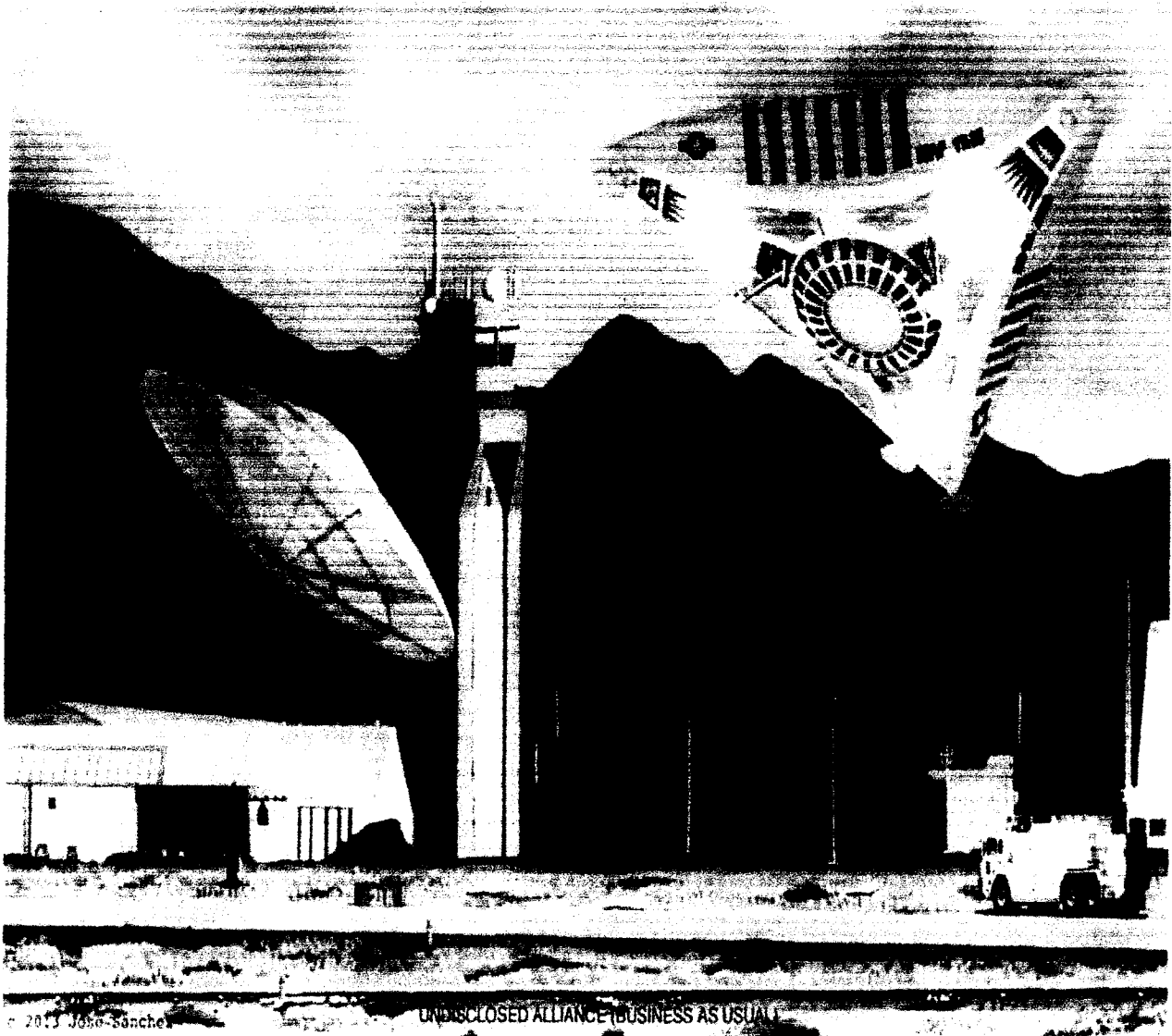


PABLO LENNIS

JUNE 2024



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UNDISCLOSED ALLIANCE (BUSINESS AS USUAL)

PABLO LENNIS, June 2024, #439, Press 250/Easy Press Publications, a monthly science fiction fanzine, \$2 or the usual. Editor is John Thiel, 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904. A Future Fleet zine. Cover by Jose Sanchez.



EDITORIAL Whack Wheat and Get Your Harvest

It isn't easy these days to get by without doing anything. But if you put a little effort into it, you'll get some results, be it doing one thing, or another. I put something out, and get many interesting contributors. The method of doing your own thing, living as you want to live, brings good results. Some lack this awareness.

I generally like the time I spend writing editorials. It's a matter of reading books, looking around, considering what one has seen and read, and reacting to it all in the form of expressed opinions and observations. I edit my zine, and think it all over, what its contents were, how they may apply to the life around me, what that life is all about, and then sit looking out at the world, watching it roll by, giving consideration to all of it, thinking out what I as an individual may have to say about it, and then slowly bringing out my tabletop screen and keyboard and writing down my thoughts as they have been occurring. That being done, there is further consideration as I contemplate my editorial—and if it still seems good, valid, I don't scrap it.

This month I consider the way my story is going. As building reconstruction roars through the abandoned transportation station, and recommissioned soldiers walk guard as if they were actual military men, the people who have been holding meetings in the abandoned station go nova and start shouting that the end has come and start trooping through the city, disrupting other known activities while security measures are undertaken and the active populace holds on to what it's got. Does this writing have any relevance to life around me? I do see dern near everything going bankrupt and unsuccessful emergency measures being undertaken and wonder if it is all, as the book title suggests, gone with the wind. People of a literary interest were all discussing this book the last I saw of them; now most literary activity is underground, and degrading to attend. Far away as my writing may be, I do think it presents a view of these things. Right or wrong, it is thought.

Joanne Tolson's serial, too, shows dislocation and a miasmic unsteadiness as the results of a civil war are still being under consideration, as the possibilities of world war lurk behind It all. I believe we must think over these things if we are to maintain ourselves well. Jeffrey Redmond's story shows the futility of a life based on warfare. Perhaps war is not the ideal solution to world problems, just as a fight does not solve personal ones. Thought, rational thought, well-intentioned, may be our best recourse as we look out after ourselves.

A lot of science fiction writers have portrayed in print the looks of a world in desolation as nothing preservative of life seems to work out. It has seemed to them, too, that the world will be going under. Which it apparently has done. What's next? My own story tries to analyze what may be coming next, and what might be done about the problems we face.

I used to wonder if things might be better elsewhere but I found out as I traveled that nothing was—so now I just stay where I am and wonder about things from here. My story suggests that other people, if we take a natural look at them, and discover how they are, might be a good pursuit.



Omnis Vivandi by John Thiel

“Truth, penitence and grace!” shouted Brother Myron in the big center room of the transportation terminal, which was now filled with investigators, rebuilders and street fighters.

Hearing him were the usual crowd of guardians and small-timers, held to the walls of the deserted terminal, with their plush furniture sprawled about everywhere. Answering “Will these conquer?” “I don’t speak of conquest.” “These words have potency!” “The masses take their potency but they are spoken.”

"Myron's got yardage," said one of Baylor's soldiers. "We should get something in front of him."

"Why don't you get back out of here?" an attendant woman yelled. "You're doing people some good but not us."

"We're wanting to get everybody else out."

"Show them how it's done," the same woman said.

"It'd help if you people got out and left the place to the improvements group and the investigators."

"We can't get out," Myron said. "We'd run into what's outside."

"You might scatter some of that."

"The far doors are open," Myron said. "Let's all get out." The inside crowd gathered and they headed for the doors. Once through Myron shouted at the outsiders, "Believe in what's said! The truth is coming!"

"Is what's going on inside there the front runners?" Growly Bear said.

"That is Hell!" Myron said. "It's throttling in Hell to be inside. Instead we seek the glorious light, which is still not visible, but which comes as predicted. May those who cannot perceive it gape forever! Who does not believe that this is the moment? That the readings are soon to be read out to us?"

"I don't believe it," said Growly. "But I'm ready to be shown more."

"That's the Apocalypse that's running through the streets. Baylor battles the dragons of denial!" the attendant woman promoted.

"It's as said!" a blond woman yodeled. "Where is there surcease? Only in living with the word." They looked around for non-believers. "Are you among those of the mode of our enemies?" Myron said. "Which side are you on?"

"You can't prove any points, Myron!" two people shouted, one of them triumphing with the word "prove". "Let the streets know if you indeed have the word," said the one most trounced.

"Myron is first!" an industrial lady shouted. "Or those others will be all about us!"

"Are you people going to continue going through the building?" a soldier asked.

"Yes! We get this done! Every detail! It's the work of the day!" a rebuilder said. "We will have everything inspected and we will work out corrections and improvements. Then the people who plan the work will have the work commencing. The road reconstruction will be in in two days. It's all thought out by layout experts. They decided to leave the terminal as is. It was intelligently placed. The roads out will be all right after a while. There'll be walkways of approach. There'll be natural beauty in a good environment."

"Well, Baylor's taking care of our travel problems," said a soldier.

"We're not being wasted, being here," said one of the city people, who were being felt questionable.

"How about you people just standing around? Baylor will be needing more troops. Go down to the encampment and see about it. The far end goes on over the edge of the city."

"I'm on my way," said a man, and three others followed after him.

Sayona had left other people to handle her position with the Headquarters. She was finding the quietist places to take her rest. Shatique invited her to come along to the district of prostitution near the city proper which she made the center of many of her activities. Sayona had not had any sexual activity in twenty-six years. They both got themselves into the mood. "I once visualized going back there after an absence and finding nobody recognizing me as an operating person of that district," Shatique said. "Of course, that was a dream, but where did it originate?"

"That does sometimes happen under less alarming circumstances. One time it was a bus line being put in," Sayona said.

The two of them teleported into a good place to appear in the district. No one there had seen Shatique appearing any more than a person is watched getting dressed. But inquiry found she traveled thusly.

The district was spacious, not set on a hill, not notorious in its appearance, not near anything familiar, pleasant to look through, and had other things besides prostitution—entertainment, classy restaurants which were easy to enter and get out of and were casually maintained, many a rendezvous point, an art gallery, a place where music was played, and that, too, was registered in advance; people could loiter in when the theater was filled and listen free, even sit in a chair; there were dance halls, which had big dances and some were casually arranged; nature was pleasant around there. The prostitutes gathered in certain places, which became noticeable. It was easier to stay than to leave. Various roads made it easy to get to, people of all sorts. The variety who were met was valued. The “underworld” had no places like it, except for makings of informal arrangements. It didn’t lack adversity, but this was well-managed. It was not a world of its own.

Shatique had a dwelling-place there; in fact, it was her actual home location. They went to that, to talk about many things, without getting perturbed about what they were discussing. The area was twenty-six blocks away from Menderson’s office building.

They came out a little later and “did” the area. “What could Duanelle want of the Avenue?” Sayona asked. “This place is as close to her own location, even closer.”

“She wants adventure,” Shatique said.

Now some women were gathering, and it was time for closer-in activity. The ladies were talking about what they had been doing and were about. A man came up saying, “It’s a nice place to visit, but I wouldn’t want to live here.” There were answers; a lot of the women lived in this area. Sayona was waiting to see when she would be noticed. She knew a couple of people; they hadn’t seen her in years, and said so. She told them she was mighty tired of the way she had been living. Before this meet was over a gent had her in a house, where her self was being discussed, but the man knew she wasn’t doing anything at this time. Later she was exchanged up and down the street. People didn’t know it, but she was working her way to an open position. “I’m going to have some class,” she told Shatique. “Samuel told me this. But now I know it better, hearing it from you.”

Gerard Antonay was in the industrial district, speaking of things. “You can’t be set apart from things any more,” he said. There were soldiers watching. “You must consort with the people in the territory south of you. They should have developed familiarity with you from the first.”

“What business is it of yours?”

“There will not be this kind of rioting and warfare.”

“Well, that’s sunny. And do you know how this acquaintanceship will be formed?”

“Yes, the people there will be coming here, as they should.”

“You know how this whole thing should be run, eh?”

“I know this from Valmar Menderson, who will be introducing himself around here. There will be Baylor coming in here too, who a lot of you know pretty well. And this place where we are standing around should be a good place for making a meet.”

“Still sounds like a hard thing to do.”

“Menderson will be getting city operatives down here, people who know what they’re doing. It’s as if this place has been waiting for it and those people are getting to their jobs of long ago.”

“That’ll make things nicer. I can feel it. But just a moment now, I’m about to wake up. What if we don’t like those changes?”

“You’ll be doing them anyway,” Clifton Barnard stepped in to say. “Your decision will be to do it as told.”

“We figure you’ve been rioting because of those lacks,” Gerard said.

“Let’s hear your figuring.”

“You will be. There’s a lot more besides me.”

“People doing things right is what’s involved,” he added.

Dorothy and Duanella were finding the Prime Battle Area navigable as if it were laid out for them with the action going on there. The soldiers were looking over everything these socialites were interested in and the access to everything was good. Several people who were working with Dorothy were on this go-around and Roy, assigned to the area but free to take off for Nel Gwyn, was with them also. A fellow winked at Duanella as they passed to show that her whereabouts were known. They were walking and it gave them the opportunity to talk to a lot of people as they traveled. As they reached the radio station a soldier shouted "Hey Roy! Haven't seen you in quite awhile. You taking permanent leave?"

"I like long looks over the fields. There might be something there some day."

Somebody came out the door of the radio station. "Do you all have something to say?"

"You're not entertaining your listening audience, you're making everybody paranoid," Dorothy said. "You have to change everything around completely."

"To what?"

"You are not well-located," Roy said. "You're hidden out and you're too close to the villagers."

"Where should we be?"

"Out in the open countryside, with good access and no likelihood of giving anybody problems."

"There's territorial dispute out there. We could run into anything."

"This is noted," Roy said. "As of now."

"You seem to have no rapport, no interchange with the local populace."

"You're missing a whole lot that you should know," Duanella said. "I suggest that you only know part of the radio business. A lot of the rest of it doesn't seem to be here to be known. They didn't ask for radio, they just got it."

"There we can be talked with," the man said. "We've been kind of working things out for ourselves. The only reason we got in this area is that it was open territory. We're dissatisfied with the way we've gotten set up too."

The other soldier came up. "How are you set up with the ladies? They seem not to be a part of what you do."

"We've got a few wild ones but they're mad to talk, mad to be."

"What you're lacking is showing up, us!" the other soldier said. "These women just aren't working for you."

"I'm wanting you to get things working out right and be a source of talent," Duanella said. "I think you should be on close, familiar terms with all the writers, music makers, and public speakers in the area. You should be gathering to discuss these things in some meeting place."

"We won't stop hitting you until these things have been accomplished," said Judy, another socialite. "We don't just say it, we mean to have it happen in just this way."

"How much time are you giving us?"

"The whole winter on the biggest things. Your realization of all these necessities has to be known within a month. That means you have a month to get that meeting place arranged, if not built. We could report that success to the army," Judy said.

"I'm sending somebody around with you," said the big boss, who'd come out of the building. "You can come in for a while, to make it stand." They went in and had seats in the anteroom. It was plain that the discussion in there was being led by women, and there was a lot of talk about that. "The men will be talking too, when they know what it's about," an announcer said spookily through one of the doors into another room.

"How's the kid?" Dorothy asked.

"He weathered the storm in his own way. They're still kind of figuring him. Meantime he still has this lack."

"When you think about how well-written it is, think also about how you'd like to be writing it," another man said.

The situation seemed to be about nailed when they left the radio station. They had two men from the station going along with them. This seemed like success to Duanella. The next major visit was to the writers. Dorothy knew a man who kind of kept charge of the writers. They'd already seen him and he'd said where the various writers of various kinds of writing all lived at, which was a scattered variety of places. "Writers tend to find each other," he'd said. "They want to know who else does that sort of thing. So they have a sort of setup of knowing one another, but really they're not much different than other people who have the same interests where those interests are notable. You'll notice a lot of walkways out here. A lot of walking around is done. A lot of the things which make up living a life are transacted just while walking around. There are no outstanding meeting places, Ergo meetings are natural

ones, not planned things." He saw them coming from the upper window of his house, which he occupied alone, and was out to meet them when they arrived. "A good reason here to have more places of public gathering," he said. "But I'm adventurous, and keep no guards up."

Duanella told him what they had been doing over at the radio station. "I hear you mention public meeting places. Probably no one could think of a good excuse to meet. I saw one place that has pet shows. You know of it, doubtless. But I have a visualization that encompasses much of what we've been talking about. That is a grand meeting place for writers and others with inclinations similar to that of writers. It would be a rotunda, with doors and windows all around. One of these National Guard here suggested that it should have a dome, too, artistically made. With furniture arrangements inside made to suggest discussion, writers could meet and discuss things, such as the matters of riot that are now going on, and look for solutions. There's people in the New Village who could probably work out the way it would look, which I think should be impressive without the open intention of being that way visible.

"There are artists out there where she said who are artists and with close discussions of it could bring this conception into reality," said Dorothy.

"That certainly is reaching into creation and bringing forth something," Manford Fergusson, their unarranged host, said. "I'd say I'd like to have something like that there, and can think of a good place to put it. Often a dream just wafts away, but here is one solidly based upon reality. It couldn't be completed before the end of this year, and so we will want to know where to gather before that time."

"Why not just outside?" Dorothy said. "We could have an arrangement of benches and chairs where the rotunda is to be, and the writers are just anarchic enough to like that. It could make them gloomy, too, but it should be attended to and well thought of."

This produced all the possibilities for introducing thoughts that could be wanted and long discussions were commenced. It was as if things were already underway, except that none of the other writers were there or notified. It was asked how they could introduce the idea to the writers, and Judy said, "Just begin with 'rotunda'."

Dorothy said she would filter the idea of what had been going on to superior observers, in much the same way as this was to be filtered to writers. The assembly broke up with members of it heading out to talk to the writers, which Duanella could miss. She and Roy went off together, back toward the central area. After a long time of walking, Duanella said "This could be the time."

"Where and when?" Roy asked.

"Upholzen has places of privacy, all around the New Villa."

"What's the process?"

"You can walk right into them. No one comes around checking them out. The outer doors are open when no one's there."

One chair was all that was in the room besides the bed, but a second fold-out chair leaned against the wall. They took chairs. "I'm glad Dorothy was not with us," Roy said.

"She knew we'd be wanting to walk back alone."

"I've wanted to clasp the object of my affections. In hearing of you, while I was scouting, I wished I could meet you, and then when I came to Nel Gwyn I missed the opportunity to do so. And it was much time before I had the opportunity again, during which time I heard about you and Joseph Malton, which added a new dimension to my interest. I had been liking the intelligence I heard about. Upon meeting you, finally, I found my thoughts about this new dimension were true. I am not very good at approaching a woman. But a woman knows what I am doing."

"Yes. I see what you are doing. Now I am wondering how it will be. I don't have any way of approach either. If doing so, I would have to walk up to you and put my hand on your neck. Then I would see what would happen next, coming out of that. Perhaps if we proceed in that manner, we will find out that it all works together."

"Sometime during that I'm going to be like I was."

"Then I will be like I was."

"How, then, do we start?"

"I will sit upon your lap." She did so, and Roy found it easy to put his hands where he wanted them. Then he sat feeling what he had. "You do have me, you know," she said. He: "But what I have, I must find out about in time."

Gerard had come in from the industrial area and was meeting with people in the Entranceway, telling how hard it had been to people who already thought it had been pretty hard. He was able to report success. A person from the New Contact was floating around and was very interested in what was being done here—they were going to mix with the industrial people. Gerard was very busy with the things he now had to do and was very industrious himself at keeping with these things and getting things done. He was not overloaded—he was keeping away from things he did not understand. The new zest had come from doing things he wanted to do, a thing the army people were understanding as they went over the phenomenon of having him in their midst. They noticed he had no inclination towards transgression. They also noticed he was too smart to be doing any of that. He had acquired a card which made it possible for him to come through the gates and meet with the fellows of the headquarters infantry platoon. Their lieutenant had come by to see him and was well able to get along with him. Thereby Gerard was reviewing himself to see what there might be in store for him as he became involved in a new course. He had been thoroughly disenchanted with the course he had been taking. But it had been difficult to get away from that course to any degree. He was sort of meeting people.

Whilst he was sitting around there one of Baylor's men came up and told him "Myron has cut loose. He and his crowd are getting rampant near the travel building. They think he might travel to other areas. You know what he's started saying."

"Well, I won't hold it against him. I have something in common with what he says."

"He says the time has come."

"So it has, if he's doing that. I have been of the opinion that we are sitting in the nap of judgment. There isn't any way that that will stop, now that it's started. We will have to adapt to that, and look with care on what is going on around us."

"What are we to expect, if you know?"

"Simply tidal waves of what has been held down there. We maintain what we are doing and adjust to other things when we have to. If it changes anything, that thing is changed. Don't put too much into my words."

"I won't. It is a relief to be told not to." (And blah; here was argument.)

The conversation jumped to the people around them. Then it jumped farther in. "Myron says the end is coming," someone shouted. The sentiment went back toward its origin. "Sure, it's coming," Antonay said. "Look at that war over there." "Will we be destroyed?" "It's not that kind of end," Antonay said. "It's the end of many things. It is not the end of us. We go on as we have been doing." "All right, we'll do that. Hail to order! Where is the epitoner? Over there somewhere?" She ran to the far end of the groupings, with several people behind her. "We've gone where it's safe!" the woman said.

People not there were heard several times. "We'll be hearing from the sky next," Antonay said.

"You just keep with it! You're doing fine," a voice said, indicating Antonay.

"Let us know," Antonay said. "We're interested if this is the judgment."

"It should be!" came a voice from the sky. "Look what they're doing!"

"We're looking at what you're doing," the voice was answered. "You won't be going about so freely."

"The judgment," Antonay said. "They know my dossier. What will I do or say next?"

Menderson was standing in an open area of his neighborhood, contending with several factions relating to local conditions. Somebody came in from a telephone. "There's a riot down along the Avenue regarding religious upheavals and the concept that the time of re-ordering is at hand," he said.

"Where is Duanella? I want her back here immediately," Menderson said.

Duanella was located and Menderson was given telepathic contact with her. "Roy just laid me half an hour ago," she said. "Now he and I have gone separate ways for a time."

"I'm wanting you back!"

An opalescent car came forward from somewhere back in the vicinity. In it was Duanella's regular driver. "This is the vehicle that will take you back to your home," a voice said. She got into it. "Tell Roy the soldier I went home—fast," she said through a window. The car cruised into one of the all-the-way lanes intersecting the Avenue. Then she was on her way out of the Avenue area, on her way home by a fast route.

"You were over at the Kenaga Wonderland, I believe," Mr. Menderson said. "Was it truly a wonderland?"

"It has a lot of potential," Duanella said. "We were following up on an earlier visit in which we scanned the area. I was in the company of five former socialites. We accomplished this, on our second visit: we outlined our objections to the radio station, for example its being out of sight, and out of public contact, and secured their agreement that they were not doing well. Roy and another soldier were with us. The station was being watched as a source of rioting and Dorothy, whom you'll recall, was providing them with explanations which the radio men were unconcerned with giving them. They were maintaining an attitude of superiority to the soldiers. Nevertheless they were greatly troubled by them. The soldiers were interested in their correcting their faults, and the radio men were not unamenable to this. We left them with the concept of moving into the open countryside, which we were able to assist them in doing, handling what they were unable to handle. Some of them accompanied us to our next major objective, the writers who resided in that area."

"You sound exactly the way you used to sound when you were a socialite. You haven't been wasting your time there; I think that radio station would have to move. A surreptitious radio station is not a good thing."

"The military is apt to demand that they move. We are making it possible. We spoke next with the man who is in charge of the writers, who live here and there in that particular part of the Wonderland. The writers don't know one another all that well, and the person we were speaking with said they had never gotten together on any important matter. I suggested a rotunda and pointed out where it should be located. The soldiers were taking notes about this for the benefit of the military. The rotunda would be a large one in which the writers could meet regularly and go to loiter when they felt like it. We wanted it artistically designed and the others knew where there were some artists who might hit the spot. This we amassed for later reference and the man found this proposal altogether agreeable. We saw others in the area and got a lot of interesting talk done, then Roy and I walked back to the center. I told him that this might be the time. I knew of some privacy places that they had and we made use of one of them. The time we spent was well over an hour. From now on we will know each other better."

"If those two suggestions are carried out, and they had better be, it will give solidity and form to the whole area. This is another great accomplishment. I suppose it might get watered down?"

"We will be working on it further."

"I insisted that you come out here because there is a religious upheaval going on down there and I don't want you to get caught up."

"Sayona told her something of this on our way over," Ned said. "She is getting everybody safe. She had the Orphan lock up his house, took him off his job, and put him in the company of people he could talk with. Everyone's being alerted. A lot of activities are being shut down."

"Good, then they won't be in operation," Valmar said. "We're breaking up what we were doing and everyone is standing guard on his own property. Duanella's here at home until it seems safe to do anything. I think what we've accomplished will not suffer. This is a time to keep away from things we have had in mind. It is a reaction to the oppression of what is good. It will have to come back into being."

"Myron introduced me as being someone special, to the company at the transportation building."

"I'm not familiar with that crowd. I know the station's been shut down."

"Their routes go right through what is now the war," Ned said. "With your consent, I'm going to take up residence in Duanella's house and guard it. Chancillary is down there too."

"It's unusual even for an emergency, but if Duanella does not have objections."

"None."

They were guarding the old homestead.

Gerard talked his way past the people he was among and went off on his motor scooter in the southerly direction, then in turning west he started cutting through the territory, zigzagging his route as he went. By this means he got into Valmar's neighborhood and was studying the back of his house to see if he had the right one when Valmar came around the corner of it. "I have to get away from things," Gerard said. "I'm starting with going here."

"You've come to the right place," Valmar said. "This is hospitality center."

"Who-all's here?" Gerard said. "I guess I'll see that when I go around the house." He took off on the scooter.

He parked his motor scooter in a place where it was not outstanding and apologized to everybody for looking like a road tramp. "I got matters taken care of over in the industrial area," he told Menderson. "They're all fit to begin an amalgamation with the territory of the knights. I told them how it should have been that way from the first. The ace kings of the territory were listening and I named where we were at as the meeting area. There were significant people up from the knighthood with us, three in number, and they all had something to say. When the meeting got loose I reminded them to keep on the track of what I had said, referenced you and others, and went back to the Avenue. I hadn't been there long when one of Baylor's people came by saying Brother Myron was cutting loose. 'He's going to dance the Emery Shoe,' someone said. 'He's announcing the end has come.'"

"What if it's a blivit?" Duanella said. "The whole thing might disappear in that, among other things."

"It's all in real tight. Nobody's going to forget it," Gerard said, lying down beside her in the grass. "A man can get tired," he told Valmar.

"Certainly, certainly," Valmar said.

"Valmar said I should just rest," Duanella said. "I was certainly wild in the country."

"Perhaps that's what I was meaning by 'certainly'," Valmar said. He added, "She's gotten to number four. That's Roy. She says it went very well indeed. Over an hour's time, spent in isolation."

"That could mean they couldn't think of anything to say or do, remained isolate with one another," Gerard said.

"Over an hour," Valmar said.

"Some day I'll match it," Gerard said, rather dreamily.

"I...just need...a little understanding," Duanella said.

"Careful, Duanella," Valmar said. "And you also, Gerard. I like it watching both of you just lying in the grass."

"I will remember what you like," Gerard said.

"Just the way he spoke to Ivan when first at the meeting in Nel Gwyn."

"Good name for the place," Valmar said. "It reminds me of lady wrestlers."

"Where do you go to see them?" asked Gerard.

"In the streets. In back yards. In the place of that name."

So it was in the time of passage. All was set aside. Much was talked over, much consideration was done. Work went on in Whitford as if it were part of these present events, sorcery not present and unnecessary. The area was shaping up, as if there was a deadline. The investigators were looking it over from the top. The entertainment area was shut down, giving everybody a rest.

Myron came into the Entranceway, saying "Seek truth, and you will find it!" The crowds drew back, ran and hid. Someone shouted "This is the Entranceway!" "Ah, so, but it is not the entranceway to that which is not tarnished!" He looked the Entranceway over, and said "We're going up that road!" He and his many followers went into the area by that route, declaiming and haranguing as they went. They passed through many people and came to an open area. "What lies ahead?" The people they'd left behind caught up, saying "Many a quaint wonder! Surprises the like of which has not often been seen!" "Hm, but maybe not supplying the proper elevation to mankind." They had gotten a good way up it when the knights came up behind them in motorized vehicles, suggesting that they stop and pointing out how much trouble they were causing. They quoted pleas from the multitudes. Myron put these all aside, declaring gently that they had much to impart to the world. When they reached Darcey's residence she came out of the office building to see how they would be faring through this tumult. She knew Myron and talked to him about what was happening. One of the knights said, "If you get Myron, you've got them all." "You've got that wrong," came back from Myron's followers. "We'll all get you if you try it!" "It's just a thought," the knight said. Myron said, "Have you matured any yet? Being knights is kind of laid back as a civic occupation." "Out to see things?" another knight asked. "Yes!" Myron said. "We want to see what there is that we have not seen in this dreary semblance of an unkempt life." "You can go all the way down with them and tell people what they are," Darcey said. "They should leave?" a knight asked. "They can leave as long as they don't stay here," Darcey said.

Myron drew himself up and began moving forward. "Hear the wisdom of women!" he shouted, inasmuch as they were making the most noise. "Heed what you have not seen heretofore!"

They walked as far as they seemed able to, then fell on their backs. After a time they would rise again. The knights wondered if they would get any food. Myron scoffed at this. "Life is in the spirit," he said. It was a long walk,

with many a stop to harangue the crowds in crowded places. Finally they came to where it seemed to turn off, and ahead was a myriad of life and great complexity. It seemed like it would be a good place to be, but Myron didn't like it. They went into it a ways and asked questions, hearing questions about themselves simultaneously. A route dredged off to the south, and Myron wondered where it led. "That goes down to where the people associated with the soldiers live," he was told. "Up ahead there are highways leading there, coming from where the troops are, cutting through our territory. But the troops were here first."

"We'd need buses to go down there," Myron said.

"We can supply those."

"The alternative is for us to be stalled around here," Myron said. "It's enough walking for today. The buses should be ready to stop when there are people we wish to talk with."

So they went down into the army's civilian territory. They were assured they were on the best route for what they were doing. It was fairly normal living there. They looked at it all with interest. When Myron gave the signal, the buses stopped and they got out. They upped the crowds there on the news; it seemed like the time was at hand for all that was to come to pass to do that. The civilians didn't agree with that; they'd never heard of it. "Look at them, though," a man said. "They seem to live near something like that." "He speaks with an ear toward the truth," one of Myron's people said. "An ear toward it! Oh, my goodness!" "That lies hidden within you," another follower said. "Few are in contact with that necessary part of themselves, the will toward good." "She seems to know this, to have meditations upon it," a third follower said. "Who sent you here?" they were asked. "We are returning from a journey to the north."

They continued on. The lead driver slowed. "There's a good restaurant ahead," he said. He indicated a vast circular place of good design. "Large enough for everyone. You have to have money, though. We aren't paying for it." They pulled in on a drive just on the other side of it and unloaded. They met with people who were standing outside of it and then went in and found seats. "I'm paying for this," Myron said. "How much?" "Eighty dollars will do for all of you," the proprietor said. Myron reached inside his windbreaker and pulled out a handful of money, from which he counted out five dollar bills until he had the amount before him, and he passed this along to the proprietor. His people were given their dinners, all of them the same, with side dishes. They commenced eating. "So what are you, traveling speakers?" asked a woman. "No, this is unusual travel," she was answered. "We are evildoers, coming unto judgment," spoke one of them. "That isn't very noticeable," a man said. "Yes it is, what's bothering you about us is we are looking evil, and being evil." "Have you any evil intentions toward us?" "No, we don't. We are announcing the arrival of the apocalypse, and judgment." "How do you know it's coming?" "We have been looking at it as it approached, over years, and now we see that it is here." "Are you staying long?" "No, we're going right on through." "We arose from our wretched estaminets of evil and we are seeking the truth that comes," Myron said. "Why haven't we heard of this?" "They are more concerned with us." "We've heard the like." "Do you know there's a war going on over there?" asked Myron. "We hear about it plenty," a young man replied. "They say it's a shooting war." "You better believe it. There were dead men littering the ground, five miles out. The guard beat them, but there is still a threat. And the aftermath is bad. Moreover, the national guard says it goes farther than just what we have here. That war is the end. We've had it. We look to the coming tribunals." "What if they don't arrive?" "Some of them have. And perdition is preparing for the meeting." "They learn sooner than us," a man said. "I believe that this is so." "What do you think we should do about this?" "Be aware. Look to truth."

They went on. At another place they met one of their own. "Baylor's infiltrated a few of us into here." "Why do you come to our territory?" "Because it's a ghetto. We want to open it out. We want easy travel here." "So be it then, Conrad," Myron said. "But we are facing the things that come."

They left the area and found transportation to the old nature area of the eastern side of the city, where they were put up in various available places. It had come on eight o'clock, and they got sacked out for the night. Soon they were sleeping it off. Tomorrow they would do some more traveling.

So, this comes to a certain part of a long tale. Much of the populace rests, waiting to see what further developments there will be. There will surely be differences from what there has been. But what will those differences be? Do you know? Do I know? Does anyone know? What waits for us beyond that ever-changing horizon? Well—maybe all this speculation comes to naught.

The Hero's Wives by Jeffrey Redmond



War is never really over.

From the ancient Er-Dan manuscripts [codex 2559] as translated by Ed-Mond

On the planet of the three moons the famous war hero, Aud-Ay, returned to his home town in the salt water inland lakes region of the smaller continent. He brought back with him many warfare acquisitions and thus achieved great wealth and status in the community. All praised him as one of their own, and he was soon after chosen to be the community leader. In the capitol city, the Grand Master sent official proclamations to Aud-Ay confirming his new position. He also awarded the hero one of the higher categories of medallions to wear.

Aud-Ay was aloof, boastful, and overbearing for a while, but after a time he mellowed more and became more helpful and friendly to others. He also decided, for various reasons, to get a wife, and began asking the other leading citizens of the town about any available females they knew of. Network activity among their wives produced much information, which they relayed back to Aud-Ay. He began to attend festivals, and other events, to meet as many unmarried young females as possible before deciding upon which one to choose.

There were many single females in the town, as well as too many of ones widowed by the many seasons of uninterrupted warfare. Many of these were desirous to get husbands for themselves, and more than some of them began to be eager to have Aud-Ay for their very own. And in a very short while, wherever or whenever Aud-Ay went in public, at least some of the females would behave quite provocatively around him. Whenever he would visit the temple, more than the usual amount would perform the sacred dances, wearing flimsy and erotic robes. Whenever he would visit the marketplace, they would be there dressed very stylishly, and shopping for the same foods and goods as he. And whenever he visited the the public baths, the pools would fill immediately with lovely naked females inviting him to join them.

Aud-Ay at last decided upon Ar-Lena, the daughter of a local widow. Ar-Lena had perhaps pursued him the most, by her very overt dancing, shopping, and bathing continually...and also by her letting him know, with her very overt smiles and body movements, her sincere interest in him. There was, however, a slight problem with them marrying, one that was nevertheless significant. This was that her older sister, Ma-Leta, was by custom to marry first, and she had no suitors or proposals at all.

At length, after much discussion among the sisters, the widowed mother, and the war hero, it was decided that Aud-Ay would marry both Ar-Lena and Ma-Lita, and do so with both at the same time. Some of the other males, and especially the older ones, had married with more than one wife, but never had any male wedded two females simultaneously before. Almost everyone came to the temple for the ceremony, and many of the single and widowed females envied the two sisters for their new life style. Aud-Ay put them both up in his large and spacious dwelling, and dressed them both in expensive robes and jewelry.

After speaking with the other males who had more than one wife and one mother-in-law at the same time, and learning from them, Aud-Ay was always very careful to give both of his wives gifts and other items. They were always exactly of the same amount and value, and given at the same time, and in the same way. Because of this there was always a minimum of rivalry and jealousy between the sisters, and life at Aud-Ay's home was

usually quite pleasant.

A few seasons afterwards, both sisters were pregnant with Aud-Ay's offspring, and, only a few more seasons after this, both delivered in the public birthing ceremonies at the temple. They were both helped by the priestesses, and even somewhat by each other, as the wisdom of the ages always held that females produced their offspring in a better way when other females were with them to help, support, and comfort them, thus easing these labor pains with shared experiences.

The others, their neighbors, relatives, and friends, who had all been invited to attend, watched, waited, and cheered for both of them, throughout. Aud-Ay had both a son and a daughter, half brother and sister, and half cousins, with each other, at about the same time. Both children were raised with nursing and nurturing, care and concern, patience and consistency, by their mother and aunt combinations. And Aud-Ay always provided for both of his children equally, just as he always did for his two wives.

In the town, as in most other places on the planet, the males and females had an interactive sexuality with each other. The males had needs for praise, release of physical energy, and solutions for frustration. The females had needs for affection, attention, and personal security. The males often sought out females as life partners, and chose them for their physical attributes based upon whatever the immediate sub-culture had as being the most desirable characteristics. They desired to dominate and protect the females, along with fathering offspring with them. The females often sought out males for their position, wealth, and power relative to each society. They would then manipulate the males for various reasons, such as continuation of interest, improvement of skills, increasing of wealth and position, better health, longevity of life, *etc.*

In the male psychology they felt the need to attain and obtain different kinds of females according to their own individual wishes, desires and needs. Some of the males married very physically attractive "trophy" wives, who had little other use than to be displayed as impressive objects. Some of the males married daughters of superior and more powerful older males, and thus enhanced their own positions and power in the local and regional communities. Other males married females especially to mate and produce offspring, and carry on their family names and lineages.

In the female psychology the males they chose were usually the ones who were stronger and better providers for them and any potential offspring. This insured for the females that they and their young offspring would be better taken care of, while giving them all more status and security in the communities. Males who did not achieve and attain the desired female mate often felt unaccomplished and frustrated. Females who did not achieve and attain the desired males often suffered from the lack of attention and affection such a loss caused. The females would often be lonely, and they would spend much of their time and limited wealth acquiring many unnecessary items. These would often include such nonsensical things as additional clothing, more unused furniture, extravagant jewelry, and the like.

The males would sometimes deliberately provoke and fight with the other males just to try to assert themselves in power places and positions in the community. The females would often deliberately try to provoke the males to argue and fight with them, just to get attention of any kind. The females sometimes fought with other females in competition for the same males. The males would often boast and brag loudly to try to call attention to themselves. The females would often act childish and helpless just to get the same.

There were several war widows in the town who, from then on, always expressed their feelings to everyone else about how much they missed their deceased hero husbands. Presumably, when they'd still been alive, most of them complained continuously about their bad habits, which of course included not having enough wealth, having interactions with other females, not achieving sufficient fame or power, not paying attention to them, and so forth. But, during and after the funerals, these very same women would often wail and cry piteously, and feel very saddened at the losses of their previously negatively viewed mates.

When the married females, the ones who were the sole wives of their husbands, would approach Aud-Ay's two wives, they would often ask them about their married life. They would wonder at what it was like having to share a husband. Aud-Ay's wives would always reply that they were already sisters, and that they had grown up together. They already liked each other, had a good and "manageable" hero husband, and that he always provided well for them and their offspring. He had no real interest in other females except the two of them, and the three of them got along quite well together. Aud-Ay thus had intersections with two females who were both his wives, rather than, as so many other males did, a combination of a wife and a mistress, or a wife and a girlfriend, or a wife and a prostitute, etc. In this way Aud-Ay was both faithful and "monogamously" polygamous with only the two females he was wedded to.

Other married couples in the town were far from being as well off. And indeed a number of them appeared before the lawspeakers and initiated divorces. Others remained unmarried all of their lives, and others stayed married but were unhappy being so and secretly desired others in their lives. But Aud-Ay and his two wives remained happily married all of their lives. He was happy and contented and expressed this to them frequently, and thus kept their wives happy and contented. They then expressed this to their offspring, and in turn these little ones grew to be happier and more contented adults than most of the others were. And in turn their offspring benefitted from the caring and nurturing as well, and this continued as the generations passed.

Aud-Ay died after his final season was completed on the planet. His two widows generally grieved for him, and they both truly missed him. They then both continued to enjoy being grandmothers and well provided for widows of the war hero. And after their demises their offspring honored their memories, and genuinely missed them, for many, many seasons afterwards.



SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM

The Winter issue of F&SF came in, with a flagrant contents page not seen priorly in that magazine. "How to Care for Your Domestic God", "The Icy Wasteland at Her Feet", "Mackson's Mardi Gras Moon Race", "The Wizzer", "Big Trouble in Sector C", "All Our Better Angels", "The Interspatial Accessibility Compact's Guidelines for Cross-Cultural Engagement", "The World's Greatest Telescopes", all this and more; it sounds like the writers talking. The editorial, "Shifting Light", considers growing and learning from adversity; "What tools and strategies will you use to rise and see through the darkness of a chaotic world?" She recommends consciousness expansion. "Read on, wanderers!" The opening story, "what kills the stars", begins "It's Tuesday again, and the world is ending. Actually, no, it's all of existence that's ending." Hopefully there'll be a new beginning in the age of man.

Garth Spencer is suggesting a united underground of Lovecraftian adherence to the elder gods (Cthulhu, etc.) in the Society for the Preservation of Fannish Fandom.

One of the newer fanzines, into its fourth issue, and available at efanzines.com, is called I Read Your Goddam Fanzine, a primal sort of title which reminds me of Terry Carr and The Cult. Its contents go over fanzines he has read. It has the effect of shouting Hey Rube, at the same time being one. This faned has the ass too much to react.



POSTAL MATTERS..contact from readers of this zine

ANDY ROBSON, 63 Dixon Lane, Leeds LS12 4RR, Yorkshire, England: Back in the day the only thing you couldn't do with green stamps was to post a letter. Certainly street hawkers would give them as small change. Now all our mail stamps are green—must've been a clearance batch of ink.

Thanks for April PL. Surprised that I'd taken up so much paper in it. (Clearly a play to encourage others to submit. "Oh no! We can't take any more of this!"). I really didn't think the poem would've been suitable.

The "what are they doing" aspect of SF art is one of its attractions for me. Surely fiddling with specious bits of technology allows your imagination to write its own chapter. For if meeting the bug-eyed monsters determines that they are the ants of this planet then you can forget about verbal communication as you've no means of generating the necessary volume and would probably be permanently deafened by the first encounter. It's the same with the "undefined" figures, which I also like. There's a lot in modern contemporary art which are, so to speak, one step from "trompe l'oeil". And let's look at PL's back cover. Isn't that some bearded guy in sunglasses and Hawaiian shirt holding a model plane? Or is it all just craggy vegetation?

Hope that Redmond's retired postmen come out of the bar reminiscing about dogs they have kicked and decide to deliver you some more green stamps.

Those might be Irishmen delivering a bit of the green over to the English postal service.

Well, I think the spaceship's a deception for some folks. But that does certainly look like a model aircraft.

THE SECRET ONE by John Polselli

The moon appeared beyond a door last night; A frozen chamber stalking in the dark.
I wondered who she was. That matriarch of silence who was haunting us was bright
Above. A strange unshrinking intellect despite her mournful moaning for a patriarch
She once had loved. Her silent tears embarked unto a secret setting where sunlight
Brought shelter to the restless ones who dream of unrevealed mysteries of space.
The darkness in its infancy; a firescreen of stinging questions in the marketplace
Leaves fortune in the grasp of the unseen, and sends a gifted child to interspace.

GOD'S PERFECTION

by Joanne Tolson

In the creation of the earth
God thought of everything;
Nothing was created by chance

It was not a mistake
for God to make man.

SPIRITS OF THE LAND

by Joanne Tolson

Both past and present,
deceased roam the land;
the trapped spirits,
left behind, here on earth.
Doomed to roam the earth,
forever.

SEEM NO END TO

by Betty Streeter

Something we Love, year
and year, collecting stuff.
It's become bore, after
being and doing
Our focus of interesting
changes. There seem no end to
Our life roles down here.
But keep it interesting
and sigh
and keep our fingers cross.

LIKE LEFT OVERS

by Betty Streeter

Like left over foods, I want to
Finish eating them. Like
Left Overs in Dreams. Find
Where I left off dreaming.
I seek more to dreams—events
The place I was at then. I seek
answers in dreams. So on
I dreams.

G. F. HEYDER

Oracle Joe Says:

The end of civilization as we know (knew?) it? Robotics, artificial intelligence, virtual reality, technology, etc. Is our traditional civilization being phased out to be replaced by above mentioned system? Is religion, morality, decency becoming a dinosaur in this world? Is our species slowly being turned into "Night of the Living Dead" Zombies symbolically speaking? Stay tuned folks if we exist long enough to find out!

P.S. I said it before and I say it again, "We know what we are, we know not what we may become!"
- Shakespeare -



DISAPPEARANCE AT APPAMATTOX CHAPTER NINE, serial by Joanne Tolson. *Is a paradox a thing of the mind?*

Doctor Wiesmann arrived at Henry Starnes' farmhouse Saturday afternoon. He knocked on the front door. Henry opened the front door for Dr. Wiesmann to come inside. "Well, come on in, Hiram. There's Robert Smith over there from the confederate army, sitting in the rocking chair," Henry said.

"Nice to meet you," said Hiram, as he extended his hand. Robert just sat there paying no mind to Hiram's outreached hand. "Same here. You're one of those who are going to tell me how to get home?" said Robert.

"Yes, I'll try, like I explained to Henry, about the Grandfather Paradox. It's rather tricky," said Hiram.

"What! I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Robert.

"No, because it had not existed during the civil war. Robert, where were you found?," said Dr. Wiesmann.

"Down the road to Appomattox, by some lawmen," said Robert.

"So, if we pinpoint the location you came from, we must go back to the exact spot you appeared."

"I can't be sure about that," said Robert.

"We can try," said Henry.

"It's a million to one shot," said Dr. Wiesmann.

"And if you don't get it right?" said Henry.

They discussed plans further and would meet next weekend at Appomattox.

The next weekend came with Robert on horseback. He followed behind Henry's old Ford truck, being followed by Dr. Wiesmann, in Appomattox Parkland. *Continued next issue*

REUNION by John Polselli

A lover he had lost had come to him within a fragmentary vision while

He stared into the darkness of his living room. A single lamp was barely glimmering.

Cedric did not wish to be alone.

A waning crescent moon was in the firmament. The night was deeply silent. Cedric stirred

Upon his chair to an extent. He tried to sleep, but sleep forestalled him. All at once

He heard the sound of children's laughter.

Listening intently he remained upright.

There was an edge of fear. He looked about the room. He did not notice anyone.

The hour was just past midnight. Hidden beasts below the sea had come ashore within his reverie.

Jellyfish had stood upright. They stood erect like soldiers on the beach. "Laura," he called out,

"I wish that we could be together once again. Darling, are you here?"

Silence reigned. A foghorn moaned dismally. Cedric shifted on his chair, then sauntered to his drawing room.

He caught a glimpse of what seemed like a gossamer hand amidst the gloom. He was dismayed.

"Oh Laura dear. Can it actually be true? Have you escaped the grave?"

"Let's pick up where we once left off and live somewhere far away."

He placed his hand in hers before escorting her through a lovely garden path, just like a lady of the land.

Forthwith the reunited lovers swiftly disappeared.

A couple of new fanzines. **Where I Read Your Goddam Fanzine** is into #8. That's a bold title, but the writing within is rather discursive. John Purcell, 3744 Marielene Circle, College Station, Texas 77845-3923, has published the Steampunk zine he'd been meditating. Superb cover by Alan White.



“We’ve both earned a Coffee Cup but I can’t see how we’re getting anywhere else.”

RE-ENTRY The editor re-enters the reader’s orbit and simultaneously notes items in this issue

There are occasional issues of this zine which do not have back covers, but which have instead a continuation of the contents of the issue. This is a fault in formatting and one which I have ignored as a matter of practicality, but as I say it ignores good formatting. It might give readers the impression that the final page is missing. I like it much better when there are not such oversights in an issue. Lately I have been achieving first-class formatting and I am going to continue doing this and have a much better feeling about the zines I am emitting. You see yourself that this is a standard back cover. I am being careful in plotting the issue that this does not interfere with the placement of the contents. A neat zine is something to be pleased with. I have been looking at the issues with pleasure recently and it is a good feeling. People who may be looking at it may say “He is being neat and careful with the making of PL.”

It couldn’t give a good goose with those reading the issue, but it keeps me happy with the contents.

I kind of like the blowup in *Omnis Vivandi* in this issue. It seems to me like what would happen. I’ve pointed out a similarity in theme with my other writers. It seems to me we may be keeping current with events. That lends to what we are writing. Some time it may come to reasonable public attention.

All in all, a good issue with good reading in it.

An addition to the fandom column: Garth Spencer brought to attention in the latest issue of **The Obdurate Eye** a statement by Steve Davidson concerning *Amazing Stories*. After a powerful success at getting this magazine out it stopped short of subscription count and nothing much was heard about it thereafter. There never was an explanation or an open public statement about it. Not until now. Davidson goes through the things involved in the publication of the new *Amazing* and describes a horrendous amount of work of all kinds. There are a few lawsuits mentioned. It was great work while it was happening and shows a righteous attitude toward sf’s preservation. Something is still going on but it’s difficult to read this out of the statement. I wouldn’t want to get involved with any of that. Funds drives were necessary to keep the issue going. Those aren’t always going to work out and it isn’t a very dependable funding. Nice to finally be hearing some news about it.