



#3

fapa 179

ZED



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Dog deifiers reified God.

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Interior art, in order: Reed Waller, Teresa NH, Reed Waller, anon, Jay Kinney, Reed Waller, Lee Hoffman. All handlettering by Teresa. Front cover art: Stu Shiffman. Back cover: Grant Canfield. Designer staples:

WHAT'S THE POINT OF TALKING IF I CAN'T BE IMMORTALIZED...I LIKE TO BE VAGUE, IN CASE I FORGET SOMETHING...BUT WHAT IF ONE OF THEM SHOULD STRIKE ME IN THE UNDERGROWTH?... PREMISES ARE ALWAYS SITUATIONAL; THAT'S WHY WE LIVE IN THEM...HE'S GOTTEN A LOT OF MILEAGE OUT OF BEING AN IDIOT...I TRY TO AVOID PEOPLE WHO LOOK LIKE THEY'LL FOLLOW ME HOME...HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW PEOPLE TEND TO FIND SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T WORK AND THEN DO IT A LOT?...NO WONDER MY HEAD HURTS; ALL OF EUROPE FELL ON IT...STRUCTURALISTS ARE ALL SAUSSURE OF THEMSELVES, WHEN ALL THEY REALLY KNOW IS SWEET FOUCALT... DICK BERGERON: FANDOM'S B.TRAVEN...DEATH RAYS DON'T KILL PEOPLE; PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE! ...THE REASON COMPUTER CHIPS ARE SO SMALL IS THAT COMPUTERS DON'T EAT MUCH...ANY PLACE I HANG MYSELF IS HOME...WE DON'T WANT EVERY TOM DISCH AND HARRY TURNING UP... SUCKS SYNTAX. ...anon 2, suzle, gary otake, jon singer, tom whitmore 2, ezra pound, norm peterson, gary farber, robert malone, jerry kaufman, chuck spear, pnh 2.

IMMATERIAL

Well, we said we would, and for once, we did -- put *Zed* on ice until we got into FAPA, and then revive it, that is. So, just a little under a year after #2, here's our third issue, hot off the new used Rex and suitable for framing (not, however, to be taken internally.). Hello, FAPA. And a nod to Our Readers outside that, uh, illustrious organization; we'll try to keep the mailing comments comprehensible.

Four notes. First: As of this issue, this is a FAPazine, outside distribution or no. What this means is that FAPA has first claim on our time, supplies & energy. *Telos* is our trade fanzine; *Zed*'s distribution will probably have to be, literally, catch-as-catch-can, except as regards letterwriters & contributors, about whom we are of course Very Scrupulous. This is Editorial Whim at its most capricious. We're a soft touch, though; if you don't get an issue and Really Gotta, just ask.

Second: Also included in this FAPA mailing is the program booklet for the Razz Bazz Rep's dramatic presentation of Willis & Shaw's *The Enchanted Duplicator*, which took place 19 March 1982 at Norwescon 5 here in Seattle. Both of us having been in the show itself, we're hardly in a position to review it; John D. Berry, however, has already written it up in the second issue of his *Wing Window* and I expect others will

follow. It did seem to come off fairly successfully, however, and given the existence of enough extras of the program booklet (which we published) FAPA seemed the logical place to store them for posterity. Just one correction to it, then: in listing the various editions in which *TED* has appeared over the years, no mention was given to Dan Steffan's excellent comic-strip adaptation now being serialized in his very own spiff genzine *Boonfark*. Sorry, Dan!

Oh, yeah, third note. The page of generic Rotslerstuff is from a letter of his to Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins' *Mainstream* which they'd slated for the WAHFs. We, on the other hand, thought it was funny enough to see print, and thus in the truest Pacific Northwestern spirit of eco-consciousness spirited it away for our own use. Waste not, want not. Be sure to catch the upcoming seventh issue of that Other brown Seattle fanzine for Mog Decarnin's letter of comment on *Telos*. You just watch; one of these days we're going to lose track of which fanzine we're publishing around here. Mark our words.

Finally, fourth. Loc this fanzine. We publish letters; last issue was all letters. If nothing else, it'll remind us to send you the next issue, and we're terribly forgetful. & with that, adieu. Read on. -- pjnh/tnh

 Emit not a bat on time.

Cry of the Painless

(Norwescon 5 by Patrick Nielsen Hayden)

"There are no differences of degree between different degrees of difference and no difference." -- William James on nitrous oxide

"When the last of this process has run its course, the remaining brain cell will publish the perfect fanzine."

-- John D. Berry, Norwescon 5, March 1982

Scene: Norwescon 5, any time, any day. A small hotel room. Stage center, a large tank of some kind of compressed gas. Attached to it crouches a gnomish figure of indeterminate species. Lying about, fans.

GARY FARBER: ...For the Enchanted Nitrous Tank is the one...

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN: ...with a trufan at the nozzle!

CARL JUAREZ: This is great! Thomas M. Disch and nitrous oxide!

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN: And Art Widner.

ART WIDNER: How do you do this, now?

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN: Well, you inhale and hold your breath...

ART WIDNER (Inhaling and holding breath): Likethiz?

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN: No, you inhale from the balloon...no, exhale first...yes, now hold your breath!

ART WIDNER: Whadhappensnext?

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN: Now wait for the echo effect to hit.

ART WIDNER: Thethethethethe whatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhat? (Widner vanishes on a pillar of fire.)

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (Glassily): It's like millions of tiny hammers, urging a woman to let go.

ALAN BOSTICK: I may not know what I like, but I know about Art.

JON SINGER: Hey, Faunt! Is this stuff oxygenated?

ALLEN BAUM: Yeah, man, is this real nitrous or is it Sears nitrous?

DOUG FAUNT: Well, let's taste it straight. (Inhales directly from tank.) Right, folks, let's strafe its crate. Mate its lake! A.E. Waite! Ahahahaha! (Eyes s roll up out of sockets. Collapses.)

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN: God is dead! Zardoz has left us!

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (Distractedly): But you always say that at this party...

DOUG FAUNT (Recovering): Uh, I'd say it was straight. (To PNH) I'm so godlike, I can do mass spectrometry in my mouth.

DEBBIE NOTKIN: Some men shouldn't be allowed to be gay.

CHORUS: Balloon, balloon! The people beg balloons! (They kneel in supplication. The god Faunt dispenses full balloons.)

RICH McALLISTER: I have it! I know it! It's like, it's like...

LINDA McALLISTER (Solemnly): The hand that turns the doorknob, open the door.

RICH McALLISTER (Earnestly): Rain before 7, dark before midnight!

JERRY KAUFMAN: Well, I can usually manage to get my arms in the holes.

TOM WHITMORE: Why, that's top-ola, as we say.

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (Dreamily): But you always say that at this party...

SUZLE TOMPKINS: I'm into collecting amateur goldfish... (The room darkens. A huge shadow seems to blot out the light. Cowering, the helpless fans stare up at the grotesque figure that has just made its entrance.)

JOHN D. BERRY: Oh, hi, Bill.

BILL GIBSON (noting TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN catatonic on the bed): Look, it's a Flemish painting that's been poleaxed.

GARY FARBER: Balloon, Bill?

BILL GIBSON: Jesus man, not again. Last night's party was, like, the night of the living asshole, man...

GARY FARBER: Whaddya mean? That was a charming conversation we had under the toilet.

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (reviving): I have it! This is Orycon!

KEN JOSEPHANS (aside): See, I don't need drugs, I can talk funny.

DEBBIE NOTKIN: Now I'd like to see Gore Vidal as President. You know; he'd go into summit meetings with Brezhnev and simply outclass him.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Aren't you supposed to be on an important panel on the Future of the Past?

ALAN BOSTICK: You're thinking of The Past Through History.

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN (staring hypnotically into TERESA's eyes): Do you know how Jimi Hendrix died? I'll tell you how Jimi Hendrix died. He injected LSD directly into his forehead for a direct hit to the brain!

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (Backing off): No! No! You always say that at this party!

AMY THOMPSON: I can't help it; I have a pornographic memory.

CHORUS: Balloon, balloon! The masses cry for balloons!

DOUG FAUNT: Peace, bread, balloons. (Dispenses balloons.) (Enter Bob Shaw. Faunt offers him a balloon.)

BOB SHAW: No, none of that, I've got enough bad habits as it is.

JERRY KAUFMAN: You can show your face after that speech?

BoSH (Drawing himself up on his dignity): I'll have you know my speeches are constructed like fine Swiss watches.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Yes indeed, complete with several slices of fine Swiss cheese.

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN: That's so he can read through the hole thing. (Ducks barrage of empty balloons.)

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (Reviving again): I have it! This is V-Con!

KEN JOSENHANS (to no one in particular): We have very poor pizza reception in our area -- we may have to get cable pizza put in.

BILL GIBSON: Hey, Singer, do you suppose I might be able to get you to reprogram me as something different?

JON SINGER: Sure!

BILL GIBSON: I wanna be a ten-speed bicycle, with lots of gears, you know...?

CHORUS: More balloon, more balloon! Bread and circuses! King Mob arises! Etc. (God hurriedly dispenses yet more balloons.)

DEBBIE NOTKIN (shambling): Guk-can-so-count. Just-not-in-order.

TOM WHITMORE: Ah, Claude, would that you were here to see it. The super-race, at last.

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (Beatifically): But you always say that at this party...

TOM WHITMORE: Don't you think you should stop, Teresa? Your lips are turning blue.

DEBBIE NOTKIN: Don't you think you should stop, Teresa? Your lips are turning blue.

SHELLEY DUTTON: Don't you think you should stop, Teresa? Your lips are turning blue.

GARY FARBER: Oh, this is indeed what I have been searching for all my life! Oh, Spirit, tell me how I may reach Trufandom, and...

CARL JUAREZ: Shut up and suck your balloon.

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN (As from a great distance): I have it! This is Westercon!

BILL GIBSON: Man, do you find that life keeps getting harder and harder?

JOHN D. BERRY: Sometimes...

-- Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Sit on a potato pan, Otis.

Dromedary (Teresa's mc's), conclusion:

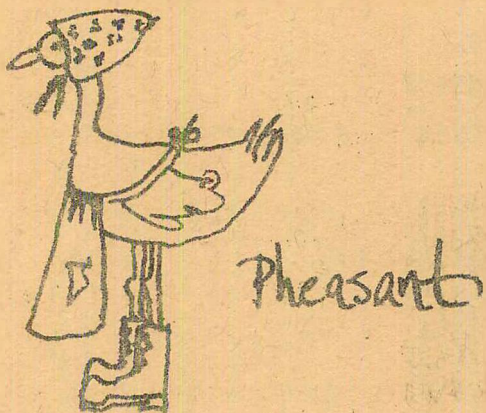
The Devil's Work 50 (Metcalf)

(continued:) Your fanzine looks like it's bleeding to death through the O's. ||| I do not understand why you refer to a writer as "Eric Blair" when everyone, including his close friends and second wife, called him George Orwell. It wasn't just the name he wrote under, and only very early friends ever continued to refer to him by his birth name. ||| Ray Bradbury is simply the world's very best college literary magazine writer.

From Sunday to Saturday (Fitch)

"We live our lives first-draft..." ...but some of us are compulsive about doing fourth fourth-dimensional mental crifanac on it.

Plenty more comments on various other people, but it appears we're out of space.



Dromedary

(Teresa's mc's)

...And a happy new mailing to you all. At this point, by common usage I ought to introduce myself to the apa (a procedure that usually starts with saying "At this point I ought to introduce myself to the apa"). Nope. In the first place, many of you have already met me in print, and *Telos* is a better introduction than I could make for myself here. In the second place, short self-introductions are usually an exercise in choice of fictions. Would you prefer the family-background-health-education-and-current-employment introduction (traditional but dull), the three-most-important-ideas-in-my-life-and-what-they-mean-to-the-universe version (pretentious and subject to change), or the how-I-found-fandom-and-arrived-here-in-FAPA story (a bit of a cliché)? My personal Deeply Held Suspicion is that the questions apa members really want answered by new members run to more practical considerations. Like: How legible and/or intelligible can we expect you to be? Do you feud? And why did you name your zine that ridiculous thing? (Answers: I am a sterling character, of remarkably even and serene temper except when the other guy is wrongheaded and stupid. Patrick does most of the mimeography, which means it tends to be very good. And my fanzine titles just occur to me and can't possibly be worse than yours.) Final Significant Question: Do I do mailing comments? Yes. Happily. Let us continue.

FA 178

This is going to sound horribly biased and non-juridical, but I'm much less inclined to allow John Thiel to frank something through FAPA than I would be to allow material by someone I even marginally appreciated. Isn't that awful? But Thiel is, bar none, the worst crudhacker I get fanzines from, and I can't imagine paying to receive his stuff. I know this gets me into the ancient argument about the tolerance we extend to others depending, not on fairness, but on how much we enjoy their work; I can't settle it to my own satisfaction, and I'll bet I'm not alone in that. I suggest it be decided strictly on the basis of the questions of functionally upping the membership by means that circumvent the waiting list, and on the appropriateness of the current members' paying *Shadow Fapa's* postage. If this means I wind up getting more Thielzines -- well -- I get them already. So be it.

The Territorial APArative (Hlavaty)

"...much of this feeling [monogamous straights feeling threatened by other sexual behaviors] comes from the widespread belief that there is One Right Way to engage in sex, and thus that anyone who proposes an alternative & claims to enjoy it is posing an implicit threat to the others." And that's it, eh? For thousands of years people have allowed their lives to be shaped and delimited, sometimes in extremely severe fashions, by what constituted for them "acceptable sexual behavior" -- and all because they couldn't see around the notion of there being "One Right Way" to go about it. What a breakthrough you have there! In all that time, in all those circumstances, there was no other pressing reason for various groups to maltreat each other, for individuals to painfully repress their desires; for homosexuals to be de-legitimized or bastard children to be cast off to survive as they might. And, you know, a lot of them were probably real smart cookies -- like yourself, Arthur -- and still that

realization evaded them. Sayeth your humble writer: bullshit. The sort of analysis that unravelling this takes is very long, so I'll use one very small example. The easily available contraceptive pill makes having children a matter of choice; available abortion ensures that it is so. And the growing acceptance of women staying single, or not having children, and working outside the home, all mean that a much freer lifestyle (and sexuality) is now available to women. The ratification of the ERA is a natural concomitant of this. Right? Now: have you ever been to an anti-ERA demonstration? Most of the women there will prove to be young to middle-aged, with children; the same goes for anti-abortion rallies. How then do you rationalize the fact that these women are apparently fighting against proposed developments that would liberate them? ||| Answer: watch my hands carefully. First, we are not a completely liberated society, nor are privileges homogeneously distributed throughout the population. Among other glitches that this causes, many women's security and success are contingent on getting and holding onto some man. Economically, most women's training and experience will net them only low-prestige, low-paying jobs. You can support yourself on one of them, but you can't support children -- you have to have that second income, or have one member making a hefty salary and the other staying home to watch the kids. Okay? Here's another datum: older women are not valued or considered attractive the way older men are. A reasonably tidy and charming 50-year-old man can find new sexual partners, if not easily, then much more readily than his female counterpart. A fifty-year-old divorced woman is a real surplus commodity. Got all that? Let's go back to those anti-ERA, anti-abortion protestors. If they are older -- if they have been monogamous -- if they have children -- then they are heavily and irrevocably bought into a system where once married you stay married and where a man who impregnates a woman is obliged to stay by her and see that the children are properly raised and supported. Sexual and reproductive freedom doesn't touch them, it only threatens them. It throws them into competition for the available men with other women who aren't as old, as worn, or as tied down as they themselves are. So of course they fight against their own "liberation," and it's not a matter of some irrational commitment to there being no other way to do things, sexually or otherwise. They know, on some level, where their interests lie. ||| Go back and look at things again, okay? People often act for obscure reasons, but they seldom act for dumb reasons. And they never act for no reason at all.

Past, Present and Future 7 (Stone)

On page 42 you use the phrase "hairy bit of crumpet." I am much bemused. Can you explain that one? ||| Your research is fascinating. Can I ask you two questions about it? First, what are your research sources when you go looking into such esoterica? I assume that you're not finding data lying about in your local public library. Second, what prompted this particular piece?

Detours 10 (Chauvenet)

I enjoyed your zine, and given space here would make three times the mailing comments I'm actually going to make. ||| "I remember resenting the reluctance of the author to make a deaf person hero or heroine..." I've been cringing at references to deafness for years; my father and grandfather both have/had severely impaired hearing, and I've lived with the circumstance all my life. My intense dislike is given to the phrase "WHASSAMATTER? YOU DEAF OR SOMETHING?" used to mean "You are stupid/not paying attention." Having people equate those things to not hearing makes me damned angry. ||| "If ART can't communicate, the artist is just talking to himself or looking into a mirror." That's one of those interesting arguments you can carry forward indefinitely. In one recent month I ran across two statements (quite separately of each other) that seemed to bracket the question for me. One was "the meaning of communication is the response that it gets"; the other was "the meaning of art is the artist's intent." I won't judge the matter by aesthetic hairsplitting, but merely note that I've met firm believers of both statements. And the ones who held to the former did

much more interesting, communicative work than those who believed the latter. ||| You almost gave me a heart attack with your Allens from New England. My first thought was that I'd known all along that if I stayed in fandom too long I'd eventually run into a relative. So I called my Granny and she said that our Allens were from New Hampshire and had already migrated west by 1882. Of course, that by no means rules out an earlier common relative.

The Lime Jello Gazette (Cantor)

Sorry, Marty, but you're not going to convince me that passive smoking is harmless. Experientially I know it isn't. I'm an athsmatic; I've been a smoker, and I've lived with a smoker while not smoking myself. Passive smoke is a gross irritant. It makes me cough. I wheeze. Suzle Tompkins (of *Mainstream*) gets extremely ill when exposed to it. I've tested this in various ways; it makes me cough, for instance, when I don't know that anyone has been smoking around me lately. I've gone from an area in a large room where there was no smoke to another area where there was smoke, and felt the catch in my lungs immediately. ||| The other thing you're not going to convince me of is that there is a legitimate definitional category of the "Phillip Morris scientist." ||| And as long as we're talking about the probity of the tobacco companies, may I point something out? Tobacco is a fairly easy plant to cultivate, and the leaves that the casual gardener grows have enough nicotine in them to (a) get a smoker completely ripped and (b) satisfy the worst nicotine craving on just a few puffs a day. All that work and special cultivation and curing the tobacco companies do results in a drug product that (a) only they can produce, (b) takes 20-40 doses a day to satisfy most users, and (c) results in a hugely exaggerated dose of tar being administered to the user in exchange for the desired nicotine. Of course, Winston-Salem wouldn't make much of a profit selling half a joint of tobacco a day to their customers.

Interjection 2/82 (Chalker)

Reading your comments about Baltimore's image made me sit back and consider what I do think about when I think of Maryland. Here, for your benefit, is the list I made: 1. Crabs. 2. Doesn't Avedon Carol live somewhere around there? 3. Little fried crab patties. 4. Catholic emigration to the States. 5. Lord & Lady Baltimore and their cake. 6. An admirable state flag. 7. Softshell crabs. There! Feel free to use it in whatever capacity suits you. ||| When Patrick saw my list, he said "Not Harry Warner Junior in Hagerstown?" And I had to admit that Hagerstown had never settled down to any particular location in my mind; it floats, like Brigadoon, Out There Somewhere. ||| "[Professional historians] invariably turn into rabid ideologues of the worst sort or they become rampant cynics." And I'll bet your professor that said that was a cynic, that being the sort of person it would take to divide the world into cynics ("people like me") and ideologues ("people not like me").

Bosh 2 (Sjolander & Bellis)

Lord, is there no end to Martin Morse Wooster jokes? It was bad enough when *Pong* ran on and on about this awful-sounding person I'd never met, and now here you're doing it. All this makes me want to go out of my way to be nice to MMW, and I don't think that in the normal course of things I'd like him even a bit. The poor schmuck can't hit back any more than a piñata can. ||| "There are two persons on the FAPA-waiting-list I would have objected to had I voted in this year's Egoboo-poll and had I known about their behaviour before the deadline of said poll. These two are now applying for a joint membership since they live together; Patrick and Teresa Nielsen-Hayden." Oh. My goodness. Hello, Anders! What an odd mailing comment. ||| You write in a tone of great grief and exasperation, which I certainly hope is not current, but merely a piece of fossil-fanac left over from that interim period between your hearing about the publication of *Telos* 4 and your actually going to the trouble of finding out what happened to it. For the benefit of the rest of the audience, who didn't get the letter Patrick already sent Anders, nobody in Europe got a copy of *Telos* 4 or *Zeds* 1 &

2 who didn't have something printed in them or wasn't getting a packet of mail from us anyway. We've been saving them to send along with *Telos* 5 -- a project put off due to a genuinely catastrophic year, collapse of small business, period of severe editorial incapacitation, et cetera et cetera. Trivial stuff, but it kept the fanzine from getting out. ||| So there are these stacks of unmailed *Teloses* and *Zeds*, some of which have this whole time been definitely earmarked for Anders Bellis; who, to his credit, sent us a great stack of his fanzines, plus a not-too-bad contribution which we ungratefully bounced (too much stuff on hand at that time), plus two of the weirdest postcards I've seen in a mort of taxdays. Very happy to receive it and all that; hyperfannish fanzines in Swedish are fun to read, since about a third of the words are understandable fanspeak. One gets a sense of great motion and energy expended in a fannish direction, but at the same time doesn't have to deal with the actual content at all. Pleasant. ||| I can't really see this as an issue to fight over, especially in FAPA. Make you a deal? If you'll forget you said all that in print, I'll forget you said all that in print. And remember in the future that a simple letter of inquiry can sometimes work absolute wonders.

Grandfather Stories 2/82 (DeVore)

"I will have worked some 20 years under Social Security, been forced to pay for it and I saw the flaws in it many, many years ago. Now this will be taken away." Yes, I'm very sympathetic. However, as a retiree in this year of our Lord 1982, you are figuratively sitting on top of a federal tax base that includes all those boom-year babies, grown older and very profitably taxable. Try looking at Social Security through the wrong end of the telescope: I'm going to be paying into it for the next 40 years, and I'm one year off the dead center of the demographic bulge. When I'm your age, there won't be nearly such a (*choke*) lavish fund to draw on for Social Security, and there'll be a lot more claimants to it, relatively speaking. I'm currently hoping for a geriatric breakthrough that will keep me on my feet and working until I drop dead at the age of 95 or so. It's either that or The Revolution; nothing else will keep me from eating Alpo for my last ten or twenty years.

Horizons 168 (Warner)

"Easter is supposed to commemorate the resurrection of Christ, not his death which is marked by Good Friday." And if you can tell me what Maundy Thursday lavings are all about, I'll die a happy woman. Our local version of Easter holds that on Sunday morning Christ arises from his tomb, and if he sees his shadow there will be six more weeks of Lent. ||| "There have been quite a few instances of people encountering one another in fandom only to discover a distant cousinship or some non-blood ties." First, see my comments to Russell Chauvenet. The only provable relative I've known about so far in fandom (and I have a better chance of finding relatives than most people, having more of them than almost anyone I know) is a trekkie in Utah. My family occasionally passes along highly-colored accounts of her activities -- they largely disapprove -- and I can't help wondering as they do so whether they're not venting opinions they couldn't peacefully express to me otherwise. ||| In re the Worst of Martin: Harry, I heard an awful unascertainable rumor that you ran out of Martin material some time back and have been writing the stuff yourself ever since. Not having the Spring '45 issue of *Sayrie*, I have no way of checking. Well? ||| On VCRs: We've been going around for some time on the ethics of taping, which in our case mostly involves transferring borrowed record albums to tape cassettes. A blank tape costs one-half to one-third as much as a record, and we can get the semi-esoteric desirable albums we want more easily from our friends' collections than we can from the local new & used record stores. Now there's a record library opening up on Capitol Hill: you pay a \$6 fee, and for 50¢ or 75¢ per disc per day you can rent the records you want. They may pay a royalty; I'm not sure. Our taping has a very direct relationship to the current price of albums; damned if I'll pay \$8.99 for one album.

Vainomoinen 5 (Lillian)

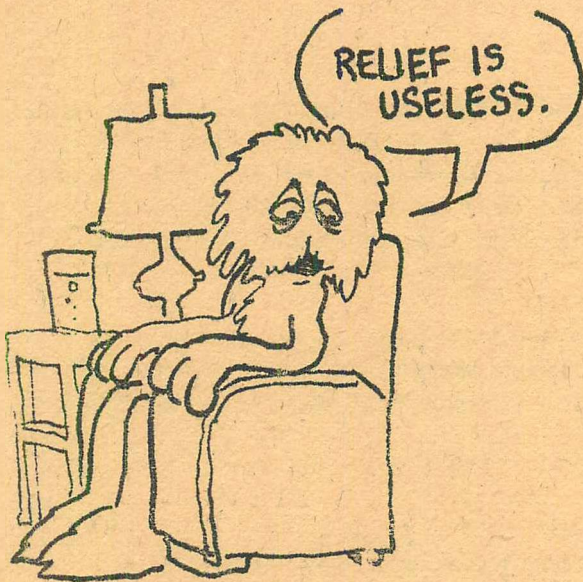
Dear God, what an ugly piece of art. Plain paper has more grace. Look at that woman! If you met her on the street you'd be shocked at her anatomical deformities: the eyes, for instance, which happen to wrap halfway around her cheekbones. If one assumes her to have roughly spherical eyeballs (poor thing; one hopes she does) then her eye-sockets extend deep into her head, no doubt giving her all sorts of sinus problems and irregularities. There's something funny about the mouth and jaw, too; doubtless there are malocclusions, and if she were to shut her mouth the apparent sheer mass of her lips would make her look like a 1920 caricature of a black. Then there are her breasts, which must be made of styrofoam or a similar lightweight material to be that large and yet stand up like that unsupported. And you'd think that whoever furnished her with that elaborate weapon would have thought as well to give the poor thing some clothing and not send her into the world naked, not to mention minus her nipples and the crown of her head. Mutant, my sainted granny! That's bad draftsmanship and unimaginative art. Save your ink next time.

Celephais (Evans)

"...crossing Montana or Utah or Nevada towards Reno from Salt Lake City. Driving at night, watching the lights of a car appear in the distance, maybe 15 miles away, and slowly come nearer, until they woosh by and the darkness is unbroken again, except by your headlights." Yes, you have certainly been there. Patrick and I crossed the Bonneville Salt Flats from Wendover to Salt Lake City this October, starting to drive a little after 3:30 a.m. There is probably no emptier stretch on the North American continent than that Bonneville Flats; driving across them it was solid black everywhere outside our headlights, except for a dancing red light we saw far ahead of us on the highway. It seemed to pace us; it changed shape slightly, hovering a little off the highway, and we never got any closer to it. After an hour or so I realized that it was the composite taillights of, probably, every car between Wendover and the Great Salt Lake. After more timeless distanceless driving (it was like being in one of those driving simulation machines) a spot of white light appeared on the horizon, grew slowly, and then suddenly blossomed into a clutch of semis, pulled into a circle with their headlights all pointed at the object in the center. As we pulled slowly around the trucks, driving on the shoulder of the road, we saw briefly that the thing in the center of the truckers' circle was a pickup that had hit something -- perhaps a semi -- head on at some great speed. I cannot imagine that the pickup's driver survived it. Detouring around the semis and their relic took less than 30 seconds, then the trucks and all their lights disappeared behind us and we were off again into the void-with-a-white-stripe-down-its-middle. I was shaken, and glad when the sun came up just short of SLC.

The Devil's Work 50 (Metcalf)

"Another problem with Alice Norton's fiction..." One of the nice things about fandom is finding other people who found Norton largely unreadable. In my youth I kept running afoul of teachers and librarians who just absolutely knew that Norton was the thing for children who liked SF. My problem was that I have never, never been able to hack through her prose; it's not that it's painfully bad in my eyes, it just literally makes no sense. At one time I tried to figure this reaction out (before I moved on to advanced matters like why LeGuin's politics always irritate me), and could only guess that her descriptions read like they were strung together out of bits of description she'd read in other books. One of these days when I have copious spare time for reading such things, doubtless in a year in which I break my back, I may go back and try to figure it again. ||| "Joanna Russ first appeared in the '50s, not the '60s." Thus necessarily she sprang full-grown from the sea-foam or Zeus' forehead or whatever they're making lady science fiction writers out of these days, and the pictures I've seen of a six-foot-tall twelve-year-old are historic frauds. It's nice to know she was first published so soon after her miraculous appearance on the scene. ||| *Teresa's mc's concluded after "Cry of the Painless", previous to this.*



Talking Stock
Loren MacGregor

REAGAN'S PRESIDENCY AND THE PRESENCE of the Moral Majority has sparked off some rather unusual sidelights. Just the other day, for example, I received in the mail my very own copy of God's Holy Handkerchief.

(Well, actually, it's not God's; it belongs to the Reverend Ewing and his Church By Mail, Prayer Box 3169, Atlanta. That's in Georgia. The Rev. Ewing sent me this special, sacred, symbolic Faith Handkerchief in an envelope marked CONFIDENTIAL MAIL (this was printed in red, four times, in three different sizes) and implored me not to open the envelope unless I lived at the address shown in the window (this was printed twice).)

Inside was a picture of a handkerchief, a nicely woven, colorful thing that looked a lot like my place mats, the ones that go with my Desert Sand stoneware. One side said "I loan you this Symbolic Faith Handkerchief (Acts 19: 11 & 12) for tonight only. Please print the name of whom you want God to Bless, in the center of this Faith Handkerchief, and return it in the morning, to Rev. Ewing's Church-By-Mail." Gene (I like to think he'd want me to call him Gene sometimes, he seems so friendly and all) also asked me to let him know if I wanted my Blessed Golden Metal Cross (which has the word "faith" running vertically down the face and the word "grace" intersecting it horizontally).

The other side of the paper, although it also looked much like my place mats, bore no such words of comfort. The Rev. Ewing had, however, thought to include a rough draft of a letter he'd written to me -- I could tell it was a rough draft because it was typed on lined white college ruled paper with three holes punched on the left side. There were some handwritten notations as well, written in blue felt tip pen, circled, and with arrows pointing to where they fit into the text -- and this explained that he was writing to me in the Name of Jesus. He had (he said) felt a need in my life; God (he told me) wanted the Rev. Ewing to bless my life in an unusual way.

I had to allow that a symbolic faith handkerchief was fairly unusual, so I continued to read. God was waiting (as I understand it, he was waiting rather impatiently) for me to give him the opportunity, through the Rev. Ewing, of showering me with spiritual, physical, and financial blessings. As a matter of fact, God was so impatient that he told Gene to mail me one of those wonderful blessed symbolic faith handkerchiefs, like Paul used in Acts.

He continues on in this vein for a bit more, explaining that he is obeying the Holy Spirit and is only loaning me his handkerchief (excuse me, his symbolic handkerchief) and that I really should send it back as quick as possible -- but not before I

print my name on it, open my Bible, read Acts 19 and touch the handkerchief (or read the handkerchief and touch Acts 19, I'm not quite sure), and then slip the thing into my pillowcase, pray, and in the morning (these last three words were written by hand, in blue felt-tip pen, in the space conveniently left over in the typed first draft. Probably the typewriter skipped) and in the morning send the handkerchief back to Georgia.

Then he comes to the meat: I've really got to send it back fast, because he feels in his heart that he must pray for me right away: something has happened or is about to happen and, good God, it might be terrible. Couldn't I hear the Holy Spirit whispering to me about it?

I tried. I couldn't.

Oh, well. Even with this no-doubt disappointing news, the Rev. Ewing was willing to send me, free, my beautiful golden blessed cross, chock-full of spiritual, physical, and financial prayer for me because (in his own words), "I am just a minister who wants to be a blessing to you by praying for you. Will you let me?"

To be honest, I felt unworthy, and that's why I'm sending this Symbolic Faith Handkerchief to Patrick and Teresa with instructions that they write their names on it, take two aspirin (apiece), sleep on it and send everything but the aspirin back to me in the morning.

-oOo-

*Hammacher Schlemmer is selling a shelter,
worthy of Kubla Khan's Xanadu dome...*

*What a great come-to-glory emporium!
To enjoy a deluxe moratorium
Where nuclear heat can be guilely elite
In a creme-de-la-creme crematorium.*

-- E. Y. "Yip" Harburg,
"Rhymes for the Irreverent"

In the late 1950s, Hammacher Schlemmer advertised the fallout shelter to end all fallout shelters; if, as then seemed inevitable, we were doomed to spend the next several years below ground, sweltering in the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust, we might as well swelter in style. This was the theory.

This year's theory is somewhat different; rather than the fear of nuclear holocaust, it seems, the current businessman fears most the specter of having Something To Do -- or, at least, of having to be productive. Hammacher Schlemmer, always responsive to the needs of the executive mind, has come up with a new product: a desk. It's for the executive (as what isn't?) and it includes such nifty items as a built-in television, tape recorder, stereo, clock radio, calculator, cigarette lighter, and so on. It also has a built-in lie detector, which can be either directly voice-activated or can be used to evaluate the honesty of friends who phone:

"Hello, John? Gee, it's great to talk to you!"

"LIAR!"

This desk costs only \$18,000, a mere drop in the bucket compared to Rockefeller's and less, indeed, than a certain gentleman paid for a bottle of Lafitte Rothschild. Nevertheless it has one sure attraction for our nebulous executive, in that it is nearly impossible to get any work done at this desk. The buttons get in the way.

There are only two drawers, both of which are about four inches deep and one of which is crammed with technical manuals on how to run your new electronic toy.

I mentioned this to Terry Garey, who wistfully pointed out that it probably didn't have a paper shredder. Ha ha, wrong again; a paper shredder is included as just one of the many options.

And they say America is losing the technological race!

-oOo-

LOOK, THERE'S A SPOT! QUICK, PUT A PLAQUE ON IT!

The word plaque is, of course, of French origin. According to the OED it refers to an ornamental plate or tablet of metal or porcelain, of quadrangular, round, oval, or other regular form.

Its native habitat is California.

I suppose I've vaguely been aware of historical plaques in other places but in California their numbers are nearly mythic. There are historical plaques to mark the site of the first California State Fair; the plaque is attached to the side of a parking garage attached to the side of a bank on Bush and New Montgomery. There are historical plaques to commemorate the construction of the first slot machines; on the intersections of Battery, Bush and Market Streets a small brass plaque asserts:

ORIGINAL SLOT MACHINE

The original slot machines were manufactured by the inventor Charles Fey just west of this site at 406 Market from 1896 til the factory was destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire. Fey, a Bavarian immigrant, dubbed his invention the "Liberty Bell" in honor of the famous symbol of freedom. Ultimately the slot machine became the most famous gambling device of all time.

Dedicated 1980

E Clampus Vitus

There are even historical plaques to mark the fact that you are now standing on thin ice. (Actually, they mark the end of the original San Francisco shoreline, but as you look around you will note that you are standing in the midst of around one hundred massive skyscrapers, and you will immediately realize that every one is built not on solid rock but on land fill. In 1906 it was noted that the buildings on land fill suffered much worse and rolled and rocked much more freely than those built on the bedrock of the City. This was of course a surprise to many people.

(I work in one of those buildings. I work for a law firm. I am currently working on a case where the land fill slipped, causing a building to sink. And every day thousands of people from San Francisco leave the Financial District to go to Nevada to gamble.)

Despite all this forewarning I didn't realize how extensively the saturation had become until I visited the small town of Volcanoe, California. Volcanoe was discovered by several soldiers, who thought the land volcanic (thence the name); there is a plaque to commemorate this. The soldiers subsequently died; there is a plaque to commemorate this. There are plaques to commemorate Volcanoe's part in the settling

of California, Volcanoe's part in the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Mexican-American Conflict and numerous other battles and skirmishes long since forgotten elsewhere (though there is not, sadly, a plaque to commemorate the Japanese attack on Volcanoe during World War II, which consisted of incendiary devices launched from submarines and brought to earth by means of dirigibles). But there was one set of plaques that filled me with a sort of delighted awe:

As you go up Volcanoe's main street (called, I think, "Main Street") you will pass the ruined shell of a building (bearing a plaque identifying it as the oldest law school in the U.S.), a picnic area (although I didn't stop to read the plaque -- there was one -- I believe it identified the area as a historical picnic spot), and a set of plaques commemorating one of the sadder times in the life of Volcanoe. At one time it was decided to build a dam in the area; consequently someone erected a plaque that consisted of an arrow pointing to the former location of Volcanoe, buried under tons of water.

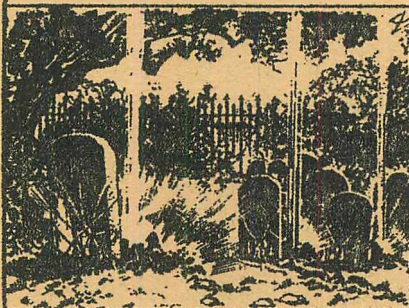
A second plaque pointed to the first, crowing, and (under the legend "Not By A Dam Site!") explaining how the plan for the dam had been defeated.

To my knowledge this is the first historical plaque I've ever seen commemorating an historical plaque. Which explains my latest project: I'm going to find the oldest known historical plaque in California and I'm going to erect an historical plaque about it. And then I'm going to erect an historical plaque to commemorate the commemoration of the first plaque. And then...

I figure it's the start of a great new career.

-- Loren MacGregor
December 1980

BEFORE THIS NIGHTMARE BEGINS . . . JESUS WILL REMOVE HIS BELIEVERS, (THOSE WHO REALLY LOVE HIM, THOSE TO WHOM JESUS IS THE LORD OF THEIR LIVES AND PERSONAL SAVIOR) . . . SO THEY CAN MISS THE TERRIBLE JUDGMENTS GOD WILL SEND ON THIS REBELLIOUS PLANET.



SCRIPTURE

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

I Thess. 4:16-18

Rotsler: Stuff

SO YOU WANT CAT & BORDER CROSSING stories?

I first got "into" cats (as they say) about fourteen or fifteen years ago when on acid. We had these low chairs, all gussied up with leather and ornamental studs, that were really arms & backs on the floor, practically lying down. Now cats -- at least when my friends & I are on acid -- come around to "warm" themselves on your vibes. Or w'atever.

Up comes this cat, plunks himself down on my chest, practically in my beard, folds up his front paws and purrs. Up to then cats had pretty much been annoying critters that came around your ankles every time the refrig was opened. (The cats belong to Evan Hayworth with whom I once again live. He's first cousin to both Rita Hayworth -- who took her mother's name professionally -- and Ginger Rogers.) So I lay there, thinking what it was like to be a cat and -- with the profundity that comes with the Dread LSD -- I got "into" cats.

To this day we get along just fine, which shows the buggers get into your mind, and control your every move, making you making you making you the top exports of 1966 in terms of dollar value of goods were to Canada, Latin America, Japan, United Kingdom, West Germany and and and help Netherlands, France, India help Italy and Belgium/Luxembourg.

Let's move on to border crossing stories, shall we?

Once I took a van load of figure models down to San Filipe, which is in the genital region of the Sea of Cortez, if you think of Baja California as a leg. This was for photography purposes, for Olde Time Fan Earl Kemp's nudist magazines. The brakes went out on a twisting road, but no one but Evan and I knew. We came around a corner doing 50 or so. There was a rock in the middle of the road the size of a cottage. I had a fraction of a second to decide to die or not; I went between the rock and the cliff wall with about two inches to spare on either side.

Earlier one of the models had been flashing a little boy in the car ahead of us. Later, crossing the border back into US of A we came upon the crossing suddenly and the man who was later to photograph & co-produce *Flesh Gordon* was lying in the back fornicating a busty black model. Since I figured they'd get suspicious if an American car once within sight of the border suddenly went off somewhere, I asked someone to throw a blanket over them. We went right through with minimum trouble... and the two never even disengaged.

There's another, better story, involving masturbating a writhing nude in a Corvette on the freeway, but that's too much work right now, it being about one in the morning.

-- Bill Rotsler

"I can remember when all you needed to publish a fanzine was six cartoons by Bill Rotsler and an article by him on how he no longer found naked women interesting to look at. No longer found naked women interesting to look at! I must have read that article five hundred times."

-- Bob Shaw, Norwescon 5

(Patrick's mc's)

"Included in the bundle, but not listed in the Contents, is a 'Petition for Raeburn', distributed by Bob Pavlat. A copy is bound in the 00 for the completists." Foosh on you, Ed Cox. You are an old fan and know perfectly well that the completists will demand that both copies be there before regarding the mailing as complete. Simply not listing the petition in the Table of Contents doesn't hack it -- you mentioned it in the 00. Doubtless the only way around this would be to distribute the petition separate from the mailing and never mention its existence in the official organ. Good thing we're not completists. We are Boyd Raeburn fans, however, so we signed it and sent it in. ||| This seems as good a place as any to mention that our real and true last name is Nielsen Hayden, two names together, space in between, no hyphen, just like that. Believe it or not other people do this -- you will find the symphonies of the 20th century British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams filed under V rather than W, for instance. I dislike hyphens (the small-h sort) in general and find that they make one's name look like some sort of formula in particular. Anyway, the Sec-Treas filed us under Hayden this time; I've writ them and pointed out the Gross Error of this. No harm.

Disinformation (Hlavaty)

"Bobby Sands was a terrorist who loved terror so much that when he could no longer do it to others, he terrorized and murdered himself." Ah, apas. First time I've done mailing comments for an apa in over two years, and already I'm grabbed by an indefinable rush of nostalgia when I read comments like that. I think that the question I always wanted to ask of people who make comments like that, given the magical power to elicit a completely honest answer, is: do you really think that, or did it just sound good? Really. I mean, I pretty much agree with Gregg Calkins on the IRA -- that, it seems from this distance that they're not so much interested in winning their war as they are in fighting it -- so in a superficial way I suppose I could rationalize agreeing with this statement of yours. But I don't. It's, how you say, too glib to be true. And much too shallow to convince me that you, Arthur Hlavaty, a smart person whose fanzines I often enjoy, really believe that such a simplistic model actually accurately reflects the complex reality of the Sands affair. C'mon, Arthur, stop groping for a Lazarus Long epigram to sum everything up.

The Territorial APArative (Hlavaty)

You started out good here but decayed too quickly into the specific -- it's a subject I've been interested in as well, and I would have liked to see you try to draw a few more general conclusions (nb: not the same as making up crusty epigrams) about the processes you brought up. I can, however, add the note that, as far as I've been able



OUR WORLD IN DIAGRAMS

to tell, strategies for defending an apa's emotional/semantic territory that involve official invitational/exclusionary structures don't tend to work. Just as the most noticable aspect of the atmosphere of a totalitarian country is generally its repressiveness (rather than its peaceful order), the most salient feature of an invitational apa's character tends to become its invitationality, rather than its comfortable, secure, unblemished-by-ThoseFuggheads air. In fact the invitational procedures themselves tend to become the dominant topic of discussion. As a result of which what you get tends to be either a group of people petrified into a defensive posture, everyone ceaselessly busying themselves refortifying the walls, or a group being torn apart by the tremendous antisocial torque set up by the natural tensions implicit in requiring people to Take Stands on Who's Good Enough to be allowed in. And the interesting thing is that either way you lose all of the good of the group just as surely as if an invasion of Visigoths -- you know, ThoseFuggheads who you were trying to avoid in the first place -- had actually taken place. More surely, in fact, since in an open group situation the Visigoths will likely simply go away after finding themselves largely unappreciated by a group that's basically happy with itself. ||| There are exceptions -- or perhaps these cases fall under rules I just haven't figured out. Some invitational apas seem to get along fine under a structure by which one person alone -- the OE -- decides who gets in. If that one person is sufficiently tactful, or well-respected, or just plain thick-skinned, they can take all the flack upon themselves and save the group in general. A good example of this, so far, is Apa-LP, the music apa, OE'd by D Potter. (Though perhaps the specialized-interest nature of that group has something to do with it as well.) I also know of one group whose elaborate invitational procedures have worked to preserve it for some decades; in its schema, anyone may bring in new members, and anyone may object to new members -- but anyone who formally objects, automatically, by doing so, initiates a process by which the current members vote on whether they'd rather have the new member or the objector. Loser is Out. Anyway, that's how I heard it; those few Fapans who are in this group may now have a good laugh at my thirdhand information. But it does seem to me that something like that would encourage group stability, if nothing else. ||| "And one individual who described himself as a libertarian Marxist, a term I find as oxymoronic as 'round square' or 'scientific creationism.'" Speaking of semantic territoriality... Two issues get brought up here. The first question is: Who has historical dibs on the term "libertarian" -- collectivists or individualists? A very good case might be made for the first, despite its being the property of the second in modern American political discourse. The second is more difficult and has to do with the "essential meaning" of the word, whatever the hell that may be. I don't see the phrase you object to as being necessarily self-contradictory -- if you grant that one can disagree with certain aspects of Marx and still call one's self a Marxist (and you'd better, otherwise there are practically no Marxists in the world so what are you worried about?), then you have to admit to the possibility of someone who buys the Marxist ideas of class analyses, class warfare, and even dialectical historical inevitability without subscribing to Marx's ideas (never very filled out anyway) about the necessary nature of the dictatorship of the proletariat; his statism, in other words. You do know, of course, that Soviet-style totalitarianism was not what Marx... oh, well, of course you do. In any case, one could open the can of worms about just how much Marx one would have to subscribe to in order to entitle one's self to call one's self a Marxist -- but then you'd be getting yourself really deeply entangled in a particularly vitriolic sort of inherency argument and maybe we'd all just rather forget it. Questions of theoretical consistency aside, however, I find it profoundly difficult on a completely existential level to regard your "libertarian Marxist" acquaintance as either an oxymoron or as a particularly extreme example of ideological unusualness. Remind me to tell you about the Bay Area acid-dropping biker-gang Objectivist punk rockers sometime. I dunno what your friend meant by "libertarian" or "Marxist" but I'll bet I could rough out three or four consistent theoretical schema in an afternoon that would satisfy both standard libertarians and standard Marxists that they were a sort of variation on the real approved true dogma. So, to quote Sartre, poot.

Dormouse 9 (Ortlieb)

"The other thing about FAPA is, of course, having some sort of window onto life styles one is never likely to adopt." Yes. This is why I'm in FAPA despite my general boredom with the apa format. All the other fannish apas are affinity groups: based around & taking as their *raison d'être* some common interest, geographical location, or social group pre-existing the apa. Even SAPS took its initial impetus from being not FAPA. FAPA was first. As a result its mere primacy has served to attract a wide range of people, all very different from each other, politically, socially, fannishly. Which seems to me, these days, much more interesting than yet another group of people who are all roughly similar to myself, politically, socially, fannishly. I see people with whom I have plenty of affinities all the time -- I don't need to publish apazines in order to have contact with them. ||| "Mature tends to work in continua rather than discrete quanta." Exactly to the point.

Past, Present and Future 7 (Stone)

"Well, that disposes of my lingering suspicion that a real Shaver never existed." How startling. Shaver not only existed, he had several letters in renascent '40s fan Donn Brazier's major mid-'70s letterzine *Title*, as well as a couple of photographs of himself examining broken rocks for messages from the ancients. Additionally, if you want a first-hand account of Shaver in person, you might check Walt Willis's *The Harp Stateside*, which contains a funny-sad account of Willis's encounter with the fellow himself, at Ray Palmer's place, in 1952.

Detours 10 (Chauvenet)

"I would have just informed the Japanese that if they did not surrender at once, we would blow the perfect symmetrical cone top of Fujiyama into a ragged stump. They would have fallen all over themselves to give up." No, they wouldn't. A fair quantity of material declassified over the last several years seems to show that the original plan was to either threaten to A-bomb, or actually A-bomb, the ancient sacred city of Kyoto. Good old General Marshall caught that one before it was actually executed, and a good thing, too: as he pointed out, either option would likely have provoked the Japanese into a national fit of kamikaze spirit, fighting like lunatics to the last man, etc. Imagine your reaction to the Japanese gratuitously erasing Washington D.C., Boston, San Francisco, and New Orleans. What the hell, throw in Yellowstone, Mt. Rushmore, and the Grand Canyon while you're at it. I suspect that your Mt. Fuji gambit would have had about the same effect. What wasn't tried, and should have been, was setting off a warning explosion offshore -- say, on the island of O-shima, fifty miles out of Tokyo Bay. Unfortunately, we were as interested in scaring the piss out of the Soviets so as to be able to enforce a Pax Americana on the postwar world as we were in finishing the Pacific war, and so for our dreams of empire two cities died.

The Lime Jello Gazette (Cantor)

When I quit smoking over a year ago I made a vow not to become a militant anti-smoker -- not because I don't think passive smoke is irritating to non-smokers (it is -- it was even irritating to me when I smoked) but because it isn't irritating enough to me, personally, to justify making my smoking friends uncomfortable around me, in my house, and so forth. Nonetheless I have to say that, frankly, your scientific evidence sucks the big galactic moose, and, considering how you make your living, has about as much credibility as those TV commercials that use the device of having the "interviewer" stop people on the street and ask them their opinion of the product being advertised. (The gimmick being, of course, that the advertisers are hardly likely to show the people who said, "Teen-o-mints? Can't stand the little buggers. Get out of my way.") Considering how many people report physical discomfort and even illness as being consistently concurrent with exposure to passive smoke, don't you think that all this noble dedication to "the cause of scientific credibility" and "the search for truth"

might be better spent finding out what is happening to these people instead of denying that anything is happening at all? Presumably, of course, they're just making it All Up out of a deep-seated crypto-leftist hatred for North Carolina farmers. Yes. ||| I don't think that the fact that tobacco is bad for you ought to result in any significant limitations on its sale or use. But I do look with a certain disdain on the ethics of people who make their money selling the single recreational drug that we know, beyond all reasonable doubt and by any respectable scientific standards, to be physically addicting. Getting a customer addicted to your product is a form of coercion in my book, and there's a lot more doubt about the inherent physical addictiveness of the opiates than about that of tobacco. ||| How can I put this? You may detect a certain severity here. In fact the mere act of writing about tobacco, even at this late date, gives me flashes of cigarette-craving -- followed closely by anger. I cannot in good conscience say that tobacco should not be promoted and sold, nor can I even unilaterally say that its promotion, sale, or use are "bad." But you cannot expect me to be cordial towards industry defenses -- which include your defenses -- of its general wonderfulness. ||| The trouble with both your and Seth Goldberg's proposals in re the Fanzine Hugos is that, really, we have no more really good claim on Hugo ceremony time than the idiotic Gandalfs do. Me, I'd like to see both the Fan Hugos and FAAns scrapped in favor of a yearly, widely-distributed Poll, on the order of the one conducted for a while in the early '60s, culminating in a small fanzine listing the complete results in the several categories, which could be as elaborate or as austere as the person publishing it that year wished. As we've seen with the FAAns, physical award trophies are a real impediment to the thing actually coming off.

Grandfather Stories 2/82 (DeVore)

In my files is a two-page review of *The Oxford Book Of American Light Verse* that appeared in the 22 September 1979 New Republic signed X.J. Kennedy. It's a well-written, thoughtful review. The blurb at the end informs us that "X.J. Kennedy's most recent book is verse for children, *The Phantom Ice Cream Man* (Atheneum)."

Horizons 168 (Warner)

Don't know about Hagerstown, but hats -- men's hats, mostly homburgs and fedoras -- are becoming fashionable in a sort of good-natured New Wavey way here in Seattle, for both sexes. Which makes sense, here in the Seattle Rain Festival (September through May, y'know); what puzzles me is why they went out of fashion in the first place. I'm told that the inhabitants of several small New England industrial towns curse the day JFK became president, but despite Kennedy's famous hatlessness coinciding with the abrupt disappearance of men's hats from general fashion, it seems an inadequate explanation for the suddenness and thoroughness of it. Beats me. ||| Since I don't own a TV, much less a VCR, I found your article about obtaining and getting used to one fascinating. Unfortunately that's about all I could say about it. This copy of Horizons is liberally sprinkled with check marks, but almost all of them are just notes to mark a particularly good comment or keen observation. I will say that I found your comments about arguing with Speer to be very funny, and will conclude by reporting a line bellowed out by a somewhat inebriated Bill Rotsler as he held forth, female on either arm, in the foyer late at night at the 1981 Norwescon: "My god! I'm older than Harry Warner Jr.!"

Vainomoinen 5 (Lillian)

"...and [I] believe that the popular embrasure of cocaine and so forth as recreational habits is probably the most serious social problem America faces now." Really? Really? More than unemployment, poverty, inflation, racism, urban decay, topsoil erosion, declining literacy, threat of nuclear annihilation? Or for that matter, milk cartons that won't open right? Woof. I'm impressed at what you can believe. Believe me another. "We're a nation of selfish hedonists these days, addicted to luxury and fantasy; no wonder the rest of the world despises us." Hey, that's not bad either.

Interjection 2/82 (Chalker)

"I firmly believe that anybody who is anti-children is a bit weird, and some of the more strident I firmly wish their parents had the same opinion as they about children." I agree. Both Teresa and I, who periodically give Serious Thought to having kids (as Teresa says, "not this year, not next year, and not the year after, but..."), find ourselves horrified by the spread of condominium developments, apartment buildings, theatres, and even restaurants that categorically exclude children and, by extension, adults with children in tow. (More often than not, women.) The whole attitude -- that of denying our younger selves -- seems to me a profound denial of basic humanity, as if the child-banners were trying to escape the messy human condition into some strange, high-gloss, swinging-singles universe in which, presumably, the blown-dry, ski-jacketed natives reproduce by parthenogenesis. Or maybe they just order new people from the American Express catalog. Any restaurant today that excluded blacks, Irish, Jews, women, or -- most pertinently -- old people would be put out of business, yet on University Avenue one mile from our house is a gourmet-British eatery, the Unicorn, which specifically forbids families to bring in their young children. I like the sort of food they specialize in and have heard that they do it well. I don't expect, however, to eat there. ||| Of course, it's the kids' mothers who get the brunt of this kind of crap, ultimately. Along with most of the rest of these mc's, that comment above was first-drafted back before this year's Norwescon. At that convention, Norman Spinrad managed to embarrass a roomful of people by using his position as a panel moderator to berate and threaten a young woman whose infant had let out a couple of (short & inoffensive) squawks in the middle of the terribly important things that were being said by the awfully big time sci fi writers up on the dais. Well, actually, the panel had been pretty awful to begin with, and when Norman had finished mortifying the young lady, I left. Some time later I found myself in the bar explaining to Debbie Notkin why Spinrad had irritated me so. "Well, the way I see it," I said over the third drink of the afternoon, "is that if there's one class of people to whom society owes an indisputable collective debt for indispensable services rendered, to whom we all owe an extra dose of tolerance, if there's one class that fulfills these qualifications, it..." "...isn't Norman," Debbie finished for me. ||| Which is about how I see it. Spinrad and his panelists are all Fine and Reasonably OK People, but if there was one Very Important Task being performed in that room, it wasn't being performed by a bunch of hung-over sf writers mumbling into microphones. And the standard line about how there's an appropriate time & place for everything, while strictly speaking true, tends too often to be simply code for the message that if you want to be a mother and perform this service of making new people and bringing them up, don't expect to be allowed into the normal society of other human beings. ||| I owe you an apology. The last time I was in FAPA, I disagreed with a remark of yours in a particularly rude and hostile way. I would still be willing to hold up the substance of what I said in a discussion, but there was no reason I should have been so discourteous. You are a good writer and a not unthoughtful person, and do not deserve to be a target for cheap shots.

Celephais (Evans)

Someone once pointed out to me that the most truly scientific & technically-minded people on the planet are the Eskimos: they have to be, each and every individual among them, or die. Every one of them learns the sum total of technical knowledge available in their culture before reaching adulthood. As a result of centuries of this, the average modern Eskimo tends to be an electronics whiz and ham radio nut.

Hawai'i 5 (Goldberg)

You're right: proposals involving concepts like "the official listing of fanzine fans" tend to give me and, I'll bet, a lot of other people hives. Also, it seems like the sort of project that would require almost all the fanac time available to one person. I still prefer my proposal: a return to the Fan Poll conducted on a yearly basis in the early '60s, with people taking turns distributing ballots (much the same way TAFF,

DUFF & FAAn ballots are distributed now) and publishing a small zine full of results every year. Advantages: The results-zine can be as elaborate or as simple as the year's volunteer has room for. It can include commentary, testimonials, etc., or just give figures. It would give complete figures, all runners-up, and so forth; no physical awards would be given out. Mostly, it just seems more fun to me, and more flexible, than all these other Daugherty projects for the rehabilitation of hopelessly confused semantic territory. ||| Very, very fine reply to Don Miller's letter.

From Sunday to Saturday (Fitch)

"Who's Simone Walsh?" you ask. Simone Walsh used to live with Greg Pickersgill, crazed monster genius of '70s British fandom. After Pickersgill's seminal fanzine *Stop Breaking Down* finally broke down, Walsh picked up the standard, not to mention the unpublished LoCs and contributions, and published four issues of a fanzine entitled *Seamonsters* (after the mnemonic for the correct pronunciation of her first name), in retrospect considered by a lot of people to have been the best fannish genzine of its era of British fandom. The fact that you'd never heard of her is no reflection on you but it does point up what was until quite recently the amazing separation of UK and US fannish fandoms from each other. It isn't quite as if you'd asked "Who is Lee Hoffman?" in 1954, but it isn't far, either. Fortunately this situation is healing, at least from my point of view. Back to Simone Walsh, I don't know what she's up to these days but she does appear to be still around over there; I saw a CoA for her just recently. ||| "Even that recently, WorldCon committees had Money Problems." What recent worldcon hasn't? Or am I just misreading your syntax? ||| Your evocation of old Australia worked very well for me, and it's an atmosphere & culture with which I'm fairly unfamiliar. ||| You comment, apropos second-drafting, putting heavy effort into one's fanwriting, etc.: "Oh, it's nice to see people all dressed up once in a while, and perhaps even to don formal attire oneself, but I (for one) feel more comfortable and natural wearing Levi's, old shoes, and a slightly-frayed but familiar shirt, and I feel more comfortable around similar people." Fine and good, and you yourself are obviously a good first-drafter -- but it's still a specious analogy. I've quoted elsewhere (in *Telos*) Burbee's citing of "a noted French writer [who] was asked how he ever managed to write such easy-flowing, sparkling, spontaneous humor. He replied seriously, 'I rewrite every line fifteen times.' So much for spontaneity." Which is to say: don't confuse method with result. For most of us, writing in the stick isn't the metaphoric equivalent of hanging around in informal clothes; it's the equivalent of forgetting to wash, and results in conceptual blemishes like "Levi's." Levi's what? And why do you have Mr. Levi's clothing? ||| Shit, Don, this sounds like I'm trying to tell you how to write fanzines. I'm not. You write fine fanzines -- in fact, if I could write stuff like the bit about Australia I complimented back there, I'd be happy. But despite you and Harry Warner and John Bangsund and all the other ace on-stencil composers of fandom, I still don't think it's a virtue in itself, save insofar as it allows you and them other guys to defeat the constraints of time and actually get fanac done. I certainly don't think it enhances the friendly, informal, spontaneous, and open feel of anybody's work, and I'm tired of seeing people whose work is just plain bad claiming that it does, and pointing to people like you or Warner for justification. (Thinks: What a grump! Time to wind this up.)

(Burbee, Perdue, Cox, Calkins, Widner)

O mea culpa! Read And Enjoyed But No Comment Hooks. All great stuff, though.

 "The opposite of 'serious' isn't 'funny.' The opposite of both 'serious' and 'funny' is 'squalid.'"

----- R. A. Lafferty

"I'm worried. I'm worried in case the guy who thought up Muzak is busy thinking up something else."

----- Kevin Smith, Dot 9



Leftover Zedletters (Reheat & serve)

LEE HOFFMAN: Like Rick Sneary and others, I frequently dream of being at conventions. Usually I am walking up or down stairways with a bunch of other fans. This is actually how I spent a lot of time at cons in my youth: the elevators were always such a hassle it seemed simpler to climb ten or fifteen flights. Sometimes, though, I am walking through halls instead. Prolly looking for the staircases. Or maybe it is because I now live in a land where stairs are virtually unknown (oh, maybe there are three steps down into the pool but for most of us that's about it.) The last time I visited a Different Place, I discovered I had just about lost the ability to climb a flight of stairs. Or maybe I am just hoping to run into Rick Sneary.

The dream I awoke from this morning wasn't fannish. At least not in the usual sense of being about fans. I dreamed I was at the beach and an elephant followed me home. It was quite a nice elephant, born and bred in captivity and trained to do all the usual sort of tame-elephant tricks. I didn't know how to key them, but it would happen by accident. Like, the elephant was nudging me in the back and I put my hands up on its tusks, and then the next thing I knew it was lifting me into the air and rearing on its hind feet. I was delighted. Even in real life, I have never been picked up by an elephant.

I am delighted to see a Biblical quote. There are so many great interlineations and bits of philosophy in the Bible that it is sort of a shame more fans don't acquaint themselves with the book. One of my favorite parts is where Jesus says you don't have to wash your hands before you eat. Another favorite is the story about the little golden mice and little golden hemorrhoids. And then there is the last verse of the Psalm that begins "By the waters of Babylon..." I may find some more good ones soon. Right now I am rereading The Sacred Mushroom And The Cross by John Allegro and I keep finding myself checking out the King James translation and the New American against his versions of various things. (350 NW Harbor Blvd, Port Charlotte FL 33952)

{Psalm 137:9: "Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth the little ones against the stones." --pjnh}

HARRY WARNER, JR.: A wonderful thing happened as a result of your putting The Cosmic Circle Commentator atop the return address on the mailing label portion of the second Zed. The copy you addressed to a fan in Dismal Seepage, Ohio, never reached him, because he had moved without leaving a forwarding address. But the postmaster there happens to be an oldtime, long-gafiated fan who was a Cosmic Circle member, and had kept in touch with Claude Degler down through the years. The postmaster, seeing only the name of his old favorite fanzine and not noticing the address beneath it, sent this Zed to Claude at the address where he has been residing in seclusion until a misunderstanding over some money he owes to various Los Angeles fans can be cleared up. Claude was quite puzzled, failing to recognize the names of any of the fans mentioned in this issue, began to fear that insurgents are trying to take over the Cosmic Circle, and wrote to me, the only fan whose address hasn't changed since he was active. I explained to him what had happened, assured him that the Los Angeles fans have long since gafiated, and sent him the FAPA roster and waiting list, the NFFF Fanzine Appreciation Society membership roster, and a list of recent contributors to Pong to serve as a mailing list for his imminent drive to recruit new blood for the CC. So lots of fans will undoubtedly hear from Claude in the next few weeks, although he plans to leave in mid-August for Denver, so he'll be sure not to miss any of the pre-worldcon activities. (423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown MD 21740)

RAY NELSON: On July 30, 1981 at noon Pacific Time, all of Bay Area fandom will kneel and say in unison fifty times, "I believe in Claude Degler." If our faith is strong enough, Claude will come back. Brothers and sisters, will you join

us? (333 Ramona Ave, El Cerrito CA 94530)

{Both of the above letters were received in early summer 1981, well before the now-famous apparition of the Cosmic One at InConJunction. At least Tucker can know who to blame now. Mighty are the BNFs, uh you bet. But where do they get their crazy ideas? --pjh}

BOB SHAW: I've been thinking over the method suggested by Jay Kinney in Zed 2 for breaking the tobacco habit, and although it has a certain appeal I fear it is only practicable for cigarette smokers. I smoke a pipe and am accustomed to clenching my teeth pretty hard on the stem -- a habit which could lead to terrible complications were I using the Kinney substitute. Have you any idea where I could get a life-sized rubber model of Dolly Parton filled with Scotch whisky? (3 Braddyll Tce, Ulverston, Cumbria LA12 0DH UK)

{Well, goddammit Bob, we tried. I remember (fade in):

{...gathering at Kaufman & Tompkins' two days before Norwescon V for a final Enchanted Duplicator rehearsal: an event to be combined, naturally enough, with stencilling the program book cover, running it off, collating a stack of copies, all while fixing dinner for five and running about squawking. Into the middle of which arrives the news that Bob Shaw is at Farber & Vargo's. General pandemonium. No answer on the phone over there. Is he coming over? Have they already left? Clifford Wind walks in. "You're nobody famous," sneers Jerry. "I'm sorry," replies Cliff. "Should I go back out and give it another try?" Nerves nerves nerves. The dawning realization that BoSh is a human being who might walk in any moment. It seems, somehow, wrong -- myths do not do these things, do not stand around in the Winslow Place kitchen swilling beer like the rest of us do. I try to visualize the possibility and find that I cannot. Will he look like the Harry Bell Bob Shaw or the Jim Barker Bob Shaw? Teresa and I argue about it. Jerry leaps about. We collate program books. Dinner crawls around inside us. Shelley Dutton (our director) arrives and blinks a lot.

{Pounding: on porch and inside fans. Door flies open. It's Bob... Doyle, come in back from the store. "You aren't Bob Shaw either," accuses Jerry, just in time for Gary Farber to walk in with Jan Finder and a Harry Bell cartoon character. Elephantine synapses pound out jungle messages in my rear cortex and slowly I adduce that this cartoon character is indeed the author of "The Fansmanship Lectures." Uproar. Cluster of gathered multitudes. Confused introductions. I say something inane and hang on to the fringes of the crowd. Finally I manage to insert an apology to Shaw in re his request of the 17th inst.: "Hey, look, we're really sorry -- but there just weren't any life-sized rubber models filled with Scotch whisky to be had."

{The drooping eyelid raises, the lilt speaks. "Quite all right, then. Bourbon will do."

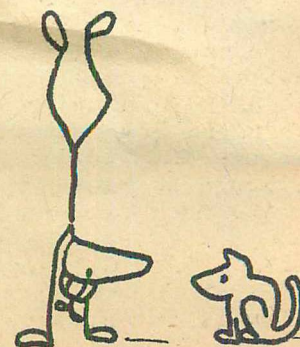
{The entire universe disappears. Screams. Madness. The flames. Armies in confusion. --pj("Hi, Steve!")nh}

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Arthur Hlavaty, Kip Williams, Frank Denton, Lizzy Lynn, Kevin Smith, Irwin Hirsh, Bob Lichtman, Andi Shechter, Brian Earl Brown, Leigh Edmonds, Leigh Edmonds Again, and Dick Bergeron. And, since Patrick's weekly one-sheeter Flash Point hasn't been seen in a long time and probably won't come out again at least for the next few years, he might as well mention & acknowledge Bill Gibson (who offered to show us the injection-molding seams on his persona), Harry Warner & Terry Carr (who both offered additional information on Bill Harry, the late 850s Liverpool fan who, it appears, also published Merseybeat and knew the Beatles, helping in various ways to Propel Them To Stardom -- this came up when Tilda Palmer sent Patrick a xerox from Shout!, the new bio of the fab four, which mentioned Bill Harry's friendship with John Lennon and his activity in science fiction fanzines), Tilda Palmer, and Golden Brainard.

 "Soon it was time for the Football Match, which we had arranged as a rival attraction to the Delta Films. Bob Shaw had been persuaded to act as referee, despite protestations that he knew nothing of the rules of football. 'Doesn't matter,' we assured him, 'neither do we.' We made it clear that the main rule was that if any Gannet got within shooting distance of the Ratfan goal he was offside. Bob nodded thoughtfully and went for another pint."

-- Malcolm Edwards

(Mancon Report, *Stop Breaking Down* 3, June 1976)



bacon advice corner...

RELAX.
PIG OUT.

