

This is STUPEFYING STORIES, Vol. 18, No. 2, whole number 92, Cult
f/rational 311.307 and Operation Crifanac 459. Gosh, that's a lot of
classification for a two-page flyer, isn't it?

It's Eney's Fault

THE FANZINE THAT ASKS THE QUESTION:
SHOULD DICK NIXON RECEIVE A HUGO??

First off we've got to have an historical
bit. About two centuries ago...

Have I turned you off already? Cheer up, it gets worse in a minute.
About two centuries ago there was in southern Germany a protofaaan named
Adam Weishaupt, who would have been writing sword-and-sorcery novels today
but, in the climate of Philosophy and Masonic skullduggery that was +I+N+
during late +XVIII, turned his imagination to writing up organizational
manuals for revolutionary secret societies. The one he invented was called
the Bavarian Illuminati, perhaps with a nod to an even older anti-Popery
group whose initiates took the same title.

The combination of conspiratorial secrecy and Germanic-mystical vapors
was quite irresistible and before you knew it people were discovering Illuminati
behind subversive, i.e. republican, groups all over Europe. We even had a
flap over here when a Reverend Jedidiah Morse "discovered" a plot (led by the
French Illuminati, otherwise unknown) to Overthrow the Constitution. If there
ever were any such plots, they may really have been Masonic activities. I must
tell you some time about the career of the Masonic Order as an underground
conspiratorial organization...however, that's another story.

The Illuminati sank into the sort of obscurity in which only the Hyborian
Legion and other connoisseurs of Nut Groups could have found them and stayed
there until the 1950s, when an unfrocked Birchite made the discovery that the
flip side of the Great Seal of the United States -- the eye and pyramid, you
know -- was described by Weishaupt as one of the symbols of the Illuminati.

That was A Little Too Much even for people who could spot Commies under
the bed, and by the mid-60s a burlesque mythos had grown up about the influence
of the Illuminati, that sinister force behind Crime and/or Evil throughout the
world. (Within Russia, of course, they operate through a front organization,
the Ivan Redwood Society. Motto: "This is a Socialist Republic, not a People's
Democracy...let's keep it that way!" You ever notice how the Evil Reds some-
times show rays of light streaming from the Red Star in their insignia? Light
is the symbol of Illumination, isn't it?) I've even seen stationery with the
Illuminati letterhead ("The world's Oldest and Most Successful Conspiracy") and
anything in print has got to be true, you know.

Anyway. One of the elements of the
Illuminati mythos is their habit of
carrying out mysterious assassinations.
You can always tell when this has happened,
because they put a notice in the
PERSONALS column of the paper or even
leave a calling card on the scene, with
the motto you see in the margin here.

With Thanks to St. Jude
for favors received

(Footnote: there are no fannish saints, as far as I know, but we might give some thought to Saint Jude if we ever want one. Rather aptly, he's the patron of hopeless causes. Another possibility is St. Dymphna, the patron of mental disease...)

So much for the background. Now, in the unreal world, you may have run across John Boardmann, a devoted member of Politics Fandom. John has been, for reasons which would undoubtedly interest one of the aforementioned Saints, trying for some time to spread around the story that Dick Eney is really a CIA spook. I'm not,* but I was ungentle enough to see how long I could keep kidding him about that (since March 1965, so far) by making true but ambiguous remarks, feeding in real information from obscure sources, and other ploys well calculated to keep a Conspiracy Freak spinning like unto a radiometer. You can imagine what fantastic possibilities opened when the Allende regime was overthrown on, believe it or not, the day before my birthday. John knew that I had been in Asia for five years and was in the United States at the time the coup was being set up, but I went ahead and collected a batch of notes and clippings for him anyway -- among them a story about the death of Pablo Neruda, the Nobel Laureate poet who died shortly after the revolution. The usual fables about a CIA rubout had already been floated, and I cast a fly under Boardmann's nose by clipping to this story one of the cards used, in the mythos, by the Illuminati when they have carried out a successful assassination.

And may lightning strike me down with all the Phillycon as witnesses if he didn't bite. So help me, John Boardmann sent back a note claiming that he was going to spread all over fandom the news that I was implicated in the political murder of Pablo Neruda.

Now, you see what I mean about Nixon, back there in the heading? That sombidge has created a mental climate in which there is no longer any such thing as an unbelievable story. Do you realize what this is going to do to the field of fantastic literature?

And I suppose with such Sinister High-Level Influences at work Boardmann is not really to be blamed for a little lapse of, ah, his critical faculties. Try and keep a straight face if he tells you, Bavarian Illuminati schemes and all.

*In fact, as far as I know I am the only fan who has been refused clearance by a government agency because of my fan connections. But that, too, is another story...