SWOON) This was fascinating. (you aint seen nothing yet-CCL) I must say, RING ALSO was a vastly different and extremely wonderful addition to PL. Bravo, Carole Chayne Lewis! Does she tell Ayn Rand jokes? (amusingly enough, Carter signed his letter with the name ISAAC ASIMOV, followed by his own name in type. Then this PS:) MEDIA NEWS: Fred Frierberger is now producing the \$6 MAN. After seeing what he did to STAR TREK and SPACE:1999, I was aghast. But on careful reflection, I realized he couldn't make it any worse than it already is. The worst he could do is make it better. (Carter also enclosed this poem of his:) SIBERIAN GMA--There once was a woman from Siberia, /She was very big, /She carried a mule around on her back, /She liked to eat apple dumplings. (Thank you, John, for one of the rare letters I've received that could have fit in MYTHOLOGIES.)

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Well, folks, tomorrow I will be at the Windycon, and closely following this interjection there should be a Windycon report, even photo-inserts if I can afford it.

OCH, HERE IT IS, THE WINDYCON REP, FOR I HAE BEEN THERE NOW report by John Thiel

Do you think that I climbd out of bed (hey, lie-a-bed) at 5:30 of the a.m. and beheld Ken Fickle with his car full of books? And did you once see Shelley plain? If so, you may be thinking about me too much; probably you think I sleep curled up in a foetal ball, too, with my thumbs clenched inside my fists. Out, out of my bedroom!-it is too intimate on your part.

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, we climb aboard the machine and there make derelict treads out o the restful town, me wi' my ginnywinch camera, and my tape recorder for the sou'ful sounds. As we plows off down the highway, the voices of the offended could be heard in the air: "He forgets nice banana sandwich sack lunch his mother has packed for him" "doesn't he want to be strong and healthy, eat lunch packed by mother in kitchen?" "nize limburg cheese, he leaves it at home" "it's the thought of the thing, really, not that it's necessary" "why doesn't he respect his mother, she worries about him so much as he travels up the highway, she packs nice lunch for him, fruit and bananas." My mother had indeed packed such a lunch, but I had fooled them all, for the lunch was firmly ensconced in a niche behind the front seat. I didn't want to forget that. After all, I had very little money, and as I had myself asked for the lunch including the Ben Franklin-like roll of french bread I had had enough presense of mind to whip it into the back seat prior to departure. Fig, fig, gee hi and a hey nonny nonny to all of them. (Ken, too had canned goods packed; all we lacked was a psychopath to report us to the police.)

Up the highway apace was a place called "REST," but we passed it for we were cheery and apt to get to the convention. It bade free to be a good sight more joyful than the last one; nothing could get worse, anyway. I'll admit to some of the feelings those caught in summer doldrums are prey to, and the general mood of a mariner slowly spinning in the horse latitudes, but this was due mainly to anticipation of what the convention would be like rather than being devoured by germs. In fact, the convention turned out better than I expected. But more of that anon. Wouldntt want to start with the edding.

The drive didn't take too long; we passed thru the familiarly malevolent Indiana countryside without a hitch, certainly without a hitchhiker (even Death himself wasn't out hitching a ride that day, tho I looked for him), and spilled across the state line into Illinois saying "the convention is going to be in the Chicago suburbs this year, rather than downtown in the Pollock quarter." I must say the Midlothian-Markham-Oak-Forest-Harvey-Blue Island-Tinley Park-Hazelcrest area looked different than when I had lived there; maybe Bird was dead and there were a lot more Robbins. We passed the strangest lunar signs ever: deep senseless quarries of minerals beneath the level of granity, Howard Hohnsons suspended across the highway, those strange Toll Crossings one can see up there, a general disorientation of things of the material world and of the senses. I turned to Ken and said "Ken?" and he said "Yes?" and I said "It's an interesting area, isn't it?" and he said "Yes, and I'm interested!" I know some people who had no interest in the area, and that was the investors.

Those familiar with Windycon literature will have noted a strange, whimsical stream of humor running through them, a sort of self-diminuization attending such statements as "an auction...but NO Banquet!" (why the capital B in Banquet) along with pictures of BIPs who are going to be there and other such audience-averting devices (excelsior) and ill-drawn maps which seem to be apologized for between the lines. Really rather the whimsical work of a man who can't write well and can't get his new steel-tipped pen to work very well either, and knows he'll be laughed at. This same humour was evident also at the convention: the lack of any visible committee members except the silent frowning Yale Edeiken and a couple of people in the lobby who seemed to be mentally peddling unicycles. There were occasional glimpses of heaven, however, as the clouds parted and a real sun shone out over the Arlington hotel (no prizes for Rob Jackson at this convention) which was very much the way it was described in the blue convention folder: "the lavender room with astroturf carpeting." This it had as one skidded through it counting internal dithyrombs, and sure eough



the race track was there. What is Arlington in autumn without a race track? (Or Robbins for that matter). Elgin, described as a suburb of Chicago, was easily available via a phone book both in my room and in the Hobby. I wasn't in a penthouse this time but I didn't care. Upon visiting the penthouse with its painted voodoo signs I wasn't particularly pleased with my generation. The coke machine was on the sixth floor and we heard people trooping past all night, on their way up to get a coke. Through cragen muir and hempen moor to meet good Doris King. (there was even a guy there named "Paul Coker.")

Little did we care---well, in fact I have not the slightest idea how Ken felt. I didn't care, though. I couldn't figure it out enough to care about it. Our reservations had been cancelled in advance, but with a little persuasion Ken got us our room, a double instead of the single I had anticipated, but with two beds. Nor did Ken reach at me in the night, or I the reverse. Got rather funky in there, though, when we took off our socks.

While waiting for the room to be straightened out, and the previous occupants to leave, we moved Ken's stuff, and my "Fanzines 25¢ each" into the huckster room. (I sold four PABLO LENNIS--3 actually and gave the fourth to Martin Morse Codester or whatever the blighter's name is). Maybe I should describe this thing room by room rather than in chronological order and start off with what transpired in the huckster room. I got in a long conversation there with a Jap looking fellow who wanted to rant over the books he was selling. At first I just wanted to get away from him but after awhile he got interesting and even amusing. I don't know what we talked about, though if anything in his layout had suggested it the Kubla Khandry would have been mentioned. All I remember was a sensation that we were getting some laughs about something nobody else thought was amusing. Given four or five hundred years I think I could make friends with the guy. One thing I remember was his funny impression of what newsmen sound like peddling science fiction. (He noticed I thought it was funny and kept doing it over and over). (May he and Reggie Manitoba meet in a pit). Buck and Juanita and Bruce Coulson had another huckster table which I stopped at briefly; several of their own Laser books were upon it along with Buck and DeWeese's hardcovers. Then some other fare too; actually buck had some very rare annuals, Old English titles from the last century and a few dealing with sports, I believe. John Singleton was there too, though I do not remember at all what was on his table. All I remember is John behind it, in his space suit, with his light-ray gun. (he aimed the thing often as if it worked). I did not recognize the other hucksters but one of them put the hard-sell on me about some stuff that wasn't so hot, not near as hot as pancakes, (to offend still another group), as I recall it was some issues of some stuff that would become valuable one day. Fair-priced Howard works etc. I saw one volume of Howard's poetry, several books, one with illos in fine line. Web Howard should have gotten together with Hirohito, described above. This guy liked Conan just fine, apparently. Ishmael! Ishmael! Why wasn't he peddling blintzes and Wurz-burgers? I told him several times about my limited budget; he wasn't hearing budget. Then there were the fanzines on other tables: Algol, Outworlds, Whispers, SFR etc as if these things weren't readily available in mundane places. Some of those guys are going to get a bit interested in these people peddling their stuff, and their interest will be in the contours of their flanks, maybe. At any rate, the huckster room was at once intimate and merciless. One time when PL hadn't sold a single one, I myself went around the table and purchased a copy from Ken, like a common shill, saying "Thank you very much, sir, and I think I have made a very good deal indeed!" then I tossed it back into the box, walked around the table, got my money back from Ken and almost had my heels trodden by someone who wanted a copy, and bought it, and said he was starting a fanzine of his own. I asked him to send me a copy; all very, very, polite really, if you could ignore what was going on inside. He looked like a good kid, from what I could see of him. Top of his head was a little narrow maybe. But then I could use it to sight in on some activity across the room that I was interested in, since it moved rhythmically like an hieroglyph. Also in one amusing incident the sign of a huckster across the room peeled off the wall and dropped to the floor. I got very amused watching the tub of lard move, if such it can be called, over to it and pick it up. The sign had not had a very great appeal. I think everything in the room would be purchasable at its true value with a hi-de-ho, a whiplash and the sign of the Ash.

My tour of the art room was, as ever, brief. The pictures had no more sight appeal for me than they had ever had. I took no pictures. But when a couple of art lackeys went in the room one time I regaled them with "they're not worth photographing, you flaming bootheel lickers, you walkers in graveyard earth. May Set's dance of death assail your joints when it occurs! May Phil Foglio sit on you! And may the grim command from pp 22-24 of the Monk's Last Age then be issued." They didn't answer; how could they? For the man who had spoken had that same classic profile Rudolph Valentino showed the Saracens, against a background of smoking rock. (or am I thinking of Akim Tamaroff? Same difference.) I should have locked the door: then the room begins eating them; and they are hurled back to Cave. At any rate you wouldn't want a bunch of those artists heading towards you. At last resort they hurl their bodies toward their opponents. What monstrous art they had this time, Ods Bodkins!

Between this and the huckster room was the Jimmy Durante room, wherein the art auction was held; and you should have seen the Schnozz rafe off with a chair when one was needed in the huckster room. I gave the whole thing an inka dinka doo and a wide skirt. Ken was in contact with the art auction but didn't procure his prizes. But one fellow I met got a package of Bill Rotsler originals with two cartoons about himself in his patriotic Churchey La Femme hatte. (This guy didn't like my suit too well, I mention that as a character trait). In one there was a female and the hat was on the ground and she said he was a good minute man. In the other it was on his head, but I forget what the caption was. Perhaps an epitomization of Rotsler's pro guest of honor speech (which is surely epitomized on my tapes).

As one walks down the corridor with its finery away from the huckster room, there is the registration desk and a series of chairs behind it (where once I saw John Singleton sitting, and at another time Linda Reames and Bruce Coulson). Here Ken and I were accused



of cutting into line by the same girl I saw at the autoclave (but didn't mention in my report). Unfelled, we got in back of the line, and a new line it was, watched people paying their registration, but when we got to the front of the line it turned out we didn't have to pay at all! A desultory late-morning performance in October. Proceeding further, there is the ladies lounge, with a room-like place outside it and a chair in this place. Presumably more than one sucker sat in that chair, but I myself never saw this event. Past that, a penny-arcade and pool room (no longer do the games cost a penny but the term remains) which had a lot of people in it almost all the time. I went in there myself twice but saw no adventure. At other times I simply looked in the door. I might have got up a pool game, but there didn't seem to be anyone to play with. Past that was a machine I did try out, a quarter to answer quiz questions. I did not get the genius or even the intellectual scores; as a matter of fact I fell considerably beneath this level. But that's all right; still every now and then I wonder who's kissing her tonight. Not the trivia quiz-masters, that's for sure; I thought I'd lost my mind when I heard the judges speak. Wooster was one of the contestants, and he missed quite a few questions, and suffered almightily before that crowded hall; but no, they did not invite him to appear on the Hollywood Squares. Then there was the bar, quite centrally located and accesable, but this time I stayed out of it. There were some attractive girls in there, rather, but then I'd seen the games before and had the feeling not everybody could play. Next the glass tunnel leading to the Arlington theater, which I did not traverse but from outside one could see what the theater, an adjoining building, looked like. Visible from this glass tunnel was the pool, and what a wierd pool it was. But more about it after rounding the corner. On the other side of the hall from the bar was some luxury restaurant guarded heavily by a lackey on an off moment; one could visualize saying hey boy to him; but the crops? They were in the hands of the masqueraders. I did not go in this place; once in there was no way out, and the prices were steep. The people who were in it were not visible through any windows. Proceeding, one does turn a corner and sees the pool, which I stared at every time I passed it. It was a storey down and in it was a young boy who was apparently a lifeguard, and at varying times he was the only one in it, or there would be a man and a young girl, or what appeared to be a family, or two unrelated people, or a lone swimmer. You wait in vain for the plummet from purgatorio. And for Dore to sketch it, but his touch is needed. Then there is a corridor with overhanging bedouin flaps, many-coloured, and railings on either side; beyond them stones and gravel in which carousel ponies are immured on poles. Not impaled, immured. This path had but one bend, and then you are on a corridor leading to a stairway that goes down into the front lobby. The elevators are there down another flight; first you pass the ballroom, though. Seemingly the sffans never used this, it being traditional for another convention to be going on concurrently, but the stately attendees at the main event were regaled by some pretty lively jazz and a gravelly-voiced singer. No dancing, they sat at tables. The lobby had two miniature oases in it with a hypnotic decor; in the second of the two there were palm trees. Then those huge overhanging chandeliers. The display was not offensive to anyone, but it may have been alarming to those not accustomed to sitting in lobbies (which, bedamne, is the place you sit when you're in a hotel). There were also some nice shops up front: a boutique (so becoming to a Hilton Hotel; Conrad Hilton's picture was also hung in the lobby). As you may know, a boutique is a french place where a bouquet may be purchased. We have one here in Lafayette: The Shiek Boutique. (shouldn't it be "chic?") (speaking of Lafayette, I was pleased to see a Mr. Doughnut as we drove out of Arlington; but that hasn't occured yet, first we attended the con). Cigarettes were 75¢; on up for most anything else. There was another grog saloon on the far end with gangsters guarding the doors. The one time I tried to enter it, mainly to see who else had, I was just standing there at the bottom of a flight of stairs staring up into a flying wing of five guys (you should have seen, incidentally, the flying wing of chicken I saw coming out of the restaurant). I grinned at them; they grinned back; a real stasis wherein the inevitable was precluded. Tough, like them, that it was. I would have liked to see the bloody stumps of their teeth go spinning out into space. Merely a sight gag, you understand; they hadn't done anything. Could it have been a set-up? There was, at one part of the lobby, underground accommodations; I went down into them once and saw what looked like a Minotaur with a scrub-bucket. I think he was about to say something to me as I left, but his face with its open mouth said it. Down there were a barber shop, sauna and I forget what else. Nothing you would pay a man two million to get to.

On the upper floors were a Con Suite like at the autoclave but with different people in it; I never went in; I saw Gordy Dickson in there once. In the penthouse were a bar and something else, I forget what; the view of the area surrounding the hotel was miasmal. There was what could have been a good man in the parkorama when I looked out; he wasn't hard to find and looked rather stefnal. The place was, by the way, perfect for a waterbombing, but the hotel was situated in a rather unfrequented part of the suburbs. So the only waterbomb came with the meals.

Then, downstairs under the main floor was the ace ballroom, and a table to one side of it that no one ever used; you turned a corner and there were three rooms. In the first were people playing computer gaminology. In the second, nothing but two tables with decks of cards on them. (It was here I sat in with Gordy "flying flue" Dickson who had an investigate the pro author session with a bunch of people around him, and I can remember some of it pretty well, though I couldn't think of any appropriate questions to ask Dickson. In the third room was, not a chick with a black bikini, but a bunch of chairs set up and I never did learn what it was except a meeting or two was held there. One room I have forgotten to mention on the main floor was the Biff room, the word Biff meaning, I learned, something like Business Formm. I thought it was the sex and fighting room at first, but they said no, that wasn't what it was. All I know is, they'll go down talking about it.



As I write this, the Dead Dog Party will be going on. They are still in that hotel with the committee. Will they meet them?

When we got to the hotel, I made a game of seeing how long I could go without saying anything to anybody. After all, I had talked to people at the Autoclave. "Hiya Garth" didn't count. And I lasted pretty well until party time Saturday night (I hadn't been there Friday). Whenever there was cause to react I tried to do so by facial expressions. Also I used expressive body art. Just that. You may never have seen expressive body art, but that's what I used. You may recall that Pogo did it once. So I didn't win friends and influence any people, but it's just as well. Anyway, not many people I knew were there. I ran into Meade Frierson and his wife on the elevator, after his fan guest of honor speech, and he made that joke about how I don't exist, and a people from Indiana remark, and I complimented him on what was a lively speech, which I'll describe later. Again, as before, I never spoke to YaleF. Nor did I strike up much of a conversation with Garth this time, except to give him his final farewell as he lurched out of the hotel with his suitcase. ("On your way back to Canada, Garth?") He had a marvellous conversation with a woman just before passing me, and we all admired the way he would soon be passing us. By the way, who's for Cluny jokes? If you, please be not in this general area.

I should get back to the program, for I attended many of Saturday's events. We missed Buttonhole the Authors (again that Chicon humour style) but I did attend the neogan panel, an event with a N3F aura though not personnel. I recorded this and will transcribe some of the tape later. It was not what I would call thoroughly enjoyable, but I thought it was the best introduction neogans had ever gotten in an N3F-style setup, somewhat misplaced perhaps at a convention like this. Following this was Tucker hour, but Tucker had not showed up. They all started describing his personality, but I left, and came back in time for the writers' panel, which had Rotsler on it but was incomprehensible, to me that is. I could not fathom their runes. The booklet describes it in a rather pithy and simple fashion: "WRITERS' PANEL. We won't tell you any more. Main Ballroom." Well, dash/it, don't. Don't want to hear any more anyway. I have this partly on tape, and will transcribe what's there, maybe. Then at 2:00 Gordon Dickson gave a little talk on writing, and then launched into an audience-participation game called build-a-story, which, I'm sorry, gave me the impression that the planning committee were a little eccentric. Dickson was quite amusing when he made his speak; you can ask Ken, he was there too. Only thing was it was sometimes difficult to sit still during it. I missed the cartoon duel between Rotsler and Foglio but it must have been interesting. Till seven I strolled the hotel (well, I did make a little of my well-known Saturday afternoon sack time) and then the ballroom event (by the way I never saw anyone ball there) (should I have told this to the bartender?) was the masquerade. It was a little difficult to get in there and get a seat without harassment, because after all who's allowed to attend a masquerade ball, prior to death anyway, but I managed it, and also the difficult task of taking pictures without having my camera confiscated (the attitude being "keep your camera in view at all times, so those deranged little trolls can snatch it when you aren't looking.") With a grotesque chaplinesque parody I managed to make my way around the ballroom and get pictures of a lot of it. There was this amusing robot who set top was a trashcan (ideal for dumping apazines) and the entire crew of SPACE WARS including a floating Darth Vader all berobed in black, and a lot of sex costumes I tried to get up close to and look at from various angles (if my camerawork turns out, not that I'm Rotsler, I'll show you the results aba Xerox). I skipped the judging but came back later to watch them mill. And the mill did turn. At nine o'clock there was the GoH speeches. Rotsler's reminded us we'd forgot our paper clip armaments, Meade's seemed to concern subjects he wasn't stating on the surface. I've samples of both. Then it was party time, and not that a new paragraph is required but

I had taken a list of all the parties there were in the hotel that night from the green-board and hit them all up, but the only one I stayed at for long was the one held by the University of Chicago group. I stayed there long enough to have pepsi and potato ships, which they thoughtfully provided, and would have made friends with them if possible. Two stumbling blocks were the group's not having received the copy of VOR-ZAP which I sent, and the statement of one of the members (a striking figure actually) that he didn't like to do all the talking and would like to hear what I had to say. Inasmuch as I had nothing to say, I soon left. I conversed with two others of them also. Then I went up elevator and down elevator to see what there was at the other parties, and found that there was nothing for me at most of them. At a technical party there were some folksongs, but I didn't care much for what they were singing. The women's apa party I found to be something to be avoided. The convention-bid parties seemed insular and secretive. The Confusion party, this time, started at twelve, which for me is a time to be sallow and rigid. The party with Dickson and others on floor 11 did not seem appealing to me although undoubtedly it would have been a party to boast having been at. With a time-interval-related, increasing boast sation. Another party I saw resembled a sensory deprivation chamber, in other words the exact opposite from the pro telephone-booth-stuffing. Finally I went down in the lobby, which was just as well, for most of the people passed through there at one time or another; once there was a huge parade with Darth Vader in the midst of it, the robot trolling along, and everyone having a splendid time. I have pictures of it; I regret that there is not many of the women, but Eye, for what it was worth, kept a good deal of its attention focussed on cameras; tape recorders were met with sonic dissonance. ~~But~~ By the way, whenever anyone called attention to the spy devices hidden in the walls, concealed matter disintegrators knocked them out even as the plywood was being ripped loose, leaving the hapless paranoid feeling like a fool. (Bill Bridget did not attend the con; neither did Sheryl Smith, as far as I know.)

After the activity in the lobby started thinning I went up to my room (floor 5) and there was Ken, asleep in bed like a Turk. I did not disturb the sleeping form, but turned in myself; at 4 I awoke to hear him lumbering out of bed and disappearing somewhere.



Cleansing the acremments of the Druid night that morning and clutching at my healing-stick, I couldn't help but wonder where Ken had been off to; so I tried to find him downstairs (by the way, again there was a conspicuous absense of a church service; I wonder what it can all mean). Finally I did find him, and he had been at some grueling, grisly late party with Buck Coulson and others, and had apparently been awakened by vesper bells and flashing lights which I missed. After all, they weren't in the room. We sat in the lobby until the huckster room opened. As yet, nothing had happened to make me very pleased with the convention. I didn't do much that morning, because there wasn't much to do except watch people prepare to leave and then sail out the door. I sat in the huckster room until the foony art auction started next door, and then moused around the hotel, at one time imitating Willis and setting up at a vacant table with my tape recorder at my side. While there somebody flashed around the corner and turned out to be Martin Morse Wooster, who said "yes, I saw it on the board, your notification, here I am," and I shook hands with him; after all, it's the first time I met him, and after all those locs of his which we didn't discuss either. He had seen my note on the greenboard telling him to meet me; and the electronically alert Wooster found me almost before I could see him. So did some riffraff, just kidding, from Nashville whose name, but not face nor hat, I forget; the guy who bought Rotslers. He was an amusing conversationalist, actually, in spite of his curiosity about my suit, and in fact he stayed around after Martin had left. Martin's conversation was amusing but bemusing; this other guy had some earthy comments to make, for example his social position and enjoyment of conventions, and I think I could have gotten to like him after only about a year, provided he showed up when expected. He told me he had had several officail hats, which they wear in the South. When the trivia finals (I missed the playups) in which Morse had a position were held, Yancey Blanton or whatever his name was had a seat in front of mine, and we got a bawdy conversation going, although he had apparently not heard the first name of the detective Dick Tracy. Anyway he cäämmed up when I used it on him. We had sportive remarks to make about various individuals and didn't smile, either. One time I got to talking about how powerful a man Meade Frierson was, what with his ruling the entire Southern Fandom Confederation, and then we talked about this wonderful SFC booklet Meade edits, you know I'd repeat the whole conversation except that I left it in my snowshoes. Anyway I'm glad Steve Beatty ~~didn't~~ wasn't there to hear what I told this octopus about him. Beatty would have resented it, some, anyway, and it's a good thing he wasn't there to hear it. His flying flue, APA-H, going up his gazork in Dixie Cups might have discouraged him just when he needed encouragement. Anyway there was a real Steve & DonCon atmosphere going. I even got so interested in talking that I made some remarks during the program, a rare inetiquette for Mr. Softshoes.

So much for that, the latest WindyCon; after the trivia it was pack pack pack as usual. Then we were out of there in flying tires, and what made the convention so good for me was the wonderful feeling as we were leaving, the rise in spirits, the expensive dinner at some hoity-toity wop restaurant and mafia hangout, and then the long coast down the highway (where I saw another convention site), over, manana, and gone! Now I feel better and better, minute by minute, and I can't account for it! Baw! Wee! Doctor, I think I'm going sane!..

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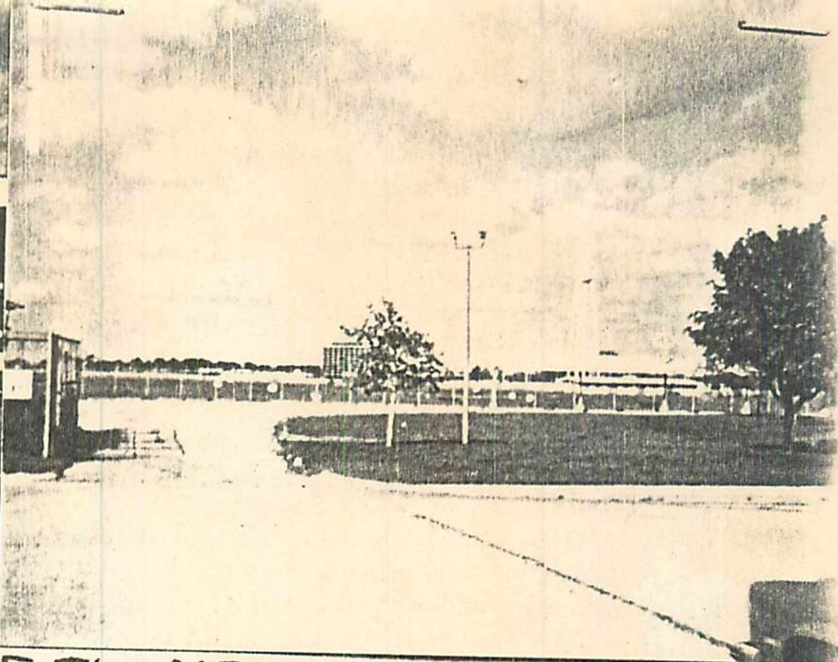
#### Taped Excerpts of Windycon/anity: I. Neofan Orientation

...it seems to meet a lot of people. And you get very much appreciated by everybody. Oh..well, mI got it by general volunteerism, I'm, right now I got volunteered for this panel this morning, I'm also on registration, I'm cashiered the auction tonight, I'm on a program at two this afternoon, and..sometime in between there, I'm going to..EAT..if it kills me..HA HA HA....but-susan this is one of the ways--the other is unh as we said start a conversation you don't hafta wait for one of the big name fans to talk to you: talk to one of the persons next to you right after the program/ talk to them at the art show about the artwork uh if you want to talk to, say there's a conversation you're interested in// walk up listen for awhile and if you have something to contribute go ahead Contribute it because people want to hear uh, most fans are very Friendly I gues'aba basically jfuse common stability don't get drunk Obviously and if you're trying to get into a quiet room party cause somebody invited you please don't bring twenty other people....with you most of this parties are limited in supplies and they jist..they can't fit that many people in a room. So try to show up alone. if you've been invited Or if someone you know has invit--or met at the con has invited you...jist don't spread the word around private parties are considered more or less private. Unless they otherwise state that it's an open party.

man: I'd like to add something to that..in my experience with past..cons..with fans, other people who happen to show up such as um pharmacists bar mitzvahs and..hypnotist's convention last year ohhhh uh I found that what fandom seems to be basically is communication between people uh there's a greater uh y'can communicate with other fans lot more than y'can with other people in the outside world because y uh fans y uh have a much more percentage of open minds..amongst the people...much more open to suggestions new ideas and if you bring up a topic they're not liable to uh just cross it off immediately as uh you know uh..couldn't be f that at all..but uvtha same what if. so iba d odyss I think it uh interplay between the minds is what this is all about..between people.

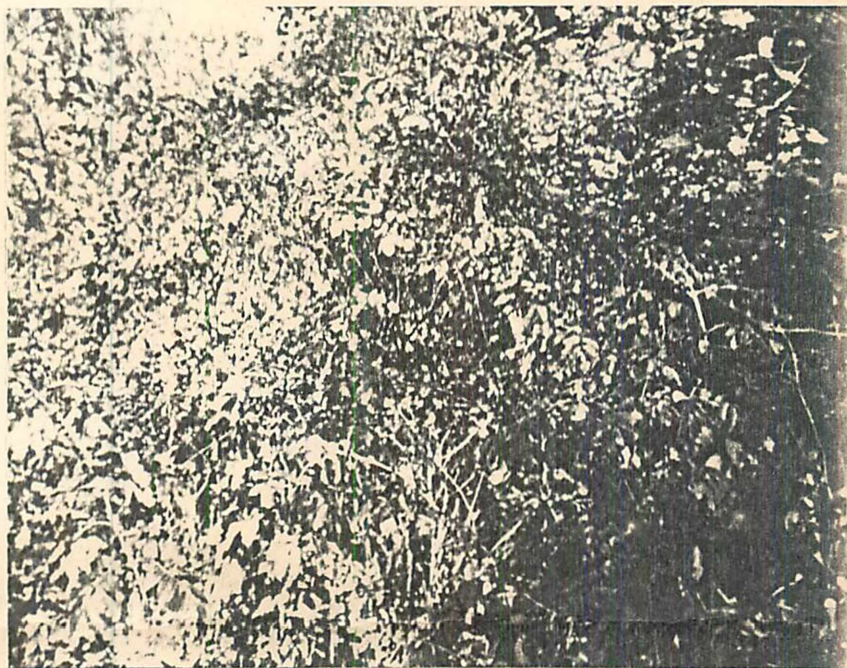
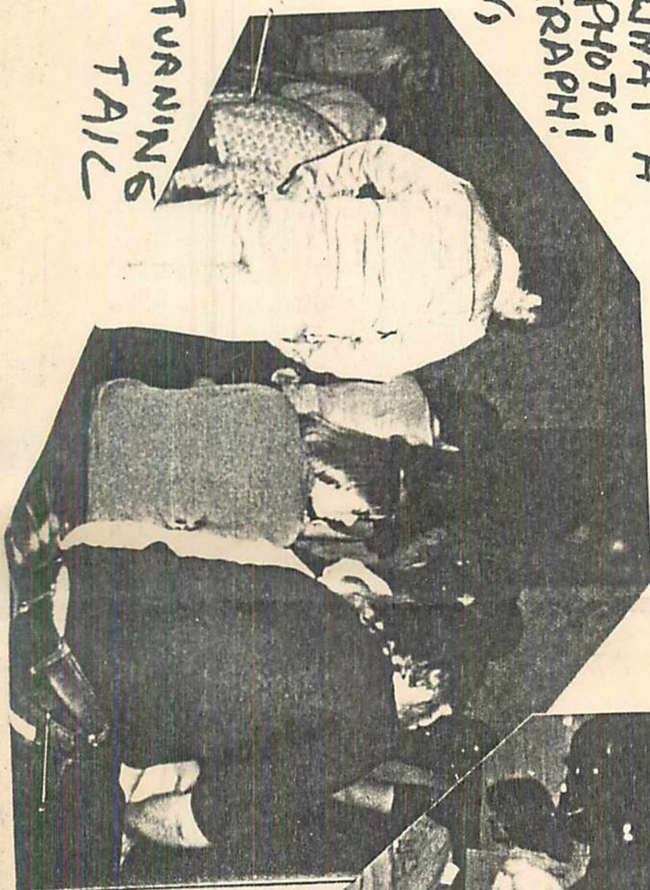
2man: uh I'd also like to add something to that uh every fan I've ever met has been..very friendly but um quite a number of them as Lee se said before are the um comprom from a home where they the..special kid...uh and they were eh perhaps a little bit introverted..and while you're standing there wondering hey should y'know well I feel right up...should I go over and try to start up a conversation with that person over there/ that person may very well be sitting there saying the same thing Gee..I'd like to go talk to them but I'm..a little nervous about it. And uh..almost everybody in the science fiction field has a certain amount of Fandom left in 'em even if they are pros T T they're people too uh even to the Big Names..uh..uh this particular example is From T Trek convention but I think even there





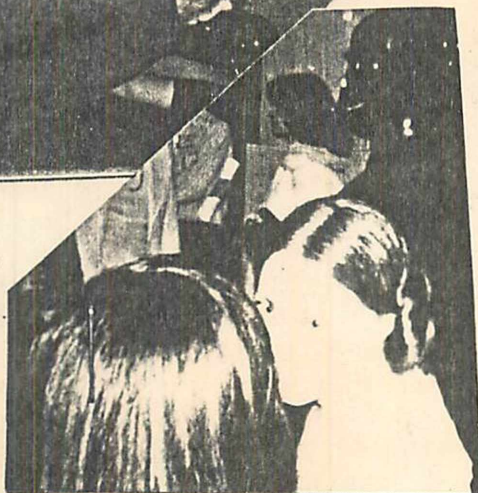
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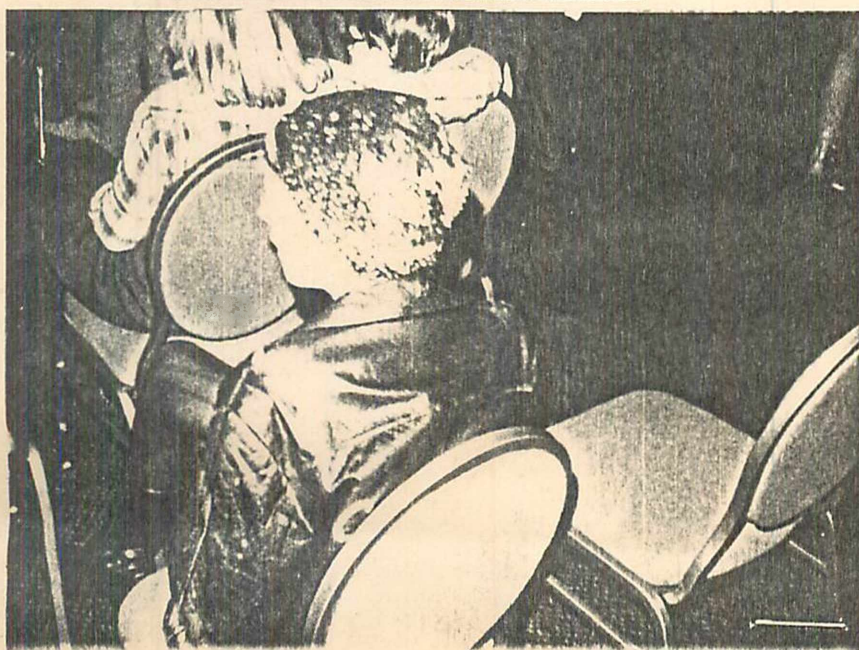


JUNGLE NEAR LAFAYETTE

ZOMBIES



MASQUERADERS



ROOM  
SITUATION



HAPPY  
HALLOWEEN!



MIMES







... appropriate one of my friends was uh working on the gopher squad at one of the Trek conventions in Chicago and it was his job to make sure that the stars uh were on stage at the right time uh this particular gentleman is uh not one of the introverted ones he's fairly outgoing and..he talks to everybody just like they were his next door neighbors..and uh at this particular time. Shatner was supposed to be on stage aio the average uh Trekkie would have gone back and would have ooh'd and awe'd for fifteen minutes before finally informing Shatner hey oh by the way you're a little bit late. This guy goes back and says hey Shatner get your act together you're holdin' up the show. Unh huh huh Hyaw Haw haw..and I heard a comment later that Bill actually appreciated that he's used to working with you know stage managers..and they're n stage managers are never overawed by any star..and the stars in science fiction: are the pro writers..and uh, y'know they're people too. At this time... oh...go ahead Lee.

(woman) Just let me add one lil practical suggestion if you can't find a party to go to grab the closest eight or ten people and throw one of your own..yr gonna have people banging on your door looking for a party to attend it's no problem just give your own.

(other woman) Incidentally, it's been proved over n over again you don't need booze, pop, munchies or anything of your own to have a party..some of the most succesful parties I've been at happened because the door of the room was open people wandered in and had a heck of a good time without anything there buzzzzz murmer except people...

man: I'd like to introduce Pat Taylor, who's going to speak on Conventions can be Addicting. (note: "speak" was pronounced like "beak")

Pat: ~~xxxxx~~ I-I have what most introverts who have this problem...Mike Fright. What you used to thing won't glare at me so much. Something in the 1962 which nothing helps much to do, uh for a sort of a sure weekend in June I found a flier for what we are now begod.. now calling LittleMac or...MidAmercanCon because put another vowel at the end of middle word.. n that was the first donvention I've been to I don't even reading science fiction for something dullm like twenty years uhm I'm not that old I just started early uhm In Id never been to a convention before because...I..I just..y'know nobody else read that stuff people kept telling me nobody else read that stuff! It was strange! Uh then I went down to uh this hotel and uh middle of Kansas City and I found all these people. very nice respectable looking people in..suits uh here's some respectable looking people in..whatever..and uh, I spent three days watching films. Almost perpetually. Uh-HEHH! you know..uh..4 hrs of 8 millimeter brown print uh Metropolis? Plus 3 hrs of getting the film to run you get very fond of such things as abut your second convention when you can tell your own horror stories about what happened to the projector-who ran out of whatever it was in the middle of something; and you get to feel uh Gee this is, is a nice thing to do. And you know you go to another convention that's close and the next thing you know you're working on, you're on three or four mailing lists for the convention and you're saving your money you know 14 people ~~with~~ you can stay with on the way and fifteen people with cars that one more suitcase in it. And um it goes like this um you' don't have to be into science fiction very much to become uh addicted to conventions. It helps if you read a little of it it's nice to know what's being talked about. Uh-YEH-huh! Or uh you can be interested in films you can be interested in I know some people who do nothing but fanzines and uh correspondance and probably haven't cracked an sf or fantasy book in years. They're very good, uh very good convention fans they come to meet the people that uh they very good they correspond with op other people and uh...I've been doing this for five years now and uh one of the ways that we can support it is uh I run a table or two in the huckster's room. Now, there's a place to meet fans. Uh most people who are uh are in the huckster room selling things..they like to talk to people. Aminsins there selling books that's nice because whadayou most of them are supporting their ...you know the first day they're paying off their way to the convention, the second they're paving their h ~~pay~~ their way back sometime in the middle maybe they can Ftund the hotel room. Uh..but..I haven't gone to programming at a conv ix this is I'm onold programming and I don't. I'm not sure what happened. Uh..I go to the people I meet in the huckster room and the people I meet in the Halls...uh..sitting down with two people I don't know and one person I met last night, I think. Uh..for breakfast and I have a great time..butt..after a while you also get to learn about uh..about other things like..there are other people who are also convention addicts. Um..2 of the convention addicts that I know uh personally um are um Bob Tucker and um..Rusty Hevelin. Rusty and I inhabit uh occasionally um with invisibility tables in the huckster room. and uh Tucker uh is this very nice gentleman who writes excellent science fiction aould in um excellent mystery novels & occasionally wanders around with a bottle of Beam. Uh incidentally it's Beams Choice one of the things that is probably not going to get Tucker really upset at you but it's strain for him is giving him a bottle of Jim Beam hee hee hee hee give the green labels. One of the reasons I brought him up is that every once in awhile we try and ship Tucker out of the country. He keeps coming back.. So along with the Down Under Fan Fund which is how we s-subs--with send some poor s-unsuspecting soul to Australia or send some poor unsuspecting Australian here..and the uh TAFF fund which is the original one which is sending a man across the Atlantic. We now have something called the truck uh Tucker transfer or Can We Get Tucker To England In '79 With Just Enough Money To Make Him Stay There. Um all three of these are uh are funds to uh asist other convention addicts, uh to spread the good word around the world. The covens are kind of isolated..I think..and uh cost a good chunk of money to take uh planes back and forth even thoat sky trained is starting to help..um and we have auctions for this kind of thing..uhh..Jellene I'm not quite sure exactly what the funding arrangement is with Arowand Robinson and the Belly Dancing so if you'd explain that a little bit later...or you want to do it now before somebody gets the wrong idea from what I just said cause I just heard it.

Johine: Okay arwin Robbins is a professional dancer and cues a very excellent belly dancer we asked her to dance for TAFF duck-DUFF and Tucker Transfer. Ah Arwin agreed to dance and she danced last night now we had a very small audience for ar auction and..we had an auc-



And an auction at my house with the Huub and Trevis band--ah--we auctioned off paper plates. And managed to raise a \$150, from 80 people, on paper plates alone. Last night we took in \$130. At a very large regional convention. And \$24 of that was from Arwin's dancing. Now Arwin has agreed since some people have simply may have not known she was dancing, will again tonight dance, either during the costume ball, or some time immediately after. We will announce when. And we would like, you know, you to put a dollar in Arwin's belt, for TAFF, or DUFF, we feel it's very important. You, you get something for your money when you do help support TAFF and DUFF because those who do travel abroad, write a trip report telling you all about the other country..because..they see it the way the average tourist doesn't, because, like, when a, when a fan goes abroad, say England, he doesn't stay in a hotel, he stays with other fans. He gets to do things the average tourist doesn't get to do. Uh, he finds out more about the country than you probably would. Walter Willis, when he came to the United States, wrote a very large, uh, trip report..and..when I caught that I learned things about America that as an American I didn't ever notice..and it gets very informative and uh it's fascinating, and usually about six months after someone has traveled (the essence of time-ed) they do write the ~~trav~~ trip report which is available usually at any convention uh with a representative for about a dollar for the fund and you'll learn a lot of things that I don't think you'll run across anywhere so we think it's very important.

Another (?) woman: Uh I'd also like to say something about worldcons--I worked on one. Don't hold that against me. They're, they're fascinating! Uh, you get this feeling like, you throw a few little local conventions like the regionals..uh and you get, you get ambitious. And somebody says Why don't we make a bid for the WorldCon? And you don't kill him..and that's where you make your first mistake. Uh-hehhh. And you know you get a bunch of willing victims together and uh they lay out how they're going to attack the whole problem, I'm beginning to feel that Minneapolis and New Orleans have the best ways of going about it, uh, for those of you who aren't familiar with it, Minneapolis keeps on throwing bidding parties for the WorldCon in 1973 in Minneapolis, um, they throw some of the best bidding parties you've ever seen because it obligates you to nothing. Uh-hehhh! Um, the uh the next thing you do is go out and hustle up a hotel, and you promote it among fans which is uh incidentally a great way to meet other fans because if you're promoting a worldcon in your city all of a sudden you feel gutsy. People buttonhole and speak sweetly to just about anybody..here have a flyer..come to our party..um and uh you know if you have any shyness left at all after you've uh worked on a bidding committee you were in really bad shape to start with. Uh..if you win it...then then then then you get..you know..uh..two years of interesting problems. Right now Phoenix has got uh the ~~current~~ set of the we're well into the year of interesting problems. Uh, this is where the WorldCon is going to be held next year. (Some have also suggested England.) Uh some poor soul around here should be able to tell you how to get a membership in the Phoenix convention. Don't ask me because I forgot to bring the last progress report which has got the address in it. Uh but keep asking and somebody will know. Um WorldCons are..they're not bad for your first con--uh, your first big convention. It's awful hard to say big convention around here because this seems a pretty decent sized one. But your first big out of town convention, uh WorldCon because there's an awful lot of other people floating around who don't know anybody..and there's a lot of programming going on and if you're a neofan you still into programming..and uh there's a lot of things to do that don't require that you know anybody. And you can meet people at them so that the next time you go to a smaller convention you'll know somebody. And..um..the WorldCons are also the places where they present these interesting looking little rocket ships with the name plates on them that they call the Hugos..kind of fascinating because three of the people that I was rooting very desperately for well two of them aren't officially hugos but one of them is O got it this year which means that I think I'm beginning to read the patterns fight..which means I'm more into conventions than I thought I was hehhh In 1979 the WorldCon will be in Brighton England which isn't as horrible as it sounds..yes..people do things like getting tourists together (rest of this speak omitted)

(Somebody else described what an airplace uh airplane trip was like and recommended getting fanzines in the huckster room. She said fanzine fandom was different than the convention fan, that she doesn't publish but she does read them. Then a man described his first convention, a TrekCon. Let's leave them together in this notation.)

--The floor was opened to questions and there were none--for awhile; then some pretty incomprehensible stuff. SMOFs and "Overt masters of fandom" and their habits were discussed.

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William Rotsler's unpleasant speech didn't pick up too well. He was describing some of the problems fans encounter and ended up telling a series of Harlan Ellison stories. I can also make out the phrase "identity crisis" in it. It had a kind of grotesque humor to it and there were some laughs. Listening to what I can hear of it takes me back to when I was at it. It sure lasted a long time. Well, here is part of it:

"Never in my wildest dreams would I think I was going to be Guest of Honor at the Loganberry Festival. I don't know exactly what one does at a Loganberry Festival but it was described to me yesterday as You get your loganberries and you just stroke them and stroke them until you get your loganberry juice. In the program book there are a couple of things that I think need a little explanation..one is J Everet Osborn and the other is Phil Dick." (Rotsler then described a rubber stamp battle between subversive material and obscene material occurring at the post office in his home city in California. He described Robert Silverberg's stint as a postmaster, and apparently Osborn and Dick had had some connection with the post office too. He talked about substituting for Dick (whom he described as "paranoid") in a speech for a group who had no idea at all he wasn't the real Dick.) "I started out by saying 'and in conclusion' and I did a drawing." Next year they had caught the ruse and said "this year, Dick will imitate Rotsler." Dick wasn't there so Rotsler



did Dick imitating him. (And how!) And he did a drawing. But he didn't take the tip off the pen. When asked why, he became paranoid and said "I didn't want anybody to see it and steal it." Then Rotsler introduced Frederic Pohl as "one of the giants in our field and a Man Plus." Rotsler said most of the pro work he sells is in the men's magazine field and he felt almost like a fraud being the pro guest of honor. He said he felt strange talking about writing when there were such men in the room as Pohl, "who has probably sold more novels than I have written words." Then he went on to redefine "pro" a bit. He had been a sculptor of everything from atomic submarines to...dolls. Then the Harlan Ellison stories. Here's one: "I'll, I'll tell you a very old Harlan Ellison story...Harlan goes ~~there~~ women like kleenex. (Hee, yeah, that's for sure came from our corner) Mainly because I don't think they can stand the pace. Being around Harlan is very frenetic..and, uh, many years ago he said to me, "Rotsler, get me a woman." I made a few comments about ~~that's not my pro-~~ fession! (dubious laughter) but I knew this lady that I thought he might like and we spent the day with the lady in mind and Harlan and this lady spent the day together and we were driving in Martindale which is a very large bookstore in Beverly Hills and he just got a book out, he had to go in and see of course whether the book was on display. And so we waited outside and we waited outside and we WAITED outside and he was not coming out. And, this I think was in '64, and, wuss, 'let's go in' so we go and stand in the door and here are two very beautiful ladies and everybody starts looking at them and Ellison was standing over the Louvise elegant bookstore with a little rack of doofsnaggers sounds strange but very fancy bookstore in Beverly Hills, and Harlan was standing looking at them..and this one lady says "Is there a Harlan Ellison in here?" and the other girl says "There he is!" and he went CLANK...CLANK..."There's no way out..."... Unfortunately here my tape ends. The story reminds me a bit of Gregg Trend and myself at the Mezzanine Bookshop in Detroit or whatever it was called. People are very similar from place to place. Now here is Meade Frierson's Fan GOH speech, yet in the way Rotsler defines he's even more of a pro than Bill:

"First of all, since we know Robert Silverberg never lies, I brought my copy of Deus Eyrie for Bill to autograph.....I heard several guest of honor speeches, including Harry Warner's back at the MauriceCon in 1971. I guess the latest one would be Sandra Miesel's down at the Rivercon III in Louisville several months ago. Nenny none of them has the warmth of better speaker or two, been lucky enough to have a captive audience, because they had a banquet at which...to...speak. And I'm now at a disadvantage...you can leave, and run away, and will and I can't, but should. Since I'm a warrior, your contry must assume that I would be a good speaker, in the tradition of Perry Mason, Charles London, and perhaps the Hanging Judge, Joe Hensley. In fact, two lawyers, Larry and Yale, talked me into coming here, under false pretenses. They said they had organized the extraterrestrial bar association and hoss player's league. I come up here in good faith and uh (as he spoke, I noticed, Meade's foot slowly came visible creeping from behind the right side of the podium, I noted that they were neither flat nor long. But here as he mentioned "good faith" he was interrupted, much to his good humor, by someone shouting "two of them!" and someone else said "I'll take that keese!" (Yale Edeiken, very possibly) I have yet to see a horse unless it was on the carousel on my plate. I fell however next to a race track in wrong season but I wuzz enjoy horses actually. (a delayed reposte?) I left the committee a letter which they lost among other things announcing the topic on which I was to speak. They say it's going to be the Ethical Rupture of Bill Rotsler but I told them it was going to be "How In the World Turn Him Pro?" Which is a dumb concept, I mean, what's wrong with turning pro? Certainly it's been a phenomenon of fandom for as long as fandom's been a word, many fans that are enthusiastic about scientifiction of ssspeculative fiction, fantasy and they seem to have this burning yen to have a first sale of something they write, and then for some strange reason, yet another (note the word "yet"), and another, and another. The, uh, people you know that've gone from fan to pro.." Here my transcript ends. Perhaps I was too busy watching Meade's foot. I think Yale Edeiken persuaded him backstage to deliver his speech in doubletalk.

#### A FEW EXCERPTS FROM THE TRIVIA QUIZ PLAYOFFS

...the question was "Who was Hon Steward..Don A. Stewart..and where did the name come from," and I got to "Who was Don A. Stewart and WHAT" and the light came on. And that did, as I say...HOWEVER..when there is an incorrect response from one team, I will reread the question in full to the other team...Herry will be counting off time to give you audio signals for seven, eight, nine and ten seconds. Now, first of all, would you all turn your boxes slightly toward me so that I can see when the light goes on..when the light goes on..towards me, not away from me..ohhhhh...and...Sid..will you do me a favor? When the light goes on sometimes we may have our noses buried in a question and we will not see the light go on..when you see a light go on and we don't stop immediately, yell "STOP."

#### A BRIEF REVIEW OF GORDY DICKSON'S "BUILD A STORY" VENTURE

Okay folks...it's bad business for me to come in and hear a panel talking about writing and problems of culture and other things I can't understand, me. The reason for the blackboard is so I can put things down, -I discovered that an urrier tells the story...what we're gonna do--gadgets--this time is use a novel structure rather than a short story structure...for a couple of reasons..we can do more with a novel..and the short story structure is really when you get down to it very technical ~~that~~ this isn't gonna cause people to scream and follow the moon burr to do a good short story on a moment's notice is not good--I have a trick that I've gotten in the habit of pulling on tv shows and it grew out of another anecdote, there's another--they both have: there's a writer, he doesn't write very often, his name is Theodore L. Thomas..and they..no?,,all right, he's a lawyer in patent training for Armstrong Rubber..he's about six foot three and he's one of the first Scuba Divers in the country, in the early decades he was still playing semi-pro hand ball. And, he sits on the edge of the chair and flies off it...a very energetic mis-bouncing hard man...now at a different writer's conference there was another man there who was also a lawyer, and wrote, everett,



spare time and we were talking about the fact that people develop habits, they like to sit in certain chairs, something like that..their writing..this one lawyer who came from Kansas City. Was now saying that the only way he could write was at the end of a day after eight o'clock at night the radio in his bedroom radio turned low to some good music lying on one side propped on one arm, the ballpoint pen, and largely illegal pad, said otherwise he couldn't write. and Ted got furious. And the reason I described he is you got to imagine this six foot three jackrabbit going up in the air in outrage, coming down, pointing a large hand man like this and saying "You mean if I held a .45 to your head you couldn't write?" other say noooo. Club story lie. You hold that .45 to the head of any working writer and I guarantee you you'll get a story. So. I've told this 'un particularly on tv program and I'll say "Larry---Pruitt---give me the character and the situation or scene---give me these two things and I'll make up a story for you right now. Now what I'd like for you to do is give it to me just before the station break and then ~~1/7/77~~ come back in, so that I have a moment or two to kick it around...not that I can't do it on the spur of the moment...nine out of ten of them will promise to do it on the station break and they'll ask me to do it without any...trying to take over...I can do it but it isn't as good a story...doesn't hold water quite..okay..the reason I can do it is because behind the art of writing is craft. You can..a writer cannot survive on art alone. He can survive on craft. I'll tell you another anecdote...there's a...Minneapolis..there was a writer's club called the 620 club..at one time it was staffed through the depression with a lot of hardworking professional hardheaded writers..Larry Simak was one of these..Charles Jacobi..know the two of you later..anyway, they were working writers. Over the years it became a cult of people to sit around et talk about how they were gonna write someday. And every once in awhile whoever was writing it would call me up and say, will you come on down and talk to some of our writers? And I said c'mon..you know I don't mind giving my time to people who do something but pitch them in a well...at this time there was a fellow running it named Sam-Sam...and he said, no, you will meet only my working people, only my professional writers. People who have sold at least one story..So I foolishly gave in and went down there and he lied in his teeth..there was nobody in that booke who'd sold a story. Since I was down there I read their manuscripts bount talk-a-ball sings like this, piss, good, I walk down say "never again." Well, in those days I used to, uh, I didn't live in a post office box at the airport, I used a post office box for summer. And I used to walk by the way through the mail every morning, through the dull formalit, bouke, walking boupe, lec, lec, and I would invariably get there early because I had allowed myself plenty of time, and across the street I would see a tin crater, in which this guy's head was a-blimp. And I would look at it, and I would go into the rear guard right, pretzelay, post office, drink beer until it was time to bouke cheep ul my conscience began to chew on me. So finally one day I broke down, you know, this was after the whole business, went over and here it's ninety degrees...and I said why did you come across the street and never hear of me...twas gorgeous, marvellous.....three glasses of 3/2 beer and he got slightly tight. And he said no you must come back to the trailer and you must read. Now he edited, string of religious hewnonyy (this ridiculous and interminable anecdote is one I see no reason to finish, save to say that the point of it was two men meeting.) (I also have a tape of Gordy at an informal fan session, but, had, for I have lost that, buck twavy, nobody seems to know where it's at, either...I must have recorded something over it. Anyway, here is the rest of the magazine.This BOOK, Pablo Lennis:)

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MORE OF I COVER THE WATERFRONT: MONOCHROME 26 ed by Craig Hill whose address need no longer be mentioned. This guy comes on like a friend yet refuses to print my locs and contributions. So, I cease to loc and no doubt to receive the illimitable MONOCHROME, a bilious mishapen thing of distorted photographs and apprentice writing.

EVERMIST defies the law of comma and comes up with another atrocious issue, its editor as you know is David Warren of La Bell (and how!) and this issue is the crappiest yet. It's starting to look like Townley's zine.

KARASS 34, another issue of a zine that's to cease publication. Nothing in this one but news, and you should see it. Be glad to kiss it goodbye, but, no, not kiss.

TIN WOODMAN #1, ed by Neil Ballantyne of Canada, is definitely faaanish, after you get past the atrocious first few pages and on to the next to the last. There's a story there about a dissolute faaaan publishing images of a politician and waiting for the moment when it will be time to take over the world. Pretty good zine, with some faults.

TITLE #68, from Donh Brazier, who is cutting down his mailing list, has some fair stuff and is better than it usually is. Kind of a mean guy though.

APRIKOS 8 is a hoax zine from Steve Beatty, in which, by the way, it is announced that I have won an award, APA-H's HOGU for best hoax writer. Other winners of awards are Patrick Hayden, Bill Bridget, Taral Wayne MacDonald, Cy Chauvin, Jimmy Carter, Brett Cox, Dave Romm, Leah Zeldes, Chuck Korbas, Spiro Agnew, Anita Bryant, AWKG, Phyllis Schafly, and Dr. Renee Richards. Beatty says he won't have much time for fanac hereafter.

BHILD LIFE, actually a professional magazine, arrived from Indianapolis, and calls itself "Mystery & SF Magazine." It has an egyptian head resembling Bill Bridget on the cover with a cobra-hat and stories include Kaptain Kool, Smugglers in Space, a story about a pet boa constrictor capturing a robber, and various grimoires and fantasy items. Good job, and you may have it; write 1100 Waterway Blvd, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.\$8/yr.

Another OUT OF THE DEPTHS from Lee Ann Goldstein, 440 Beech Ave, Paramus, NJ 07652. This time she leaves me alone, more or less, in the lettercolumn. You know, I get along with her the same way a lot of you get along with each other. It's always interesting to watch that series develop on the cover, and of course her mailing comments.

WINDFALL PROPHET #29 I like no better than #28. Please stop sending it Dave! If you want it, the address is David Taggart, Chandler Road, White River Jct, Vermont 05001.

WINDYCON 4 PROGRAM BOOK, just to round off this page, is small and atrociously, insultingly bad. Editors sound like they have the syph.



This issue's getting to be longer than an issue should be, yukk, yukk...well, I have some more things to fill it...ergot blight babies...medieval ages...In a recent issue of our local newspaper, the Lafayette Journal & Courier, I saw the following interesting item: "I ordered four rings from Lady Caroline in May. I lived in Denver, Colo., when I ordered the rings but I filed a change of address. The rings were intended as a gift and are long overdue. Please help.--Rebecca Howard, Lafayette, PA. Our note from Lady Caroline reads: that the order was re-shipped Sept. 29. You should receive it soon.//Ah, my own note is C Flat. There's been quite a bit of bartering going on in the HELP! column since that time and the place has come to resemble a marketplace. Another interesting newspaper item was the following: "Gov. Otis R. Bowen said he's concerned with the cost to the state if conversion of state road signs was required. He said it would cost \$1 million. 'That \$1 million is badly needed elsewhere,' Bowen said." Ah, so soon after I wrote him complaining about those roads. I hope that mine will be paved with ice cream if anything ever comes through. Now another ARMED ATTACK scrofulous letter or two. BEN INDICK, 428 Sagamore Ave, Teaneck, NJ 07666: How come I received PL you didn't mark "I actually like you"? (actually, I would like to have a longer talk about that.) What especially did you "like" about my "pharmacy going off"? I wasn't too keen on it. Yesterday, up the block, a supermarket was held up; two people were shot. Fun in the Bronx! (actually I have to belong to that section of the populace who obtain relief when a pharmacy or something like that is fired off. We live on two different sides of the street. And the explosive sound can be something cool. I also like the fact that it was a pharmacy. Normally nothing but a church would outlast a pharmacy. I don't know if I would describe it all, though, as being something fun. Dark and somber is more like it.//As you know, I do not read serials infanzines, especially when even the last line is unconcluded! "He was scantily clad"....?? So I don't know if it's serious or parodic. Looks, more's the pity, serious. (If you didn't read it, how do you know what the last line said? Also, don't you edit a Robert E. Howard fanzine? That story's really by him.) (ben also included a newspaper item written by himself which follows: PARSON'S CORNER, 1253 Lex-at 85th, RH 4-3820. There is cause for rejoicing on Manhattan's Upper East-side. A new Continental restaurant, with English Tudor ambiance and a homey American name--Parson's Corner--recently opened, its prices moderate and its cuisine immoderately delicious. The restaurant preserves the gracious wall and ceiling panelling of the old Jagar House, and the addition of fine oils of stolid burghers, stained glass rescued from a neglected century, booths whose high wooden backs seem to invite choirboys, a library corner and huge fireplace--all conspire to create a baronial mansion--which, nonetheless, manages to be a comfortable and inviting setting for a good conversation and a hearty meal. The menu (a la carte) tempts one from soup to nuts with an irresistible French onion soup and a dozen entrees including fish, fowl and filet. We were served a delicate Quinche Lorraine--the fluffy cheese baked with diced bits of ham and a touch of nutmeg within a flaky pastry crust. Mushrooms, stuffed with spinach, bread crumbs and ham, were delectable. Tempting Fate and a full dinner, we also had the capacious bowl of succulent Mussels Meuniere, the black shells glistening over a rich broth and starburst-cut lemons. The Onion Soup, in the traditional crock, is a rich, flavorsome soup, with still-crisp and fragrant onion slices, baked with bread and layers of soft, chewy assorted cheeses. A Spinach Salad served two full portions and then some--made, as it was, with giant mushrooms, pimentos, onion, pepper rings, sliced egg and zesty bits of bacon--all topped with a creamy vinaigrette. A Chablis Testut 74, served in an ice bucket, which was in reality an antique soup tureen, was chosen from a modest but well-selected wine list of primarily imported wines. The Chablis perfectly balanced the Corner's Chicken Kiev, tender meat rolled with spices and garlic butter, baked to a golden glow and served over well-spiced rice. A specialty, Striped Bass Livirnaise, was pure ivory, with the impact of the bass accented by bits of shrimp, mussel, and clam (in shell), reposing in an enhancing butter sauce. Before desert we discussed his restaurant with the young Tom Jung (32) and his even-younger protege, 26 year old Robert Siegel, already a chef of remarkable and recognized sensibilities. There is a charm in these young men which is certainly infectious, and the staff of waiters is courteous and efficient. Having had the leisure to savour our dinner, we then enjoyed a Chocolate Mousse, a very definition of this confection, as well as a creamy cheesecake, and then gazed with astonishment at another specialty--Parson's Special Cappuccino. Served in a goblet, this angelic froth of Amaretto, Creme de Cacao and a dash of nutmeg, covered with a soft bed of whipped cream, warmed the inner soul and left the palate glowing contentedly."--along with Ben's article there were others, weirdly and zanily written, about floating space station restaurants, apparently. // Also got a postal card from Wayne Hooks, which, however, won't get him a Pablo Lennis; and a Halloween Card from Jerry Baker. And from MARTIAN IMPORTS (David Schutt and Luke McGuff) comes a letter (1111 N. Menard, Chicago, Illinois 60651.) McGuff: My cousin was in Nam and he said they had a dear-John-letter-of-the-month award; hopes this makes it. (It has a lot of acknowledged competition, and I've been getting such since '55. However, it won't get any award, for I do not give awards for the best Dear John letter.) Just got PL #21, and haven't even read it yet but it is ~~XXXXX~~ ~~XXXXX~~ ~~XXXXX~~ inco 85720)\*4(& inco ~~XXXXX~~ HERETN!!!!" (so seems your letter to be. And I don't consider it well enough written to print, but will send you and Dave a zine. Hope you'll write again, now here's your pal DAVID SCHUTT ): I am very much enthused about the fact that Luke invited me over to read this neat new fanzine he got and let me write a little bit in his loc, (what did you find particularly neat about it? And what do you like about writing in Luke's loc?) (these two letters put together looked very nice, although they're not what I'd expect to come from Chicago. I wonder who these guys are, and whether they liked PL or not, and what most of their letter means. So far I know nothing whatever about them except what city they come from, but if I send them another PL, maybe they'll write a letter that actually tells me something. (McGuff leading on and Schutt following.) I don't know whether it would be interesting or whether exciting if they did, but I can wait and see.)



Fan Reprint\*\*THE MIMEO MASTERS Part I by Don Hutton. Reprinted from Neil Ballantyne's TIN WOODMAN #1. Each time something of reprintable quality appears in a fanzine, PL will reprint it. So far there have been two reprints from Al Jones' PARADOX, one from Merkel's ERED NIMRAIS, several from APA-H, and two from the Cult. Now check the latest.....

THE BEGINNING. The president of a great western power strode along the sidewalk, totally unaware of the strange little man who was watching him from a dingy alley across the street. An observer, if one had been present, might easily have mistaken him for an average, run-of-the-mill strange little man, for persons of his description could be found at any magazine rack or second-hand bookstore. He wore a dirty black trenchcoat and a brightly coloured propellor beany twirled slowly above his head, motivated by the aromatic up-draft rising from the heaps of refuse that were piled to either side of the alley's mouth. However, a more discerning observer would have seen that which marked this lurker as being different from all the other strange little men in the world. For, as he stared intently at the statesman across the pavement (little did he suspect what infernal powers were working nearby!) he clutched what appeared to be a master sheet for a mimeograph. Yes! This was no ordinary skulker! This was one of the dreaded Mimeo Masters!

His piercing gaze seemed to miss nothing as it took in the politician that passed before it. Indeed, it seemed to look through him as well as at him, so laser-like was it! Only when the object of his scrutiny had passed out of his line of sight did the odd little man cease his examination. Checking to make sure that there was no one else around, the Mimeo Master then closed his eyes and furled his brow, as if concentrating mightily. For a moment, nothing seemed to happen, but then the master sheet which was held so tightly started to glow. Suddenly, a brilliant flash of dazzling light emanated from the paper, momentarily sending the shadow of its holder scuttling to the far ends of the alley. The Mimeo Master opened his eyes and, quickly-verifying that the thing was done, he merged back into the darkness, from whence he came.

Kater, in a place that some said did not exist, the Mimeo Master bent over the very machine from which his name was taken. With shaking hands he attached the master sheet to the central drum and, pausing slightly as if to give a short prayer, turned the crank three times. On the third rotation, a sheet of purest white paper floated out off the chute at the end of the device and landed on the floor. But no, the sheet was not pure white; for there was a tiny, almost invisible dot near the center of the page. Small as it was, the trained eyes of the machine's operator detected it and he gave a sigh of relief. The process did not always work. Spinning around, he took a thick sheaf of man-sized sheets of twill-tone off a shelf and began to remove the ribbon that bound them together, in order to load them into the hopper of the machine.

Then, he happened to notice the price that was marked on that ribbon and a spasm of rage shook his body. The stationary store had upped the price again! So violent was his passion that he almost dropped the load that he held in his hands. The fit soon left him though, and he regained his composure. "Ah well," he muttered as he reloaded the hopper, "things will be different when we rule!"

As soon as the sheaf was in place, the man spun the crank of the machine with wild abandon, causing the propellor of his beany to spin madly with his exertions. Sheet after sheet of paper flew out of the contraption, each sheet landing perfectly on top of the one that preceded it. With the addition of each fantastically thin sheet of paper, the dot near the center grew larger, until the uppermost piece held the image, not of a dot but of the inside of the back of a finely tailored suit. "Kla-chunk! Kla-chunk!" the Mimeo Master spun the crank faster and faster until it seemed the propellor of his hat would indeed allow him to fly. Now the top of the growing pile of sheets portrayed cross-sections of human organs and viscera, such as one might see while looking at clear plastic overlays of a "visible man" in an encyclopedia or a book on anatomy. Around the sides of this grisly spectacle, cross-sections of a suit of clothes was taking shape. Perfect in every detail, down to the contents of the pockets, and in full colour. Not for nothing were these mimeo operators called "Masters".

Finally, nothing was left to create except for the face. Features flew across a grinning skull as if in some demented book of "flip pictures." The features were those of the head of state who had passed earlier!

Now the operator of the machine ceased his wild gyrations and, chuckling to himself, took a pair of scissors off the shelf behind him. A little cut-and-paste work and a new creation of the Mimeo Masters would walk the earth. One which could very well cause the end of that same earth as mankind now knew it. (This feature is to be continued with "THE GATHERING STORM," but I'm not certain I'll be getting a copy of the ish in which it's printed.)

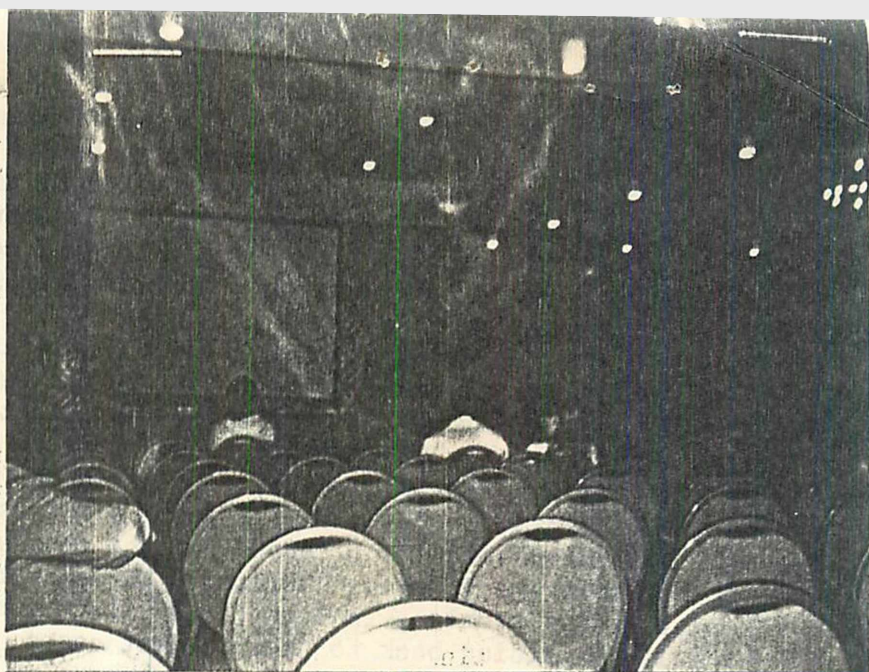
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my own inexplicable fahahan awards: BEST FANZINE: Craig Hill, MONOCHROME. SEXIEST GUY: Simon Agree. SEXIEST GIRL: Sharon Ponzer LEAST FANNISH: Buffalo Bill STRANGEST INTERJECTIONS: Robert Block WEIRD AWARD: Chris Rock MOST SEDATE GAFIATION: Linda Bushyager THE SUDDEN GUEST: Asimov HARD TO FIND BUT TROUBLIN MIND: Harlan Ellison SLOWEST TAKE: Bob Tucker WHAT'S HIS FACE?: Bill Bridget CHEEKIEST NEO: Tony Renner BLOB AWARD: Terry Hughes IT ROSE FROM QUICKSAND: the THORNTON YELLOW AURA: Carl Brandon MOST PRIMITIVE: Pan Dan Chee GENDER, GENDER: Pan Dan Chee, 2 Denys Howard, 3 Jess Salmonson ONE MAN RAKEOFF: well, he guessed POTENTIAL EMBRYO WIFE: Karen Pearlston BIOHERBAICALLY-GROWN WOMEN: Bogstad and Gomoll FLYING FAVORITE: Glicsohn SECRET BOZO: Barry Hunter FAKE FAN: Gil Gaier WRITER OF THE YEAR: Herbert Jerry Baker QUIVERING BIRCH AWARD: Reed Andrus HE DON'T NEVER MOVE AWARD: Steve Beatty BEST CAMOUFLAGE (DISGUISED AS SOIL): Brian Earl Brown KRAKATOA AWARD: Sheryl Smith BURY HIM/HIDE THE ADDRESS/AGH I TOUCHED HIS ZINE: Vic Komen SPACE CORPSE AWARD: Garth Danielson SEISMOGRAPH AWARD: Sam Konkin THE ABHORANT HORDES: Lasfapa BEST ARTIST: Eric Katz FAN OF THE PAST: Walt Coslett SPRIG OF LAUREL: Robert Silverberg COOLEST JEWISH NAME: Alyson Abramowitz FUNNIEST ADDRESS: Bruce Pelz DADA: Ted White





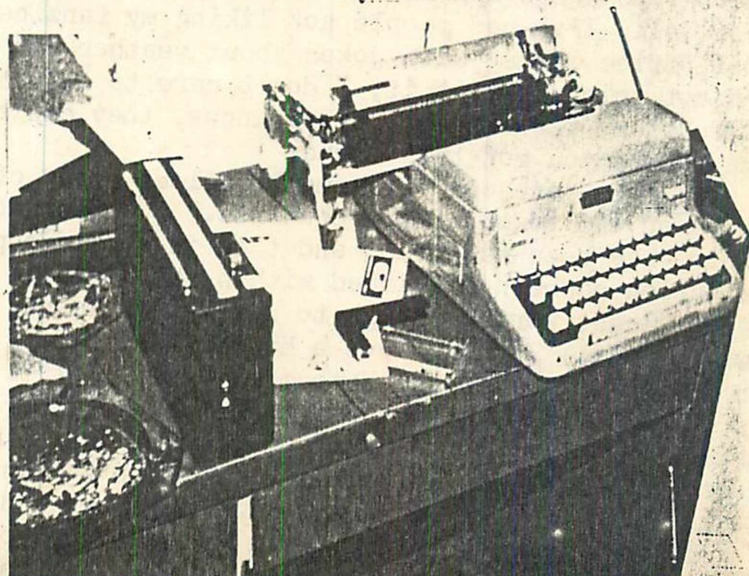
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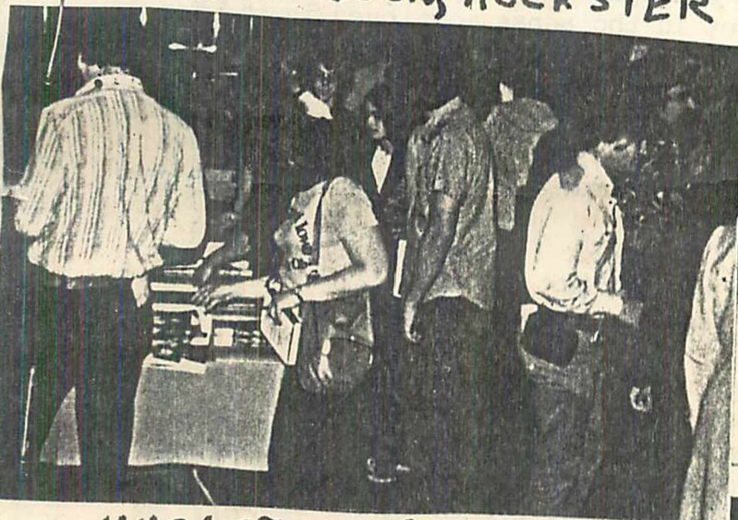
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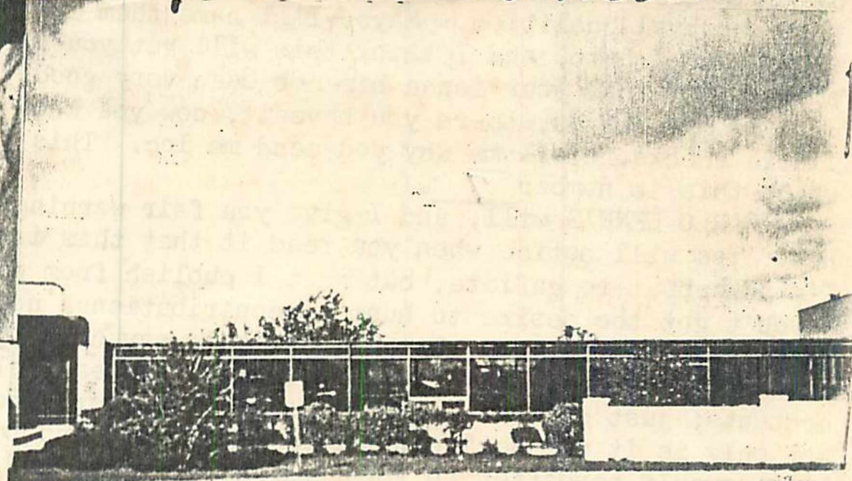
BUCK COULSON, HUCKSTER



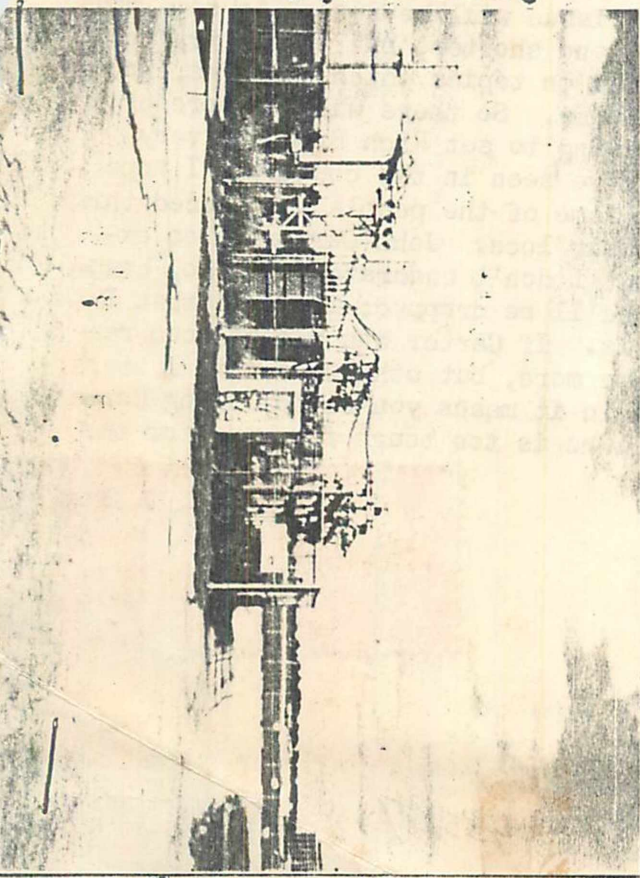
YE EO'S TYPING ROOM



HUCKSTER ROOM



PERDITION PARK-BELOW: THE FORMIDABLE HILTON





well, it's a shame to have to drell out another back cover. I have got just one stencil left, and then I will have to go see the Stencil-Selling Man, and say, "Mr., I need me some more stencils." "Sure, I'm Santa of Stencil; we have a special price on these. Do you remember what the price was on the last ones you bought here?" "No., where is 'here'?" "Well, the price on these is slightly different; there's a deduction followed by a slight markup due to costs, but the fo tax has been dropped and you come out ahead." "I'd rather come out a whole man, but thanks for not doing anything you looked ~~like~~ you were going to do while you were talking." "It is perfectly okay."

In some weird way it isn't perfectly okay, but I'll have the opts for the next issue anyweigh, and to do that I would sell my sole to the devil. Note how sole is spelled. I would sell himm the walking hole to my boot. Not filet de sole, jest as you might.

Okay, I'm set up. Now the primary reason for the back cover is mainly these mailing notes, not a little way from seductive, so I guess the post office won't mind the brief cbchecks. I' don't mind thei~~ts~~s. "We'll just look into PABLO LENNIS, here, and get some top secret information, and scout around for the people he mentions, and give the rest of the info to the government, or a government, it doesn't have to be a certain one, and then fling the rest to the rabble. Then we'll mail it to the recipient. It seems they won't be bothering us by writing back to him, in most cases. Dependable types. We'll hold off looking for Ye Editor awile, but when we come for him, we'll come in the evening, so nei-ther gropp can complain. He isn't paranoid, he just suspects we don't like his fanzine."

Well, I've had people not liking my fanzine before. What do they expect, the special Post Office issue, with jokes about weather and dogs? "Dagwood's Friend, Mr. Beasley?" I'm not going to edit it; I don't care to entertain the post office department, at the expense of my readership. Gravy knows, they can't afford expenses. But anyway, here is the reason you got this issue:

☐ You are one of a small, select group of concerned, important indifiduals who are aware of the value of its contents. ☐ Your money, which you pulled off the seat of your pants, has been received, and this is a paid copy or part of a subscription. ☐ Your contribution hasbeen published within this issue. ☒ You sent a letter of comment, and it was at least worthy enough to net you an issue. ☒ It is a trade for an issue of your own fanzine. ☐ You have a hidden deal riding with me, and within this issue is something in code bearing reference to that deal. ☐ I know you work for the government, and there is no sense in my pretending I don't know it. I am trying to do something on your mind in this issue; trying to change your thinking a little bit, particularly about me. ☐ I covet you as a sexual partner, but I don't mean covet in the sense mentioned in the Ten Commandments. I refer to a desire for your body. The body of yore CAR, hoo, hor hor hor!  
☐ I may be making a bad mistake in sending you this ish; but I've made them before, and I'm still alive today. In other words, this is a speculative or sample copy. ☒ It is my plain desire to buzz you, destroy your mind, and disturb your spirit. ☐ You have good survival qualities. Maybe I'll name them in a forthcoming issue. ☐ You're a gay mod, which I hate, and I think this will get you on someone's "suspicious" list. ☐ I am implying that your fanac has not been very good.

So my friends, there you have it, now you know why you got this ish, you look at dem liddle checks. Tell me why you send me loc. This issue is one of 35 numbered copies, of which this is number 7.

PABLO LENNIS will, and I give you fair warning, with the next issue start to deterior-ate. You will notice when you read it that this issue has a "tired" look about it. Well, I'm not about to gafiate, but what I publish from now on isn't going to be very good. I haven't got the desire to hunt up contributions, nor the money to burn on an issue, nor, frankly, well you know what I'm going to say next, the respect for the general run of my readership to make a really good issue. Instead, slashed letters, short stories, minimal contents; just call it a durationzine. However, the next issue will be Epocal in some ways. Not only is it the beginning of my third run, and terser, and shorter, but I will try to limit myself hereafter to speaking my own mind, and staying on topics which amuse me, rather than the ones that amuse your superiors, probably those SMOFs. So there will be more of a personal element in the zine, not that I think that's going to set Rich Brown up very well. Or rich well up very brown, to mention something I've seen in the country. I hope you will like it; if not you will be cut off the list. (Some of the people who locced this issue will very likely be dropped, since I don't enjoy their locs. John Carter is an example of this. It may be that he is saying something, but I don't understand it, so, coup-ling that with my dislike of sending zines into Canada, he'll be dropped; it isn't that I don't like him. How could I? I don't even know who he is. If Carter has a real good reason why he wants to continue to get PL, I'll send him some more, but otherwise, his letters sound eccentric to me. You know what this        is; an X in it means you're following Carter. Don't follow him into any conflicts with Xodar; I suspect he is too tough for you, for the likes of you I might put it. So, bye all.

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JOHN THIEL  
30 NORTH 19THE STREET  
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA 47904



printed matter  
3rd class

Lynn Hickman  
TO: 413 Ottokee Street  
Wauseon, Ohio 43567