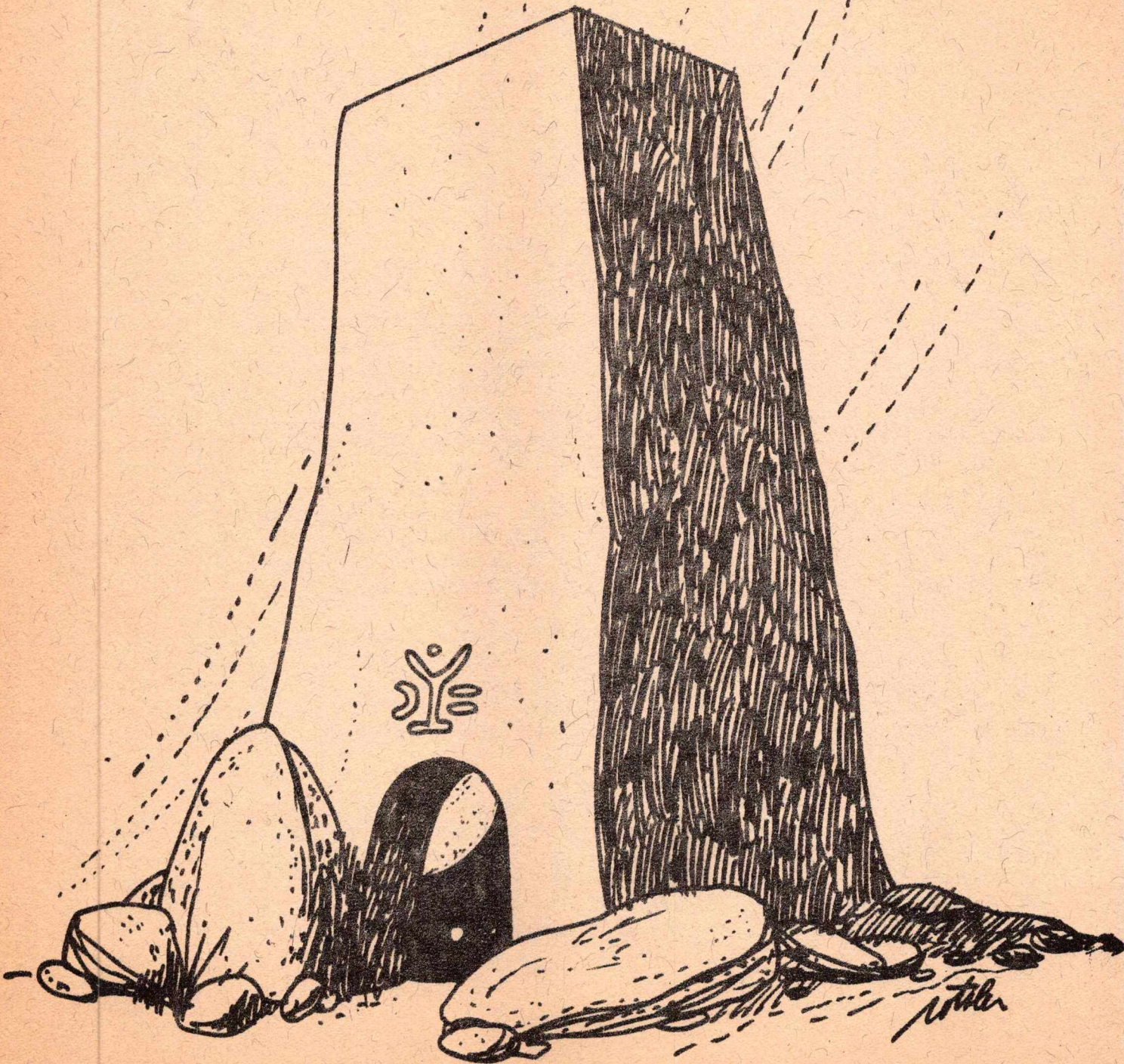


# THE WORKS



The first step is a big one









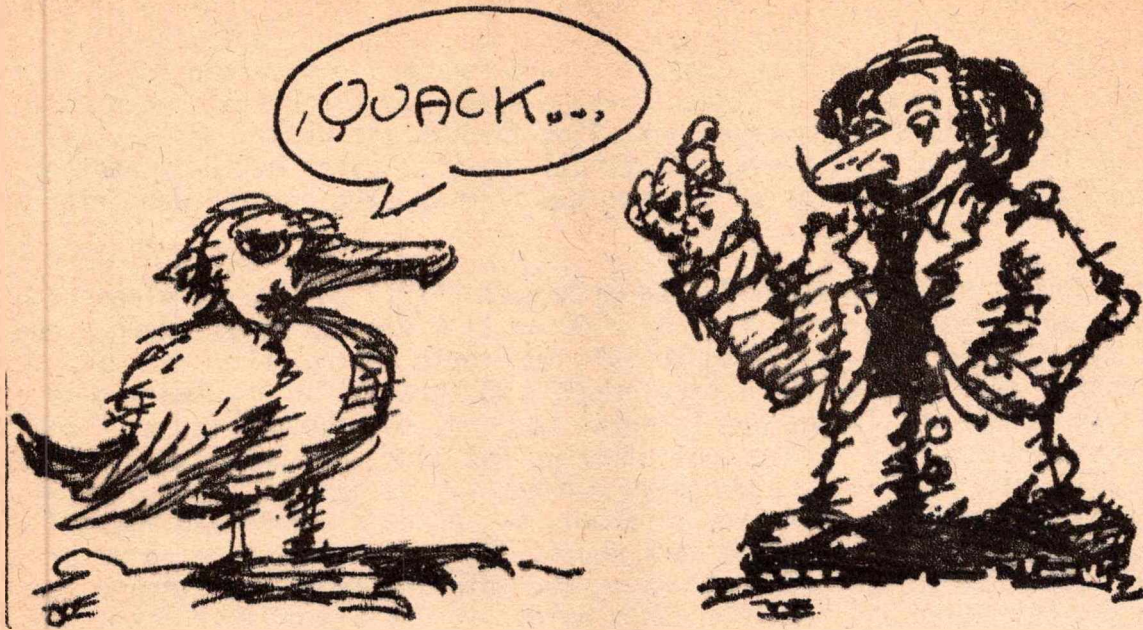
I won't bore you with chronological events. I'll bore you with incidents and impressions.

Midge worked hard as chairman of the convention and even went through the purging of personnel who, for that con, for various reasons, were not "working out." At the con she threw the reins away, enjoyed her convention, and left the lieutenants to sink or swim on the thrust of 12 months of preparation. Well, Windycon is supposed to be a training ground for concom management, after all... As it turned out there were a few wrinkles in the fabric of Windycon's continuum, the largest that I saw being a lack of program coordination in rounding up panelists (I got around some of this by rounding up a panel that I wanted to see, and then proceeded to sit near the front and heckle them... But I couldn't do anything about the auction that ran on too long and caused the two main panels I wanted to see to wind up as concurrent programming). And I hope the next concom to use this hotel passes out a floor plan, although with mixed drinks at \$3 and beer at \$2.25 in the bars, this hotel puts me at great distance from my favorite convention activity -- the bar-con.

Looking back on this convention or, more appropriately, looking back on my convention, it went well. For one thing, on another level it was Becky's first con, and I was getting the chance to view some of it through her eyes. As it turned out I viewed her reactions and verbalized perceptions as being not unlike how I would have looked at Windycon if it had been my first con instead of my fourteenth. The commute between the hotel and Midge's apartment (complete with pettable cat), except for the one time we did almost freeze our buns, was a goofy adventure that I would have enjoyed even more if it hadn't been for the temperatures we were doing it in. The program items we attended were good and the Sheckley GoH speech was something I'd like to read. Two of the room parties went very well, and Becky and I got to meet Jefferson,

I told you I'd get around to it. Jefferson lives in Moorhead, Kentucky, and acts in the university theater there. In black, with cape, this child in his early twenties was able to maintain one expression while varying his delivery from sustained monotone to enthusiastic abandon, complete with hand motions. He introduced himself to Becky and I as we sat at the table in Martha's open party, and then he turned himself on (I know this is true because another of the group he came in with, a woman who dressed much like Jefferson, at one point leaned over to me and advised that we could turn him off whenever we got tired). The half-hour spent listening to Jefferson tell stories of the daring, dedicated, and clumsy adventures of Moorhead theater had Becky beating the table, the chair arms, and her knees, and had me wiping the tears out of my eyes as we tried to dissolve ourselves into little puddles. To say that he was funny would be like stating that Joni Stopa likes cats or that David and Marcia Hulan read books.

I could not possibly get Jefferson's performance across using my fingers on this writing instrument, probably not even if I had a tape of the whole show (and I wish I did). His warm-up monolog, before the theater stories, consisted of his fan biography. We thought initially that this was his first con, then we figured it was his second, and finally discovered it to be his ninth. His standing oration disclosed that his parents had worried about all the "weird people" Jefferson might be subjected to at these science fiction convention things. I really tried to reserve a goodbye line -- something like "watch out for all those weird people now, Jefferson" -- but by the time he left I was too weak to talk. I just sat there slumped in the chair, gasping a little and still occasionally blotting at my eyes with a napkin. Poor Jefferson, warned about all those weird people, and now he are one.



When Jackie came in after a stint in the art show it was understandable that we try to recreate the magic of the moment for her, but unfortunately impossible to do. Jefferson could have explained about the 143 Orc swords, and the opening night where an unfortunate actor made his spectacular entrance and then discovered his beard was on fire (and tried to deliver lines while slapping at it with both hands), and how the cast of CHILDREN'S HOUR got carried away by the drama and brought themselves virtually to the point of self destruction. He could have explained. We couldn't. We could only cherish it all as the one Windycon memory voted most likely to remain.

Bob Tucker, in full swing at this con, played at being Tucker and did as good a rendition as I've seen. One of his stories concerned the succinctness of writer Gardner Dozois during Vietnam. Bulletins, written to formula, would inform the troops not to do this or that "or you will die." After one fellow took a leak out of a train window and got electrocuted when his stream hit something with angry electrons, out came Gardner's bulletin: "Do not pee out the train window, or you will die." "Or you will die" became, as so many such things will, overly appropriate to drop into conversations, and Becky and I proceeded to do this throughout her visit.

Later we saw Jefferson holding a woman's hands and tossing a theatrical pitch at her while she tried hard to keep her face from tumbling into mirth. At one point it slipped a little and she said with incredulity: "Oh, that's so old..." It was good to see him on the job and helping with the entertainment.

Other images. A good dinner Friday at the hotel, Becky's treat. Someone from Xerox on the Future Fanzines panel, divulging that small plain-bond copiers would be cheap if supply and demand didn't allow duplicator companies to charge an arm and a leg, and get it, from business. People running around dressed in fur jock straps, 96¢ per yard capes, g-strings and gossimer, body paint, and sci-fi costumes, and this wasn't during the masquerade. I don't know what they wore at the masquerade; we wanted to catch the last hour, but it was rushed through and shut down an hour early. We did catch the consuite, once. It was a madhouse of bodies and volume, and we got out after a half hour of trying to beat our way to the door. The offerings in the

artshow were so-so except for one artist whose name slips through my mental fingers. He or she had perhaps half a dozen panels of art done with photographic dyes, probably by airbrush, and if I hadn't belonged to Broke Fandom I'd have considered buying most of them. I also remember a clever Corrina Frank cartoon of rats on a raft surrounded by cat tails slicing like shark fins through the water, and a stuffed unicorn head which Becky kept eyeing and finally bought, using Mexican hatstand bargaining, when the artist who failed to sell the item was encountered wandering out with it.

The return trip was uneventful but filled with good chat. Jackie was pleased that, although I usually feel moved to crash by 2:00 am (I'm usually tired enough, and at that point tired especially of trying to talk to people most of whom are much farther tanked up than I am), this time I lasted until 5:00 and 4:00 on the two nights of the con. Well, sometimes that's the way it works at home, too, but it can't be counted upon. Jackie then crumpled at midnight after we got back, and Becky and I proceeded to stay up all night and have our own Dead Dog Party. We guzzled diet cola (though I nipped on the good scotch from time to time), smoked up a storm, and swapped lies and outrageous truths throughout the dark hours. At 8:30 Monday morning we grundled off to the market for ground coffee to be turned into breakfast, and then to the post office for the mail that had been placed on hold. It was the coldest day of the year out there. The chill slashed like a horde of Exacto knives. Back in the apartment the thermostat was not acting in accord with reality and I had to pop the setting to 80° F. to get 70°. That, hot coffee, and time turned the climate back outside where it surely belonged.

After a while Jackie came stumbling out following the scent of fresh coffee, and then Becky finally gave in to a two-hour nap. When she awoke we got down to the almost-exciting crifanac of a FLAP apa-assembly session, and managed to survive it. At that point we engaged in more nonstop three-way conversation, packed a unicorn for escorted carry-on with American Airlines, Becky took a quick shower, and we were off to the airport for a 6:00 pm flight.

After a few minutes in the coffee shop we walked to gate 16 without bothering to check the board for the gate number. A hug and kiss later and Becky was on her way to Dallas and Jackie and I were on our way to a pleasant but, for me, an early-retired evening.

The con was just fine -- some good high spots. Combining it with a visit from Becky made it an extra special five days, and I'll mark it down on my mental calendar as Good Times. Also I must get back to work on my matter transmitter so the world isn't so large you can't have the good people for your neighbors.

No more cabin fever for a while. Besides, I wouldn't choose to shoot holes in our freezer for fear of destroying the ice cubes.

*"If the world would end, I would come to Cincinnati, for everything happens here ten years later."*

-- Mark Twain

And then, a month later, we allowed a division of a Fortune 1000 company to foot the bill for packing and moving our accumulation of detritus and clutter some 110 miles northeast to the Big City of Cincinnati. The reason we allowed them to do this was



that they offered to pay me in return for certain services, and I had not discovered anyone so generously foolish in Louisville. It's true that a data-base company there was paying me \$2.00 pocket money for each one-page abstract of such scintillating articles as:

THE ROLE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD STORE IN DEVELOPING ECONOMIES: THE CASE OF DAGUPAN CITY, PHILIPPINES, by Norbert Dannhaeuser. 18 pages.  
 THE ULUGURU LAND USAGE SCHEME: SUCCESS AND FAILURE, by James L. Brain. 16 pages.  
 IRRIGATED DRY SEASON CROP PRODUCTION IN NORTHEAST THAILAND: A CASE STUDY, by Russell H. Brannon, Charles T. Alton, and Joe T. Davis (Joe?). 10 pages.  
 THE WAY OF THE LAND AND THE PATH OF MONEY: THE GENERATION OF ECONOMIC INEQUALITY IN EASTERN FIJI, by Bruce Knapman and Michael A.H.B. Walter. 22 pgs.  
 A STATISTICAL COST FUNCTION STUDY OF PUBLIC GENERAL HOSPITALS IN KENYA, by David L. Anderson. 14 pages.  
 THE POLITICAL USES OF TOURISM: A PHILIPPINE CASE STUDY, by Linda Richter. 22 pages.

All of the above jewels came from one issue of a magazine called THE JOURNAL OF DEVELOPING AREAS. Not recommended for light reading.

However, in addition to its other bad points, this at-home job was not sufficient for such luxuries as food and shoes, and I sought and accepted employment which paid real money.

Thus did we find ourselves in Cincinnati, which calls itself Queen City and tried to prosecute a local minority-opinion radio station for talking about what queers like to do. The Ku Klux Klan has a headquarters just north of here, and the local paper recently bemoaned statistics showing that there are more black residents now than there were the last time they looked at statistics. The newspaper's lettercolumn seems overly devoted to the words of the Moral Majority and the terminally religious. I think the humidity in the environment around here creates a water-on-the-brain effect among much of the native population, although this casual observation is thus far unsupported by any scientific-method experiments. If I suddenly begin pronouncing Cincinnati as Cincinnati, and Illinois as Illinois, you'll know that it's too late for me.

We were no sooner moved in than Lloyd Biggle came down for a speaking engagement and for the weekend shared our guest bedroom (or crifanac room, depending on whether you look right or left upon opening the door) with about 40 freshly unloaded boxes. To give an adrenalin surge to our senses of wonder, Lloyd drove us into one of the seamier areas of downtown, where we encountered a fortress, or stronghold, which turned out to be a German restaurant. We knew it was a German restaurant because the waiters were uniformly terrible.

Cincinnati can be disconcerting at times. Shortly after moving here a state official proclaimed that Ohio has the best highways in the country. I heard this on the radio, and it gave me pause. If you think about it, though, anyone who has driven I-75 through Cincinnati, let alone ventured off of it, knows that Ohio does have the best highways in the country. The ones they have in the cities are indeed measurably worse.

Drivers out here never get involved in hit-and-run accidents. Did you know that? In CinCity it's called "hit-and-skip." I theorize that the label "Queen City" might conceivably have some bearing on this.



Unless you fell asleep reading my last issue, you know that the City of Seven Hills has an organization known as the CFG. This originally meant Cincinnati Fantasy Group, but by common usage the acronym has been reinterpreted to stand for Cincy Fan Group. The last time their discussion turned to fantasy was back when everyone first heard that Yngvi was a louse (all right: everyone raise their hands if that one didn't go by them. Okay, four of you. Now prove it by quoting the source...).

They hold meetings every other Saturday evening, and rotate them among the members' homes. There are 32 members, including six couples specifically listed as couples on the roster. On the other side of the roster are listed 25 "Associate Members," including Jackie and I. I'm not sure what an associate member is strictly defined as, and I haven't asked, but a logical presumption would be that an associate member is anyone who hasn't purchased a membership but has attended a meeting or two between issuances of the roster (do you know, Bowers? You typed and duplicated the last one).

When you attend a "meeting" it's a buck cover charge and BYOB (which very few do), regardless of which side of the roster your name is mimeoed on. Ten dollars of that goes to the host, and the rest into the CFG treasury. The advantage of paying \$15 a year for a membership is that you get to vote in club matters, whenever the dictator bothers to call for a vote, and you and anyone in your loosely defined "household" get free attendance at Midwestcon (\$6 a membership for their open, regional convention) and at Octocon (\$5 for membership in their invitational con). This advantage is perhaps why 44% of the people on the roster aren't members.

"Associate, -n. Joined with others and having equal or nearly equal status."

"Member, -n. One who belongs to a group or organization." I'll have to check with my lawyer in the morning on this associate CFG membership business...









Regardless of whether or not there's a drainage ditch at that old plant, I do know there's no route 194 in Chicago, because I flew up there and checked that out.

Took a business trip to the Chicago area the Monday and Tuesday following Midwestcon. Elgin and Oak Lawn, to be precise. All the typical little things that normally happen around me, happened.

I had a photocopy of a page out of the company directory showing me how to get to a sister company. Leave it to me to recognize my place as being typically screwed-up, and yet trust directions from their 1981 directory. Me and my rental car had great difficulty in locating route 194 upon leaving the airport, and this is probably attributable to their having renumbered route 194 to route 90 about three years ago.

That night, going to my hotel where I had already checked in, I encountered a torrential downpour complete with spectacular thunder and lightning, and a hotel where the electricity had been knocked out.

This wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't reminded the hotel clerk, upon signing in, that I wanted "the Standex rate." "Oh yes," he said, and promptly reduced the rate on the booking card. Disconcertingly he also changed the room number, thus giving me the Standex room as well as the Standex rate.

The Standex room was on the third floor, the farthest room from the elevator. Beyond that, I was the only one who was booked on the third floor.

All floors in this hotel were tri-part split level. Each floor had its own elevator lobby, which was on one level leading down to a hallway. Halfway down the hall you walked down a few short steps to yet another level unless, like me, you were using your cigarette lighter to provide illumination, in which case you probably stumbled down them just like I did.

Just before running out of fluid I found my room, walked inside, and fell flat on my face because the rug had a big hump in it just inside the doorway.

Later the blackout faded to a brownout, which was enough to make lightbulbs look like candles (to augment the candles the hotel staff was passing out), and to allow television sound but no picture. As a consequence of this, there was no hot or even warm water upon awakening in the morning, and I learned that a cold shower is no fit way to start the day.

Little things like that. Uh huh.

I was going to add to this the sad tales of woe encountered on the flights up and back, but you are mercifully spared the telling of it.

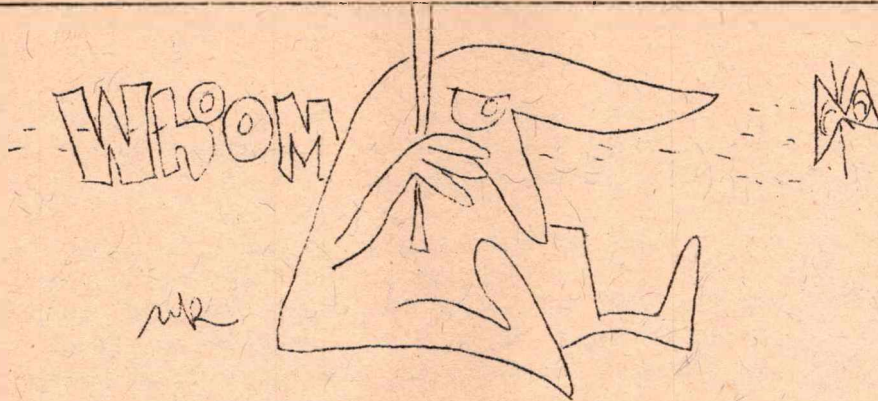
As a quick substitution, Lon Atkins has gracefully consented to my reprinting the airplane horror story which starts on the next page. This comes from Lon's "fan ordinaire" #22 which was in FLAP #10 dated June 1981.

As FLAP has a membership of 21, and THE WORKS has a mailing list of 50, and the two overlap somewhat, a reprinting here will not be the biggest distribution booster that this piece of wordshipping could encounter. Not quite.

It will, however, be a respite. Mainly because I didn't write it. Wish I had, though...

# THE HIGH AND THE MEATY

BY LON ATKINS



Airplanes are good sources of natter. I've written perhaps more than my share of airplane stories, having done a fair bit of commercial traveling in the past decade. But I've never told a real disaster story. Maybe I've been lucky, or maybe if I'd had one the odds were thin I'd be in a position to write (unless they lend typewriters to the inmates in Hell).

Last week I made a business trip to New Jersey, and now I'm in a position to tell a story about what I will call "the face of disaster"...

It has nothing to do with New Jersey. I went expecting that the Rockford Files number might be true. Garner gets in a rental car at the Newark Airport, finds the turn indicators aren't working and makes a hand signal. Immediately some punk leaps off the curb and appropriates Garner's wrist watch. When Garner leaps from his car to pursue the thief, two men steal his car. The ultimate insult is trying to explain to the Newark police why he left his car with keys in the ignition in a known crime zone.

For me, New Jersey went fine. I was met at the airport and whisked into the idyllic Jersey countryside. The motel adjoined an excellent restaurant. All objectives of the trip were accomplished. New Jersey wasn't the disaster; that came on the trip back.

I was on a 707 nonstop. Fortune had brought me an aisle seat in smoking, about the third row from the tail of the plane, and no seat mate. Such a blessing on a long trip, and the only thing that saved me, ultimately. I felt rather good about the circumstances, settling back to read NOSTROMO and sip Sauvignon Blanc as the airmiles mounted.

Third row from the tail isn't such good strategic placement, however. The johns are in the tail and there's lots of human traffic. That's how I came uncomfortably close to the face of disaster.

The drink cart had just started its appointed rounds. My bottles of chilled white wine -- Chablis, this trip -- were standing proudly on the tray before me. One bottle was already open, the better to be enjoyed. I'd lit a ciggy and all looked good for the cruise back to Ellay.

From the rear of the plane, where she had apparently been occupied in a WC when the drink cart started, came a rather large woman. Not tall; just large. She stopped behind the cart, which put her in the aisle beside my seat. Apparently she would follow the cart forward until she could reach her seat, 'cause I sure didn't see any way for her to go around it.

Now enters disaster. From the front of the plane, hobbling weakly down the aisle, comes an elderly lady. She clutched the arm of the stewardess on her side of the cart and whispers urgently. The dilemma is plain.

I glance to my left and notice that an older gentleman has joined the rather large lady in the aisle on this side. I gaze briefly at the bulky drink cart. There is no doubt as to what the stewardess must do. With the drink cart and passengers blocking access to the rear, the proper decision is to ignore snobbish protocol and send the little old lady forward, in her dire need, to use the First Class privy. Nothing else makes sense.

"Ok, everybody," announces the stew, "we're backing the cart up." Instructions follow rapid-fire for the passengers to step into the seat aisles while the cart passes. I have a dread premonition.

The rather large lady is dressed in stretch pants of a green-turquoise hue. She chooses my row and backs in. I clutch the two wine bottles into my lap and grab the glass with my right hand, holding it away from danger. The cigarette sends plumes of smoke upward. Too late, I realize that I should have moved to the center seat while there was time. But now a looming green-turquoise mass blocks all escape.

The cart is stuck. "Make room!" cries the stew, shoving on the cart. "This lady is in a hurry!!"

The green-turquoise mass responded. It pushed further back into the row, puffing sounds coming from somewhere on the other side. The fabric was now under enormous tension. Its color seemed to lighten as it was forced to cover a greater and greater area, for the rather large lady was now leaning forward to gain thrust for her hind-quarters. After all, it wasn't her head that was blocking the cart.

The cigarette in my right hand was burning dangerously close to my fingers. As unnerving as this sudden observation was, I was powerless to suffocate the burning cylinder. Indeed, suffocation was a fate I faced myself. The world was a great expanse of pale green-turquoise now, and growing more so.

For a moment I thought of extinguishing the cigarette by grinding its embers into the very barrier between me and my ashtray. They say we become desperate when death threatens, but I wasn't yet so looney as to try that. As appealing -- very appealing -- as it appeared.

No, the reason I was willing to suffer burnt fingers was survival. Not the survival of the turquoise mass, for I could imagine with droll cackles how the pent-up reverse energies would plunge forward into the cart, causing great clatter of drinks and Air-line Disapproved words from the stew. It would give me time to shift to the center seat and look injured and embarrassed. "Lady," I would say, "you really should watch what you're backing into..."

No, the survival at stake was mine own. Being trained as a physicist I recognized that the fabric before me was imbued with terrific potential energy. One weakening





Hi, we're back. What? Yes, I know that this is a personalzine. Yes, I know personalzines don't carry such things as outside contributions. Do I worry about labels? Does Dean Grennell tell puns?

Well, I think it's time for a few short subjects (shut up, Glickson).

**EDITORIAL STATEMENT** Everyone knows that past, present, and future postage increases of the late-70s and 80s have, are, and will affect the number, size, and frequency of fanzines. Because available hobby capital hasn't kept pace. This is all obvious stuff.

I just wanted you to know and to understand that this dire situation has not one whit affected the publication of this fanzine.

That's right. I somehow don't publish frequently enough for this factor to enter the equation of my fanac. Having a distribution of only 50 copies places the topic as one of small change. Mailing out only four of them, and using the others as drink coasters, makes my fanpubbing activities a mere pittance.

I've got this hobby by the throat.

**THE GRUMP CORNER** Cosmic-minded, indeed. Science fiction fans are some of the most narrow-minded people I know. For example, works that should delight them, because of a quality presentation on a theme that falls within the general nature of being "science fictional," get avoided or panned. This happens when the writer is not part of the circle and bears few indications that he might want to be.

Which writers? Oh, Jack Finney, Kurt Vonnegut, there's two. Isn't it silly that good works like William Goldman's THE PRINCESS BRIDE go overlooked by so many who hobby in SF and fantasy? Where were the headstands, and hoots and hollers, when Jack Finney's TIME AND AGAIN hit the bookstores? Vonnegut painted a loving but realistic picture of science fiction as a lodge, and I've met fans who get downright on the verge of violence at merely hearing mention of the man's name. No, he doesn't write "science fiction" as the circle defines it, but I think the man writes near that particular literary wing which bears the label. He should be enjoyed for what he does, not ignored for where he is.

But the idea of camp-followers to science fiction is fairly silly, too. Fortunately there are many silly associations which we have the choice of following, but it's too bad that many science fiction fans lose perspective on what you would think they should have the most perspective about.

**HOOSIER CITY AND BACK AGAIN** I mentioned spending a day in Indiana watching a cat that fell over when you pulled its tail. This was one of the Coulson's cats. The middle-sized one. The small one was on the high-side of a normal build. The middle one looked like it had elephantitis. The large one, which is the largest cat I've ever seen, could stand on its hind legs and lay its upper body on the kitchen table. Amazing. The two larger cats, as Buck and Juanita noted, were a tad on the stupid side. Rather like dogs, it appeared. In fact, a dog did appear; it greeted us when we arrived. I've smelled worse on animals that have been dead for five days, and Buck explained that the dog had shown up that morning and they were hoping someone would come along to claim it. Buck then petted the dog, looked distressfully at his hands, and promptly washed them. A few minutes later he went and washed them again.

This was the first time I had visited the Coulson country mansion, though I only narrowly missed doing so in 1973. It was very impressive. Buck and Juanita strike me as people who refuse to part with any of the artifacts or detritus which they accumulate over the course of their existence. In terms of mobility they are rooted to the ground, and there isn't anywhere you can turn in their farmhouse where you won't find two or three dozen items of interest. As collectors and accumulators they go at it in a big way, in a variety of directions, and the consequences of all this should someday be declared a national monument. And perhaps valsparrad.

The visit was filled with enjoyable chatter, and included a Chinese dinner which Buck watched us eat while he munched on pizza to preserve his image of being perverse. Before we left, someone came along in a pickup truck and rightfully or wrongfully, but thankfully, laid claim to the runaway dog and hauled it off. Even the pigs in the Coulson's back yard seemed relieved.

We've set no date as yet, but a reverse engagement is in the works ("Buck and Juanita in CinCity") and will likely be recounted in a future issue. This may even give them a shot at telling people about our cat, the Holy Terror, although we do plan to have her declawed by then...

**PAPER AND CELLULOID DEPARTMENT** Yes, much wordwhipping and many popcorn movies have crossed over the bridge during the gaping interim (remember the gaping interim, Denny, and how much fun you had there?). I thought I would tell you about it all.

**RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK** - The ark of the covenant, the vehicle which transported the tablets containing the ~~13~~ 10 commandments, was somehow imbued with magical powers which could turn people into dust if they didn't close their eyes in its presence. One good-guy archaeologist, one bad-guy archaeologist, and the Nazis, are all looking for it. They find it, and are all turned into dust except for the good guy, and his girlfriend who drinks like a fish. The ark is then sealed in a crate and filed away in an enormous U.S. Government warehouse. Somehow the action and the pace manages to carry the story.

**THE MANITOU** - An Indian Witch Doctor, dead some 400 years, is reborn out of a cyst on a woman's neck, despite Michael Ansara's efforts to prevent this by tapping two sticks together. This action takes place in a hospital room, although later Tony Curtis and Ansara come to the doorway and discover that the Witch Doctor has turned the room into an outer space scene containing just himself, the woman, and the bed she lies on, and is hurling comets at the doorway. Curtis and Ansara channel the spirits of the hospital computer through the woman, who fights the Witch Doctor's comets with lightning bolts which she shoots from her fingertips. Finally she zaps him. Anyone watching this movie is advised to leave before the last half hour.

**ROBIN & MARION** - After King Richard dies, we have this adventure of an over-the-hill Robin and Marion and the Merry Men and the Sheriff of Nottingham. Everyone looks a bit seedy, and breathes heavily. Everybody involved, including Sean Connery as Robin, and a scriptwriter who knows how to have fun, turns in a good performance. Solid entertainment.

**SUPERMAN II** - This follows closely the technique of the comics, which is to warp science and the viewer's credulity wherever it seems required. Contrary to whatever reviews you may have read, Superman does not ball Lois Lane. Not really. First he permanently loses his super-powers, then he balls her, and then he gains his powers

back when the plot requires it. Things go on in this manner until the ending, which I have forgotten. Soon, hopefully, I will forget this much.

**CHEECH & CHONG'S NEXT MOVIE** - Their first movie was **UP IN SMOKE**, a gut-buster which I have enjoyed twice. This is their second movie, and it's terrible. I don't even remember what it was about. Wait a minute, yes I do, it was about first getting stoned and then getting into a lot of ridiculous situations. Come to think of it, that's what all Cheech & Chong movies are about.

**CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS** - Their third and latest. This one works, and is funny. See the last review for a description of the plot.

**DRAGONSLAYER** - In the air the dragon is okay. On the ground it deserves a Hugo. The scenes with the old-fartsorcerer are very well done. The long middle section, with the sorcerer's apprentice, are okay. Entertaining.

**OMEN III - THE FINAL CONFLICT** - I was sorry I watched it. I thought the beginning and middle segments were the pits, until I saw the ending.

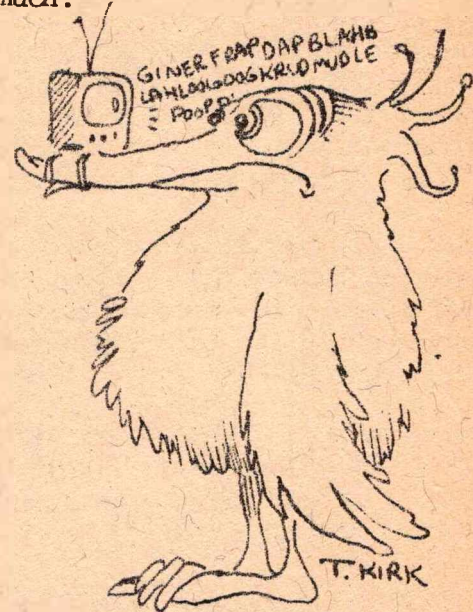
**LUTHER** - Stacy Keach in an early role. He did better in the Cheech & Chong movies. Maybe Luther would have turned out better if it had been done ad-lib, too. Certainly it wouldn't have hurt the dialog any.

**THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART I** - Absolutely tasteless, and funny. Typical Mel Brooks, in other words. Some skits don't work, or don't work well, but overall I enjoyed the hell out of it.

**EXCALIBUR** - It did have its moments, but it had more than its share of flaws. The legend seems to have been rewritten for Hollywood. The fight scenes, and there were too many of them, seemed to be choreographed by someone who thought they were doing a Conan movie. The actor doing Merlin was superb, and most of the rest probably did just enough acting that their checks couldn't be withheld. The pervasive mood of the film was well handled for the most part and there were many nice, light touches, but I came out of the theater with the impression that I had just gone to see a comic book. A good comic book, and technically well-done of its type, but a comic book.

Interestingly enough, or maybe not, I was surprised to find out after viewing **EXCALIBUR** that many of the local fans had somewhat the same feeling about it, except for Al Curry who for a while there had practically moved his sleeping bag into the local theater. I don't know how many times he saw it. He'd seen it four times the day we ran into each other in the theater, and burred about it before grabbing Lynn and rushing off for seats. I think this is great. It's the perfect example of how any of us will be more forgiving than critical when something leans on our interest button...

Say, Al, how many times did you see **EXCALIBUR**?







I personally do not like video games ... that is probably because I'm not very good at them and my friends are such pros that it's embarrassing for me to "perform" in front of an audience. However, recently Steve and I had freebies to Kings Island [Disneyland Midwest, in effect. --DGL] for the amusement park, and since it was so damned cold outside we ventured into the arcade. Steve introduced me to Lunar Landing, and since I had no one but Steve to be embarrassed in front of, I gave it a try. Needless to say, I got hooked, but I never did manage to land the damn thing, even after spending three bucks on it. But I enjoyed watching the fuel tanks blow up and not having any survivors.

The image of you and Mike Glickson with Bill Levy is nice, as is the one of you shaking the tree with the frog in it ... a horny toad?

I too have never been offered a free drink on a plane, but I don't spend nearly as much time in flight as some fans. I liked your response to Harry Warner's cleaning woman story. One evening Bowers was having supper with me ... Steve was elsewhere ... and Bill was being his usual slow-eating self. I finished up early and decided to take a shower. Afterwards (Bill was still eating) the phone rang and I went into the kitchen to answer it wearing only a bath towel. Steve's father picked that precise moment to walk in. Bill gave me no further warning other than to say "Steve's not home." I ducked into the alcove off my kitchen and only stuck my head out when Steve's father walked in, continuing my conversation. Wally finally got tired of waiting and left, so I got off the phone and put on a strapless sundress in the hopes that he would assume that the bare shoulders he'd seen were the result of the dress and not the towel. Bill and I then walked to my sister-in-law's apartment to visit "the folks." Nothing further was said and we all had a good laugh about it later. To be caught in a compromising position with Bowers and not even be guilty!

And re sleeping on the right side of beds ... I do, and it's because of the alarm clock. And it seems that no matter which side I sleep on, I always get the wet spot.

All blacks that go to college are on football scholarships? What does that say about women?!?!?!?

*As Bill receives this fanzine I somehow feel compelled to point out that I don't find it hard to understand why you letterhacked THE WORKS and not XENOLITH. (I mean, you had written him a letter on an earlier issue...)*

*As a heavy smoker I suppose I have no right to say that I don't like smoke-filled rooms either, but I don't like smoke-filled rooms either. Bill Cavin's place did get pretty bad that night. Poor circulation. Too damn many people smoking, too...*

*Back many moons ago, Peter Edick and I toodled over to the Redondo Beach Pier in Suthrun Californace and went bonzo in the arcade. He got absolutely fascinated and enthralled with Lunar Lander. I got besmitten by Asteroids. We looked only slightly more animated than the zombies working the one-armed bandits in Vegas. I finally wound up pissing him off when he urged me to switch games with him and I landed the ship twice in high-point zones on the first quarter. On the way out we saw a fellow beating his fist on the operating panel of a Space Invaders game, and Peter didn't feel so bad.*

*Yes, Bill do eat slow, don't he? One time when he was over it cropped up in idle conversation that his plates were so old they now fit him like a sock on a rooster and were overdue for trade-in. Later on we served dinner, saw he wasn't going to be finished for an eon or two, and washed the rest of the dishes. We finished*

with that and saw that he was still chewing away. I told him, "Bill, when you finally go for those new plates you're talking about, get faster ones." Made him stop chewing for a minute. When I said, "just kidding, Bill," Jackie told me I shouldn't detract from the magic of the moment.

Right, all blacks go to college on football scholarships. A President of the Beecher Board of Education, in Beecher, Illinois (or Illinoise) said that in front of hundreds of people, so obviously it must be true. And, if true, then it's only logical that black women who go to college must also be there on football scholarships, right? I mean, it's the third leg of the syllogism. Well, no, I don't know how this could be so. Perhaps the cheerleaders get in on football scholarships, you think, maybe? There must be some explanation to it all, I suppose.

Hey, I think I always get the wet spot, too. How do these people manage such a thing?



HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

THE WORKS was again a pleasure to read. You sound as grumpy as I am nowadays, and you express that state of mind in a much more cheerful manner than I can manage. I envy you.

Your neighborhood sounded as if it had taken lessons from this one. Early this week I witnessed and heard a complicated dispute between the next-door neighbors, who persuaded authorities to provide them with a handicapped parking space, and a man across the street who had parked rather close to it. The people on my side of the street apparently won, both because he moved his car but also because one of the cripples gave him a shove that sent him further down the street than his car went. Day before yesterday, just as I was going to work, I noticed an auto parked a hundred feet up the street on the wrong side, facing the flow of traffic. Just as I was wondering if a cruiser would come along in time to give it a ticket, I looked again and saw it was a cruiser, with two neighbors caged in the back seat, looking very unhappy. I still don't know what happened to them. Yesterday and



today, the owner of the next-door house in the other direction cleaned out the contents of a garage behind it converted into a dwelling, whose last tenant apparently found her debts greater than her possessions and vanished leaving both behind. The owner dumped most of the stuff on the lawn outside my property rather than his own. I thought I'd need to fuss with him to move it or call a hauling firm, but scavengers began to show up and the bulk of the things have been carried and hauled away. I don't know quite what to make of the fact that in this day and age, a box entitled For-Play Sex Kit was still there, the last time I looked.

I would think that chewing or sucking at a popsicle would be a good clue to an individual's basic drive and ambition. I always wanted to make my popsicle last as long as possible, so I never chewed, and I've remained in the same conservative, inactive pattern of behavior ever since.

I'm glad to see you writing about your globetrotting to far-off places like Beecher and Cincinnati. It's especially good to read about your encounters with Bill Bowers. I was starting to believe some of the things he's been writing about his hermit-like behavior.

The illustrations are beautiful, dramatic, and I trust true to life in the cases of the portraits. I still find it hard to get accustomed to the use of electrostencilled illustrations in fanzines with small circulations like yours. It seems like only yesterday when fanzines with electronically stencilled pictures were few in number and vast in pretension.

*I'm just a part-time grump, though I at least try to be amusing about it to take the edge off. I get so much amusement out of other peoples' grumpiness that it's difficult not to see the humor in my own.*

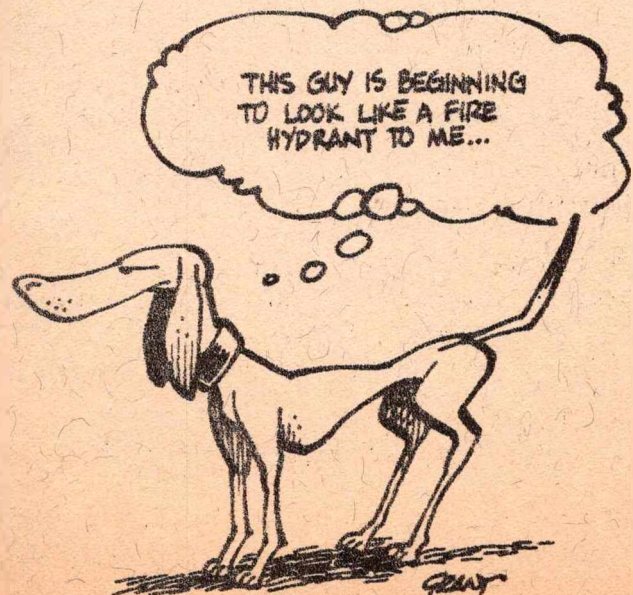
*I had a couple of popsicles the other night. I bit off chunks to chew. I sucked on them. I shaved ice off with my teeth. I bit off chunks to melt in my mouth. A later analysis of this amazing performance revealed that I had enjoyed the popsicles.*

*Bill Bowers is not a hermit, although his home looks as if it belongs to one.*

#### JOE NICHOLAS

Rm. 9, 94 St. George's Square,  
Pimlico, London SW1Y 3QY, United Kingdom

I don't agree with Jackie about writing and I do agree with Eric Mayer. It doesn't matter a damn whether or not you're being paid for what you're doing because if it's worth doing it's worth doing well regardless. (And if anyone is going to claim that what is paid for is of necessity better than what came for free, then for the sake of consistency they'll have to justify a scale of values based entirely upon a monetary system.) Writing is, I believe, an artform like any other, and in common with all artforms is concerned both to externalise the artist's



internal view of reality and communicate that view to the rest of the world -- and in that particular order, which ipso facto results in the act of creation being accorded far greater importance than the act of communication. (Which doesn't mean that the act of creation is the sole end of the exercise; if it were, then total incomprehensibility to all but the perpetrator would be the inevitable result.) And in order to produce a coherent, comprehensive, and well-rounded statement of your particular individual vision, you have to work at it, pushing yourself to your utmost limits and, if possible, beyond.

*I'll buy that. I'm not a professional in too many senses, but I do consider myself a writer (and a tennis player, and a card shark, and a swimmer, and a few other things I'm not a pro at, either). Writing is like watering a garden. First you have to turn on the water in the hose, and then you have to direct it, and time it, and keep it moving. Of course, to get out of this simile without appearing too wet, writing is more fun.*

DON D'AMMASSA  
323 Dodge St., East Providence,  
Rhode Island 02914

THE WORKS reminded me of an incident that occurred while I was on jury duty a year or so ago. As you may know, each case is briefly synopsisized to all the prospective jurists by the judge, so that people can disqualify themselves if they are friends of any of the principals. Well, one of the cases I was possibly to sit on involved a poultry farm. It appears that the farm owner had used a number of chemical additives to the food supply in order to stimulate bigger and better eggs.

Naturally, the excreta of the chickens reflected their diet, and the various chemicals were fed into a stream. This stream meandered off the farm property and across two substantial pieces of property that bordered it. Both had been turned into very expensive private homes. But the chemicals eventually killed all of the trees on that property, and the owners were suing the farmer for recompense.

After reading us all of this, the judge lowered his papers and took off his glasses, scratching his head idly as he reminisced: "You know, ladies and gentlemen, I have sat on the bench for forty years now, and this is the first time I have had a case which I can truly say is chickenshit."

LLOYD BIGGLE  
569 Dubie, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197

I picked up the enclosed when I was down at Auburn University; since you missed college, you might like to see how your general education shapes up.

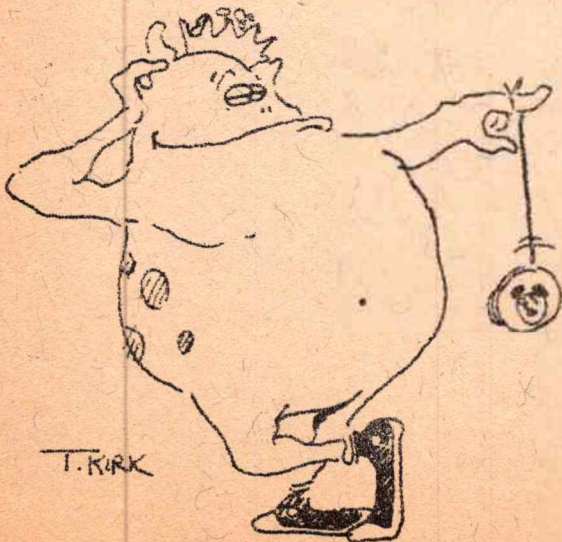
OH. YOU MEAN  
THAT LEADER...



## NATHAN HALE APTITUDE TEST

**Instructions:** Read each question carefully. Answer all questions. Time limit 4 hours. Begin immediately. Work in numerical order (equipment remaining from question 1 may prove useful with questions 3 and 6).

1. Medicine. You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze, and a bottle of Scotch. Remove your appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. You have 15 minutes.
2. History. Describe the history of the papacy from its origins to the present day, concentrating especially but not exclusively on its social, political, economic, religious, and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, America, and Africa. Be brief, concise, and specific.
3. Public Speaking. Two thousand drug-crazed aborigines are storming the classroom. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin or Greek.
4. Biology. Create life. Estimate the difference in subsequent human culture if this form of life had been created 500 million years earlier, with special attention to its probable effect on the English Parliamentary system.
5. Music. Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.
6. Engineering. The disassembled parts of a high powered rifle have been placed in a box on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual printed in Swahili. In 10 minutes, a hungry Bengal tiger will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel is appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.
7. Sociology. What sociological problems might accompany the end of the world? Construct an experiment to test your theory.
8. Management Science. Define management. Define science. How do they relate? Create a generalized algorithm to optimize all managerial decisions. Assuming a 7600 CPU supporting 50 terminals, each terminal to activate your algorithm, design the communications interface and all necessary control problems.
9. Psychology. Based on your knowledge of their works, evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment, and repressed frustrations of each: Alexander of Aphrodisias, Ramses II, Gregory of Nicea, Hammurabi; support your evaluation with quotations from each man's work. It is not necessary to translate.
10. Economics. Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the probable effects of your plan on these areas: Cubism, the Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light.
11. Epistemology. Take a position for or against truth. Prove the validity of your position.
12. Classical Physics. Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science.
13. Modern Physics. Produce element 107. Determine its half-life.
14. Energy Resources. Construct a working fusion reactor.
15. Philosophy. Sketch the development of human thought; estimate its significance. Compare with the development of any other kind of thought.
16. General Knowledge. Describe in detail, briefly.
17. Extra Credit. Define the universe; give three examples.



What follows is the consequence of Bill Cavin saying that Bob Tucker had run across Claude Degler at a recent convention in Indianapolis. "Nah," we all said. "Oh yeah," he countered. Upon returning home I immediately sat down at the typewriter and went right straight to the horse's mouth. Er, that is, I wrote a letter to Bob asking if he were forever doomed to unmask Claude Degler as he tried to sneak about fandom in a pussyfooting manner, or was he just forever tempted to tempt the credulity of fans like Bill Cavin?



**BOB TUCKER**

34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, Illinois 62650

This is the first letter I have written to a science fiction editor since August 1934, when I sent a convention report to Charles Hornig at WONDER STORIES. He printed it in his letter section, thus cheating me of my half-cent per word fee. I look forward to you also cheating me, but please be advised my rates are now one cent per word. Cheat big.

I want to tell you about meeting a legendary figure from fandom's golden past. Harry Warner should take notes.

Last Fourth of July weekend I was attending InConjunction, which is a brand new convention in Indianapolis. It was pretty good and I got wet. (See enclosed photo.) One evening I was dashing from the convention hall to my room to change clothes, or to get a drink, or to pluck a petal from a rosebud, or something, when I was hailed in the lobby by a half-familiar voice. I turned, stared, and felt the hairs of my nape rise.

A very tall, sallow complexioned gentleman stared at me with a very wide grin and said something like "Hey, Tucker, do you know who I am?" I recognized the voice at once. It was him, \*Claude Degler\* the legendary figure from fandom's golden past that I mentioned in the second paragraph. He had a silent woman with him. I peered around him to see if he was concealing the books and magazines that once graced our shelves, but his hands were empty. (And appeared clean.)

It was Claude all right. I tested him, and it was Our Hero himself. He said he lived in or near Indianapolis, and that he had seen my name on the convention advertising and came down to see me. We talked for about ten minutes and each of us was careful not to reveal our current addresses. He said the silent woman was his wife. There were no Degler children in evidence. I told him I was hurrying to do something or other in my room and took my leave, ~~promising~~ saying that I'd like to see him again later on in the evening. Alas, I never saw him again. I suppose he went home, not to return.

I was so thunderstruck by the \*Appearance\* that I dashed off a Stop Press Bulletin to Ted White's and Dan Steffan's PONG. They may have an Extra on the streets momentarily. The cosmic significance of this meeting is underscored by the fact that, in the last six months, I've also met Joel Nydahl and Niel DeJack at various conventions.

I think the End is coming.