

THE BIRD IS CRUEL?.....

I THINK I'LL WRITE A NOVEL USING THE
SEXUAL VARIATIONS IN THE KAMA SUTRA AS
A BASE BUT, IN ORDER TO CAMOUFLAGE THE
FACT THAT IT'S JUST PORNOGRAPHY, I'LL ADD
A BETTER PLOT THAN FOUND IN THE REGULAR
PORN NOVEL. THEN, TO TOP IT OFF, I'LL ATTEMPT
TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS LITERATURE, S.F. LIT.
AT THAT. BUT THEN A TITLE... PERHAPS
TIME ENOUGH FOR LUST? NO, TOO OBVIOUS. I KNOW,
DAHL'S GREN. NO, DAMMIT. PEOPLE WOULD READ IN
A MYSTIQUE THAT'S NOT THERE.
FEAR OF FLYING? NO, WRONG KIND
OF TITLE FOR S.F.
PERHAPS...



Tynor

Patrick Hayden, editor

For AZAPA #14

May 1976

206 St George St #910, Toronto, Ontario, Canada m5r2n6 ::: ThangEnt 114

"The universe is the sound made by one eye opening."

--ILLUMINATUS!

Phoenix in '78

I find myself cranking stencils into the typer less and less often these days. Funny, I said to myself, I don't feel like a gafiote. "Ah, but then you're the worst kind," whispered back my alter ego (a poltergeis). "You're being primed for the Maxima Delusia treatment. Pretty soon you'll reach the top of the FAPA waiting list, enter, and never be heard from again. And the most amusing part of it is that you'll never feel a thing— you'll be there forever, confident that you can still do it, still considering yourself a treu-bleu Tru and Fanzine Faan..."

"Go away," I riposted. "Mumble erg foofle roscoe grump."

I missed a mailing, I observed. Missed it by a day or two, and didn't have the energy to get out a postmailing. The annish, too. At least I managed to be Present on the Cover. At such a cost... you wouldn't beleive how hard it is to get a shot that's even vaguely complimentary from one of those machines.

Ah, shit, this stencil is slipping.

COVER— I swear by the entrails of Nyarlthotep or however you spell them there Lovecraft gods, it looks like someone switched photos between Harry Andruschak and Charles Korbass. Each of them fits the mental image I had of the other so well, and if that says something about mental images, it should. It'll take me a long time to live down the mental images I built of various people in Toronto before moving here— like Victoria Wayne as Susan Wood...

WIZARD— Re your proposals, Bruce, I supports them all except the last one. For one thing, no rule is going to keep people from mailing a zine to the AZAPA membership list, and the only Awful Strain on the OE is that he has to type a credit line in the next table of contents. Big Deal. If you won't give credit for that, well... (It seems to me that your argument that postmailings are "hard to keep track of" is based mainly on a fear that members will lose them and not comment on them. May I humbly suggest that it is not the province of the AZAPA OE, the rules of the apa, or anyone/thing else to dictate whether people comment on a zine or not?)

I see Moshe Feder is on Spec. I hope he joins... did anyone notice how much the cover photo of Tim looks like Feder? Did you get something mixed up trying to do a photo cover for TAPS at the same time?

FLASHING THIGHS (Andruschak)— *Ahem* I fail to see how Lurid Jim's postmailings lack in "integrity". He is quite right, of course, about the matter of more than one # in a single mailing, and I concur with his suggestions. (There are two TBICs in this mailing for obvious reasons: I didn't get around to running the two-pager I'd done for the last mlg until it was far and away too late, and I'll be damned if I'm going to ~~make this a~~ continuation of the last one. The people outside of the apa that I send my few extra copies to are confused enough as it is.) ::: I see you Explained Fandom to Lori Carter. Dammit, that's MISHAP, not MISHAPS. Since when has LOCUS reviewed fanzines? Not for a looooong time, sirrah, and that's

THE BROS IS CRUEL - 20 -

one of the reasons I stopped paying 50¢ a shot for it. That and the fact that I really have very little use for the interminable book reviews— one or two short paragraphs long— that seem to fill its pages these days. I can get all the news I need ~~from the text that reports~~ from KARASS and by glancing at the front pages of other people's LOCUSES.

Your mention of postponing apa deadlines to get one's own zine in brings back a pang of remorse for the late lamented RAPS, now near moribundity. Good Old Dave Romm, I regret to mutter, must be held as the culprit, since when he took it over he implemented a number of such policies, as well as giving people full credit for two lines in a one-shot, refusing to hold elections, etc. I may start an (invitational!) apa one of these days, but I don't think I'll try that... ::: Solly about that, sahib, but Diane only takes rooms with Fabulously Fhannish Midwesterners... ("That's what you think!" I hear the cry.)

I don't think anyone here has overlooked the population explosion problem. Do you really realize how many people this planet can support? And do you really understand the ef'ct government economic intervention has on the productiveness of the system? I doubt it. I call a foul: you've set up a straw man.

"Behind-the-scenes life of a great statesman"? Your friendly neighborhood every-day Great Statesman, no doubt. A statesman is a dead politician, and I think Heinlein himself said that. Whee.

"Communication is possible only between equals."

—Hagbard Celine, Never Whistle While You're Pissing

TWADDLE (Khennedy)— *Yawn* I see you still haven't run out of energy for Kyger-baiting. (Yes, folks, Lord Jim wasn't satisfied with minding other peoples' business in AZAPA: his last contribution to apa50 was rife with attacks on people who weren't around to defend themselves.) Really, James sir massuh doodah etc., when are you going to mature out of this idiotic emotional bullying? Since I'm far far away from your In-Person manifestation and only hear from you in Print these days, it's taking on a much more repulsive tone. If you really need an outlet that badly, you might at least take up a more constructive hobby, like stamp collecting or masturbating in public or something. The Word is getting stale, like old tuna fish sandwiches.

"Hail Eris!" "All hail Discordia!" "Kallisti!" I'm with the Mothers' March Against Crudzines, myself...

Before you start paying low-IQ people to sterilize themselves, consider what you might do to the gene pool as well: a lot of damned useful survival traits might drop out along with the much-prized ability to pass IQ tests. My score has varied over 20 points over the years; it can go as far as 40— within the space of a couple of days! Reliable things, those.

ASHER'S BONNIE PAIL (Greg Brown)— My objections to Elliscn base a large chunk on the fact that he does exactly what you praise him for doing: he Entertains people. He does schtick. He performs. People are coming to conventions more and more these days to be Entertained. I really don't view the optimum Worldcon as a Greatest Show on Earth. If anyone wants it to be that they might as well call it an Expo and be done with it, instead of a Convention (which is a place where people convent, b'wana. Look it up, no kid.).

I've seen the fnords

"Tom Reamy is the rare fan-pro who nobody could dislike"— well, I suppose you and I have radically different tastes in people. Seriously, I don't find it an effort at all to dislike someone who refers to friends of mine as "brain-damage cases" and "candidates for Potter's Field". To paraphrase: "Tom Reamy is that rare fan-pro that has managed to earn the dislike of genuine Hordes of Fen without ever even meeting them."

Drat: the corfluing on the last page didn't come out well at all, at all.

Before I get accused of unsupported character-assasination, I should make somewhat clearer the reasons I have for Not Being Too Thrilled about Mr. Reamy. After endearing himself to me with his no-holds-barred up-your-ass editorial style in the third MAC PR, our friend Thomas committed the unforgivable gaffe of justifying MAC's illegal I.D. policy by tossing off the line "...won't be an inconvenience; everybody carries ID these days." Perhaps Tom Reamy has made the transition to 1984 smoothly and with no protests, lubricated in a coating of Vaseline as it were, but if he cared to look around he might observe a number of crabby, individualistic old reactionary bastards who do Strange Things like use a name other than their legal name, refuse to produce ID for a commodity already paid for and receipted (you don't revoke a receipt, counterfeiters or no; that's I*L*L*E*G*A*L and immoral to boot. Counterfeiters are the concom's problem, not mine, and I don't consider co-operation my obligation...), resent being called "brain-damage cases", et al., for Incomprehensible Reasons like self-respect, distrust of people who make a hobby of using authority symbols, etc.

"There's nothing wrong with fannish anarchy if one is aware of where the limits are, but those who embrace it whole-heartedly seldom seem to be." —Tom Reamy, MAC PR 4, pg. 6. In one fell swoop Mr. Reamy has demonstrated himself as a man with approximately the capacity to grasp abstracts of a schizophrenic baboon. I won't disqualify the above comment by saying that I mean "nothing personal", since, in an honest evaluation, I'm sure I mean as much personally as Mr. Reamy meant personally to Taral Wayne MacDonald when he placed Wayne's highly articulate letter of protest in the letters section surrounded by crank mail, illiterates, and dumb jokes.

Since when does one "embrace" an anarchy? This sort of thinking has been correctly referred to as the "Leviathan" (Sorry, Shea/Wilson) view of society. An anarchy—which is what fandom is, despite Mr. Reamy—is not a "system" that one must needs "embrace", from which one could deduce, fairly easily, that whatever "limitations" it may have are radically different from those that Reamy imagines. Its "limitations", in actuality, generally involve the fact that every now and then someone with a touch of megalomania (Me? Name names?) decides that fandom is Ripe Territory for some pushing around. "Awright, youse braindamage cases! Straighten up! Whaddya think you are a civilian or something?"

(As long as I'm on the Borningly Controversial Subject of MAC, I should note that in the latest PR there is a notice to the effect that almost*anything — a letter, a fanzine, whathaveyou— is acceptable as ID. Except, for some reason, those little green cards they sent out over a year ago. In other words, that little green card which I lovingly filed away under the assumption that I was dealing with rational human beings and not highway robbers— in short, that which I had every reason to beleive was a receipt. So people are counterfeiting them, bemoans the MACcom, drowning veritably in crocodile tears. So tough shit, sez I; you dreamed up that escalating rate scale which makes a membership worth \$50 at the door— something worth going to all the fuss and bother of counterfeiting for.

(I truly hope the Phoenix bid, should it win, doesn't make the same mistake. I suggested to Bill Patterson that the concom sell 3000 memberships in advance and 1000 at the door, or something like that, and Bill brought up the problem of scalpers. I doubt it indeed. You may have few, undoubtably, but authoritarianism grows (mushrooms!) out of Committees running in trepidation from relatively minor straw men and setting up a maze of Regulations to combat them. Sort of like swatting a fly with a bazooka. Past Worldcons haven't had the problem in proliferating, and I don't think it's going to start. And if it does, you don't fight it by making people pay twice for something sold once.)

*Key word: "almost". They'll let in who they feel like letting in, in other words. "Be nice to the man in uniform, Johnny."

(Greg Brown, continued)— It is most certainly immoral to sell hard drugs to un-comprehending schoolchildren. It is also just as certainly immoral to set up a State to do your dirty work for you. If you want to Do Something about the pusher that's been screwing up your kids, you have plenty of options in our (very) theoretical anarchist/libertarian/whatever society. You can kill him. You can hire someone to kill him. You can tar and feather him. You can get together some other concerned parents and run him out of town on a rail. Whatever happens is likely to be a lot more decisive than whatever the inefficient, hulking, above-all-unbeleivably-stupid State will do.

Oh, yes, and if you're really unwilling to do something Definitive, you can move.

Law is not morality. Morality is morality. Law is "consensus morality". Truth does not lie between whatever two extremes of opinion there might happen to be at the time. (It can, but it has as much chance of being anywhere else.) Laws are not morality because no matter how specific and elaborate the legal system, there are always loopholes through which one may behave immorally with legal impunity. (And I'm talking about real morality— the kind that is based on hurting/not hurting other people, not the travesty created by religion and fobbed off as morality. Do I really have to go into this? I thot everybody... oh well.)

Ahem Why did everyone assume that thing from a Mike Sestak in the last mailing was from Larry Downes, a (swallow hard, this is going to be difficult) witty; bright, intelligent, and coherent young fan from Oak Park, Michigan? (All right, I did it: the next step belongs to the JAMs...)

You are right, in a way, about Rand, but remember: she did a damned good job of laying waste to some of the most firmly-entrenched assumptions of Our Time (I'm getting pompous; kick me) and I don't really begrudge her the fact that she's ~~gotter/schill~~ failed to come up with a coherent aesthetic alternative. Other people, other times... Rand is at her best in pure ethics. Get her talking about Romanticism or her incredible ideas about sex, and you may find yourself surpressing an uncontrollable desire to, well, puke...

Sarah Prince is real and I have Seen ~~the/idea~~ her, bizarre porcelain objects and all, at Marcon. ...this is one of the longest mailing comments I've ever done. No comment on women or IQs. Erg!

I DINT (Doreen)— You have yet to be Illuminated. The number 13's magioko/mystical Significance is but a pale, recent development. In short, 17 and 23 are Where It's At, to use outdated colloquialisms. Not to mention their corrolaries 8 (1+7) and 5 (2+3). 17 and 23 = 40. (Look up every time 40 shows up in the Bible. If you need more, try the Vedas.) Consult such esoteric sources as the Pnakotic Manuscripts and the beginning of the second chapter of Heinlein's The Puppet Masters. Play cribbage. Add up the digits in 1776. Quick, Schaefer: What happened in 1723? In 1776? Name all the famous assassinations that took place on the 23rd of the month. Guess: How many people died of heat prostration in ~~Chicago~~ the day "John Dillinger" was gunned down in front of the Biograph Theatre?

Do you get the feeling someone is pulling your leg?

BEHIND THE RABBIT (Janet)— I certainly hope that by "OSFiC's past president" you mean the relatively laissez-faire (my, aren't we ideological) Taral Wayne MacDonald, the immediate predeccesor of ~~petard/vocabage/jt/~~ (stop that! slander...) He Who Is Revered By Literally Tens Of Fringefen. I doubt in any case that the latter could even read; let alone loc, a fanzine...

Oh incidentally, Jan, did I mention, we visited Harry Warner Jr. on the way back from Balticon...? (Pass that salt, rub that wound. Phil Paine didn't go either and has been snarling every time someone mentions it as well. Not that I blame him, as Balticon was magnificent, with Gestetner rooms and free supplies and oneshots done up like genzines and beer overflowing and a great hotel and Chip Delany effusing and Fabulously Fanoclast Fandom and Harry War...oops)

TRIAL VOYAGE (Sarah Prince)-- On the Doorstop Irregulars, they seem to be fading fast. They fit in much better at Trekcons, where people expect to be treated like cattle (← This Phrase Property Patterbill, Ltd), anyway, and I don't think they'll get much work at regular fannish affairs. They do seem to be utterly dominating Midwestern filksings, though, which is both too bad and unalterable unless someone comes along that cares enough to Do Something. I can understand why you were a bit put-out, if the filksing you attended was as Dorsai-dominated (out-of-uniform, perhaps) as I suspect, considering the con.

DUCKSPEAK (Diane)-- Talk Is Cheap, which makes it a bargain. A far better deal than guns, knives, and clubs. This has been a message from your Friendly Neighborhood Smug Cliche-Debunker (Questions Answered, Crackers Sold By The Barrel).

I think the space program, in its salad days, averaged something like 4-6 billion a year. That isn't even a quarter of what the Pentagon receives as leeway for beurocratic waste alone... I beleive Defense (Damn British spellings, what come from learning to read on Penguin books!)... Defence has an operating budget of about 82 billion a year, or something. Enough to drop something like a moonshot into without even making a ripple.

So send me my socks with the next MISHAP mailing; considering the present shape of that apa I think I'll wash the apa and do mc's on the socks.

23 skidoo

REICH...(Balfour)-- Skipping the fact that the division of cultures into Apollonian an Dionysian reflects a somewhat crude automatic division of mind/intellect vs. body/senses, it is nonsense to put our own society into the Apollonian class anyway. "Everybody knows" that we live in a technological society, but do we? Do you know how to fix a TV set? A turntable? A refrigerator? I don't. What we live in is a society with just enough technological people to keep things functioning for the rest of us. If you want a genuine, technological, Apollonian, mechanistic society, try the Eskimos.

Sorry to look like I'm arguing with you. I'm agreeing with you, in other words.

FLUKE (Bruce)-- Emphatic agreement on Geo. Railroad Martin; a Good Person, he said profoundly. I wonder if that speech of his'll be printed anywhere-- I suspect I can predict what was in it, but I'd like to see the thing...

ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENENCE is an incredible book. That something as complex and subtle as it should be a bestseller as well is Encouraging, as well...

Fantastic. A real live no-kidding taxpayer's rebellion. I'm going to have to resubscribe to the NEW TIMES, just to keep up with what's happening back in AZ. Whooduhthunkit, indeed.

THE NATIONAL NOID (Kip Williams)-- I think I mentioned before that according to Sigel and Schuster, who created the series and Should Know, Metropolis is modeled largely after Toronto, with particular reference to the Daily Planet building, which is lifted lock, stock, and barrel from the old Toronto Star tower, which was unfortunately torn down a few years ago. The only difference was that the Star building had a giant five-pointed star (A One-horn-exalted Pentagram! Right-hand magick! Er...) instead of a rotating planet on top.

In any case, Toronto is often used as the Average City. It's shaped approximately like a horizontal rectangle, with a lake to the south, the downtown neatly pyramided on the lake in the middle, and the two main drags intersecting just a couple miles north of the shore. It also has as many ethnic neighborhoods as you could possible need, a grid system that varies just enough so that it doesn't look like Kansas City, etc. etc. This generally results in a number of movies and TV

shows being filmed in T.O. Emergency! is done here, as are parts of SWAT, and as were PAPER CHASE and THE LAST DETAIL, both of which featured Toronto fanned/neo-pro Bob Wilson in extra shots, incidentally. (Bob is a member of the nebulous mass of people who read AZAPA mailings without belonging; he lives with Janet Small about four blocks from here and seems to know everything about the latest mailing days before I even get it. Howcum Janet seems to get her mailings before me, I dunno... it's happened twice now. I resent it. Maybe I should send Bruce some money...)

BM (Curt)— You have the Convention Center for the '78 Worldcon bid? Holy shit. That's a few hundred points in your favor in itself.

Certainly, of course, yes indeed you are right about the "childlike joy in pretending" that is much of the atmosphere of fandom. If you want nicknames and appellations in Toronto fandom, though, you will have to realize first off that we are very Serious and Constructive about it. At least three people in the Derelicts- go by another name than their legal one, consistently. Victoria Wayne is in reality Heinrika Cornelia Van Asperen (no kidding; if I had a name like that I'd probably change it too); Phil Paine is in reality Philippe B_____ (sorry, that information is classified), Wayne MacDonald has legally adopted the sobriquet "Taral" in front of his name; etc. There are also two Bobs— Bob Wilson and Bob Webber— which has resulted in the first being referred to as RealBob and the second as FakeBob. If FakeBob starts getting offended, we switch to calling him WebBob and the other as PoonBob, stemming from Bob Wilson's alter-ego as Uriah Cuthbert Poon, mad poet of the spaceways. There are plenty of hoax names: I go by Thrymich L. Erkenbrand, Phil adopts the persona of Zane W. Scroggins (a faded pulp writer from the '30s), Janet is Jennifer Amanda Tunafish, Victoria is saddled with Victrola von Bufferin, etc. etc. And of course this madness is presided over by the omnipotent and mysterious Ezekiel Couch.

I won't even go into the nicknames various geographical areas of Toronto have acquired, except to mention that Mike Glicksohn's neighborhood is occasionally referred to as "Gaithersburg"— which also happens to be the name of Sheryl Birkhead's hometown in Maryland, nudge nudge wink wink etc ad nauseam.

Gee, Curt, this chronicling of fannish trivia is ~~stupid/stupid~~ heady stuff. Now I'm going to have to show this stencil around and make sure I haven't Gruesomely Misrepresented Anyone, or something.

Now look what you made me do

This section of THE BIRD IS CRUEL #20 (Patrick Hayden, D. D., ULC, ed.) subtitled "Lines 27-36 of 'Mailing Comment' to 'Curt Stubbs'"

hereby declared

C*E*N*S*O*R*E*D

Authorized: A.: A.:

Bureau of Smoffish Regulation

"Sub Rosa"

(Keep the faith in Latin? I've always kept the faith in Lati... my faith in Latin is suffering existential angst...)

Picky, picky, picky. So the stuff at the Dash Inn (good place, that... all this Phoenixania is making me want to go back, ghaack!) is "Americanized" Mexican food. Most of the stuff we call Chinese food is "Americanized" Chinese food. Real Mexican food? Every try chocolate-covered chicken? You should only visit Mexico City and find out what a gastronomical surrealist poem "real" Mexican food is. (I like it, but I'm one of those castiron stomach characters.)

Tell you what, Curt: you stop trying to second-guess what and who I'm going to m-c, and I won't put your name on the mailing list of the White Heroes Opposing Red Extremism... initial that, if you please.

Your theory seems fairly sound to me. The Petard Principle, with overtones of SNAFU. My, aren't we esoteric.

YAKITY YAKS (Lori Carter)— Speaking of hoaxes, do you exist? I have here a copy of THE BIRD IS CRUEL #18, which I postmailed to the last mailing, addressed to you, mailed, and returned stamped "Return to Sender: Addressee Unknown." I've so far mailed it twice. Either you are indeed a Hoax or a bio-postal force field exists between us. In the meantime I have the zine and will be taking it to Autoclave on the off chance that you'll be attending.

I really don't understand all this antagonism towards Taco Bell. Admittedly it isn't really no kissing real live volcano-in-your-sinuses Mexican food, or even Americanized Mexican food (cf. comment to Curt above) but it certainly beats out most other fast-food chains, except maybe H. Salt's. I think it may be that some people are hung up about the appearance and texture of some of the things served there— it is a sorry state of affairs indeed when people aren't even cosmopolitan enough to appreciate half-decent fastfood.

Ahem You think they did away with the draft board? Look again. Your friendly neighborhood draft board still exists, and there's still a draft. Even I, an American living in Canada, have to go down and register when I turn 18 in January. It still exists. It probably will for a long time too— part of the good old American policy of instituting "emergency wartime measures" and never repealing them. (See the history of the CIA and the FCC.) (Of course, I could quite easily not go down and register for the draft, but if I took that option, I wouldn't ever be able to get into the US legally. Considering how much time I spend in the States, that would be a bit inconvenient. If they try to actually draft me, though...)

A bit of friendly advice while you're speculating: don't do away with the congressional set-up without abolishing the executive & judicial branches too, i.e. the government. Someone once tried what you're speculating about in a little country called Germany. Go read some history.

'Is that all that happens at a "con"?' Is The Lord Of The Rings just about some little furry character who throws a ring into a crack in the ground? Experience the Sociocultural-psychological Gestalt! Attend Autoclave or Midwescon or something.

the froward ladybug (beetem)— I'd like to know exactly who came up with the term AZAPA; I know I didn't, tho I sort of started the organization, at Bill Patterson's prodding. It might have been Paula-ann Anthony, or Lord Jim, or Tim, or Bill. Maybe Bill knows?

Around my neck of the woods, people are generally too interested in the ideas in the intellectual disagreement to worry about emotions and other paraphernalia. People who take emotional hurt from disagreement are only bringing pain upon themselves, and have nobody but themselves to blame. I've done it overmuch myself, but it's my karma. Incidentally, I prefer print, since it preserves the stages of a discussion and doesn't allow people the tempting out of claiming That's Not What I Said.

It really is disgustingly hypocritical to always keep intellectual disagreement on a non-personal level. You may be able to shrug and say "well, that's your opinion and I Respect It" to someone who tells you he thinks everyone on welfare should be sterilized, but I can't, and won't. I think we need to cultivate a bit more of a sense of outrage.

~~XXXXXXXXXX/XX/XXX/XXXX/XXXX/XXXX/XXXX~~ ZEITSHRIFT FUR METAPHYSIK (Schaefer)— The Grand Inquisitor correctly assessed human nature in the light of his own input, i.e. as far as his time was concerned. Times change, people change, that old whipping boy and sacred ~~cow~~ cow Human Nature changes. Also it is becoming more and more possible to avoid having your own trip influenced by the inclinations of that great throbbing mob of icky people out there. Of course, if you are inclined to try to "inflict your trip on someone else" (pause for interlude of Schoenberg while I clean this crypto-hip terminology off my act) you open yourself up to be influenced by them. Your prob-

lem. (Impersonal your, that is.)

Thanks for the anecdote about your little putsch and counter-putsch. I need something like that every now and then, to remind to me to avoid all such G*r*o*u*p*s and --!!Organizations!!-- and particularly *****PARTIES***** like the anthrax plague. And terms like "leftist" and "rightist".

I understand that a large chunk of THE FOUNTAINHEAD is summed up in the first ten minutes of the film. Someday I'll have to see it-- though most reactions to it I've heard have been much like yours, at best "kind of neat".

I refuse to take any Yale-ites opinion on the H_____ L_p_n at face value. I'm non-partisan in this feud, you see. Incidentally, my choice of Whig over Tory was on purpose: Bonnie Prince Charlie my ass. Ghu save us all from Fuhrers with the power to inspire their followers. Give me a fat stupid king any day.

The pigeons in Skinner cages are political prisoners

BROWNIAN MOTIONS (Hilde)-- I'm more frightened of the school than the attitude of the kids. I really don't think those kids are "expecting" the school to do anything for them-- it's a causative relationship the other way, in other words. Schools that are set up to program people that Fit scare me a lot more than a few kids who regard programming as their natural right.

Let's hear it for alienation! "Belonging" is a dirty word anyway; it can mean quite easily that you are society's Property, i.e. you Belong. Drek, all of it...

HPL (Tymon)-- Huzzah for you, sir, in re numbering/length/etc. of apazines. But don't be too hasty about condemning "quotes from assorted media" (he said nine lines under an interlino)-- the lino, quoted lyric, illo, etc. are forms of expression at least as valid as the written word, and tend to break up zines and make them more interesting visually, therefore more readable. Your own zine does tend to suffer in this, what with looooonng unbroken blocks of type. Draw something on stencil, o Fanartist! (But it's your business, as you said.)

I don't know. The idea of a soldier's union sounds peachy-keen, but I have a very strong feeling that it'd wind up as simply another agency with absurd power over you. The evidence for this is overwhelming: look at any union presently in existence.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AZAPA (Patterbill, or whatsit)-- Your black-flag words raised no commentary from this quarter mainly because I agreed with you, on the whole. We may be ideologically closer on a number of things than most people in AZAPA. Now all we need to do is get a Manifesto and institute a Party Line... speaking of which, I owe you letters...

Rand has a lot of private symbols which she never outgrew. I think that fact that they are taken literally to a ridiculous extent is more a reflection on her followers than her: most of them need a guru more than an author. Of course, she's been sadly lax in climbing down from her Leader position... she's weak enough to enjoy being someone's guru...

STRAY COMMENTS FROM MAILING #12....

FLUKE (Bruce)-- Disaster epics for the prepsychotic... I saw the paperback of a novel called BLACK SUNDAY recently, and concluded through empirical evidence and with rigorous logic that it was about a zeppelin crashing into a football stadium. I have since been disabused of that notion (the true plot is even sillier, and we won't go into that) but the idea still intrigues me. Perhaps we could work that in with the Canadian Shield erupting while Lackawanna, NY falls into the sea...

In the fannish lexicon, the full title for the Derelicts is the Derelict Insurgents. (Not our fault-- but I heard enough people in New York apply that title to us that I accepted the canonization. Vide, vide...)

FLASHING SAIS! (Andruschak)— I somehow doubt that Harry Warner gets much chance to actually read all those APA-Ls; they seem to go directly onto an enormous stack that sits atop a pile of four or five boxes, presumably all APA-Ls, if I guess correctly. (A number of Fanoclasts and Derelicts ~~paid/volunteered~~ visited the Great Man himself on a side trip from Balticon, as I mentioned before in this disorganized tirade. After a number of people had left, the diehards among us— Gary Farber, Stu Shiffman, Mike Blake, Brian Earl Brown, and I— donned pith helmets and visited The Attic. I distinctly remember pointing to an enormous set of shelves, towering to the ceiling and utterly stuffed with Jiffy bags. "What's that?" I asked. "That's FAPA," came Harry's reply. All of it...)

HPL (Tymon)— AZAPA isn't alone. MISHAP had a majority out-of-Michigan membership last time I looked (or was that out-of-Detroit?), but both groups are still local apas in that they are geared for a local membership in setup and would be most likely to survive in sparse times on a predominantly local membership. Also, quite a few of the out-of-staters are in due to various connections with Arizonians— you, Kathi, Sarah Prince, Diano, etc. Plus ex-Arizonians such as Lord Jim and I, and people in due to connection with them, such as Janet. It all flows from Aridzona... it's a local apa, all right.

Rand was a major topic of discussion in Toronto, for about two weeks while I was reading various stuff of hers. Most of the people there seem to have read it years ago... there isn't a hell of a lot you can say about her, anyway, that hasn't already been said overmuch. And Objectivism leaves a bad taste in any sane person's mouth...

THE RATTLIN' BOG (Tom Williams)— At the risk of pleasing Curt, I should point out that your approach on that mailing comment was— to paraphrase— definitely from shitsville. Don't, don't hand me that— you're, perhaps, proving your own point by using weapons definitely closer to the kitchen sink than to Sweet Reason. (Why is it that so many of the people who so desperately oppose anarchism are one and the same with those whose own ability to behave morally is defective? Clumsy construction there, but the point stands. In a freer society you certainly wouldn't be able to deal with people in such remarkably unsubtle terms. Climb out of that septic tank, Tom, and stop using phrases that are the semantic equivalent of calling people "wogs" or "coons".)

I've been feeling alienated, but I'm afraid it's been just because everyone else is

end m-c's

The ILLUMINATUS! trilogy (The Eye In The Pyramid, The Golden Apple, and Leviathan!, by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, Dell, 1975, \$1.50 each) is, as Kathi Schaefer said, hysterically funny. It is also amazingly well done. One opens the first book expecting high camp and spoofery, and one comes away from the third one quite impressed by a quite complex writing job.

"ILLUMINATUS!?! What's it about?" Better you should ask what the books are not about. In many ways, they are a super-EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, tongue implanted firmly in cheek; in other ways, they are Thomas Pynchon writing pulp literature, or Robert A. Heinlein and James Joyce, stoned on acid.

I won't even begin to describe the plot except to state that they interweave every conspiracy theory and bit of revisionist history you've ever read. Plus having the incredible balls to be both libertarian and almost Taoistic at the same time. If you have even the slightest interest in crankery these are a veritable almanac(k)... and even if you don't, they are a Trip, and something would have to be indeed to provoke me into this sort of disgusting purple prose.

This isn't a book review, really, just a recommendation. I'm letting the trilogy gestate right now, and saving it for an article later. In the meantime ILLUMINATUS is rivaled only by a few works such as The Lord Of The Rings as far as potential for fannish esoterica. I've scattered a bit throughout this zine, as an Adept Few will have noticed....

SO of what to speak?

I've become a nostalgia relic, among other things. Patrick Hayden has just joined the ranks of the dropouts. My reasons for this are plentiful, but one of them is quite simple: there is nothing I want to do that doesn't involve self-sufficiency of some sort, and were I to actually toddle along, finishing high school and getting some sort of acceptable job somewhere, I'd wind up in a Rut, not getting anything, much less any writing or suchlike, done.

As it is my chances of getting some sort of grungy regular work at the moment are quite good, highschool diploma or not. And in the meantime I'm experimenting with various hack-writing jobs. There are markets, Professor, that Man Was Not Meant To Know...

And as it is now, I am no longer accountable to an agent of the State, to employ putrid rhetoric. For the past few months I've been a virtual gaffiate from the independent-study program I was on, anyway; I can generally think of quite a few things more profitable/interesting than writing papers for a couple of education-system lifers.

Something like this may be an asset twenty years from now, anyway...

At the moment I'm looking for regular work, with encouraging signs. I plan to work at whatever I can get until July 20th (if you don't know what that date signifies, go put out a cigarette in your ear and beg forgiveness..!) which is the day Phil Paine and I plan to have all assets converted into cash, and take off in a van for Distant Parts. Phil plans to wander around North America, getting occasional work, for perhaps a year or more; my plans are somewhat more pedestrian, as I'm getting off soon after MidAmericon, and perhaps moving away from Toronto for a while.

Toronto fandom-- or, at least, the Derelict portion thereof-- is hosting a minicon of sorts this summer. SYMPOSIUM 2 is scheduled for the weekend of July 15-19, and features, in the grand tradition of minicons and noncons, absolutely nothing in the conventional sense. For one thing, the affair is invitational, true to our tradition as one of those elitist trufan snob-type groups; for another, there ain't no hotel-- the first people to get back to us and make crash arrangements will be put up in various apartments and such, and anyone else is welcome to obtain a hotel room anywhere in Toronto. We aren't exactly encouraging a mammoth attendance.

What have we to offer? Just fabulously fannish company, the City of Toronto, the statue of the man who sawed Courtney's boat (no kidding; it's down on the lakeshore), decent Canadian beer (which is alcoholic, as opposed to the stuff Americans laughingly refer to as "beer"), the world's tallest free-standing tower (from which you can get a good view of New York State, Ohio, Niagara Falls, Lake Simcoe, Arizona, Vladivostok, etc.), rancid and no-holds-barred smoffing, arguing, and congeniality, and Phil Paine's 4th Annual Lunar Landing Day Party.

Why am I mentioning all this? Mainly because there isn't anybody in AZAPA that we'd have any objection to seeing attend, so consider yourselves all invited. For further information, crash arrangements, directions, and assurance that you'll be kept up-to-date, either write me (address on colophon) or give me a ring at (416) 961-6791. I realize that there are damn few people in this apa for whom it is practical to take off for Toronto this summer, but T.O. is an incredible city to visit any time, so if you're traveling in this direction, keep the noncon in mind.

SYMPOSIUM, by the way, was a title reached by instantaneous consensus; it

derives not only from the much-famed Derelict tendency to argue interminably but also from Plato's Symposium, a slightly-bizarre restaurant run by an old Greek who will actually argue Platonism and frequented by a number of odd groups: Scientologists from across the street, little-old-lady psychic researchers from next door, and Us, who are probably stranger than the rest of them put together. (Which may sound like barricade mentality, but...) The place is just two blocks north of where Bob and Janet live, and is blessed with Fannish Presence fairly frequently.

And I refuse to explain how we got to SYMPOSIUM 2 without actually holding 1. Let Lord Jim (O Protector Of Trufannish Integrity, Poo-Bah) rest assured that there is a reason... I think...

I seem to have just received a letter from a fan I know and occasionally correspond with; he spends a lot of time in it chastising me for believing that there are any absolutes. "Everything is relative." I hear this cry more and more often these days; it strikes me as a perfect slogan for a new movement: militant resignation. The doctrine of subjectivity.

Scary.

For one thing, the question of whether or not there are absolutes— and whether the universe is subjective or not— isn't even pertinent to the sort of things it is most often applied to, such as human conduct, government vs. anarchy, freedom, etc. Assuming that there are no absolutes, there does exist one factor that closely approximates an absolute enough so as to render the discussion irrelevant in everyday human affairs.

Death. The finiteness of life. Is death "only relative"? I doubt it.

I am simultaneously intrigued and disturbed by another line from the same letter: "...adhering to an unyielding straight-down-the-line-belief in anything is to invite disaster." In other words, to behave morally and consistently is to invite disaster, since we live in a society founded on immoral principles.

And we all think along those lines, either consciously or subconsciously. We are habituated to evil. Depressing to see it brought to light so concretely.

Thoughts... Bruce, do you really think "quality" is more closely related to morality than "value"? Quality is an inclusive thing as it is, and I would find it a bit difficult to prove Anton Bruckner was a less moral man than Ludwig van Beethoven based on the (generally accepted) fact that his symphonies are inferior in quality. Not that "value" is much better, as Patterbill demonstrated; I think his reiteration of Thomas Aquinas (which I wasn't familiar with) will have to do.

I think the term "transcendentals" is a good one, one that avoids the objective/subjective/are there any absolutes question. Are there any absolutes? Where? In pertinence to human behavior (yes), or ~~mathematico~~/logic systems (probably, but proof your Gödels carefully), or in relationship to "natural laws" (insufficient data!)? And of course if we declare the universe subjective we have to exclude the statement that the universe is subjective, or we wind up chasing ourselves around in the "Everything I say is a lie" paradox. And all this has very little bearing on "morality", the "science of human conduct". (Well— it's not that exactly, but we'll let it pass for the moment.)

So instead of "absolutes" we have "trancendentals"— justice, bravery, truth and beauty, and so forth. These are all things that can quite easily be demonstrated to have value to all human beings, no matter what their cultural background, upbringing, genes, etc. They may manifest themselves in strange and almost unrecognizable forms, but the value that humans have for them will manifest itself even under the most unlikely conditions. Contrary to Skinner, I think it highly unlikely that any sort of conditioning could divest man of the value he has for these. Even the vilest creature, proud of ~~the~~ lack of value he has for these trancendentals, disproves himself by the amount of energy he expends on proving it in specific

detail.

So, to reiterate BillP, morality is that which deals with the way we relate to these transcendentals (a word which I've been misspelling, I see), and that which instructs us on how to most profitably carry on said relationships. A good argument; it should suffice until someone comes up with a better one.

Bill, just one point of scholasticism. Did you lift that argument from Thom. Aquinas: in toto, or did you merely incorporate something of his in which he suggests the idea of "transcendentals" into your own thesis? Not that it matters, really, but I'm quite illiterate in re that particular thinker.

FANAC: Not long ago I got a longdistance call from Bill Patterson, who rings me up out here fairly frequently, something I appreciate. In talking about Multi-various Things, the conversation hit AZAPA, and all of a sudden I realized something rather disconcerting: I didn't know half of the things he was talking about. "Whazzamatteryou," complained the estimable BillP. "Don't you read your AZAPAs?"

With a start I realized that I do not. From belonging to at least four or five apas at one time, plus receiving an average of two fanzines and three letters a day, I've built up sloppy habits, such as skim-reading, lighting on whatever seems particularly interesting at the time. This is really the only way to go through most apas if you haven't all the time in the world.

So I got out my pile of AZAPAs and went through them, particularly the last three (which I'd only given the barest skimming). Dammitall, I said to myself, this is Good Stuff... probably, all things considered, the best apa I'm in.

So, despite the fact that I'm dropping out of all but two of my apas and not publishing any more THANGORODRIM!s until next fall, I'm staying in this one. And planning a bit more each time than the close-to-minac I've been turning in, usually late to boot. I'm also trying to make the main corpus of the mailing comments comprehensible to outsiders (in the tradition of such immaculate apazines as Gregg Calkins' RAMBLING FAP, Harry Warner's HORIZONS, etc.) as I'll be printing about 75 of these and using the extra 35 to send to various fannish friends and people I want to be assured of continues trades from, and so forth. This has been the longest apazine I've ever done, and I may as well use it as a surrogate personalzine.

Incidentally, the cover on this is by AZAPA's own Steven Tymon, whose art I have an enormous file of. I have a number of covers with his stuff on them, in varying styles, and it deserves some exposure, I think. Steve has been bombarding me loyally with superlative work for some time now, and has taken to making sarcastic remarks in mailing comments and letters as my publishing slacks off (sounds obscene, don't it...) so I Get The Message, Sir.

And as the strains of Elgar's Pomp And Circumstance Marches swell up in the background, we leave this man, eyes misty and countenance glazed, to fanac into the sunset. Fandom, Fandom, über alles...

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