

The New Port News

154



Art from
Curiouser and Curiouser, A Catalogue of Strange Books and Curious Titles
Maggs Bros., London, 1932 - 442 items in 220pp (36 plates, some in color)

154 The New Port News 154

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OO - Gary - The mailing came on February 5, a bit damp - that Tyvek isn't waterproof. Rather slim too... Fancy mailing label you made! I see that I bugged up *The New Port News*, it's dated 'November 1994' in the colophon.

Sorry to see Rick Norwood fail to accept the invitation to rejoin. I know he's still active at the same address, as he sent a postcard rejoinder to my complaint in *It Goes On The Shelf* 11 that 'An American Epic' is rather a misnomer in the title of his fancy *Prince Valiant* book.

I do not understand the Financial Report - how can the expenses between 177 and 178 be \$0.00?

The First Zine - Brown - As far as I know the OEs report to the membership in each mailing was always called the 'OO', for *Official Organ*. I suspect SFPA copied the practice from some older apa. I glanced through a 1966 FAPA mailing that I inherited from Phil Harrell but the only reference I found to their *The Fantasy Amateur* was by the abbreviation 'F/A'.

I Have No Boots... - *Da Bums* - Trees died for this? Well, maybe it's on recycled paper... I ego-scanned it but the only thing insulted was my intelligence... Funny cover!

AFAB - Meade - Well you did get it right on the cover at least once after all that dithering, I knows *babble* when I sees it... All that about the cat made me sneeze just to read about it.

Jewel of the Senile - Harry - Happy Birthday! I have almost lived longer than my grandfather on my mother's side - he died at 56 and I will be 56 this month - but not nearly as long as my father, who died at 83, or his father, who died at 90.

The OED traces *youse* back to 1893, when it appeared in Stephen Crane's novel *Maggie*. They also note that it is in Synge's famous 1907 play, *The Playboy of the Western World*, spelled *yous*. Since both of these works of literature tried to reproduce the sound of the common speech of their characters, the word itself must go back much farther. No doubt the use in *Joe Palooka* gave it much greater currency.

I quite agree with you about the perceived 'hellishness' of the world - the reach of the media makes it seem worse because we have to hear about every abuse and disaster they can cram in, from all over the world. Just think what it will be like when we have to hear about disasters throughout the known universe...

Saturday's paper had a gruesome story about a man of 96 just released from a North Carolina asylum - he had been held on the locked ward since 1925. He was put in the mental institution and castrated because he was accused of (but never tried for) rape. A few years ago they finally discovered (or admitted) that he had never been found mentally ill either, though he has apparently been deaf all his life. He is to live in a cottage on the grounds of the mental institution. The photo included in the story was not needed to indicate his epidermal hue...

But, as Dylan had it *If God's on our side, he'll stop the next war* - the ghastly Final Solutions and Doomsday Machines dreamed up for WWII have not been used, so far.

Your idea for deliberately over-crowding the jails is abysmally cruel - most of those held in *jails* are awaiting trial and should certainly not be punished for crimes

they have not been convicted of. In essence they are being punished for being too poor to afford good lawyers. But even in the prisons (which are not as badly overcrowded as the jails) where convicted felons are held, I would consider such excessive cruelty unwise. Aside from the moral aspect, consider the fact that the average time served is just under three years – most of these people are going to be back on the street with us. As I have mentioned before, it all depends on what is considered a satisfactory result of imprisonment – from the standpoint of the *criminal justice industry*, a continually recycling of newsworthy criminals keeps the budget pumped up; but from the standpoint of the average taxpayer who would like to feel safe in his home and on the street, rehabilitation is a better outcome all around.

Your contention that a pub in 1180 would have failed for lack of smokers may be correct – even though there should not have been any tobacco in England that early, *something* was smoked in great enough quantities to make broken clay pipes common in the excavations of sites from that period. Or so I have read. Maybe the pipes were used to blow bubbles? Soap was known at that time, though reportedly not a popular item for personal hygiene.

If your old Singer is a foot-treadle machine, I know a guy here wants to buy it – not as an antique, but to use in sewing leather and canvas for Civil War re-enactment buffs.

My SFPA mailing came with a PO barcode sticker saying *NEW* ZIP CODE – wrong, my zip code is the one originally issued when they started that system in the 60s. And the bar code is too short to encode more than the basic five digits.

C. S. Lewis (who died in November of 1963) may not have seen the sf New Wave, but he had no doubt seen its precursor in the main stream, where deliberate obscurantism in grammar and spelling goes back at least to James Joyce. Eventually critics appeared who claimed to be able to tell the difference between something like *Ulysses* and a drunk or a 3-year-old hitting the keys at random. And I think there is a difference – but it certainly allows a lot of leeway for 'slovens with lofty pretensions'!

Not Minac – Lynch – I did get to watch most of an episode of MST3K, the one using an idiotic movie called *The Alien From L.A.* – MTV ran it to fill up a Sunday morning and called it 'Comedy Weekend', and I just happened want to watch TV that morning. They haven't done it again since, so I don't know if it was a one-time experiment or what.

Confessions – Hlavaty – I suspect that Sarducci knew about the real Lazslo Toth when he chose that name for his letters! But when did the attack on the *Pieta* sculpture occur? I can't find the little booklet about it that Pauline Palmer send me and that I mentioned in IGOTS.

Our local pipeline to the Almighty, the Rev. Pat Robertson, said on his TV show that the Los Angeles earthquake was a 'divine judgement' – he didn't mentioned that it was centered on Simi Valley. Was God aiming for Hollywood and missed, or was he after that jury that acquitted the thugs who beat Rodney King?

It wasn't the Brooklyn accent that bothered me, Robert Anton Wilson's voice just seemed to have no resonance or projection at all.

Twygtrasil – Dengrove – Your Grouchist Party reminds me of the button I was sent by the long-defunct *Grump* magazine – it says *Watch it! I am a GRUMP! This entitles me to take a stand for or against anything or anybody.*

Someone wrote me that his dictionary does contain *attendee* in the sense that I used it. I had not heard of FGF – but how much does a gerbil have to remember anyway? I never could tell whether they would benefit from weight loss – they look fat, but it could be just the fur. You are right about Giles Corey – we don't publicly press people to death in this country any more, but our taxes support numerous

not sure if she has the book
did have nice song
best of
was from
Giles Corey
win line

dictatorships where similar abuses go on. The current comparison of states that do and don't have a death penalty indicates that those that do have, on the average, twice the murder rate of those that don't.

I would say that government press releases should be published verbatim – except that such a policy would bankrupt the newspapers.

The Disch book you refer to is **334**, a depressing but all too likely tale set in 2021–2026.

I don't think there have been any Blacks in SFFA, but I do have a vague notion of having read that there was a Black fan in the south who gaffiated when his race was discovered – not, apparently, that anyone mistreated him but that he just couldn't face the social hassle. Lon may remember the details better – the real Lon, that is. The thing is associated in the dim recesses of my brainpan with the southern fans of the 60s – Atkins, Al Andrews, Len Bailes... Maybe Reinhardt remembers.

Would TV be better or worse if the government had no say in what could be broadcast? I would much rather leave decisions about the proper level of sex and violence to the producers and the market forces than to have the government interfere at all. In its very nature, the state has no taste. Today's paper wastes an entire page on a sex and violence survey done during last November's 'sweeps' period – counting bodies, violent acts, threats, weapons displayed, and so on. The body count data is rather fuzzy, as they don't know how many people were supposed to be on the airliner that explodes in *Die Hard II*. The rest is just as doubtful – they include *The Wizard of Oz*, and count the Wicked Witch's assault on the Scarecrow with a magical fireball. Bah...

A more meaningful look at TV violence is in the Nov'93 issue of *Harper's*, where a former staff member explains in detail how a 'factual' show called *American Detective* was created – in essence, camera crews were deputized, one detective became a millionaire off of the TV rights, and criminal justice decisions were made partly on the basis of what would make good TV. The 'factual' nature of the final shows seems extremely doubtful to me – a huge collection of stock shots of car wrecks, gunshots, handcuffed wrists, etc. was accumulated to be inserted in completely unrelated shows whenever the director felt the need.

Spiritus Mundi – Guy – What a strange cover... Would have looked much the same the other way around!

The subway car odor was probably an attempt to cover up something even worse – but it wasn't methane, which is quite odorless.

Well of course you aren't in favor of legalizing prostitution – you are part of the *criminal justice industry* and it would cut into your business. If prostitution must be held illegal because of the sanctity of marriage and the danger of venereal disease, what is the excuse for the retention of the draconian laws against gambling? The sanctity of money?

The experience with alcohol indicates that even with a tax burden of over 50%, legal sales totally eclipse the tiny remnant of moonshiners making illegal whiskey – and I suspect that's mostly nostalgia. When did you last see a case made against illegal wine or beer? How many people each year are arrested for bootleg tobacco (other than the traffic generated by uneven state taxes)? I see no reason to think the situation with legalized drugs would not be the same.

The only thing I can see to do about the vanishing w/l is to institute a draft – all fans would be subject to a lottery, and the 'winners' would be put on the w/l. As there is no useful way to define 'fan', we will just have to get Dengrove to steal the Social Security Number lists for us. Of course we would exempt anyone below the age of discretion, or illiterate...

Here in Virginia, the outgoing Gov. Wilder commuted the death sentence of Earl Washington to life imprisonment – DNA evidence that became available more than 21 days after the original conviction revealed that Washington could not possibly have

been the man who committed the rape-murder. So why didn't Wilder free him altogether? Well, at the time he was planning to run against Robb and North for the US Senate...

You will have to keep track of your own neck, I am not responsible for the appearance of photos - I can assure you that I do not have the techno-oodoo for computer enhancement. I read the Ted White diatribe in the second *Habakkuk* - quite typical of his snide, fhannisher-than-thou style of criticism. And of course there is enough truth in it and he is a clever enough writer that most of his fans will nod their pointy heads - but I have no idea, with the current state of fragmentation of fandom, how much overlap there is between the readership of *Challenger* and *Habakkuk*.

You are quite right that some of Bridget's zines in SFPA seemed irrationally hostile - no doubt the rationale seemed clear enough to him at the time. I still hear from him several times a year, and there are still things in his writing that seem irrationally hostile. Perhaps he is just unclear, or I am just dense, or both - because I always found him to be perfectly pleasant in person; and if he were really hostile, why would he continue to create extremely elaborate fanzines that he sends me and other fans I know? If I had to make such a choice, I would certainly invite Bill Bridget and exclude Ted White!

Well, you'll have to take a poll of the ladies in SFPA - not that they would represent the common taste - but to me Bobbitt looks like a dim-witted thug.

By coincidence I just had a letter from Dainis Bisenieks complaining that *geas* isn't in the Oxford English Dictionary - it's a Celtic word, and the concept is well explained in *The Incompleat Enchanter*, so all trufans should be familiar with it. It refers to something between an irresistible compulsion and a moral obligation imposed arbitrarily on a specific individual by a wizard or demigod. Thus one could be said to be 'under a geas', or a geas could be 'lifted'.

Apparently my fame for having strange books has spread far and wide - I had a phone call from a Tim Lang in upstate NY who wanted pre-1970 books about fireworks. He seemed to think such material might also be found in books on stage magic. He insisted that I take his name and address, though I told him it was all out of my line.

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And now for something completely different:

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Hadfield's A Princess of Mars for Oxford University Press

In *The Newport News* 150 for SFPA 174 I used art from the Oxford University Press 'retelling' by John Hadfield of *A Princess of Mars* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Someone asked how 'they' could do this - I'm not sure exactly how this question was meant, but I will take the opportunity to compare the two versions and display the capability of my new page scanner. I have also scanned in my 1974 *Hannes Bok Illustration Index* and will eventually run the revised edition through SFPA.

The Hadfield version is certainly shorter (about 34000 words as compared to about 71000 in the original), and it seems to be shortened both by changing the text and by dropping entire chapters. The original has 28 chapters, whereas Hadfield retains only 22, but with very nearly the original chapter titles - chapters 9, 13, 17, 18, 22, and 23 are dropped, and the title of chapter 19 is changed from 'Battling in the Arena' to 'Battling in the Arena in Warhoon'.

Below are the conversions of the first page of each edition back to ascii text by CatchWord and then by Percieve (an OCR software sent me by Bill Bridget, which works better than CatchWord on typescript, but not as well on these typeset book images), and finally as typeset in Fancyfont. Wherever the OCR software produced a backslash, which the typesetter uses as a trigger, I have removed it so as not to glitch the printing. I wanted to include the graphics image itself, but it comes out too large and this old typesetter does not provide for reduction.

OCR by CatchWord:

CHAPTER I
ON THE ARIZONA HILLS

I AM a very old man; how old I do not know. Possibly I am a hundred, possibly more; but I cannot tell because I have never aged as other men, nor do I remember any childhood. So far as I can recollect I have always been a man, a man of about thirty. I appear today as I did forty years and more ago, and yet I feel that I cannot go on living forever; that some day I shall die the real death from which there is no resurrection. I do not know why I should fear death, I who have died twice and am still alive; but yet I have the same horror of it as you who have never died, and it is because of this terror of death, I believe, that I am so convinced of my mortality.

And because of this conviction I have determined to write down the story of the interesting periods of my life and of my death. I cannot explain the phenomena; I can only set down here in the words of an ordinary soldier of fortune a chronicle of the strange events that befell me during the ten years that my dead body lay undiscovered in an Arizona cave.

I have never told this story, nor shall mortal man see this manuscript until after I have passed over for eternity. I know that the average human mind will not believe what it cannot grasp, and so I do not purpose being pilloried by the public, the pulpit, and the press, and held up as a colossal liar when I am but telling the simple truths which some day science will substantiate. Possibly the suggestions which I gained upon Mars, and the knowledge which I can set down in this chronicle, will aid in an earlier understanding of the mysteries of our sister planet; mysteries to you, but no longer mysteries to me.

My name is John Carter; I am better known as Captain Jack Carter of Virginia. At the close of the Civil War I found my-

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It looks like what Hadfield has done is drop some of ERBs excessive verbosity - the story reads better and little is lost.

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Back to the MCs

Oblio - Gary B - How did your managing editor break both heels? I've heard of bosses jumping on people with both feet, but this is ridiculous...

Good for you, trying to keep the local constabulary in line - I wish the paper here wasn't in bed with our local lot.

Thanks for running the Dave Barry material, I love it! I had read about the impending collision of the comet fragments with Jupiter - perhaps the planet will crack open and this enormous bird will flap off into the cosmos. Who was it wrote an sf short story something like that? *The Bird of Time* by Wallace West? No, that's a novel and this was just a short story, but it used the lines from *The Rubiyat* 'The bird of time has but a little way to fly / And lo: the bird is on the wing'.

I had not heard that Lorena Bobbitt was Equadorean - I thought they were saying she grew up in Venezuela. Of course both could be true.

When people are arrested for shooting at cardboard deer, what are they charged with? Attempted Bambicide?

You are right about Ted White - I don't know him well and don't want to, but he was at the Ditto in Virginia Beach a couple of years ago, looked mean and bitter. Apparently he lives for the chance to have a 'fannish' feud with someone - I never could understand how he managed to have one with Eric Mayer, a very mild-mannered fringe-fan.

In my opinion the only solution to the crime problem is better prisons, not longer sentences. I see no objection to reducing a sentence for good behavior. The actual sentence in several state prison systems now is dependent on the conviction rate, as the system is operating at maximum capacity and no new prisoners can be put in until space is made by letting some out. In terms of profits to the *criminal justice industry* I suppose this represents a sort of maximization!

I love that complaint from 1902 that a rubber condom would not conduct electricity - what possible difference did the Chicago physicians think that would make?

Hooha, if a postal clerk refused to give me the current rate for Special 4th Class (books and recorded tapes, phonograph records, probably CDs now - but what about computer disks?), I would ask to see the postmaster at once. Do you think he was just ignorant, or have they been told to try to reduce use of the special rates?

Hunka Hunka - George - I had a long letter from Howard Devore in response to the IGOTS, invited me to join The Cult and/or rejoin the NFFF. I told him my spare time was already totally accounted for... He thought we had met at the 1971 LunaCon, but I don't think I was at that con. I think I met him at St.LouisCon and TriCon though. I told him I saw your N'APazine occasionally.

Tennessee Trash - Gary R - Several people have noticed that the actual cost per sheet of toilet paper has gone up by reduction in the number of sheets per roll - both Andy Rooney and the *Consumers Report* outfit, I think. Where I work they have just installed these enormous plastic wall dispensers that hold an industrial-size roll about 10 inches in diameter with the axis perpendicular to the wall.

I don't see any great difficulty in keeping a ballistics pattern with each gun license, though of course it wouldn't work with shotguns or the birdshot cartridges you can put in 22s.

The Flood in the Bible is a mysterious business - it seems that it must be a garbled record of some actual event, but what? And of course the pairs of animals collected on the Ark could only have included *land* animals. Perhaps it was just a parable encoding the knowledge that continuance of a species required one of each sex.

Tyvek doesn't seem waterproof to me — SFPA 177 was delivered in the rain and was wet both on the outside and the inside. Not a lot, fortunately — the only permanent effect seems to be a slight wrinkling of the first page of the OO.

Tyndallite — *Metcalf* — I had considered, of course, that the artist Wallace Smith, who had been dead for 15 years when the two issues of *Fantastic Science Fiction* appeared, may have had nothing to do with the stories under that name at all. On the other hand, the artist Wallace Smith was a journalist and a novelist — I have his circus book and his novel **Bessie Cotter** — so he may have dabbled in pulp fiction as well. Curt Phillips thought he remembered seeing an explanation that these stories are reprinted — but from where?

Alas, I was all wrong about the R. A. Lafferty tape — see IGOTS 11. You are quite right that sf as well as fantasy may have a lively style. Jack Vance's sf comes to mind, and I am just now enjoying David Zindell's **The Broken God**, sequel to **Neverness**. It doesn't look as though any sort of conclusion will be reached in **The Broken God**, Zindell must be planning a sequel!

Salute To Adventurers is certainly the most peculiar title I ever saw on a straight-forward historical, not at all typical of Buchan. Last Saturday I found a first edition of his **Witch Wood** in a local thrift store. Not worth anything in the battered condition, but I have never read it.

Glad to hear you found something fannish in *It Goes On The Shelf...* As far as I'm concerned, it's all fannish — because I am a fan and I did it for fandom. Even if 'mundane' subjects are discussed, it's from a fannish point of view! This argument is something along the same line that leads to the conclusion that Mervyn Peake's **Titus Groan** is a fantasy, even though it contains not a single supernatural creature or event.

Undoubtedly the phrase 'forests of the night' from Blake was the origin of the title that George mentioned — though it isn't that original that another poet might not have thought of it independently. I did not know Charles Wells all that well, have not heard anything of him in twenty years. I don't even remember what, if anything, he was known for in fandom — Reinhardt or Page may know what happened to him.

If, as you say, dilithium crystals could not be replicated without violating the 'Law of Conservation of Energy' — then neither could a can of gasoline. Or, in fact, anything at all — the famous $E=Mc^2$ must still apply, giving the exact relationship between matter and energy. Neither can be created nor destroyed. The transporter could run off the energy of the transported object (plus a little more to account for imperfect efficiency), but replication would require at least the equivalent energy of the mass of the replicated object. If your technology is capable of near-perfect matter-to-energy conversion, then this hardly matters — there is usually a lot of useless matter about. But in that case, what would you need dilithium crystals for? Perhaps the energy is not inherent in the crystal, but rather the crystals serve to trigger or control the conversion and are eventually 'used up' in some way. Note that if the crystals store the energy, then their conversion mass rises proportionally.

I see that I have an extra mint Corgi pb of Rankin's **The AntiPope**, the first volume of the Brentford Trilogy, if you want it.

In my opinion the Nazis could at best have 'won' WWII in the sense of conquering Europe — and I don't think they would have held that for long. Certainly nothing like Hitler's boast of a '1000-year Reich'.

I have always had a sneaking fondness for the idea of advancing civilization by political assassination — think what a boon to mankind it would have been if Hitler had been bumped off in the 30s! And even if the assassin got the wrong guy, would he be *much* wrong? If we were spared the further presence of a garden-variety politician (generally a lawyer anyway) at most successful attempts, and a true tyrant was removed only occasionally, it would still be an improvement! Abel Tiffauges in Michel Tournier's **The Erl King** suggests that every citizen should have the *right to*

shoot at sight and without a license any politician who comes within range, because they are all living symbols of the murky mess called the established order, all covered with blood from head to foot. Paradoxically, I feel this way after reading about another execution... But note the difference – for the state to execute a helpless citizen is rather like a man tying up a kitten and throwing it in the fire because it crapped in his shoe; on the other hand, for a kitten to leap to a man's throat and tear his jugular vein open for being an asshole is an act of spectacular heroism!

Ghad, is it possible that the ghastly Saxton books are the lost portions of *Islandia* that he stole and pretended they were lost in the mail? Nahhh...

Home with the Armadillo – *Liz* – Well, you don't look anything like I imagined – of course, that might not be you... Sorry to hear about the allergies. Glad you enjoyed my idea for *The Halfback of Notre Dame* – I like to write outrageous stuff in an apa, alas the inspiration strikes only seldom.

Trivial Pursuits – *Janice* – Enjoyed the trip report. Funny Dave Barry piece!

The Sphere – *Don* – Face it – you're an oldtimer... Oddly enough, I think history shows that most wars have only two sides – though the nations on the two sides may be variable. Only in the game of *Diplomacy* do you get anything like a free-for-all. Something to do with the inherent advantages of cooperation (if only until it looks advantageous to stab your former ally in the back).

Dumb Titles – *GiGi* – Your description of the Children's Corner facility sounds exactly like what some people said about Little Rascals in NC – people in and out all the time, so when did all the bizarre abuse, that the 'experts' were able to elicit as testimony from the children, take place? It isn't a question of the children lying – lying is a rational act. I don't think children that age have any sense of when something happened, or any way to discriminate between reality and imagination or what they saw on TV and didn't understand. I can remember when I firmly believed that Hitler had only one arm – years later I realized that this was the effect of hearing someone refer to him as 'that German paperhanger' combined with hearing someone else use the colorful metaphor 'busier than a one-armed paperhanger', both before I had any idea what a paperhanger did. I can also remember simultaneously believing and not believing the old urban legend that aspirin and CocaCola together would cause inebriation.

I enjoy playing the *Sierra Hearts* occasionally, about the only computer game I ever wasted much time on. I did play the old *Basic Gorilla* a few times recently – the guy with the Dell 386 managed somehow to destroy the source file for it and asked me to put it back, which was easy enough as it comes with DOS.

Occasionally I find I have come to possess a book so dull and stupid that I give it away to a thrift store, preferably one I don't visit very often. No, Machen's *The New Year* does not contain the lyrics to *Auld Lang Syne* – I once asked a Machen guru what sort of music Machen liked (probably because of the Symphony that John Ireland dedicated to him), and was told that he had no feel for music at all! Oddly enough, the patron of the Arthur Machen Society is Julian Lloyd Webber (musician (cello?) brother of the more famous composer Andrew Lloyd Webber).

In my opinion the analogy between eating and reading is easily over-extended. I don't suppose there is any way to 'prove' that it is impossible for the mind to be poisoned by 'bad' literature in a manner analogous to the body being poisoned by bad food – but in spite of having spent 50 years in diligent pursuit of at least a sample of every conceivable sort of literature, I have not detected any symptoms of poisoning. Perhaps, like lead, it's a cumulative poison and will catch up with me at the age of 90...

Good luck with the wrist!

And If I Have – *weber* – Excuses, excuses... Surely a rock fan didn't write that beautiful if antiquish poem! But you don't attribute it to anyone else. Reminded me a bit of Stevenson.

Life in Hell – *Ruth* – Glad to hear you survived the quake! Yeah, I think there was only the one Cagliostro – and that probably one too many. You mean Genny Dazzo is the fannish example of being famous for being famous? 'When the next Holocaust occurs'?! History never repeats that exactly – the sort of thinking that leads to a Holocaust is quite independent of the exact nature of the victims. Next time it will be the people who collect books, or the HIV-positive, or lawyers (hmmm) – or fans. Or maybe they'll get back to that old favorite, the heretics. I admit my jokes are weak, but I didn't think that one was totally opaque – you're a musician → you make a racket → you're a racketeer... Or was it a tennis joke? I dunno...

Seasons – *Binker* – Truly great cover, for those that can see it!

Dreadful Carnage – *Hank* – The French for the Stravinsky (I recently saw an old lp in a thrift store where it was spelled *Strawinsky*) is *Sacre de Printemps*. If he had wanted it to be translated 'Sacred Spring' (sounds like a water source rather than a season), he should have called it *Printemps Sacre*. What did he know, he was a Russian anyway...

Well, you have worked there and should know, but this is the first I have heard that postal workers are forbidden to get mail – sort of like the shoemaker's kid going barefoot and the preacher's kid going to the devil?

Yngvi – *Toni* – Cute kid – how long before she can do MCs?

Lee Harvey Oswald – *Alan* – Good cover. What, another flood? I had the fire, the members in LA had the quake, several places had the excessive cold... Hey, it must be Hank Reinhardt's fault for switching his allegiance from Thor to Odin.

I don't find *bladkompaniet* in my Swedish dictionary – *blad* means pretty much the same as 'blade', either as a knife blade or a blade of grass, and *kompani* means company, as in business. Aha – but *blad* can also mean paper. Perhaps your cartoon was published in a company paper, or for a paper company...

The Spanish sayings I suggested to Gary mean *He wouldn't even make a good corpse because he would eat the candles*, *She is a worse slut than the hens of Corinth, who learned to swim in order to fuck with the ducks*, and *To our good qualities, which are not few* – not necessarily in that order. The first two are Equadorean folk proverbs and the last is a Chilean toast.

You seem to imagine that my mother is South American – no, both my mother and father are from Georgia, though they were married in Montana (but they met in Georgia) and honeymooned in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. I was born in Montana, and we went to Chile when I was about 8.

I agree with you about Linda's zines – she's probably mad because she has to stick a 1/2-inch strip onto our zines before she can store them.

I know I have seen one *Pepe LePew* where he falls for a lady skunk. You are right that they ran the gag about the painted cat into the ground.

Vegetarian Moslems? I didn't know there were any vegetarian Moslems. We don't need any steenking vegetarian Moslems... What, you don't remember Tom Dupree? You must be suffering from premature senility! Oh, sorry, I was thinking of Tim Dumont.

Is that all? Yeah, yours was the last zine in the mailing – no doubt because you live closest to the OE.

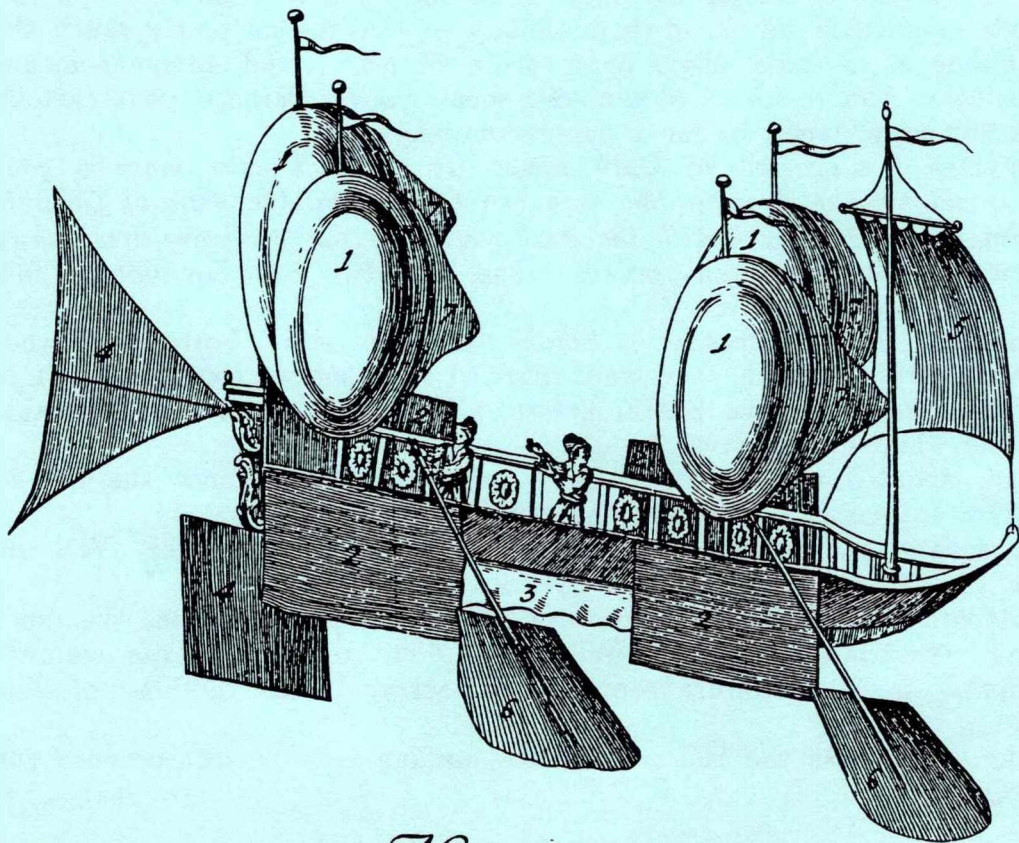


Chaque chose a son tour. Mais tu le verras.
En vain si grauement tu gagnes la campagne.

Ton corps seul mange

deuant qui est en Espagne.
Un proverbe subtil tu l'as prouvé, des Rats
cat plus que les francois, ont enfin prins Arras.

J. laGnet ex



1. Globos aerostaticos.
2. Alas que conseruan con su faz ò el demasiado ascenso, ò descenso.
3. Forma de guilla para q' no se buelque la Nave.
4. Timones q' sirven para dirigir y para detener.
5. Vela unica.
6. Remos para tiempo de cabria. Y tambien sirven para detener.
7. Angulos que deben formar los globos, para evitar la resistencia del Aire.

Nave Atmospherica.

The Master Wilsons