

detail was noted by Lin Carter in I m a g i n a r y W o r l d s, where he notes

that a character was introduced by Eddison with the comment that he had hanging about his neck "the kingly order of the hippogriff."

T h e W o r m O u r o b o r o u s was Eddison's first book, published in 1922,

and is related only very tenuously to Eddison's Zamiamvian trilogy

THE MT VOID

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(T h e M e z e n t i a n G a t e, A F i s h
D i n n e r i n M e m i s o n, and M i s t r e s s o f
M i s t r e s s e s), and so may be read without committing oneself to a tetralogy or even a trilogy. [-ecl]

2. It has often been acknowledged that "less is more" ... at least more or less. Actually, the person who used to quote this the most was my old high school pal Lester Meyers, who used to say, "Les is more." But then old Lester was acknowledged to be the second weirdest kid in my high school. Dignity forbids me telling you why they thought he was only the s e c o n d weirdest kid.

But in any case, I think the phrase applies to nothing so much as the world's love-hate relationship with seafood. Seafood is one of those things you probably hated as a kid, but learned to like as you were growing up, but still hate deep down inside the primitive child's brain--and leave us not forget that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny," which is scientist talk for "a human child's brain is identical to that of an a d u l t, upwardly mobile salamander." Mot that the child's brain doesn't have a point. I mean, we have seen the pictures--vintage 1948--of government inspectors, in white lab coats yet, going through and inspecting huge torsos of dead cattle and stamping them with terms such as "Grade A," "Prime," and "Choice." With names like that, you just know they love what they are seeing. Actually, this terminology was forced on them by the meat lobby. The original grades proposed by the government are the more accurate: "scuzzy," "rancid," and "National Velvet." But the same child's brain tells us, correctly for once, that the guys in the white coats are not going to stand around stamping every flounder and sardine somebody pulls up in a net. The best government minds have thought about the problem of what to do about

the problem of inspecting fish and have decided the way to approach the problem is to do what the government does best ... zip. The government doesn't grade apples; why should they grade fish? Besides, even the healthiest fish turns to a deadly poison if not properly cared for, so what good is the rating then?

But the child's mind is not really thinking about inspection questions. It just knows it does not like fish. In fact, nobody likes fish. It's just that some people don't dislike it. AT one point Kentucky Fried Chicken also ran a fish-and-chips chain called H. S. Salt Fish and Chips. And how did they get Americans to want to eat fish? They ran ads with a family eating fish and chips and saying joyfully, "It doesn't taste fishy!" Imagine an ad with the same family eating a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken saying excitedly, "Hey, this stuff doesn't taste like chicken!"

What all this has to do with Lester Meyers I will get into next week.

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