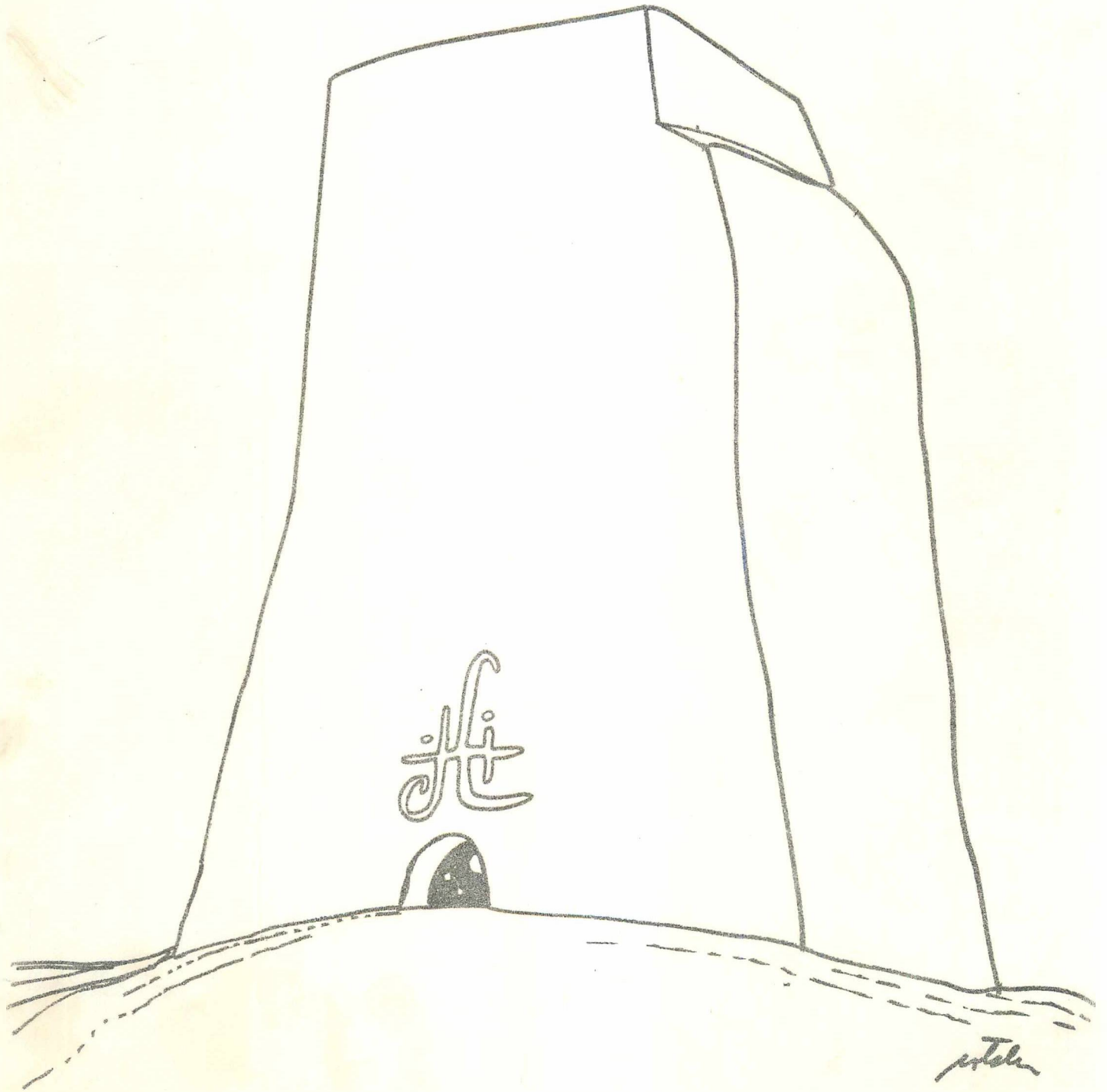
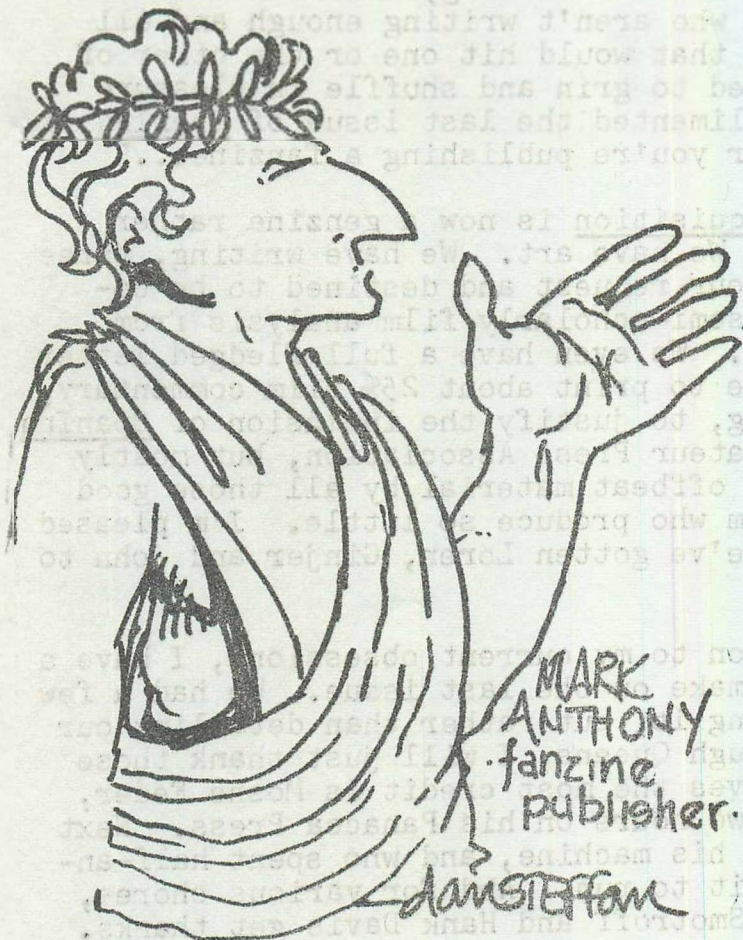


THE SPANISH INQUISITION



The Spanish Inquisition #3 is edited and published three or four times a year by Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, at 622 W 114th Street, #52A, New York, NY 10025. SpanInq is available for 25¢, contribution of art or written material, letters of comment, trade, or at our whim. Electrostencils courtesy of Moshe Feder. Collating help by NY fandom.



WRITING:

Page One.....	1
Bewitched, Bothered and Be- mildred....	Jerry Kaufman.....2
A Handful of Blueberries.....	Ginjer Buchanan.....7
37 Cents of Wonder....	Loren MacGregor.....9
The Peripatetic Trivialist....	John Curlovich.....16
Freedom's Just Another Word....	Jerry Kaufman.....18
Sheep in the Wainscotting....	23
Suzlecol....	Suzanne Tompkins.32

ART:

Bill Rotsler.....	cover, 32, 33
Dan Steffan.....	1, 12, 29
George Foster.....	2
Alexis Gilliland.....	6
Andy Porter.....	8
Connie Faddis.....	17
Gary Goldstein.....	23

A JOHNSTOWN FLOOD PRESS PUBLICATION



BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEMILDRED



We changed our minds. We looked at each other and thought about all those movies we aren't seeing, about all those letters I'm not writing, about all the interesting writers who aren't writing enough and all those wierd ideas that would hit one or the other of us. We also tended to grin and shuffle in pleasure when someone complimented the last issue of SpanInq or said, "Hey, I hear you're publishing a fanzine..."

So The Spanish Inquisition is now a genzine rather than an apazine. We have art. We have writing, three items written at our request and destined to be columns, and one a semi-scholarly film analysis from several years ago. We even have a full-fledged letter column. We'd like to print about 25% film commentary, analysis or musing, to justify the inclusion of SpanInq in the Cinema Amateur Press Association, but mostly we want to print offbeat material by all those good writers in fandom who produce so little. I'm pleased and proud that we've gotten Loren, Ginger and John to write for us.

Before I wander on to my current obsessions, I have a few comments to make on the last issue. We had a few problems producing it, but rather than detailing our peregrinations through Queens, I will just thank those who helped us. The man who deserves the most credit is Moshe Feder, who ran off the entire issue in two hours on his Panacea Press. Next there's Lou Stathis, who offered his machine, and who spent half-an-hour with us, trying to convince it to run. And for various chores, like de-slipsheeting, Lou, Barry Smotroff and Hank Davis get thanks.

Last issue included a review of the book jacket of Crisis, a Roger Elwood anthology, which drew several responses. From Gloria Mosesson, who edits sf at Thomas Nelson, Inc, came a letter complaining about my treatment of the book. We have exchanged several letters since then on a more friendly basis, and next issue may see a review of Filmmaking for Beginners. (note to Gloria: John Curlovich will be giving critical scrutiny to current books, in some depth. You might want to send him a few. His address is in the lettercol.)

The other response, from Jody Offutt, was the dust jacket from The Galactic Rejects, by andy offutt, marked "review copy." Several days later, Jody sent us a handful of unfolded paperback jackets, each carefully marked "review cover." For the perversely curious, I will

say that the hardback cover is attractive, while the paperbacks are ugly, but Jody knows damn well -- no more jackets!

"Looks like the long arm of coincidence is pointing in your direction."

Fred Brady to Villain in The Cat Creeps (1946)

I read science fiction sometimes. In fact, a few authors are good enough to attract me out of my way. One such is Robert Silverberg, largely because, despite my barely knowing him, I get a strong sense that his personality expresses itself through his fiction. This is a totally subjective feeling, of course, and I cannot prove that Silverberg expresses anything of himself in anything he writes. He may be an objective and detached writer, writing only what he sees or is paid to write about.

I go to such lengths because I am about to point out what I feel is a weird and depressing trend in some recent Silverberg fiction. I am thinking specifically of Dying Inside and "Born with the Dead." In Dying Inside, the hero is slowly losing his telepathic link with the world, a link that thrusts him into unwanted intimacy with the world. It hurts him to be in such close contact with people and feel their intense emotions. When he finally, totally, loses his power, he feels a great sense of peace and calm. The book ends as he watches a cold white snow cover everything. (Joyce's short story, "The Dead" ends with a snowfall covering everything.) In "Born with the Dead", a man does not find peace or calm until he joins the dead. Before death he is in great emotional pain. After death (and some sort of technological resurrection) he feels nothing much. And both of these endings, the loss of contact and feeling, are presented as happy ones.

In certain philosophical systems, the retreat from pain and joy is the goal for every adherent, and these stories might be Buddhist fables. But though I can understand the attraction of numbness, I can't approve it. And here my confusion enters. Should I consider these stories personal statements or word games? And if these are just word games, thematic experiments, is there any Silverberg story that is personal?

Billy's joy was too deep for any turn of speech as he gazed at his beautiful horses and his glowing girl, trim and colorful in her golden

JERRY KAUFMAN

brown corduroy, the brown corduroy calves swelling sweetly under the abbreviated slim skirt. And when her answering look of happiness came to him -- a sudden dimness in her straight gray eyes -- he was overmastered by the knowledge that he must say something or burst.

"O, you kid!" he cried.

And with radiant face she answered, "O, you kid!"

Jack London, Valley of the Moon
1913

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Disclave recently past was a remarkable one for two reasons, one being a zoo of delightful proportions and inhabitants, the other being a Saturday night of enclave in the midst of chaos. The Zoo is the National Zoo wherein the pandas play. Well, during the spring and summer they only play in the early morning. We went through their house at ten o'clock, and they were mounds of flopping fur. So we passed beyond and watched the baby bongoes, gazelles of a sort, bouncing, the chipmunks running freely along the paths, the gorillas pushing peanuts around their cages, the squirrel monkeys playing in the roof of the rhino house, the elephant pouring out such a gigantic stream of urine that it doesn't register at first, the snakes and lizards sleeping in their glass cages. And the birds flying and walking in a tentshaped cage of netting through which the visitors can themselves walk.

The Saturday night chaos was in the convention suite. The convention was a large one, and there didn't seem to be all that many parties at first (though later in the evening bidding parties roared). The enclave was in a small sitting room connecting to the parlor. The door was closed, the lights off, and the door's glass windows looked black. But John Berry walked in, and we followed. There, sitting in the moonlight were Robin White, Craig Hughes and other people from Falls Church. We sat down and while watching people in the parlor running around and banging on the piano, moaned about our ages. Only Craig refrained from complaining about his age, wasted years in fandom and the new generation of fans. I think we hid in the enclave for several hours, then set off to discover hidden worlds. We eventually passed the film room, where Suzle and I split off to take in the various pleasures of the screen.

Midwescon held pleasures of a different sort. I talked to people. Not just any people, mind you, but people with whom I've coexisted for years without really talking to or even knowing. It started Friday afternoon when I went into the hotel restaurant for dinner. A lady named Betsey Curtis was eating alone, and when she saw me she beckoned me over. Betsey is one of those strong-minded women we run across in fandom: aggressively open and communicative, active in community and fandom both, with children who have thoroughly absorbed her attitudes and have set off in their own directions. (One of her daughters, Katy, is the most forthright person in fandom. Another, Maggie Thompson, is one of the inventors of comics fandom.)

The next day saw a conversation with Maggie herself, on the subject of Walt Kelly. Maggie (and her husband Don) are ferocious fans of Kelly,

and Maggie is writing a short biography of Kelly. That night I talked to Buck Coulson about another favorite subject, fanzines. (If I understood him correctly, a letter I wrote was one of the reasons Buck will be cutting fanzine reviews from Yandro and putting them in Devlin's Review.) I have seen both of these people at conventions, but I have hardly said four words together to either of them. I'm just slow at making friends or even good acquaintances, I suppose.

Sunday morning I went back to the restaurant and found Lynn Hickman sitting alone. This time I made the first move, and spent breakfast quizzing the crusty-looking elder on pulp fandom, Lynn's publishing career, and the good old days. Lynn told a couple of good stories, like one about the party that Harlan Ellison led from Cleveland to Lynn's home in Western Ohio at four in the morning. But go ask Lynn about it. He tells the story with more verve, flair and detail than I can muster. While you're at it, ask Lynn to put you on his mailing list. He claims he's about to get back into genzine publishing, which is a rather good idea.

I even talked to Jay Cornell. Jay and I talked movies. Even though I invariably said, "I haven't seen that," Jay put up with me. He never even whimpered. In return, I put up with his art portfolio. I was well rewarded, for some of his collages show wit, originality, grace and a certain feeling of vast spaces and vast forces just barely peeping through crevices in his piles of rock.

I shook hands with several people with whom I hope to talk some day, when I've worked my way to it. Wally and Jackie Frank were in the huckster's room, selling everything in sight to raise money for the Tucker Fund when I introduced myself to them. And Jim Turner came by. I shook hands with him, and smiled, but didn't do any more than say, "Hi." To be honest, Claudia Parish had warned me to be careful. She implied that he could be acid. Harsh. To be blunt, she claimed that, before he'd met Jim Turner, Loren MacGregor had been six feet tall. I just couldn't take any chances. I'm five and a half feet now.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

"In 1900, Robert Fulton invented and tried to introduce the automatic or dial telephone. His invention was turned down, unwillingly, by the phone trust in compliance with a petition from people in the then infantile motion picture industry, who argued that the strain of attempting to learn the alphabet would reek havoc with their Art."

Ring Lardner, quoted in The Algonquin Wits

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

I spent the week following the Midwescon travelling from city to city, from Indianapolis to Columbus to Cleveland. This paragraph is a thank you note to the people who put me up or put up with me. John and Sandra Miesel were my hosts in Indianapolis, the children Chirp, Mite and Peter were my pets and Patrick McGuire my companion houseguest. They all absorbed me without a murmur, Sandra fed and squired Patrick and me, and John drove me to the bus station after a closely timed dinner. In Columbus I stayed with old friend Ann Corcoran, who also fed me. And showing up for a small party were ex-fan Greg Shreve, and Steve

and Marsha Nolan. (Not people who'd appear at conventions, but people who'd fit in well, and, I hope, would take that as a compliment.) John and Terri Ayotte opened their house to me the next afternoon, drove me to a *bookstore*, to a vegetarian restaurant (where we were joined by Ann) and to the bus station.

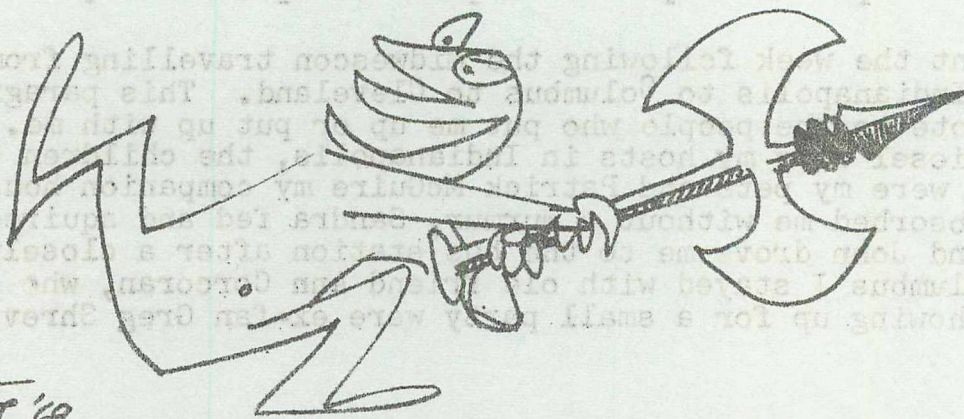
Speaking of John Ayotte, I want to say a few words about the Columbus bid for the 1976 Worldcon. Since you will be reading this just before the Discon, or even more likely just after, I don't intend to go into much detail. I support the bid largely because I am impressed with John's ability and the quality of his ideas. I am familiar with the city, and certainly don't think of it as a tourist attraction, but I don't hold K.C. in any higher regard. The rest of the Columbus committee is experienced in both regional and Worldcon running, unlike the KC bidders. As for the New Orleans committee, it has presented the weakest case (almost no case, in fact). These are, in summary, the reasons I'm supporting the Columbus in '76 bid. (Just for the record, Suzle hasn't made up her mind yet, so I speak for one.)

I went to Cleveland solely to see my family. I stayed with my mother and was chauffeured by my sister and brother-in-law, Debbie and Bob. My brother Bruce was in England at the time, working for an interfaith group that payed for his expenses in return for his working with retarded children (he called me recently to tell me that his favorite part of Britain was Scotland, near the Clyde.)

It was a wonderful way to spend a week, seeing old friends and family, but the fanzines mounted while I was gone, and since I've returned, I've done nothing much but prepare for this fanzine. I haven't had time to write letters to fanzines. So I'd like to steal a trick from John Berry, and mention a few things worth your trouble to read (a sort of mini-egoboo list.) John Berry leads off the list with both #20 and #21 of Hitch Hike. Then there's Don Thompson's Don-o-Saur 32, in which he discusses Death in a very indirect and personal manner. And Richard Gordon in Starling 28 touches the hem of inspiration. In fandom (as in any other field) that's a rare event.

Of course, there were others who did memorable work in the fanzines of late, but I forget who or what. Stop around at Discon and we'll tell you how wonderful you are. (I forgot that if you're reading this, either you've already seen us at Discon or it's far too late for you to do so.) Or write us a letter, explaining in 5,000 words or less, just why you should get egoboo, and maybe we'll run your letter. Strictly as a favor, of course.

Goodby until next miracle.



A HANDFUL OF BLUEBERRIES ...

WRETCHED!

This is the premier episode or installment or what-have-you of what hopes to be a regular feature here. Nothing too profound. Just random thoughts on topics lying about in my mind, in various stages of coherence. The first few were originally intended for The Spanish Inquisition when it was only a film apazine, so if, after reading them, you begin to see a long range trend developing--you're wrong.

The subject under consideration today really has quite a lengthy history. The story begins a goodly while ago; back in the Burgh of Pitts, when a friend of mine, named Bill Robinson, reached the propitious decision that life is most easily lived if treated as pure fiction. Bill was fifteen at the time, and the fiction he had in mind was Catcher in the Rye, or, possibly, David Copperfield, in his more classical moments. Eventually, however, Bill's individuality asserted itself, and he began to "write" his own book. He titled it Life Can Be Wretched

Time passed. Bill survived high school and went on to college. There he became involved in campus theater (and met me). He shared his theory of existence with his new friends. The group was enthusiastic. In short order, Life Can Be Wretched (which everyone clearly saw as an obvious best seller) became a hot stage-screen property. Titles such as Hello, Wretched and The Sound of Wretching were rejected in favor of the effectively simple Wretched!. Furthermore, the project was conceived of as a panoramic presentation covering not only Bill's life but also the lives of his friends. Cast of dozens!

Pinocle playing waned as we all spent hours in the cafeteria discussing the casting of Wretched!. Of primary importance to each person was who would play him or her. It was most interesting to discover people's opinions as to which actress or actor reflected their qualities, either physically or psychologically. More revealing than a battery of Rorschach tests!

We debated furiously. I further complicated things by holding out for the young Katherine Hepburn (despite pressure to accept Carol Burnett). Thus we were given even freer rein for our choices and we aquired a young Rosalind Russell and a John Garfield. (In case anyone was wondering, Bill is Terence Stamp--in The Collector, where he's a brunette, not in Billy Budd, where he's a blond.) We also carried on a guerilla war against one guy who insisted on Albert Finney, when everyone else agreed on Roddy McDowell for him.

More time passed. I survived college and went on to fandom, where I met Linda and Gene and Suzle, among many others. But my friendship with Bill continued, and so did Wretched!. Suzle learned about it when we were roommates (she's Diana Rigg), and one evening when Jerry

was visiting from Columbus, she and I began a spirited exchange over who should play him in Wretched!. Jerry looked stunned, and I realized explanations were necessary. He was intrigued, and proceeded to offer suggestions, not for himself, but for other fannish folk. At that very moment, an entirely new area of Wretched!ness was opened up.

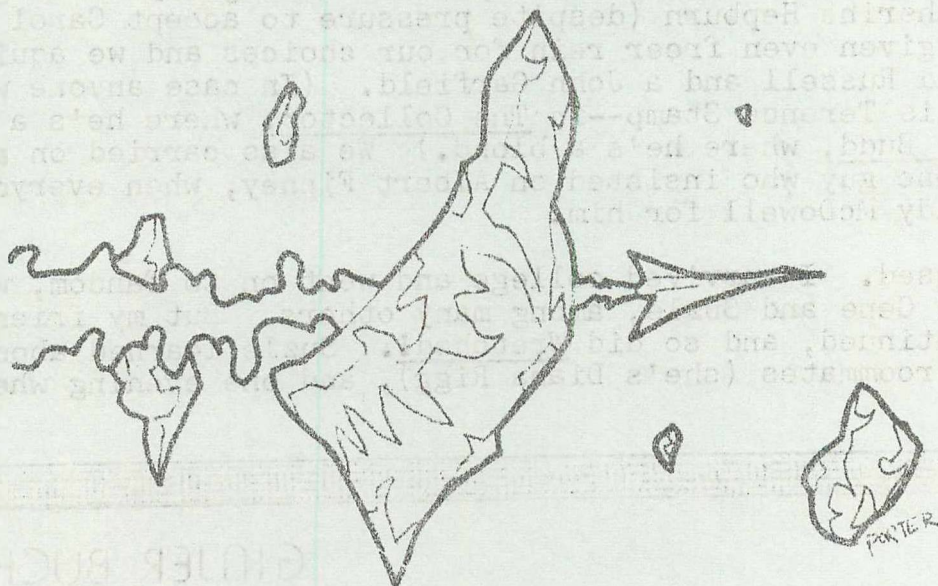
What hath Bill wrought? I think of it as a sort of gargantuan Master-Piece Theatre, with myriads of inter-connecting plots. In the Bill's-Friend-Ginjer segments we have cast: Bradford Dillman and Mary Tyler Moore as the Silverbergs; Roosevelt Grier as Elliot Shorter; Ben Gazzara as Ben Bova; Alan Bates as Mike Glicksohn; Peter O'Toole as andy offutt (the O'Toole of Becket); Cybill Shepherd as Heidi Saha; Woody Allen and Diane Keaton as Piglet and Dia Effinger; Susannah York as Susan Wood; Bea Arthur as Anne McCaffrey; Elliott Gould as Ted Greenstone; The Marx Brothers as Jon Singer; Dean Jagger as Arthur C. Clarke; Brenda Vaccaro as Gene DiModica; and Alan Alda as John Douglas . . .

J.D. - No! G.B. - Why not?
J.D. - How about Donald Sutherland? G.B. - Yecch!
J.D. - One of the Marx Brothers? G.B. - No. Alan Alda!
J.D. - Why?
G.B. - Because he's sexy and good-looking and talented and I like him. What have you got against him, anyway?
J.D. - He lives in New Jersey.

Harlan gave us some trouble. The most appropriate person seemed to be Sammy Davis, Jr., but -- so we figured, at least they're both Jewish, so why not?

Still more time passed. Wretched hasn't. We still haven't figured out Jerry (he seems to be a different person every week, Peter Bonerz being our current choice) or Sandra Miesel. We still look forward to meeting a Robert Redford. Or to the possibility of a new screen star rising who can play Terry Carr.

Or, Dear Reader, we may turn to you, at some future convention, and say, triumphantly, "Orson Welles!"



"You can see that I got carried away, and I'm fairly certain you don't want to print my next issue of Talking-Stock. You'd have to, because I'm not doing it anymore."

Loren MacGregor in his cover letter.

SURPRISE, LOREN!

TALKING STOCK

"...So there I was in Minneapolis, with 37¢, a bus pass on Greyhound lines (due to expire any day) and a guitar..."

Some time ago, I bought a bus pass, threw a few odds and ends into my pack, grabbed a Greyhound, and headed to the Great Midwest, where I attended the something-or-other annual Marcon in Columbus, Ohio.

But that has nothing to do with this article. After Marcon, I stopped in Cincinnati to recuperate from my wounds, wound my way from Cincinnati to Dayton, from Dayton to Chicago, from Chicago to Indianapolis, and eventually disembussed in Minneapolis.

My intention at the time was to visit with a fan named Chris Sherman, a man of taste and judgement. Chris not only praised my writing, he printed one of my articles; naturally I had to meet him.

My original idea was to stop for a few hours, have a long talk, grab a bite to eat, and then continue on my way to Seattle. I called him from the bus station and he and a friend came to pick me up. We had a nice conversation on the way to his house, a conversation that continued out of the car, into the house, through the kitchen, and up the stairs to his room.

Chris brought out some of the artwork for the next issue of his fanzine, Antithesis, and we talked a little about art in general, layout, and various things fannish. I started to read an article by Sheryl Birkhead, realized I was a bit tired, sat down on the bed...

...and suddenly was attacked by a spell of sheer bone-weariness. I looked at Chris foggily and said, "I hate to do this, but do you think you could drive me back to the bus? I have the terrible feeling I'm going to fall asleep any minute..."

Chris was very kind about the whole thing, gave me a lift back to the depot, and a few minutes later I was gone. The next thing I knew I was in Fargo, North Dakota, and the driver was attempting to remove my body so they could take the bus in for an overhaul.

My own frame felt like it needed rewelding, so I took it over to the hamburger shop two blocks down the street and a block over (if you're ever in Fargo, you can't miss it--it's within two blocks of anything) and had a ham and cheese omelette and about three quarts of milk.

LOREN MACGREGOR

Actually, that has nothing to do with this article either.

Eventually I found my way back to Seattle and started participating in the general run of fannish activity. Suddenly I realized that I wanted to go back to Minneapolis, and from there it was just a short step to talking myself into it.

I told myself that I was going to look for work; to prove it, I stopped in a half a dozen small towns and put an application in at various hospitals. I told myself I wanted to reinstate myself with Chris Sherman; I eventually stayed overnight with him, and wrote a terrible one-shot with all the puns I could muster included.

The truth was more simple: I was crazy. I was playing Don Quixote, and Minneapolis was the biggest damn windmill in the world.

I don't think that has much to do with this article, either.

I arrived in Minneapolis towards the end of April, carrying my guitar, a notebook with some story fragments, and not much else. Again Chris picked me up at the station, and we returned to his house somewhere on the outskirts of Minneapolis. Chris told me about Minicon, which he'd attended the previous weekend, and yelled at me for not coming earlier. He talked about Mike Glicksohn, Buck Coulson, Joni Stopa, and about the time he and Bob Tucker and another hundred or so fans were all out in the hall drinking Tucker's whiskey and "SmooOOooOOoothing" together when Ben Bova stopped by and began to stare in total disbelief.

Somewhere in the ramblings, we began to talk about hospitals, and I somewhat diffidently explained that part of my reason for being there was to find a job. Chris stopped.

"Say," he said, "did you read my one-shot, the one I gave you the last time you were here?" I remembered the one-shot, and even remembered looking through it. But I couldn't for the life of me remember what was in it.

"Uh, yeah!" I said enthusiastically.

"Well, that research lab is an interesting place to look through; I'll call the people tonight and tell them to show you through tomorrow, and you can see where I spent my last summer!"

Research lab. "Oh, great," I said. "Uh, I take it there's a hospital nearby?"

Chris looked at me suspiciously, but didn't say anything. Later he called the lab, mentioned my name, and wrote down directions for me. I lost them, naturally; I seem incapable of keeping a set of directions in hand long enough for me to follow them. Later that night we wrote that one-shot mentioned above, and it will probably live forever and set a record in the number of oblique references to people, places, and things fannish.

The next morning Chris set out for school and I set out for downtown Minneapolis. Halfway there I bought a paperback, stuffed my wallet in

my pocket, and caught a transit bus that was headed in the right direction. Somewhere downtown I transferred to another bus and rode in state to the Jay Bailey Research Lab. At the door I introduced myself, and was given the royal tour.

Medical research has always been fairly interesting to me, and I like to keep up on it as a possible source of story ideas. So I paid close attention as I watched dogs and ducks and things being prepared for surgery, and tried to keep as much in my head as possible. Somewhere in the middle I was told a particularly interesting piece of information, and I decided not to trust my memory; I keep little scraps of paper in my wallet for just such a reason, so I reached back to grab it.

It wasn't there. Somewhere between that paperback and the Research Lab, my wallet had been swallowed by the city of Minneapolis.

Then I realized something else. My traveler's checks had been in the same pocket.

My claim check for my traveler's checks was in my wallet.

Yes, well....

I almost dissolved into a quivering mass before I found my bus pass in another pocket; I'd transferred it unconsciously when my hip pocket had gotten too bulky.

So there I was in Minneapolis with a bus pass, a guitar, and 37¢ in my pocket, and this is where you all came in.

Seattle is a long 44 hours from Minneapolis, especially if you don't have any food and no way to get it.

I was in the bus station when I realized this, and had a four-hour wait ahead of me before the bus left. I thought about it, and the more I thought about it the hungrier I got. And I thought about it a lot.

Four hours is an awful long time. Every once in awhile I'd look at the paperback I'd bought and think about that instead. It was a nice paperback, too, by Larry Niven.

Eventually I got out my guitar. A guard came by and asked me not to play so loud. I put the guitar away.

There were still a few notes for those story fragments I brought, so I started working on them for a bit. The first story started with an involved description of a man's breakfast.

The bus wasn't going to leave for another three hours.

There was a game room off in a corner, with a pinball machine in a somewhat sorry state of repair. I had 37¢. But I recognized the machine and had played one like it at home, which gave me an idea.

"Say, I said to the young kid playing it, "if you let me play partner,

I'll front you a quarter if I don't win at least one game." He wasn't very enthusiastic about it, but I talked him around, and eventually won three games before we ended up even.

I hadn't lost any money, but I'd wasted some time. I now had 2 hours and 40 minutes before the bus left.

I sat back down and got out my guitar again; by this time my stomach was rumbling audibly, and I was afraid the guard would tell me to quiet that down as well. I got into a conversation with a young girl who was waiting for her husband and/or boy friend to show up, and soon wound up explaining the whole sordid story. She murmured something noncommittal and a few minutes later got up and left. I started playing something nice and cheerful--I think it was "MacPherson's Lament."

A few minutes later, she was back--with about five pounds of assorted fresh fruits. "Here," she said, "maybe this will help you out a little!"

Finally it was 5:30, and the bus was getting ready to leave. I headed down the aisle and picked a seat somewhere near the back; once there I crawled in and tried to turn catatonic for awhile.

There weren't too many people around, so when I heard the word "Seattle" my radar perked up and I started listening intently. From the very back row I heard a borderline buzz and then, clearly, "Madison, Wisconsin."

"Careful," I said to myself, "these people might be fans." I kept listening, but the conversation died down to a whisper, and soon stopped altogether. Meanwhile I finished reading the Niven book and was hungrily eyeing a stack of books across the aisle from me, which was incidentally resting against the side of a kid about 16.

After the fingernails on my left hand had been reduced down to about the second knuckle from boredom, I leaned over and coughed. I coughed harder.

When I sneezed on his fingers the kid looked up.

"Say, if you're not going to be reading the rest of those books for awhile, can I borrow one?" He looked at me eagerly. "Do you like science fiction?" he asked intently. "Well, uh, yes," I said, taken aback by his enthusiasm.

I spent the next six hours discussing science fiction and saying that no, I



didn't think Lin Carter was the world's best science fiction author, and yes, I did think that Harlan Ellison could write, and no, I wasn't all that fond of Star Trek.

The kid--he'd hitchhiked from New York State to Minnesota, he was going to walk across country but thought it would take too long, but he had walked 150 miles before he'd decided that, and his dad was a Colonel in the Army and he thought walking was good for you, and--was something of a bore after awhile.

Meanwhile, though, one of the people from the back seat had gotten off, and the other had moved up some. "I couldn't help but hear you," he said. "Do you mind if I sit in on the conversation for a bit?"

I could have kissed him. Instead I just moved over, let him slip into the seat next to mine, and let him talk.

Eventually we moved away from science fiction and into music and movies and ecology and hitchhiking and acting--anything except the relative merits of Lin Carter and John Jakes.

His name was Will Coleman, and he was from Mercer Island near Seattle; he'd been working for the past year as a tree planter in the state of Oregon, but had decided one day to head across country for awhile.

He'd bought his bus pass the same day I had; while we were talking about that, someone else leaned over from another seat. "What day did you say you bought your passes?" he asked. We told him: "There must have been a lot of something going around that day, because that's when I got mine, too." His name was Dave, and he was from Corvallis, Oregon.

Coincidences aren't allowed to stretch too far, so we were all equally stunned when a man in his early 40s looked back and said, "I bought my pass in New York on the same day." His name was John something-or-other, and he was from Sydney, Australia.

He seemed moderately interested in sf, so I mentioned the Aussiecon; I wanted to give him more information, and it wasn't until then that I realized that my Aussiecon card and receipt were also in my wallet.

Sigh When I screw things up, I do it right.

Fargo rolled past; I waved to the hamburger stand and ate three bananas.

We passed into Montana early in the morning. Somewhere around Glendive we started talking about beers and ales; John and I favored Heineken and the heavier beers, while Dave and Will were the Coors/Olympia contingent.

Around Billings the conversation started making me thirsty. By the time we got to Butte, all four of us were pawing the air and

croaking "beer" at each other. My 37¢ was rattling in my pocket.

"Look," I said finally, "if you all chip in, I'll find a store that's open. Somewhere." There was a slight hesitation--and then all four of us were off the bus and aimed in the general direction of downtown Butte.

I still had half a bag of fruit left; Will had been rummaging around in a sack since we'd left Minneapolis, and he suddenly revealed enough provisions to feed the entire Russian army for a week. It was a gift from a group of Jesus freaks he'd stayed with in Madison. ("Strange group," Will told me. "I went to visit this guy I'd met a few days before, and found that he lived in the back of this non-profit coffee house. When I went in he said, 'In case you haven't guessed by now, I'm your local Jesus Freak.'")

Dave had a sack of food, too: "Well, you see, I was planning on leaving Minneapolis about a week ago, and one night I got really sick. It turned out I had walking pneumonia or something like that, and this chick I hardly knew picked me up, took me home, and took care of me for the whole damn week."

"I was going to leave a day earlier, but I had to take her to the hospital. Her kidneys cut out or something. But she refused to leave until she packed a lunch for me."

We found a Safeway store just below an unsightly blemish--"The World's Biggest Open Pit Copper Mine!" (it said so right on the sign)--and bought two six packs, some sausage, and a box of potato chips.

We left Butte about 6:30 at night; by 8 we'd had three beers apiece and were guarding the bathroom against all comers.

Soon after that it seemed like a good idea to break out the guitar, and we all began to sing folksongs. Will had memorized a Papa John Creech album, and I followed with an album by Mississippi John Hurt. None of us remembered any of the songs too well, but if one of us forgot the lyrics, the others would fill in the appropriate spaces.

We rolled on through Montana, into Coeur d'Alene, and on through Idaho to Washington state; we arrived in Spokane about 2 in the morning. They made us set our watches back and pretend it was an hour earlier.

I was only 8 hours (on the bus) from Seattle, with 3¢, one guitar, one notebook, and a frantic desire for a shower to my name.

The bus was supposed to leave at 3 AM, Pacific Daylight Savings Time. At 3 o'clock we were all united in the terminal looking at the doors; there were quite a few people headed for Seattle and Points West.

At 3:30 we were still staring at the door.

At 4:00 we were giving serious consideration to storming the Bastille. It wasn't until then that we noticed that we were the only ones in the terminal building; the staff had left.

At 4:30 Dave and Will and I were pointing out oddities in the names of US cities to John. He being from Sydney, and all that. (For example, isn't it fascinating to know about Paris, Idaho, or Athens, Ohio, or Moscow, Odaho, or London, Ohio, or...)

At 4:45 the bus finally pulled into the loading dock -- but they wouldn't let us get on. Greyhound may not have the best transportation in the world, but they sure know how to make you appreciate what you've got.

By 5:00 we were off and running, dashing madly through the melting snows of the Cascades. The last time I'd been this route I'd had a newly-converted Christian telling me about his big ambition in life, converting the Sasquatch, but nothing very interesting happened this time. I was too busy running my hands through my head of grease and thinking about a nice hot shower.

The bus pulled into Seattle at 12:30. The first thing I did was go to the bank, check out some money, and head to the Guadalajara Cafe for a huge plate of enchiladas. Then I went home and collapsed.

Some stories end relatively happily, so I'll add that my wallet was mailed back to me sometime later, minus my money and my social security card. That last I couldn't figure out, but if somebody wants to get a job and add the earnings to my own social security, it's fine with me.

He took a small stick of grease paint from one of his many pockets and drew something on my forehead.

"What's this?" I asked.

"It is a mouth with a protruding tongue, the sign that we use for 'Look away!' If a man is in grief, or in deep thought, or does not feel well enough to converse with those whom he may meet, he puts this sign on his forehead and disappears, for nobody dares pay attention to him while he is so marked."

"Excellent! I must try to introduce that custom into my own age when I get back."

Watch the North Wind Rise, Robert Graves, pp 111-112

Apparently he did, and to Mick Jagger, who, in his typical demonic fashion, turned the symbol into its exact opposite. In case you are not a rock fan, Jagger and The Rolling Stones use the protruding tongue as their symbol on teeshirts, records and advertising. For them it seems to mean, "Look at me only, look at me always."

JAK

THE PERIPATETIC TRIVIALIST

RETROSPECT

Everyone knows that "The Nine Billion Names of God" is Arthur Clarke's personal choice as the best of his short stories, yet many seem puzzled by that choice. Many expressed consternation that it, of all Clarke's tales, was voted into the Science Fiction Hall of Fame. It is an interesting and clever story, to be certain, but one expects things a good deal flashier from the man who gave us Childhood's End, the man who handles ideas much the way E.E. Smith's characters handle planets.

Leon Stover, in a typically shortsighted analysis of the story, has explained it thus:

Arthur C. Clarke, in The Nine Billion Names of God [sic] allows Tibetan lamaism its cultural validity by granting literal credibility to a point of doctrine. The conclusion of the story dramatizes the fact that cultural differences have consequences for others.

This is certainly true. Throughout the story, in that sly and deadpan manner which is his hallmark, Clarke points up differences between the Oriental and Occidental world views. At the story's opening, for instance, the Tibetan monk who is purchasing a computer for his lamasery explains that the use to which he will put it "...is somewhat alien to your way of thought." And Clarke is particularly well aware of the huge degree to which Western thought has been influenced by the Galilean death cult which holds us all in its grip. As one of the computer technicians muses on the madness of the lamas, he reflects that, "In another week, heaven be praised, they would be finished." So anxious are the poor Westerners to return home that "...even the sight of a TV commercial would seem like manna from heaven." And to what do they turn for salvation as they flee the feared wrath of the lamas? Thus: "The battered old DC3 lay at the end of the runway like a tiny silver cross." The end of the story, the one-sentence description of the end of the universe (who but Clarke could have written it?) has a definite Oriental flavor, characteristically serene and tranquil: "Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out." Clarke's strong, almost puckish sense of irony has never been stronger.

Yet there is a great deal more to the story than this. Again, it is Clarke's sense of wit and irony that points the way. The key to the story is its names. Consider, for instance, the computer the monks buy. It is called the Mark V, which seems a straightforward enough name for a computer. Yet it happens also to be a cross-reference to the Christian Bible. If you turn to chapter five of the gospel of St. Mark, you will discover that it deals consecutively with two subjects:

first, an attempt by the Galilean to subdue and convert a group of men who dwell in the mountains and practice an odd religion; and second, simply, with faith.

There is more. The two technicians who service the Mark V are named George and Charles ("Chuck"), two names which, if traced to their origins, mean "common man" or "man of the earth." The technicians, it will be recalled, nickname the high lama "Sam", nominally in allusion to the character played by Sam Jaffe in Lost Horizon. But, not coincidentally, the name Samuel means "the name of God." The remaining character in the story is Dr. Wagner, who sells the Mark V to Sam's agent and arranges to provide the service of George and Chuck. Wagner also seems a straightforward name; what can it mean? Meaning in this instance, it turns out, is irrelevant. Clarke's allusiveness is once more in play. Wagner is the name of the composer whose greatest work is The Twilight of the Gods.

And so there it is. In eight short pages, Clarke has given us an epical, mythic, mystical treatment of the destruction of the universe, all hung upon his framework of names. The author of the gods' downfall, a dealer in computers, acts as intermediary between the men of earth and the (true) name of God. For economy and elegance of expression, and for sheer impact, the story rivals works many times its length. For wit, polish and irony, for precise yet portentous prose, it is unparalleled by any short work in modern science fiction, not to say all of modern literature.

Let us never attempt to list all the possible names of Arthur C. Clarke. We should have learned our lesson: that way lies danger.

FREEDOM'S JUST ANOTHER WORD

Easy Rider is the heir to a long series of Hells Angels pictures that Hopper and Fonda starred in, yet it attempts to be a personal statement, and to reach the more serious audience that the instinctive violence of the Angels pictures turned away. Easy Rider uses the techniques of the politically romantic Neo-Realists, yet it does not picture the ordinary people as heroic and interesting, but as things found under rocks. Easy Rider uses the mystique of the road, which hints at new and wonderful adventures beyond each turn, yet seems to suggest that the road brings only misery, and that those who stay at home and tie themselves to the land are the truly happy.

The film begins as two young men deal in some powder I assumed to be cocaine. With the money they buy two motorcycles of mythic proportions. One of the men, Billy, dresses in buckskins. The other, Wyatt (Billy calls him Captain America), wears an American flag on his back, and paints his helmet and gas tank with the Stars and Stripes. Before they start their trip, Wyatt throws away his watch, to show his freedom from time.

They are going to Florida to retire. Billy considers this the high point of life. On the way they intend to visit the Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

They stop at a farmer's ranch to fix their bikes, and stay for supper. Wyatt is impressed with the place, and praises the farmer. "You do your own thing in your own time."

On the edge of the desert they pick up a taciturn man. Billy attempts to ask the man about himself several times, but the man is reticent (a lot like taciturn). The man once suggests that Billy have some respect for the people who lie dead under his feet, the people who once lived in the ruins they are camping in.

They come to the stranger's destination, a commune in the desert. There are dozens of adults and children (including a mime troupe), and several girls take interest in Wyatt and Billy. One girl reads from the I Ching of doom, "Starting brings misfortune; perseverance brings danger." Wyatt and Billy look around, do a little nude bathing, a little praying, and give their blessings. Wyatt says, "I think they're going to make it." He says it twice. The stranger, never called by any name, asks them to stay, but Wyatt decides to travel on.

Wyatt and Billy arrive at a small town, wheel their cycles behind a parade, and are thrown into jail. Their cellmate, to whom Billy is pretty nasty at first, turns out to be a lawyer and town character whose father has pull. The lawyer, George Hanson, gets them out with small fines, and they adopt him as a friend and invite him along on the

trip. He accepts, and wearing an old football helmet, rides along being a clown on the back of Wyatt's bike.

That night Wyatt introduces George to marijuana, and George explains how the Venusians are helping Earth people, albeit in secret.

When they stop at a diner, they find themselves the object of some pretty nasty country types who ridicule and threaten them from one booth while from another booth six girls flirt with them. They don't get waited upon, and as they leave the girls come outside to see their bikes while the deputy sheriff comes to the window to make sure they leave.

George explains to them that people are afraid of their apparent freedom, not themselves. He finishes on a light note about not having talked to bullfrogs when young. The quiet is shattered later in the night when the camp is attacked by club-wielding men who leave George dead.

Billy and Wyatt make it to New Orleans, and, cleaned up, they wine and dine in splendor. Billy wants to go to the House of Lights, a famed whorehouse George mentioned, so Wyatt goes with him. They find themselves in a virtual temple of cheap sensualism, and as Wyatt stands reading a plaque that says, "Death only closes a man's reputation and establishes it as good or bad," he has a vision of a fire by a highway. Billy gets them a pair of prostitutes, but Wyatt is restless, and leads them out into the Mardi Gras. After wandering around a bit, they come to a cemetery, where Wyatt quarters a tablet the commune leader gave to him, and he, Billy and the women begin to hallucinate. A little girl recites the Apostle's Creed while Wyatt berates his mother, the prostitutes plead for love and fantasize their own deaths, and Billy lusts.

The next day the two ride on. That night Billy says he thinks they are finally free, but Wyatt says, "We blew it." The day after that a man in a truck shotguns Billy. Wyatt goes for help, but the truck returns and Wyatt is blasted from his bike. The final scene shows the fire by the highway, as in Wyatt's vision in the whorehouse.

Hopper's style of direction is hip-cinematic. The cycle-riding sequences, which are frequent, are done with numerous short pieces of film showing scenery or the cyclists, occasionally with overlapped action, and cut to the music. Many of his scenes depend on contrast. The scene in the cafe, for instance, finds the boys seated at a table in the middle of the room, while against the wall, "protected" by the backs of booths, are two opposed groups of people. The girls are attracted, the men repulsed. Hopper shows these people from a bit of a distance, while he gets quite close shots of Billy, Wyatt and George.

JERRY KAUFMAN

We are supposed to be close in our feelings to them, while far from the country people.

Hopper uses quite a lot of overlapping sound with reaction shots. This doesn't seem too effective when there aren't many reactions going on. He also uses a few unconventional shots, like the three hundred and sixty degree turn inside the circle of praying communards, and the flash pans to start a new sequence, replacing the dissolve. They are effective here because they serve specific purposes: the circle is shown in reverence, from the inside; the motion of the road is given to us before we hit the road itself. (Such tricks are sometimes only tricks. For example, the use of 360 degree turns in The Strawberry Statement just made one dizzy.)

The characters that Fonda and Hopper play are both real people and more than real people. Fonda's Wyatt is introspective, considerate, imaginative, far-seeing but confused about his choice. Hopper's Billy is blunt, greedy, lustful, clumsy. They are individuals, with the major facets of their characters worked out and demonstrated through incident and dialogue, and acted, not behaved. Yet they are too complementary to be accidental. Wyatt is intellectual, Hopper is physical. It is almost as though one personality were split to wonder at itself, the body making foolish movements, the mind along to attempt to control and guide, but ultimately to follow, the body.

Jack Nicholson plays George Hanson, and deserves a note of his own. While it is pretty certain that Fonda and Hopper worked out their characters themselves, being writers, directors and producers of their own movie, it is not too clear to me how much control Nicholson had over his character. There is some contrast to the other characters in his straight, small-town drunken lawyer, but he does not seem to be an attempt at an archetype. He is an individual. He is quite brilliant. The little details of his performance, the little wrinkle between his forehead when he gets very, very wrapped up in his story about the Venusians, for instance, all add up to a real person and real pain when he dies.

The film was shot on the road, and the locales were all real. Many of the actors used were just people on the scene. The cafe was a real cafe, the men were people from the area who were really insulting the movie crew and were asked to do it again for the camera, and the girls were local girls flirting just as they would usually flirt. This is what gives Easy Rider its occasional feeling of documentary realism. The dialogue, while not as sparse as it seems, is sparse and bony. There is as little as possible, which as it turns out is probably more than was wanted as several concepts are carried by lines of dialogue, and not (or not entirely) by images.

Many reviewers interpreted Easy Rider as an essay on the disappearance of freedom in America. They saw Wyatt and Billy as the expression of a new attempt at "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". If they at all noted the opening scene of junk-dealing, followed by the song, "The Pusher," a strongly anti-junk song, they dismissed it as "a mistake in judgement." The two "free" people travel on until they meet the forces of reaction, in this interpretation, and then are harassed and killed by the reactionaries. One reviewer, in New Republic, also

mentioned the parallel between the Southerner's sexual fear of the black with his fear of the "freak". (The girls flirt with the freaks at the same time the men insult them in often sexual terms.)

All of this is somewhat true, but it is also one-sided. The straights, the small-townners, are not the only unfree people. Dealing in dope was a mistake in judgement, and a fatal one. Freedom can't be bought. George says, "It is real hard to be free when you are bought and sold in the marketplace." Once Wyatt and Billy put themselves in the marketplace by selling junk, they have ended their freedom.

Billy and Wyatt give up their ability to enjoy the company of others and to remain at rest. They stop at the rancher's home, and Wyatt praises it, but when he gets the opportunity to stop at the commune, the money -- the choice of Mardi Gras and Florida that came with the money -- draws him. When they pick up the stranger, Billy worries when the man pours gas on top of the hidden money, and pumps him for his background. It's dangerous to have a stranger around money.

Wyatt constantly has flashes of premonition that his choice is wrong. The hexagram read in his hearing at the commune is bad; Wyatt feels the commune will make it (and he won't); the stranger suggests this is the time for Wyatt to stay put; George warns him that people will start "maiming and killing"; he even has a vision of his own death in New Orleans. But he's tied his life to the choice that Billy and money have made, and he is finally convinced of the wrongness of the choice and the inevitability of doom when he cuts off Billy's paean to the freedom of money by saying, "We blew it."

Everyone in America has tied himself so thoroughly to money and other forms of slavery more subtle than no one is free. Only the saintly or the foolish would believe themselves free. The townspeople and the freaks are equally foolish; the communards may be foolish; Wyatt thinks they are saintly, and perhaps they are.

Saintly they may be; they even acknowledge their maker, not a trait usually associated with the hip. The farmer praised by Wyatt says grace before his meal. No one else in the film seems to possess any piety. In New Orleans, the whorehouse has religious paintings, an apparent corruption of religiosity, and during the trip in the cemetery a young girl is heard reciting the Apostle's Creed.

The Apostle's Creed is a statement of faith in the miracles of Christ. Is there a connection with the picture? Perhaps.

Wyatt and Billy could express the paradox of the man-God, Christ, born of woman and subject to the ills and lusts of the flesh, yet spiritual and beyond the flesh. The arrival of the cyclists into the commune could be the equivalent of the baptism, and the stranger could be John the Baptist. He gives Wyatt the tab to be quartered, which would be a sign to Christ of his power. The hexagram reading now suggests the numerous prophecies of the Messiah.

I don't mean to suggest that every incident can be tied into this notion. I'm no Biblical scholar, so I could miss or misjudge some things. But there are more incidents that loosely or closely follow this line of

reasoning. The cyclists are persecuted. They ride cycles that resemble animals far more than the automobiles that most of us drive. Wyatt, the spiritual half, is aware of the future. When they arrive in New Orleans, the soundtrack is "Kyrie Eleison." They go to a whorehouse which holds religious paintings, bringing to mind the corruption of the Temple in Jerusalem. They take the girls to a cemetery, and give them acid, healing their spirits and "converting the whore" as Jesus converted Mary Magdalene. All through the trip, the Apostle's Creed is read. One of the prostitutes, named Mary, cries for a child, and Wyatt berates his mother. (Could Jesus have hated his mother?) They seem to die, to bask in God's glory (Billy keeps saying, "We're all aglow,") and to be reborn. Several days later, when Billy and Wyatt are really killed, we see Billy's body, but when Wyatt is killed we only see his cycle. The camera seems to rise into the sky, as though Jesus were returning to heaven.

But if this is Jesus, how can he not be free? I have contrarily decided that the theme of this movie is that no one is free. Either there is an accidental contradiction or Jesus is not free. I reject the contradiction: there is too much careful thematic preparation at both levels of meaning to allow such contradiction.

If I suppose that Jesus in Easy Rider is not free, how do I back it up? I could suppose that Jesus in this incarnation has made a wrong moral choice. He has dealt in junk and sold his soul. He has given in to the temptations of Satan in the desert, and his fate is sealed. He must play out the drama, but he is too tainted to attempt to preach to anyone. He converts a disciple, George, but he is no longer in Divine protection, and George is killed before "Jesus" is, and is not left to preach the Gospel after Jesus dies. Jesus is given power, but when he uses this power, it is frightening. He (Wyatt/Billy) is "resurrected" after the trip, but we are never shown if the two whores come out of the crypt. It is only an apparent conversion.

Even Jesus can not be free in America.

* * *

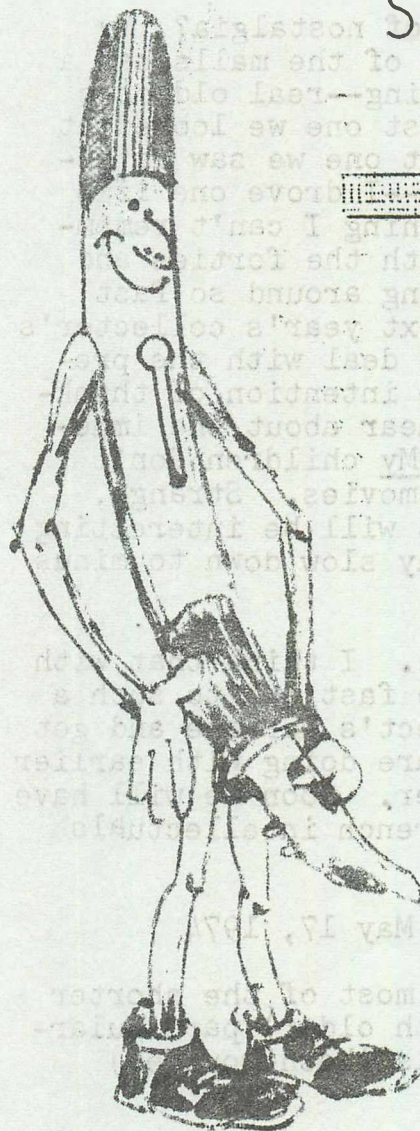
Almost no one who saw Easy Rider and subsequently wrote or talked about it came away with this impression. Easy Rider's chief problem is that visually we are led down the garden path not to the compost heap but to the flower bed. The motorcycle rides are exhilarating and the heroes dress and look like the audiences who saw the film. For those audiences, a ride in the summer sun is freedom and clothes, as costume, are true expressions of personality. These emotional reactions are, in the final reckoning, more convincing than the planned, cerebral symbology of failure, Christ and slavery, and Easy Rider, for all its virtues, fails.

⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘

"Quick! Get back to the ship! Bring a screwdriver, a knife and a rattail file!"

Inspired Captain (John Archer) of stranded
spaceship to frightened mechanic in
Destination Moon (1950).

SHEEP IN THE WAINSCOTTING



Jody Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

May 1, 1974

I'm not much of an old movie fan (old movies, now, not old fan). I like to go to movies--downtown or to a drive-in. We saw The King and I a couple of weeks ago on TV. That one's a favorite of mine but all through it I kept thinking about how nice it would be if I could see it on a big screen in a theater. One of the drawbacks of living in a small town off the beaten track is not having second-run movie houses. For the most part, though, unless it is a favorite movie, I don't care about old ones.

and is quite content to wait for most of them to show up on television.

Not me. I like to go downtown. (I'm not sure that I like the movies so much as the going...I shouldn't say that--I like most movies I see.) I'm

*Dear Jerry,
How are you? I'm fine.
Work is really slow these days.
Have been*

limited, though, since we have only one theater in Morehead. (The horror movies will get andy out of the house and we see them when we can.)

What I read about movies very seldom influences me. Other than what a movie is about, I don't pay any attention to reviews. Critics are, by nature, so jaded, so cynical--what do they know? They see so many movies (I assume), they are so analytical, and they've made a job of entertainment. I don't see how a critic can possibly sit down to watch a movie for the pleasure of doing so.

##Most magazines and newspapers make a job of reviewing, and then hand it to the nearest journalist. Most critics start as film fans who love film emotionally and intellectually (Pauline Kael, Barry Gillam). The reviewers were turning me off, not the critics, I think. (Kael's book Going Steady recently drove me back to the movies. The woman is fantastic.) JK##

Why do you think we're in such a cocoon right now of nostalgia? My daughter and I were in Lexington last week and one of the malls had a lot of antique cars all over the place. (Fascinating--real old ones that had been restored to mint condition.) The last one we looked at was a 1956 or 58 Chevy. The reason it was the last one we saw is because I said, "Hell, Scotty, this isn't an antique--I drove one like this!" I think of antiques and nostalgia as something I can't remember. But, my God! today's nostalgia has to do with the forties and fifties and even early sixties. We seem to be going around so fast I get the feeling this year's telephone will be next year's collector's item. Do you think that many people are afraid to deal with the present? Have no notion of how to cope? And have no intention of thinking about the future? What I as a child used to hear about the immediate past was from my parents and grandparents. My children don't need to get it from us--it's on television and in movies. Strange, speeded-up world we live in--what will happen next will be interesting to see. If the pendulum swings all the way, we may slow down to minus zero.

##You've touched on my opinion towards the end. I think that with our speedy media, we flash over a subject so fast and to such a degree of saturation that we exhaust a subject's surface and get bored before we get to its essence. So we are doing with earlier decades of our own history, one after another. Soon we will have to express nostalgia for the future. The French intellectuals are already doing so. JK##

From a later Jody Offutt letter:

May 17, 1974

Ken Tompkins is something else, isn't he? I read most of the shorter pieces at the supper table tonight. The boys (both older) particularly liked the parts about little sisters; the girls (both younger) made few comments.

I've never thought too much about Connery in other roles, but I sure didn't have any trouble putting that other fellow (who was he?) into the Bond role. Especially after the pointed reference to Connery in the first scene. I'll tell you what did bother me: the latest Bond movie in which Connery has thickened around the middle and thinned around the top. He didn't look much like the sex symbol of the earlier films. They should have thrown out Sean's scene sans shirt. (Such alliteration! decomposed dinosaur dong. Yuk!)

##George Lazenby played Bond in On Her Majesty's Secret Service, and Roger Moore took over in Live and Let Die. Ring any bells? JK##

Steve Miller
c/o SF Collection
UMBC, 5401 Wilkens Avenue
Baltimore, MD 21228

June, 1974

What joy to discover that there are other fans of the mynah bird out in the world somewhere! Although Daffy and Bugs were some of my favorite cartoons (outside of selected Road Runner episodes), I think that they pale beside the mynah bird. I will still stop whatever I am

doing to watch the bird hop across the tv screen on the rare occasion that I'm around a tv at the right time. I think that the choice of music that goes with the cartoon is always extremely important -- and that the mynah sequence is the best coordination of music and action that I can recall offhand.

By the way, in the middle of the night at Disclave I walked into the movie room to find Superman leaping tall buildings in single bounds. I'm unsure of the exact title, since I missed the first few seconds, but apparently it was about the "Japoteurs" who were then invading America -- I guess the film was circa 1942-43. The highlight of the cartoon was Superman's catch of a falling bomber, which was being crashed by a cigarette-smoking jap (obviously an enemy if I ever saw one) in order to set America's war effort back. The color was ok, the sound, considering the time of night and the condition of the watchers, was sufficient, but that one sequence had people in stitches. The plane, by the way, was crashing into downtown NYC and was stopped just above a busy intersection. They followed the cartoon with a Howdy Doody show and I left to rejoin a party.

The library here at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County is trying to start a fanzine collection of sorts, and we need information, if you or anyone you know can help. We have one copy of the Pavlat and Evans Fanzine Index through 1952, and need to know if there has been a follow-up, and if the Index needs any major revisions or additions. We'd like current fanzines, and I will loc any I get, before adding it to the collection. (If I can't comment intelligently, I'll find someone on the staff who can.) We also need information on apas and apazines, and, if possible, mailings. Right now, our collection contains books, both hard- and paperback, and complete runs of some of the prozines, but we'd like to expand our holdings, especially into the fanzine area. All fanzines, information and inquiries can be sent to me at the address above.

John Curlovich
108 Montville Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15214

July 8, 1974

I had no idea that Suzle is from Johnstown. A few months ago, I spent the most utterly miserable New Year's Eve of my life in Johnstown. I'm a bit of a hockeyfan, you see, and a number of my friends persuaded me that it would be great fun to go see the Johnstown Jets play the Binghamton Broom-Dusters (honest to god, that's what they're called). The game was scheduled for 7 p.m.; we should be back in Pittsburgh before all the parties really got moving.

All this sounded fine, and being naive and a little slow on the uptake, I saw no reason why I shouldn't go along. Well, that night God hit Johnstown with a major ice storm, several flash floods, and the worst fog I've ever seen--it was literally opaque. The Broom-Dusters got lost in the fog and wound up who-knows where. It was nearly 11 PM when they finally showed up and the game got underway. We would like to have simply left, but what with the ferocious weather, we'd doubtless have skidded to a fiery death. The police would have dug our bodies out of a frozen irrigation ditch weeks later. Since none of us had wills made out, we decided to stay.

Believe me, there are some things worse than death. Have you ever actually been to Johnstown, Jerry? I'd wager you could choose, at random, any fifty of its citizens, and their total IQ wouldn't run into four digits. I'm sure that when Suzle left the place, the last ounce of native intelligence left with her. The people seemed completely unruffled by the weather, the delay, or the fact that a quick thaw might have produced a flood of proportions that would make the 1936 incident seem miniscule. You see, there is a long, oval walkway that surrounds the seating area of the Cambria County War Memorial Auditorium. The people--every last one of them, I swear it!--began walking around and around this walkway, completely unaffected by external reality, looking as if they thought they were accomplishing something, while I stood and watched them and muttered under my breath. Mostly about "The Marching Morons"; I was too angry to get much wittier than that. Besides, watching them made me dizzy. Well, the game finally ended around 1:30 AM, the worst of the storm was over, so we left and got home around four in the morning.

I hate Johnstown.

Years ago, I might have agreed with you, John. But I no longer hate 'The Friendly City' (as it's been known for many years for some odd act or other that I never did get straight). Now I feel rather nostalgic for the old WPSFA days when I would often drive manically back and/or forth from Johnstown to Pittsburgh in rain, hail, sleet, snow and what-have-you ((slag??)). And as a ~~scarred~~ scarred veteran of driving the truck route up and down the mountains of Western Pennsylvania, let me ask you -- what made you think that anyone in their right mind could make it in and out of those mountains during mid-winter in time to get back to Pgh. by midnight??

By the way, I love your description of the 'warmemorial', as it's called, all one word and said very quickly; I grew up half a block from it on the street that faces the river and have always been irritated by having to walk around in a circle inside to get anywhere. Of course I haven't actually been inside it in years, except to vote. As for the weather, nothing much happens when we have a blizzard, things rarely close down (unlike the schools in Philadelphia that close when an inch of snow falls); people take it in their stride. //Why, my boy, I recall back in the winter of '71 there was a six foot drift right in our parking lot out back of the store...// And this is downtown, John. SVT From your description, John, those people sound like Perfect Taoists, knowing they couldn't stop the storm or find the missing team or get you back to Pittsburgh, and walking around to keep warm, just doing what they could do. Sort of a whole town of Eli Cohens. JK##

Our tastes in animation seem pretty much to coincide. Unfortunately, none of the local tv stations runs any good cartoons these days, though Hanna-Barbara and worse abound. Somehow, very few Betty Boop cartoons were ever run here, so I never developed a taste for them. In fact, I don't recall being quite sure what to make of them when I did see

them. I was very keen on Popeye, though. The attention paid to irrelevant detail in Popeye cartoons used to strike me as howlingly funny. An example, from Popeye Meets Sinbad the Sailor: just after Popeye lands on Sinbad's island, he passes a sign which reads, "THE ISLE OF SINBAD**WHOSOEVER PASSETH IN, PASSETH OUT." If you don't share my passion for trivia, minutiae and general irrelevancy, there's no way I can tell you how funny this is. But believe me, it's great stuff.

I was--and am--also keen on the Warner's cartoons. Tex Avery's Red Riding Hood wielding a machine-gun and talking like Katherine Hepburn is one of the fondest memories from my grisly youth. Also Chuck Jones' mynah bird--a few of my odder friends and I killed countless hours arguing about what those cartoons mean! Chuck Jones and Michael Maltese were also responsible for my favorite cartoon character of all, Foghorn Leghorn. These days, when I'm feeling blue, I find that it soothes me greatly to watch a dog choke on its collar, then beat its head in with a board. Who says there isn't truth in art?

##Foghorn Leghorn was closely based on Senator Claghorn, a radio character on the Allen's Alley radio program. I think a more recent cartoon character, the Hunter, was loosely based on Clag-and Leghorn (cf. the phrase "That's a joke, son!") I think the Hunter was a Jay Ward character, but who cares? (Or was it De-Patie-Freleng?) JK##

I should like to expound briefly upon a little thesis of mine (It's about time I got serious in this letter). We are all aware of the enormous influence the Marx Brothers have had upon American humor in this century. I have long felt that one of the best examples of this influence is to be found in the Warner's cartoons. The personalities of Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck both have more than passing resemblance to the characters Groucho played in the early (Paramount) Marx films. Your own description of Daffy says it nicely: "His brashness invariably hid his total incompetence." In fact, there is a Daffy cartoon called "The Last Chance Hotel" which I'd almost swear was inspired by the character Groucho played in The Coconuts. Even the cartoon foils are familiar: Elmer Fudd in his heyday displayed the same kind of blustering nastiness--and essential phoniness--that marked Louis Calhern in Duck Soup or Sig Rumann in A Night at the Opera. And poor, befuddled Porky Pig has more than a trace of Margaret Dumont in him (though she, dear woman, never stammered once to my knowledge).

I find it puzzling that you didn't mention at least the more obvious SF elements in Jones' cartoons. You doubtless recall the hapless little Martian, for instance, who wore a gladiator's outfit, had no visible face, and had a pet dog named K-9 (which also wore a gladiator's outfit). That poor guy's encounter with Bugs Bunny may account for the fact that UFO sightings have been down in recent years. Porky Pig and Sylvester Q. Pussycat were also abducted by a space-thingie once, whisked away from a camping trip in the great Southwest. Somehow, Porky never quite caught on to what was happening. Waking in the middle of the night to find a large alien next to his bed, Porky turned to the camera and explained, "F-f-f-friendly Navajo."

Moshe Feder
142-34 Booth Memorial Avenue
Flushing, NY 11355

June 24, 1974

I was especially interested in your mention of Jepson and Hoberson's "Rocky Raccon". Making a film based on this song is an idea I've had for a long time. My version would combine live action and animation, use a lot of quick cutting, perhaps some subliminal frames, and it would be exactly as long as the song and shot in time with the music. I probably never would have done it so I'm glad someone has done something with it.

Animation is to live action film as sf is to the mainstream of literature. The mainstream story and the live action film share the limitations of reality, but sf and animation are limited only by the imagination and skill of their creators. The natural next step in this line of reasoning is to state that animation is the ideal form for sf in the cinema. I won't go that far--it's much too broadly sweeping a statement with two many obvious exceptions. Still, I do wish it were tried more often, and it was with this in mind that I went to see Fantastic Planet. I liked it more than you did, Jerry. I'd call the animation used for it "Stylized" rather than "stilted"--although I'll admit it wasn't remarkably imaginative. Yet the overall effect was a positive one. To use your own phrase from another context, the film has a "serene, melancholy rhythm." Most importantly, and to the great credit of its makers, Fantastic Planet is science-fictionally much sounder and more carefully worked out than Zardoz, which appeared about the same time, and that is FP's most hopeful and promising quality.

##Vin DiFate loved Fantastic Planet for its roots in and use of Surrealist motifs and ideas, and told me quite a bit about them. I think I convinced him of the shallowness of the ending. He pointed out that the dancing statues partook of surrealism far more than science fiction, for instance. JK##

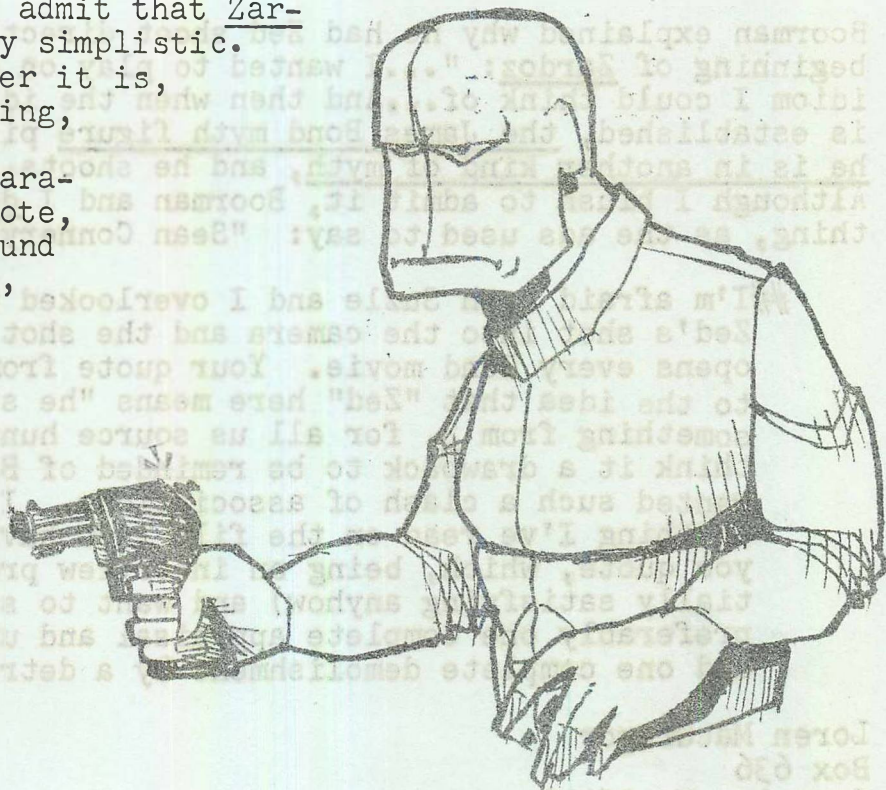
Suzle's comments on my Zardoz piece are most provocative and I'm gratified that I was able to draw such a strong response. I hope she won't mind if I respond in kind. Here's my point-by-point rebuttal.

One: Confusion, incomprehensibility and mystery are not the same thing. Boorman's confusion on this point is part of his problem. Like many filmmakers (or artists of any kind), he has tried to create a false impression of depth and intelligence by facilely using the first two to counterfeit the third. You, Suzle, have fallen for this cheap trick. True mystery inspires our sense of wonder and sense of wonder is something Zardoz sorely lacks. Confusion and incomprehensibility merely incite our annoyance, and these Zardoz has in abundance. The subtle and and esoteric are fine in their place, but they aren't surface qualities that can be added--like highlights on metal--by the use of the proper filter, they must be of substance. It is such substance that give a work meaning and profundity and importance.

##I'm tempted to suggest that you wouldn't recognize true mystery if it glided up to up with its obsidian mask and sapphire eyes aglow, and slugged you over the head with a Mickey Mantle Special, but I won't. JK##

Two: You are willing to admit that Zar-
doz is sciencefictionally simplistic.

On this we agree. Whether it is,
despite this, "entertaining,
meaningful, and somewhat
thought-provoking", to para-
phrase you, is, as you note,
a matter of taste. I found
it boring and, sometimes,
maddening. It is impos-
sible to prove right or
wrong on this point,
but I might note that
Hank Davis and Lou
Stathis, who saw the
film with me the day
it opened in New
York, had substan-
tially the same
reaction that I did
and so, I was pleased
to note, did John
Brunner. In The
Alien Critic 9, he
calls Zardo "shallow,
trivial, cliché-rid-



den, meretricious and sick." and decides that Boorman has a "monumental
contempt for SF [and thinks] of it in terms of bad comic strips [class-
ing] it as another turd to be incorporated in a stew of shit..." This
is rather stronger language than I used in my own rather loosely struc-
tured piece, but I couldn't agree more. I wish I'd said it that way,
but then, John Brunner has been around a bit longer in SF than I have
and therefore reacts to this kind of provocation with that much more
natural vehemence.

##Yes, I read Brunner's outburst. He didn't like the movie, as
you note. But the piece was a piece of word magic, using words
in an attempt to demolish something Brunner didn't like. He
didn't for one moment explain why he disliked it so. (Your
review went much farther in that direction.) As for Hank and Lou,
all my tastes are the opposites of Hank's and many are opposed
to Lou's. So their agreement with you proves nothing to me (or
to Suzle, for that matter). JK##

Three: I rather resent your implication that I have a general inability
to separate an actor from his role. I would not have mentioned it
in this case if I hadn't thought it unusual and remarkable and I quite
specifically limited this response to Connery and this film. I sub-
mit that his long, repetitive association with the James Bond films
makes him a special case. You misquote me as calling him "unemotional"
and gon on to unreasonable conclusions as to my opinions of the cast-
ing of the role of Zed. In fact, this was a subject I didn't discuss.
I probably should have applied the adjective "unexpressive" (the word
I actually used) to the character rather than the actor--that would
have been clearer. But my point still holds, Connery does not in this
film escape some identification with his previous role of Bond. I
think I'm right on this. Indeed, in a recent issue of Sight and Sound,

Boorman explained why he had Zed shoot directly into the camera at the beginning of Zardoz: "...I wanted to play on every kind of religious idiom I could think of...And then when the idea of these Exterminators is established, the James Bond myth figure picks up the gun and here he is in another kind of myth, and he shoots..." (Emphasis is mine.) Although I blush to admit it, Boorman and I do agree on at least one thing, as the ads used to say: "Sean Connery IS James Bond."

##I'm afraid both Suzle and I overlooked the resemblance between Zed's shot into the camera and the shot into the camera which opens every Bond movie. Your quote from Boorman lends credence to the idea that "Zed" here means "he still lives", so there's something from Z, for all us source hunters. But you seemed to think it a drawback to be reminded of Bond, whereas Boorman wanted such a clash of associations. I'm still not happy with anything I've read on the film (not having read the interview you quote, which, being an interview probably would be only partially satisfying anyhow) and want to see something complete, preferably one complete appraisal and unravelling by a defender and one complete demolition by a detractor. JK##

Loren MacGregor
Box 636
Seattle, Wa 98111

June 1, 1974

I got your last issue and was reading it on the way home on the bus. When I got to Ken's "bequeathment" paragraph, I immediately started giggling; that turned into a laugh, and by the time I finished I was having trouble maintaining my seat on the bus and was beginning to seriously wonder whether or not my pants were waterproofed.

This set me in the right mood to enjoy the rest of the issue, which I did, hugely. The rest of the people on the bus started casting worried glances in my direction, and eventually I detected a sly exodus occurring. By the time I reached my stop, I was finished with my Inquisition, and the bus was almost empty.

Opinions certainly seem to be differing about Zardoz; the reviewer for the Seattle Times mentioned that Boorman started out to film Tolkien but gave it up halfway through and decided to do his own story instead. He also pointed out various different stories Boorman has stolen from, and said it was fun to try to identify all the sources in the film. I haven't seen it yet, but I'll definitely try. (The reviewer's opinion, by the way, was that Connery was a perfect choice for the role; what better choice than someone who has been playing a Sexual Superman for years?)

##Boorman tried to put together a script for Lord of the Rings, but it was far too expensive, and would have been far too long. I think he worked on LoTR for a year and a half before admitting defeat. JK##

If you're interested in schlock, by the way, may I recommend Schlock? It's an absolutely terrific horrible monster movie, and if identifying the sources in Zardoz is fun, people will be able to run rampant in this film. It's the story of the Missing Link, the legendary Schlock-

thropus, who comes to life after having been frozen in ice for 20 million years. One of the tag lines for the movie says it's "the story of a prehistoric monster who falls in love with a blind girl who thinks he's a dog named Willie."

In one scene, Schlock attends a monster movie (The Blob) and sits down next to Forry Ackerman--seriously.

It's really a great terrible movie.

From a later Loren MacGregor letter: July 1, 1974

I'm recovering from the effects of being totally croggled. You see, yesterday I received a letter from Harlan Ellison saying he's decided not to sue me after all.

You have no idea what that can do to your metabolism, especially when you weren't aware that he was planning on suing you in the first place....

The letter itself was rather nice; Harlan even told me to come up and introduce myself the next time I saw him. Maybe if I get on really good terms with him, I can sell him this fershlugginer story I'm working on, or at least ask him for advice. Although he probably has as little experience with being pregnant as I do.

Somewhere along in here you're going to start wondering about my sanity, aren't you?

I got a check from Eli Cohen the other day: he wanted a copy of The Goon Goes West. I started selling that thing because I thought one or two people other than myself might be interested. I got 10 copies from Buz, just to be sure.

To date I've sold 32 copies. I have the feeling John Berrylike trip reports are going to start popping up in odd corners of the fannish universe in the near future.

##I certainly hope so. I bought a copy from Loren, and loved it. I think my convention remarks reflect the influence. If you readers want a copy, Loren has been selling them at \$1.50, and may have a few left. (If I can get permission from the proper source (either Buz or Berry), we will publish the Roach War segment next issue.)

Next issue will see the return of John Curlovich and Ginjer Buchanan. Loren has not yet confirmed his return. We have invited a Famous British Fan to write for us, and Lorrie Haney has offered to write us a meaningful sf piece. For the Ken Tompkins fans (and I assume that anyone who got the first two issues is now a KT fan), we will begin publishing his novel, Theofox. But don't believe me until you see all this in the next issue, at year's end.

This stencil was very hard to cut, as I was being distracted by a very old album, Songs of the Pogo. It's a delightful collection of nonsense, with Kelly himself singing "I Go Pogo." No Pogo fan should be without one. JK##

It's a strange thing to type and proofread stencils all day at work and then come home to ~~fix dinner relax~~ type and proofread stencils all evening.

My new job is with the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in the fund raising department and since it's the slow season and most everyone has been away on holiday for weeks (when I met my new boss I worked with her for about a week and then she went on vacation and I haven't seen her for six weeks), the main job to be done is stencilling the contributors and prospective contributors lists for the various fund raisers for the fall campaign. This kind of stencilling is really easy, simply typing names, addresses, etc., and I certainly don't mind; it's like doing nothing compared to my former job. However, this type of work has led to some interesting exchanges with some of the other secretaries on my floor when we proofread together --

"Here. Give me that last stencil. I'll corflu out the error and we'll be all finished."

"What?"

"I'll corflu out the error. The number just needs to be removed, not retyped."

"You'll what?"

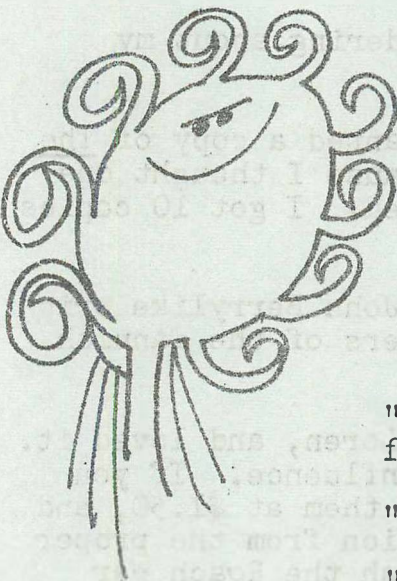
"Corflu. Corflu it out. It shouldn't be there anyway."

"Well, I ah don't er..."

"Oh, I'll have to use your typer. I've been waiting for the IBM repairman all morning for mine."

"Hum??"

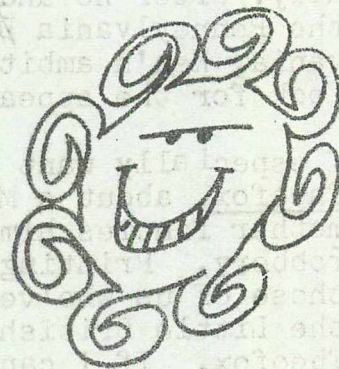
"Your typer! Mine's ... umm ... oh."



I find it immensely difficult to speak in non-fannish terms about mimeography never having done it before. How time-consuming to say 'correction fluid'. It seems somehow sacreligious. I do recall it taking my mother a while to get used to fannish terms, although she'd sold the stuff for 30 years. And my brother was somewhat startled by the whole thing when I first got into fanzine publishing in 1968.

"I have received, for my very own, a copy of Vol. I, No. I, of Gran-falloon, and have several observations to make about it. First, its

name is perfectly adapted to its function. Second, its price is outrageous: for 30¢ one can get two weeks worth of TV Guides. The best way to circulate a student publication among students is to give it away. Publicity, honor and glory lie in having Gfs strewn about the floors of every untidy dormitory room at Carnegie-Mellon, your name perhaps not on everyone's tongue, but at least on everyone's floor.



Suzanne, my congratulations on the effort that obviously went into preparing and running off so many masters. You haven't shown so much energy since the age of two, when someone put your piggybank up a tree; you may well recall that you retrieved it by felling the tree with a rubber axe after six weeks of whamming away. Your playpen, your entire wardrobe, your family could've been up that tree, and you wouldn't have lifted a tiny finger: but the piggybank was another story. Even then your motto was: Greed Pays, or "A Penny Saved is a Penny Locked Away and Hidden and Surrounded by Broken Glass."

Old brother scratches his head at words like fanzine, lettercol, and the like; these must have entered the language when he migrated to New York, and stopped speaking it. (Hoe-doe pronounced very quickly is Puerto Rican for hot-dog. The word for seedy-looking, slinking, unshaven criminal-type is hombre. The word for income is weh-feh, also pronounced very quickly, without accent. No know engy no more--know puerto ric verrgood.) English, when I last used it, had a nostalgic old 19th century quality, with the 19th century's prejudice against running words together like the ridiculous Germans, who, in this century, lost two wars because by the time they had figured out the military dispatches from Berlin, the Allies had rolled right over them. Remember: today fanzine; tomorrow the Guatemalan occupation of Florida.

As for your own articles--they bear your unmistakable stamp: in the new style English, suzletracks.....TROMP!"

(The above is reprinted from Granfalloon #2, April, 1968.)

Since so many of you have said such fantastic things about my brother, or rather, about his writing (you'd have to know him in order to say fantastic things about him; of course, if you did know him, you'd probably not say fantas...why do I have this feeling that big bro. is watching me?), I am going to try to coerce him into letting me print some of his unpublished works. And since all of his works are unpub-

lished, this gives me many things to choose from. Most of his manuscripts made the publishing rounds up to about six years ago, when he gave up the Big City, moved to Harrisburg, Pa, and became an attorney. (Yes, friends, Believe it or Not!, he never once papered a wall with his rejection slips. He needed them to sleep under in winter.) Actually, after he and my sister-in-law Frances escape from the land of the Pennsylvania ~~Dutch~~ Dutch to the lovely mountains of Western Pennsylvania, Ken's ambitions are to be very rich and to resume writing. Look for the appearance of his next work, sometime in 2005.

I especially want to print a short novel that's a favorite of mine--Theodox, about a Manhattan music critic/composer whose matriarchal mother fancies him a sleuth after he stumbles onto the solution of a robbery. Printing it would even fit into the film apa, sort of, since those of us who've read it think it would make a marvelous film--of the Little British Comedy variety. Peter Sellers of course would be Theodox. If I can get it, I'll tell you the other cast members as we go along.

⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘

FEAR, SURPRISE AND AN ALMOST FANATICAL DEVOTION TO THE POPE: Or, about this issue. (Hi there, Loren! Surprised, weren't you?) Our two weapons are fear, surprise, and an almost fanatical devotion to getting the goddam thing run off legibly with a few minor handicaps (my temper and klutzivity: "Gee, I didn't think that roll of Scotch tape would feed through the machine!") such as getting used to a new (for us) mimeo, New York distributors of supplies and their lack of concern for the commonfan, and the fact that I know there's show-through on this twenty pound paper, blast it, and there isn't a thing we can do about it. Mimeotone, which eliminates show-through and which Jerry and I prefer, is a special order item here, so I'll have to order it a month in advance of the next issue if we want to use it. ##Note to Monty Python purists. Yes, we know that "ruthless efficiency" was the third weapon of the Spanish Inquisition; however, we haven't used any ourselves, so Suzle left it out. JK##

By now you should have read Ginjer's article about Wretched!, the musical version of Bill Robinson's life story. I want to explain how we arrived at casting Sammy Davis, Jr. as Harlan Ellison. It wasn't easy.

You must keep in mind that this whole episode took place in 1970, or thereabouts, when the word "charisma" was new and meaningful, not being used constantly to describe everyone and everything in sight.

Ginjer and I were sharing Basic Basement, our do-it-yourself basement apartment in Pittsburgh. It was a Saturday afternoon and I was sitting in front of the television drying my hair, so I could see the tv but not hear it. Ginjer was lying down where she could hear the tv but not see it. A repeat episode of Burke's Law started, and I heard enough to know that this week's murder was that of a Hugh Hefner-type editor (of Playguy, I believe) before I covered my head with the Hair dryer. I listened in again just in time to miss Amos Burke read off a list of possible suspects which went, "So-and-so, such-and-such, so-and-so and Cordwainer Bird." Whereupon Ginjer came charging in from the bedroom shouting in her best bearish tones, "Harlan wrote that!" ("Cordwainer

Bird" is a penname Harlan used when he wrote an episode of The Flying Nun. The man had to eat, you know.) We had known that he'd written about six Burke's Law episodes, and Ginger had seen most of them, but not this one. We both watched with interest because Harlan's scripts are usually very good, and funnier than the usual, if you pick up on some of the references.

Immediately after the credits there was a shot of the corridor outside Captain Burke's office. The elevator doors opened and out sauntered Sammy Davis, who jived down the hall and into Burke's office. When everyone there looked up at him, he said, "I want to talk to Capt. Burke. I'm Cord-wainer Bird." (He pronounced it with a Mae Westian emphasis.)

Suffice it to say that we fell on the floor for five minutes.

That was it. Perfect! We had been trying for quite a while to find someone with Harlan's *charismatic* personality to play him in Wretched. We had thought of Sammy Davis, but had ruled him out. But this was too much. Sammy Davis got the part. After all, if Harlan had him playing a surrogate Harlan character, why couldn't we?

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

That's about it for this issue. As you may have noticed, WE NEED ART.

However, I tend to prefer illustrated articles to the random matching method. But as all of our contributors tend to be writers rather than artists (hell, they all are writers; so far anyway (##Sorry, Loren. JK##)), this is probably the only method we can use. (The random matching method is simply trying to match up articles and illos in some order that looks as little like happenstance as possible.)

Which reminds me of the time Linda Bushyager and I were doing Gran-falloon together and once commented on our method of placing illos -- lining up the pages on the floor and tossing illos at them!

Someone took us seriously.

Or maybe it's just that those early issues looked that way. Linda has really developed a good layout technique; Gf always looks great. I hope our work will be up to her level in time.

SA



