

LYNN HICKMAN

Pablo Lennis

MAY 1986

10¢

LONG AWAITED!

DEATH'S OSTRACOTH

by
Steve Sneyd



ARCHAEOLOGICAL
SPECIMAN
COMES TO LIFE!

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS

by CAROL
CHAYNE
LEWIS

ALSO:

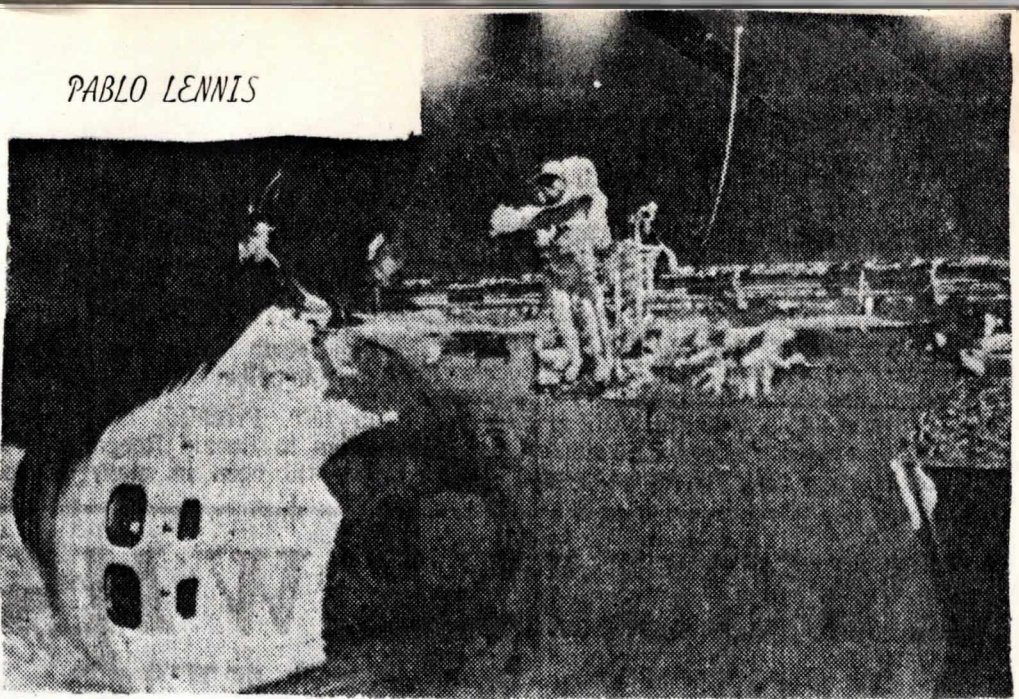
P.M. FERGUSON
WILLIAM WALLACE
and VINTON PARKENSON'S
STRANGE NEW WORLDS

PLENTY OF SCIENCES

LA JOUILLETTE

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We reserve the right to refuse service to any author. Please remember that the editor is an entity and not more than 1 person. Division of Lucerne Moody Place, Inc. as to Philip Dick, his personal experiences---which included a sequence of break ins, searches, and other mindless harassments--RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY



"Hey, I thought I was on Green Acres when we got the bug." CONTENTS

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Kind of a rugged place to start and you may think I'm in the nose cone of a space craft. This one won't blow up. I had to take well it was worth it. Thing'll loft.

You note the main man in Orwell's 1984 is named Winston (quite like Fredrick Brown's What Mad Universe? I'm aware). I was reading Sir Churchill's story of WWII in 3 volumes. One can see where Or-



well gets his feelings. Churchill shows Eisenhower, which you see is a Jewish name, having no positive effects about Jews in boxcars, about which Churchill is also unaware. He must have been pretty forceful on his move into Washington. Churchill doesn't tell a very straight story, but what was Kennedy doing in Texas? This is the same government that apparently will draft you as the price of being born, as if you had a tag on you. It gives you the feeling we are already living where so many predictions say we will go. That is why I like to present spiritual matters in PL.

We may be living in the age of doomsday, the end of the world. Note climate changes, earthquakes, volcanoes, wars in every country. You'd think they just read the 1001 Nights in Arabia. Palestine hasn't explained its moves yet satisfactorily. Maybe it is 'N3F's present membership includes not only far-darters (in the Homeric sense) but far-seers as well--though without the beef associated with cattle or professional football players." RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY

not the end but the beginning. You saw it here, we only played it once. Well, if it is the end of the world, we'll go out with sf and see what's next. You know, mystics are more apt to be right than materialists or they wouldn't exist, whereas materialism is an attitude. I see I typed ii, or rather ia instead of is. Cox helping me type, invaluable.

You ever see that for a mood? It has Assyrian origins, like prejudice. Enjoy. The issue at hand, that is. Hm, I don't mean PL, but enjoy it too. You might find you like that little sensation you get. You were down at the river learning to be an epicure.

In the days when Mark Twain arises in clouds, that's when we'll know good sf.

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS *by CAROL CHAYNE LEWIS*

Rather a surprise to your earthly anthropologist---an ancient American man comes back to life looking for his own remains!



Norman Waycross now had evidence that Pleistocene man had possessed bows and arrows. It loomed on his desk, the crude rock carvings having always the same formation, the taut bow carried by the biped form. Way back, somebody in Australia had wanted to show what was his even if he was dwelling in a cave.

The occupation to which he was an amateur was described widely as profitable, but it was difficult to see what else it could be. If it was a continuing thing, there must be some funds con-

nected with it. He had found it not adapted to his needs on any career level. Seemingly everything he needed to pursue his private quest for early civilizations was to be found in a library.

"You can just have a scotch and soda and forget about it," his friend Phil Lombard advised him. "There's nothing in it anyway. The Wright Brothers patented their designs, but there's none of that on the ones other people have upon you."

"What I'm saying is they haven't told us very much, and they don't want to."

Phil looked like he might be willing to do that. "They've developed a fine means of transcription called paper. History's sort of blank before that. It's quite a process--they make it out of wood pulp."

"I dare say the times of the dawn age had things you and I haven't heard of that renered their lives comfortable, or they wouldn't have survived," Norman said. "People say they didn't, but they went on for a long time prior to us."

Phil leaned back, taking some ease. "There must have been change in all that big time. Progress or regress." He sat in silence for a time while Norm bought it. "Likely it was more colorful back then in many ways, but they didn't have books."

"I'm glad I do. If they dug around here, come to that, I'm sure they'd find something, in the future."

It was hard for Norm to believe his thoughts on the subject were new, but anyway he'd never seen them in print anywhere. Maybe he should get gussied up and go out in a snowstorm, for all the good this kind of research was doing him. In the library that afternoon, he spent some time researching the *National Geographic*, getting some geology--a serious occupation there for sure, but the off-periods might be the worst of them all. Astronomy might be interesting, and it had been known to excuse a person's behavior too. The stars were mysterious, and he wondered if perhaps some of the early civilizations had come from them. It was rudimentary reasoning to think that they'd not had spaceships. A lot of people hadn't had them.

Jake Mattison said, "All this remarks me on progress--you're a believer in it, are you not? We seek it out because we ought to be doing something other than what we are. We don't always get it, though. The bolo, for example, is modern."

"I doubt if aborigines would get interested in centrifuge but by a propellor."

"Sure. Different ages have their different characters, but nobody knows how or why about them anyway. There are namers of those ages, but they're kind of isolate."

"Archeologists, like all scientists, get off human principles and avoid company."

"They do have to live around the people out by where they dig, though. It might get into their attitudes a bit. Likely they get tired of the orders they're given and

that gets into it too, and their travel arrangements."

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It wasn't such a good life for anybody, maybe, Norm thought.

Out at the garage Tyler DeLaReece, a more interesting person than most, had something to contribute to the process of thoughts. After listening to his complaints about speed - ing progress and future uncertainty, Norm asked him, "How would you compare past and fu - ture?"

"I see the future as precognition, the past as what one struggles to omit. It's all in the mind, you see. Both bear reference to the individual, who stands in the present."

"Can such a past be changed?"

"Surely, transmutation is of the prime force."

"The past does begin to affect us rather adversely, sometimes."

"It needs to be rationalized out of the order, for it isn't there any more."

Waycross thought DeLaReece was a little advanced on him. The one race had populated Charkish and the other had been ancestors of the Burmese, but neither had been a true one and this it was set them apart from people likely to keep histories. Also their meetings had seemed to be hampered by things more developed elsewhere.

People had told Waycross about the kind of exercise he was likely to get if he ever got any, and this was the closest he'd been to it for some ten years, excepting work and vacations, neither of which actually constituted exercise. A workout was probably available in town about now, but there was no reason not to continue maintaining equilibrium after maintaining it most of his life. Everyone was indoors today, probably preoccupied in some way with one recent event or another and as Tyler had once said, there wasn't much to do except be measured for height or X-rayed. Streets seemed dangerous when they were this way. Straying into the hardware store, he wasn't too surprised to be accosted by Nat Burn - sides, the owner, who bore direct reference to his interest in relics. "They've got some in the museum up in Plain Hills," Nat said. "And the Buford Archeological Society has got pottery and clay shards and fossilized leaves, but now they've got a paleolithic carcass, too, and I don't mean anyone there though there's talk the thing has a visible identity--- it's encased in stone and they're using all the best to chip it away perfect."

"I don't want to go down there just yet, but it sounds really interesting."

"It occurred to them that anything a man wants would be found in rock and they in - quired."

"What other ones are they making?"

"They want an expert on anatomy and one on physiognomy. They can't much tell that of any other skeleton, and want to pin it down as to claims."

"In that capacity I can help them. I had a course."

Norm got the address and let a day lapse before he went down to Buford. The remains had been shipped in a pine box by private truck and everything else the society had ever ordered had been included. The skeleton had a larger head than jaw, with a bridge in between, short neck, long spine, and nothing that would identify it as particularly unusual, racially or by type or species. "Australian Java Man would be as close to it as anything, the head shape being individualized," Norm said. "What's the story on its being primitive at all?"

"It was found eight miles down. They had a tremendous excavation for a waterway, in stratified rock. There's evidence that stratum hasn't been touched for two thousand years and conditions then existing matched, with a corroborated picture. The crew included some one who knew from strange facts collections that someone might pay big money for it."

"At the very least that shows an inhabited America."

"The fellow came down off a hill and either died or was knocked unconscious, or may - be just looked up at the landslide that got him. This slide was followed by an inundation of some size, which dried too fast in a drought, hardening fast, not without some lime - stone in a powdery form that they don't understand, and then no water for an age."

"You say this came from Arizona?"

"Yeah, but don't bother with local jokes. They were slightly informal."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"As long as we don't use magic we're safe. We aren't asked to retain it and we plans to bury it as soon as we can. Blast furnaces. They've done it up and down already out in Arizona."

The information acquired out there was read to Norm and described the skeleton as a

Piltdown Man, analyzing its characteristics as common but not especially racial. There were references for further information about life in that place in those times. Mr. Jensson jettisoned all of this except the introductory note when he finished, but said he'd copied out the references, and had the business papers filed away too.

"It was rare to get one not in lava, the first letter said," he pointed out. "They weren't, of course, ever finding volcanoes in Arizona, but a body was rare too."

"It's strange to think about Arizona remaining that flat."

"That's been a geologic wonder. There's nothing much to change it. If you checked the material, you'd find that there's so much basalt and always has been that any impulse to dig out there has been perennially thwarted."

So was Waycross, but he wouldn't have wanted to be thwarted out in Arizona. He now had two facts he wanted. Early tools were possessed in the Southern Hemispheres, and America had been rudely inhabited in the BC. With Jensson's copy of the reference list he researched the society's books, spending much of the afternoon that way and knowing more than when he had started.

He took his leave without being noticed. Out where his car was parked not many people were around to disturb it and he was surprised to find a fellow having a look at it. He seemed critically appraising. "Does a Pontiac suit you better?" Norm asked.

The fellow turned his head around at Norm slowly. He didn't speak until Norm appeared as if he was going to dredge it out of him. Then he said, "It might easily do that. I was looking for sleeping grounds."

"The campgrounds are up that way a mile. You might want to have a tent."

"No such precautions necessary. A large swim lake I find desirable."

"There's that up there." Norm was in the car, and he gunned it and took off. Through his mirror he could see the fellow idling along the road. Back at home he received a visit from Tyler.

"You don't seem to be getting many visitors, Norman."

"There are such periods in a man's life. Intention? Misdirection or coincidence?"

"Things are for coincidence. I'm afraid we were into my topics at the station. You may already know that a paleolithic man showed up at Coon's Crossings, alive."

"Good for him; the name is a colloquial one that you used."

"He's caused quite a stir. It's desired that he take an anatomy course."

"That's me, then. Shouldn't we hit it with news? I mean you and me. They'll do up anything."

The paleolithic was involved in chaotic headway. His name was Espaulo, no last one. He said he had been living in the Indians' Camping Ground which was in the sky, but was not himself an Indian. He was an Atlantean, which was across the Adriatic from Lemuria, and vice versa, which two sites had gotten along so poorly that it accounted for him as seen in America. America was inhabited in his own remote past time and preoccupied itself with mining. He lost his in a mine disaster. There had been a conflict with nature and the tools used were various and had no set form."

"How can a person's physique be attractive when it comprises the infinite?" someone stepped up and asked. "How do you get it down satisfactorily and by the way what's so good about an opposable thumb? What about the consistency of fives?"

"The lemur has fewer, and then the modern lemur might have been stared at hard by fives likers," Espaulo said. "Wouldn't it be well to discontinue the orangutan's tail?"

"Animals should be asked. Their vibrations and resonances are elementary and you could wonder how time-related they are."

"Most complaints of this nature have a physical origin, mostly in infirmity," Espaulo said. "I am a Pict, by the way; know some of torment. I wonder how the name was acquired? It is all-important to realize, Heneston, that the body thinks after the mind lapses in this function. You want to analyze thoughts sometimes before you converse."

"Then a repressed sex drive causes me to wonder why I have a face? Inferior to a physical existence is a bodiless one in space, but apparently a bodiless existence pre-dates a physical form. Men fell from angels, the Bible says it. They're aloof, but some astral projectionist that lapses into space earns his name."

"Aren't some of the physical organs outdated? Who says the body's perfect? You can ask Darwin. Ask Faraday too, while you're at it. Now, does the verniform appendix ex-

ist in every single human form? Nah, bodies are different inside too, some perfect, and some less than perfect."

"It's a frequent complaint of the autistic that he's not comfortable in his own body. Or study the variety in a solar plexus blow. Beneath estrangement there lurks metaphysics. Charles Dickens had Scrooge say of Marley--well, here's Waycross and friend."

Espaulo turned to them politely and said, "Wilhelm Reich points out that diverted life-energies become incorrectly manifested due to the nature of the thwarting process itself. I could tell you more, about debasements before the sexual urge. It becomes confused with the procreative when there are a lot of children about. Academic joke. The Paines say that when a man doesn't have a woman he's likely to have everybody else. I myself am an aloof entity. I find it difficult to enter concentric life."

"The human form gravitates toward the concentric," someone else said.

It looked like this point was about to be extended, or the reverse that was suggested. Norm didn't like the spectacle of the man very much. Not being responsible for him, there wasn't much he could do besides stare. The man had a certain uniqueness, but was not that identifiably well-formed. He and his environment did not seem one when he was being stared-upon. "I've been meaning to ask *you* something," the primitive said, looking directly at Norm. When the confusion let them they went a little way aside. "The body," Espaulo said. "What are they doing with it?"

"It's being cremated tonight, burnt to confoundedness, that is."

"So good to hear it. In the Spanish Inquisition they would have burnt someone else."

Tyler came over. "He can stay in my place tonight," he said.

They got the primitive out of there. Far out across the forests could be heard a very *primaevael* baying. The orbs in their places in the sky seemed spread out to far Alpha Centuri. What remote cities lurked out in those wildernesses of stars no one could say, nor could it be definitely stated that none had appeared ever on the Earth. Further discussion among the townsfolk seemed preeminent. It seemed as if time would lose all meaning, as if space from all and everywhere would override them.

"You're a pretty welcome visitor, Espaulo," said Norm as they walked off across the fields. "There's only one of you."

"Sure," Espaulo said. "Happy to be of service."

PARA by R. Vaughn Abrams from the *Seven Suns*

For days of hours, he sat staring at the fountain, yet came no closer to understanding. Finally he grew tired of trying to master such a feeling; he stood to seek Almira. A final time his heart moved, but this time, the faint inner disharmony was accompanied by understanding; he remembered clearly the loss of his wife Sharan. As if marking it, the air around him burst into life with myriads of butterflies of all possible tints and shapes. They flew off in all directions; again he was left alone with the fountain. *Never before zoetic life. Yet now it comes.* What is its source? Is Almira playing with me, or is some unknown other trying to confuse me? But why? *Or was my loneliness responsible? How?* He tried to create animate beings, but could not. Quickly learning to mold forms by thought alone and to approximate colors, textures, smells, he could not create life! *Is this surprising? How can I have thought life could be independently formed? It is of itself; life generates itself. Each impulse of being develops in gradual stages. How much of eternity does it take inanimate matter to become a cell? If those were indeed created in Para, they must have come from somewhere else, as did I...*

In confusion, he called to Almira. But she did not come! For the first time, when he requested her, she did not respond! Nor could he feel her presense in the valley! He did not have sufficient mastery to take his awareness anywhere they had not visited together: she stood beside him in the Temple of the Spheres; she joyously embraced him in the Amphitheater; they played together with aurora at the Dawn Temple; but she wasn't here!

It was shocking, incomprehensible, impossible, in a world of absolute order. His mind reeled, he fought for control; the world began to fade. The more he struggled, the more he lost Para and sank, fell...at the final moment of choice, he stopped struggling and waited. Para, Para! How did I come to you? Why did I lose you? The valley was alive with the newly returned residents of Para. Simultaneously they cried in their many voices their joy in life. The beasts bowed to him in their various ways.

by Vinton Parkenson

part 1 of a 5-part
serial*Mr. Parkenson may have been influenced by Spider Robinson
in the following tale*

The stranger had come in and he was carrying a black suit by way of credentials, and he said he could make an oak leaf bank shot. A little clearing of the place was done, and a stick came out of behind a counter for the man to use. Gentleman Joe H. Fireparker put the balls on the table. The fellow didn't take long. He made as if to hit the table twice but instead lined up with the cue-ball and clipped it nicely, with as straight an advance as anybody had ever seen. One could watch the ball cross the green. With a little chipping sound, the ball hit the mound and everything fell away from the edges, three balls sinking, all of them solids. Two more were necessary, and the next shot looked impossible. Gentleman Joe and the man looked at one another. The fellow made a polite gesture and then got behind the cue ball and shot a rapid piece. It knocked his one solid in, then terened off that place as if it had been banked off a rail, spun off the eight, which moved two inches, and set off a big chain reaction involving four balls, the end solid going in a side pocket.

"Too bad you don't bet, Mr.-----?"

"Winslow. Steven Winslow. I believe it's a *good* thing I don't bet, or there 'd be runners coming from the bank, that is, if you were betting against me."

Joe said, "Well, I'll arrange you a little bet. Now what do you want to think is beyond that wall over there?" He pointed to a wall that was solid metal, part of the woodwork wall that was distinguishable from it."

"I'm sure I don't know, but I suppose Turkey Lurkey is hiding in there."

"Be a hiding if that were the case, an owner keeping illicit turkey. I'm betting that there's money behind it, and plenty of it. And I'll put a hundred on it, & look sad for sure if there ain't. Care to change your own seeming of it?"

"Well, I could do that, and pretty rapidly. A man only gets one chance. I think if that wall came down, or apart, or even moved over, we'd see five schmoes hiding behind it, and if not, and this counts, the place where they'd been. I'll put one hundred on each schmoe, with a breakdown of your original bet." The bet was sealed, and the metal wall was moved over.

Out from behind it came an enormous snake. This moved around the room and then around James Irwin Hawser, wrapping him up completely until he was as snug and tight as a fellow hibernating for the winter, and the snake flicked its tail over like a bow, as if the present were wrapped and sealed. James wasn't for taking that bet, I guess, even as a consolation prize. The fellow said, "Well, if this is what you keep behind the wall, no gambling in here, I guess, for sure."

"That serpent, varmint be it, is rather a sure thing."

Joe said, "I've never known a snake to just stay stationary like that. Likely as not it will just start compressing Mr. Hawser in a minute, like a hot compress, you know the things, seen 'em down in hospitals, where they'll wrap up a guy that's lost his marbles and let him cool up. But that wouldn't be practical there. A few of Mr. Hawser's bones are starting to break. I can hear 'em popping."

Sure enough, the snake was just starting to compress, parts of its body getting a little concave. James Irwin just disappeared like a squelch-rag, till only his top of the head was making any impression, and then that just sort of fell out of sight. The snake made itself into a big bundle and motched the poor man's remains around for a little bit, and then, being uncanny covert about it, and trying to crawl into a corner that wasn't really there, where there was enough of some darkness, it opened its mouth and started to eat Mr. Hawser. You wouldn't think that man could fit, broken as he were, so that he almost looked emaciated, but the snake got him all down. He was a sort of hump in the long body of the snake, and then the snake started some digestion that was rather more noisy than it should have been, a kind of stupid rumination.

"If that don't beat all!" said Billy Teagarten. "We've seen it, more or less ,

I'm sure of the tail of it, but not the outcome."

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"Hell of a way to run a business," one of the others said.

"Well, if I'd known for sure the snake was in there, I'd have run it out of the place," the owner said.

"Not everybody that comes in the place is welcome, Sykes says," said another.

"Any more tricks up your bag of tricks?" Joe asked Sykes.

"Well, there's that wall safe over there, now there was rumored to be a Labrador Retriever behind it, certainly a better likelihood than money in these days when safes get robbed, but I wasn't finding it certain. We could open it up and stand back and find out what lurks back there."

So they did this, and all there was was a kind of suction. Sykes' man Ed flicked a couple of light switches that had seemed to have no function and that piece of the wall came down and back of it was a stairway leading to the cellars, and down there, which was sort of phosphorescently lit up, was a sort of wonderland with a bunch of bigger than should have been there terrain and some plantlife and more snakes and other fauna and a sale of varsity t-sjs and headgear and several doors opening to some where else, as if there was room under the town for very much what with the new storm sewer system.

Now, I'm going to tell you what transpired when we all went down there, and see if you can make anything of it.

The first thing that happened, Dozier Furqueness leaned into



one of the plants that was huge and had a bowl-shaped mainstay, and the side sort of caved away from him and vines came around him and he went inside it, squat. Then he managed to right himself and was just starting to crawl out of it when this lid came creeping around from the back and covered him up, so that it was as tight as a drum, then I could see it bulge out and bump a couple of times where he was in it and the plant started ingesting him. Some women came down to see it and got mixed up themselves. I guess we were under the place next to the pool hall.

We wondered what the doors were all about, and had started to check them when one of the fellows went down in the wet sawdust-like sod that was the base of that place. Most of the doors didn't lead to the underneath of the town, but had a sheen to them that was peculiar in an arch, that if you stepped through them you were some where else, and we could sort of see where that would be. Somebody said it must be the old emergency storm and air raid evacuation system. Joe stepped in not elsewhere but into a storm sewer with a pit and it really smelled like one too, an awful green ichor all clotted up in the chinks and crannies. Joe didn't sink, but went down about to his waist, and it didn't matter because it all came up to greet him like it was sentient until he was coated in green ichor which clung to him like avest, but it ate into him like acid for all a man would wear it, until he more or lesser slumped into the well, lolling on the surface of it and then being seen no more. The ichor on the surface where a little waterishness bubbled was now greenish-black and it looked like silt as to consistency. Two more people came in there and some green foam of liquid got them and they disappeared with febrile falsetto screams. Then a couple of fellows were got by slime which was adhering to the walls, as they did when they leaned up against it and noticed it was getting their skin. Down on the floor was plenty of slime and people were falling on it, which was fatal to do.

Some of the doorways were like a Doric maze. There was a large amphitheater adjoining our tunnel and as myself and Steven Winslow looked in we saw Billy Teagarten getting pulled into the pouch like body of an octopus with its eight arms, which were certainly more than Billy had, and I never listened to wails like Billy's. You ought to see an octopus when it feeds. Maybe it thinks it's doing something else for all the preoccupation it has. Said Winslow,

"Well, I think we ought not to stay down here. And look where you're walking, for Pete's sake. That looks like a leach you people almost stepped on."

I told Winslow I thought I'd take off on my own, but he said, "By all that, and that, I think I'd like company. I don't like the surroundings, and would like to talk to someone about it." I had spotted a doorway that had some print over it. The sign said, *We Like to Make Hypnosis Our Specialty. Come In and Look Around.* "Apparently they consult and have sessions, too," I said.

Inside they showed us a good way out. We were in headquarters central, in spite of the fact that it looked like headwaters. We got under a concrete abutment that there was a long path leading away from. It was miles from where we had started, a sort of loss of materialism. Winslow said, "I wish I'd gone into business for myself."

"The only business that pays these days is haberdashery."



ETN

"Two things pay, women and hell," said Winslow. "I've tried to pay my own way wherever I go most of the time, but it's hard." He looked around as if he were consulting and then asked me what my name was. It's Nashoui Smith. Steven looked lost on a world he couldn't understand. When we came out of our concrete underground trench, we found ourselves in a pretty lush place, that was garish in spots and lit up with some neon. Steve said, "I don't aim at being rich, but I'd like this lifetime planned, and so I'm ready for the next. There isn't any way to go but in the right style."

One good trait is all you can ask for in a man, if it's a strong one, and Steven had plenty of qualities of survival. One look around anybody at any time showed days and nights that looked like they had been planned by whoever had ordained the rulers, a general sky that looked baleful enough like a child's hostile watercolor, and variegated confusion around most of the streets. Daytime phosphorus lights lit up the senses kind of impressionistically and the winding street looked like it would have if a person had been staring at it through a lollipop. I thought Steven and I would make good enough companionship. We weren't walking for awhile when we acquired a spook for our guide who looked like he had been made to order for the task. His name was Ourtangoue. Steve decided to treat him respectfully.

"Well, Ourtangou, where are we at?"

"The city streets, now I see you reckoning the sky."

"Well, a man just does that when he doesn't want to look at the streets. Are you aware of a place where there's a bus?"

"Depending on what one is."

"This is a backup from a bacillus dream," Steven said.

"The name of the planet is Helicon."

"Oh, well, I was aware that we weren't on our world any more, but I didn't see any signs that we would be upon another. Some of the trolley runs looked like they might take us to one."

"Precisely."

"Well, where does the skill to do that come from?"

"It's a good philosophic question. Some of those leaders don't follow yours."

"What would they have in mind?"

"That would be difficult to say and's wherein the good question lies."

"I find some of them to be good, others not," Steven said. "I guess I'd better make out my order."

Somebody fell in from the paving. "Your gods are Seth, Bubastis, and Ouroborous," he said. "The unfavorable ones are Rhiannon and Fomalhaut. Intermediaries are Loki and Thor."

The transaction was taken favorably and the fellow drifted back away, and we continued down the street and after awhile Steve asked, "What's the name of the sun?"

"Chrysalis."

Distantly and vaguely, I heard a voice saying "You folks had better be walking to somewhere." When I looked around there wasn't anybody who could have said it, and then I saw the speaker in a crowd sort of walking backwards as the movement of the fast shuffle whirled him. They were going in the other direction. We paused to watch the march and Ourtangou said "I have it that that's one of Rhiannon's actions, and that's one of the few clues we'll get."

Steve looked meditative. We continued walking down the street and went under some sort of arch. The people believed that part of indoors was outdoors and maybe *vice versa*. Probably one or the other wasn't being felt or contemplated enough. It was maze-like in there, and we turned corners and saw plenty of alcoves and colonnades. Ere long we were surprised to see Dozier standing in one of them. It was like we were reentering the same tunnels or mazes of the past. Dozier disburdened us of illusions by saying "You people just pass along. I feel like I've got to stand here for awhile."

"Well, Dozier, you did that."

"Both. But I'm being checked out. I'll meet you at the end of the long file, at where there's a rectangle. Don't stand in my light now."

So we continued moving. There wasn't much to see and someone leaned out of a window and complained it looked like Arcadia. We were informed by a strange-looking dwarf that we would have to get instructions at the next gate. *Continued next issue*



Busy with a girl whose thighs were as smooth as skipping of stones at sunset, the Markgrave as was his wont left the messenger to wait outside the gate. That the man was grey with weariness, corpse color doubly since that pinched look of someone who has overdrained his strength overlay the more settled pallor of years spent in the wars below ground, this would have mattered nothing to the Markgrave even had he bothered to turn an instant from his unwearied pleasures, to peer into the *camera obscura* that trapped the world outside his gate to cast it unreal as a fish's crystal world toy image into his solar room.

To the Markgrave, the war was nothing any more. That he had set it into motion, had arranged the lines of battle, laid down strategy and tactics, appointed commanders and officers, built the war, as it were, out of nothing, for mere sport, a way to pass dull years upon his frontier, all this was of no more present relevance to his thoughts than the toy horse and cart, broken in a fall, that turned its child owner to floods of tears; could matter knowingly to the adult that child had become, 20 years on.

From out the scorpionic nether reaches, this tale of a wretched indecision

So strong this fortress, so skilfully designed, spiralling inward as the nautilus does, so each wall, each arch, is overlooked from inward by a higher perch, that only a handful of men is needed for it to be impregnable against the enemy. The outer gate at which the messenger waited, not as I would have done--leant wearily upon his sword or even sprawling in the gate's shadow for relief against the unaccustomed sun--but sternly stood and straight, straighter even than the skilfully out-cambered rampart from which weapons would only bounce back in the launcher's face, that gate, like all the myriad others on the mazy path towards the inner keep, could be opened only by ingenious windlasses, connecting to the portcullises and mighty doors by hidden deep hydraulic works, and all these windlasses had their central mastery from concealed knobs, carved demons' faces, set in the walls above the Markgrave's chamber. Only he could admit or release.

The messenger waited stiffly as the hours passed.

About his helm, formed from a single giant shell, the monster subterranean snail I had heard was the most of our fighters' diet down below in the deep caverns, that and, so horrid rumor had it, burnt or raw bodies of the enemy--a trick excused by saying, soldierly, "They did it first," about that gleaming pearly cask hung with what first appeared dark withered, twisted, reeds...

But as I strained my eyes against the glare, to see the clearer, I realized them to be drie sticklike arms with clawlike nails as long as starling wings. Not just a soldier then, a sturdy and obedient one. This was a fighter who succeeded in his grim game, and had the trophies there to prove his skill, more than a mere survival in the filthy deeps, the echoing crevasses of the dark.

This man took the fight to the enemy, and tore him limb from limb.

I feared his response when he saw the Markgrave gloating in his sensual sloth. I feared his sword unleashed when he should realize how vile and how uncaring the pig creature was whose war he was fighting. Perhaps the Markgrave too feared the confrontation. Perhaps this was the reason why he made him wait. Perhaps he planned the man should be witing until exhaustion, hunger, wounds mayhap hidden beneath the dusty battered armor---misshapen as if improvised out of the equipment of a dozen fallen men, no two alike in size, should lay him helpless low.

Perhaps he checked his traps along the coiling entrance way, set fresh ones doubly sure, prepared at last to lure the man, so tired and blind with rage at waiting he would never think to check the safety of the route, straight into one of a dozen fatal traps and pits, maybe even the deepest of the whole array, the one he swore led through funnels accesable from above but never from below, striaght down into the innermost, deep -

est caverns of the enemy, and thus would thrust this soldier straight into the clutches¹² of the foe he had so long eluded and unmanned.

Perhaps...perhaps...I speculated. The messenger stiffly stared at nothing, or past-years, or whatever the deep eyes the snail-helmet's brim so shadowed saw across the empty approaches there.

The Markgrave...did nothing visible.

I should have interfered...

Have pleaded with the Markgrave through the speaking-tubes. One, in a serpent's carved gilt jaw, was just above my head here as I lay in the window embrasure, craning to watch the messenger, far below and a dozen walls shut out from me, and I still three walls outward from the inner citadel.

Perhaps the tube was one way only. Too often it blared the Markgrave's demands in my ear, in the days when I was the girl smooth as a shell's whorl he summoned to his inner lair. Never had I dared try to speak to him through its dark flare. The Markgrave was not, is not, a man who has much time for much, and certainly not unbidden from his inferiors! All right. Not interrupt the Markgrave's toyings, no, that I did not dare. But could I not unwind the maze until I reached the wall above the very stand-point of the messenger? Let down my golden scarf, the one gift the Markgrave ever gave, or knot the bedclothes, raise the soldiers thus up to the first battlement, show him the way at least as far as my own room (assuming first I could find and retrace it for myself).... surely a soldier so long used to the black twisty caverns of the enemy would find this castle, intricate to me as the veins inside a man or the framework of fish, those scales and bones you seek avoidance of but that always end trapped between your teeth, would find this trap as simply sprung as mice a cage made out of finest cheese?

Would the Markgrave not spare me...had he not let me alone out of all his discarded wantons in the three years I had lived there, the others, my successors, so he told me all now gone down into the world of caves below; would he not even be grateful if the messenger brought news to interest him, to break the tedium of the time...?

Might he not reinstate me in my rightful place, his solar, hurl this latest ivory toy, this faceless chit I had but glimpsed the once, at her arrival, smooth and mindless, I am sure, as well-used soap, down into darkness where she most belonged...?

And even if the news be bad, surely his rage would fall upon the messenger, and not on me, mere helpless implement of his approach...

So thought after thought flitted through my feverish mind...and yet to the observer, so still I lay, schooled well in patience now, I would have seemed asleep.

Sunset neared. The messenger's shadow grew hugely long, until I fancied it must leap the battlements and clutch my throat, mine or the Markgrave's.

A trick of evening I had seen but once before in my three years ensconced inside this castle, and that on my first day, now spragg again to life as if to mark the day as special, and the messenger perhaps an omen of great change, far off, far far, then came slowly clear to view a line of peaks in garland-bloom of white I knew, though I'd never seen it close (this land was desert, nearly, its only coolness in the caverns down below or in the night, and then too brief), must be the glorious thing that they call snow, the mighty parent whose tiny offspring in caskets sealed brought sherbets cooled to the Markgrave and him alone, not even tendered to his latest light of love, so far the journey...yet I saw the mountains clear, this night, floating as if a magic country there above the horizon of dust and dull blank despair. Staring at the whiteness in the sky, there came to me an ancient rhyme. The Markgrave had a sword engraved with runes. He saw me look at the blue gleaming blade, a curve as delicately swift as water...he pulled it from the wall, and made as if to sever me in two. Stopped, just as the point teased the most delicate tension of my breast, and smiled his poorly-wrought and sentient smile, and said "These are the words this sword wears on its blade, my dear. A Saxon riddle from another millenium and another star, a wonder on the wave, water become bone---be warned, for that is how all pleasure ends." I cowered and whimpered in the fear that pleased him, then, and remembered the words.

Now, I knew they meant far more than some, as he thought, prophecy of his coming to reshape this rank realm. If that be snow, somewhere water must grow harder still.....a word half remembered, childhood---I must have had a childhood once, and teachers, or it

may be just one...and the word "ice." Ice...that was the messenger. I knew¹³ not why, but the word fitted.

Shadow had closed in upon the gate now, and though I strained to see a darker shape within it, nothing could my eyes design into the blackness that could be a man. Had the messenger gone, then? Gone to seek shelter, or abandoned his mission utterly? Despaired, or set off to find another greater master, fitter to earn such heroism, such loyalty to the realm? Or simply gone back to his caverns, to continue an unending war, a war unwillable, no matter how many of the cavemen's exits be sealed, their stores and shelters burned, until the openings from the castle here, down which fell young flesh enough to feed whole cities--full of them at times, and always at least enough corpses to keep them alive, be somehow stopped up at the source. I realised clearly for the first time, blinding the clarity and all but unbearable my feeling of idiocy to have not seen before, that the Markgrave alone kept the war alive, bored as he was by it and unwilling ever to learn how its fortunes swayed. The war, it seemed, his child that he hated, yet he had to feed..the war that without ever reaching satiation was consuming my sisters all.

The night I cannot remember clearly, more nightmare than reality. Feats of strength and daring at which a man would hesitate, waking, I found easy in my half-sleep. In my fever I called over and over on the messenger for strength. He seemed to guide me as I walked, surefooted as a sleepwalker, through the maze right to the prison-palace's core, as if a thread unrolled between my hands, so easy gathered and so sure to lead me there.

The blue sword did its work without a doubt.

In the half-shrouded arena of his tented bed, where moonlight pierced but fragmentarily, as if a path was made across a sea, the dark liquid came gouting, black not red. I thought it water, and was not afraid...and as the blade ploughed on, the shimmering one that caught the silver light and made a star to be my guide, firm to my grip as the guidance of the messenger, the words were true. The waters parted and the blade met bone.

The girl, her screaming wearisome as chittering bats, not even loud enough to drown the horrid bubblings I dreamed were airs arising from deep caverns on the ocean world I sought, until they souged away to gaspings as of rivulets on a sandy beach, then ceased entire, to leave a stranded empty whale upon the shore, her I thrust from me, crying to hide from me till the dawn. "I have much work to do this night."

The Markgrave fed his own funnel downward into the dark, the message written in his own black water on the silver robe--"This is the last feast you shall ever have....dine well." Poison I poured into the mouth before the vast bulk slipped away, so those in the deep caves who feasted on the beast I loved should never feast again. A mastery of the curious knobs I could not have believed was there hid in my brain, from partial and most frightened glimpses through half-closed lids when I served him in this bed, seemed clear and undisputable as a girl finds the work of weaving warp and weft. By dawn, each gate out to the world gaped wide. And huge stones nlocked each and every pit and funnel, hole and trap. The entryway was safe as a stroll in a garden in the spiring in an old song. He never came, my messenger.

At last I got my courage up and went to see where he had gone, dreaming I'd follow him, tell him the war was done, once the poison was consumed by the cavern men. The Markgrave gone, and we too free to go and find the mountains, and bathe in the sweet white snow and then go on and on and find the warm embracing farther sea..and live in happiness until the end of time. I found him by the gate, still stood stiff as a blade.

In fact, his own spear held him straight, thrust downwards through the space between his bulky armor and his shrivelled wizened flesh. Dying, he must have done this thing to keep his post, to prove his duty done until the end.

Perhaps, he died even before I first saw him there, since I did not see him arriving up the dry dust-bedevelled path. He never thought of me, and I too much of him. The war is ended, but there's no one here who cares for me. I must chant aloud like old songs of this people, oh sea, oh sea, send me your flotsam please, barbarian horde that sweeps all worlds, Death's Ostragoth, roll to me upon your tide the one I need.

I want my Markgrave back!

more about next issue: (see page 18 for less) You won't miss the editor's THE MAN IN THE ICE unless you don't see it listed here in these comings. With Etn illos it resembles an old pulp opus, but with a singular difference...it appears here. Wallace on E.S.P. too...don't miss that next issue!

MYTH



Romulus went to the place where Rome now is with a band of people of no particular race or nation and who were following his lead out of a hap hazard inclination. He was so manipulated and so much in illusion that he was given a place and when it became noticably superior in formula - tion to the surroundings, Rome formed around it.

The origins of Echo are unknown, as are those of Narcissus except that he was a Satyr. Their story is scandalous---gods were found commenting on them as they made love. Zeus seldom left a center of controversy unpunished, and since he was then delivering judgments he had learned from watching the behavior of the populace around them, he commanded Narcissus to throw himself into the water and see what Echo's reaction was. Zeus detested their unfamiliarity with their environment. Following the suggestion Narcissus showed enchantment with his image in the water and Greeks came down to help him study it and their own while Zeus remained inactive. Narcissus was forced into the water and likely leaped into

his own reflection with a cry of self-appreciation. Any appreciation felt by Zeus was either hidden or subconscious. But Echo was probably called for and found by the water expressing worry for Narcissus, who might drown in illusion if not water. Giving Narcissus back to Echo would be the peoples' will, of which the gods do not approve, and a tribunal was probable. They say Aphrodite helped them to escape, which is quite possible.

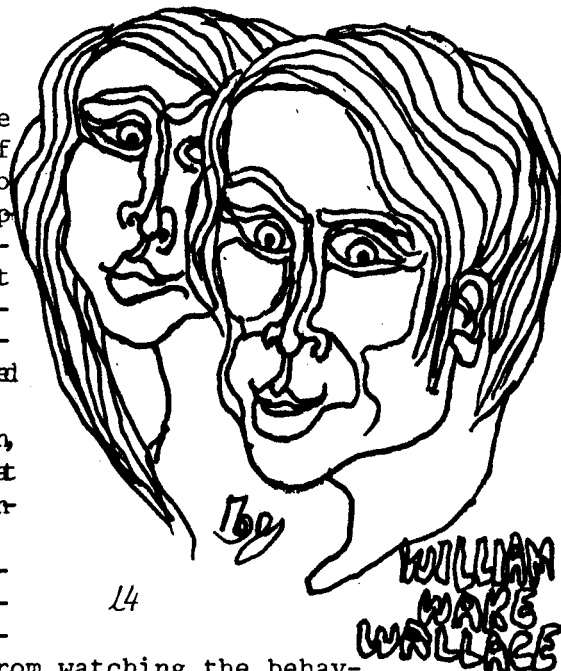
Mythology is prominent in the work of a young Satyr named Petronious who lived in Rome, called *The Satyricon*. It has a way of prevailing oftentimes there, and it reemerges, in the form of Gog and Magog, the great Beast and counter-Beast of the Apocalypse, in the *Book of Revelations*. We are reminded of the snake in the Garden by their reptilian form.

Accomplice of the Devil, we recall also Eric the Red, who sailed over many lifetimes with a crew meant to do strange things, seen in Arabic books, like Moloch, who was at one time his potential adversary. Moloch, landlocked on a river, built a carrier and hauled his ship over hewn land until they were on the ocean again. At about this time there was Galileo, who found himself an adversary to his society and built his own science study, incuculating it in society and thus passing a lifetime. Jews were attempting to take territory, but it's doubtful that he ever learned that those were his adversaries.

Sometime previous to this, Omar Khayyam of Persia found people losing their identity and wrote his book *The Rubiyat*, wherein he tried to set men free from illusion, as he did in his algebra also. His attitude resembles Jereboam's when he wore the yoke. Blake used to keep records of his travails in illusion, inhabiting a valley of his own, and Coleridge turned up the same sort of thing, and then the French Symbolists had it.

Myth gets into the fairy tale and the icelandic saga and the Norse, as well as other Scandinavians, are considered contributors to myth, as were such as Paul Bunyan in America. Fairy tales get into Ireland and haunt the Scots also; today there is the Loch Ness monster, a mythological atavism. Sweden is entered by way of Satyrs. Fairies and Elves have no source or origin that is real, and you might look for them among discussers of Lemuria, and Demons in records of Atlantis. Thessaly, Portugal and Spain were all invaded by the myth and took as much of it into their cultures, in one way or another, as they could. They were abreactors, but then Spain abreacts to anything, and they sharpened the clarity on the fact that these were mythological.

Sappho found a good incentive to establish a culture in contrast with the Greek on the island of Lesbos. Those who used to haunt Greece from whatever coven they could establish were tolerated and the island has continued to exist in the back of culture, full of people who avoided a dead end. It is a jungle today with a few towns upon it but is no place for anyone to land. Crete and Minos would be even worse, except for being ob -



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vious.

Neither Athens nor Sparta liked the myth, nor the people and behavior which attended it. A lesser-known place which abhorred myth was Troy, of which Laocoon and his people were examples. His sabotage from within was not unusual in Troy, and there was doubtless a lot of action over his punishment. This war was beset upon all sides by the mythological, for that was about all that existed on the islands, to which Ulysses bears reference--Aeneas was a mythic person himself, and Jason tended to be a hero. One wonders about the Golden Fleece he pursued. Helen is unlikely never to have been on the island of the Sirens.

Some could wonder what it would have been like if Jason had ever met Paris, assuming he never did. Perseus looks like he was on a collision course with both. It would seem he did not behead Medusa, or his myth would lack impetus. Medusa seems to have had the ill grace to describe herself as attractive among Trojan ladies. When they wondered how attractive she considered herself to be, resultant action drove her into the hills, either with or without the company of snakes; the rabble of the time seems to have proposed she had them in her hair. After a wave of nameless fear, the soldier Perseus saw to it. His method of approach may have resembled the mythological, and pointing out only that they had mirrors back then, I would say Perseus did not use one.

Delphi was near enough to Athens and was asked questions about mythological conduct frequently.

Has anyone else noticed that Demetreus was a mythological figure? The gladiatorial ring when he entered it took on a story form. Christians don't like myth much, but at the fringes there always has been some. *The Divine Comedy* and the people in it are of a mythical sort. If it was ever tried for heresy it was only in Spain, where they could not get the author. In *Don Quixote* we see people grudgingly wondering what myths are.

Hercules put legions of people to rout using one of the few things remaining on the battle site, an animal's skull. His philosophy was that a man is already a man, had been developed into that and didn't need to be developed into anything else.

Fortune and misfortune are one of the bridges between myth and fairy tale. Fortune has been a great preoccupation of literature and I would call books of this type somewhat mythological in nature, Chaucer, Boccaccio, and so on. Fortune is sometimes embodied as a woman, and you may note a similarity between Helen and the Lorelei---when the Scandinavian countries are called mythological, you might notice that it is to them the Lorelei appeared. Helen resembled a Parisienne. She is more obviously English. There is a hereditary connection between the English race and the fairies. Perhaps they were looking for Lemuria and ended up in Greece.

Luck is a happy expression which begets consequences, fortune a selective survey of unknown novelty. Life may sometimes be a variation from fortune to austerity. To elves and fairies luck is a speculative matter partaking of the higher arts, noted in passing in life, but when there gets to be too much of it, they take it to the Irish, perchance.

A brief word about Africa. Aesop appears to have originated there. He may have been the one who got myth into Egypt. Probably the Egyptian most susceptible to myth was Cheops and it seems to have gotten into the country by way of Thebes. You see Uncle Remus, the slave, who was mythological in his viewpoint and seems to have acquired his name from that. From Africa by way of India to Bhrama and Buddha, but China rejects the myth, seeing in a dragon a representation of mythology.

Mythologies are not near the origins of life. They seem as a stranded culture. Kipling's Kaa complains of being confused mythologically with a source of anything. I am reminded of Sartre and his attitude that life is meaningless. I hope you will notice that Greece is on the Mediterranean Sea. The last map book I looked at understressed Greece as well as its location.

WHISPERING NIGHTS by Steve Sneyd "The longest journey," boomed Freesor, "ends where it began." Wife Megan smiled, teapot-indifferent. Let him waste darkness on hilltops, mighty UFO hunter. Who cared? Binocular-garlanded, he pettishly exited her kitchen, late for his vigil. A swiftly-choked scream, a horrid bubbling squelch; the lovers of Megan were early, those ancient megaliths.

sub run out? Seagas Bathysphere Experiments Inc. sees to your needs..Burbage

Read the old timers to see what has already been written.

Read the newcomers to see what is being written now and most important---how.

If a writer is considered "literature" be extremely wary of emulating his style or his character type. The super-hero/heroine went out of style with RAH. Not even he can get away with "perfect" characters any more. A lesson he learned when Judy Lynn Del Rey turned down his latest. Tor picked it up, but reported sales are abysmal compared to his earlier stories.

Today's style is terse and its characters are human--even if they're alien. If you have a super-character, you'd darn well better be able to justify him (or her) and wrap the story around people looking more than a little oddly at the character because he is so perfect. Neither should such a character be the viewpoint character.

Concerning style: to quote Marion Zimmer Bradley, if she can tell you have a style, you're doing something wrong. Style is something developed unconsciously, over a very long period, through learning the craft of writing. It is a consistency of word usage and phraseology found throughout a writer's output. It is not something consciously written into a single story.

Where words are concerned, if one will do, don't use two. If a grunt will get the point across, don't use words with five syllables. Big words are ponderous. They make the reader stumble and stop following the story. If you feel a description calls for that kind of word, study H.P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith to see how the masters use them.

Don't *list* what a character knows or thinks. It is *boring*. Let him demonstrate his knowledge or lack thereof, one piece at a time.

Tell the reader as little as possible, *show* him. Let him see through the character's eyes. Exposition does have its place. Study George R.R. Martin to see what that place is--he's one of the current masters of the form.

Ignore ninety percent of what high school and college literature teachers tell you--they were all frightened by James Joyce at an impressionable age. Remember: not even James Joyce made a living at writing like James Joyce. If you want a Nobel or Pulitzer prize for literature--fine--but don't expect to publish much popular fiction or get on the best seller list.

Keep your characters consistent. If a character has studied science for twenty years and only knows what you can get out of a high school text, present him as a moron from the start.

Keep your science scientific. Don't put forth impossibilities. Twenty foot tall, exoskeletal aliens would break apart at one gravity of their own weight. Rocket power can lift only so much mass. If the ship itself is over a certain weight, the fuel required to power it can't lift its *own* weight. You can't use suction cups in a vacuum.

Write about people, not things. Write about people you know. Write about what you know. If you need to use black holes, relativity, pulsars, *etc.*, make damn sure you know what they are and how they apply to the world as we experience it. Look for the loopholes. There is a lot of science that applies only to special cases. Understand the special case and you may be able to have a character go faster than light and be believed.

Truly alien aliens can't be viewpoint characters, a human reader can't relate to them. Bob Asprin learned this with a story that was beautifully written, but fell flat because there weren't any "people" in it.

Don't reinvent the hammer or the wheel--unless your story is about the invention in the first place.

Tell a *story*. Vignettes, scenes and anecdotes may be great fun, but they don't sell any more. Unless you can find something that Fredrick Brown didn't write about, stay away from the short-short. Brown probably already did it, and unless your name is James Michner, he did it better.

Stay away from first person stories. They are the easiest of all to make boring.

Once you've written a story, remove every third word and every fourth sentence, they're probably unnecessary. If a story works in 2000 words don't try to draw it out. It is far better to get \$140.00 for a thousand words than a rejection slip for fifteen

hundred.

Words can fascinate, intrigue and involve an author. Beware. Words do not tell the story, the writer does. Exhibiting your ability to build convoluted, euphonious sentences is a sure ticket to rejection.

Read. Read. READ.

Check and recheck your spelling and punctuation.

Anyway, that's a few thoughts.

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*With our heavy leanings toward anthropology in this issue,
our columnist of the fifth order comes up with the apropos
IN ONE DOOR.....OUT THE OTHER by Allen Hansvold*

Bury the Peace Pipe

The interview was immediately granted by Chief Ni-Co-Ti-No of TNT, the To-Bac-Co No-Bac-To Tribe, in spite of the fact that we had no reservation. Obviously, the Chief was not the prototype of the old fashioned wooden Indian of yore found in front of the cigar stores. Nor of the typical Redskin from the Wild West who craved tobacco twists on par with that of "firewater."

"Greetings, Paleface. If you smoke, chew, sniff, suck, puff, drag, swallow or otherwise absorb the vapor, shards, and/or juices of the Weed, our TNT can help you to blast your habit, Rabbit!"

"Thank you for your concern, Chief. However, I did not come here on a conversion-errand. What I had in mind was an article for my paper."

"Happy to oblige, unless, or course, you represent the Cigarette Paper," cracked the Chief.

"As I understand it, Mr. Ni-Co-Ti-No, you are about to conduct a campaign to form an organization for smokers which will have a goal similar to that of Alcoholics Anonymous for drinkers."

"I see. But what if his spirit weakens...does he/she send a smoke signal to another member for help?"

"But me no buts," the Chief retorted. "This isn't going to be any head-holding operation. To be a Brave you've got to endure hardship and deprivation, good health, loneliness, clean air, suffering. If the Brave can follow this regimen for 30 days, he is eligible to continue his TNT membership and is privileged to send in his first month's dues, the usual buck saved from tobacco continence, to the Cancer Society."

"Won't two bucks bring a squaw(k)?"

"Another pun like that and you might end up in the pen, pencil pusher! As a matter of fact, it will cost the Brave a total of \$12.00 over a period of twelve months, a buck a month, to complete the obstacle course and to qualify as a Chief in the To-Bac-Co No-Bac-To Tribe. Well, I see it's about time for a Chieftain Council meeting, and I must get there to make sure they do *PASS* the Peace Pipe."

"Thank you for your palaver, Chief. Best of luck to you in your 'No Job,' and may your tribe increase."

TALE END? *Tis far, far better to switch off than bitch on.*

The Games Nations Play

In an unnamed Southeast Asia nation where high U.S. "muckamucks" had been playing "sojer" for the better (or worst) part of a decade, the Name of the Game was DOMINOES. The name of the country has been deleted to protect the ignorant.

Country "M," it had been theorized, must be guarded against aggression from those Yellow and Red menaces, else if they fail, it will cause the ensuing downfall of Country "N," thereby toppling Country "O," and thence to the overthrow of Country "P."

Double sixes, as it were.

It has now been unreliably determined that the responsible officials and experts've been suffering from a form of *dementia orientus*, one of the mild symptoms of which is the illusion of spots before the eyes. Against the normally black background of their battleground situation, these imaginary specks or dots have appeared to be white, there-



by creating the "domino syndrome."

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According to Professor Juan de Fuca, resident intellectual of the Montlake Enclave at Upper Pacific University (popularly known as Up U), this is not only a fallacy but a travesty on the gentle, non-combative art of dominoes.

"Peace! Proletariat of the Press" was the greeting voiced by the controversial educator upon his arrival.

"Thank you, Professor. I understand you are up in arms..."

"You will kindly not refer to me as a bearer of arms or a custodian of armaments, Scribe!"

"Sorry, Sir. It has been reported that you are incensed at the propaganda ploy utilized by the SPentagon in likening the downfall of Country "M" and the threat of similar and successive results in countries "N," "O," and "P" as the "Domino Effect."

"Absolutely. The comparison is odious! There are no valid similarities. It is allegorical nonsense!!!"

"Then how would you characterize the complex ramifications of the situation in simple terms that the common people back home can grasp?"

"I would say that the interplay of conterminous, and contiguous, forces might most closely resemble an action in a game of tiddly-winks!"

"Surely you jest, Professor. How in the world, do the hostilities compare to a game involving circular chips and a small receptacle?"

"Because when a player applies pressure to a given point, he doesn't have the vaguest notion what the results might be, he cannot gauge the reactions of the other players, units are scattered helter-skelter but principally, because it is a juvenile exercise that has no objective or conscious aim whatsoever.

TALE END: *You seek the light at the end of the tunnel only during the daytime. At night, you look for the tunnel at the end of the light.*

ROSCOE'S ADVICE ABOUT FLYING SQUIRRELS

Roscoe isn't going to be misinformative on the subject of flying rodents. He has a show entitled how they do it without wings. Previous treatises on the subject portray them as tumbling, etc., but that isn't going to answer for this occasion. Scientifically speaking, they have been near an old haunted house with phosphorus illumination in which illegal revenue was being brewed by a witch gone for nine days. The squirrel's energy catches up to and then surpasses its physical reflexes and then its body, until it is lent a weightless condition not unlike gyroscopic spin. You will see it spread its paws for stabilization as it coasts off on a cloud of its own energy. The flying-squirrel is real, for it has been in Ripley's. Notice the mind is not involved. This is not a parapsychic phenomenon. Two in a pot for knowing the advice.

COMPLAINT TO THE EQUALITIES COMMISSION by Steve Sneyd

So much misguided paranoia in the vampire community right now, Reminiscent of the terrible days when even our hereditary leader, The Socialist warlord Pan Dracula, believed that AIDS was an inept CIA attempt to eliminate us. Today, the threat differs in source, dramatically. Today, vein-armour costs less than artificial blood!!

coming next issue.....

We've a new story called TITUS GROAN, but that's in our bookcase. You might like better our lead story by Carol Lewis, INTO THE UNRECKONABLE. Let you in on the secret of the plot, since it plays off this issue's article, what do Little Folks in Ireland have to say of sf interest? Find out! And P.M. Fergusson has a computerized chiller called CLICKS as good as any going! A crossword puzzle & Wallace on medicine "round //..



THE ¹⁹ SCIENCE SPACE

FRESNO WILLIAM WAKE WALLACE

Not that Lafayette's contributions to the space program are challenged, they're just ignored. We've a highly ignitable Nuclear Engineering building, computers, the soluable Michael Golden Labs, and a *Perspective*, very space-age printout, that. No complaint, but there are computers in people's houses, radars in their back yards, jets going overhead all the time, frequent space volunteers, cybernetics games for the children, and on the whole it looks like Bradbury's backup in *Rocket Summer*, except that the location is a different one.

There are some sins in Lafayette's side of the NASA program, sure. In fact, their lack of apparency is due to how much there was---a large confluence becomes turgid, to set up for a reversion to the old cliché. Nobody even saw Gus at all after the rocket program was announced. Certainly the NASA pilots've had no contact with science fiction and shown no interest in it, even though they would be. Here in Lafayette, one can edit a fanzine right under their eyes which even mentions them and not hear from them about it, to which they can say, "We don't deal with the news when they do stories about us, either." Well, that's odd, too, boys. *Touche*

that we know why in that case---but we don't know the whole story.

You remember in the last issue of PL I pointed out that the sky story begets certain ground shock corridor type of effects. If they figure we're angry about these, and thus are hincty about any contacts, I would point out to them that we haven't got it fully reasoned yet. The main guy up there couldn't be any worse than Mussolini, assuming that isn't who he is, and we're accustomed to Benito's fine standard of housing. You don't eat all the time but you do have a roof all the time, not to mention walls. If the plumbing doesn't work, it will be corrected in two weeks. Small matter when you're speeded up, in the natural fashion, so those two weeks seem infinitely extended, even when they work out in the end to a ducat, all right. We like the effects only provided the exhaust's kept purified. All our flouridation and pollution outcries are about that. By the way, note that most of the news in the case of that first word came from Florida, which sounds like the word.

Well, a Florida statement doesn't sound like it.

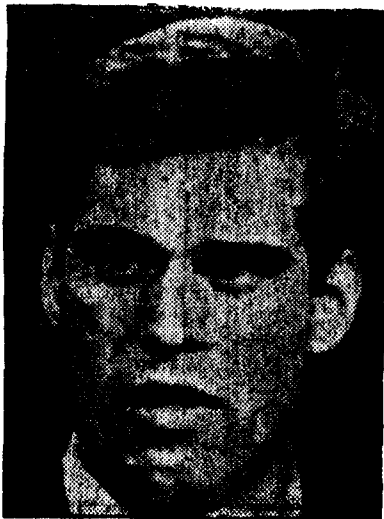
Okay, you get some NASA volunteers and otherwise who don't communicate with SF or with a whole lot of science, but they still want recognition and publicity. I am willing to see people who don't recognize me getting recognition---even like it. They

don't recognize me because they got hit so hard by the acceleration, that it stunned them.

Stunned likewise after the blowup...the name of the ship is downplayed and mixed in the news, as if people'll forget it...are the new volunteers, two of whom are portrayed photographically on the next page. They need someone to point out that if a mission might end in disaster, there might be some second thoughts and misgivings about it. One of our newsmen was volunteered for writer-in-space. space finalist, ponders the



Grisson and Roger Chaffee of Purdue, with Ed White in the middle. Other Purdue men in the program are Neil Armstrong, first man to step on the moon, Don Williams of Lafayette and the shuttle, and the latest of the moonmen is Eugene Cernan.



John Vellinger, West Lafayette prince who had the project that was supposed to be on the ship that blew up.



Robert Foerster, teacher-in-space finalist, ponders the arcane.



Richard Hobbs and Pat Bennett, two local volunteers from the schools.

20 It is considered natural around here to volunteer for space flight, especially if one is in education or the *media*. This is considered a very space-conscious city by all and sundry. As it happens, we have cattle living right in town with us, which lends a rather rustic air to our futurism, but there can be no doubt of the facts. The idea that it would be more appropriate to put a science-fiction writer up is being temporarily ignored, as this has no place in the setup of games and contests in our state. It is a pity to see how out-of-kilter we sometimes are, but it is quite possible that a writer or a fan will get on anyway, unknown in the rush but still perceiving the flight with his sensitivities. I suggest that when he points out that his sense of wonder enables him to get more out of it, they say "We're wondering, too. We're wondering how the hell to get off." You "get off" when the jets start firing.

So, I hope you feel informed enough now about space travel, seen from the point of view of one who is in olfactory distance of the Michael Golden labs. The space programs might look rather square on TV, but they're sort of him from back scenes, where you see many things attributed only to hip literature when literature is involved. Other than that, it is sort of square, but where are the corners? Something a man can get hold of and *grasp*?

But this month's science is on another subject and topic.

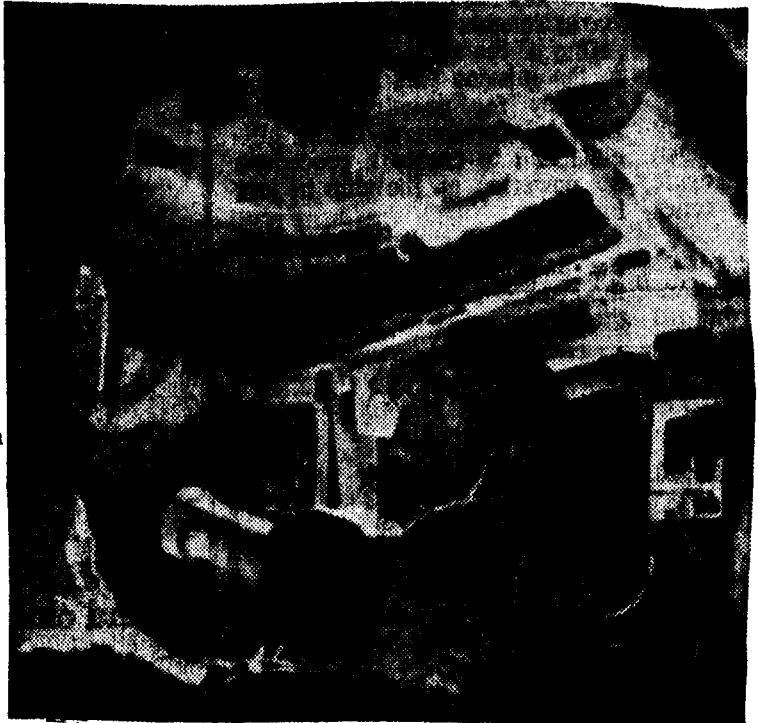
ZOOLOGY, A BASIC LIFE STUDY

Zoology is a division of biology, and tends to be a side interest of anthropologists. This is good hunting-ground when we are tracing science.

However, as an example of obscurantism there are the dinosaurs. Science currently expresses very little doubt that they existed. Extinction and predecessorship, it seems to me, seem to be their two primary qualities. Although one writer sees the Kiwi as nature's most probably first attempt, argument is possible at the outside. The saurians have passed away for a number of elemental causes, listed, discussed and argued. I would suggest that it was chiefly observation that did them in. Else they could have continued to exist,

like everything else. Science does not note what is not rudimentary in life, so everything which might have coexisted with the dinosaurs, including man, is left out. They equate the monkey with civilization, due to the opposable thumb and sometimes erect standing. It is difficult to see how a scientific observer would establish a preference for an animal that bore his semblance. Charles Darwin was not the only biologist, and I must say that his theories were considered controversial except in certain places.

Reptiles share little in common but scales, but we are dealing with the elementary, when we study zoology. Their metabolistic rate is slow also, they eat less frequently. We retain a few modern monsters similar to the dinosaur, such as the Gila Monster and a few species like alligators and crocodiles, all of which do not grow to dinosaur size because it is *passee* and not desired. Serpents go back at least as far as Eden and were, by Hebrews, Egyptians and Greeks, considered a bane. In early AD the Greeks established a serpent as a symbol for medicine for reasons unknown. This snake was called *ounobonos*, identified with Romulus, a typical Greek confusion over nomenclature. The observer will note that dragons were much discussed in England at the time knighthood flourished there



Joe Allen of Frankfort, Indiana, in the shuttle Columbia in 1982. His wife called the disasters "executions."

Today the unearthings of primitive bones of monsters awaken fantastic public interest, where none would be expected. Monsters notably are cannibalistic; for example, pythons and other large snakes, the boa constrictor is another example, eat a wide variety of animals and men. These don't have poison or fangs, but there is a more monstrous type which exists in the same regions as vampire bats in Africa, where the mouth is not so much endangered by other animals. Relating to animalism, these snakes and others have fascinating rhythms which can paralyze men, thus a basis for animalism. Juju is found among apes as well as humans. Where survival issues are prevalent, there is some pressure against science being the pure thing it can be elsewhere, the issues being rather emotive ones. Survival for a white man can be nil in some parts of the African and the South American jungles, but there's no such thing as an utter nil, so I suppose notes of expeditions return in some form, from some source. I have in mind Franz Boaz

-Bill Wallace

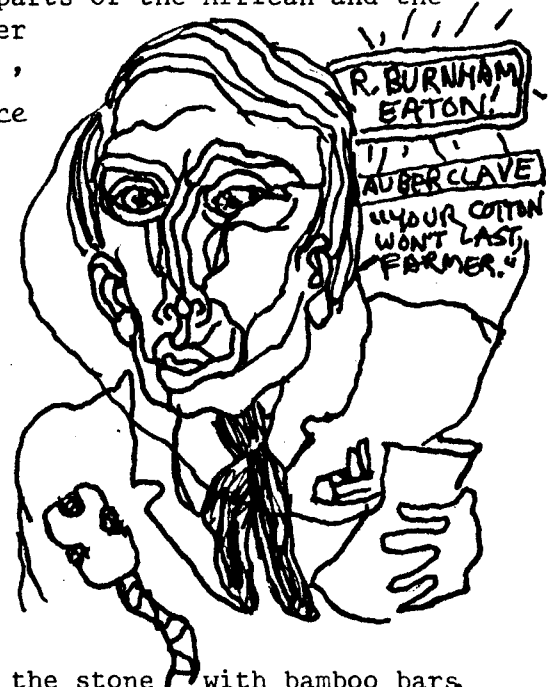
ARCHAEOLOGY IN YUCATAN (by the editor)

The ruins in Chan Kom, Chichen Itza, and Uxmal are said to have archaeological as well as anthropological interest. Chichen Itza, at the farthest extreme on our map, had crude and crumbling representations of what is seeable elsewhere, almost erased from the landscape. It had no outstanding characteristic. Smoother stones than anywhere else was all the beleaguered tourist could find. A native boy shot we have is from Chichen Itza.

The road is greuling between there and Uxmal. In Uxmal we acquired a picture of a goblin sitting outside the *portico des serpenta*. All of our best shots are in Uxmal. There were three extraordinarily appalling temples there, and the shots we got of them, against that stark blue sky, look very nice indeed. We had stopped at the Cenote on the way there and had lunch on a veranda overlooking it. Down near the basin was a cage set into the stone with bamboo bars. We had a fine hotel in Uxmal, perhaps one of the best in that countryside, except that it wasn't near anything. The carvings were referred to as Ithuanic.

What I objected to about the temples is that they were pyramidal. On the way back we had the opportunity to explore a cave that might have been some serpent's home, so narrow were the crawl-spaces. A man felt buried alive going through the constrictive upward-going shaft. The guide took his time pointing out that there was another way out. There was nothing really noteworthy there and I suggested a topological interest would find the facts. At a village named Xaloztoc I asked if it was army ants that had gotten things. He said yes but he was mostly enjoined to silence. He showed me a rather large snake in a hacienda and spiders in cages. The snake came at me when I stepped inside, and Pauselo said I should come back out as there was an audience set to come around. He probably used the peso I gave him as a token.

In Chan Kom I took the other two shots of the three I took, like it was easy to get the camera. I had spotted some attempts to render concrete snakes better than the other artists. A lot of the buildings in the Chan Kom ruins were built down close to the soil with sit and crawl spaces. It's considered *de regeun*, only in Spanish, to mention also the handball courts of Uxmal and Chan Kom. I think I've mentioned the only place names that would be of any interest, save to those interested in how good my memory is. Anyone interested in these subjects from the ground up might read *They All Discovered America*, by Charles M. Boland, the book that started it all. The author is the father of an acquaintance in New York City with whom I once collaborated on a couple of books. It does not mention how Leif Ericson, to name an example, would have felt being space shuttled, but then perhaps Leif would not have been unprepared and unknowledgable enough for the prints. You want someone who doesn't even know there is such a thing. A pilot, something like that. I refer, of course, to what he knows after he climbs in the ship, not before. Other people who don't know much about it belong to the CIA, and they really do not know anything about it, I guess.



THE
BOOK 22
READ
*developed
by Elwood
Knaemen*

L. Ron Hubbard's latest novel just appeared in at Von's. Apparently, his estate is doing a good job getting his manuscripts published, although why they would, after the investigation of dianetics and all the unpleasant "divorce" publicity, I don't know. For the sake of decency I didn't buy it and don't intend to review it, but I will mention that it is available.

I have a couple of books that concern possible misuses of science. The first is *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, by Ken Kesey. A major theme of this book is the prefrontal lobotomy. You've seen Heinlein mentioning it, *Citizen of the Galaxy*, *Double Star*. A psychology text at Purdue once described the operation. The equipment for it is not easily obtainable, the patient is non-consenting, the rationale of it is primitive, and the results are a man who is of no worth whatsoever. In *ASYLUM*, a factual book by onetime alcoholic William Seabrook (a fantasy writer sometimes and author of a splendid read on Haiti), the situations are less desperate but one can see how it relates. Certainly straitjackets are not much either, though they gain by comparison with lobotomies. Seabrook's real adventure reads like something taking place on another planet. The book's out of print, but if you can find it, read it and see what might be taking place. Science misused certainly requires criticism.

THE SECRET LIFE OF SALVADOR DALI. Publisher uncertain. Dali portrays the urge to eat a decayed dead bat in this phantasmal book. It is analyzed as wanting to render oneself so contemptable that one returns to life. It becomes voracious when contemplated.

A colorful booklet arrived from the Institute of Human Development, P.O. Box 1616, Ojai, California 93023. Apparently free, entitled *DISCOVERIES Through Inner Quests*. It combines mysticism, magic and astronomy. A sales catalog, subjects include psychology, dreams, spirituality, mental powers, hypnosis, reincarnation, releasing subconscious forces, metaphysics, evil, animal language, art and music and transcendence. They also sell books, *Autobiography of a Yoga*, for example, by Lobsang Rampa. You saw it in *Caveat Emptor*. Sartre by---bye!

THE CLUB HOUSE spiffy-doodled by Carole Chayne Lewis

damon knight, wisely lower-cased, denied the existence of R.A. Lafferty in a postal card to John Thiel, saying that Bloch was having a prank of some kind. You want to talk about an ongoing hoax, check the number of scholarly books about sf that fellow is having attributed to him. Apparently it is there for any fan to use, who is seriously concerned about reality.

Butch Thompson just appeared near Purdue, apropos Lake Wobegon. Indiana fandom getting in here. Purdue had a film called *Weird Science* which I missed, having got the bulletin late, but I suppose it would have been as disappointing as the Blue Ribbon Awards Film Festival. So much for Indiana Fandom, no news this time around, except I saw the "Fantasy Club" and D&D were meeting at Purdue, one meeting supposed to go on to one A.M., when I checked the room they weren't there late into the meeting time, neither was the other, like seemed about to be the case mot of the time when I was going up by those meetings, and now this time they really weren't there in spades and maintenance custodians.

Bell. I have some fanzines for review. *Lan's Lantern*, George Laskowski, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013, seems preoccupied with whether people should have written what they did this issue. *Fandom Directory* is coming out again. Address Harry Hopkins, Fandom Computer Services, P.O. Box 4278, San Bernardino, California 92409. Review If alcoholic stimulus were required, I would send a fifth of any preferred brand--Leland Sapiro to Harry Andruschak in an alcoholic rehab ward.

side Quarterly, Leland Sapino, Box 833-044, Richardson, Texas 75083. Like the literary magazines it resembles, RQ is hard to crack, but the latest (postmailed) includes several familiar names including John Thiel, and Waddington, Jeff Wilcox, Mary Bohdanowicz, Robert Newsom, Thiry, Flint, Brandt, Jim Allen, some lady in Marion, Carl Wilson, Jean Lamb, Bloch, Dea and Jim Harmon. Boggs is "fiction editor." Too Far From Granada is a story It's only a matter of time till I start putting these names in quotation marks commencing with a poem in a nice little booklet form from Wieslaw Tumutka at 14 Sheen--stock, Haddenham, Near Aylesbury, Bucks., HP17 8EN, England, SF Spectrum Publications Ltd yeah somebody better contact HP about that location, for one dollar and the postage. Why not surprise them and send it, as the writing is by Steve Sneyd, who continues to come across in the little literary magazine field, almsot always with SF, as is the case here. Our typos are regular, standard, traditional. It says 50 pence in England, but I looked

I am but a shade
Of the being
Once steeped in peace,
Now an echoing tower
Where memory
Is a cold wind
That stirs naught but
Ashes and dust.

My strength
Is but a remnant
Of an empire once
Mighty and vast
Before siege
And darkness came.

I am a dweller
In life's shadow
Flickering fell in
The absence of light and sound,
A warlord of haunted times
Pain shrouded
In the presence of storm.

A shadow dim I am
But a bitterer touch
Wields none but I,
A savage creature
Ill fitted to restraint,
Cunning and fierce.
I am shadowking, wraithlord
In a darkened realm
Imbued with darkness and terror,
A sorcerer,
Power unbound.

at the cover and thought it was 50 pounds.

Scizo bulletins arrived--I don't know why, I'm not schizo--one from the *Canadian Schizophrenia Foundation* inviting people to its 15th Annual International Conference, not like Freud's and Jung's or with Wilhelm Reich present, of course, but they did get an A. Hoffer, brother of Eric who wrote *The True Believer*? One wonders about genealogies, and Saul Pilar & B. Rimland will be there too. The *Schizophrenia Association of Greater Washington* has a free public lecture about environmental impacts on behavior, great stride forward I shouldn't wonder. A fellow from London, England is their lecturer. They have a Dr. Meggs, too, who stresses such things as CNS fungus. I don't think either address is necessary.

THE ARMED ATTACK

mail

letters

Kurt Thiel, Corpus Christi, Texas: Thus says the proverbial sage to the mountain man, repent ye of earthly pleasures and desires and set your goals on the loftier designs of the heavenly way. Thus set free from this mortal plane, one can ride the dragon to the Lao-Tzu domain. You'll have to excuse me I just finished a book entitled *Taoism--The Road to Immortality* by John Blofield. All in all a very interesting book but a bit bogged down when going thru details. The best parts were where the author was recalling bits of conversation he had with different sages living in the mountains of northeastern China.

Presently I'm reading *Myths of Rome and Greece*, by Thomas Bullfinch. So far it seems interesting. I had a class at I.U. dealing with the Grecian myths, which I enjoyed, but the Roman myths are mostly new.

Other than the details I've related I plod relentlessly on to Oblivion, wherever that may be.

answer: I include the most revelent ones.

Joseph Napolitano, P.O. Box 1651, Covina, California

9/722: John, maybe you don't realize it but you're putting out one of the best fanzines in all fandom maybe in the last ten years. The repro is fine. Art work is top notch. And the writing is definitely excellent. (I'm not just saying this because I wrote something that appeared in PL.) So keep up the good work and onward to greatness!

By the way did you hear what your big buddy Reagan did? He wants to turn the lites out in the Library of Congress. He says the government has no money. Isn't that typical? I wish somebody would turn the lights off in the white house. You know what they say. If it's good for the goose it must be good for the gander.

answer: I'm conserving a little electricity in the editorial. I'm glad to hear a few compliments for a change, thanks! You'll surprise the readership.

"I am now active in reviving Tom Mix as a symbol of the Rslston-Purina Co."--Jim Harmon

ALSO HEARD FROM: Peter M. Fergusson, Clarkville, Indiana, who says: "For a fan mag you have a good start. The authors you picked are obviously newcomers but the potential is there. If they keep at it, they should make competent writers one of these days." Perry Chapdelaine, Rt. 4, Box 137, Franklin, Tn. 37064, says: "How about if we should nominate *The JWC Letters* for the JWC non-fiction award this year? Wouldn't that be a gas?" In helium, and Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire HD5 8PB, England, who says "The new print standard is impressive," and cites three pronunciations for Halley's Comet, adding that with the closed range out there, all the various probes may collide. Keep writing, folks--step it up, even.

It's only a matter of time till I start putting those names in quotation marks



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