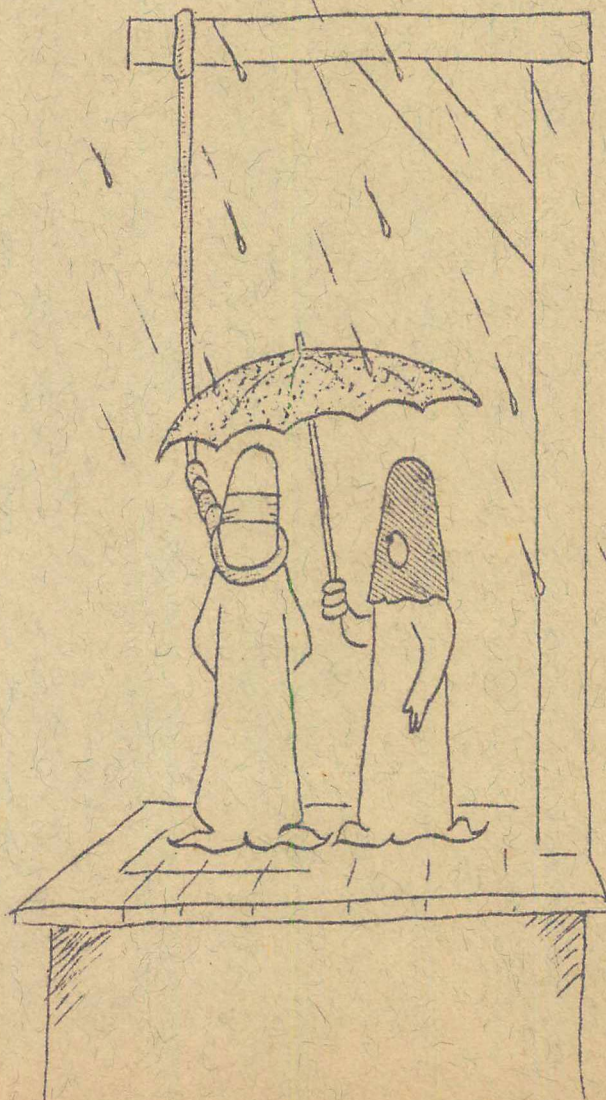


Lee Hoffman presents...

# SELF- PRESERVATION #3

For the 100th FAPA Mailing  
Summer 1962









small talk

24 June 62

#### WORKING CAN BE KICKS:

The money is one of the nicest parts. Nine-to-fiving can disturb one's social life and completely disrupt one's habit patterns, but the little luxuries money will buy sort of make up for it.

During the past three weeks I've been sitting in for the vacationing proofreader at the office. (I can hear your cries of amazement and hasten to assure you that my employers have never seen my fanzines--they labor under the delusion that I am literate).

Proofreading only occupied a small part of my time while I was at the desk. So during the rest of the day for which they were paying me money, the guys in production would give me sheets of paper with pictures printed on them. I would cut out the pictures and then they would give me crayons and let me color them in.

#### I GOT A POCTSARCD FROM GARY DEINDORFER:

It said, among other things, "...I'll be in NYC beginning Sunday, 17 June...when I hit town early Sunday morning I'll call to see if you're in..."

Well, we had a job going on Sunday morning and in my vital capacity as proofreader I had been asked if I'd drop by the plant and read a sheet on it before the mighty presses began to grind out thousands of copies in five glorious colors. I had agreed. This was before I got the poctsarcd, and now I was a little concerned that I'd miss connections with Gary.

But he had said "early Sunday morning," and the boys at the plant had told me the sheets wouldn't be ready until about noon or so. It was after 11 a.m. when I phoned the plant to see how much longer I might stall before leaving. But Warren informed me that the sheet was already ready. So I hopped on the bike and headed for work, wondering all the while what had become of Gary. Since no one except the guys from the plant knew I'd be working, it undoubtedly wouldn't occur to anyone to try and contact me at the office on a quiet Sunday morning.

I was stopped at the red light at 11th Avenue and 29th Street, when I saw from the corner of my eye another bike pull up beside me. I turned to greet whatever fellow cyclist it might be.

It was Dick who announced that he had a message for me. "There's a fan looking for you," he said. Having delivered his message he vroomed off in the general direction of New Jersey.

I read the sheet and buzzed back home, wondering if the phone would ring. It did, and a heavily-bearded voice informed me that the speaker



was none other than Walter Breen, who was prepared to head over to my place in the company of Gary Deindorfer. They arrived shortly.

We were sitting around looking at a photograph of Harlan Ellison in a leopard skin and discussing such things as the problems which can arise when the super keeps a hall full of cats, when the phone rang again.

This time it was fannish old Ted White, with the news that New York was a summer fan-haven, there being yet another one in town, namely Rog Ebert. He told us that the klan would be gathering at a Chinese type restaurant on Times Square in a matter of moments, so we boarded an uptown train.

We stood around in front of the restaurant for a while, wondering if the young man standing around nearby was Ebert. (It was.) Soon a horde consisting primarily of the Lupoffs and Lin Carter descended and introduced us all to each other.

We trotted up to the eatery and by the time we'd gotten settled in at a long thin table Ted and Sylvia arrived. Communications from one end of the table to the other being difficult (I'd left my semaphore flags home), Breen, Deindorfer and I fell into a quiet discussion among ourselves about what to order. I am of the school that orders a quantity of dishes a la carte and divides them amongst those present. But Deindorfer objected to this sort of communal activity. He insisted on ordering a dish himself, for himself, though he was willing, once it arrived, to barter portions with the rest of us. Walter and I shared a couple of dishes, and Walter negotiated a little food swap with Gary. I ate most of the almonds.

Afterwards we headed down 42nd street, and the party got split up somehow. We couldn't find them, although for a moment we thought we had tracked down Lupoff in the crowd assembled before a soap box-type orator who had a large star spangled banner aft of him. It wasn't Dick, though, so we got on a train for Brooklyn.

The new White house in Brooklyn is swinging. There are two floors, a lot of walls, some ceilings, and a backyard. We listened to records and talked various stuff, some of it fannish, until I was almost asleep, what with being on the nine-to-five habit now.

Then Walter and I took a train back to the city.

It hadn't rained all day.

-----  
"No, this machine is made in Europe and the speedometer is calibrated  
in micrometers..."  
-----



### THE MILD ONES:

It was the late end of a hot Sunday afternoon and we were on our way back to civilization from the interior of South Jersey. We were on the cycles and had been riding steadily for several hours. And it had been a long weekend, working pit crew for an OSCA Junior Chuck Weeks had dug up somewhere and driven to 3rd place.

We turned off the drag onto a shady side road, pulled up by a sewer excavation and dismounted to stretch our legs.

Leslie settled down on the lawn of a small frame house nestled under broad-leaved shade tress, while Dick and I strolled down to the corner service station to dampen our parched throats.

Walking back, I glanced up at the quaint home under the shade trees, thrust my hands into the pockets of my black leather jacket, kicked a rock with the toe of my boot, and said to Dick. "I got an idea. This looks like a quiet peaceful little hick town. What say we move in and take it over?"

He looked thoughtfully at the houses, counted them--both of them--and answered, "I think it's too big for us."

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### NOTE TO THOSE IN AND AROUND THE WEST COAST, PARTICULARLY THE SEATTLE FAIR AREA:

If you should encounter a puppeteer name of Hank Rabey, would you please convey a message to him, namely:

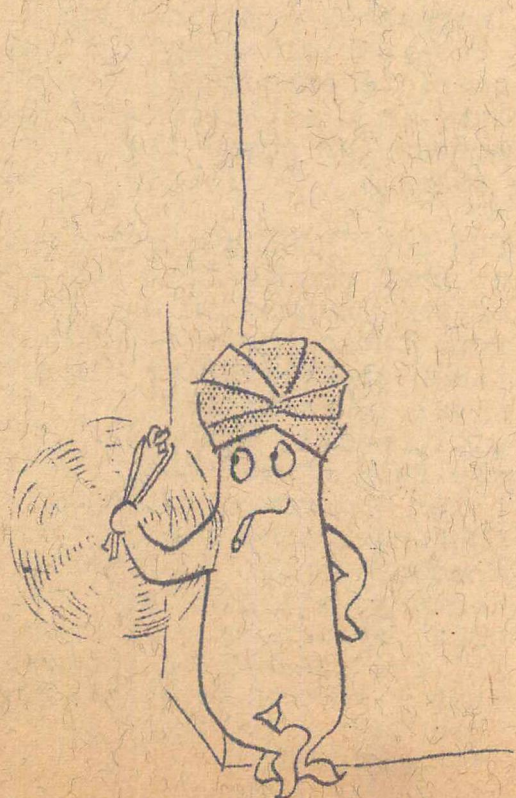
I got his postcard and would be delighted to write--what the hell is his return address?

Thank you.

### MORE FROM THE BULLWINKLE SHOW:

The plot is a man-made monster type and the scene is a Charles Addams type house perched on a cliff and the storm rages and the lightning flashes.

The narrator comments in his description that it is "a mansion formerly owned by Colin Clive..."





8 July 62

## BLOSSINGS ON THEE, LULU FAN:

Ted White, you are a Ghood Man and a Friend to the Fan indeed. I engaged a native guide who knows Brooklyn almost as well as the Dead yesterday and motored over to the paper company you recommended. The nice little old man who, indeed, welcomed me when I mentioned that I'd been sent by the fellow with the beard, for some colored mimeo paper. So now I am the proud owner of ten reams of what is possibly the most gorgeous, least expensive mimeo paper I ever bought.

## DO IT YOURSELF DEPT:

After picking up mimeo paper and separating from my friendly guide to Brooklyn, I motored around Manhattan looking for a stationary store that was open Saturday afternoon. Not finding one, I came home and made up a batch of mimeo ink, which I sincerely hope will be successful. The formula is 1 glob of ivory black oil paint of an inferior quality, some three or four years old, a dash of VMP Naptha, and a large helping of corn oil (not, as previously stated Wesson Oil -- which brand I ceased to use long since, as a protest against objectionable advertising). Thoroughly mixed, this gunk was dumped into a can with the dregs of the red ink from SFFY #3. I hope you are reading the successful result of this effort.

I have a dream of going to press someday with well-cut stencils of recent date, real ink, and lovelly pulpy paper, like in the Good Old Days. Maybe some day I will buy some new oblitterine, too.

## THE END (of the beginning) IS IN SIGHT:

I have spent a major portion of the day alternately mimeoing, stenciling, and patching together some pieces of two-year old stencils from the wall. Subsequently, assuming that I complete this page, I will have the first half of this ready to collate in a matter of minutes. Assuming that I buy some more stencils tomorrow (or soon) I will be able to proceed with the last half of the issue.



THE LONE EAGLE: As I glance up what should fill the screen of the machine in the living room but a photo of Lindbergh taken shortly after his arrival in Paris (1927, you will recall, Grandad). They are showing various film clips and moments ago the announcer made the portentous announcement: "The Twentieth Century will continue after this message from your host..." Ah, the wonders of science that I should have such a potent Time Machine in my own living room...



4 July 62

# THE TRUTH ABOUT STEAM

After all these years I have gotten myself a copy of the FANCYCLOPEDIA #2 and I spent yestere'en browsing through it reading my egoboo.

I find that while I have a number of quibbles with it, I have only one major bone to pick. That regards STEAM.

I realize that the confused entry in FANCY II is now a part of the written history of our microcosmos and that the world will little note nor long remember my attempt in these pages to clarify the situation. However, in hopes that some researcher of the future generations will diligently delve into these remote records and find the truth of the matter, I would like to present opinion and documents in the case of STEAM to clarify the situation. After all, what is history, some wag once noted in different words, but mythology some scholar has signed his name to and gotten into print?

In the beginning, the entry in FANCY II is, to the best of my knowledge, quite correct. It states:

"STEAM (Watt: Bulmer) During a visit by Walt Willis to the Epicentre, Ken Bulmer noticed the lid of a teakettle being lifted by a strange force that seemed to reside in the vapor of the boiling water, and speculated on the possibility of harnessing this energy for transportation and other socially useful ends..."

However, from there on the author-compiler goes astray:

"Owing to international patent difficulties a competitive organization, Hoffmanothing (sic) Inc. was formed independently in the United States to supply the needs of the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company..."

For one thing, that should be HoffmaNothing, Inc. For another, although my memory may be failing in my old age, I can't remember that HoffmaNothing ever had any direct connection with steam. In the way of large corporations, it was closely united to the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company (which made its own steam, as well as mashed potatoes) in a financial way. Both were part of a master financial octopus of myriad corporations with a common directorate, all headed by a power-mad majority (in fact sole) stockholder who was sort of a curly-headed Daddy Warbucks, in spirit, if not pocketbook.



And although there were international patent difficulties, these did not arise until after the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company and the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Corporation came into conflict over similar processes arrived at independently. This had nothing whatsoever to do with the actual formation of HoffmaNothing.

"...Fort Mudge is a part of the Pogo mythos/" inserts the author-compiler. I hope he didn't intend to imply that Fort Mudge is a myth because he definitely knows better. (my handy pocket copy of the MODERN WEBSTER DICTIONARY AND WORD BOOK, which I never rely on, defines a myth as "legend; poetic fiction; fable; product of the imagination; lie") I'm afraid though, that some of the younger readers may misunderstand and conclude that Fort Mudge is a figment of Walt Kelly's fertile imagination. It is not. I have seen it myself.

Fort Mudge, long celebrated in song and story in the Pogo strips, was first discovered to Western civilization by that noted astronomer, Bob ("Wilson") Tucker (after whom, you may know, the noted Mt. was named). Early in the 1950's he calculated its location to be on U.S. Route 1, between Waycross and Racepond. Shortly, thereafter, it was actually visited by the noted explorer of the vast body known as North America, Walter A. Willis, who was taken by the native to be a honeymooner.

A later expedition into the interior in search of it was undertaken by Ken and Pamela Bulmer, accompanied by other unidentified fans (including the new apparently extinct Jesse Floyd). It was not completely successful, as U.S. 1 had been widened between Waycross and Racepond, and no evidence of Fort Mudge could then be found. However, it definitely was there previously.

"...Hoffmanothing stocks were later taken over by Ashworth's Amorphous Abstracts, Ltd., of England after a prolonged lawsuit between the former and Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Company (They proved to consist largely of colored steam)..."

A base canard. If Ashworth was sold a quantity of colored steam under the impression that it comprised the stock of HoffmaNothing, he would undoubtedly buy the Brooklyn Bridge, too, if offered it at a good price. The stocks of HoffmaNothing (which had nothing directly to do with steam, being primarily petrol-powered -- two stroke, of course --), being primarily beef bouillon, is still in the possession of the original owner. AAA's colored steam is obviously a figment of someone's imagination.

Fancy II concluded: "After a conference at Cleveland Hoffwoman and Bulmer organized an international group, Fair Steam, to supply the white kind for general use."

More confusion, since this would seem to imply that FAIR STEAM is the common, ordinary sort of white steam in general use. That this is not so will be made obvious, I believe, by the concluding paper of the appended documents.



The following documents are reprinted  
from Quandry #26, dated latter October 1952...

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS OF

## THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO.

Main Office: 96th floor of the Metropolitan Bldg., Downtown Fort  
Mudge, Georgia Savannah Branch: 101 Wagner Street, Sav. Ga.  
Overseas Representative: Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards  
Rd., Belfast, N.I.

September 24, 1952  
also  
24 September 1952

Bulmer & Clarke, Ltd.

Gentlemen,

It has been brought to our attention that Mr H. Kenneth Bulmer, whom we had hitherto known only in his capacity (.000ool mfd.) as editor of NIRVANA, has for some time been engaged not only to Pamela Buckmaster but on research into other fascinating subjects such as the harnessing of the latent energy of steam. We would like to draw his attention to the fact that THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO. has also been pursuing this subject and has made considerable progress in the field.

The FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY has, in brief, invented and developed a species of musical instrument using the energy of steam, which it is confident is on sound lines. The instrument has been praised by no less an authority than Mr P.T. Bridgeport, who says:

[QUOTE]



[UNQUOTE]

and who is willing to offer the project his financial backing to the extent of several IOU's for \$20. It is the hope of THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY and Mr Bridgeport that through the collaboration of our research departments it may be found possible to develop a combined Steam Calliope and Locomotive for the highly specialized industry of circus trains.

The FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY proposes in the near future to send one of its travelling representatives to call on you and discuss this project.

Your esteamed servants,  
L. Hoffman & W. Willis



# BULMER AQUEOUS VAPOUR CO.

"Damn The Torpedoes..."

HEAD OFFICE: 'The Epicentre', 84 Drayton Park, Highbury LONDON, N. 5

LOW OFFICE: 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent.

BRANCH OFFICE: Rainham, Little Dagenham and East Coast Steam Transport Co., 'Carolyn', Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex.

Madam,

We are in receipt of a letter from your concern, 'The Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company' and the information contained therein with regard to your product, the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope.

It is evident that whilst 'pursuing this subject' you have not yet caught up with the fact that the so-called Fort Mudge Steam Calliope is directly infringing our patents of aqueous vapour and its applications in many fields, and in the home. (A number of summonses pending). And even if you use this 'calliope' as a house-organ, our legal representative, Mr. C. Harris, of Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle & Harris, advises us that we will have a sound case for action.

We must ask you to cease and desist forthwith from the manufacture of Fort Mudge Steam Calliopes and: "all of any products using the vapour resulting from molecular agitation inducted by artificial means to compounds of hydrogen and oxygen and/or all utilisation of the chemical compounds, gases, etc., resulting from said molecular agitation and/or energy resulting from said processes"...to quote our patents No's SFN 9485392/3-4.

We would point out that since Mr Bulmer's initial discovery, which has led to the founding of the Aqueous Vapour Company, all unauthorised research into this highly dangerous and complicated process has been forbidden, in view of possible military uses of these processes, and it would be as well if un-informed concerns did their best not to impede our progress. This particularly applies to methods involving traction and towing of circus caravans as mentioned in our letter. We would advise you not to change hawsers in the middle of the steam.

We do not wish to seem harsh and we are willing to concede that we have no claim on a calliope per se, if it does not utilise Steam (Regd. Trade Mark). For instance, a calliope running on cold mashed potatoes would be perfectly legal.

We remain, Madam,

Vinç

pp. Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co.



THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY - Overseas Representative

INTER OFFICE MEMO

Subject: Communication from "Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co."  
To: Branch Office  
From: Overseas Representative

1. It has been definitely established that calliopes cannot be operated successfully on cold mashed potatoes. This was clearly demonstrated when the Murphy Cold Mashed Potato Calliope Co. went into liquidation some time ago, along with its associate company The Fort Mudge French Fried Federation. It was found that although their machine had the advantage of providing the audience with nourishing food during calliope recitals, the strain of avoiding the flying fragments of potato was too much for the pre sensitive music lovers.
2. The ignorance of these elementary facts displayed in the above letter led me to suspect that the great Bulmer was not consulted when it was written, and that indeed he is unaware of the lone fight being waged by the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co. for Art and Beauty. According I made investigations in London and discovered to my horror that the great Bulmer is actually immured in a garret known as The Epicentre, ignorant of the fact that the entire building is being demolished. (The normal appearance of this place is such that he does not suspect anything.) The great man is loftily occupied with NIRVANA and his multifarious inventions and is totally ignorant that his name is being used as a front by Clarke. When The Epicentre finally collapses, burying the great Bulmer in the ruins, Clarke intends to take complete control of the firm with the aid of the shyster lawyers Harris, Harris and Harris (Snoop-whistle is a good kid.) All this is quite obvious from the present name of the firm, for A. Vincent Clarke clearly intends to drop the "Bulmer" as soon as possible and leave just "Aqueous Vapour Company" ---i.e., AVC.
3. It is vital to the future of the steam calliope that Bulmer be rescued from the clutches of these fiends before it is too late.

Walter A. Willis  
Overseas Representative

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THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO. Savannah Branch

Messers K. Bulmer and V. Clarke

Gentlemen,

Apparently, to judge from your recent letter of the Thursdayth, you are suffering from a misapprehension concerning your patents and their applications. Perhaps you have failed to consult directly with the firm of Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris as I am familiar to some extent with the international reputation of this firm and believe it to be of the highest calibre and quite familiar with the intricacies of a case such as this. So I will endeavor to inform you of your



misconception.

First, gentlemen, your patents are not recognized in the Confederate Swamp of America. Indeed, few if any patents issued by foreign governments are recognized in the swamp (due to the large words used by legal minds in foreign countries). I suggest that you take up any phases of this which you do not understand, with our European representative, a Mr. Walter Alexandrew Willis, of BELFAST, somewhere in Ireland.

Possibly you have been misled in your reasoning by our mailing address which is in Savannah, Ga., USA. This is for convenience, as the swamp-operated post office (owned and operated by Messers Regular Curtis Chug-Chug and The Real McGee) is not equipt to handle the volume of mail sent to the FMSCC. Then too, it is a well known fact that the US Post Office operates at a loss. Rather than operate a post office of our own at a similar loss, we find it more expedient to let the US government officials who are experts at that sort of thing do it for us.

So you see, your patents are useless to you in connection with the FMSCC.

It is also apparent from your i iterate latter that you are far from acquainted with the workings and history of the Steam Calliope.

Altho the art of steam calliope was well known to the Phoenicians, it disappeared from historical records until 352 bc some years before the death of Alexander the Great, when a young Greek philosopher named Vladimus Steamius hung a set of reeds over the family stove. Steam from a pot of boiling water was sent through the pipes with such force as to produce sound. Young Steamius immediately inspired, sat down at his work table and after thirty seven hours without food or sleep, fainted away. His father, disgusted with his idle dreamer of a son, sold him to slave traders and he was never heard of again.

Merely five years later three young Egyptians combined their talents to produce a musical instrument operated by stea. But for some reason the steam harp was never very successful.

Steam for use with musical instruments, reappeared on the scene in 157 bc when Sopholaticus II invented the first steam trombone, but since he knew no one who could play a trombone, his instrument was doomed to failure, and Sopholaticus himself, spend his latter years ragged and domed.

It was during the Italian Renaissance that a young statesman, Ludowici Steamiavelli, assigned three artisans of whom he was patron, to the task of producing a steam-powered musical instrument. One of these, Ravioli Mudgetti, was successful in creating a steam calliope. It was he who founded the Napoli Steam Calliope and Gondola Fabricatorium of Ravioli and Giovanni Mudgetti.

In 1529 young Giovanni married a British girl named Amelia Fort and travelled to the New World where he settled in the wilderness and continued following the trade of his father. Around his simple shop grew the town of Fort Mudge.

Until recent years the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co. has confined its work and research to musical applications of steam, having produced in its laboratories great numbers of steam instruments, including the world's only A-flat steam-operated triangle. But in 1949, we opened newer and bigger research laboratories, and our scientists began research into the various untapped fields of steam research.

As to locomotion bu the steam powered vehicles previously mentioned,



we do not yet have the facilities for full-scale research and experimentation, not to mention production, due to a curtailment of non-essential activities, because of our participation in the war effort. (We are the South's largest manufacturer of sream-bugles). We feel that at present your firm is undoubtedly better equipt for such work. We hesitate to delve into the engineering of a "locomotive" under present conditions until we are certain that no suitable arrangements can be made with your firm.

We do, however, feel that it is imperative that research on locomotives get under way as soon as possible, as we have in our warehouses some 15,000 steam locomotive whistles for which there is absolutely no market at present. We do not expect the market to improve until the invention of the steam locomotive.

We do not wish to impede your progress in any way, but we do want to dispose of these whistles as they are getting dusty and we do not wish to be put to the extra expense of hiring janitors to dust them off. This seems unnecessary and futile to us.

We feel that a suitable arrangement can be reached between our two firms. We would like to hear from you as soon as possible on the subject.

Yours,  
Lee Hoffman  
Business Representative

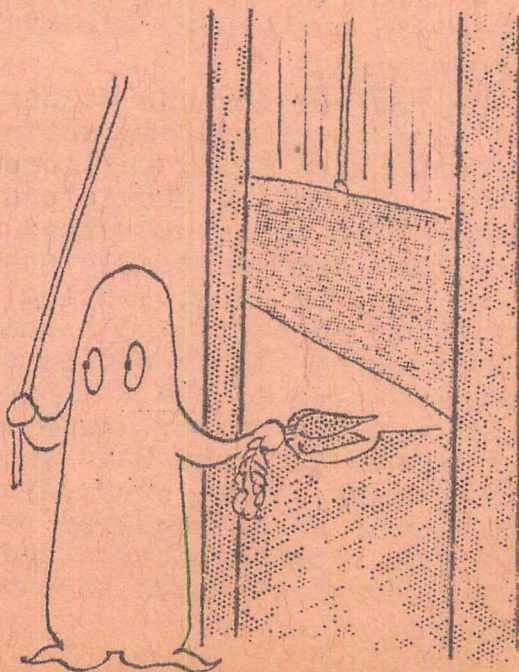
-----  
From the LetterCol of QUANDRY #29  
Dated May or June or so, 1953....

Another missive from Bulmer Aqueous  
Vapour Co., dated Slandry  
"Damn he Torpedoes..."

Madam,

In view of your remarks in the semi-ittitterate magazine "Qavana-daray" we have again been in communication with Harris, Harris, Snoopwhistle and Harris (including the Harris who recently stood too near an unsuccessful experiment with Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) and can now only be reached by seance) and they regard the statements made therein as ludicrous...almost laughable.

A reference to 'De Vermis Myster-iis' by Ludvig Prinn (published by Robertus Bloch the Younger and available in almost any deserted crypt) shows that Vladimus Steamius, far from being sold to slave-traders, would not be accepted by then, even as a gift, and after organising a 'Bigus Pondus Fundus' ("organisation





for aid in crossing water"), landed in Britain in 351 BC. Alexander the Great on hearing of this daring venture is reported to have remarked "Duuuuuh!" (He was 5 years old at the time.)

Vladimus Steamius founded the Epicentre soon afterwards and died in 401 BC having resolutely declined in his later years to be associated with any system of dates that ran backwards. In our forthcoming epic, "2,400 Years of Fanzine Publishing or The Immortal Steam" we go at great if not boring length into details of the History.

You must understand that until recently, it was the aesthetic value of Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) that fascinated the initiated. As Sri Rhabid Ghu-Psittacosis said after contemplating his bird-bath for 78 years "It is only through Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) that we will attain NIRVANA, the evanescent all-ness in nothing-ness." The fact that renegade colonials and Foreigners were using Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) for musical purposes was in no way objectionable except to the ear. (One recalls Handel's notorious Oratorio for Choir and Sixteen Steam Calliopes.)

However Mr. Bulmer, in that daring flight of the imagination already recorded in your uh little magazine, suddenly saw the significance of Steam (Regd. Trade Mark) in the light of 20th century materialistic progress, and we regard with suspicion any prior claims, especially by the FMSCC research organisation, and they do not appear to be using the original substance whose molecular disintegration produces aqueous vapour. Your Mr. Willis ((don't accuse me, he isn't mine!)) recently handed us a small sealed bottle, labeled with a skull-and-crossbones and the legends OKEFENOKEE and '99&44/100%' containing about 5 fluid drams of what for want of a better word he called 'water'...in fact, 'swamp water' and presumably the substance used by the FMSCC. On opening the bottle a disgusting odor of decomposing opossums became evident.

We are not waiting on a detailed analysis from Mr. H.J. Campbell, F.C.S., F.R.H.S., M.S.C.I., F.B.I.S., but confidentially expect the 'water' will prove markedly inefficient if not actually dangerous. In view of this and the uf softening influence now operating on Mr. Bulmer's life, we are ready to draw up a contract on the following terms as laid out by Mr. Bulmer Himself.

#### PROPOSED TERMS

The Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Co., hereinafter known as the Company will subject to certain definite conditions and limitations, grant the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co., hereinafter known as the party of the second part, a provisional license, non-contractual and non-binding, for the consumption of partially used aqueous vapour, provided that said partially used vapour is not at any time used for propulsion, braking, jetting, pumping, drawing or cleaning any extraneous mechanism with the exception of Fort Mudge Steam Calliopes and providing that a series of whistles as determined by the official representative of the Company be affixed to each and every steam calliope owned and/or operated by the party of the second part, said whistles to play the BAVC anthem both before and after every and each concert, song, or rendition wheresoever given, the partially-used vapour to be acquired from the Company at a sum fixed upon by the legal representatives and all responsibility for the carriage of said partially-used vapour to rest with the party of the second part.



Awaiting the favour of your early reply,

We remain.

Yr. rspctfl & Obd. srvnts,

[X]

pp BULMER AQUEOUS VAPOUR CO.

FMSCC reply: Foosh to you, sirs, Foosh.

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And, finally, from "...forty four forty or fight..." a FAPazine dated September, 1955, we present the text of a full-page announcement:

THE FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE COMPANY

THE BULMER AQUEOUS VAPOUR COMPANY

In collaboration

Proudly announce their revolutionary new product

FAIR STEAM

This brand new idea will entirely change the whole concept of International Relations. Try some of your friends...

FURTHERANCE of AMICABLE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Allow some to drift into a room - cordiality appears at once,

for the FORT MUDGE STEAM CALLIOPE CO.      Lee Hoffman .....

for the BULMER AQUEOUS VAPOUR COMPANY      H. K. Bulmer .....

Cleveland 13th World Science Fiction Convention.

3rd September, 1955

A meeting at the summit.

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LeeH here: I have presented the above documents in the hope that they will bring the Truth to the scholars and serious enthusiasts of steam amongst the audience.

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"Communication between man and the machine is in its infancy....."

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posey corner:  
another reprint

BY THIS DARK RIVER

Crying before me in this wild place  
Alone, alone, alone,  
As barren as trees in the winter grown  
Deserted, wind-washed, bare-white bleached bone  
Unsheltered, trapped in this place of obsidian stone  
I see you, your twisted face  
And hear your moan.

I hear your unechoed wasted lament  
And futile sighs  
The sounds of cleft-tongue, hoarfrost voice, wordless cries  
And I see the socketed, blind, maggot-decayed eyes  
And the empty unfinding hands that--like branches, rise  
Unfoliated, distorted and bent  
Against the lowering skies.

By this dark river, in the mists of risen frost,  
Lanternless, I stand  
Offering no solace except my empty hand  
For I do not know the refuge bourne, nor what bend  
Of passageway offers escape from this confining land  
Nor where nor why nor how the sky will end  
For I, too, am lost.  
I, too, seek--fruitlessly--to comprehend.

5 Dec 55

reprinted  
from KYCHO  
with some  
alterations



# dialogue

The servants have been dismissed and the two men are alone at last. Pontius Pilate wipes the wine from his mouth with the back of his hand and leans back, looking disconsolately at the wine cup. He speaks wearily:

P: Barabas, Barabas, Barabas, that's all I hear from every side these days. You'd think the man was another godsdamned Spartacus from the way the populace is ranting in the streets.

Herod Antipas finishes refilling his own cup before he speaks. He shrugs.

H: There's nothing I can do about it. After all, as the king of Galilee, I've got an image to maintain. I've got to abide by the laws and customs of the people. You're the Roman governor. You do something.

P: My friend, Rome can't just act--can't do just anything it wants to. We've got an image to maintain too, you know. Laws and customs, Roman justice and all that. We've got enough trouble trying to keep these shepherds of yours satisfied with their lot the way things are. If we start interfering with your ancient Jewish customs we're liable to have a full-scale rebellion on our hands.

H: Well, this custom of allowing the masses to demand the prisoner of their choice to be released unto them at Pass-over is far older than the power of the Herods. There isn't anything at all I can do about it now.

You've no doubt they'll choose Barabas?

P: Small chance. If you'd been here around Jerusalem a little longer you'd have heard the talk yourself. Believe me, he has the followers. Like that blasted Spartacus, he's a symbol to the "down-trodden masses". Action against the oppressors--rebellion--Judea for the Judeans and all that. Hades, Herod, can't you keep these people of yours content?



Dialogue - 2

- H: I do all I can. But having soldiers all over Judea in those clanking Roman uniforms behaving like they own every grain of sand in the desert makes it hard for me. It's this ancient tradition of freedom and self-rule--the same business that Passover is in celebration of--exodus from Egypt and the escape from bondage.
- P: It's a rotten time of year to have Barabas, of all people, in the cells, I'll admit. But we had no choice in that matter--been chasing the bastard all over the desert for months. A damned elusive pig, you know, what with all these chauvanistic shepherds of yours giving him shelter and protection at every turn. I'll be damned if I want to open the gate now and just let him walk out to the cheering of the crowds.
- H: So? Why not just have his throat cut while he's in the cells. Seems simple enough to me.
- P: It may seem simple to you. Gods, man, don't you understand anything about the workings of the popular mind? Rome has spend years and fortunes on propaganda, building up an Image of Roman justice. Let word of something like that get around in a hot-bed of rebellion like Judea and we'd topple the whole structure in this part of the Empire. Herod, my friend, whether you're aware of it or not, this little oasis of yours is the sorest trouble spot in the Empire right now. We've had more trouble trying to make your shepherds content with Roman Law... to make them appreciate the glory of the Roman Empire and have a patriotic sense of being a part of it...Look, Herod, you're a Jew, you've lived with these people, you should be able to think like them and to understand them.
- H: Think like a dirty shepherd off the desert!
- P: Well, I mean, you know all the customs and that sort of thing. Can't you think of any nice way out of this mess? Some way of keeping them from demanding Barabas.
- H: Something in keeping with our customs, eh? Something like... Ah ha! A goat.
- P: A goat?
- H: Yes, the old custom of the scape goat...a substitute. Perhaps you could substitute someone--offer the people a choice between Barabas and someone else--someone they'd feel even more strongly about.
- P: If there such a person?
- H: Perhaps "the King of the Jews"....
- P: Not you, my friend! Besides, I'm not at all sure the people...



- H: Not me. No, of course not me! I mean this Galillean prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, I think he calls himself. King of the Jews, that's what he claims to be. I hear he's in Jerusalem now for the festivities--or rather over in Bethany. Some of the servants were telling me this morning when I arrived...seems he came into town on a jackass at the head of a small group of followers and the peasantry held a bit of a triumph for him--honored him with palm leaves and such.
- P: Oh yes, I think I heard something about that.
- H: He seems to have quite a following. Colorful sort of character. I've heard all kinds of tall tales about him from the servants. Cures the plague, raises the dead, foresees the future, that sort of thing.
- P: So what? Prophets like that are a denarius a dozen, especially during the holy days.
- H: But this one has such a large and faithful following. Teaches a curious line, too--peace.
- P: Peace! And he has followers among the Jews? Hades, man, we've been trying to teach these bastard barbarians of yours Roman Peace for years without a measure of success. Just who is this Jesus anyway?
- H: According to the servants he was begat directly by (he hesitated, then pronounced the name) Yahwe on some young country girl--got her into a bit of trouble with her husband, you know. Anyway, he's a relative of that John the Dunker we had the trouble with a while back. The two of them are supposed to have studied at the Essene colony out in the desert for a while and then they either left voluntarily or got kicked out and started bumming around Judea spreading their own version of the Essene teachings.
- The way Jesus tells it, the downtrodden masses, as you call them, are the chosen of (he hesitates at the name again) Yahwe, and all their misery is His way of testing them. If they bear up under their troubles and don't complain, when they die their spirits become godlike and rise to a heavenly estate. The kingdom of heaven shall belong to the poor, the meek shall inherit the earth, and the persecuted are blessed. Things like that.
- They say he makes good wine out of water, too. I've been thinking of catching his act while I'm in town.
- P: If he really is succeeding in teaching these shepherds to be quiet and behave under their "yoke of Roman oppression", to quote Barabas, he sounds like the kind of man we need here in the provinces. You say he really has a mass of followers with a line like that?



H: All over Judea.

P: I suppose in a way it's a good compromise for these proud shepherds. They're an eternally dissatisfied lot, but rebellion and change take than just dissatisfaction. You think your Jews really might choose him in place of Barabas?

H: Hard to say for sure.

P: It would be a choice between the direct action against the oppressors that Barabas symbolizes, and the maintenance of status quo--and the security of Roman rule--with the added compensation of golden hope for the future after death that this Jesus teaches.

H: Which would you choose?

P: I'd pick action myself, but of course, I'm a Roman. What about you?

H: I'm a Jew, and we Jews are a proud and warlike people you know.

P: Which puts us back where we started.

You know, Herod, we just might be able to work something out with this Jesus. Supposing we were to play it like this: offer them a choice between Barabas or Jesus and if they take Jesus everything is fine and we crucify Barabas according to schedule. But if they choose Barabas, we build something out of the Jesus business. Put it to his followers that we are really on their side and don't want to crucify him at all, but the rebel lot has forced us into it. We just might be able to cause a schism in the ranks of the masses--give them something to fight about among themselves. Give them an image of this Jesus as a martyr. Rome, of course, will have to keep her skirts clean. We Romans will tolerate the followers of Jesus in our typically decent Roman way and lay all the persecution to the rebel factions. Keep it on a level of Jew against Jew. As long as we can keep the dissatisfied Jews from uniting, we'll be able to handle any trouble that arises.

H: You're positive nothing can go wrong? I'm not sure I like it.

P: That's the Jew in you, my friend. You've got to keep in mind that you're the king of Judea by the grace of Rome. If you want to stay king, you've got to think like a Roman, not a provincial. Hades, man, if you're right about Jesus's followers they'll pick him over Barabas and the whole problem will be over.

H: Yes, I suppose they may, at that. I hope they do. I really would like to catch this schtick with the water into wine.

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tailpiece:

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