







to wound the autumnal fandom.

## THE SPANISH INQUISITION #4

Published by Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 622 W. 114th St, 52A, New York, NY 10025, USA, SpanIng appears 3 or 4 times a year and is available for 35¢ or 3 issues for a dollar, contributions both written and drawn, letters of comment or burble, other fanzines or a show of hands. Or even Rune. SpanIng publishes articles and columns on whatever interests the publishers, the readers, the regular columnists and the contributors. Our phone is 212-666-4174. Try and find us!

### WHO DID WHAT WHERE:

#### WRITING

Who Did What Where is here on 1.  
Jerry Kaufman wrote "Bewitched, Bothered and Bemildred," page 2.  
Peter Roberts wrote "The Comfy Chair," page 6.  
John Curlovich wrote "The Peripatetic Trivialist," page 9.  
Rick Bryant wrote "The Saucer's Apprentice," page 14.  
Laura Haney wrote "Suzette Haden Elgin: Feminist, Jester, or Mockery of Beings of the Opposite Persuasion," page 16.  
Ginger Buchanan wrote "A Handful of Blueberries," page 20.  
Mike Gorra wrote "Rummy!," page 23.  
"Sheep in the Wainscoting" is on 28.  
Suzanne Tompkins wrote "Suzlecol," page 40.

#### DRAWING

Ross Chamberlain did the front cover.  
Jim Young did page 2 and 41.  
Jay Kinney did page 5 and 35.  
Stu Schiffman did page 1, 6, 7, and 39.  
Steve Stiles did page 10, 11, and 30.  
Rick Bryant did page 14 and 15.  
Harry Bell did page 21.  
Jon Singer did the calligraphy for Mike Gorra's article.  
Al Sirois did page 24.  
Gary Goldstein did page 29 and the back cover.

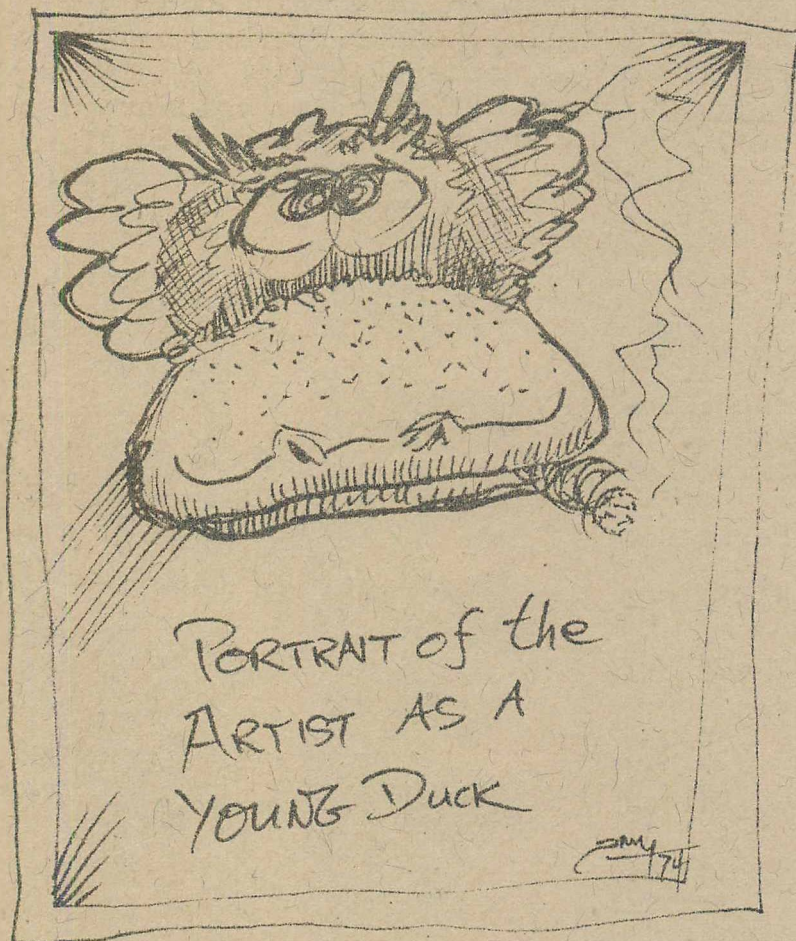
Many thanks are due to Ron and Linda Bushyager, Ginger Buchanan, Brian McCarthy, Jon Singer and Moshe Feder for helping us obtain supplies, get electrostencils, run off the cover etc. Thanks also to the selfless New York friends who collated last issue. (We lost the list of names. Arrghle.)

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# Bewitched, Bothered &



This is where I take care of business.

First, I must apologize. Before you picture me the victim of free-floating guilt and anxiety, listen. I'm not apologizing for bad repro, bad layout or bad material. We were pretty good all around last issue, and our thicker paper this issue will have ended the show-through. No, I am quite narrowly apologizing to two people, Jodie Offutt and Betsy Curtis. Your names will not be misspelled again. Honest.

The price is up, whether you buy sugar, oil or paper. We don't use much oil or sugar in this fanzine, but by ghu, this isn't being printed on... (he stops in the middle of the ironic metaphoric jest, to realize that there isn't a single substance he can think of

which hasn't undergone a price increase, thus killing the joke.) We are now asking 35¢ a copy, and we'll sell subs at three for a dollar. Of course, this fanzine is still available for those old standbys, the loc, the contribution, the trade or the necessary and sufficient proof of interest.

John Curlovich, big man of Pittsburgh fandom and budding pro, and Ginger Buchanan, exotic auburnhaired spy for Locus and keen judge of poetry, both regular columnists of ours, are this issue joined by new people. Peter Roberts, boyish mover and shaker of Britfandom, begins his column "The Comfy Chair," another damned Monty Python reference. Rick Bryant begins a rambling column on art. Rick is an upandcoming artist, and has allowed us to use a self-portrait with the column. Mike Gorra appears with a nostalgic look at his boyhood, and Laura Haney turns in a pointed look at a promising novelist.



Our cover Artist, Ross Chamberlain, has been known and loved for his humorous depictions of New York fans, and we hope this will be only the first of many covers he'll do for us. We're also particularly happy to have material from Steve Stiles and Harry Bell. Steve's been one of our favorites, and Harry's cartoons have only appear, to the best of my knowledge, in British fanzines. Our other artists, of course, represent the cream of fannish talent, Jay Kinney, Stu Schiffman, Al Sirois, Jim McLeod, Jim Young. And my old friend, nonfan Gary Goldstein.

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When the globe is covered with a net of railroads and telegraph wires, this net will render services comparable to those of the nervous system in the human body, partly as a means of transport, partly as a means for the propagation of ideas and sensations with the speed of lightening.

Wilhelm Weber, Gauss' assistant in the inventing  
of the electric telegraph, 1835

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In my last editorial, I tried to share some of the people I met at Midwescon. I hope I always have something worthwhile to say about every convention I go to, or I'll feel that I've been wasting my time with these things. But it isn't always easy. Discon, for instance, comes to mind as a gray spherical object hanging about six feet in front of me, rather like Chip Delany's idea of the word "the". I spent much of my time behind a huckster table, being a Big Dealer in fanzines, Scientific Americans, paperbacks and table space. I'm sure I had some wonderful moments, but I don't remember them so much as read about them in other people's con reports. A few weeks later I was at Pghlange, as were Suzle and a motley of New York fans. We were doing this fannish musical, see. "The Mimeo Man". Well, the convention was, for us, either pre-performance or post-performance. Post-performance consisted of watching Patia von Sternberg string along some Mundane who'd wandered into a party looking for Hot Tail, a role which Patia plays well, if not to the hilt. Ro Nagey added to this game by staging a fake lottery in which the prize was Patia, and the winners were Rusty Hevelin, Moshe Feder, Jeannine Treese, and myself. Infinitycon, in November, was simply a disappointment.

But relief was in sight for this poor man, drowning for lack of an all-round swell convention. (No slight to Pghlange, but I don't feel I was there most of the time.) Philcon!...nice people, good parties, and even programming I liked. I got the chance to meet Ellen Couch, Gary Deindorfer, Susan Bauer, and to get better acquainted with Jeannine Treese, Bruce Arthurs, Monolithic Falls Church Fandom (which will pillory me for that crack), Paul Williams, Thai food, salt shakers, the

Jerry Kaufman3



difference between Amos and Jessica Salmonson, the difference between Algol and Outworlds, Linda Bushyager's idea of blog, and numerous other in- and out-jokes too tedious to repeat. I enjoyed the hell out of the whole weekend, and I'm glad I went. And if Alfred "Alfie" Bester hadn't been the chief speaker, I doubt that I'd have gone.

Bester spoke on Sunday. He is about sixty, well-dressed, smooth and debonair. He has a small, trimmed goatee, and was often seen during the weekend in small, round dark glasses. We weren't sure what to expect from him. When one o'clock rolled around, he stood up before us and requested us to move up, come closer. So two hundred people pulled their chairs up into a semi-circle with Alfie sitting at the center. A baby cried out. Alfie had the baby passed to him, started his "speech, rocked the baby and passed it back.

We were sitting around the edge of the circle, and could neither see nor hear Bester too well. Dan Steffan poked me, then pointed up to the nearly empty balcony. I poked Jeannine Treese, and the three of us left the ballroom, went up the stairs, and emerged on the balcony, just in time to see the baby once more passed to Alfie. The baby hung as limp and submissive as a willing sacrificial victim. Alfie started his speech in earnest now, stopping every fifteen or twenty minutes to refer to his sixty-page typewritten speech and announce, "Well, that is another two pages done."

Bester's speech was a string of anecdotes, observations and autobiographical tidbits. I'm going to try to reproduce several that made the biggest impression on me. Please realize that I'm condensing; I have to. I haven't got the memory or the room to reproduce all the detail. I'm also not the debonair man Bester is...even though the first story finds him walking around Manhattan in old jeans over red pajamas, a paint-spattered shirt and tennis shoes. He does have a New York Times under one arm, for the aura of respectability he thinks it'll give him.

Bester has a problem, you see. He has a story for television he must bring to a predetermined ending. He has a scientist who must refuse to sell his soul to the devil; Satan is offering him a cure for leukemia or somesuch in exchange. Why would this scientist turn down not only a scientific coup but a boon to mankind? Bester don't know, so he wanders Gotham in the small hours, stopping in and out of bars, asking questions, making mild conversation with intellectuals, police, Lesbians, prostitutes.

He asks one of the prostitutes, "If you could have anything in the world you wanted, what would it be?"

"Five one-hundred dollar johns a day."

"What would make you give that up?"

"The fuzz."

Bester finds this funny. Then he finds it strange. Five one-hundred dollar johns a day? Why not one five-hundred dollar john? He goes home and wakes up his wife, who Understands Things. He explains. She answers, "That's easy, Alfie. Professional pride."



And Bester has the motivation for his upstanding scientist.

Of course Bester has stories that touch more directly the concerns of the science fiction. For instance there is the first and only time he met John W. Campbell, Jr.

This took place years ago, when the offices of Astounding were in New Jersey, right at the printing plant. Bester went in and found Campbell and Kay Tarrant occupying cluttered desks in a cramped office. He was there to talk about one of his stories that was based in Freudian ideas. "Oddly and Id," I think.

The first thing Campbell said was, "Freud is out. Forget Freud." He explained that L. Ron Hubbard, who was going to end war and win the Nobel Peace Prize with his new system, was the successor to Freud. Campbell gave Bester the galleys for an article on Dianetics that would soon run in Astounding. Bester couldn't make head or tail of the first page, but pretended to read the rest. (He claimed that Campbell's size and prestige intimidated him.) Campbell then said one or two things incomprehensible to anyone ignorant of Dianetics and suggested they both go to lunch.

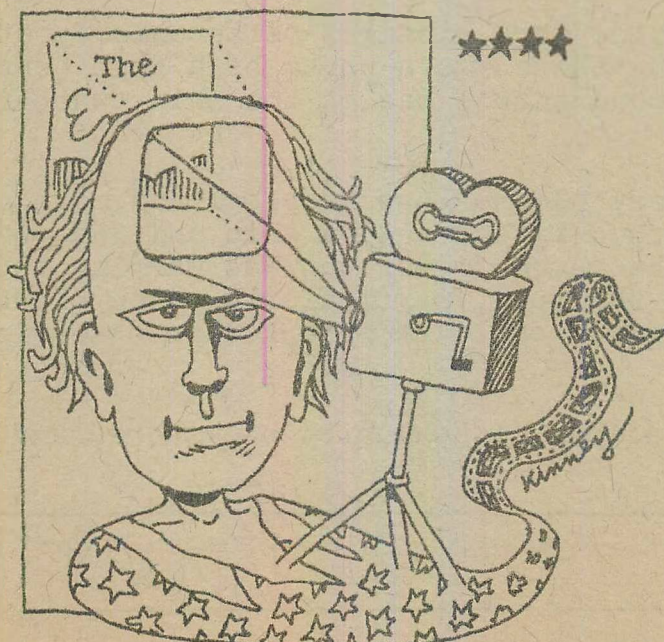
The lunchroom was small and windowless. It created both claustrophobia and majestic echoes. Campbell and Bester sat down to eat, and Campbell said, "I'm going to clear you." He rose in excitement and towered over Bester, filling the room. "Go back through your memory, Alfie. Concentrate and go back. You're smart, you can do it. Go back all the way, right into the womb. Before you were born. You remember, back in the womb. You are back in the womb. You remember how you hate your mother, God how you hate her. You hate her because she tried to abort you with a buttonhook!"

When Bester got back to his Manhattan apartment, he had four Gibsons. With, he emphasized, two onions in each.

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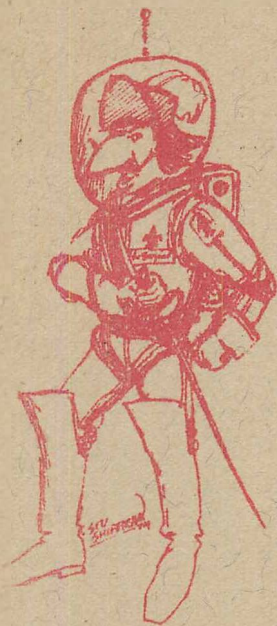
These things I'm writing, they're not descriptions of anything. They're complex names.

Samuel R. Delany,  
Dhalgren, P. 198





# the comfy chair



I've always been fascinated by dreams, but I've never been able to follow up this fascination with any worthwhile research, particularly in books on the subject. The trouble is that most other people seem to be interested in the interpretation of dreams, whereas I'm simply concerned with the dream itself. Whenever I find a relevant article it's invariably full of tedious drivel about bananas and the obscurer symbolism of a certain Austrian doctor and his witless disciples. I don't think I've ever dreamt about fruit; I believe I can honestly say that I'm not attracted to it or frightened by it--I've never been tempted or menaced by a greengage in my life. I've never clutched or sucked grapefruit, Herr Doctor, nor moreover have I dreamt of doing so.

The subconscious meaning of dreams must always remain doubtful and I question its usefulness, particularly when such interpretation is used as a great and magical key to unlock the door to important secrets of the mind. But this is a sidetrack, because, as I've already said, I'm not particularly interested in any form of interpretation. I'm fascinated by the dream as fiction, as a sequence of events which may be bizarre and fantastic.

Here's a dream I had at 6:00am on the third of August:

"I was at the Rhodesian customs having my magazines checked to see whether they should be censored. I was feeling bad because I'd had to pay 15p 'apartheid surcharge' which seemed a wretched thing to have agreed to. I also felt bad because I'd dropped my cigarette and someone had stepped on it. He didn't apologize, either. I went over to a seat in the corner of the room and took a look at a Sunday Times colour supplement.

Inside the magazine were pictures of Estonian postage stamps. I turned a page and there was a photo of a ship bound for Haiti. I looked up and found that I was on the ship, watching the island as we cruised by.

The island scenery became less tropical and more urban. It appeared that I was in a bus rather than a ship and that we were entering New York. The bus had a co-driver who was warning the driver about dangerous spots in the road, particularly those places where the street narrowed and the bus could be hijacked or otherwise halted by criminals.

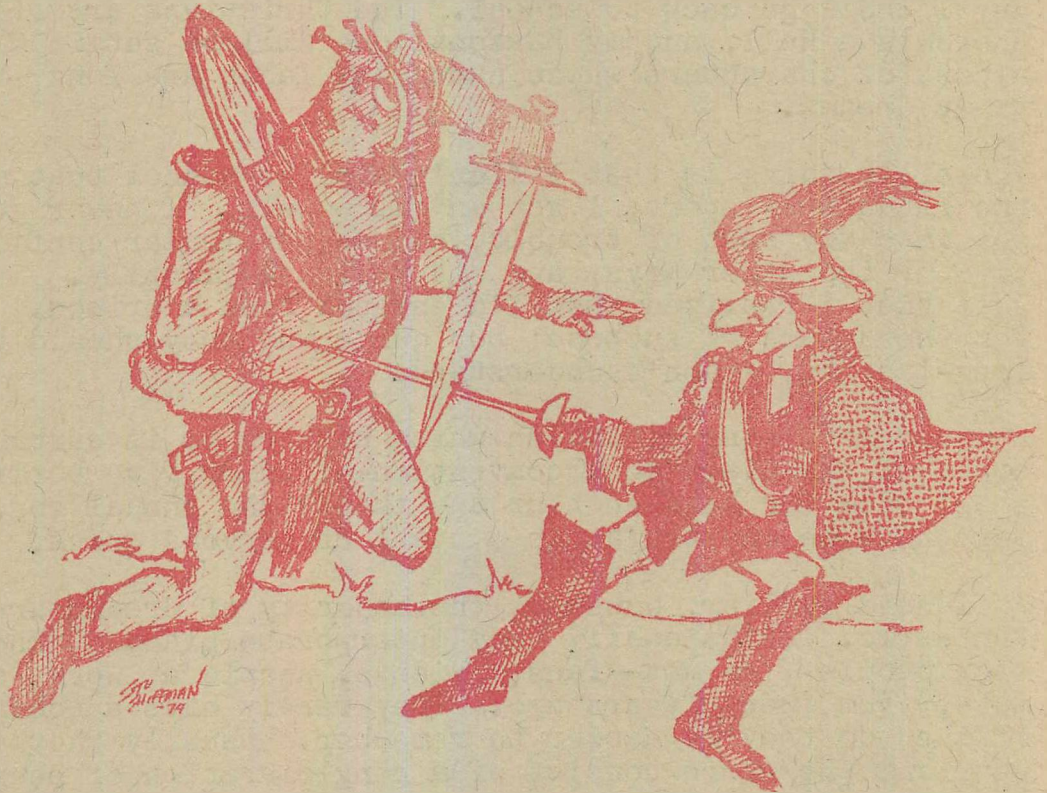
I got off, walked past a Communist bookstore, and was stopped by a



negro lawman, dressed in Western style and sitting in a rocking chair, blocking the pavement. He said, 'Do you want one of these, boy?' and offered two packs of Schumakers. They looked like fat cigarettes, but I thought he might be trying to con me into accepting dope, so I said, 'no, I don't smoke filters.' 'Sure now?' he asked, then he opened them up. They contained 'Anti Nasal-Constipation Food'; he seemed to think it was excellent stuff and was eating it till it came out of his nose. I watched in amazement and then started laughing. He looked rather surprized and then, realizing what he was doing, started to laugh too."

That's it, for what it's worth. A peculiar dream, but not as strange as some. It just happens to be one that I recorded recently which is short enough to be given in full; the above is, in fact, a transcript of a tape made on waking up.

Most of my dreams are in the same vein as the one I've just recounted: they're random, inconsequential, meaningless, and unreal. I've never been to New York, I have no more than a standard liberal antipathy to Rhodesia, I have never been in a bus hijack, nor have I ever collected Estonian postage stamps. The dream doesn't express any hidden fears and I believe it's impervious to any interpretation (except for the conventionally grotesque nonsense of unconscious symbolism).



The above is an example of one type of dream that I experience. I think I can distinguish three kinds altogether: random, recurrent and feverish dreams.

The last category, the feverish dream, is interesting since I suspect that other people experience the same nightmares. I was startled to read recently of someone who remembered as a child falling ill and feeling that "huge and impossible fractions loomed over him" and that his nights were spent counting endless strings of figures. Now that's exactly what I remember of dreams when I've been sick. I exhaust myself whilst battling with inanimate numbers and terrible calculations. at these times I also fall foul of the only genuinely recurrent dream that I have--in fact this dream is a distinct warning that I'm running a temperature and am about to face the 'flu or somesuch. It consists



of two "experiences": in one I'm confronted by thousands of tiny dots in constant motion, occasionally interrupted by a large floating mass; in the other I see a constant, smooth current juxtaposed with irregular, jagged objects. Both, in other words, are hardly dreams in the normal sense, but rather basic visualizations of nausea, of simply feeling ill.

These feverish dreams are genuinely recurrent in that they're exactly the same each time they occur. However, I've used "recurrent" to refer to another category, although in these cases the dreams are merely similar and never identical (I'd be surprized if anyone had a genuinely identical dream, even though the idea keeps cropping up in novels and so on). In these dreams I find myself in the same situation time after time. The one I've been plagued with for the last seven years is simply that I've returned to school. Everyone I knew is still there: they seem somewhat surprized to see me, but say that they expected me back, since I'd been away for quite some time.

This is a bloody annoying and totally absurd dream, but I'm damned if I can get rid of it. By now I've become resigned to the inevitable: one day I shall go back to school. The Christians are right after all--there is a Hell, and my personal one will be set in Clifton College with a cast of characters whose names and faces are long forgotten except in my dreams.

The silly thing is that I didn't dislike school that much. Apart from the rituals of sport, I got on quite well. I never got beaten, rarely got into any sort of trouble, had no particular conflict with the masters or the other boys, and did well academically. It wasn't until I left that I realized that I'd escaped from a prison. That's the reason for the dreams, I suppose; but quite why they should be so frequent and long-lasting, I don't understand.

Another recurring situation which bothers me is suitably fannish: the dream of the disastrous convention--four or five boring people in a small room for half an hour and that's the annual con. It's a nightmare to wake any trufan in a state of nervous shock.

As I said earlier, however, the majority of dreams are simply random and fantastic. Occasionally they incorporate places I know, frequently they star people I've met--fans, friends, people at work, schoolkids and playmates from twenty years ago. They rarely have a coherent plot, though if they do they're easier to remember. Usually they spin off at a tangent and therefore consist of a conglomeration of scenes with tenuous links based on a single word or thought which has altered the flow.

I mentioned a tape-recorder earlier and that's what I'm trying to use to capture dreams before they fade. Usually only a vivid nightmare makes enough impact to remain in the memory and that's only the result of waking up suddenly and thinking straightaway about it. So I've bought myself a cheap dream machine--a basic, battery-driven tape-recorder which I keep by my bed. It's not a great success, actually, since I'm usually too tired to bother using it. Even when I do make the attempt, I find that most dreams are too ephemeral to be remembered at all on waking; there are only the fading images of the last scene left. Others are too complex and leave behind a tangle of unconnected images. Only occasionally can I work backwards from the last remembered



# The Peripatetic Trivialist



It is not easy to think of David Gerrold without thinking of Star Trek. His insistent self-promotion at Torcon, his aggressive huckstering of tribbles and similar rubbish, and his tacit approval of block-voting campaigns in two Hugo races have all served to make him the one figure most exactly typical of that annoying unsophistication which characterizes Trek fandom. Yet rumours abound which say he is not happy with his lot. Having conquered, so to speak, the world of Star Trek, he now aims higher, rather like Mae West longing to play Shakespeare. Among other things, he is said badly to want a Hugo, and to have reached the not unrealistic conclusion that his Trekkish associations may be more a liability than an asset in his continuing bid for one. If nothing else, he desires a more "respectable" image, and it is hard to do anything but applaud this; it is long overdue.

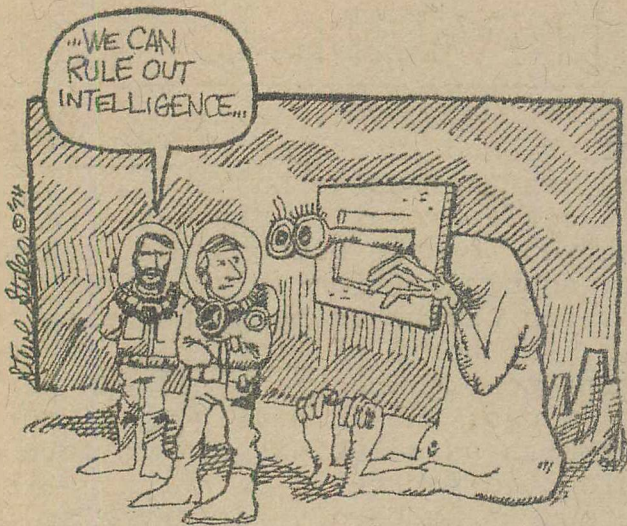
One of the first presents to arrive, then, from the new Gerrold, is an anthology of new-wavish sf called Emphasis. The book seems rather carefully calculated to have limited appeal to Trekkdom. Most of the stories are moody things, nicely if not precisely written, and hardly likely to please an audience that craves feeble-minded space opera. Yet reports indicate that the book's sales have been poor, and Gerrold seems doomed to take his place in the long line of American authors who have failed to understand their readerships.

To be fair, Gerrold should be given a gold star for doing the book at all, on whatever motivation. Its concept--to provide a showcase for beginning writers--is basically a good one. But for the concept to work well, the editor must be in close touch with the ranks of young writers, and must have some insight into the interesting things they are trying to do. Gerrold seems unaware of trends of major importance, such as the large number of women now writing sf. All eight of "tomorrow's stars" are men, despite the fact that such fine writers as Vonda McIntyre and Lisa Tuttle were doing very good work in the time when Emphasis was in preparation. In fact, it is impossible to guess what specifically Gerrold hoped to accomplish with the book. Beyond the fact of its new-wavishness, the anthology seems to have virtually no standards of style, form, content, or even intelligence. His introduction, which might at the least have explained his critical or editorial point of view, is nothing but a string of cliches ("That's what we in the trade call 'sense of wonder.'"), and characteristically glib. This is no surprise; he has always had trouble sustaining paragraphs to more than three sentences. But the net result is that the stories themselves, some of them quite good, are delivered in a wrapper of muddle and confusion.

Gore Vidal has written that a work of fiction is a fragment of the author's personal vision, "a substance as elusive and amorphous as life itself." This is true. Even in a cold and off-standing work like Last and First Men, one can feel the intensity of the author's worldview

John Curlovich





pulling ideas and emotions, welding the novel into a coherent whole. It is perhaps this that distinguishes the work of merit from mere hackwork. It is certainly the thing that separates the good from the bad in EMPHASIS.

Tomorrow's Stars, because of their youth and because they are for better or for worse new wavicles, have certain things in common among them. Nearly all of them write about loneliness, in some cases desperate isolation. And most of them display a sexual preoccupation which is perhaps the

single theme they handle most maturely. There is also a tendency to keep the action low-keyed; to concentrate on mood and character; to keep the wonders sensibly minimal, and often wholly in the background. But there is also a distressing failure to grasp the essentials of good English prose -- a tribute no doubt to modern American education. The writers have only the most nebulous relationship with English syntax. Words are used imprecisely, often wholly inaccurately; number and case are confused; redundancies abound. In the better stories, this is only a minor annoyance; in the poor ones it takes on alarming proportions.

First, the good: "Willowisp" by Joe Pumilia is an alien contact story, written in a rich, descriptive style, and with a remarkably good visual sense. The story is hurt only by an occasional falseness of tone in the dialog. The characters are convincingly handled, most notably in the love scenes. It is quite a good story, very well worth reading. Next is "Shards of Divinity" by Michael Toman, the only author in the book with a sense of humor. Toman dips into the popular culture to explore some unexpected ramifications of the Christ myth. The tone is both profane and elegant, and is very funny. Robert Borski's "In the Crowded Part of Heaven" is a well-textured study of an alien half-breed trying to find a place in human society. This is an impetuous story, a bit superficial; Borski never probes quite as deeply as one might like. Yet it is sensitively written and stands above much that has appeared in the field lately.

And then there is "Gate-O" by Don Picard. It is a variation on an archetypal theme, the loss of childhood innocence. The plot is slender: A boy -- an American living in a ghetto in Mexico City in a post-holocaust world -- sets out to swive a prostitute; violence erupts, the boy's family is killed by a vicious mob of Mexican bigots, and the boy escapes to sea. But the story is surrounded by Picard's incisive observations of the pain and loneliness of childhood, of the pain and fearsomeness of sex, and of the ferocity that lurks beneath the skin of civilization. Picard understands us, and he has written of the human condition with a degree of feeling and sensitivity unseen since "Flowers



for Algernon" appeared in the Sixties. "Gate-0" is an excellent story.

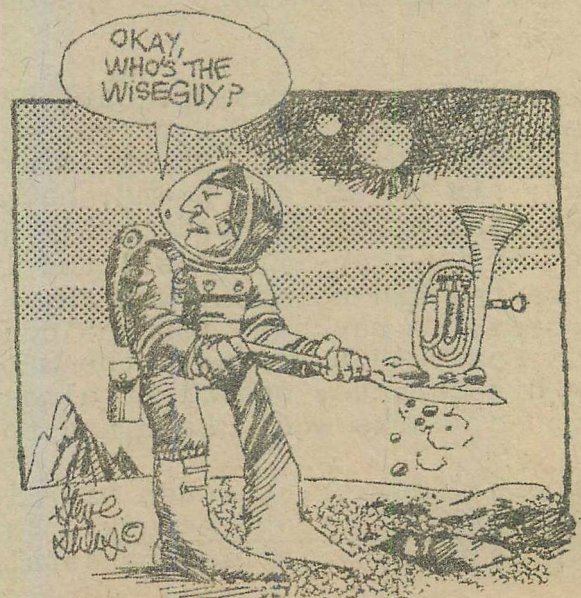
And now for the bad: There could be no more effective way to demonstrate the abstruse inferiority of Felix Gottschalk's "Bonus Baby" than to quote from it. Describing a pair of lovers, he says:

They had a robust relationship and reinforced each other's autoworth parameters well, but had never formalized any co-actional pacts with the Synod Conjugational Matrix.

"The Rubaiyat of Ambrose Bagley" by W. MacFarlane, who, parenthetically, has been writing for nearly two decades, is an underwritten fantasy, uninteresting of plot and awkward in the telling. MacFarlane can be a good story-teller, but his use of language here is distractingly eccentric. Then comes Ronald Cain's "Telepathos," a slow, uneventful narrative populated with bland characters and damaged severely by the author's tendency to explain and explain and explain. He seems to be trying to tell us something about art but, through the foggy, dense miasma of his prose, fails to bring it off.

The anthology's promotional showpiece, and the most aggressively bad story to appear in quite some time, is Michael Bishop's "brilliant novella" "On the Street of the Serpents." To begin with, Bishop has carried the distressing trend of self-indulgence among sf writers to its ungraceful conclusion; he has made himself the hero of a story. He is an Air Force man (so he tells us), an instructor at the Academy in Colorado; and the story is a hymn to the military ideal, which is to say killing, without any consideration for moral or ethical concerns. He perceives us as having no importance in ourselves; we are merely pawns in a far greater game, that game being world domination, an elusive goal that has intrigued the simple since the beginning of civilization. In an embarrassing passage of self-confession, Bishop explains that not even the love of his family means more to him than this; that indeed it is because he loves his woman and child that he must kill. This is twaddle of course, though the conservatives and libertarians among us will doubtless rejoice the appearance of this new, young Heinlein.

The plot and structure of the work are as soporifically easy as its theme. It falls into three parts, the first two of which are totally irrelevant, not to say pointless. In Part One we find out about Michael Bishop as a boy, living in Seville and doing nothing instructive. Part Two is set in the present and tells about Bishop's baby son, who sounds completely disagreeable; his wife, who could not conceivably be as dull as he makes her to appear; and the "forward-looking young men" of the Air Force. The final section finds us in 1992, as Bishop returns to Seville to





satisfy his "archetypical" urge to assassinate Mao Tse-Tung. The first person is used through-out, and although a great deal of personal detail is forced in, none of it is terribly enlightening or pertinent. Through seventy pages, we learn nothing about the author but that he wants to shoot the Chairman. Now there is nothing basically wrong with the literature of self-confession, but it is risky to write. Among other things, it presupposes that the author finds himself genuinely interesting, which Bishop seems not to do (we are nothing in ourselves, after all).

The tone of Bishop's prose is numb, rather as if he wrote each separate paragraph after exhausting himself with military sit-ups. He uses odd words -- medusoid, diaspora, mephitic, lambency -- sometimes correctly. Not since Mervyn Peake has there been such a lover of words. But while Peake wrote as if drunk upon the English language, poor Michael Bishop seems merely narcotized. And considering his view of the world, this seems only apt.

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Desolation is everywhere, say the doomwatchers, and desperate boredom a fact of life. The machine has robbed of us our essence; man is no longer as he was. Where once our lot was glorious, now we are a mean race, bereft of courage and fortitude, bereft even of faith. Yet there dwells among us a figure possessed of as much dash and daring, as much impetuous joie de vivre as any epic hero; a figure as large as life and legend, who has touched the very stars on his road to fame and wealth. That figure is, of course, Scrooge McDuck, the richest duck in the world.

No more fascinating figure than McDuck has lived in our century. He has done the things other ducks merely dream of: he has panned for gold in the Yukon, and found it; he has fought with pirates and thieves and come out winner; he has accumulated three cubic acres of money, which he keeps in a vault built by the Oso Safe Co.; he has excavated the tomb of King Nutmost the Rash, and found the Flying Dutchman; and he has even flown into space and explored other worlds. And all of this he has done in pursuit of the one great force that rules us all: the dollar.

McDuck's Boswell was Mr. Carl Barks. Though others have had the presumption to write of Scrooge, only Barks ever displayed a true insight into what makes him our age's greatest duck. Barks' dialog is without peer; his panels are poems; he knows the old myths and fables and he understands why we need them. He and he alone has captured in his work the larger-than-life, yes! the legendary facets of McDuck's expansive character and colossal wealth; there is magic in his writing. Barks possessed a penchant for the odd, the disreputable, the absurd which made McDuck's adventures the natural province of his work. So unique are his talents, one might almost assert that had a Scrooge McDuck not existed, Barks would have had to invent one.

Now Jack Chalker, through his Mirage Press, has given us An Informal Biography of Scrooge McDuck. While the book fails in large measure as biography--many intriguing details are omitted, for instance--it suc-



ceeds in being a fascinating concordance to Barks' work which, as Chalker himself admits, must remain the main canon of Scroogeana. What Chalker has given us is a brief overview of McDuck's life and career, from the early days in Cheapside, Scotland, to the bustling present in Duckburg, a city built largely by Scrooge himself. All the figures important to the McDuck legend--the Beagle Boys, Gyro Gearloose, Flint-heart Glomgold, and of course the Junior Woodchucks--are mentioned, though none is treated in any great depth. Indeed, this lack of depth is the only significant flaw to the book; it is much too short to do full justice to its subject. This can be easily overlooked, though, for the life of Scrooge McDuck never fails to enchant. Chalker has done a fine job of arranging material from the Barks canon chronologically. Moreover, he has found a prose style ideally suited to convey the tone of Barks' work. This is a rare book. Its delights are both linguistic and nostalgic, and it is not lightly to be passed over by anyone with an interest in the great ducks of our time. Nor, indeed, by any serious trivialist.

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It has come to light that certain persons have doubts about the efficacy of certain assertions about "The Nine Billion Names of God" made in this department last issue. Though the validity of the facts propounded is not disputed, the logical conclusion drawn from them is dogmatically, emphatically denied: some people can not admit that there might be anyone more clever than themselves. To deny the thesis put forth is to deny Clarke's ability intelligently and carefully to structure a story; which is in turn to deny his quality as a writer. Who would be that foolish? Moreover, had these querulous doubting-Thomases bothered to do some simple research, they would have discovered that Clarke plays a similar name game in nearly all of his more cosmic-minded stories. Let suffice one example, from Childhood's End: the central mundane figure through most of the novel is name George Greggson. His son, who is first to mutate into the "Overmind," is named Jeffrey. George means "of the earth," and Jeffrey means "of the gods."

continued from page 8:

incident and piece together a dream, or at least the last part of it. My intention in recording these dreams is nothing more than straightforward curiosity. A lot of time is spent dreaming and it annoys me to see all this brainwork wasted. If all dreams were easily recalled, of course, the memory system would soon be clogged with absurd and untrue recollections. As it is, I suspect that vague dislikes about friends and acquaintances are often the result of their uncharacteristic viciousness in an otherwise forgotten dream. However, to get back to the point, I hope to amass a record of dreams as a sort of personal fantastic literature, a tribute to the potential of my otherwise stagnant imagination. Who knows--there might be some good plots in there too.

Peter Roberts.





Where to start...hmm, well, how about with Kelly Freas, John Schoenherr, Robert McCall, Vincent DiFate, John Berkey, Rick Sternbach, to name just a few of the many illustrators who help us see what we otherwise might not...

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I got stuck at an early age wanting to be taken away from it all by a flying saucer. But I knew deep down in my heart that couldn't be, so I did the next best thing...drew a multiplicity of rockets, flying saucers and spaceships. Enough to keep me down to earth (in a manner of speaking.)

I enjoy it all. It's all crazy, zany, mad, wonderful, happy, sad...well, lots of fun, anyway. Ain't bad for a dream that didn't quite materialize.

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Ok, now some of you like some art styles more than others. Understandable, and even allowed by some people in this world. But might I say that if you give most illustrators more than a cursory looking-over, be they amateur or pro, you may well find a thought growing in your mind? Maybe it's a feeling the piece suggests, or a new idea or speculation. The illo can lend the story an atmosphere or quality not seen by you otherwise. It can clarify a point or cement an image the author has only partially developed.

More than that, the artists offer many styles and techniques in presenting these images. Some delicate and time-consuming, others simple (sure!) flourishes to give the mood.

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You're an artist, and you're given an assignment. How does your illo develop? Well, first, you've got to ask yourself: what the hell is a priest in period Spain talking to extraterrestrials, alongside a totally alien technology's idea of a star-craft, suppose to look like? You begin with the writer's description, then you start research. Lots of it. Go to what should be a LARGE wall of reference material, and start looking. Maybe do some footlifting about town to get what you need. Ok, maybe you have the dress and the face down pat for the priest, and maybe some authentic background. Fine. Now for the other side of the coin. Check out some future history sources, maybe other artists' conceptions for inspiration, do a pile of sketches to get those aliens and their star-hopper to look at least foreign. Great! Submit these, cross the fingers, pray to the gods, devils, your mother, whatever the preference. And hope that the sketches are accepted as legitimate attempts at conveying the point or descriptions of the story.



# rick bryant

Do any corrections. Finish the approved sketches.

Sold!

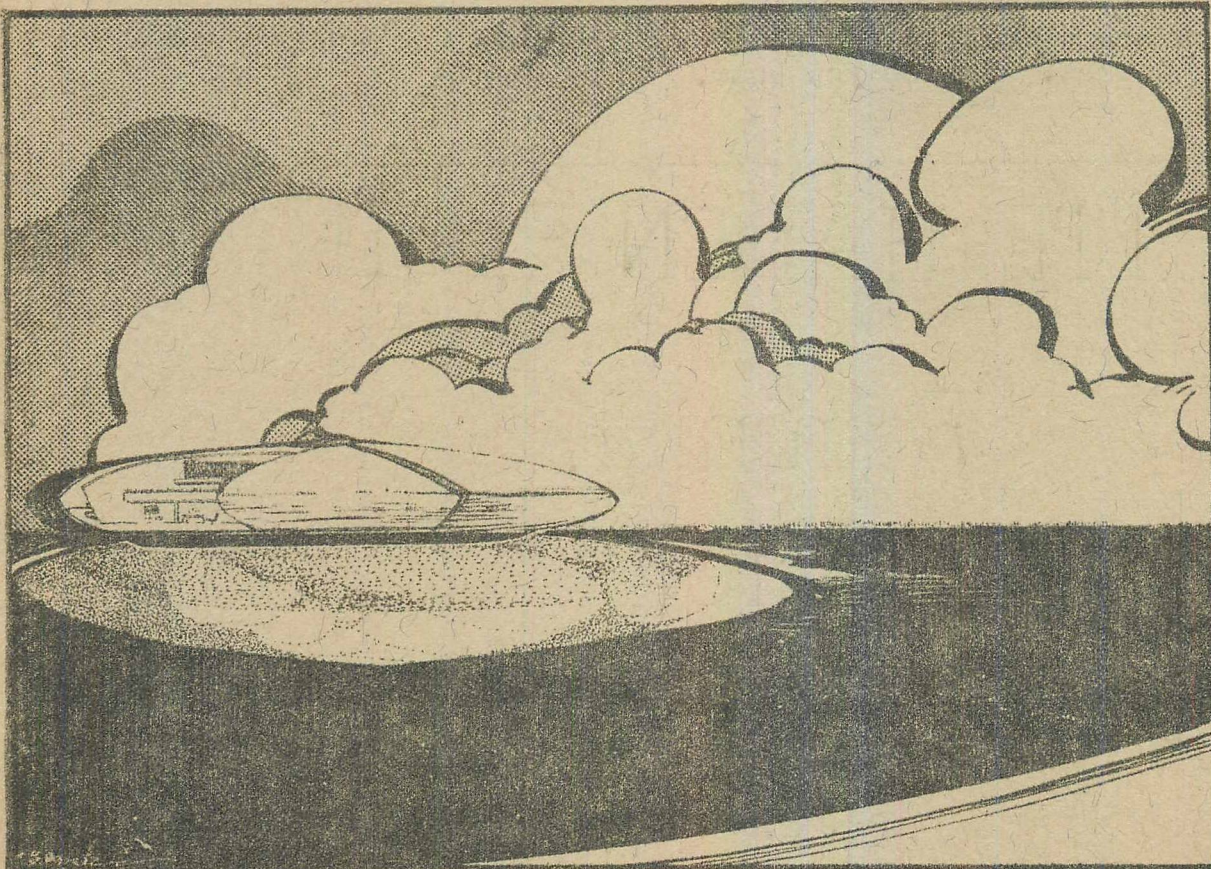
Groan...the long wait before you see it published and see how the printers fuck it up. "What will the gods (or worse, my mother) say?" Ahhhh!

The best thing for you to do is to go home (however humble), and keep on drawing and painting. Even take the time to learn some more production room knowledge about repro...

If you want to keep eating, you'll keep working despite setbacks, and you'll keep entertaining us, The Public (heaven or hell forgive us). Hooray for you!

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Next time around I'll discuss why anyone in his right mind would want to be taken away from it all in a flying saucer. See ya around.





DEAR Jerry:

Somewhere, I say, somewhere in this house is some absolutely marvelously written and lucid work I did all the previous times I sat down to write this article for you but got interrupted by sensuous, slinky Siamese pussycats who believe that my sitting at the typewriter is a call to cuddle.

I know it is not under my pile of library books, because I put them on top of the box of Whitman's milk chocolates I bought to console me for the misery of my cold, and I put that on top of Don-o-Saur which I wanted to loc, and I put that on top of Nimble Needle Treasures which I haven't looked at yet.

I'm really in the mood to finish this thing off, because after all you did sort of blackmail me in the last Spanish Inquisition even though you spelled my name wrong.

This marvelously written and lucid writing I told you about is not sandwiched between issues 8 and 9 of Wild Fennel, either, although it was fun looking for it there. And for sure it is nowhere near the SFC which arrived today from Australia. Howsom-ever, it is in the house. The last time I saw it to remember it, it was on this table just before the exterminator came, which was the Monday before Thanksgiving.

Aha!

It was on top of the telephone book, in a denim clipboard with a Wrangler pocket. So now you know.

SUZETTE HADEN ELGIN:

Feminist,

Jester,

or Mocker of beings of  
the opposite persuasion



Suzette Haden Elgin's novels are peopled by amusing but not very effective men and strong, intellectual women with superior empathic abilities. Because of these abilities they are taken from their parents in early childhood and sequestered to increase their abilities (psibilities). Naturally the women end up with severe emotional disorders, but on the planets in question a who'd a thunk it attitude prevails among the powers that be...male, as it happens.

SHE writes of weighty matters with a light hand, and has fun doing it.

(Pardon me, the cat has arrived. Who can resist the soft rumble of her purr, the silken luxury of her fur, her raucous, demanding "Mmyarr?")

Communipaths, her first major work, is a novelette (half of an Ace Double). Suzette Haden Elgin sets the story on a planet called Iris; most of the action takes place within a Maklunite Community. Briefly, a crazy woman of very strong psibilities disrupts the Maklunite Community and intergalactic communications by trying, unsuccessfully, to hide her unregistered infant's high factor Q (above normal psibility). Anne-Charlotte is determined to keep her child from manning a Communipath Station on the Bucket. Coyote Jones, agent for the Tri-Galactic Intelligence Service, arrests her and deposits the baby in the Creche, where registered high factor Q babies are raised. Anne-Charlotte comes to a sticky end trying to rescue the child. She teleports herself into the side of an oncoming freighter.

It's not so much the story, but how you get there. In getting there you learn about the Maklunite religion, which pops up again in SHE's other work. It is one of the three largest religions in the galaxy. The dome-dwellings are in clusters, there is a day of the week set aside for good thoughts, and possessions are okay if you don't get possessive about it. Maklunites are gentle people. This makes Anne-Charlotte appear amazingly self-centered, because she inflicts her mental agony on everyone in the community. But The Only Man She Ever Loved died while she was pregnant with their galactic disturbance of a child. Both parents had a high factor Q, and neither was emotionally suited for life as a Communipath. They were determined that their child should not be one either. Anne-Charlotte had been raised in the Creche, away from normal family life. She was crazy. The linkage is in your mind.

Furthest, (Ace, 1971) is set in another religious society. This one has so many taboos, guidelines and restrictions, in addition to a completely average planet profile, that TGIS finds it strange and sends in agent Coyote Jones. (A failed Maklunite. He was possessive about his possessions.) Within a very few sentences Elgin establishes Jones as an amiable boob. "He...had gained himself a reputation as a harmless idiot offworlder..." SHE has him mooning over swirling water, feeling creepy when touched gently all over by innumerable tiny invis-

Laura Haney



ible hands, and inept as an intelligence agent -- my kind of guy. Except "he could not remember a single occasion when the Fish has (sic) called for him that he had not managed to make the comsystem ring at the single most inappropriate moment possible, generally when Coyote had just managed after a great deal of trouble to make some beautiful woman absolutely ready to be absolutely happy." He's a sexist boob.

Coyote's first break as an agent of Furthest comes when his helper at the mesh (entertainment center) announces that he has a criminal sister he would like Coyote to shield from the forces of unreasoning law.

Well, lo and behold, she has the same unhappy background as Anne-Charlotte: she was taken from her parents and raised in a government institution. Trained at great expense to be a sacred whore of the government, as she put it. The government did not appreciate her reference to their training centers as whorehouses, and they didn't like her refusal to marry the man she was given to (as a political favor), so she was sentenced to erasure. Very simple. She is a rebel; rebels are mad; therefore she deserves erasure.

At the Seventh Level (DAW, 1971), is set in still another planet where religious and governmental rulings are inextricably intertwined. Jacinth is removed from her parents' home at age 10, when she attains the highest position in the profession of Poetry (SHE's caps, not mine.)

In a male dominant society, Jacinth outranks all the men. In a society where women exist solely for the pleasure of men, she is deprived of all contact with the opposite sex. "The more Jones sat near her, the more he felt that what he saw in her eyes was perhaps not the effect of drugs alone but of some subtle warping of the mind, some trace of the ancient sickness they called 'madness'."

Poetry, by the way, is the sole profession women are permitted to enter, and if they fail, they are sentenced to a life of solitary confinement. Nice planet. Jacinth's aunt failed and subsequently goes mad.

Coyote Jones is called in because she says someone is poisoning her, and no one of the planet can find out who is doing it or how, Jones, who is used to verbal lambasts from his lady, is floored by the groveling of the two women he is given. He is nearly killed by a professional criminal who duly registered his crime with the police before committing it. Eventually he discovers the source of Jacinth's anguish.

Three things scream at me from these novels: isolation of ladies causes madness; men are dolts; rebels are driven crazy by governments that are crazy.

It is no accident that Elgin chooses women as the isolated ones. In childhood, women are told not to be tomboyish. Should they succeed in attaining a man's job at a man's pay rate, women are often left out of the office camaraderie. (Jacinth) Fill in the rest of the social slights yourself. In any case, extended isolation can drive anybody crazy.

Men are dolts: Coyote Jones is not exceptionally bright. His possibilities are such that he can send nonverbal messages to mass audiences



but nothing short of a mental thunderstorm could penetrate his skull. Other men in the novels of SHE are one-dimensional. The powerful criminal czar in At the Seventh Level is powerful; the government official is official; the interpreter interprets. Only Coyote's helper at the mesh (Furthest) gets another dimension: adolescent alien male. He reasons more clearly on some things than does Coyote, but where an adolescent male would snicker, he snickers. Coyote never snickers.

Perhaps Suzette Haden Elgin's men are dolts only in comparison with her beautiful, exceptionally intelligent women. Tzana Kai is Coyote's lady. She is smarter, quicker and more vitriolic than he. Bess (Furthest) is constructed in her image; she is erased, but manages to leave Coyote a daughter who scares him to death.

Rebels are driven crazy by governments that are crazy: the clearest example of this is At the Seventh Level. After Jacinth rebels, takes the poetry examinations and achieves the seventh level of proficiency, there is a war. This first societal upheaval says in effect that it is all right for a woman to attain the highest religious/academic role possible; she needs another upheaval to erase the shame a man in that society is bound to feel in serving a woman. Her position and her sex forbid her speaking to just anyone, and her sex keeps her from the privileges a man in her position would have--concubines.

You could look at Suzette Haden Elgin's writings as a hearty condemnation of men, except they make you laugh; they also make it clear that there is no indication that a galaxy run by women would be any better.



Continued from page 27.

"Sure." I took out my wallet and handed him a dollar. We walked to the door.

It looked like the same setup as at Maybry's, guy at a cash register with a rubber stamp.

I paid my dollar, held out my hand, and noted "First Class Mail" stamped clearly in bold black ink on my right hand. I took a step forward, noted the interior, a bit plusher than Maybry's, the hordes of girls there, and the relative lack of guys to match them. It's going to be a good night, I thought.

I turned to look at Kevin. He had handed the guy his dollar, and was holding out his hand.

"Can I see an ID, please?"

"I left it at home." A true story.

"I'm sorry, but we can't accept that."

I spoke up. "It's true; he did forget it. Had to borrow a buck from me to get in."

"Look, you're probably telling the truth, but we can't take any chances."



# A Handful of

## NONE OF THE MAVERICK BROTHERS WERE GIRLS

This summer I chanced upon a book titled Popcorn Venus by Marjorie Rosen which proved to be a basically superficial study of Woman in the Movies. This led me to seek out From Reverence to Rape by Molly Haskell, a much fuller and more intelligent treatment of the same subject. (The preceding is an unpaid, unpolitical, unsolicited endorsement. In these troubled times, it's best to make such things clear.)

Both women consider their subject historically from the same theoretical viewpoint--an examination of the reciprocity between the screen image and "real life." Both reflect that movies have rarely done justice to women as complete people, and that this fact has influenced women towards assuming one-dimensional stereotypical personae. (Ms. Haskell is particularly vehement on this point.)

Well, I agree strongly. And I would certainly recommend either or both of the books. However, I don't intend to review them here. (Surprise!) Because, you see, reading them led me to extrapolate (in the best sf tradition). It occurred to me that, for the generations growing up in the fifties, the most pertinent and influential medium was not the Silver Screen but the Tiny Tube. Most of our parents, I imagine, had neither time, nor money, nor patience to take us to the movies frequently. Ah, but the tv we had always with us! The day-by-day exposure undoubtedly made a greater impression than the occasional Swiss Family Robinson. My family, for example, had a set from about 1948. In 1948 I was four years old, your basic Very Impressionable Age.

I began to think back to the programs that I watched as a mere girl-child, and what images they reflected to me. It became quickly clear that the subject was certainly worth an entire book.

If someone would like to give me a \$10,000 advance, I'd love to write it. Barring that eventuality, I'd like to at least invite you all to return with me now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, if you can take it, and share my search for the well-rounded heroines, the Katherine Hepburns, of series television.

--There was, I recall, on Howdy Doody a vacuous Indian Maiden whose only function was decorative.

--Back in the early days, in Pittsburgh, Mister Rogers (who has since become Misterogers Neighborhood and moved into the big time) featured a kindergarten teacher-type, named Josie Cary, whose very voice could well have given dental caries and diabetes to every child in the audience.



# BLUEBERRIES



--What can be said of the female Mouseketeers? If you were dark (Italian, Jewish, but never black) you presumably identified with Annette. If you were fair, Uncle Walt had provided Karen to emulate. The two of them, taken together, were probably the Shirley Temple of the fifties. We all know what happened to Annette as she grew older. Karen, however, disappeared. (My own opinion is that she was grafted onto Annette's chest.)

--Annie Oakley was ugly.

--Everyone else was either Lassie's mother or a dippy wife in a sit-com.

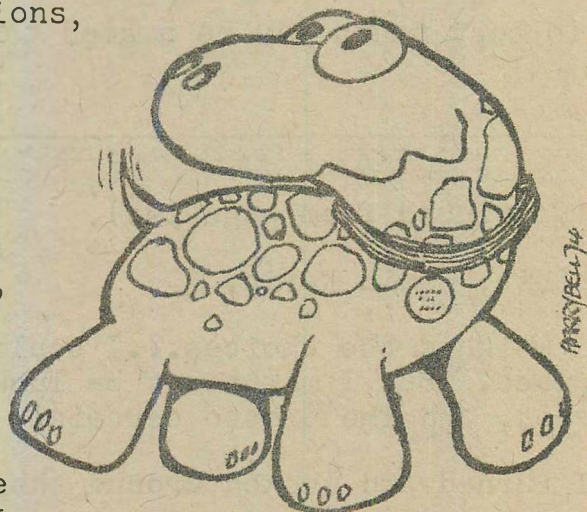
The only exception I can remember is Corky and White Shadow on the Mouse Club. Corky had Adventures, and I do remember her fondly. What she did not have apparently, was popularity like Spin and Marty who had sequels well into puberty.

Other than Corky, the kids having adventures on tv were, of course, boys. Rusty and Rinty, Joey & Fury, What's-His-Name and his Elephant. These shows didn't even have mothers, or any other continuing female characters, a trend which became more obvious as I and the medium got older.

Consider, for instance, Wagon Train, a huge hit in its time. How, one might not expect a lady drover on Rawhide (although there were some in real life) but one wonders at the exclusion of the pioneer woman from Wagon Train, except as guest star. I can think of no particular reason why Major Adams could not have been married.

Or, examine the Warner Brothers productions, in those days of their ABC-TV reign.

(Cheyenne, Sugarfoot, Lawman, Maverick, et al.) The studio practically created a genre -- The Reluctant Hero, roaming through the West from adventure to adventure. Like Rusty & Rinty, the boys were still having all the fun. And it was fun. I watched most of these shows, Maverick particularly, faithfully, and it did not then cross my mind to question that Pa Maverick bred only sons, apparently without female involvement since Ma Maverick was never mentioned. (As a matter of strict fact, some of the individual episodes that I remember best featured a character named Samantha Crawford, who was a Maverick sister in spirit, if not in name.





Which brings us, historically, to Bonanza. On this program the principle of female superfluousness was raised to an art and the phrase, "a fate worse than death," took on new and bizarre connotations. "A fate worse than death" was becoming in any way emotionally involved with Pa or his progeny, for such involvement inevitably led to dire consequences. I would suggest that the message these scenarios communicated to the female viewing audience was warped, to put it mildly. (Route 66 picked up on this idea. Tod and Buzz left dead and maimed women scattered about the whole of the continental U.S.)

Well, at this point in my life I went off to a boarding school and didn't see much tv for a long while, so my stroll down Memory Lane sort of stumbles off into the thicket of adolescence. I do note that things are better now. Sesame Street and Electric Company have real women on them. All of the Walton kids are recognizable as people. And Mary Tyler Moore, perhaps as a reaction to all her years as Dick Van Dyke's Dippy Wife has produced several sit-coms with fully functioning adult females as major characters. (If anyone would like to voice serious criticism of Mary Richards, let them first think back to My Little Margie. We've come a long way, baby.)

Indeed, think back and wonder--how did any girl-child growing up in the fifties and early sixties ever manage to cope with such a barrage of assaults on her femininity and humanity?

That, as Rudyard Kipling oft said, is a tale to be told another time. (Specifically, in the next issue of Span Inq.) So stay tuned and I, with a little help from my friends, will reveal to you a Secret of the Universe.

Until then, remember. Women are not just grown-up girls.

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To copy truth may be a good thing, but to invent truth is much better.

Guiseppe Verdi

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(Continued from page 19.)

"Shit," said Kevin.

I weighed the choices...I could stick with my friend, and try another place. But I might not be lucky enough to get in a different night spot, and The Grotto certainly looked promising tonight.

I turned and looked around the room.

A bewitching creature was smiling at me over the lip of her glass.

"I'll see you later, Kevin," I said. "Why don't you try The Fiddler's, across the street."

Then I slowly and determinedly walked across that room to meet that bewitching creature.

Mike Gorra.



# ! rummy !

I didn't get into one of my favorite night spots last weekend.

Not because they carded me, and I lacked a fake ID. Fake, because I'm underage.

No, I didn't get in because the phony rubber stamp on my hand didn't work.

Maybry's Hotel ("Hotel?" I've never heard of anybody renting a room there, except by the hour...) has a \$1.50 cover charge. After you pay, the guy at the door stamps your hand with a rubber stamp, so that you can go in and out without paying again. So one night, two friends; John and Doug, and I went there. We weren't sure that we would get in, but they didn't hassle us. The place seemed a far sight better than any other nearby spot; there was a live band and lots of people dancing, so we made plans to go back there the next week.

I don't give a damn about the buck and a half, but my friends are a good bit cheaper than I am. They decided that when we returned, we'd rubber-stamp ourselves ahead of time, flash our hands at the door and breeze right in.

Saturday night came and we got a rubber stamp marked "Pequot Inn" and an ink pad from my father's store. The stamp was about the same size as the one Maybry's used the week before. Doug, the artist in the group, applied the stamp to the backs of our right hands, smudging it enough to make it illegible in the semi-darkness of the discotheque floor. Since last week's stamp had also been illegible, we would be able to get in.

I went in first. I flashed my hand to the doorkeeper. He took it, looked at it, shook his head and smiled. "Dollar fifty," he said.

I shrugged, took out my wallet and paid up. He took my left hand and stamped it.

A fine-lined, perfectly legible little stamp, the antithesis of the one from last week.

They were smarter than we thought. When I went there a third time, I found that they had yet another stamp, totally different again--and they were now using red ink as well.

Getting turned down for a most unusual reason reminded me of all the times that I've been unable to purchase liquor for the usual reason--lack of an ID--and of all the times when by virtue of an aged appearance, I've circumvented the law, and gotten away with buying, thereby achieving a status symbol peculiar to teenagers, that of seeming older

## mike gorra



than you are.



The first time I ever bought liquor for myself was on a trip with John and Doug to Fishers Island, New York. Fishers Island lies just off the eastern Connecticut shoreline, but by some quirk of fate and fortune, it's a part of New York. New York has had a drinking age of eighteen from time immemorial. Connecticut, at the time, had a majority age of 21.

I was fifteen at the time, and my friends were fourteen. We had hoped to buy several sixpacks of beer as part of our adventure, but weren't sure whether we'd be able to get them ourselves, or would have to give somebody else the money to buy them for us.

We brought our bikes with us, and while my friends pedalled on in quest of a beach, I stopped at the main shopping center on

the island, a grocery store and a package store.

The package store didn't carry beer.

The grocery store did. I went in, poked around for awhile, building up my nerve. I was half afraid that they'd turn me over to the police if I didn't have an ID. Finally I asked the kid at the register, who didn't look any older than I, for a cold six pack of Budweiser.

"You have to get it from the guy at the meat counter," he said.

My spirits soared. If he wasn't going to sell to me, he wouldn't have told me that. The guy at the meat counter wouldn't ask for an ID; that was up to the person checking me out. A minute later I walked out with six of those beautiful red, white and blue cans. I put them in the saddle bag of my bike (the flap wouldn't close completely, but they would ride safely) and took off.

While riding up a hill in the direction my friends had gone, I heard two kids whom I passed say to each other in awe, "That kid's saddle bag is stuffed with beer!"

The second time I bought beer was later that summer in Connecticut. It was at Ocean Beach Park, a nearby amusement area, on the final night of the Polkabration. The Polkabration is a ten day polka festival, drawing crowds from hundreds of miles around. Reputedly, area hotels are booked up a year in advance for those ten days.



Polka music makes me sick. But there are usually lots of people down there, especially young, nubile not-so-maidens. Some of them wear bright red or white knee boots for dancing that make them look like hookers. In fact, John went up to one girl and asked how much.

We didn't know that it was polka night when we set out with the intention of getting drunk, though. It didn't make any difference; we were so far gone that even if we had picked up some girls, we wouldn't have been able to do anything.

I was still fifteen, and John and Doug were still fourteen. We had gotten bombed before going there, on warm beer that John's older sister had gotten her boyfriend's older brother to get for us. (See how complicated these things can be when you live in a benighted state where the drinking age is 21? Now the age in Connecticut is 18, and the place is much more civilised.) We had each killed a six-pack, but we wanted more. Finally, I built up enough nerve to go into the beer tavern off the boardwalk.

I put my fifty cents down on the bar and said in a voice that I hoped didn't sound too drunk, "Let me have a draft Schaefer, please." The bartender took my money and filled a plastic cup with foamy beer.

God, but after six warm Budweisers, an ice cold Schafer tasted great. And I don't even like Schaefer.

That was a crazy evening. Now that we knew we could get served, we went out of our skulls trying to get money to buy more beer; we'd only started with three dollars between us, and spent most of it on food. We finally borrowed some from a friend of Doug's older brother, a guy who had worked for my father the summer before. He practically went into hysterics when we told him what it was for, and he admonished us, "I didn't get bombed until I was going to be a junior. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

We weren't.

The girls who were to have given us a ride home left before we could find them (probably from fear of being raped in the car...) and we walked the three miles to the tent in John's yard where we were to spend the night singing horny songs.

The next morning I was hungover for the first time in my life.

I remember the first time I ever got carded. Oddly enough, it was the only time so far that I've had an ID with me. And it still didn't work.

I was in Florida, on vacation with my parents. It was a few days after Christmas, 1972. A bunch of kids were sitting around the hotel pool, and one girl wished that she had a beer. In my fifteen-year-old-eager-to-impress-anything-with-tits-horniness, I offered to go get some. I asked another kid for the use of his fake ID, and he gave me the key to his room so I could get it.

Once in his room, I rummaged through his pants for his ID. There were



two of them, a draft card and a class II driver's license. Like a fool, I thought the license would be enough, and just took that to the 7-11 across the street.

I picked up a six-pack of Michelob from the beercase, and brought it to the checkout counter. I took out my money. The old man tending the register looked at me, and said, "Can I see an ID, please?" Confidently, I took it out. He looked at it, turned it over, and shook his head. "Do you have a Selective Service card, sir?"

"No, I left it at the hotel." As soon as I said those words, I knew I should have said, "No, I burned it in '69."

"I am sorry, sir, but we can not honor this." He handed it to me and put the beer under the counter. I went dejected back across the street. But nobody seemed to notice my failure, and within ten minutes I was sitting in another room, a gin and tonic in my hand, watching a bowl game.

The next time I got asked for an ID, I didn't have one, and I got away with it.

It was two months later, and I was at Mt. Snow, the Las Vegas of Vermont. The drinking age there is 18. I went with a few other kids that I'd met around the heated pool to a place called The Doctor's. Unlike the bars we frequent around here, where there's a guy at the door who checks ID's before you go in, this place let anybody in and checked when you went up for a drink.

I talked with the other kids, also from Connecticut, for awhile, then went up to the bar. It was fantastically well stocked--I think there were about ten bottles of everything. I finally ordered a creme de cacao on the rocks. The bartender looked at me and asked for an ID.

"I don't have one," I replied.

He nodded, and then said quickly, hoping to catch me, "When were you born?"

I wasn't prepared for this, but I'd had experiences with things like it before. Some local movie theaters had tried to refuse my friends and me admittance, by saying that kids under the age of 16 couldn't get into movies after 6:00 pm unless there was somebody over 16 with them. They'd ask me for my age, since I looked the oldest, and I was never quick enough to say "16," and we always lost out.

So I replied, as quickly as I could, "February 17, 1955." I had just turned 16, and February 17 was my real birthday. To keep things as simple as I could, I just knocked the date back two years.

For some reason I slurred the last "five" and it came out sounding more like a "six." But the bartender said ok, poured me a drink, and then that delicious chocolate was being swirled about my mouth. I walked back to the table in the next room where the other kids were, and they asked incredulously, "You bought that yourself?"



I nodded happily, and my stature in their eyes doubled.

Certain liquor stores and bars develop a reputation for checking ID's. Maybry's is supposed to be one, though I'd say that their reputation is largely undeserved; most of the other area discotheques and a few of the package stores have the same reputation.

But all of these pale beside the reputation of Silva's Package Store. Silva's is renowned throughout Southeastern Connecticut as having the strictest salespeople. I know one twenty-year-old who's a frequent customer, and every time he gets carded.

I've been there, and succeeded. There is, however, a gimmick to it...

Silva's has a large wine selection. They pride themselves on it. So when I entered the store I browsed in the two thirds of the store devoted to wine, eyeing the Burgundies and Liebfraumilchs and Chablis. I talked with the proprietor for a few minutes about wine: which ones I like and why. Ah, he must have thought, this is a discerning young man. He knows what is good in life--not like his peers, who come in and buy cases of beer and cheap bottles of brandy and sweet wine. And it's true; I suppose I do know more about wine than most kids my age; I'd certainly prefer a carafe of even crumby Paul Masson to a couple of bottles of beer.

Then I moved on to cordials. To the average 18-year-old with a newly minted majority card, they're even more esoteric than wine; there's no reason for most kids to drink them, since they're relatively expensive and it's too hard to get drunk on them. I spent a few minutes talking about my favorites, and of how I prefer creme de cacao to almost any other drink.

I had him fooled. Nobody who might possibly be underage knows much about wine and cordials, since they're designed more for the palate than for a quick drunk. I was definitely Of Age.

It must have blown his mind when, after ten minutes of fairly intelligent conversation, I bought a bottle of Ripple.

I can't remember when the last time I got carded was; it just might have been about a year ago. In six months it won't make any difference in Connecticut and surrounding states, because I'll be eighteen.

Some of my friends aren't so lucky.

Last night, I went to a place I hadn't been in before, a discotheque called The Grotto. I went with a kid I work with, Kevin. He's eighteen, but I look older than he does.

I parked the car and we got out. As we walked to the door, he suddenly stopped and felt for his wallet. "Shit!"

"What's wrong?"

"Forgot my wallet. Can you loan me a buck for the cover charge?"



# Sheep In

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ont M6P 2S3

Look, I don't really mind that you don't write me long meaty letters of comment on my fanzines any more (or that one of you never did.) I don't really mind that you've switched from consumer to producer in the fanzine fields. But goddamn, people, did you have to do such a great job and make it look so damn easy on the very first try? I can't recall a fanzine that's been this impressive in its infancy since Dave Locke started Awry a couple of years back. It's really fine.

Visually, it's really fine, too. Despite the thin paper, it looks good. Neat printing, nice graphics, good design. Artwork's a little rough, but certainly not bad. A worthy fanzine by any standards of appearance. And the contents are definitely superior to most current fanzines.

((Thank you for the praise, but it isn't quite warranted. This is far from a first effort for Suzle, who coedited the first seven issues of one fanzine and one issue of another. Any visual class we have is from her experience. JAK))

I went to the Washington Zoo at Disclave, and back again at Discon, partly to see the pandas I'd missed on the earlier trip. I enjoyed myself thoroughly both times, being a zoo freak from way back. I refreshed some old but dear memories this summer with a full day at the incredible London Zoo, and spent another pleasant afternoon at the Marwell Zoo in southern England. This is a brand new park, not in or even near any particularly huge city, and they've been able to provide most of the animals with absolutely enormous enclosures and pastures. The numbers of animals is limited, but it's so good to see them relatively unhampered. And it was here that I saw the most astonishing sight I've ever seen at a zoo; a sight to make the most monstrous stream of pachyderm piss seem puerile.

I had arrived at an enclosure for two tapirs and saw one standing up and another apparently asleep beside it. There seemed something odd about the standing tapir. I'd never seen one with five legs before. I took a closer look. I rubbed my eyes. I peered in disbelief, dragging the opening scenes of 2001 (aha! a movie reference; now you can quote this loc!) into my memory for collaboration. They didn't jibe with what I was seeing. Here was this normal size creature with the biggest, longest, fullest, most stupendous penis I've ever seen in my life. It hung to the ground, a good eighteen inches of glistening pink flesh, surmounted by a head the size and shape of a goodly cabbage. It quite literally boggled the mind.

## The Wainscoting



DEAR  
JERRY &  
SUZLE



After a few moments of developing a hearty reverence for the marvels of nature, I started to enjoy the reactions of the people approaching the pen for the first time. Many quite obviously didn't have the faintest idea that there was anything worth seeing, but stared blankly in for a few seconds before wandering mindlessly off to the next site. (I have a healthy lack of respect for the general public.) Some couldn't stand the thought of what they were seeing: a rather bedraggled woman surrounded by five or six youngsters about six to ten caught on, and was loudly asked by one young charge, "'Ere, Mum, what's that big thing it's got?" She caught my eye as she left and raised frantic eyebrows towards the sky, as she dragged her brood away towards the ostriches. I couldn't help but wonder whether she sympathized with the lady tapir as she swirled away in a storm of off-spring.

By now, the excited tapir was even more erect. His ominous organ now stretched out parallel to his body, seemingly close to two feet long, with a head that had to be six inches in diameter. It was about this time that my cousin and his rather ingenuous fiancée arrived. My cousin, being a sharp sort of fellow, realized what he was privileged to be watching and caught my eye with an appreciative glance. It took Rosemary quite a bit longer, though. She suddenly gasped, however, and made the strangest "Ohhh...ooowww..." sounds. I wondered if she was thinking of calling off the wedding...

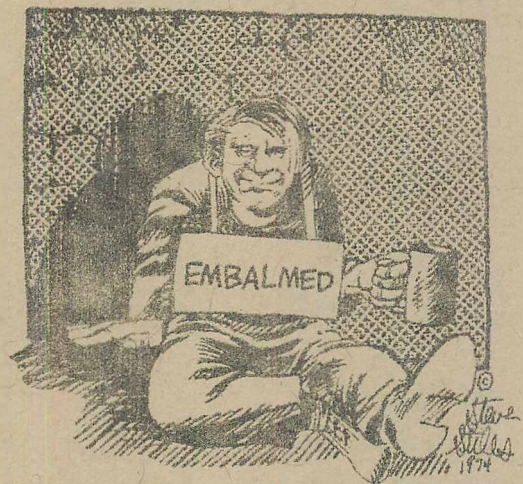
Mr Tapir was by now nudging the sleeping beast with his cudgel. I assume that the dormant creature was a she; or perhaps they've got some pretty queer animals at Marwell. "Wake up, dear; I've got a



little something for you," murmured my cousin, and we respectfully took our leave. It is not something I'll ever forget, though, I can assure you.

I enjoyed your editorial ramblings about your fannish ramblings, Jerry. As a person who has always found it very difficult to open up to other people (as you well know), I was particularly interested in your remarks about conversations you'd had with people you'd known for years. I'm

glad I'm not the only one in that sort of situation. Unfortunately, I've discovered that it often doesn't pay to open up to people since many things told under a request of confidence get relayed to a greater audience than was intended. I suppose I'm just a naturally suspicious and cynical old misanthrope. So it goes. (I don't refer to you, by the way, so don't feel offended.)



((You certainly are. I didn't say anything about "opening up" to anyone, or swapping confidences. Just overcoming shyness and holding normal conversations with rewarding people. You do that just fine now, near as I can tell. JAK))

Loren's article is really superb, and I hope he continues to write for you. TS was one of the best-written personalzines of the last few years, and I was really sorry when Loren dropped it. Even if anything that interesting had ever happened to me, I couldn't write it up with the flair that Loren shows. A very human and entertaining story told about as well as I've seen that sort of thing done.

It intrigues me to wonder whether the names for Clarke's story were as carefully selected as John Curlovich suggests they were, or whether there's any coincidence involved. Without asking Clarke, I'm not going to be completely convinced, despite the convincing case made. Too often I've seen more read into an arthur's work than was put there in the first place.

((If John made a convincing case, why aren't you convinced? All doubters may consult John's column in this issue, in which he has a few more words on Clarke. JAK))

Good Suzlecol, highlighted (don't be offended) by more brilliant commentary by your brother, Suzle. Wish I could write that way. (Probably will, too, in a fanzine that isn't likely to overlap with SpanInQ ...) (Howcum no-one's done any jokes about "spaninq all of fandom..." or "spaninq the centuries..."? Do they all possess restraint?) (And of course, there's "Span, span, span, wonderful span...")

((Exit Glicksohn, to the sound of canned laughter. If other fanneds do not restrain similar exhibits of "humour", we will restrain trades, Justice department or no. JAK))



Katy Curtis, RD 2, Saegertown, Pa 16433

Everything you said about Mom is true. I really must admit she knows what she is talking about, most of the time. She's been in fandom practically from the start! By the way, Mom's name is spelled "Betsy."

Thanks for spelling my name correctly.

I love both Jodie and Andy Offutt, so I was very pleased to see a letter from Jodie in SpanInq. I must say that I agree with Jodie on the subject of movie critics and reviewers. As I understand, Rex Reed started as an avid movie fan and has turned into a critic with the view that the old way was best. Some critic. Sheesh!

I have racked my brain and simply cannot remember any mynah bird in the old cartoons. I do of course remember and love the little Martian and K-9. However, I must say that I couldn't stand most of the Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Road Runner or Woody Woodpecker cartoons. (As Maggie and Don would say, "He's the type of person who would laugh at a Woody Woodpecker cartoon." This is meant as a great putdown of that particular person.) Except I did like the occasional characters such as the Tasmanian devil. And the only reason I ever watched Pop-eye was for the "irrelevant details" as in the old Smokey Stover comics. No-one ever did quite match the "minute unimportant trivia" details in that gem of a comic.

Harry Warner, Jr, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md 21740

Loren MacGregor's article frightened me terribly. I hate travel under the best of conditions, and I found myself empathizing over the loss of the wallet, imagining myself in that position, and feeling something of the blind panic that I'm sure would take over if it happened to me. (When I went to the Discon, I provided myself with so many backup resources that I was still running across some of them two weeks after I got home: a couple of blank checks in a magazine, for instance, where I'd stuck them on the theory I'd be reading it on the bus and might need them if both luggage and wallet vanished to an ambidextrous pick-pocket.) Maybe it will be a fan who writes the next great novel on the topic since Steinbeck's The Wayward Bus, and this is odd. Passenger trains are fading as a means of transportation in this nation and yet there must be ten stories depending on passenger trains for important plot elements for every one that deals with buses.

I didn't see Easy Rider so any comments I can make on it are untrustworthy. But from this summary of the plot and treatment, I can't see much validity in the religious symbolism theory. From this second-hand experience of the film, I find myself wondering if it wasn't conceived as a cinema equivalent of Kipling's poem about sisters under the skin. Isn't it possible that these two central characters are symbols of the average American, despite their external differences? Consider: When they find themselves with enough money to stop worrying about income, what do they do? Head to Florida to retire, just like hundreds of thousands of Americans who have accumulated a pile and don't want to work any longer. What do they want to visit? New Orleans, perhaps the worst tourist trap in the nation, the very place for which a modern Babbitt would head. Like the average American, they



patronize a brothel, indulge in drugs, attend a religious project, in a desultory and one-shot fashion, without doing anything really different like living a Christian life or looking for the kind of love that isn't bought with money. They're scared of eternal damnation and one of them even dreams about hellfire. One of them carries a flag around with him while giving no evidence of any real sense of patriotism other than the flag-waving type. Maybe those scenes which seem to depend on contrast really mean that the riders and the apparent bourgeois prudes are really the same people, aside from insignificant appendages like the source of the income and a preference for two instead of four wheels for travel.

((Are you sure you didn't see Easy Rider? Your analysis is shaped from my summary, so I agree with you. I did see a system of religious images throughout the film, and I was trying to explain them, since the cyclists themselves are hardly saints. I was also trying to explain why so many people saw them as saints and either liked or hated the picture because of this. JAK))

The Fanzine Index which Steve Miller asked about was reprinted by Harold Piser in 1965, with the Coulsons doing the production work. But I don't know what happened to all the unsold copies that were left when Piser died, and the reprint did no updating at all. The Pavlat-Evans volume was very accurate in its listings but slightly incomplete for the period covered, particularly in apa publications. After almost a quarter-century, I doubt if anyone will ever be able to bring the project up to date; the best we can hope for, I suspect, is listings of isolated aspects of fanzine fandom, like apa indexes, checklists of all known fanzines emerging from this or that city, and fanzines dealing with a specialized field like HPL or Tolkien.

This old typewriter is quite ill. I had to take the ribbon off twice on the first page, accounting for the smudges, and several other types of therapy have been needed. It's an Underwood and the Underwood agency in Hagerstown is in the middle of a block which is torn up for street improvements with no parking for a block in any direction, so I'm trying to keep this machine alive with home nursing care until the street permits me to take it in without destroying my own body in the long walk between parking place and repair shop. I'm sure this typewriter has put on weight in old age, just like a human.

Elizabeth Buchan-Kimmerly, 103 James St, Ottawa, Ont. (written from Mike Glicksohn's apartment)

There are two reasons which prompt me to write you: First is that here in the hallowed home of Energumen, Xenium, and by a little stretch, Amor and Aspidistra, the air has something in it that prompts me to write. The second is that I think I can tell Ginjer who should play Sandra Miesel--Glenda Jackson...she isn't as pretty of course but she could do the style right. As well, I wanted to ask if anyone knew that in the CBC version of Howdy Doody was, as host, one Timber Tom--who later went on to become a gas station attendant in BP gas commercials and a truly great character in Willow the Witch, played by Barbara Hamilton. I remember being in the Peanut Gallery once. My little sister and I got the afternoon off school. It was a great disappointment. I hadn't realized that the short people were puppets (I can't remember how I rationalized Flapdoodle) and when Clarabelle



had the fight with a broom, we in the studio could see the stagehand manipulating it. Then they gave each kid a box of Sugar Pops (one-serving size) and we all went home. Later on one of the kids in my little sister's class became "Maggie Muggins" but the bloom was off the oyster permanently.

"Tra La La La La Loon  
Fitzgerald Fieldmouse went to the Moon  
I don't know what will happen tomorrow"

Oh, that was three things wasn't it? And I didn't even do it on purpose. Well, tell Ms. Tompkins that for Ruthless Efficiency you can substitute cardamon--but only if you grind it fresh.

((We've got this special section of comments on the casting of Wretched! in the back of the lettercol, but couldn't remove your comment for fear of your letter falling to pieces, it being most organic...While listening to "Buffalo" Bob Smith on tv, we learned that Timber Tom was Robert Goulet. Were there several TTs? JAK))

Susan Wood, 2920 Victoria Ave, Apt 12, Regina, Sask S4T 1K7

I have been meaning to loc Spanny (makes a nice fry with potatoes and onions) for a month, because you're nice people and will hate me if I don't. You're also talented. More Suzlecol!

((Maybe if we all said that very loudly, we could convince Suzle. It would help. JAK))

I have been realizing of late, especially since I started holding my night class at home, that I am something of a Role Model for my female students. Egads! They think I'm Exotic, and Freaky and Freespirited, and definitely not like their mothers. It has something to do with knowing at least who I am, I think; a lot to do with enjoying what I'm doing (dramatic readings of Canadian poetic gems); and something also to do with having no furniture, lots of books, and an avocado plant taller than I am. (I made a point of introducing Kermit and the class to each other.) Anyway, I am definitely not Regina Standard Female. I have to be careful; now, though, to actually teach and not just role-play; the problem is, I enjoy the job precisely because it's the next best thing to being a Victorian actress. ("Weird? We never do anything weird.")

I'm glad Loren didn't lose the notes for his column. I like that chaty stle of his, and the way he turns an Unmitigated Disaster ("wail") into an Amusing Anecdote and Revelation of Humanity. Uh, Loren, if I want to qualify as a really fannish free spirit, do I have to buy a guitar and lose my travellers' cheques before I come to visit next summer? ("Well, I was headin' for Melbourne and happened to be in the neighborhood, and...")

And just a little while ago, John Berry was writing about being hit over the head with a pipe and robbed. It's getting harder and harder to keep up with these trufannish activities.



Loren MacGregor, Box 636, Seattle, Wa 98111

I made it back to Seattle, in more or less one piece, with very little happening along the way, unless you count the pigeon that appeared from nowhere in the back of the bus one day, walked up the aisle, and proceeded to sit on the dashboard looking out the windshield. He stayed with us for several hours, finally leaving as we stopped at a restaurant in Utah.

Then there was the condemned bridge we passed over in Idaho, across the Snake River canyon. There are two bridges over the canyon, you see; the river doubles over and back and under and through...which is why it's called the Snake River, of course. As we approached the second one, the driver said, "We are now reapproaching the Snake River. This bridge is slightly higher and slightly wider than the last; other than that, the only difference between the two is the fact that this one is condemned." We all laughed dutifully--the drivers tend to expect it--and then we rounded the corner and saw the sign.

Gives one a secure feeling.

((Another boring trip, Loren? JAK))

Jay Cornell's art folio? That's croggling; last year, at Torcon, Jay Kinney, myself, Dan Steffan (I think) and a few others were trying to convince Jay that he really should try to draw. I even took his first cartoon ever and printed it in Talking-Stock. You might remember it, or maybe not.

But an art folio? I'm going to have to talk to that man--I think he's getting out of control.

The only thing I can say about your special issue of Talking-Stock is that you're crazy, both of you. Utterly mad. And I'm reserving the title "37¢ of Wonder" for my future use.

I really enjoyed John Curlovich, though he might, uh, loosen up just a bit...his article was just a little bit dry. Crackers and no beer, sort of. Generally I'm not overly fond of articles that attempt to "read in" meanings to stories. In this case, though, it worked; John proves his point to my satisfaction.

And then you go on and write the same type of article, Jerry. Two in a row in an issue is a no-no. I think I would have enjoyed your article more if it had been held over for an issue.

About cartoons: Hanna-Barbara has taken over here, too. Did you know that Warner Bros. has sold the rights to all their cartoons, and burned most of the art for them? Recently I was in a tavern and the bartender was watching cartoons on tv (!). Mostly it was Hanna-Barbara, but there was one Caspar the Friendly Ghost cartoon, and it was really stunning. The bar had a color set, and the color in that cartoon was absolutely fantastic--several layers of browns and ambers in one scene, and a very subtle color shift when one of the ghosts floated over an area of furniture or suchlike. The script was horrible, but the animation...



What a pity--it's all gone to waste.

Ross Pavlac, 4654 Tamarack Blvd, Apt B-10, Columbus, Oh 43229

If you're so interested in whether Silverberg's works are personal statements, why don't you ask him? Considering the amount and variety of material he has written, if all of his works are personal statements, he is a very sick schizoid and it's a wonder he's allowed to walk the streets. (The last statement was written cynically.) Silverberg is (in my opinion) sthe best SF writer we have right now.

((I don't ask for three reasons: I'm too shy, I wouldn't necessarily believe his answer (artists have been known to evade, lie or be unaware), and I would rob myself of the fun of speculating: I wouldn't consider everything he ever wrote as personal, either, but since Thorns he has been writing less fiction, and working harder at it. This is the stuff that shows the search for meaning and peace as a theme. JAK))

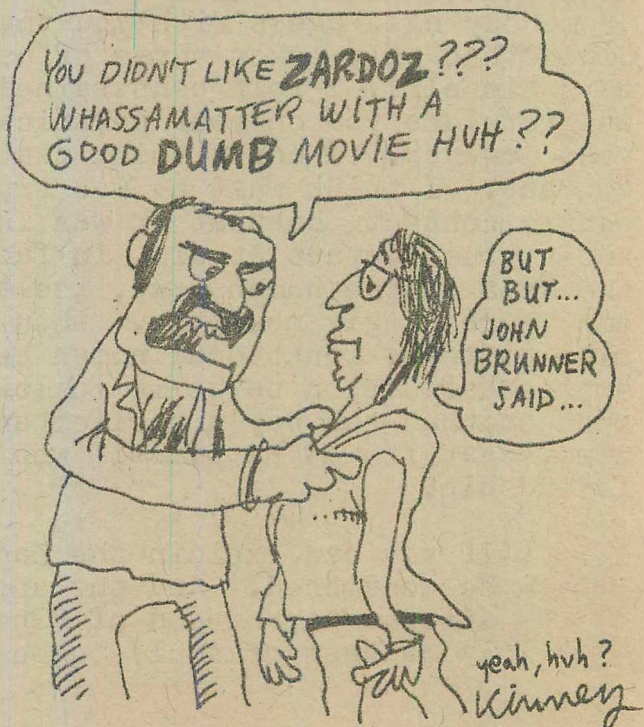
Of course at least part of an author's works are personal statements. But one of the qualities of a good author is his willingness to experiment. This experimentation often involves writing books from viewpoints considerably different than those actually existing in the writer. I have only chatted with Silverberg briefly and can offer no insight as to whether "Born With the Dead" is a persoanl statement. I guess the main thing I am enraged about is your apparent correlation of "word games" with "thematic experiments"--there is a difference between an author seriously experimenting with viewpoints not his own and...am I making any sense? It's been a long day at work, boys and girls.

((Sure, you're making sense. But I don't completely agree with you. Experiments can be fun, but they should be purposeful, too. They should be attempts to develop new means to express new insights, or old insights in refreshing new terms. Silverberg strikes me as a cold and self-contained, and the only we will know his interior life is through his fiction, if he shows it there--still an open question. JAK))

Re your comments on Jodie's letter --if you were trying to imply that the media are reviewing America's history in any particular order, I can't say that I've noticed a pattern. The whole nostalgia thing is a symptom of America's case of mass future/culture shock.

Would you say that Planet of the Apes is nostalgia for the future-- a simpler-minded time?

One of my pet peeves concerning Zar-





doz reviews is the callous manner in which reviewers spill the beans about the meaning of the title. If they were around in the fifties they'd have been muttering about ids and if they were around in the forties they'd have blaring the meaning of "rosebud" to the rooftops!

((And I had to go to Tucker to find out! JAK))

Eli Cohen, 2920 Victoria Ave, Apt 12, Regina, Sask S4T 1K7

Passing lightly over the brilliant idea of interspersing editorial with quotes, let me just comment on Silverberg: I wouldn't equate Nirvana with numbness. A lot of his characters seem to have totally lost the ability to enjoy life, to take pleasure in what they have. But, of course, I don't know either whether this represents his own feelings or not.

I am really glad to see Suzle back in print; I remember Suzlecol fondly from the early Granfalloons, with its air of genteel wit and ladylike charm, interspersed with swearing at the mimeo.

I think John Curlovich is stretching the names a bit, particularly with Wagner. Actually, the name is a clever allusion to Mrs. Wagner's, a now-defunct company that used to sell little 10¢ fruit pies. It cleverly ties in the commercialism of the computer dealer and the Eastern philosophy of the monks (the circle of the pie representing the Taoist unity), while punning on the mathematical "pi," so important to circles, computers and astronomy. For more details on this, see my forthcoming book, The Secrets of the Universe Revealed Through the Oxford English Dictionary, translated from the original Tonkawa.

((We'll be sure to have John review it, as it sounds right up his tree. Of course, he may be out of his tree by then. JAK))

Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Drive, E. Providence, RI 02914

Mike Blake wandered over to our house the other day waving a fanzine. "Somebody else agess with you that Dying Inside has a happy ending." Since that only makes three of us to my knowledge (you, me and Silverberg himself), I felt constrained to drop you at least a brief note to congratulate you on your perspicacity. I don't entirely agree with you, however. I don't think that Silverberg is glorifying the loss of contact. I think what he was trying to demonstrate was that the telepathic contact, because it was inherently unequal and exploitative, was not a true contact at all, in fact, in fact, it separated Selig from the rest of the human race, isolated him within his own ego, and making him increasingly neurotic. When the power disappeared, so did the barrier to real, functional human contact. Remember, his nephew began to express affection to Selig following his loss. In fact, I strongly suspect that the boy's earlier animosity existed only within Selig's mind, that it was he himself who was responsible for their lack of friendship.

((If you can explain the happy ending of "Born with the Dead", I'll be convinced. And the snow at the end of Dying Inside is too similar to the end of "The Dead" by Joyce (where it also means a deadness of soul) to be a coincidence. Silverberg has borrowed



from other writers before (compare Heart of Darkness to Downward to the Earth) so it isn't unlikely that he's doing it again. JAK))

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman, KY 40329

Only Ginger could come up with such a line, then use it as a throw-away as part of a paragraph and part of a sentence: "I survived college and went on to fandom." Beautiful!

Loren must spend most of his time on buses. His wandering adventures are fascinating to read, especially since about the only impulse travelling I'm capable of is deciding to drive an extra few miles to the farmers' market or a yard sale--and then I worry that I mightn't get home in time to fix supper!

((In Loren's new fanzine Quota, he tells about the three hours a day he travels on buses. He also reports that he makes puns. Very revealing fanzine. JAK))

Enjoyed John Curlovich's letter, especially the part about Johnstown. We have people like that in Kentucky. No matter what terrible or wonderful happening has taken place, there are some people whose only comment is "Well." With an accent/inflection impossible to convey on paper. I'll have to say it for you sometime.

Suzle, would you believe that I picked up a bottle of correction fluid not long ago, looked at it, and exclaimed, "That's what corflu is!" I'd seen it lots of times, but knowing it had something to do with the mechanics of pubbing, a facet of fandom I'm not particularly interested in, just never bothered to wonder what it meant.

Nor did I realize that "faunch" was a fannish word. It never occurred to me that I never saw it anyplace else but in fanzines. It's a fairly easy word to get the meaning of from the way it is used. I also thought everybody used "typer." We live and learn. Well.

John Ayotte, 3555 Norwood Ave, Columbus, Oh 43224

Thanks for SpanIng. It must be a little more than earth shaking to see Jerry Kaufman actually editing a genzine...thot it would never happen. I'm not much of a loccer, but if you can become an editor maybe I'll have to reconsider and start writing material and letters and the like. Not yet tho.

((In responding to Ginger Buchanan's column about the movie version of her life, Wretched!, most of our letter writers would either cast themselves or amend Ginger's casting. Since they group so nicely into a little extra letter section, we have given them a place and a subtitle of their own, to wit:



# 'wretched!' EXCESS

About the time most of our letters were coming in, the Village Voice printed "Casting the Watergate Scandals." Joe Flaherty, in this article cast David Frye as Nixon, Peter Boyle as Erlichman, Rex Reed as Ziegler, Tony Perkins as David Eisenhower, Zasu Piits as Pat, Mildred Natwick as Rosemary Woods, to pick a few at random. He seemed to be using our rules, since John Mitchell is played by the late Ed Begley, and he followed Hollywood's lead in casting Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford as Bernstein and Woodward. This demonstrates the attractiveness and usefulness of the Wretched! game: if you don't understand your friends or your leaders, just replace them with actors--if you can't understand them, at least you can enjoy their performances. JAK

John Curlovich: I think you owe it to your readers to pass on the vital intelligence that I have been cast in Wretched! I will be played by Peter Ustinov.

Al Sirois: I enjoyed Ginger Buchanan's thing "A Handful of Blueberries." No deep reasons for liking it--it was something I was in the mood for at the time. I would've chosen Woody Allen for myself, but then my ego gets in the way at times and makes me say things like that...someone else might consider me as Arnold Stang. Don Rickles for Harlan. Or maybe Lenny Bruce. Certainly not Sammy Davis.

Mike Glicksohn: I'm not really enough of a movie person to relate to the casting of the fannish roles for Ginger's friend's movie. I haven't the faintest idea of what Alan Bates has as basic characteristics that might make him good as me, for example. I've seen him in a couple of movies, I'm sure, and once in a live play, but I don't have his essence in my mind. If I was casting myself without regard for physical characteristics, I'd probably choose Dwight Frye.

Harry Warner, Jr: I don't know all the people well enough to get the most total enjoyment from Ginger Buchanan's article. But it amused me immensely in the portions that dealt with individuals whom I'm able to conjure up mentally as real people rather than names which appear in fanzines. I think I've found one serious piece of miscasting, though, and it might cost me my place on the mailing list of your fanzine because it involves Suzle. I can't picture anyone except Diana Rigg in the Sandra Miesel role. I think there's a certain amount of physical resemblance and something akin in personality.

Susan Wood: Susannah York? Eli says "YES!" breathing heavily the while. I say "huh?" I'm not a movie freak (though I am rather looking forward to The Green Slime which Students' Council is showing soon to give us all a little Kulchur.) I'm not a tv freak either--the only time I've had the thing on in three months or so was to watch Nixon quit. I prefer books, fanzines and people (in ascending order.)

If I could find my fairy godperson, I think I'd ask to be Joni Mitchell. I made this decision sometime around 1966, when I saw her on her first eastern tour, playing to maybe 30 people in the local coffeehouse for



all the Pepsi she could drink...I wish I could sing. I wish I could write songs. I wish I could make a lot of money and get to hell out of Saskatchewan, and let someone else worry about "winter closin' in"!

Except...except...I'd really like to be Hunter Thompson, pounding the Remington 700 in paranoid frenzy, denouncing the Curriculum Committee of the Humanities Division through a haze of Moose Jaw Green...no, wait ...Anyway, in my newspaper days I never did have to learn to write in Columbia School of Journalism pyramid style, so what do I have to rebel against?

Loren MacGregor: Actually, I see Jerry as a somewhat (but not totally) laid-back Joel Grey. Crossed with Groucho Marx.

I've been trying to think of an actor to play me, but the only one I can think of is Wally Cox, and he's dead. Though come to think of it, that might not be such a disadvantage.

Ross Pavlac: I think Elliot Gould would make a good Jerry Kaufman.

((Well, everyone agrees that I have curly hair. That seems to be the common denominator in the suggestions for me. Suzle suggests that I explain that Dwight Frye played twisted little men in horror films. Mike Glicksohn has a low opinion of himself, is all. Susan has never tried to write songs, to my knowledge.

This seems a wonderful point at which to plan out for you the month of March. On the weekend of the 14th to the 16th, Phoenix fandom is holding a Leprecon, with Larry Niven as GoH and a range of activities to keep you busy. Write Tim Kyger at 702 E. Vista Del Cerro, Tempe Az 85281 for more information. The very next weekend you can go to the tenth Marcon in Columbus, Ohio. I don't have the name of the GoH, but I am promised that the con will be well-programmed. and that it will take place at the ritzy Neil House Motor Inn. Write Larry Smith, 194 East Tulane Rd, Columbus, Oh 43202 for details.

Some wild guesses about next issue: Maybe we'll have more from our regular columnists. Maybe we'll have something from Freff. Maybe we'll have something from Barry Gillam. Maybe we'll have art by Dan Steffan, Al Sirois, Stu Schiffman. Maybe we'll get more locs, maybe we'll see other New York fanzines being published, maybe we'll get reviewed.

Maybe the moon will fall out of the sky. JAK))





# SUZLECOL

Some of you, in locs, asked about the significance of the title of Ginger's column. Like many things in SpanInq, it's a 'Monty Python' reference. Of sorts--"...and suppose you are attacked by a man with a handful of blueberries." If you haven't seen their "defense against attack with fresh fruit" routine, I hope you get the chance. Peter Roberts' column, "The Comfy Chair," is a torture implement (the title, not the column itself), along with "the soft cushions." So now you know.

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It has come to my attention that we are going to Minicon! And on the fannish train. I do hope lots of you on the route will join us, since it's definitely a "more the merrier" situation. This is the first con I've really looked forward to with excitement in a long, long time. I've never been to Minneapolis, for instance (for all the good this'll do me; I've been to Boston about four times and, like many fen, have never even seen it), or, obviously, been to a Minicon, and the trip itself does sound intriguing. And long. For New Yorkers--a bit over 24 hours. As there are places to sleep, rather than just seats, and it's Amtrak, it should be comfortable. More or less. Probably. Who sleeps at cons, anyway?

Seeing what train travel is like after many years will be, at the very least, educational. To some the "early days of train travel" were during its luxurious "hey-day" of the 1920's and 30's here in the U.S., when, I understand, it was really a pleasure to travel in this style. My own "back in the old days," definitely pre-Amtrak, were the early 60's when I was forced to travel between Johnstown and Trenton to reach my boarding school in Bucks County, Pa. It seems, on reflection, 10 years later, that this was the only 7½ hour/8 day trip in the world. If it weren't for recent short rides on the Metroliner, I would never have considered the Minicon trip.

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Remembering my life-in-a-Quaker-boarding-school-days, I occasionally meet with something pleasant. After Discon, Jerry and I had Jim Young and Loren MacGregor as guests for various periods of time. In between fending off cockroaches (in The Goon Goes West, John Berry described a battle of massive proportions between himself and New York cockroaches whose descendants now invade us from time to time--JAK the typist); we reminisced about high school productions we'd been in or worked on, and various disasters we'd been through.

One of my own favorites occurred during my high school's production of a failed off-broadway musical--Kittiwake Island--on our old stage during the first year I was at George School. Since the play is set



on a desert island, most of the small stage was draped in various ways with tan burlap. This included the base of a real palm tree which, since it was real, was in a bucket. The bucket had been artfully camouflaged with the sand-imitating burlap and sat in the corner of the set during the first act.

The second act required that it be front and center stage. Set changes were always thrilling on that stage, particularly as there was only one entrance and exit--stage left. Anyone exiting stage right had to stay put or climb out a window, down the fire escape, run around a huge building and up three flights of stairs--then sneak down the aisle...

In the confusion of stage hands, manager and 30-odd cast people with an almost immediate entrance jostling each other in one small vestibule with bad work lights, we heard the second act curtain go up and the audience start to laugh.

Front and center stage was a palm tree in a huge bucket, a nice, shiny, silver-toned bucket. As this was, harumph, 11 years ago, I don't quite remember if we just went on with the scene, ignoring the palm tree (don't all islands have palm trees???) or started the act over. The rest of the play just wasn't the same, I do remember that.

Jim Young drew this illo as a memento. He left out the actual bucket, but the feeling is certainly there.

Now, shall I tell of our taking a full cast and set production of Carnival to a near-by mental institution when 90% of us had had food poisoning all day where the audience yelled "Jump!" during the attempted-suicide scene and laughed at none of the jokes?

No, I won't. Perhaps another time.



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We are actually running off SpanInq as I type this, so I am free to apologize right now for various problems instead of waiting impatiently until next issue when most of you will have forgotten anyway and I really shouldn't have reminded anybody.

Jerry and I are NOT PLEASED with what happened to Rick Bryant's artwork which we were running in the nature of an experiment. Well, the experiment proves that an A.B.Dick cylinder machine is not a silk-screen Gestetner, not only in reproduction of large black spaces but in width. We apologise to Rick and you for cutting off part of the drawing and not really showing his fine talent with accurate representations of his work. I'm a little happier with the portrait. The electro-stencil was made from a reduced photostatic copy of the original, and although again it does not completely impart the delicate nature of Rick's work, I think it looks rather nice. (Other art also suffered and we apologise to all artists. Next issue we hope to run art on Jon Singer's or Moshe Feder's mimeo. JAK again.)

Things are going along fairly smoothly considering. Yesterday Jerry discovered I substituted one word for another in Laura Haney's article title, but I won't say which one unless she asks me to. An electro-stencil practically ripped in two in my hands as I was wrestling with the unwieldy thing, the scotch tape and the stencil cement. We've gotten corflu and stencil cement on the new desk lamp Jerry's mother sent for Christmas. (At least they came off, the lamp being white enamel.) And I've only left the ink cap off the cylinder once. Briefly.

I think I'd better quit while I'm ahead.



Waiting here, away from the terrifying mimeographs, out of the halls of vapor and light, beyond fanoclats and into regina, I have come to







