

SWEETMEATS

Sandra Miesel

SWEETMEATS

Sweetmeats is a collection of the light, humorous, and simply wierd writing of Sandra Miesel. It is free to contributors, editors of the zines in which these pieces first appeared, and to those who helped in some way. All others please provide \$1.25 to Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place E., Seattle, WA 98103. I will pay postage. (All profits I garner will go to TAFF. Next volume I guess I'll give to DUFF. Yes, I think there will be a next volume.) Please send notices, congratulations, comments and requests for more of the same to Sandra at 8744 N. Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, IN 46240. I will accept international postage thingies from overseas fans. This will be run on the Specific Northwest Press. It does not constitute part of the Seattle Renaissance. September 1980.

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WHO DID THE ART:

Jim Odbert-----	front cover
Frank Kelly Freas-----	back cover
Stu Shiffman-----	5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
Jackie Causgrove-----	16, 17, 28
Alexis Gilliland-----	29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34

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1

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR:

I've been a friend of Sandra Miesel's for almost as long as Buck and Juanita, and I have always liked her writing. Several of the items printed herein are among my all-time favorite pieces of fanwriting. So when I began playing with the idea of doing a series of collections of fanwriting, Sandra's name was one of the first to spring to mind. I hope to do more, beginning next year by putting together a book of Susan Wood's best work. But, fanac being the uncertain thing it is, I will make no promises.

Several of the items herein need a comment or two. "Chatelaine" was one of several columns of that name that Sandra wrote for Granfalloon. "Creme des Sensies" was a compilation of a number of "Sensies" lists that appeared in divers fanzines, among them Granfalloon, again. "The Platypus Mythos" pieces were based on the idea that John Miesel is a were-platypus, and thus they function as John's cultural heritage. The pieces were often accompanied by Sandra's own drawings of a propellor-beanied platy. Several other pieces depend for their impact on Sandra's satirical view of selected friends. Fortunately for the fan reader, her friends are known to most of us by reputation, if not personally, and the humor works, too.

Alexis Gilliland's cartoons all appeared with the original printing of the pieces they illustrate, as do Jackie Causgrove's illos for "Chemistry Takes the Veil." Her drawing for "Wheatfield Woe," and all of Stu's drawings, appear here for the first time. Jim Odbert's front cover and Kelly Treas' back cover both belong to Sandra. I think if you combine certain elements from the front with the caricature on the back, you'll have an approximation of what Sandra looks like. (No one has ever drawn her likeness to my satisfaction.)

I did not conceive of this as a charity publication, but once I realized I would have money left over (unless I charged some ridiculously small amount), I decided that TAFF would be the best place to send on my profits. The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund is a continuing fund that finances a trip across the big pond one year for a North American, the next for a European, in order to attend one major convention or another. This year Dave Langford of England will be at Boston. Next year someone from this side will attend the Yorcon. It's a worthy thing: an honor, a reward, a subsidy and a line of communication.

I've used as fillers a number of sensies that appeared originally as an article in the WSFA Journal #71, in 1970 (Don Miller was the editor). Here's what Sandra said about them: "Here are sensory impressions summarizing my emotional response to some sf writers' work--not to the authors themselves, which would require quite different images. These are not value judgements, nor are they reducible to any sort of rational explanation. Swing along with my metaphors and compare them with your own."

And here are two samples: "Kate Wilhelm: The tidiness and austere beauty of a restored Shaker village...Roger Zelazny: The tinted, unnaturally clear sights inside the heart of a jewel."

To be perfectly honest, there were two editors I didn't hear from: Lesleigh Luttrell and Joan Baker (who was once known as Joan Bowers, and with whom I lost touch for a year, and couldn't find until recently). I hope you don't mind, either, and ~~the~~ your complementary copies will go out with all the rest.

As for the rest of you, if you're still with me: the good stuff starts on the facing page, and just gets better from there. And as far as I know, there's not one joke in Aramaic.

MIESEL TOV

BUCK COULSON

Sandra Miesel has gone the complete route in science fiction fandom. At her first convention, the 1967 Midwestcon, she was too shy to introduce herself to people pointed out to her as "fellow Hoosiers." (Since one of the people was me, and she'd heard of my reputation, I suppose it might have taken more than usual courage, at that.) Recently, however, when I commented that some fans seem a bit in awe of her, I was told, "Oh, half of fandom is afraid of Sandra." Not too many fans effect the complete change from being afraid of the ogre to being the ogre. (Or as Elsie Wollheim asked on being introduced to her, "Are you the notorious Sandra Miesel?")

She certainly doesn't look like an ogre, though she might pass for one of the modern, sophisticated, witches: the sort who dress well and can be charming. She can produce a startlingly evil smile on occasion. Artist Kelly Freas tends to depict her as an alien siren, I notice. And of course she isn't an ogre, or even an alien siren. She simply has very firm opinions, and a low tolerance for people too stupid to perceive that her opinions are the correct ones. She'll even modify the opinions if presented with superior logical arguments against them; the problem is in finding superior logical arguments, since she is one of those rare fans who has already thought before writing.

Sandra's background for argument includes an M.S. in chemistry, an M.A. in medieval history, research into the symbolism and history of her own Catholic religion, a job as an x-ray crystallographer, another selling art, another framing pictures, a stint of authenticating and cataloging old master prints and medieval manuscripts, and being the mother of three intelligent and inquisitive children (ages 14, 12 and 11 as of this writing). I can personally vouch for the mind-broadening aspects of having a child; one is constantly looking up something because the kid wants to know "why?" and won't accept "everybody knows" as an answer. Sandra has had three times as much of this as I had, and I feel for her. Children's questions can occasionally resemble Chinese water torture.

Actually, she would be a fairly normal middle-class housewife if she didn't have this insane delight in research. Once she becomes interested in a subject, or a writer, she wants to know all about it. All about it. Everything knowable. It's a personality quirk I never had, but I rather admire it. It's a good way to become an expert, and it has taken Sandra to expertness in such diverse fields as mythology, archaeology, costuming, the writings of Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson, embroidery, paleography, Eskimo sculpture, medieval, Oriental and Islamic culture, and homemade bread. (She can tell you the difference between bent Kufic and shikasta, or between gotica rotunda and Benevenutan hand--and spell all of them, which she had to do for me.)

Her prowess as a critic is well enough known in fandom, and pro circles as well. Her humor is less widely known, being restricted to generally ephemeral conversations and a few fanzine articles, some of which are contained herein. Of course, even her humor can be erudite. In our book Now You See It/Him/Them..., Gene DeWeese and I have our hero overhear a fan complain, "He ruined the best bon mot I ever made, just because he doesn't understand Aramaic!" That line came from one of

my conversations with Sandra, who was objecting to a fanzine editor who unknowingly mangled one of her bits of humor. (She was momentarily puzzled when I broke up at her outrage, but then saw the humor of it. She can laugh at herself.)

At other times her humor is simply weird, as in her categorizing various fans as specific plants or animals, or her elaborate scenarios featuring the Platypus Mythos. (John Miesel is a were-platypus, as is Alexis Gilliland, she claims. Alexis draws platypus cartoons: there was at least one fanzine cover of a platypus version of the Indianapolis Soldiers and Sailors Monument, a structure which both Sandra and Alexis consider a little strange.)

And of course there was the time she was clerking in an art gallery and Juanita and I drove down to see some Schoenherr nature drawings that she had for sale. Sandra's attempt to sell me a drawing of a crocodile by saying, "But it's the real you, Buck!" brought amazed stares from various non-fan customers who had never encountered this sort of sales talk. (I ended up buying a wolverine instead; I thought it was equally the real me.)

Sandra was married in 1964 (to get her hands on John's sf collection, she insists). John has his own weird sense of humor, as various people who have heard him say he "wants to grow up to be like Daddy Buck" can testify. His job as a research chemist in Eli Lilly's agricultural chemical division gives him all sorts of ideas for subtle chemical indignities to be perpetrated on various fans--as far as I know, he's never actually carried out one of his plots, but I try to keep on good terms with him. He also insisted for years that he wasn't a fan and only came to conventions and club meetings because Sandra wanted to. That was presumably more of his straight-faced humor, and broke down when he began going to an occasional convention by himself, when Sandra couldn't make it for one reason or another. The couple moved to Indianapolis in 1966, so they've been Hoosiers throughout their fannish lives.

In addition to her fanzine appearances (for which she's received three Hugo nominations), Sandra is definitely a convention fan. She's given humorous slide shows, won Worlcon prizes in art and costuming, and been Fan Guest of Honor at a Rivercon. She's a fascinating person--and she bakes absolutely marvelous bread.

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A FEW CHOICE WORDS -

The belle of Indianapolis--J.J. Pierce

The Flying Nun--Vincent DiFate

One of the most beautiful and elegant people anywhere--Mike Glicksohn

Our unfair lady of the sour apple trees--Franz Rottensteiner

The secret mistress of prodom--Robert Coulson

The Diana Rigg of Fandom--Hank Davis

An accomplished worldling--Patrick McGuire

Just as forceful as Harlan--Andrew Porter

My passionate mind unites Semitic intensity and Teutonic thoroughness--a cross, as it were, of the prophetess Deborah and Justus Leibig--Sandra Miesel

CHATELAINE

Some fans are made; others are born. Our children can fit in both categories. Although long avid sf readers, we hadn't discovered fandom at the time Chirp was born. But if she missed the pre- and neonatal conditioning ordinarily enjoyed by fannish offspring, sf influence was nevertheless present from the beginning. I knitted no booties or tiny sweaters during pregnancy. Ah, no. Fritz Leiber's Green Millennium inspired the embroidering of a pair of green pussycats which still decorate Chirp's room.

But once the fanzines poured in, that child was as hooked as we were. Then as now she paged through our magazines and books, as intoxicated with print as with pictures. I still chuckle at a candid photo of her, aged three, clutching an Orbit in her paws. Then she developed a disconcerting tendre for Harlan simply from his pictures.

Not content with chattering about her "man-friend" Chirp longed to fly to Los Angeles and bring him home. Last Christmas she begged me to send him a fruitcake (in vain). When I returned home from Pghlange II she excitedly asked: "Mommy, did you see Harlan? What color are his eyes and what does he do with his power?"

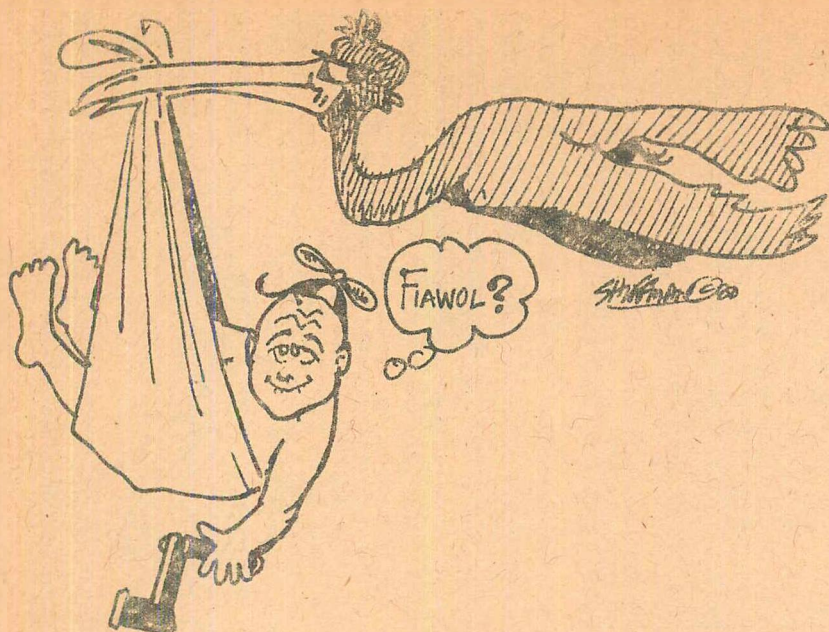
However, there's nothing exclusive about her affections. She's also cast her velvety eyes at Bruce Coulson and vowed to kiss, cuddle, and pull the bones out of Mike Glicksohn. She once startled us by declaring she liked Ted White. Write what she says on the wind; write it on the rushing waves.

There is even more reason to expect Mite and Peter to develop the same keen interest. They were perinatally influenced in that direction--I read sf in the labor room while waiting for them to be born.

Some people rhapsodize over childbirth: Bill Wolfenbarger's piece in Outworlds last year, for example. But since few of you Gentle Readers are parents yourselves, you might find a matter-of-fact viewpoint diverting. Our two younger children arrived under "natural" conditions but more by accident than intent. I'd had a local anaesthetic with Chirp and was satisfied but Mite and Peter came too abruptly for medication to be administered. With or without any anaesthesia I strongly recommend being awake. Otherwise one misses that totally characteristic first expression on the newborn infant's face. We will always remember Chirp's imperious glare, Peter's amazement, and Mite's fright. (It must be appalling being a baby girl and looking like Scipio Africanus.) I say "we" because John was there, too, of course. Many hospitals now recognize the husband ought to be present for solace, service, and especially companionship.

I'd never make a cult of natural childbirth but learning about physiology, hospital





procedures, and exercises in advance would be genuinely helpful to any expectant couple. One seldom mentioned advantage of this technique is the expansive feeling of well-being it leaves afterwards: no letdown as the anaesthetic fades, no side-effects. I had to watch two women suffer agonizing postpartum headaches from routine saddleblocks. (These reactions are uncommon but can continue for weeks after delivery.) Far better to endure a few minutes' pain and have done with it, I thought as I sat up in the recovery room surveying bleary prostrate forms around me. It's hard to say which was the most welcome then, a bath, eating after a day's fast (the labor rooms were cunningly situated to catch aromas from the hospital kitchen), or the bliss of sleeping flat on the mattress once more.

As I said above, one's husband can be a great support just by being there. Labor is one of life's more tedious occupations. It lasted six hours with Chirp, comparatively fast for a first child, but that seemed an interminable time measured off watching the second hand sweep round and round the wall clock. John tried to amuse me by disclosing that a group of sea otters is properly called a pod. But not even the image of sleek lutrine oarsmen sculling along in a colossal green peapod could fill all the hours.

So I resolved to bring some reading matter along on subsequent occasions. The second time around we chose Andre Norton's Time Traders and Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage. Quick-reading John finished both of these before Mite appeared and dashed into the hospital gift shop for the non-fiction Broken Seal by Ladislav Farago. (We didn't notice the connotations of these particular titles until my mother pointed it out.) Reading kept me so pleasantly relaxed I had to strain to notice contractions. Moreover, sitting up with knees bent proved to be a more comfortable position than lying down. To their credit, none of the medical staff remarked on our odd pastime.

On the third venture we took Chad Oliver's Shadows in the Sun and for sentiment, Panshin's Starwell. The psychological effects were again excellent and Peter was born even more easily than Mite. One month later this provided a unique conversa-



tional opener at St. Louiscon. "Oh, Mr. Panshin," I exclaimed, "I read your books while in labor with my last two children and they're better than Demerol."

Alex blinked his lovely warm eyes. "Would you mind repeating that for my wife?"

Cory was wholly unperturbed.

Perhpas these experiences should have been commemorated in some more permanent form than a fanzine column but somehow "Mia Haverro Miesel" and "Anthony Villiers Miesel" did not seem sufficiently...euphonius.

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AFTERWORD

In talking with Alex at Noreascon /I/, he mentioned that he'd heard of another woman putting Rite of Passage to the same use and wondered what its special appeal might be, other than the sex of the leading character. I replied that it was a particularly wholesome and humane novel, engrossing without any anxious or offensive features. Now if he could just communicate this to the medical profession...

(From Granfalloon #15, 1972, edited by Linda Bushyager.)

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Poul Anderson: The wind eddying around a monumental cliff carving, done in high relief.

J.G. Ballard: Towers of varicolored quartz lacework.

CRÉME DES SENSIES

Light improvisations often capture an audience's fancy while ponderous constructions fade away unremarked. A hastily contrived theater poster made Alfons Mucha's reputation, not his heroic murals on the glorious Slavic past. Translating this into personal fannish terms, my frivolous party game/insomnia cure called "sensies" apparently pleased more readers than any of my serious mythological exegeses.

A sensie is a sensuous metaphor for a person's appearance--nothing more. It is not consciously symbolic nor intended as any comment on character. However, when the internal and external realities happen to coincide, the image gains in validity. I try to synthesize my intuitive responses to factors like color, texture, size, shape, and so forth into comprehensible forms. For instance, Philip Jose Farmer gives me impressions of whiteness, hardness, smoothness, opacity, and spirallness. These characteristics unite in a narwhal's tooth. Therefore Phil is a narwhal's tooth. Similarly, John Brunner's reddish brown hair and fair complexion suggest the brown and white banding in a slab of polished agate. The rippling contours of these layers are also appropriate: angular John is not. Now if, as he has stated, he would prefer being Cornwall serpentine instead, let him dye his hair green and I will consider revising his image.

Various people are distinguished by sensations of color and texture. Emerald-eyed Tim Kirk manifests a quintessential greenness and at the same time, an adamantine imperviousness. He is an emerald as hard as a diamond. Karen Anderson is flashes of turquoise fire (the same distinctive hue is seen in Isfahan tiles). L. Sprague de Camp is a column of Florentine-finished stainless steel. Yet inconsistently I see Fritz Leiber as golden rather than white smoke despite his magnificently white hair. In this instance a delocalized aureate quality takes precedence over other factors.

Most sensies refer to minerals, fabrics, foods, nature or art because these subjects are especially familiar to me: I collect, sew, cook, and view. Doubtless other observers would think in entirely different categories, but I can only proclaim my own visions, however eccentric they may seem. No one else may visualize Juanita Coulson as a baroque pearl, P. Schyler Miller as a stalagmite, or Cory Panshin as prism-shaped aquamarine wind chimes, but I do.

Tactile impressions predominate when imagining Terry Carr as black lustre satin, Larry Niven as lemon yellow acrylic fur, Ben Bova as pewter-colored qiana jersey, Jerry Kaufman as fuzzy, hand-loomed mauve wool, Freff as jackrabbit fur, Gordy Dickson as a russet ostrich plume, Jodie Offutt as a fringed calfskin vest, Joe Green as a black Persian lamb pelt, and Danny Plachta as an unbleached muslin pillowcase partly stuffed with feathers.

The kitchen yields images for Algis Budrys as warm, thick golden cream (would he turn into a pillar of butter if jostled too roughly?), Arnie Katz as a pattyplan squash, Dena Brown as a pitted ripe olive, Mark Owings as a fresh Gouda cheese, Susan Wood as a chive blossom, Jon Singer as a giant striped zucchini, Bob Shaw as a bundle of cinnamon sticks, and Rosemary Ullyot as a Schillerlocke (a spiral-shaped puff pastry filled with whipped cream). Although Greg and Jim Benford are identical twins, their sensies aren't. Greg is distinctly chewier, being a square of homemade caramel, while Jim is almond-flavored fondant. An inedible but useful kitchen item is Ted White as a #2 steel wool pad (soapless).

Venturing out of doors, I would encounter our Esteemed Editor Bill Bowers in a

long-leaved yellow pine, Doll Gilliland in a junco, Jerry Lapidus in a bayberry hedge, Polly Freas in a cricket, Jack Gaughan in a dewy spider web, R.A. Lafferty in a dried milkweed pod, Poul Anderson in a rippling wheatfield, and Buck Coulson as a stinging sea urchin (a species which has longer and sharper spines than the common urchin but the same exquisite exoskeleton). Fandom is the only environment in which all these could co-exist.

Arts and crafts are the correlatives of choice in other cases. Barbara Silverberg is a mobile formed from loops of tapering silver wire. Anne McCaffrey is a smooth limestone sculpture of Cycladaic inspiration. Catherine de Camp is a delicately filigreed and granulated antique gold brooch. Roger Zelazny is dark, dense tropical wood carved into knots and tendrils, rather like the traditional display bases for Chinese jades. Michael O'Brien is a right-hand helical spiral sawn out of pale pink nacre. Gardner Dozois is skeins of pink and yellow jute dangling from a half-finished macrame project. If Faberge had ever designed a silver spice mill it would be Lester Del Rey.

Harlan Ellison is far more difficult to contain within a single image but as a first approximation might be a kinetic sculpture replete with flashing lights, whirling wheels, and prominently featuring five prolate spheroids covered with pulsating membranes of thin, putty-colored rubber. Others who require multiple images are Bob Toomey (sparrowhawk feathers lying on new spring grass) and Kelly Freas (ecru glove leather, green Thai silk, and polished staghorn buttons). George Alec Effinger is the most complicated of all. Picture a walnut brown knitted cashmere scarf casually draped around the base of a 14th century wooden statuette of some obscure canonized prince whose iconographic emblem is a spray of roses.

Sensies are properly composed face to face. Those attempted from verbal characteristics alone are inappropriate. Alpajpuri/Paul Novitski called to mind a young bush baby whose fur was dappled purple and violet. In person he more resembles a King Charles spaniel. Franz Rottensteiner seemed like a gaunt man with eyes like sheet metal screws (Phillips head). In actuality his broad face is as smugly malicious as that of Lucifer, the villainous cat in Walt Disney's Cinderella. I was expecting Bruce Gillespie to resemble a boiled custard, the inedible kind that issues from institutional cafeterias. Instead he is a baked custard. (Now, for all I know he may have perfectly delectable caramelized lining but I was not permitted to unmold him.)

Sensies are meant to be fun and, happily, most people so far have taken them in that spirit. But subject reaction cannot always be anticipated. Eli Cohen objected to being designated a newly hatched baby chick whereas Brad Balfour was delighted at being described as the gleam of some small feral creature's teeth. Certain subjects will not be given the opportunity because I prudently decline to identify them. Who is a wine goblet filled with carbon tetrachloride? Who is a warm lump of chickenfat newly drawn from the carcass? Fear not, Gentle Reader, it isn't you.

(From Outworlds #24, 1975, edited by Bill Bowers.)

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Peter S. Beagle: Hand-blown crystal globules, some clear, some frosted, all
as thin as soap-bubbles.

Ray Bradbury: Flecks of gold suspended in dilute honey; the fragrance of an
old-fashioned garden in July.

Edmund Cooper: Lighted candles in a pyramidal candelabrum.

Prince Valyunt goes NOVA

$$\nabla^2 \psi + \frac{2m}{\hbar^2} (E - V(x, y, z)) \psi = 0$$

---profound transcendental truth

The brutal slash of sunset bled across the sky. Waves of rinkytk music from an antique MOOG spilled out the portal of a sleazy whitecollar bar.

"Ya say ya really are a prince, eh, Valyunt?" The pallid speaker--of uncertain gender and ambisexual inclination--was plump, hairless, and semi-nude.

"Yeah, the ole man's titular king of m'home system, Ultima Thule." Valyunt took another sip from his genever martini. He explained with slurry solemnity: "We call it Ultima Thule 'cause iss th' las' system before th' edge o'th' universe."

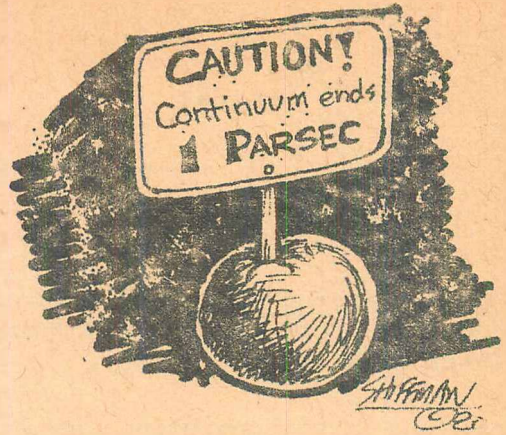
"Uh? I always thought space was curved, in some kinda... whatayacallit... 'saddle-shape'."

Valyunt set down his glass with a resounding thwack. "Cripes! Ya know, Slug, I never woulda believed Earth was this far behind th' times. The universe does too have an edge. We gotta whole buncha big yellow signs in transplutonian orbit: 'CAUTION! CONTINUUM ENDS ONE PARSEC'."

Radiating waves of irate incredulity, Slug simply glared. He began to chew his scarcely visible fingernails. Warily he studied the other from beneath quivering lashless lids. Valyunt was twice his own height from the crown of his cropped black hair to his grimy and betaloned bare feet. His scrawny stoop-shouldered figure was clad in a tunic of metallic plastic chain mail topped by a blue polo shirt. Slug didn't recognize the animal whose head was blazoned in red across Valyunt's chest. In all, the prince's only remarkable feature was the seven foot, double-elbowed right arm resting on his sword hilt.

Having nibbled off a last morsel of cuticle and quaffed a Guinness, Slug groped for a fresh subject: "Say, that's some sword ya got there, buddy."

"Iss m'Singing Sword. 'Cause it sings. I jus' tap in a code here," long yellow nails raked jewels on the hilt, "and out pops any song ya want. Gotta whole music



library right here on itty bitty mo-lec-u-lar beads, all snuggy behind collapsed metal shielding. Everything from Maria Callas to... to..." his voice dropped to a reverent murmur, "th' lates' rage in th' Nether Dominions!"

"Not?"

"Th' same. Jack Barron and his Bugs!"

"Aw, Valyunt, play me somethin'." Shyly, "Do ya think I could ever learn to operate that gadget?"

"With your stubby fingers? Not a chance, kid. Took me months to get th' hang. This here Albanion power unit needs a dainty touch."

"It runs on Albanion? I shoulda guessed. I'm with the Quetzalcoatl Corporation myself."

"Whatta ya do there?" asked Valyunt, suddenly intent.

"Private pleasure thingmajigs. I'm an adman." He tensed as though anticipating a rebuff. None was forthcoming. "But I never saw no rig like that before."

"'Course not. Iss a custom job. Say, ya do't sound too happy with ya work."

If Valyunt was oblivious to the social stigma attached to his profession, Slug had no intention of enlightening him.

"Oh, Uncle Q's all right as interstellar cartels go but I keep hearin' rumors SURD money's behind it. Don't wanna be mixed up with that bunch."

"No friend o' th' SURDs, eh? Now, Slug, since ya sucha good drinkin' pal," he re-filled Slug's tankard, "I'm gonna make ya an offer." He waved his arms expansively. "Sign ya on as my personal secretary."

"Ya mean be ya very own amanuensis? Sure thing!"

"O.K. Now here's the gig: first off we visit a haruspex to have the entrails read..."

II

$$\int_{-\infty}^{+\infty} \Psi^* \Psi dt = 1$$

----probability proverb

The good ship Schrödinger lifted off from the spaceport in a crescendo of manmade thunder. A troop of scrofulous urchins playing water polo in a sewage ditch paused in their game to wave goodbye.

Since the craft's operation was fully automated from launch to landing, Valyunt and Slug (hereafter designated as Faithful Slug) relaxed in the sybaritic main saloon. The latter was transcribing notes into his SpockTM micromini data bank. "Tell me again about your fiancée, Val. What did she look like?"

Valyunt's brow furrowed with the pain of memory. "Atela has your classic Micronesian features plus the novelty of albinism--most beautiful pair of pink eyes you ever saw."

Casting a quick appraising glance at Faithful Slug he continued, "Her being heiress to the richest Albanion lode in the galaxy never influenced my feelings for a minute, you understand. The sooner we rescue Atela from the clutches of the SURDs, the better."

"The Sadistic and Unaesthetic Racist Dastards kidnapped her just before your wedding, right?"

"Wisked right out of her bathtub with her maid in hot pursuit. I can still see Catwin sliding down the palace balustrade frantically waving a monogrammed towel. Alas, poor Catwin: crisped to a cinder in the backwash of the kidnappers' spaceship."

They fell silent a moment in memory of the cremated Catwin.

"Now I was thinking, Val. Once we find your princess, we might turn this adventure into a best-selling psychodrama. I could lard it up with mythology--make it some kind of modern day Grail quest. Would you say Princess Atela's fluorescent tattoos qualify her as a 'numinous object'?"

"Slug," he growled, "myths are serious stuff. So are Atela's tattoos. Like I told you before, the designs were copied from certain rare Hindu temple carvings. Cut the chatter so's I can concentrate on my macramé."

Valyunt's prehensile toes flew over the pad deftly knotting twine into lacework. Faithful Slug fidgetted with his data spools and strove to



master his envy of the prince's dactylic virtuosity.

"You sure do tie a great lark's head, Val. But I can't figure out what you're making."

"It's a bra for Atela."

Faithful Slug blinked. "Er, how can you be sure it'll fit?"

"How can I be sure? Slug, do you seriously imagine my feet could ever forget the exact size and contour of her magnificent bosom?"

Before the garment was completed the Schrödinger made her first planetfall, de Castro's World. Here sauropod autochthons wore steel and silk and gold and impeccable grey goatees. Manipulated by agents of the Quetzalcoatl Corporation, bellicose de Castroite tribes: the Conanians, Thongorians, Zanthari, Jireli, Elricans, Braki, and others not yet situated on any ethnological map, waged perpetual (but not especially bloody) wars over Albanion deposits.

Discovering no trace of Atela there, Valyunt and Faithful Slug embarked for Milford, a planet ruled by a hereditary Grand Knight (popularly known as Da Capo). The creative quietude for which Milford was legendary refreshed the questers after the clangor of their first stop. But this haven likewise failed to yield clues so the Schrödinger proceeded to Neuva Patagonia.

The distinctive mark of the hardy Neuva Patagonians was their global passion for polo. By a dazzling combination of psychic intuition and plain dumb luck, Valyunt and Faithful Slug unmasked a SURD operative disguised as a polo stick salesman.

The suddenly warm trail now led them on to Mari-Chip, which always turned one face toward its sun Muse. There three sexes frolicked in the waves of terminator beaches, romped in the vermilion sands of brightside and held downhill motor races on crystal-line darkside. For all the heightened awareness and evolutionary acceleration induced by constant intimate contact with the Albanion-rich soil, the innocent natives of Mari-Chip never suspected a lair of SURDs in their midst.

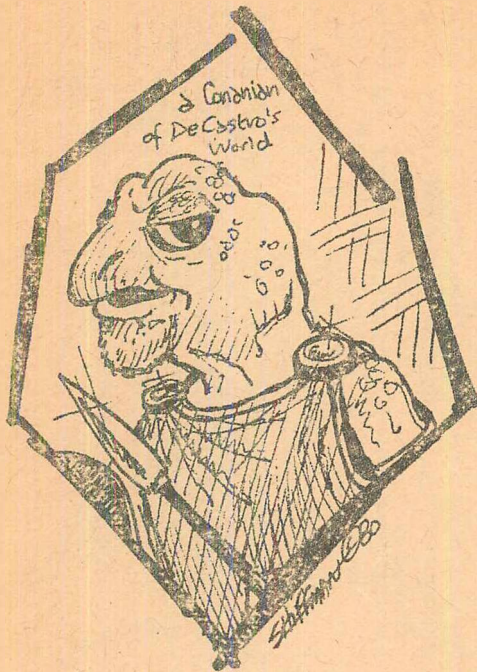
III

$$E=mc^2$$

----early atomic era incantation

Armed with credentials liberated from the ersatz polo stick peddler, Valyunt and Faithful Slug boldly penetrated SURD headquarters. What deeds of valor done that day, what gory road the Singing Sword hewed to victory, the most precise visual, auditory, tactile, olfactory, and gustatory records could never fully encompass. The spectacle being indescribable, it will be left undescribed. Suffice to say the SURDs were vanquished and the Princess Atela restored to her redoubtable lover.





Faithful Slug tactfully withdrew to amuse himself privately with data repositories and styli while the prince and princess prepared to celebrate their triumph with a good old-fashioned mythologically appropriate hieros gamos. Despite months of unspeakable brutalization, Atela was still a virgin. Valyunt had all too brief a chance to savor this astonishing discovery, for the fiendish SURDs had secretly replaced her maidenhead with a miniaturized Albanion bomb. Came defloration; came detonation. The lovers were instantly reduced to a clou of coruscating scintillions.

Energies akin to those which explode stars spared naught but the hilt of the Singing Sword. Faithful Slug wept at the sight of it. He picked up the battered song box and ran his soft plump fingers over its scars, accidentally triggering a plaintive madrigal. Waves of sorrow and sound blended.

"Maybe if I practiced, practiced hard...."

And winds bore away the royal dust.

* * *

"It is better simply to take the equations as written and not to ask too many questions about what is behind them."

---Walter Kauzmann, Quantum Chemistry

(From Outworlds #21, 1974, edited by Bill Bowers)

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Avram Davidson: Flickers and flashes of polished bronze spinning in the sun.

Samueal R. Delany: A walk through a dark, fantastic mahogany rainforest that swarms with iridescent flora and fauna and enjoys a constant ideal temperature.

Philip K. Dick: The component images in a color photograph of a human face separated, enlarged, and hung side-by-side to form a cyclorama.

Harlan Ellison: Although no single image can encompass all his work (hand-crafted hand grenades? animations of Hieronymus Bosch in darker colors than the originals?), "Repent, Harlequin..." is an impressionistic watercolor cityscape, all in shades of blue.

Ursula K. LeGuin: The carven pillars of a royal meadhall--smooth, dark, and mysterious with immense age.

R.A. Lafferty: Shattered stained glass windows, reconstructed as a jumble of glory.

Fritz Leiber: A whole seaman's manual of knots, not of rope but of ivory, amber, and ebony.

CHEMISTRY TAKES THE VEIL

A certain barely perceptible twinge of déjà vu has always hovered over my feelings toward Buck Coulson. Eventually, I realized it was due to his resemblance to one of my college chemistry professors. This revelation startled him almost as much as my husband's expressed ambition to "grow up just like Daddy Buck." Our ascerbic friend has been compared to many things in his life, but never before to an elderly nun.

However, Sister M. Joan Preising, O.S.F., was not exactly a Sister Chips. Not in the least. Picture a short, portly woman with hemangioma disfiguring half her face who regarded her students with the gruffness of an old she-bear confronting a litter of unpromising cubs.

But once we survived the initial cuffing, we discovered a sympathetic mentor and a skillful adept in the techniques of classical analytical chemistry. Her tolerance for incompetence ran less than one part per million and she expected us to perform well regardless of conditions. After all, she'd served her time in the mephitic depths of Noyes Lab at the University of Illinois. We in our turn had to contend with freshman lab in Albert Hall, a tottering ruin of an old frame house that had formerly served as a convent annex. Procedures here were reduced to an elementary simplicity: we cooled reactions with snow scraped from the windowsills and opened containers of dangerous substances outdoors--in one instance by smashing a corroded bottle cap off with a rock. Perhaps the administration was hoping we'd blow the place up and save the demolition costs. If so, they were disappointed, and a new, well-equipped Albert Hall opened the following year.

Sister Joan now reigned here supreme as head of the department. It was an eminence she had reached by a most curious route. She had majored in Latin and Greek as an undergraduate but the Order subsequently decided that it needed a chemist rather than a classicist and dispatched her to Champaign-Urbana for transmutation. What did it matter that she had never studied science? At least she could pass the graduate school's language requirements. It was a tribute to the power of Holy Obedience and fantastic stamina that she emerged four years later with her Ph.D. The only serious obstacle had been a rabid misogynist in the physics department who falsified her grades in an attempt to put her out of school. Luckily, she enjoyed the protection of an influential research advisor--the immortal "Perchloric" Smith--and the miscreant's scheme was foiled.

Her linguistic talents survived Illinois undimmed but henceforth they were profitably employed translating and abstracting foreign scientific publications. In addition to formal training in ancient and modern languages, she had been reared bilingual in Polish and thus could wing it through most Slavic languages, too.

She also produced an autobiographical novel entitled All the Days of my Life and, in odd leisure moments, tatted. Her pocket always held a ball and shuttle, ready for use while supervising exams or enduring dull speeches. The rest of us dozed through a nuclear physics lecture series at Argonne National Lab; she knotted away tirelessly. Some of the lace thus produced edged the fine linen handkerchiefs which she traditionally gave graduating chemistry majors. Mine is blue. After all these years I've never profaned it with use.

Yet if Sister Joan can be termed fannish in a broad sense, the junior member of the staff, Sister Emeran Foley, was distinctly mundane. Also younger, thinner, tenser--avian rather than ursine. Exactly how avian you will learn shortly.

The only noticable glitch in her more conventional progress through higher education came when the University of Illinois Infirmary confused her medical records with those of a chronic alchoholic and urged her to withdraw from school to dry out or face imminent liver failure.

She confided this while we were synthesizing ethanol in sophomore organic lab. Ours was the most venerable synthetic route--the biological one. Half a bushel of oats (complete with chaff, rodent droppings, and bits of burlap), water, sugar, and yeast were combined in a 50-liter carboy, stirred with a broken broom handle, and placed near a radiator. The aromas that soon spread throughout the building caused murmurs from other departments. After decantation, two distillations, and a final filtration through charcoal, the resultant liter of sparkling pure 180 proof product was divided among the experimenters--for home use only.

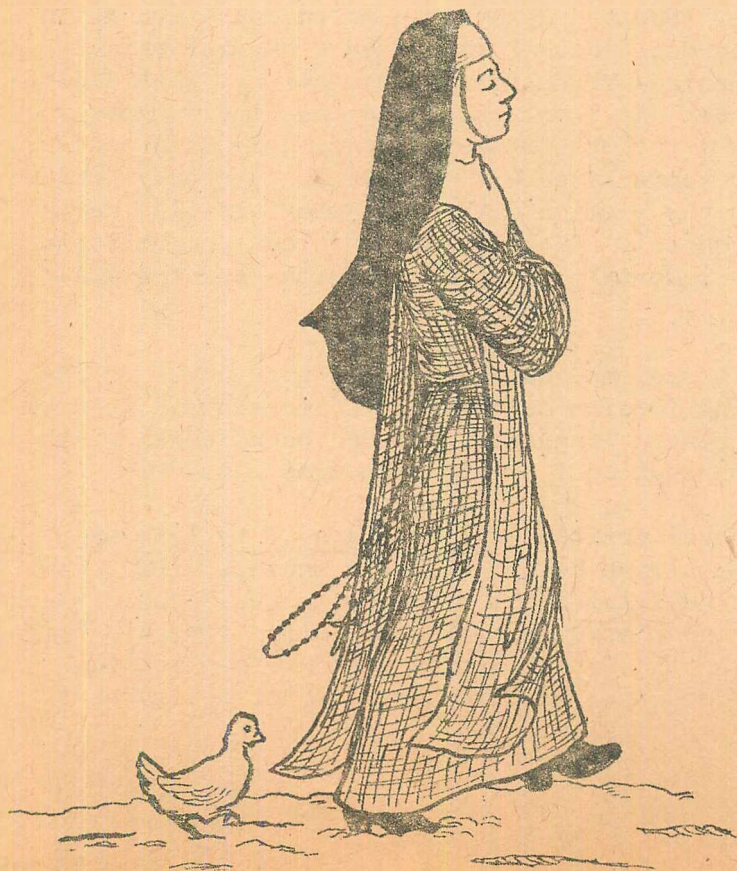
But the agrarian precedent had been set. Senior year found me doing biochemistry research under Sister Emeran's watchful eye. Our goal was discovering a relationship between the vitamin B₁₂ content of eggs and the diet of the hens that laid them. But first the chickens had to be raised. We prepared them special feed from scratch, rubbing kernels of dried field corn off the cob by hand and grinding it in a kitchen meat grinder. Our dozen fluffy chicks thrived. They gorged and grew and generated vast quantities of manure. I cleaned the cages every morning and dumped the buckets of refuse in the incinerator. (Throughout the winter this task was ordinarily performed in pompom-trimmed lavender bedroom slippers. We were forbidden to wear snow boots inside college buildings and I was too lazy to carry shoes.)

But while I struggled with these basic elements of poultry production, Sister Emeran was befriending the birds and making a special pet of the runt. This hen treated her like a flockmate--but one even lower in the pecking order than herself. When she

broke a leg, Sister Emeran tenderly splinted it (the Franciscan spirit still manifests itself in quaint ways) and thereafter called her Stumpy. Sister's solicitude for the chickens prompted her to give them occasional outings on the campus lawn where they were herded by docile white-veiled novices. This practice did tend to compromise the integrity of their dietary regimen.

At last spring came. A few chickens were sacrificed (but not on a stone altar wreathed in incense) and their ashes analyzed. The survivors (including Stumpy) were given to a farmer. My manure-shovelling days ended just in time to study for comprehensive exams.

After this ordeal, my exuberant classmates denuded the campus of dandelions and heaped Sister Emeran's desk with flowers, demanding she brew them into dandelion wine. She agreed



to employ her old family recipe on our behalf but refused to give us the merest sip until we were safely graduated and thus free of the college's strict teetotaling rules. And when she did finally serve the pleasant concoction on graduation day, it was in 5-milliliter beakers.

We seniors had been rather more generous to the staff than that. Refreshments at our final departmental party were supposed to consist of cookies and milkshakes but each staff member was presented with a quart of bock beer instead. Sister Joan toasted us and complimented our smuggling skills but Sister Emeran primly refused to touch her stein while we were present.

Yet my acceptance into graduate school was thanks to Sister Emeran. It was the one negative comment in her letter of recommendation that did it: she complained that I was "too creative." The University of Illinois was sufficiently intrigued by this remark to let me in. Thus I had the opportunity to meet John Miesel, marry him for his sf collection, abandon chemistry, discover fandom, and consequently be here to write this article today.

Both teachers are now retired, but I still keep in touch with them. They have followed my literary career with bemused interest. My last Christmas card from Sister Joan bore the following note of encouragement: "One good thing you can do with a chemistry degree is club English majors with it."

Now I ask you, faithful Yandro readers, isn't that a fine sentiment and worthy of Buck Coulson himself?

(From Yandro #243, 1978, edited by Buck and Juanita Coulson)

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Andre Norton: Moonlight on worn old paving stones and darkness palpable as velvet.

Joanna Russ: The view from inside a cat's cradle of fine, closely-spaced gray silk threads which constitute the three-dimensional plot of a mathematical function.

James H. Scmitz: Lavender-and-silver opals.

Robert Silverberg: Warm, moist, and pliant--like flesh in the dark.

Cordwainer Smith: If fireworks exploded with music, and we could watch them through more than three dimensions...



THE PASSION AND MARTYRDOM OF

It is extraordinarily difficult to distinguish fact from fancy in the myriad legends of St. Harlan Ellison. However, we have firmly established that our subject flourished in the middle of the twentieth century, immediately before the Wars. We have likewise established his occupation as a writer of fiction, essays, and screenplays. There is evidence that he enjoyed a measure of artistic and financial success in these endeavors.

While his existence is certain and his sanctity so widely accepted as to be indisputable, we are currently at a loss to reconcile the conflicting legends of his martyrdom. This is the most formidable obstacle delaying historically rigorous hagiography of St. Harlan. The contradictory traditions may be summarized thus:

Version A: St. Harlan was torn asunder by a horde of lust-crazed females after denouncing the lascivious mannerisms of popular singer Tom Gonad during one of the latter's public performances.

Version B: St. Harlan was torn asunder by a horde of outraged science fiction fans* after zealously admonishing them to put the betterment of mankind ahead of their personal pleasures. (Subvariants place the fatal confrontation either at a formal banquet or during a speaking engagement.)

Version C: St. Harlan was torn asunder during a meeting of some professional writers' society after exhorting them to higher standards of art and social consciousness. (The title of the society is unknown.)

Version C is the least credible of the three since this account is found in only a single source, a privately published newsletter. As it is difficult to understand why St. Harlan's self-proclaimed admirers would turn on him so viciously, A appears more probable than B, although B is the version almost universally accepted by the public.

However, all three versions agree that he was dismembered by an enraged mob after delivering some unwelcome moral declaration. The condition of his extant relics confirms the mode of martyrdom. At present we are concentrating our efforts on determining the exact circumstances surrounding it. (A forthcoming monograph will analyze St. Harlan's legend for motifs derived from Dying Savior God myths of assorted cultures.)

At no little personal inconvenience we have managed to visit several sites closely identified with our subject. There is a small shrine amidst the rubble of what was once Painesville, Ohio, and another in an especially desolate region of western Pennsylvania.

His principal shrine is the Church of St. Harlan-at-Sherman-Oaks. Locally this is referred to as "The Basilica" but no papal authorization was ever actually issued. The so-called Basilica is an imposing edifice completely enclosing the ruins of the

*For unfamiliar terms, see glossary.

SAINT HARLAN ELLISON

saint's own home. Though much damaged by war and vandals, this has been preserved unrestored as a memorial. The nave of the Basilica is decorated with a series of striking murals depicting St. Harlan instructing, counseling, admonishing, entertaining, exhorting, praising, consoling, absolving, denouncing, etc. In the sanctuary stands the life-sized prototype of countless devotional statues. Striking the familiar gesticulating pose, St. Harlan's image is attired in the colorful garb of his period: tie-dyed bells*, flowered body shirt*, and of course the characteristic shades*

A considerable number of first and second class relics of the saint are on display in the Basilica. Chief of these is his savagely battered but miraculously incorrupt head preserved in a jeweled reliquary. There are also pieces of kleenex*which had been dipped in his blood after martyrdom. According to reliable witnesses his blood liquefies annually on the evening before the first Monday in September but we were not present on this occasion to verify it ourselves. The most curious item in the collection is a transparent case labeled "The Clothes He Wore While Working." Unaccountably, it is empty.

The curator of the library attached to the Basilica generously allowed us to examine rare books and magazines containing St. Harlan's writings. In some cases stories have been lost but their introductions have survived. An invaluable picture of the saint and his times can be reconstructed from these publications.

The feast of St. Harlan is enthusiastically celebrated by young people throughout the Disunited States. Although the rites are of questionable orthodoxy in a few areas, in the district surrounding the Basilica custom prescribes community pageants reenacting his martyrdom followed by unstructured street parades and general merrymaking.

St. Harlan is particularly efficacious in healing psychological inadequacies but his intercession is invoked against the whole range of human misery. His best-documented public miracles have been cures of aphasiacs.

St. Harlan's remarkably widespread popularity vindicates our modern policy of canonization by acclamation. His edifying legend should be publicized throughout the Universal Church.

---excerpt from field investigators' report submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the Feast of All Saints, 2075.

GLOSSARY:

"science fiction fans": Esef readers of the twentieth century. Their symbol was a cap surmounted by a whirling fan blade.

"tie-dyed bells": Irregularly colored informal trousers. The name is derived from their flared shape--they did not ring.

"body shirt": The adjective is redundant since shirts have always been worn on the body.

"shades": Tinted glasses worn indoors as well as out; not to be confused with window shades.

"kleenex": Apparently in the last century cloth was too precious to be used for wiping the nose or other bodily orifices so paper substitutes such as this were devised.

(from Yandro #204, 1971, edited by Juanita and Buck Coulson.)

PLATYPUS MYTHOS I

[Ed. note: the following was written by SANDRA MIESEL and JOHN MIESEL.]

1.

Twelve hundred feet above the drear Australian outback looms Ayres Rock. Here every fifth year at the winter solstice the Platypus People assemble to perform their Great Chant. The platys hold the vast rock sacred, for their legends relate that in the long-ago DreamTime Bigfeller Platy woke the Primal Platypus Pair to sentience in a cavern beneath it. Moreover, on the last day, that Grim Grauper, the Fenris Platypus, will issue forth from that same cavern to proclaim the end of the world.

The profound solemnity surrounding this festival beggars description. No human has ever beheld it--and lived. The very existence of the rites is suspected by few. (Absolute secrecy is guaranteed under terms of the confidential compact between the Commonwealth and the Semi-Autonomous Platypus Principality.)

Every pentad the platys gather. From Queensland and New South Wales, from Victoria and Tasmania, from enclaves overseas they come. Tradition prescribes that the final journey across the desert must be made a-spwatt.* No exceptions are allowed, even for the Platy Prince. Only the hardest are deemed fit to chant.

Ayres Rock glows bloodily in the setting sun as mile-long columns of platys toil up its furrowed sides. On the summit they array themselves by clans, each centering around its own proud gonfalon. As the sun dips completely below the horizon, the Prince makes the Sign, and the Chant commences.

Wordless melodies out of time's beginning rise through the night, pulsating and throbbing in incredible polyphonies. Fleeting modern improvisations--the hint of a raga, the whisper of a Bach fugue--are superimposed on soaring alien themes that were ancient ere the first mammals walked. Insistent plangency summons the primeval sea to beat once more against the rock. The crash of unseen surf, the drift of phantom spume, the breath of a ghostly breeze return. Higher and higher surge the spectral tides, until.... A Manifestation, a Presence unfolding its nimbus of power, majestic, ineffable, awesome, irresistible.... Again the trumpeting cry of creation. Sunrise. Silence.

2.

Not unexpectedly, the platys display the same magnificent aptitude for human music as for their own. Their mastery of stringed instruments--scaled to size--is particularly impressive. The incredibly sensitive Alice Springs Strings are world renowned and no Australian orchestra would be complete without its complement of platy violinists.

If the new Sydney Opera House is completed within this century, rumor persists that the inaugural work will be Peter Illich Platypus' sensational ballet, Corroboree.

*"spwatt": made-up term for paw, from the spwatt! sound of a webbed foot striking mud.

Naturally it is to be performed by the Royal Platypus Ballet, which is unsurpassed for pristine classic style and rigorous tail discipline (port de caud). The astounding fluidity of these dancing platys provides an unforgettable spectacle. Despite its international reputation, the company has been invited to visit the Soviet Union only once.

3.

The platypus and human species also interact in non-musical areas of life. Although platys are ordinarily the most pacific of beings, uncommonly adventurous (or deranged) individuals have left their mark as soldiers of fortune since mankind's Bronze Age. Intrepid platy hoplites from Platea fell at Thermopylae and marched with Alexander the Great. As Roman legionaries their very short swords were irresistible. Implacable platy pikemen were the most feared of medieval mercenaries. Others swelled the Mongol hordes--their appearance being scarcely distinguishable from the real Mongols'.

Since the discovery of Australia they have placed themselves at the service of the British Crown. In the Napoleonic Wars what exploits can surpass those of the gallant H.M.S. Broiler ("Remember the Broiler!") sunk with all spwatts? And aerial observations by pioneer balloonist Sir Montmorency Platypus of the Royal Society contributed materially to the defeat of the French fleet. Later dauntless pukka platys covered themselves with glory in Victorian India.

But since suffering catastrophic casualties at Gallipoli and Tobruk, the platys seem to have lost their taste for war. At present their only visible soldiery are the honor guards at the Golden Burrow, the Prince's Own Grenadiers and Hussars ("The Death or Glory Platys"). Just whence these splendidly accoutred troops are recruited is a state secret but male inmates are now vanishingly rare in platypus mental institutions.

Alas, the platys' potential for infamy is as great as their potential for honor. (After all, who were the original Sydney Ducks?) Their capacity for depravity is amply demonstrated by the following tale.

4.

Once upon a time there was an impecunious platypus named John. He wanted to go into business and become rich, but such traditional platy occupations as gold mining, dingo slaying, and sheep confiscating held little allure for him. Inspired by the prosperity of American weed farmers he decided to try insect ranching.

This proved to be a fortuitous decision. Starting as a supplier of fine grubs in the Semi-Autonomous Platypus Principality, he quickly expanded into the human gourmet trade and his fortune was made. In no time he was bill-deep in banknotes. John Platypus soon became a familiar sight tooling down the thoroughfares of Hobart in his iridescent customized Volkswagen.

But alas, boundless wealth speedily corrupted him. An unplatypus-like roughness crept into his speech. He could scarcely utter a single sentence without mouthing some foul obscenity like "Great Copulating Coleoptera!" or "You licentious Lepidopteron!" His peers were profoundly shocked.

Even worse--oh shameful to relate--he continually sought the company of nubile females. His amorous energies were directed towards human womankind (with a special preference for Sydney bikini girls) for platy females chastely refused to gratify his unspeakable lusts.

His implacable ruthlessness toward business rivals was legendary. Unable to tolerate competition, he would destroy it by whatever dastardly means were available: mysterious poxes and agues repeatedly decimated the stock on rival insect stations.

He had become the shame of the Platy People incarnate: no more honest John Platypus, insect entrepreneur, but the feared and phallic commercial baron, Bug Jack Platy!

(From Double:Bill #21, 1969, edited by Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers.)

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PLATYPUS MYTHOS II =

= PLATYCRATICUS

[Ed. note: This section, on the other spwatt, was written solely by SANDRA MIESEL.]

The governance of the Platypus People may be described as an astounding combination of absolute autocracy and total anarchy. However, their current institutions are comparatively recent developments in their eon-spanning history. For untold millions of years after Bigfeller Platy awakened the Primal Pair beneath Ayres Rock, the platys dreamed on in the modest splendor of their perfection. They required no formal political organization beyond a loose system of clans, the prime function of clan elders being logistical planning for the pentannual Great Chants.

Tranquillity was shattered by the advent of man and dingo. To meet these dangerous challenges, the then Paramount Chanter was chosen Prince and invested with unconditional emergency powers. These have never been rescinded, yet are wielded with utmost benevolence--which is to say they are scarcely ever wielded at all.

The dynasty of that first Platy Prince extended in unbroken lineage to His present Serenest Highness. Each Prince abandons his personal name upon coronation as a sign of his total immersion in the Awful Princely Glory. But naturally, historians have assigned epithets to distinguish certain outstanding individuals (e.g.: the Sybarite, the Pussiant, the Conspicuous Imbiber, the Bald-Tailed, the Terror of the Dingoes). Such is the prestige of the office that not even that lunatic fringe of platypusdom, the Monotreme Liberation Front, could conceive of abolishing it.

The Prince's official residence, the Golden Burrow, is precisely that--an immense, labyrinthine burrow lined with sheets of pure gold. Some notion of platy cultural values may be gained by observing that the largest chamber in the Burrow is not the opal-studded state hall, but the liquor cellar. The pantry is a close second. Under terms of the Confidential Compact which acknowledges the Principality's cherished semi-autonomy, no human save the reigning monarch of Great Britain or immediate heir may visit the Golden Burrow. While it does not appear in any public records, the most memorable weekend of Prince Charles' sojourn in Australia was spent as the guest of the Platy Prince.

The chief official assisting the Prince is the Grand Tinger. He in turn is assisted by a corps of Lesser Tingers. These functionaries, popularly called "the Fore-Spwatts of the Prince," conduct such executive and judicial affairs as individual goodplatys will permit.

The Lesser Tingers are chosen by lot from a list of all adult male platys willing to serve. None may serve more than once. Lots are drawn again to designate one Tinger as Grand Tinger. Since the lengths of all officials' terms are also chosen by lot, some platys have occupied the seats of power barely long enough to warm them.

Yet in spite of (or because of?) the eccentricity of their election, the Tingers customarily serve with a high degree of dedication and competence. They voluntarily restrict their beer consumption and curtail their forays among the Sydney bikini girls.

However, in the event a Tinger is guilty of gross malfeasance, punishment is severe. He is transported to a desolate region of the Outback and publicly bottled. The cruelest torment the condemned platy suffers is to stand unshaded in the sun watching his cobbers empty the bottles they will hurl at him. If he manages to survive their barrage, he will be released without further penalty. Then the execution is transformed into a celebration of Bigfeller Platy's mercy.

Only despicable species chauvinism has hitherto concealed the truth about the principality. Ere any upstart human dares deride platypus institutions, it would be well to ponder their racial motto: "WE SURVIVE."

(from Outworlds #3.4, 1972, edited by Bill and Joan Bowers.)

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PERIL ON PAKORA

The search for colorful alien names has always challenged sf writers. One hitherto unexploited source is unfamiliar foreign cuisine. Here is a list of proper names to stock a hypothetical fantasy novel, Peril on Pakora. No plot synopsis is provided since any sword and sorcery fan can construct his own by reflex.

PAKORA: The name of the planet (Indian fried potato and chick pea balls)

ATJAR: Our dauntless hero (Malay-style pickle)

VATH: Our hero's prosperous kingdom (Syrian roast duck)

INJERA: Our luscious heroine, betrothed to ATJAR (Ethiopian flat bread)

ABOLOO: INJERA's gentle giant bodyguard (West African cornmeal dessert)

IMOJO: INJERA's father, high priest of the kingdom (West African fish salad)

EKURI and CHIURA: The Divine Couple, the chief national deities of VATH (Indian scrambled eggs and a type of deep-fried snack)

AKARA: ATJAR's capital (West African black-eyed pea fritters)

KOFTA, KORMA, and RAAN: Three provinces of VATH (series of Indian lamb dishes)

SAMBAL: The major river of VATH (Ceylonese spiced coconut dish)

SAMAKI KAVU: The triennial royal progress through VATH (East African fish curry)

MURG DO PYAZA: Wily old nomad chieftain (Indian curried chicken and shallots)

KIHR of the RAYTA: MURG DO PYAZA's official title and tribe (Indian rice pudding and yogurt salad)

MURGH ILAYGHI: The KIHR's libidinous son (Indian cardamon chicken)

ZILZIL ALECHA: Amazonian barbarian queen, sexpot of the steppes (an Ethiopian stew)

the YEMISER: ZILZIL's tribe (Ethiopian lentils)

PIRIPIRI: ZILZIL's sentimental maidservant (Mozambique-style peppery broiled foods)

TITHAR: Chief god of all the nomads (Indian curried partridges)

YESHIMBRA ASSA, YEGOMEN KIFTO, YATAKLETE KILKIL, and YEWOLLO AMBASHA: Four of ZILZIL's chief warriors (Ethiopian chick pea fritters, vegetable dishes, and bread)

NITER KEBBEH: The deadliest desert on PAKORA (Ethiopian spiced cooking oil)

BLATJANG: The nomad's ritual duel to the death (Malay chutney)

PHO: A mysterious pre-human race (Vietnamese beef soup)

ASAPAO: PHO psi-powers (Puerto Rican chicken and rice stew)

the ARANYGALUSKA: A trio of evil sorceresses (Central European butter dumplings)

MUNGUNZA, ROSHGULLA, and COCHUMBAR: The names of the ARANYGALUSKA (Brazilian hominy pudding, Indian cheese dessert and salad)

GADO-GADO: Legendary lost city of the PHO (Indonesian beef with peanut sauce)

GOMEN SEGA: Forbidden citadel of GADO-GADO (Ethiopian beef and greens)

NASI GORENG: Enchanted jewel hidden in the citadel (Indonesian fried rice)

KESHY YENA COE CABRON-KESHY YENA COE CARNI: The title "Defender of All the Land and All the Seas" bestowed on the possessor of the NASI GORENG (Curacao stuffed baked Gouda cheese)

Who knows? If properly written up, Lancer might buy it!

(From Yandro #202, 1970, edited by Buck and Juanita Coulson.)

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Thomas Burnett Swann: Multicolored blossoms of enamel and vermeil.

J.R.R. Tolkien: A splendid medieval chalice of solid silver.

Jack Vance: Precious stones scattered broadcast across a stark white desert of powdered sea shells.

Manly Wade Wellman: Morning dew on a rolling meadow.

PIGS OF BLACKFORD -

A ROBERT BUCK COULSON ADVENTURE

The winter wind stabbed like a native skinning knife but Robert Buck Coulson paid it no heed. The harsher his surroundings, the more he felt at home. He snarled his defiance at the weather, clapped his broad-brimmed hat more firmly on his head, and turned his face resolutely towards the forest. He was armed only with an antique 12-gauge shotgun but in his experienced hands this had proven itself the equal of any modern blaster. "It kills well," he said, smiling for once.

A few dry legume pods crackled underfoot as he strode across harvested fields and empty pastures. The land bore less and less each year as a dying civilization receded and the wilderness crept closer. Coulson scanned the horizon warily, his carnivore-keen senses alert to the slightest movement. Here in the borderlands there was always the chance of an unlucky meeting with the hirsute Children of Ind-Our-Mother plying their trade in hallucinogenic herbs.

There were no Children to be seen this day, nothing to distract Coulson from seeking his prey, the mighty Limberlost lepusculi. These elusive creatures, whose fluffy fur and soft brown eyes belied their vicious incisors, were superb eating. A wolfish grin spread over Coulson's grizzled and goateed face as he thought of tearing into their succulent flesh.

He was among the trees now, slipping noiselessly from trunk to trunk. Gradually, he became aware of a faint snuffling noise ahead. He turned towards it, shotgun at the ready. Ripping aside a curtain of venom vine (to which he of all men was immune), he found himself face to face with the region's most ferocious beasts--the dreaded pigs of Blackford!

Chest-high they stood and broad in proportion with huge fringed ears and horrid little eyes. Curving tusks gleamed against unnaturally shaggy coats of red, black, white, striped, and spotted hair. There were about ten adults in the herd plus an indeterminant number of piglets squealing in the underbrush. These baleful swine were the spawn of a genetics experiment gone wrong. Generation after generation they had been bred from the offscourings of artificial insemination vats, growing ever larger and wilier. Eventually, the mutant hogs had devoured their careless owner and fled into the forest. Over the years they had accounted for a number of unwary hunters and fungus-gatherers.

Robert Buck Coulson did not plan on becoming their latest victim. The pigs would be no match for the cunning he had acquired in his wild Hoosier boyhood. What were a few swine, however portly, to one who had successfully defended the family garden against marauding ringtails?

The dominant boar lowered his snout and pawed the ground with his incongruously dainty hooves. But before Coulson could curl his lip in contempt for the other's threatening grunts, he was nearly struck to his knees by a bolt of all-encompassing terror. Words formed in his mind:

"I am Snork and I kill."

Coulson fought to steady himself, forced his quivering body to stand firm. He flung

back a thought of his own:

"I am Buck and I review."

And thus the strange battle was joined--man against swine. Coulson grasped the pigs' dire secret: in effect, they frightened their victims to death, rendering them helpless via telepathic projections of fear before tusches and hooves did their bloody work. Coulson's only hope for survival lay in terrifying the pigs worse than they could terrify him. His paralyzed hands could not be made to fire the shotgun but he fired barrages of weapon-laden thoughts at his foe--thoughts of his kris, his duckfoot pistol, his typewriter.

"Fear, human," ordered Snork. "Fear so I may slay you."

"No, you fear, piggy," countered Buck. "Fear my killer review of your lousy performance."

Sensing a slight breach in the enemy's mental defenses, Coulson stirred his own rage to new frenzy by uttering certain incantations:

"Fan fiction! Crudzine! FAAn Awards! Con reports!" The litany climaxed with a resounding, "Claude Degler!"

These outpourings of bestial hostility soon took their toll. Snork raised his massive head and squealed piteously. Coulson immediately struck the boar's snout with his gun butt, totally cowing him. The rest of the herd shuffled uneasily at their leader's humiliation but were willing to accept the ascension of a new dominant male even without the traditional tail-nip. They were all satisfied that Coulson was not human in their understanding of the term and henceforth followed him as docilely as a pack of dogs.

The new Swinemaster introduced his charges to civilization of sorts by taking one or two of them at a time to those gatherings of Fan-Farers called conventions. Between their size and their Psi talents, the pigs proved to be invaluable companions. Snork and his fellows soon became as familiar Midwestern convention figures as Gordy Dickson and Lou Tabakow. The pigs induced cooperation in hotel clerks, helpfulness in bellhops, courtesy in neofans. They carried loads of ice and beverages to parties and cheerfully gave small children piggyback rides. They discouraged smoking and encouraged quiet at filksings, asking only that a verse in honor of Gullinbursti be added to "Old Time Religion."

The pigs' telepathic skills made them matchless security guards since they could detect the crasher or ripoff artist before he did any mischief. A monitory grunt sufficed to quell the most hardened would-be troublemaker. For a time, they nearly put the Dorsai out of business until the Dorsai decided to enroll them as cadets. Their fame spread so widely, Jerry Pournelle proposed adding them to the SFWA Grievance Committee to confound venal publishers and slipshod editors, but purists shouted the motion down on the grounds that the pigs lacked proper credentials.

Not that it was all work. Despite his gruffness, Coulson was a kindly Swinemaster. He allowed them time off every Saturday night to watch "Pigs in Space." With his blessing, they played pool chaos at Midwestcon and wallowed happily in the Chabanacon jacuzzi. (Hefty doses of mental anguish dissuaded motel managers from halting these innocent porcine recreations.) The swine even received that coveted fannish accolade, an invitation to "smooth" with Bob Tucker. And since the hogs could hold their liquor, the expression "drunk as a pig" dropped out of general use.

((CONTINUED ON PAGE 34))

THE CANADIAN TRILOGY

I. WHEATFIELD WOE

AN AGRARIAN TRAGEDY

The sod house stood alone on the grim prairie. It was a mere sodden speck in the desolation that was Saskatchewan. Throughout the brutal winter, howling polar winds ravened around its crumbling walls while the pitiless sun beat down upon its unsound roof during the equally brutal summer.

This abode sheltered--in its grossly inadequate fashion--two woebegone settlers. Susan, the wife, had once been comely but the fragile blossom of her beauty had been withered by the wind and scorched by the sun. The crystalline peals of her youthful laughter had given way to incessant wails. Her once-bright eyes were red with incessant weeping.

And every silvery bead of sorrow shed enraged her husband Michael all the more. He had been a merry lad in green and pleasant England but all merriment had fled from the crazed eyes that peered through the matted tangles of his unshorn hair. What rested upon his head might once have been a hat. But the snows of many winters and the sweat of many summers had reduced it to a squalid mass of moldering felt the color of chicken dung.

Night after night he sat staring bleakly at the stove, stroking his ragged beard with one horny paw and clutching a bottle with the other. Such paltry funds as they possessed were squandered on that devil's brew, India Pale Ale, trekked in at scandalous cost from the effete East. Susan twisted her faded sunbonnet strings in her workworn hands. From time to time she ventured close enough to replenish the smoldering sod fire. (Once, when snowbound they had been reduced to the sacreligious expedient of burning dried cod. She shuddered at the recollection.)

"Michael, Michael," she whimpered, "what is to become of us? We have finally reached the end of our tether."

Her besotted spouse grunted unintelligibly."

"Year after year disasters strike! Woe piled upon woe!"

"Woe!" he croaked.

"The blizzards."

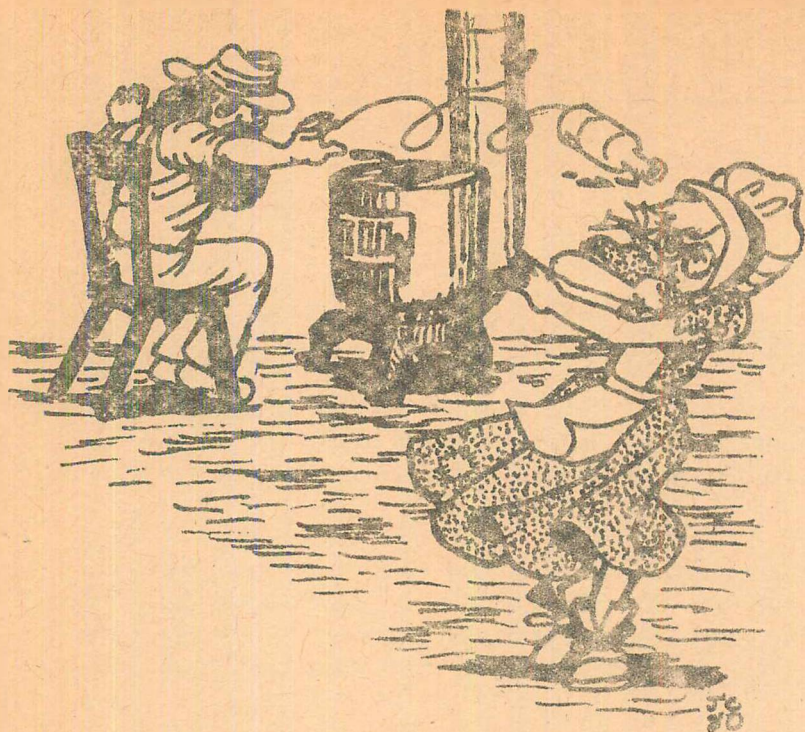
"Woe!"

"The hailstorms."

"Woe!"

"The droughts."

"Woe!"



"The thunderstorms."

"Woe!"

"The murrains."

"Woe!"

"And now the LOCUSTS!"

"Woe!"

Susan's voice rose to an hysterical shriek: "And the angel flew over the wheatfield crying, 'Woe, woe, woe! Never shall the sound of the Massey-Harris combine be heard in thee again, never--'" Michael hurled his empty bottle at her head but it thudded harmlessly against one muddy wall. Flaunting tag ends of her long-ago Sunday school training was Susan's last feeble pretension to gentility, a practice which never failed to infuriate her husband.

Somewhat cowed by his response she continued, "In devouring our ripe wheat these foul insects have devoured our last hope of livelihood. There is no more money to buy food. She trembled hesitantly before disclosing the full extent of their plight. "There is not even enough money left to buy your ale."

This revelation struck Michael like a thunderbolt. Roused from his habitual torpor by the prospect of extremity he cast about for a way to mend their fortunes. He briefly contemplated offering his wife's fair body at neighboring farms for a modest consideration but discarded this notion, realizing she was no longer fair enough to tempt even the loutish local husbandmen.

Yet out of desperation was born inspiration. If grain could be fermented, why not grain-gorged grasshoppers? He harvested the locusts and after a frenzy of experimentation converted their bloated bodies in the elixer of ultimate ecstasy: Hopper Hooch.

This exotic liqueur immediately commanded brisk sales throughout the township. Not only did it serve to blur the harshness of pioneer existence better than any other potable obtainable, Hopper Hooch boasted prodigious aphrodisiac qualities. Production grew apace. Prosperity seemed within their grasp until the fatal night Michael imbibed too deeply of his own concoction.

Paroxysms seized the intoxicated man's shaggy limbs. His speech dissolved into grotesque chitterings. Gesturing obscenely, he commenced hopping and leaping about in an outlandish fashion more befitting an ape or insect than a man. With one mighty bound he overlept the vat of newmade liquour; with a second, slightly less mighty bound he overturned it. The valuable potion spilled out upon the parched soil. He hopped across the fallow wheatfields with loyal Susan in fruitless pursuit, shabby nightgown flapping about her ankles.

"Michael, Michael! Come back!" she cried, but the vicious wind swept away her vain

pleas. The tragic finale unfolded by the light of a gibbous moon. Michael recklessly attempted to leap over their dwelling, fell instead, and broke his wretched neck.

Susan's only legacy was a pool of reeking mud for, out of misguided craftiness, her late spouse had stubbornly refused to reveal the formula for Hopper Hooch to her. Thus the secret was buried with Michael in the doom-laden prairie.

Yet despite her sorrow, Susan discovered hitherto unsuspected ties of sentiment binding her to the wind-scoured land. She would not even consider seeking the protection of her only living relative, a demented uncle in Whale's Bladder, Newfoundland. Instead she chose to eke out a marginal existence as an underpaid charwoman in a Saskatoon brothel. Now and then on an especially frigid winter evening, she would extract the last remaining bottle of Hopper Hooch from her battered chiffonier, twist the faded strings of her old sunbonnet in her workworn hands, and drink to remember.

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Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is of course purely coincidental.

(From Aspidistra #5, 1973, edited by Susan Wood Glickson.)

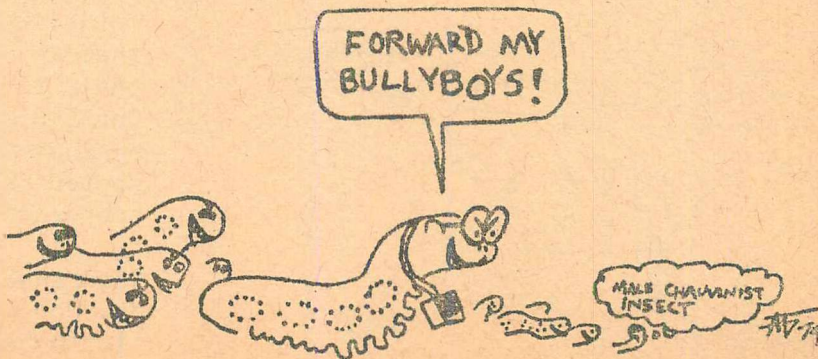
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II. METAMORPHOSIS

The army worm was on the march and all Manitoba trembled. The numbers and sheer swaggering insolence of these invaders was without precedent. The ruinous infestation of 1974 was the merest raid in comparison. Merciless battalions of caterpillars swept across the plains. They overwhelmed the wheat and ravished the rape-seed. They surrounded farmhouses, devoured kitchen gardens, denuded trees and shrubbery, and even attacked the scraps of bark that clung to fenceposts.

Urban areas fared no better. Small children and pets huddled indoors rather than venture forth on lawns blanketed by quivering masses of gray and yellow wormflesh. Public parks became public deserts overnight. One especially intrepid detachment of the pests invested a Loblaw's Supermarket in downtown Winnipeg, tripped the electric eye mechanism to open the door, and consumed all the fresh produce before outraged employees repulsed them. Human counterattacks were, on the whole, ineffectual. The agricultural riches of the entire province had disappeared down the alimentary tracts of the conquering larvae before they retreated to be transformed into pupae.

At the appointed time these hatched into a host of underwing moths too vast for any man--even an agricultural agent--to number. These nondescript gray moths posed a grave threat to continued human occupation of Western Canada. Government entomologists frantically explored ways to annihilate the creatures before they could reproduce on fresh range and expand their territory. Yet in the end it was Nature herself who provided the ulti-



mate weapon.

Just as the moths commenced their breeding season, western breezes bore ineffably erotic pheromones to their ciliated antennae. These subtle dryadic essences, these hints of preternatural greenery utterly ensorcelled the males. As with one will they all spurned the females of their own species and took wing for Regina, the source of the fabulous emanations. For a while the questing flock hovered above the city like a cloudbank, emperiling air traffic. Then it pinpointed its target and descended.

Professor Susan Wood was only two blocks from her apartment building when the first scouts settled on her blond hair. These merely tickled. But as swarms of their comrades fluttered down upon her face, arms, clothing her initial amusement dissolved into panic. She flailed about with a notebook but the ecstatic moths alighted faster than she could brush them away. She fled screaming into her doorway with clouds of suitors in pursuit. (A pious old Ukrainian woman was observed crossing herself at the uncanny spectacle.)

Had Ms. Wood's windows not been closed our tale would have ended there and then. But the distraught woman's respite was all too brief. Enough pheromone-laden air seeped out around the loose-fitting windows to guide the moths directly to her apartment. Legions of amorous insects hurled their frail bodies against the window panes. Soon the glass was completely covered with sticky gray layers of smashed moths. The coating thickened rapidly as a seemingly inexhaustible host of victims sought immolation. The young literature professor was their seul desir.

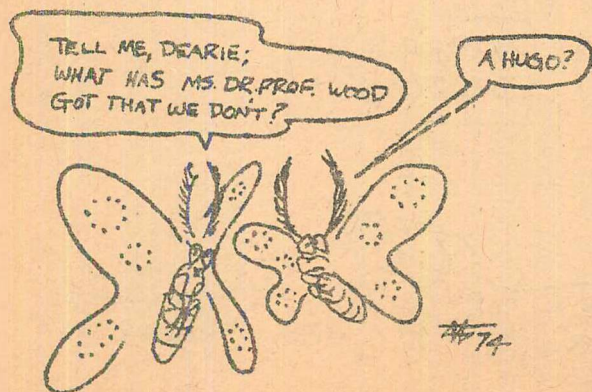
Meanwhile, the moths opened a second front by penetrating the building's ventilating shaft. Clouds of them erupted into Ms. Wood's living room and drove her into a closet. Faint but piteous wails led firemen to her hiding place several hours later. Still, they might never have extricated her alive from the moth-filled room had not a bottle of Je Reviens shattered during the commotion. The moths' scent receptors were temporarily stunned. They fluttered about the apartment in aimless confusion while Ms. Wood made her escape.

Hourly drenching with the perfume sufficed to keep her besiegers at bay while scientists contemplated her plight. Quick relief was imperative before local supplies of Je Reviens (graciously donated by Regina's leading department store) were exhausted.

The entomologist who proposed the Final Solution later went on to head the provincial department of agriculture. If all the male underwing moths were destroyed, he reasoned, they could not beget a new generation and the threat of invasion by their

larvae the army worm would be averted. Rather than try to mask Ms. Wood's irresistible attractiveness to the moths, he urged exploiting it to lure them to racial doom. Impassioned appeals to patriotism and visions of Our Fruitful Land preserved forever against future assaults by these lepidoptera eventually won her consent to cooperate in the extermination scheme.

Unfortunately, the sorely distressed Ms. Wood failed to notice the scientist's remark, "It is expedient for us that one woman should die for the wheat." She meekly allowed herself to be conveyed from Regina in a sealed



van. Neither did she protest when they staked her out in a huge wheatfield between two batteries of insecticide sprayers. (The deployment of flame throwers had been proposed but was rejected as inhumane.)

Sun and wind soon dispersed the last protective traces of perfume. Lustful moths by the millions descended upon her only to perish in the steady crossfire of insecticide. Within a few hours the last male Mamestra reticulata lay dead upon the field. But incredible as it may sound, when the vast mound of moth bodies was shoveled aside, no trace of Ms. Wood was to be found. (However, there is absolutely no basis to the legend that a Moth Man appeared during the slaughter and bore her away through the air.)

A lone maple tree with commemorative plaque attached now marks the spot where this heroine of Canadian agriculture so nobly gave up her life. We whose harvests are safe from the army worm owe her our profoundest gratitude.

Yet a handful of moths must somehow have avoided the fate of their brothers. Their species did not become wholly extinct, although it remains rare to this day. In recent years a new "golden" variation has been reported in central Saskatchewan. It has blue eyes.

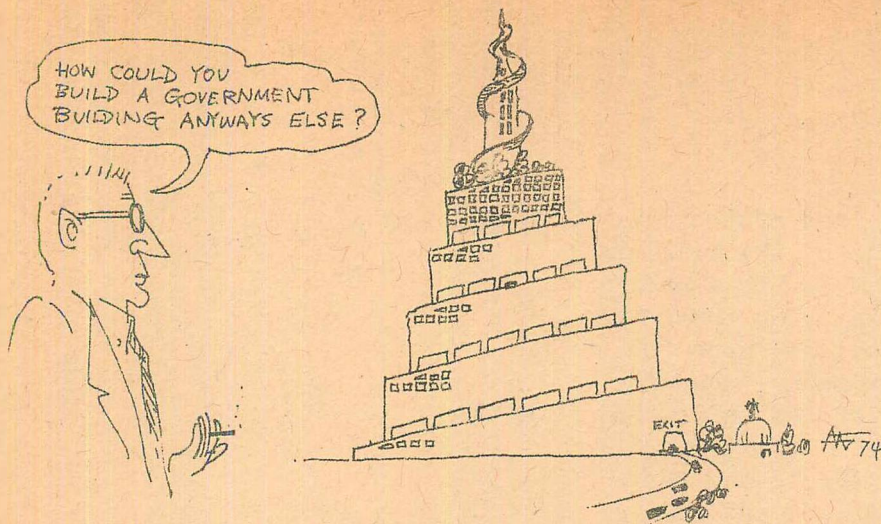
(From Starling #30, 1975, edited by Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell.)



III. THE CANADIAN CAME DOWN LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD

Perhaps it was simple occupational stress. Perhaps it was the shock of victory in the 1974 elections. Perhaps it was an unfavorable conjunction of planets. Scholars still debate the ultimate origins of the disastrous megalomania that made Pierre Ashurbanipal Trudeau the scourge of a continent.

None were wise enough to read the earliest portents. Only a few animal-loving citizens objected when the Prime Minister's official residence was redecorated with bloody, peculiarly stylized hunting reliefs. They protested with customary Canadian restraint and ineffectiveness. Later there were expressions of well-bred dismay and whispered allusions to the Sydney Opera House debacle when the international design competition for a new government building was won by an obscure Iraqi architect. But

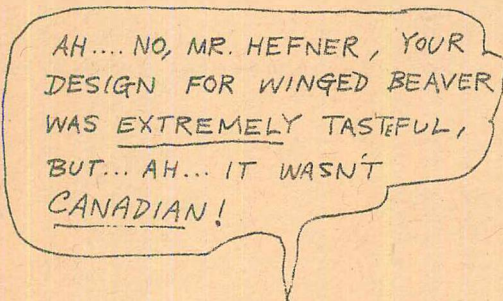


the resulting ziggurat lent such a refreshingly exotic note to the Ottawa skyline that these critics were disarmed. The CBC commentator who suggested curly black wigs, false spade beards, and conical helmets as components of the new Canadian army uniforms was astonished when his joke became a reality.

Facilis descensus Averni:
easy is the descent to hell. Public acceptance of the new vogue soon flowered into outright

enthusiasm of the sort hitherto reserved for hockey or football rivalries. The nation echoed with hosannas when colossal statues of winged beaver, symbolic geni of the Canadian people, were installed at the entrance of the House of Parliament.

Alas, delight in these masterworks of Canadian art was to be short-lived. A spray-can wielding American tourist (who has passed into history as "the Yankee Miscreant") inscribed an obscenity on the loins of one beaver. Outraged citizenry apprehended the vandal at the scene and dismembered him so thoroughly his identity has never been satisfactorily established. The graffito, written in epoxy paint, proved impossible to remove without marring the statue. Plastic bands were fastened over the defacement until a suitable restoration technique could be devised.



This "jockstrapped beaver" became a new and highly emotional emblem of patriotism. Willy Ashurbanipal Trudeau was quick to wring political advantage from the incident. By presenting it as the ultimate American insult to the Canadian psyche he won unanimous passage of a bill expropriating all U.S. holdings in Canada. Yet, he asserted, these properties, although vast, were insufficient recompense for the affront to national honor. Nothing less than immediate U.S. cession of the states carved out of the old Northwest Territory would do. (After all Canada had never assented to Britain's surrender of the region.) This demand woke a hitherto unsuspected lust for empire in the nation's ample bosom. Enraptured millions cheered the Prime Minister's call to arms: "The land, the stolen land itself cries out, 'Au Secours!' Once its benighted inhabitants can compare the blessings of Canadian civilization with the barbarism of Amtrak, they will embrace us as saviors. Clearly, it is Canada's sacred destiny to sow fields of golden wheat not only a mare usque ad marem but from the Alleghenies to the

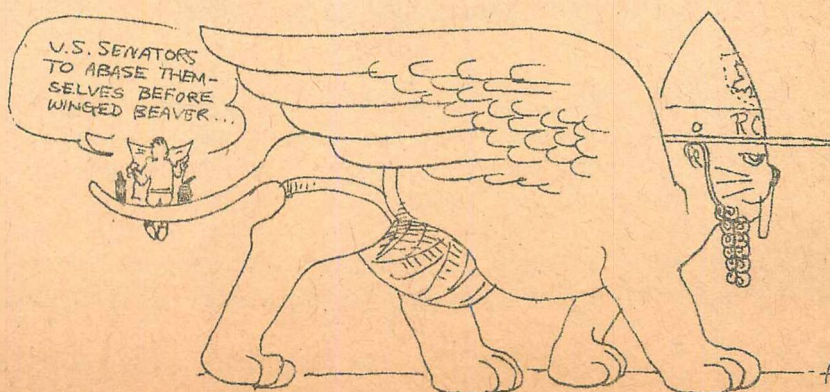
Mississippi, from the Great Lakes to the Ohio."

Fired with this zeal for righteous conquest, invincible waves of Canadian soldiery surged across the undefended border. Governmental paralysis in Washington inhibited defense efforts. America's allies, knowing themselves safely beyond the reach of Canadian troop trains, declined to intervene or even permit debate in the United Nations. Several prominent U.S. senators flew to Ottawa on a self-styled mission of reconciliation. Their only achievement was to be photographed staring contritely at the damaged colossus. The Canadian advance proceeded unchecked. Even before televised senatorial hearings on the invasion were completed, the Maple Leaf waved in triumph over America's heartland.

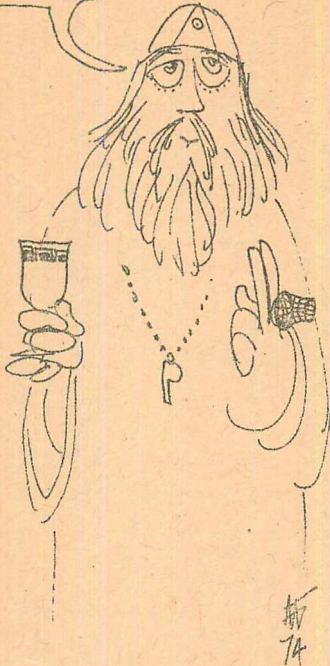
Imperialism did more than soothe the national honor; it fattened the national purse. The plunder of Grosse Point, Winnetka, Shaker Heights, and other exclusive suburbs flowed into Canadian homes. Looted art works enriched Canadian museums. (However, Robert Indiana's LOVE was demolished in situ.) The spoils of war paid for the huge commemorative stelae erected in parks, public buildings, and railway terminals. They endowed the sumptuous Ashurbanipal Trudeau Library to house the Prime Minister's personal papers. They also financed the intensive--but in retrospect imprudent--Canadianization campaign that was to prove the empire's doom.

Inculcating Canadianism meant more than reshaping the natives' abominable accents or distributing agrarian novels. The dominant local cults had to be assimilated or extirpated before the inherently superior Canadian ways could take root. Four of the new provinces cooperated. But Indiana, who gave her soul's deepest allegiance not to the Almighty nor even to the Almighty Dollar but to Basketball, clung tenaciously to her ancestral traditions. She would not renounce the ecstasies of Hoosier Hysteria.

Unable to comprehend resistance after previous easy victories, Ottawa unwisely inaugurated a policy of terror. Basketballs were confiscated, backboards torn down. The mere possession of either was cause for arrest. Old fieldhouses were blown up, new ones converted to other purposes, even used as garages for military vehicles. Basketball trophies were melted down for scrap metal. Coaches and officials were



... AND AFTER TAKING THE BLOOD
OF THE HOLY BASKETBALL IN YOUR
MOUTH, YOU LET IT DRIBBLE ON
YOUR CHIN!



declared outlaws, liable to be hanged from their own hoops if captured. When these measures failed to cow the subject populace, the hamlet of Milan, whose high school had fielded the most celebrated of all state championship teams, was razed to the ground and all its inhabitants slain.

This atrocity fanned the smoldering embers of rebellion into raging flame. Crying, "We will never yield native Hoosier hardwood," impassioned farmers armed with shotguns and hunting rifles retook desecrated rural gymnasiums. Their numbers augmented by bands of guerilla swine, they successfully denied the invader the countryside. The tuskers fought as fiercely as their masters although for different motives: they felt their proper destiny was ham and whole hog sausage, not Canadian bacon. The resistance forces also enrolled intrepid volunteers from Kentucky, the famous Adolph Rupp Brigade. The partisans' military headquarters is believed to have been located on a farm near Hartford City.

But the battered Canadian troops found no safe refuge in the cities of Indiana either. Persecution had ignited the passions of the most volatile urban classes. Inner city mobs shouting "Basket power!" and "Off the

Leafs!" overwhelmed their roundball-less oppressors. This pattern of events was repeated again and again as agents provocateurs from Gary infiltrated the cores of Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee, and all the rest. The final retreat of the vanquished Canadians was rendered all the more ignominious--and costly--by numerous train derailments. The national dream of glory had dissolved into the nightmare of defeat.

In losing the War for Continental Empire (or as it is more colloquially known, the War of the Beaver's Ball), Ashurbanipal Trudeau also lost control of the government. The disgraced statesman, accompanied by his wife and small sons Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, was exiled to Winnipeg. From time to time he issued predictions of a triumphal return to power but of course no one ever comes back from Winnipeg.

Meanwhile in Indianapolis a purified, evangelical cult of Basketballism had been born out of the bloody ordeal. Its central dogma holds that God is small, round, and inflatable. Such was the fervor of its first missionaries that today congregations celebrating its liturgical games are to be found all over the world and even in Newfoundland.

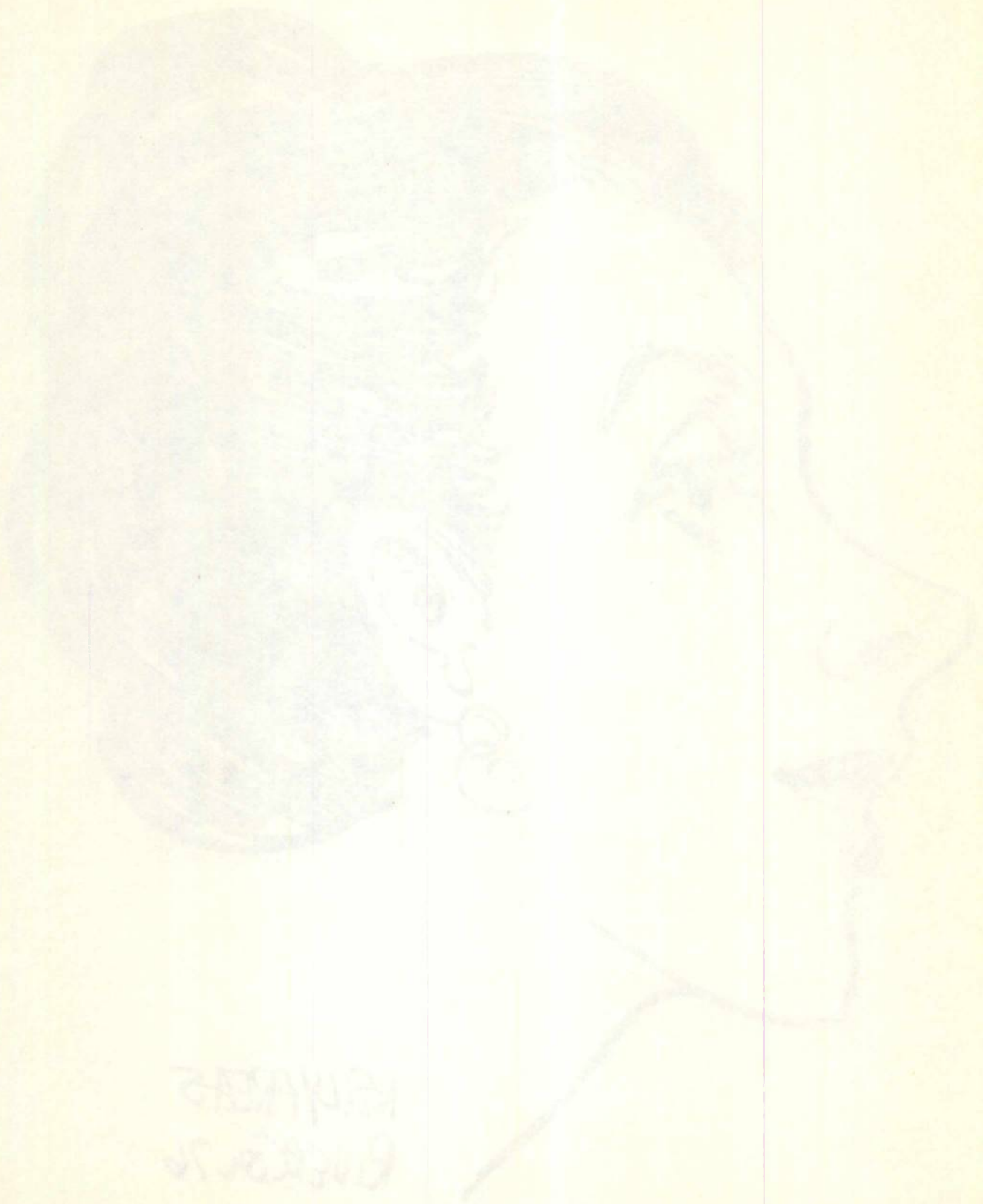
(From Yandro #229, 1974, still edited by Buck and Juanita Coulson.)

PIGS OF BLACKFORD, continued from page 26: There was even some talk of inviting Snork to stand for TAFF or DUFF.

The pigs moved from triumph to triumph. Who knows how long this might have continued had not their grim master decided to terminate their adventures.

"I hate series," scowled Coulson, and sent all his pigs to the slaughterhouse.

(From Yandro #245, 1978, edited by...you ought to know by now.)



Boats
KENTON

