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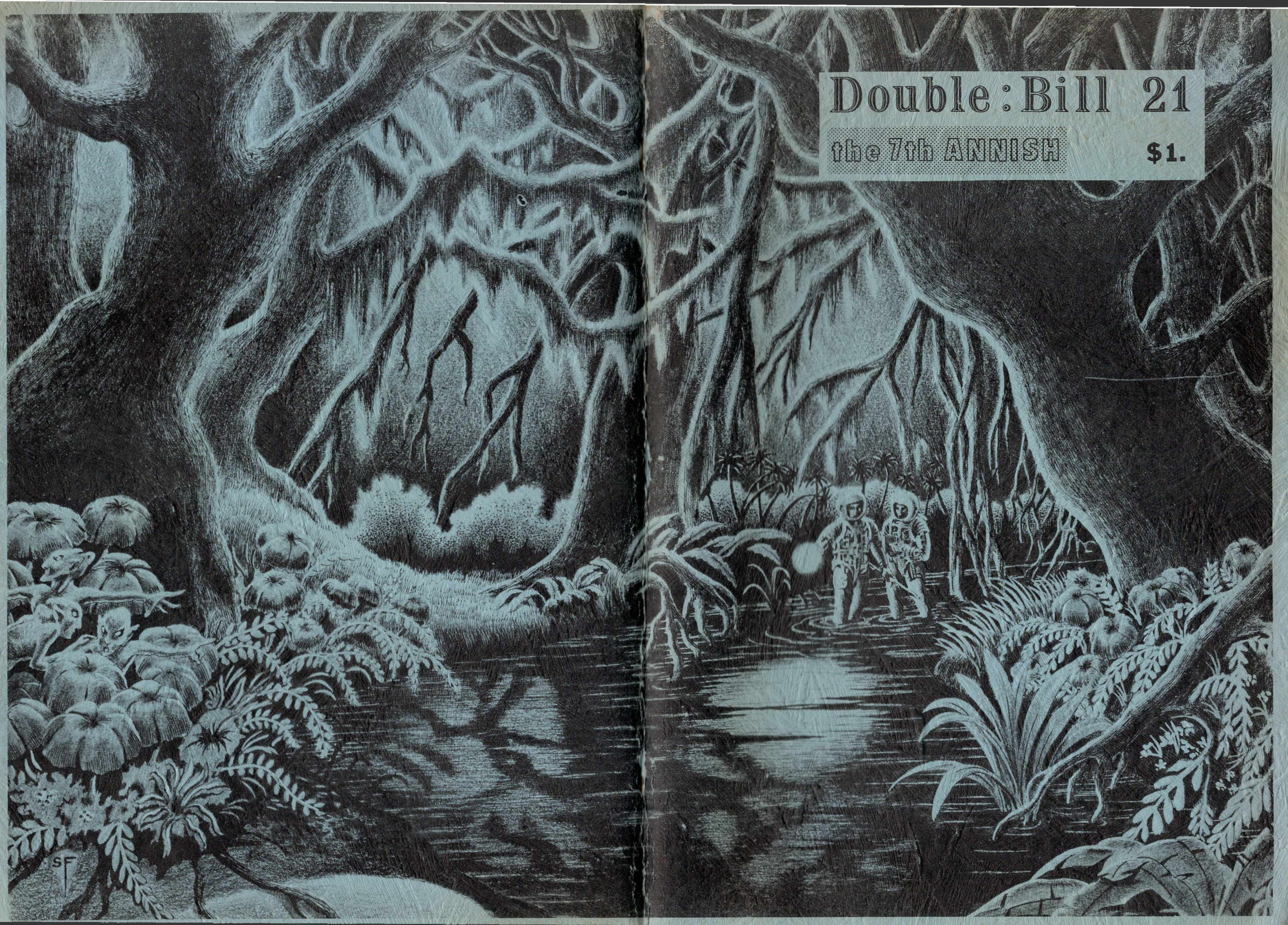

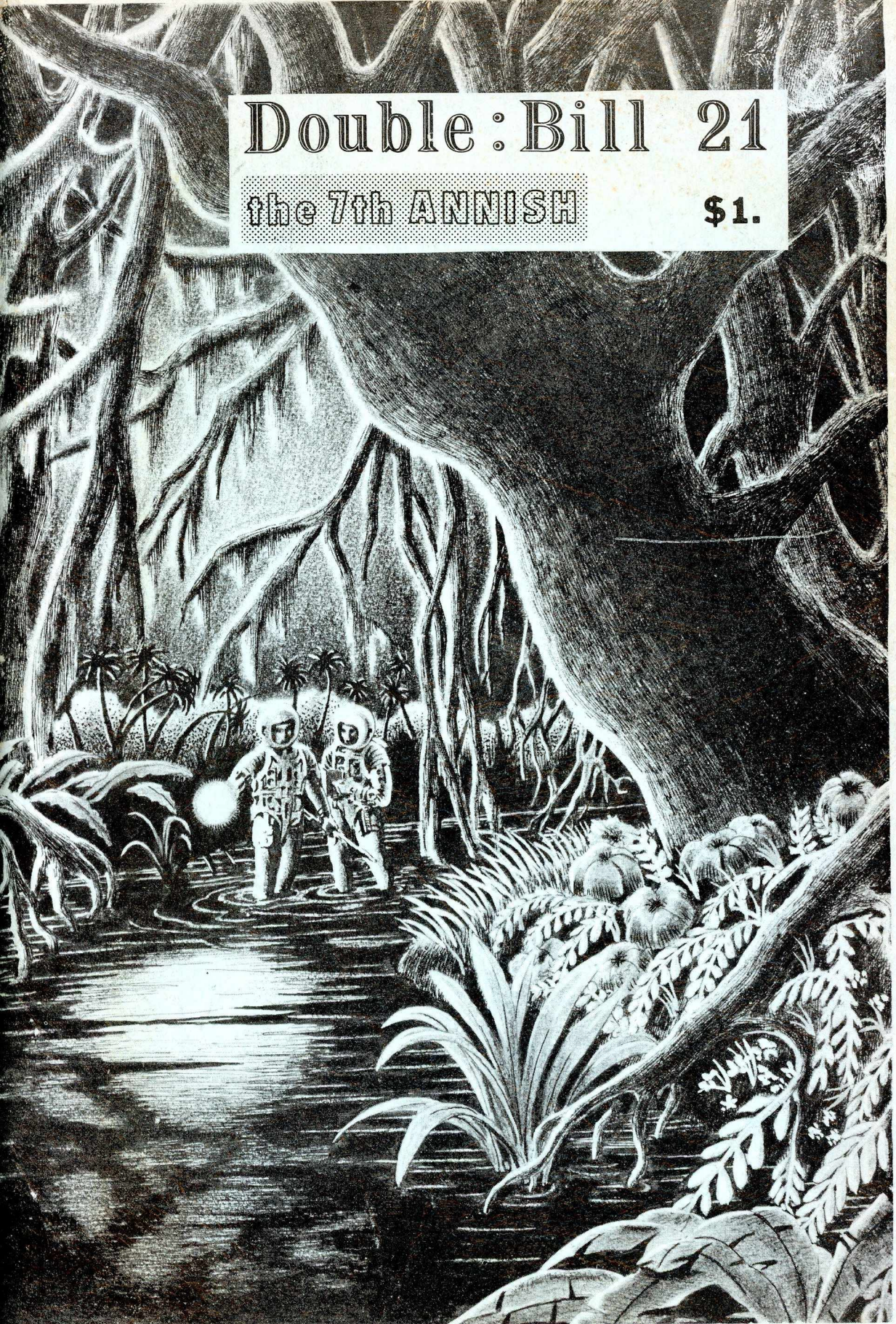
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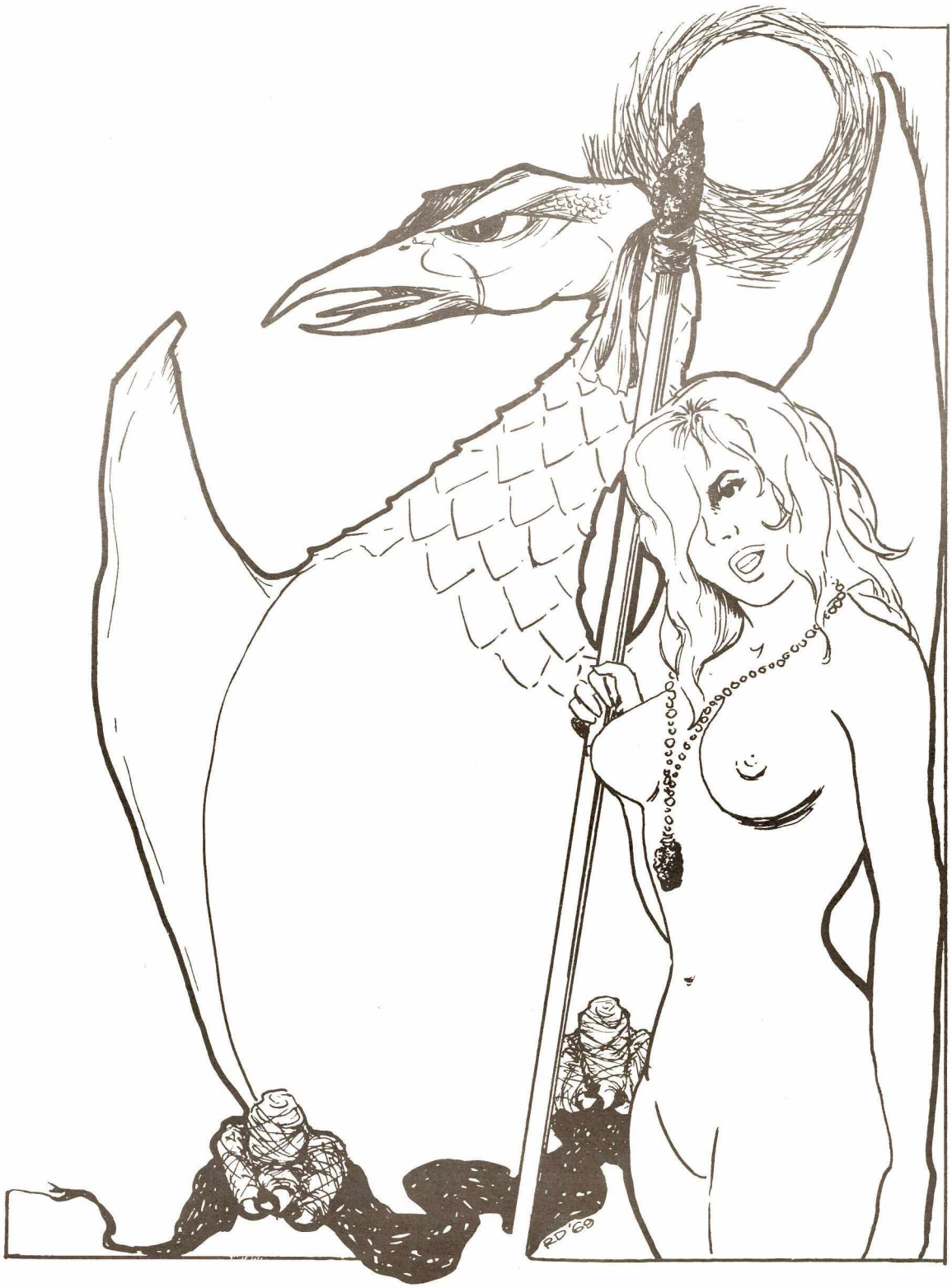

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Edited by: BILL BOWERS & BILL MALLARDI

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7th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE FALL, 1969

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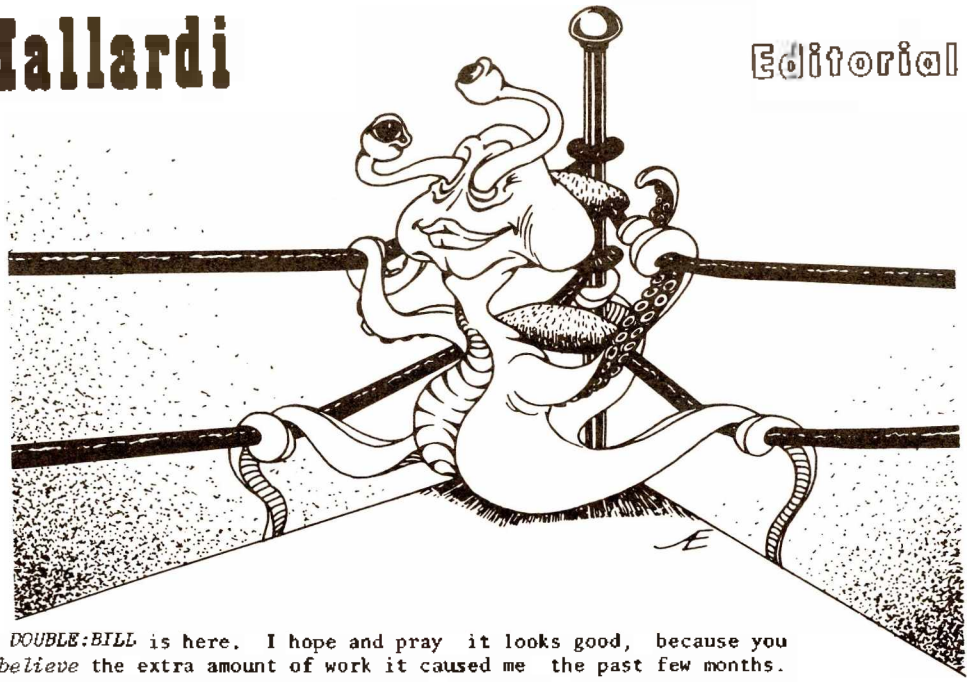
NOW I HAVE A PROOF-
READER, I NEED SOME-
ONE TO KEEP BOWERS
UNDER CONTROL!
DB
GRISWOLD MALLARDI, ACE PUBLISHER
(and BOWER'S ACE PROBLEM) ELUCIDATES
UPON THE SITUATION—
PROSSER
'63

Bill Mallardi

Editorial



The "new" *DOUBLE:BILL* is here. I hope and pray it looks good, because you just wouldn't *believe* the extra amount of work it caused me the past few months. I typed so much and for so long that my fingertips are sore. It wasn't just D:B though -- it was the Symposium *and* D:B 21 that I had to work on -- two projects that -- for some idiotic reason, Bowers committed us to have completed by August 28th. (St. Louiscon time...something about saving postage...) I think I'd strangle him if it weren't for the fact that my fingers are shot and I'm too weak. (Two 100 pagers typed in a few months time is a lot of work, especially since they both have justified-by-hand margins.)

My eyes aren't the same either..I'll probably need new glasses now...and I'm saddlesore to top (or bottom) it off.

But...we actually *did* it!

So...tell me...How Does It Look...?

I certainly hope it was worth it.

This time was a special case (he said hopefully), future issues should be a lot simpler to do. There'll be more time to work on each issue, at least until Next Year when that *other* promised project, The D:B Reader, rears it's ugly head at me and roars for attention. (Any suggestions on articles, fiction, artwork, etc., to use...the 'best' of D:B's past issues, are welcome, but we reserve the right to make the final judgements.)

This issue marks (for me, anyway) a helluva milestone in the life and existence of *DOUBLE:BILL*. We've managed to last 7 years -- which by *YANDRO's*....or *SHAGGY's*...or *CRY's* standards may not seem so great -- but for the "average" fanzine that folds it seems, almost as soon as its born, it *is* quite a feat. Let's hope the "7 year itch" re 100 pagers doesn't strike again -- for at least 7 more years...) We dearly would like to continue D:B in offset format, and we are even entertaining the notion of expanding it by distributing it to some local newsstands. Just as an experiment, at first, to see what happens.

I think that with the continuance of much good artwork, and excellent articles and reviews from you fans, this might possibly help us subscription-wise.... plus the added bonus of recruiting new blood into fandom. This is all speculation of course..no matter *what* the future of D:B, it won't go anywhere or do anything at all if it doesn't get the contributions from YOU. And it will always remain a *fanzine*.

Of all the material in this issue, one person is purposely Featured: Stephen E. Fabian. Steve has been sending us some beautiful artwork for over a year now, but we hesitated using it in our mimeo'd issues...electronic stencilling wouldn't do it justice. As a gesture of our appreciation and perhaps to atone for our not publishing it all before, we promised to 'feature' as much of his work as possible in this issue. The results are all around you. Thanks, Steve, for your faith in us and patience with us...and may there be much more!

Thanks too, to art editor Alex Eisenstein, who has been working with, criticizing and praising Steve. He has come a long way in a damn short time, and we're sure it's only the beginning.

Incidently -- Astro-nut Antics will be a continuing feature of D:B. We hope you enjoy it.

the BEM's Corner

Our thanks to everyone *else* who contributed to this 7th Anniversary issue of D:B, too. It was really appreciated, and you all came through in Grand Style. YOU have made the issue what it is..we hope you like our presentation of your material. Feel free to contribute again, soon!

Would you believe I've joined another 'fandom'? Yep, I'm now hooked on C.B.-ing. I've got a mobile radio with whip antenna in my car, and go by the "handle" of (naturally) Bug Eyed Monster! Citizens Band communications is a wild thing...almost as wild as SF fandom. They've got their own language and codes, and have "cons" - jamborees, they call 'em. Some of their handles are weird, too...there's the Shadow, Wooster Rooster, Briar Hopper, Briar Patch (husband and his wife, respectively!) Race Jockey, Sneaky, Scat Man, Mischief, plus many, many more too numerous to mention. So you see, Bug Eyed Monster isn't any worse or any better than any of the others.

Of course, the C.B. radio is great in an emergency..it's helped out many a stranded driver, made calls to the police and hospitals *et al*, that helped people in trouble. I'm glad to be in it..and you know what? It's almost like SF fandom in another respect... it gets in your blood, and is difficult to break away from it for very long.

This issue (along with its editors) will be distributed all around the St. Louiscon; likewise the D:B Symposium will be on sale at Howard Devore's table in the huckster room...see you there?

By the way (and I'm hoping this editorial isn't sounding too pretentious or self-conscious to you all), to get back to the subject of this issue: I'm particularly glad to be here and be able to present this issue of D:B to you -- for a very special reason. To put it bluntly, I almost got my ass killed July 4th! We were in the middle of working on D:B and the Symposium just after the MidWestCon, when I had to leave town to shoot off a Fireworks show in West Virginia.

If you recall, the Midwest had a weird 4th anyway, tornadoes in Ohio, storms in 3 or 4 states. It threatened us, too, down along the Ohio River, so we tried to speed up the show to beat the rain.

It was an All Bomb Show - 5 boxes of nice big bombs of 4, 5, and 6 in. diameter! Plus a 140 shot Finale, and a Flag Display. My helper and I had shot off 3 and one half of the five boxes--when the trouble hit. He put a 4 inch bomb in what we're sure was the correct mortar (a 4 incher), and I lit the fuse after he went back to the boxes, 20 or so feet away. "PPHHT!" it said on the way up..."BAD BOMB!!!" I yelled, and ran ten feet and hit the dirt. It didn't go high enuff, I could tell by the sound it was going to hit the ground..I waited, to see if it would explode a safe distance away. WHAM! It went off on the ground *right alongside the boxes of other bombs!!!!* There were 15 to 20 big bombs left, and I just *knew* they were going to blow. I got up and yelled to my helper, who was on the other side of the boxes when the bomb exploded.."RUN!!" I proceeded to run...and run... WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! To my horror, just as I was abreast of the boxes the bombs they erupted in one huge mass of crazy colors, explosions, whistling, *etc.*, with such an awful Psychedelic roar that I heard someone screaming underneath all the racket, wondered who it was, and then found out it was *me*. I felt like my legs were stuck in resistant material, and I just couldn't move fast enough to suit my body and mind..pure terror coursed through my veins like a cancerous, living thing. I ran and ran and ran..colors of green and red were shooting past me... bouncing off my car, which was about 100 feet away from the boxes..I had the sickening feeling.. this had happened once before, and my brain, reacting swiftly remembered that a few months earlier, while sleeping, I had had a dream about my fireworks show..and *in my dream* the very same thing had happened..there was an unexplainable accident that caused the whole show to go off on the ground, while I was running in the dream, trying to get away..this all flashed through my mind in micro-seconds as I was running..then I was conscious of someone running behind me..I assumed it was my helper, then I was tackled and fell to the ground with a thud..some man was pounding my back with his hands..I struggled free, got up, and asked him why he did it. He said it was because there was some burning green colors stuck on my shirt. (I didn't even know it!) Then we turned and looked for my helper..we thought he was dead. A few bombs were still exploding and shooting out a few feet on the ground, colors going off first, then the reports, when, out from the smoke, explosions, and confusion..my helper came staggering toward us, his hands up to his face! He was Alive! They took him to a doctor's to be treated..and then some of the town's Committee came up to me and asked.."What about the Finale?" Fuck the finale! I shouted. The horrified was leaving anyway..and then to top it off, the Heavens opened up with such a deluge it was ruining the finale within a few minutes. I was not hurt at all..though suffering from shock. The doctor gave me a sedative, bandaged my helper, and released us. They put us up for the night in a motel.

My helper is completely healed now...the only bomb that hurt him was one which had exploded in front of him as he was running away. He luckily only had 1st and 2nd degree burns, and the Fireworks Factory will take care of the bills.

So..I told the fireworks man..Never Again! I wasn't going to shoot off fireworks again...He tried to make it seem like it was our fault, anyway..so I just told him a line I borrowed from Bowers that seemed apropos for the occasion...I said, "I quit while I've a head!"

And so you can see why I can honestly say..(and the pun is intentional, since I'm still the clown, I guess): I'm *DOUBLY* glad to be here...

Here's hoping you are, too...

Bemmishly,

BILL MALLARDI

94 SF Writers and Editors answer 11 Questions on Why they write (edit) SF, plus advice to beginning writers, plus some comments on what they believe to be the greatest present weakness of Science Fiction.

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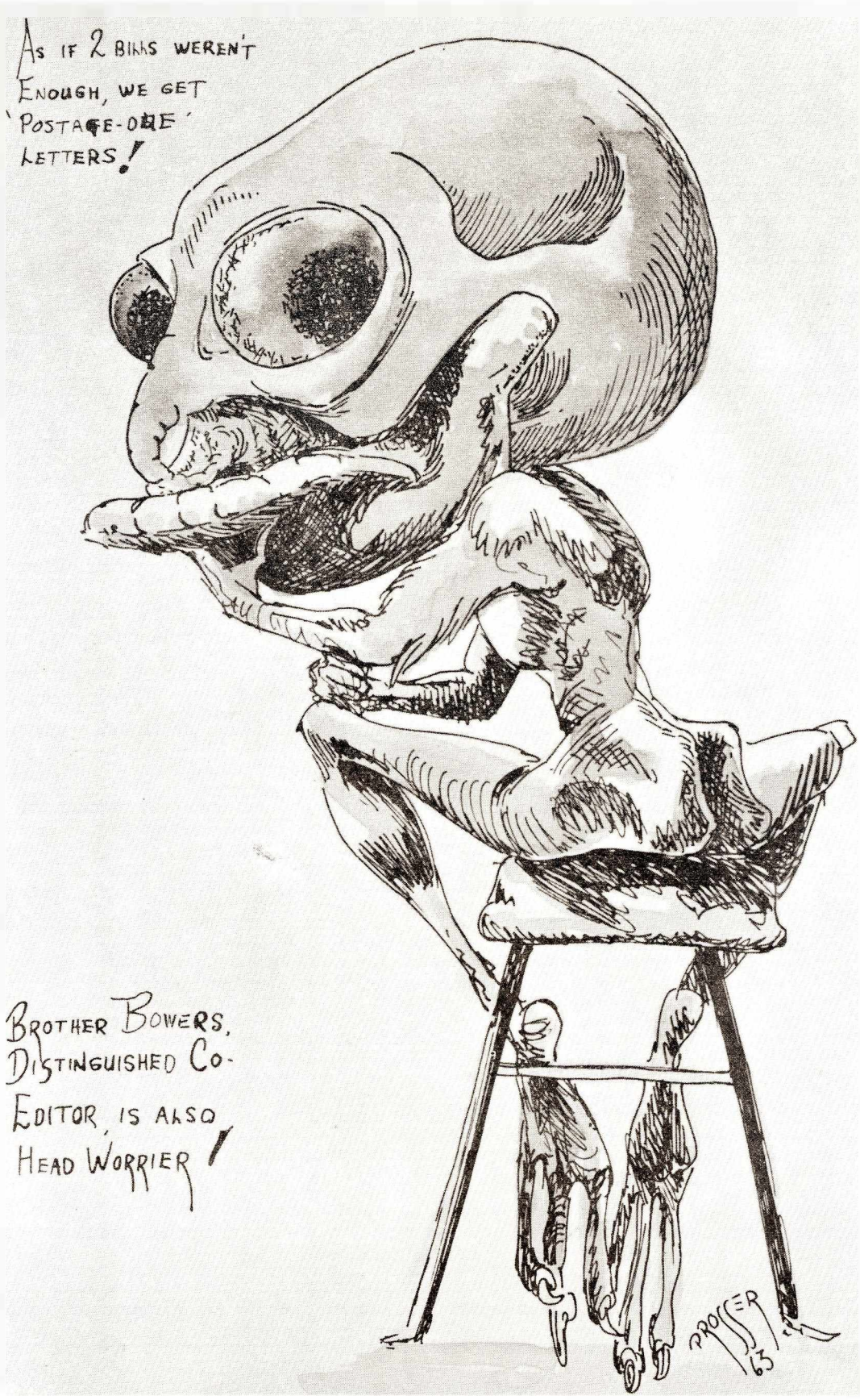
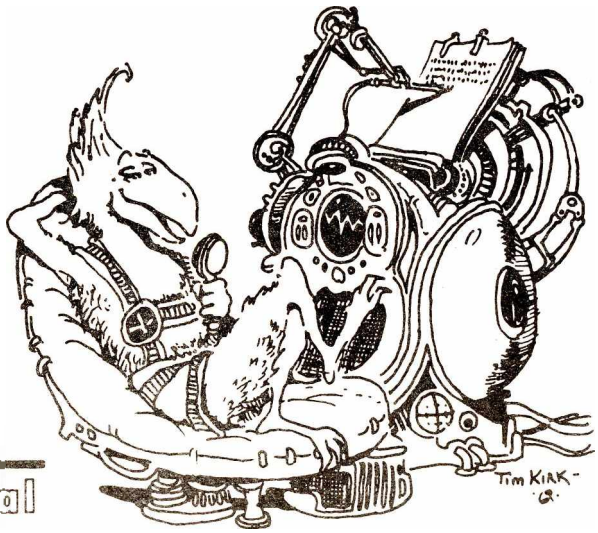

AS IF 2 BILLS WEREN'T ENOUGH, WE GET 'POSTAGE-DUE' LETTERS!
BROTHER BOWERS, DISTINGUISHED CO-EDITOR, IS ALSO HEAD WORRIER!
PROSSER '63



Bill Bowers

Editorial

This really wasn't intended to be a nostalgia issue (other than the Space War material), and it isn't--entirely. Then too, one of the joys and puzzlements of fanzine publishing is the way items which seem to fit together--for instance, Stricklen & Offutt--arrive almost simultaneously, but with no pre-planning on our part. Weird!

This issue really wasn't supposed to be a 100 pages, either; the last three issues have had the disconcerting habit of turning up 20 pages over our pre-set 'maximum'. The bulk of this issue was produced in less than two weeks; I'm not over-joyed with the way 'my' parts came out...but I'm not displeased, either. And that's all *I* have to say in the way of explanation...except: To put it bluntly, with this issue...we've shot our wad--material-wise, as well as financial. There *will* be future issues ... but the shape and form of them is up to you, now. Next issue will (as it stands now) be in this format -- containing absolutely the *last* word on *2001*, a beautiful satire by Hank Davis--plus some color work. We're still planning on #23 being more-or-less a memorial / appraisal of H. Beam Piper...but whether or not *it* will be offset or not...*I* cannot promise. We'll see. (This item ¢o$ts, and I'm gaining responsibilities that will take preference over those of the past. By the time most of you read this, Joan and I will be married. ...who else but a *faan*, would put such an announcement, in the middle of an editorial?)

In the last issue, I made some rather brave statements about what *I* wanted to do with this mag--and said that *this* issue would be a start in that direction. Whether or not it is, at the moment I have no way of knowing. All I've 'seen' so far is a massive pile of many-sized paste-ups...and I've been too close, too long to retain any objectivity. Something called *The D:B Symposium* devoured 75% of the time I had planned to produce this--and *that* takes careful planning to accomplish. The fault is entirely mine in committing us to getting both out for St. Louiscon. Mallardi urged caution and pacing ... but I have my ambitions, and the dogged determination / endurance to carry them out ... though I may hurt myself as well as others, in the process. This is how it's got to be; no apologies.

You see (again, as per last issue), I am the uncurable Dreamer. I have, and I have so informed several people--including Joan -- committed myself to perhaps the most difficult of all goals: That in my 30th year I shall have become self-supporting in doing what I *want* to do...rather than that which I *have* to do. This gives me four years. Period.

I am not a callow youth; neither am I quite so old and decrepit as I physically appear. I realize (oh boy, do I!) that it is far, far easier to set the goal, than it is to attain it. But I am slowly, increasingly, gaining faith in my own potential. This, I am told, is the most important step. And that's one reason you're reading this now -- rather than six months from now. I said we'd have both out for St. Louis; Bill agreed (though I suspect, more to humor me than through any similar burning drive on his part). And, by God!, *we've* done it. We've growled at each other, and I at myself for being a stubborn fool; we're both bonetired and flat broke. But in the end, and I can only speak for myself...it *is* worth it all. We know *we* did it...and we're sortta proud.

This, then, is a sense of accomplishment. And this ties in, yet again, to my last Konfession Korner: re Those who attempt to retain their 'youth'. Bill took my remarks personally. In one way, I'm glad he did; in another way, I'm not. They

...from William's Pen

were not, and the following *is not*, directed at him specifically; nor anyone else in particular. Rather, it's a feeling...a groping...that's been bugging me for some time, and, since I am seemingly incapable of discussing things like this face-to-face, I seek shelter behind the typer and probe. Sometimes the result is intriguing, and unexpected. Bill has explained--and quite frankly -- his views on *why* he tries so hard to retain his youth, and I cannot help but admire that he did it. That last part of his last editorial took guts, believe me. And, after inadvertently being the cause of all this, I would then be amiss if I didn't *try* to explain why--although *I* can not label it 'wrong' -- such an emphasis on retaining 'youth' for youth's sake...I can't buy for myself.

Nobody is born into this world 'equal'. And it seems that even fewer depart from it in that status. But while you are here, while you live and breath, the choice *is* yours--between being one of the 'doers'...and being one that is done to. The 'doers' are not necessarily the loudest and most evident ones around -- the ones you think, and who would have you think that they are 'doing' something. (As an aside: It is not necessary that an actual doer be a 'nice guy'; Mayor Daley is a doer in that he has created his own law, made it stick -- and retained his position.)

It is my contention that one who seeks, at any cost, to retain his youth...his own personal Good Old Days ... such a person *cannot* be a doer. He has it done to him at every corner, by the people who supply him with the artificial aids and services to do so *and* by the people who profess to admire the results. Maybe this person is really and truly happy in pretending that each and every day is not irreplaceable, that his body does not count each such day *off* the number alloted to him. This I would not know; I've always had the rather amusing, but painful, affliction of looking and acting ten years olders than I am by the calender. I couldn't *look* young tho I tried; no more so could I *act* in a manner reserved for and deserved by, children. Please note that I do not consider enthusiasm restricted to any one age/maturity grouping; I am more enthusiastic now than perhaps I've ever been. But it's an enthusiasm tempered by reality; a *different* enthusiasm than the good old days when I accepted everything that I was told and showed, and reacted accordingly.

Looks...enthusiasms; these are not the question: It all boils down to: What do *you* want to do with *your life*...and what sacrifices you are willing and able to make to attain whatever you shoot for--such as accepting that you might not be 'part of the gang'. If you're content to look young, act young, and remain stuck in the same rut (which you and you alone have created) until you are 65, at which time you 'retire'...and keel over a year or so later from sheer boredom... and if you feel that all this has justified your existence on the face of this planet, using its lifeblood to nourish your parasitic body...all the more power to you. And congratulations: You are firmly 'in' with 99.9% of everyone around you. And furthermore: *You* provide the services and the 'doer' doesn't have to worry about ever being at a lack for anything...including amusement. You are, indeed, essential; you exist -- but who can seperate one of you from the other?

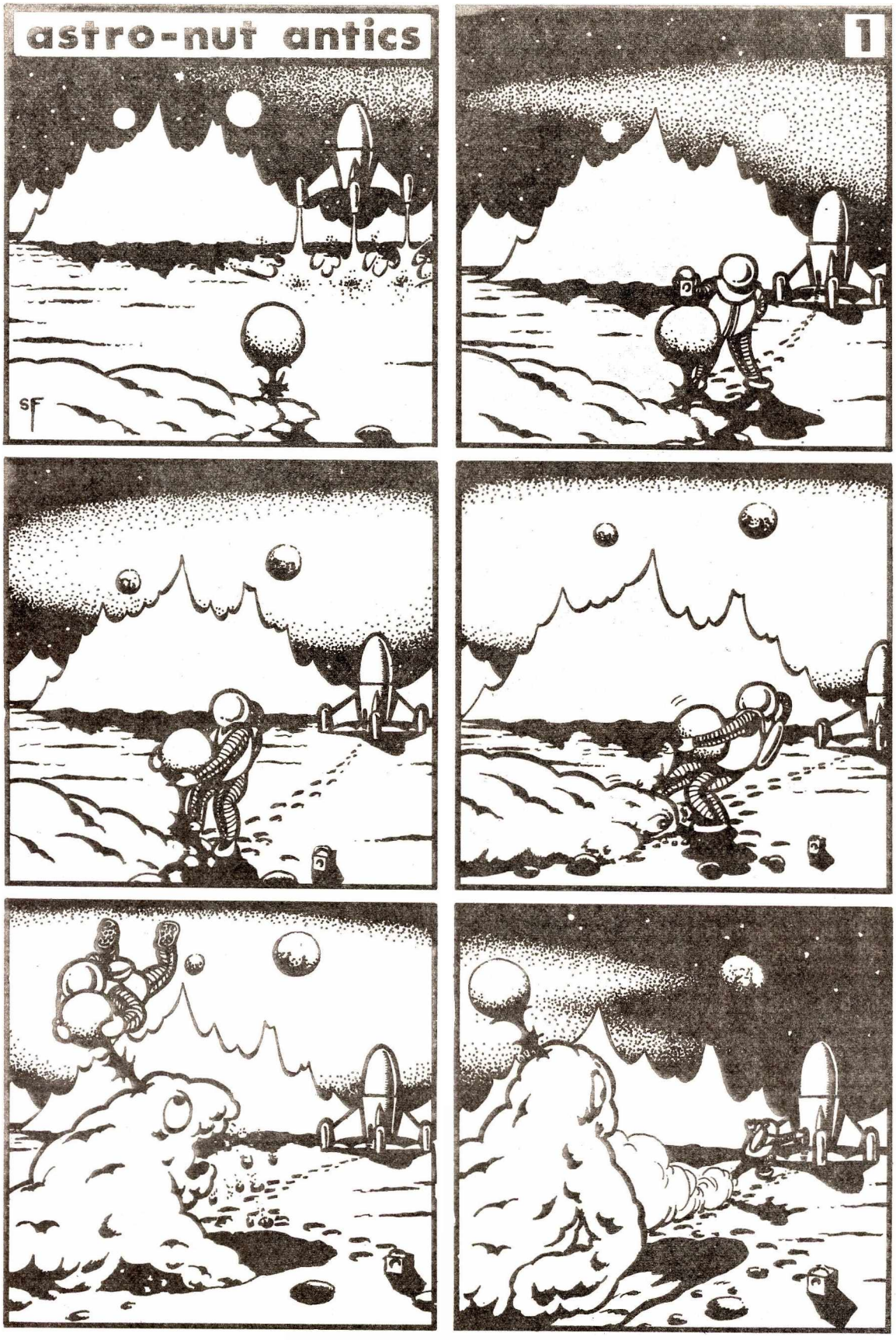
I mentioned earlier 'doing what I want to do'. What then is this? To a great extent, but not to the exclusion of all else, it obviously involves the field of science fiction--such being what I am most aware of and immersed in--I'm more firmly grounded in these essentials. And I do firmly believe that the field has potentials as yet untouched/unthought-of, as well as much left to do within the 'old structure.' (But let's not get off on what *I* think SF is and what it ought to be, or we'll never get through.) What specifically do I want/intend to do? Well, writing the stuff is the obvious and most dominating answer. But my interests, and quite strong ones they're proving to be, do not leave off neatly after having written a story. My version of 'artwork', layout, and the process/creation of compiling/editing if you will, a publication as a 'whole'; plus, whatever new I discover every day. Ideally, I suppose, this would encompass a magazine of which I was chief writer and illustrator, as well as being an editor in the strictest sense, solely responsible for the layout--the works! (Hummm...this sounds remarkably like an 'id zine'. Well, one of these years, I'll get into FAPA; who knows -- that perhaps will give me the impetus to initiate something of this sort.

Right now, all I know is that each day I *must* do something other than wake and eat and sleep -- because, for me, each day is irreplaceable,a priceless 'thingie' beyond all measure of monetary wealth. And each day I *am* another day older, and should be able to conduct myself accordingly -- while admitting to occasional lapses. Wishing otherwise, attempting to stay where I am, in appearance or actions, is an abhorrent thought to me, as well as the ultimate exercise in futility. God forbid that I should ever meet myself as I was at 16 ... we two have nothing in common but the same name. And if, some year in the future, I shall look back at this, and be pleased and satisfied with what I have written and done *this* day, then I will have failed in what I feel *I* must do with my life. But I won't realize it; I too will have become one of the walking dead.

A person who thinks of nothing but breeding and eating, a person who is more concerned with other persons opinion of him than he is of his own opinion of himself...the one to whom outward appearances are more important than what lies beneath ... a person who lives for the moment and nothing else...such a person as this is much more alien to me than any inhabitant of Winter.

I'm sorry; I do not require artificial aids to expand my consciousness--more so it needs--*harnessed*, to the time available to explore it. Nor do I require the pat on the back, the expressed admiration of my peers...though this is Nice, of course. I shall do what I feel that I must; I shall attempt to grant others the right to do likewise (even though I might not be able to accept their version unquestioningly). Perhaps I (as often accused) do take things a bit too seriously, worry a tech too needlessly. Perhaps so. But, in the end, it is *my* choice that I am: Not a number, not a consumer statistic, not a young blood...Just a Man...Just Plain

[[*15-16 August, 69*]] *BILL BOWERS*


astro-nut antics
1
SF

We're almost on the Moon. There isn't much time remaining to write fanzine articles about the form that the first landing on another world will take. I suspect that time has already run out on professional writers who want to base stories on that topic. Someday, perhaps, a fan with more time than judgment will search and search and finally discover the identity of the author and the name of the story that represent the last fictional prediction of the first steps on unearthly land. The editor and publisher of that story should receive a special Hugo, as the men who ran the greatest risk that reality would make the story obsolete before publication.

But fans are braver than pros, confident that other fans won't mind if an article written a few weeks before the first scheduled landing on the Moon doesn't see print until a few weeks after that event occurs. I'm writing in early June, hopeful that this *DOUBLE:BILL* will get distributed before the first United States attempt at a landing,and extremely suspicious that Russia might pull some kind of a surprise coup to throw out of whack both my expectations and those of NASA. Please trust my assurance that this is not some kind of conspiracy, in case real events should happen before this gets distributed and something in it should accidentally prove to be accurate foresight.

Because I'd like to be perhaps the last and maybe even the only fan to speculate in print in these last days of earthboundness about what man may find on the Moon. Everyone has been doing the same thing, of course--high school students write little themes about it, newspaper press services distribute articles on the topic every time other news gets scarce, everyone who ever looked through a telescope eventually turns up as an expert on the topic and appears on a televised panel discussion about life on other planets.

But just consider. Fans have been reading about trips to the Moon and other worlds for years or decades, in fiction. Isn't it possible that all those stories have caused fans to have a somewhat different set of expectations about what's really in the future for space travel? I haven't heard anyone else in fandom discuss the topic. But I'd like to get my own hopes and fears into print for much the same reasons that mundane people occasionally play Russian roulette with a revolver.

Of course, what has happened up to now hasn't quite fitted into the way space flight developed in any science fiction story known to me. Who would have tried to sell a fiction magazine a story in which the first space flights were developed over a period of more than a decade, in such a slow, cautious, and largely uneventful manner? What editor would have believed that the entire American space program up to the first attempted landing on the Moon would have suffered fatalities only in a training accident. Or that the first landing on the Moon would be the first time any American spacemen had landed a space vehicle on a non-watery surface? Or most fantastic of all just a couple of decades ago, that man had been around the Moon and back again without a radically new source of power?

And even before the Apollo 11 sends the lunar module down toward the surface of the Moon this summer, scores or maybe hundreds of science fiction stories have become obsolete, impossible by the course of events as they've actually happened. Fiction that used to be science fiction and is now nothing but fiction about a past that never occurred is all the stories in which: Extra-terrestrials attacked earth to prevent men from going beyond its atmosphere; the first spaceships were destroyed or otherwise lost because of some danger in space unsuspected to science like meteors every ten feet or such a glare from starlight that navigation was impossible; the space flyers went mad from the shock of being so far from home or the tedium of day after day in a tiny spaceship; weightlessness caused phyiological effects that eventually prove disastrous; or it turned out to be impossible for any spaceship to leave the ground without having a beautiful girl as a stowaway whose weight ruined the whole project.

Now a much larger collection of science fiction stories are going to join that group, because they contain mutually exclusive events -- not all of which could possibly be correct predictions simultaneously of what the Apollo astronauts will experience. Lots of the stories about the first landing on the Moon are already 99 44/100th per cent inaccurate because of actual events up to now: It's not likely, for instance, that a Harriman will suddenly win the race into space against the competition from national governments, at this late date, or that the surface will be found to possess a network of superhighways, against the evidence of close-up photography of recent years.

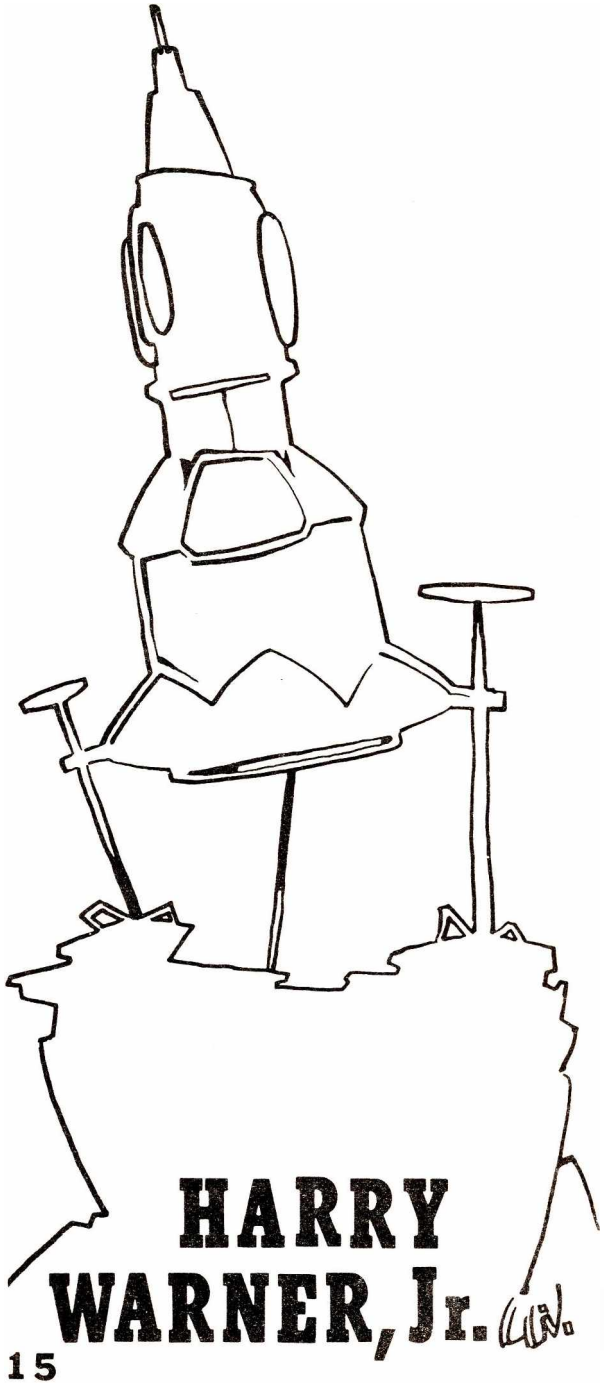
I look for the actual findings on these first landings to be much more drab and routine than most of the science fiction stories about trips to the Moon. Simultaneously, I suspect that eventually we'll find on the Moon more interesting things than today's scientists expect. I don't know if my expectations are based on ignorance or too many science fiction stories or sheer guesswork or a combination of all three elements. But basically, I expect:

The biggest problem astronauts will encounter on the surface will be one that is rarely mentioned in fact or fiction: Radiation Nobody seems particularly concerned about the fact that the Moon has been exposed to the direct impact of sunshine, with little or no protective atmosphere, for millions of years. The effects on the Moon's surface may be quite minute, compared with what too much sunshine can do to the human skin under earth's thick layer of atmosphere, but it's had so long to build up. I think the problem may be two-fold: Greater peril to human activities on the Moon from secondary radiation emitted by it's surface, and goodness only knows what unexpected attributes elements and compounds otherwise

ONE LAST LOOK:

the MOON

(JUNE, 1969)



HARRY WARNER, Jr.

similar to those on earth may possess.

If there has ever been life on the Moon, I doubt that evidence of it will be found in the first manned landing, or the first dozen, or perhaps during the first decade of human exploration of the Moon. Here's another point which I rarely find anyone talking about, even though logic seems to lie behind it: Wherever a planet possesses either extremely far advanced forms of life or extremely primitive forms of life, isn't it probable that they'll be away from its surface, deep in either natural crevices or deliberately constructed shelters, where temperature variations may not be as great, where the sun's power would not strike directly, where any lingering atmosphere or water would be most likely to survive? Somewhere I read that only in the past couple of decades have scientists discovered the variety and abundance of organisms under the floor of forests on the earth. If it's taken centuries to realize how complicated the ecology is a few inches from our heels, it may be quite a while before men have clambered down enough chasms or excavated deep enough rock samplings to learn important things about life on the Moon.

Successful landings on the Moon will cause further delays, maybe long ones, in the creation of the first real space stations. Years ago, I was laughed at when I expressed doubt in FAPA that Ley, Clarke, and all the other experts were justified for their faith in space stations as the best way to begin exploring space. I still feel that space stations are unfeasible until someone develops a major breakthrough in power sources. Until then, it's going to be almost as easy to send men and equipment to the Moon, as to shoot them up into orbits around the earth, and it'll be much easier to carry on most kinds of space science from the airless, solid surface of the Moon than in tiny, fragile space stations.

One final prediction: The Moon will be the cause of the next world war or major world war scare. I've read a few articles about the forms space law might take, but none of them has given me any reason to doubt that whichever nation gets to the Moon first will claim it all and that the second nation to reach the Moon will claim the part of it where its own landing occurred, and that the politicians and warmongers will take over from there.

I wish I could predict something else: Whether I'll still be around to know when men first reach another planet. But I don't know how much longer I'll live and it's much easier to hope than to predict. However, it's nice to think that the bulk of people in fandom today should live until the first manned flights to Venus and Mars, at least, and I hope that I'll be among them. My own particular curiosity, centers on the moons of Jupiter and I'd like to hang on until at least an unmanned photographic satellite has taken a close look and send back accurate readings on temperature and atmosphere from them.

And maybe, just maybe, some of us will be

around when the first man-made instruments start for other stars. When I heard about the switch that caused Snoopy to gyrate violently during the last Moon orbital flight, science fiction really came home to me because I knew what would have happened if the same thing had happened to men flying around Alpha-Centauri--I'd have learned about their problem in 1973, the space center here would have gotten advice to them by 1977, and in 1981 I would have learned if Snoopy was under control again as a result of that advice. Unless we prove Einstein wrong in the next two or three decades, I won't learn about planets around other suns. But is there any reason why a few unmanned probes shouldn't be started off toward the nearest stars in the next few years? Even though man probably won't be ready to try manned flights between stars for another century, he might be able to use whatever those probes report during the next half-century or longer.

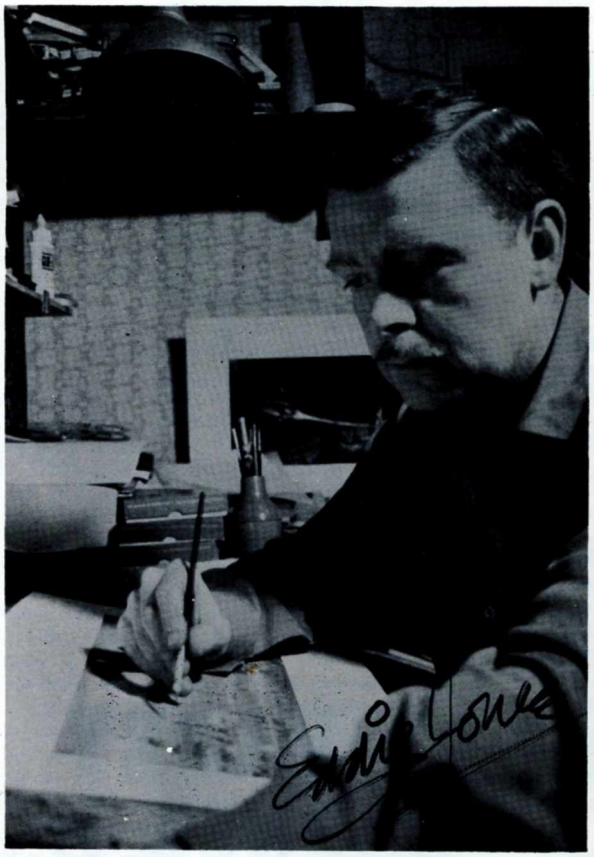
So I don't feel that science fiction's thrill will be badly diluted when the first man steps on to the surface of the Moon. I'll be hoping against hope that he finds something unexpected and thinking ahead to the much greater number of stories that are about to meet their moment of truth when man heads toward other planets, and trusting that something may even start for other stars in my lifetime. So many fiction writers will be proved wrong by the future that my own mistaken predictions won't even be noticed in the confused throng.

----------*Harry Warner, Jr.*

EDDIE JONES [TAFF-winner and Fan Guest of Honor at the *St. Louiscon*] has some comments on his Folio--which starts opposite: "...For the record, the mediums are as follows:

No. 1 - Indian Ink put on 'dry' with a brush and graded with a rubdown mechanical tint.
No. 2 - Background--diluted ink onto wet paper and most detail added while paper still wet --a very quick sketch. Toothbrush splatter for stars.
No. 3 - Pen and ink sketch.
No. 4 - Charcoal pencil sketch.
No. 5 - Black & White paint on a medium grey paper--this is a pastel treatment with paint.

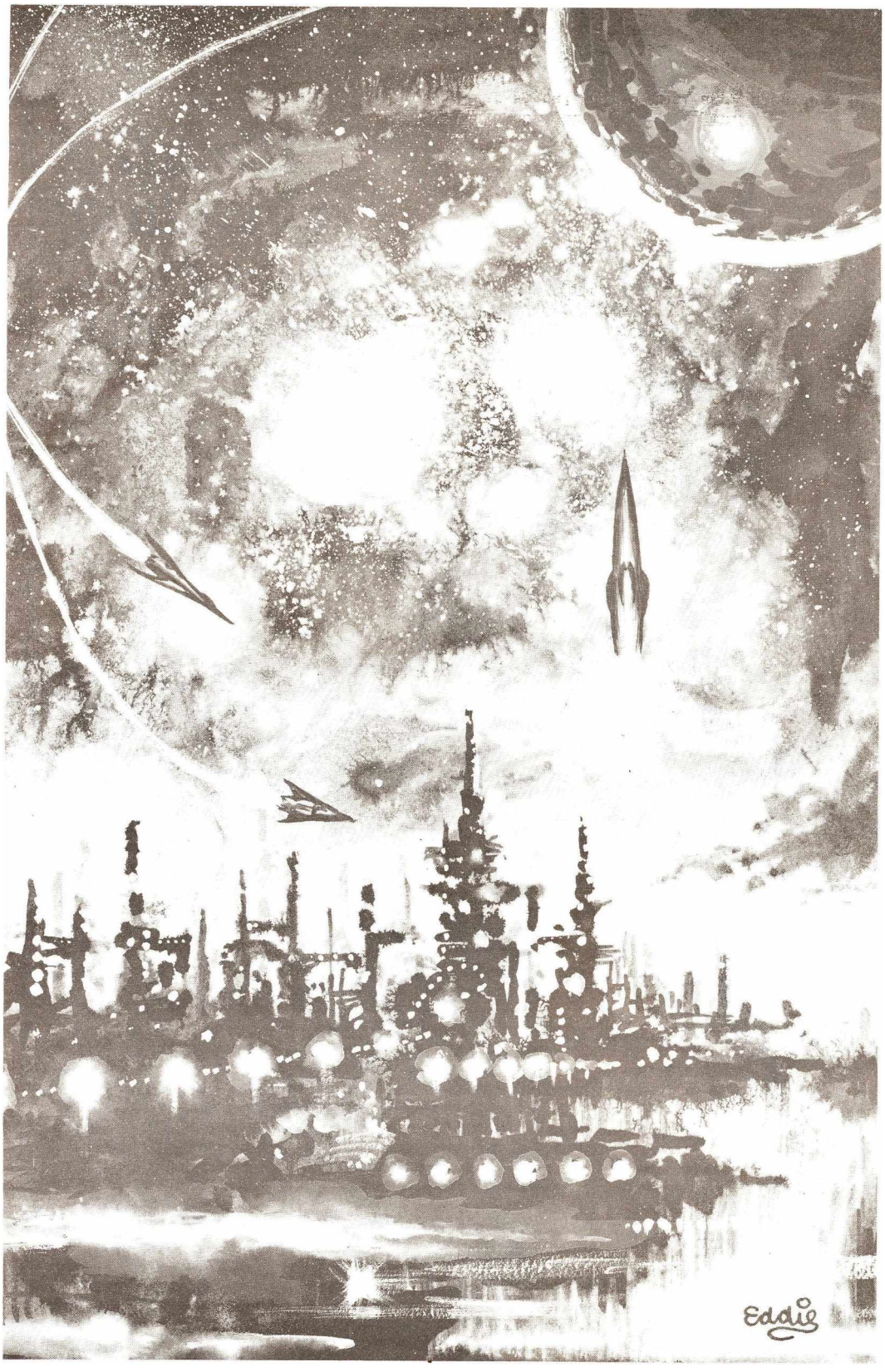
Altogether, an interesting experiment for me. I hope it goes over well."



It's all a Question of Treatment

A collection of S·F Illustrations in a Variety of Mediums by

Eddie Jones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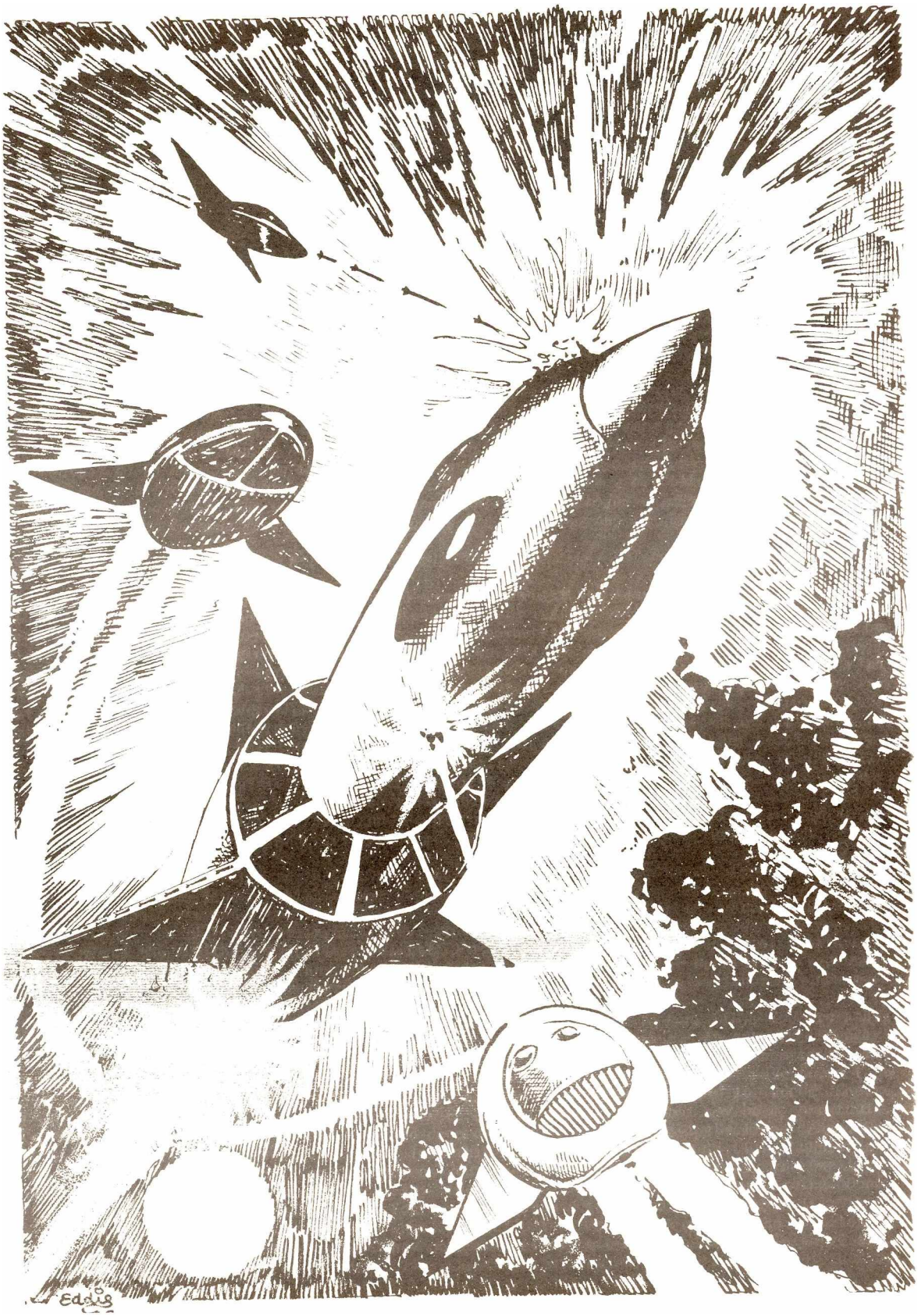

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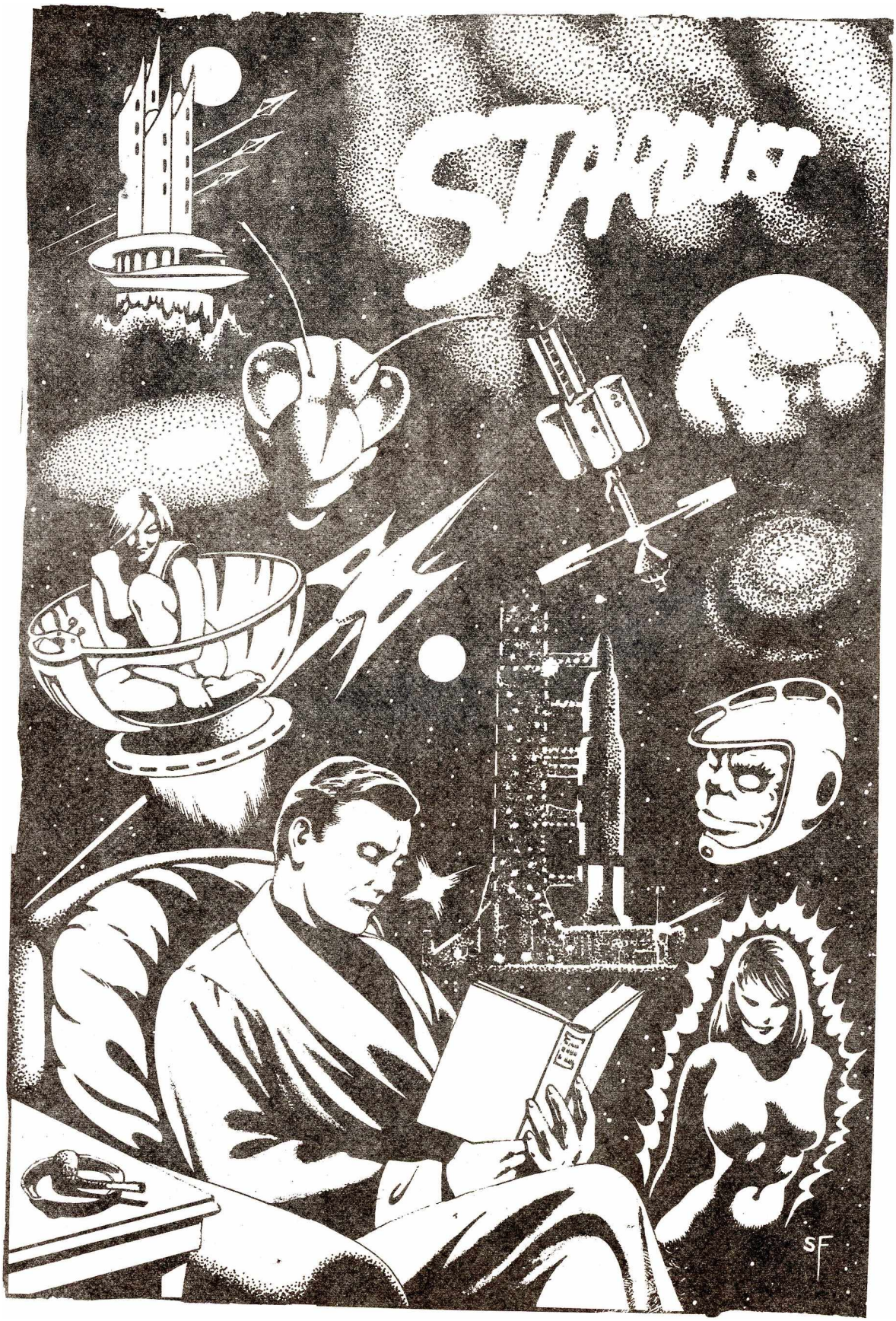

SF

This time, no excuses for the lack of reviews from yours truly. I offer you 116 pages of *Symposium* & one hundred pages of *DOUBLE:BILL*--produced in a two month/one week period--instead. Next time, I will be present in more than a functionary capacity. This is not a threat; it is a promise.

Therefore, some random notes:

Fawcett has just released Isaac Asimov's THE MARTIAN WAY (Crest; 176 pp.; 60¢). In these days of the technicolor slam-bang-hit-'em-with-all-you've-got pseudo-stories, as entertaining as they are in their own way, it is a relief just to have an occasional handful of just-plain-good stories. This is not a depreciation; it is an eulogy. The Good Doctor may not turn you on...but he'll entertain you.

Walker and Company seem to be reversing the hardcover-to-paper back cycle with a fair degree of success. I, for one, hope they succeed. On their fall 'list', among others:

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS by Ursula K. LeGuin ($4.95); TROUBLE WITH LICHEN by John Wyndham ($4.95); THE SHIP WHO SANG by Anne McCaffrey ($4.95); ALL JUDGEMENT FLED by James White ($4.95); CRIME PREVENTION IN THE 30TH CENTURY, edited by Hans Stefan Santesson ($5.95); and OF MEN AND MONSTERS by William Tenn ($4.95).

Altogether, an impressive start; I hope to have a bit more on this, next issue.

In the meanwhile, if Walker is open to suggestions, I'll put forward one book which *I* feel would fit into their program, and a book which definitely deserves the hardcovers. I am speaking of a book which--as far as I know had only one paper back printing and is long out of print--but a book which came damn close to copping the Hugo in 1962 -- losing out only to the name of Heinlein.

The title is DARK UNIVERSE; the author, Daniel F. Galouye. It was published in Sept. '61 (Bantam Books; J2266; 40¢). My copy is literally falling apart with tape on the spine, from rereading and lending. I'd sure like to get ahold of another, more permanent copy.

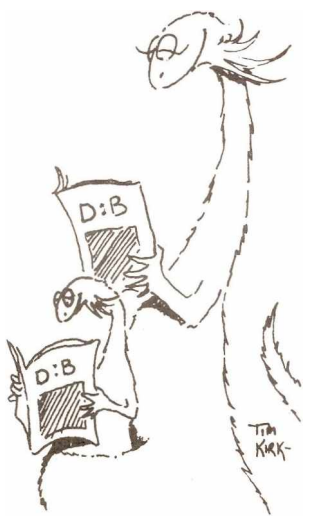
We were promised a review of Harry Warner, Jr.'s ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (ADVENT : Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 9228, Chicago, Illinois 60690; $7.50). It (the review) didn't materialize, for which I am most sorry. Several people seem to be put off by the subtitle of *an informal history of science fiction fandom in the forties*. They know so much about what's happening today in fandom that they don't *need* to read (relatively) ancient history. Or do they? You'd be surprised how much *is* still the same as it was then; apparently fandom changes less rapidly than the Big World outside. Or at least it seemed so to me. If you don't spend seven fifty in any other one place this year, buy this! Harry is always readable, generally engrossing, and surprisingly modest for one who had much to do with creating what he writes about.

I am particularly pleased with Banks Mebane's examination of Ursula K. LeGuin's novels (on the next page), both with his choice of subject matter, and the manner in which he handled it. Dick Geis may prefer shorter reviews, but I prefer a little more depth. I would like to see more one-author examinations, as well as 'articles' in the manner of Stricklen's and Offutt's (which follow this section). [...and don't forget; anyone interested in contributing to the H. Beam Piper issue--#23--should contact me...as soon as possible.] That's it, for this time.

---*Bill Bowers*

Reviews & Opinions

Edited by BOWERS



the Novels of Ursula K LeGuin

BANKS MEBANE

Light is the left hand of darkness
and darkness the right hand of light.

These lines from Tormer's Lay, a part of the literature of the planet Winter, gave Ursula K. LeGuin the title of her latest novel.

Actually she wrote the lines, of course, as she created the world of Winter and its alien people and the Earthman Genly Ai who came to Winter as a lone envoy from space, a Mobile of the Ekumen. That I speak of them as if they had independent existence is a measure of the solidity Mrs. LeGuin's creation has for me.

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is one of the major science fiction novels of 1969. It would be a major book in any year.

I can't remember ever being made to see from a more convincing alien viewpoint. Compared to the people of Winter, most fictional non-humans strike me as no more alien than my nextdoor neighbors and not nearly so far from me as a man raised in, say, an Oriental culture. Yet the Gethenians of Winter are completly human except for one all-important detail--they are biologically bisexual. Each individual is both male and female; sexuality is latent most of the time, but during the monthly period of estrus, called 'kemmer' in the language of Winter, each person becomes functionally male or female. There is no limitation to either role exclusively, so individuals usually both sire and bear children during their lives.

This makes the humans of Winter completely alien to our way of thinking. As one of the offworld investigators noted, the first thing we ask about a baby is its sex. The division of humanity into male and female shapes all our attitudes, our institutions, our language itself--we simply have no pronouns to use for the people of Winter.

Mrs. LeGuin builds the world and its societies most impressively. As Genly Ai learns to enter the way of thinking of the Gethenians so does the reader -- he has to abandon his usual categories, and she leads him surely to the point where he understands the Gethenians as well as one person can understand another. I think the greatest achievement in THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is that this broadening of human interpersonal understanding is not only portrayed, but the reader experiences it.

This book is the culmination of Ursula K. LeGuin's writing to date. She attempts more and achieves it more strongly than in her earlier stories.

All four of her novels have been set in succeeding epochs of a consistent historical future, and each has had as central character a man who, to accomplish his purpose,must gain real insight into an alien people and society.

In ROCANNON'S WORLD, her first book, we are introduced to her future. Humanoid races inhabit a number or worlds in the Galaxy, and some of them have attained interstellar travel (at sublight speeds, although FTL communicators and unmanned missiles exist). The advanced planets have formed a League and are working to bring undeveloped worlds up to snuff so that they may aid in an impending war against alien aggressors. The League is centered on the planet Hain (also called Davenant), and it is from Hain that Rocannon comes to investigate a primitive world, inhabited by several humanoid species. This is the kick-off for a semi-fantasy plot: Some of the natives resemble elves and gnomes, and others are more like a sort of glamorized Nordic-saga society. His equipment and companions wiped out by offworld rebel raiders, Rocannon must make a quest across half the planet to use the rebels' ansible (FTL communicator) and call for help. After many colorful and interesting adventures he does this, but only by use of 'mind touch', a form of telepathy he learned from the natives.

PLANET OF EXILE takes place about 1200 years later, 600 years after an Earth colony was established on the planet Alterra and promptly abandoned, apparently because the war prefigured in ROCANNON'S WORLD started. The colony, dwindling under the alien conditions of Alterra with its 30-year-long winters, has lost much of its technology but is still above the barbaric state of the near-by natives, with whom it lives in uneasy truce. The action of the story's precipitated by the need of the colonists and natives to combine against an invading horde of more primitive natives. The leader of the colonists brings this about and marries a native girl, the union proving fertile. 'Mind touch' first brought to the Galaxy by Rocannon, is used by the colonists.

CITY OF ILLUSIONS takes place on Earth itself after another lapse of centuries. It is an Earth defeated; dominated by the conquerers in the old war (as were all the League worlds, it is suggested). The Shing conquered because

they could lie in mind touch, and now they deliberately keep Earth's population low and its society primitive. The hero of this book is Falk, an obvious offworlder and complete amnesiac who is found and re-educated by forest dwellers. He undertakes a quest alone across Earth to the city of the Shing. It seems that the hybrid race of Alterra developed a technological civilization and sent an expedition to Earth; it was captured and all the adults were brain - erased like Falk. Now the Shing want his memory restored so they can locate and invade Alterra. Falk foils them, because the Alterrans have devloped an empathic sense to go along with the mind touch and can detect telepathic lying. He escapes to warn his homeworld, taking one of the Shing along as proof.

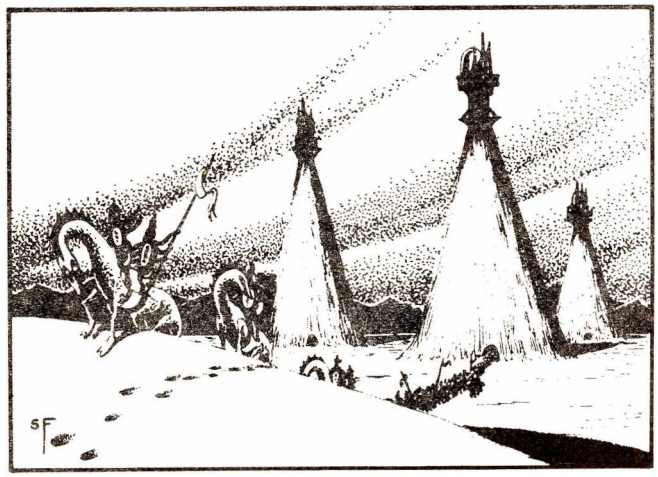
In bare summary, these stories sound like the merest space opera, and that element is strong in them, but there's much more besides. Mrs. LeGuin does construct interesting people and places, and she uses the situational gimmicks as framework for human problems. In ROCANNON'S WORLD, the hero must understand and deal with the various peoples he meets on his quest; when he achieves this and learns the mind touch, the achievement of his primary purpose becomes simple. In PLANET OF EXILE, the protagonist must bring about mutual understanding between two widely different peoples, and true brotherhood is reached only after partial disaster; this is an intense, well-organized book that is the best of Mrs. LeGuin's first three. CITY OF ILLUSIONS is in some ways a step backwards, for it returns to the quest plot and all it really requires of the hero is that he comprehend the aliens from the outside -- learn their capabilities and limitations; this is the only time Mrs. LeGuin gives us cardboard villains (except for the rebels in ROCANNON'S WORLD, who are only offstage plot gimmicks).

Mrs. LeGuin's protagonists resemble each other in that they are all in a sense redemption figures. Each is given a problem of overwhelming importance to solve and is stripped of the technological or cultural aids he customarily uses. Each must fight a hostile natural environment of wilderness or weather. Each undergoes a near-fatal form of humiliation--captivity or beating -- and each emerges to achieve his culminating insight or victory.

The history of Mrs. LeGuin's Galaxy is never summarized in detail; only the background essential for each story is given. Not until the fourth book do we learn how humanoid races inhabit so many planets and how some interbreeding is possible between them. It seems that in the prehistoric past colonists from Hain settled more than eighty worlds, adapting biologically to each one. Some were experiments: For instance, the bisexual people of Winter and the resemblance of Earthmen to native anthropoids, suggesting local evolution. Eventually the Hainish civilization fell (we are not told how), and the worlds went their separate ways. Space travel reappeared, the League was formed, the Shing conquered the League and were eventually overthrown with help from Alterra.

The four novels are tied together by more than simple passage of time and similarities of plot. The outcome of each story leads to an expansion of human consciousness within the framework of Mrs. LeGuin's history. Through Rocannon's discovery, the mind touch becomes the common property of the Galaxy; the Alterran experience leads to the reunion of the scattered Hainish peoples and to an extension of the mind touch that finally defeats the Shing; with Winter, the Galaxy gains the ability to Foretell, to touch the past and future, which was an achievement of the Gethenian consciousness. The success of Genly Ai's mission was Foretold.

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS opens centuries after the expulsion of the Shing. A new League called the Ekumen has been established between the worlds; it is in the process of discovering and bringing into itself other, previously unknown Hainish worlds. Gethen, or Winter, is such a world -- an Earthlike planet passing



through an Ice Age.

After a preliminary and secret investigation, the Ekumen sends in the Earthman Genly Ai to make the first contact and bring Winter into galactic alliance. The story concerns his attempts to understand the Gethenians and convince them of the advantages of association with what, to them, is a galaxy of perverts. The one man far-sighted enough to comprehend the necessity and inevitability of interstellar contact is Lord Estraven, principal advisor to the King of Karhide, absolute ruler of one of the Gethenian countries. Estraven falls from favor and is exiled; Genly Ai journeys to the neighboring totalitarian country of Orgoreyn and ends up in a concentration camp. He is rescued by Estraven, and the two undertake a winter trek across a glacier. It is on this trip that Ai makes essential contact with the Gethenian nature,and his mission is finally successful.

The cities and people of Winter are brought to life, and the planet itself, wrapped in cold for most of the year, is made real. The journey across the glacier and the shifting relationship between Ai and Estraven are beautifully co-ordinated to provide a satisfying climax for the novel, so that the concluding scenes come as falling action rounding off the whole structure.

Mrs. LeGuin writes a singing prose, concrete but evocative. She is particularly good at portraying nature -- scenery and geology, climate and weather--and it is her ability to set men in a wild environment and show how their basic cultural differences still operate that gives her writing much of its charm.

Genly Ai is another redemption figure. His task of understanding is far more difficult than the others, and his success is presented in more convincing detail. This is what makes THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS a major book.

Ursula K. LeGuin may seem to be harping on one string in these four novels. It's true, she is. Every writer has themes that preoccupy him, and Mrs. LeGuin's theme is one of the most important of all: The things that join men together and divide them apart. As one of her characters reflects in PLANET OF EXILE: "All men are alien one to another, at times."

---Banks Mebane

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ROCANNON'S WORLD, Ace Double, #G-574, 1966.
PLANET OF EXILE, Ace Double, #G-597, 1966.
CITY OF ILLUSIONS, Ace #G-626, 1967.
THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, Ace Special, #47800, 1969.

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the lady is the naive one and she does not turn out to have sold out to the other side. If Mike is not a schmo as was the hero of STAR QUEST, and the newer novel gains thereby, it loses because Lisa is so uninteresting. Other characters consist mostly of surface traits, and only Cockley comes off; and his lack of depth still irritates. Can't he ever think of anything more complex than *If I do X, I will have more power*? Only the threat of death brings him alive.

Mr. Koontz has a fascination with the minutae of carnage, describing violent death in a grisly manner. The effect, for me, is numbing, making people appear to be things, hence of little concern. Though the effect may be intentional -- violence makes things of us, Koontz may be saying -- such detailed description defeats itself, destroying empathy. The tragedy of death is not that it is messy but that it is the end.

There is a minor scientific flaw. Suction cups will not work on the moon. More irritating is that teleporting which starts close to the end of the book. The author has given hints and set the scene earlier in the story, but it still seems like a rabbit-out-of-the-hat to me.

Good points are the speeches of Zombie and the notion of all the human race being, mentally, only a handful of people. The latter is mind-bending. But the rest of the book is not. I suspect Mr. Koontz is still searching for a story that suits him.

On the flip side is a novel by a writer who can do better;his early CITY UNDER THE SEA (Ace) of some ten years ago and his recent THE DOOMSDAY MEN (Doubleday; not to be confused with J. B. Priestly's sf novel of identical title), for example. The latter is something special. THE STAR VENTURERS has non-characters ...an idiot plot, an even more idiotic ending, and Rover Boy dialogue. Bulmer is able to keep the story moving with a mechanical sort of energy, but no other virtues does the book possess. It is not as bad as his CYCLE OF NEMESES (Ace) of last year, but what is? Skip the Bulmer half of this book and try THE DOOMSDAY MEN instead.

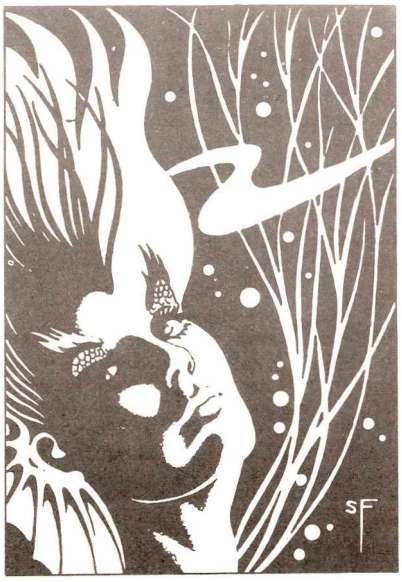
---*Hank Davis*

OMNIVORE *by Piers Anthony* [Ballantine; 75¢]

This is an underplayed novel possessing all the SF virtues that, the old timers wail, are hard to come by nowadays. And the damnable thing is that the presence of the virtues didn't hit me until I had finished the book.

There are a lot of other things going on in it, you see; tends to be distracting.

We have information-gathering agents who all have the same artificially implanted memories so that biases in their reports will be constant and will be cancelled out when digested by computer. We have a life form that has a sensory/communicatory organ of such potency that it neither has *nor needs* intelligence as we know it. We have a planetful of creatures



who are one - limbed and yet have evolved a sophisticated locomotive system --- by piston-like,hypersonic jumping. We have an alien mind which, when we enter it in the later parts of the novel, is as convincing and fascinating as anything that Hal Clement has done.

These are ideas such as one cherishes in traditional SF. (Michael Moorcock thinks that such should be called *notions*, but I am in no mood for semantical one-upmanship. I note it and let it pass.) Yet I noted their presence only in retrospect. This book has other attention-grabbing things coming off, not the least of which is the presence of three characters, two solid, one (Cal) vague, who have problems. If the exposure of their difficulties is a bit forced at times (I cannot buy Aquilon *forgetting* about Cal on page 107, for one thing), nonetheless there is empathy; which quality is often lacking in many SF novels brimming with tormented characters.

The story is engrossing, too. Not only did I keep wondering "What happens next?", I had no idea what would happen next.

In Cal's segment, the lecturing may be slightly overabundant, but it is presented in a lively way and is never cut and dried. I have noted, with regret, that Poul Anderson is beginning to present information in his stories by having one of the characters say to another "Sit down for a few hundred words while I explain what's going on." Not so here. This portion of the novel would satisfy both Hugo Gernsback and me. And the lectures produce the double shock which good 'hard' SF can provide: That of learning that something one 'knew' simply is not so; and that of discovering something fundamental and universally pervasive which one should have known all along. It has been some time since I've felt that shock and it's pleasant to have it back.

An invisible presence in the novel seems

to be Robert Ardrey, he of the AFRICAN GENESIS and the imperative territorial. Since the views popularized by Ardrey run counter to the present *Zeitgeist*, some readers may be discomfited, particularly by the uncompromisingly hard-nosed ending. But Mr. Anthony never hits the reader over the head with the thesis and even hard core idealogues should not be repulsed.

And everyone else should be delighted.

---Hank Davis

ISLE OF THE DEAD *by Roger Zelazny*
[Ace Special 37465; 60¢]

LORD OF LIGHT started off in a rather sedate, if perplexing fashion, and only later started dropping hand grenades down your back. This one looks you in the eye at the start, says "Hey, there. It's me!" and pulls out all the idiosyncratic stops. Yeah! And Zelazny doing his thing is so absorbing a delight, that it takes time to sink in that the scope of the story is more limited than were the previous novels. Though this tale involves Francis Sandow, maker of planets (for a fee), rich man about the halaxy, and mortal vessel of the god Shimbo of Darktree, Shrugger of Thunders, it ultimately is a struggle between two men. It consequently does not stand as tall as do the earlier novels -- and that includes THE DREAM MASTER, though (true confessions time) I do not care for that novel.

Characters are solid and economically demonstrated to be so by a quick tap of the chisel here and there. Details are delightful, and the first person narrative affords Zelazny much opportunity to be idiosyncratic (see above) and witty.

It is being noised about that Zelazny, remolder of mythologies, has created his own mythology in this novel. Well yes... But are his Gods all that different from the motley crew already in one state of existence or another? I find the founders (who are not human) of the religion of the novel much more interesting than their gods; which may be a sad commentary on the current state of gods.

The story has much of the Greek tragedy about it, saying that if you are great and noble and (mainly) big, the gods will knock you down and boy, will you hit hard and suffer; and suffer more than the commoners because you are bigger. But Zelazny has added the clause that if you are big enough a god yourself, or perhaps, in spite of your being a god, they may not be able to take *all* your toys away from you.

I'm glad he wrote it and I'm glad I read it (twice), but when I think of THIS IMMORTAL and LORD OF LIGHT...

It just is not tall.

---Hank Davis

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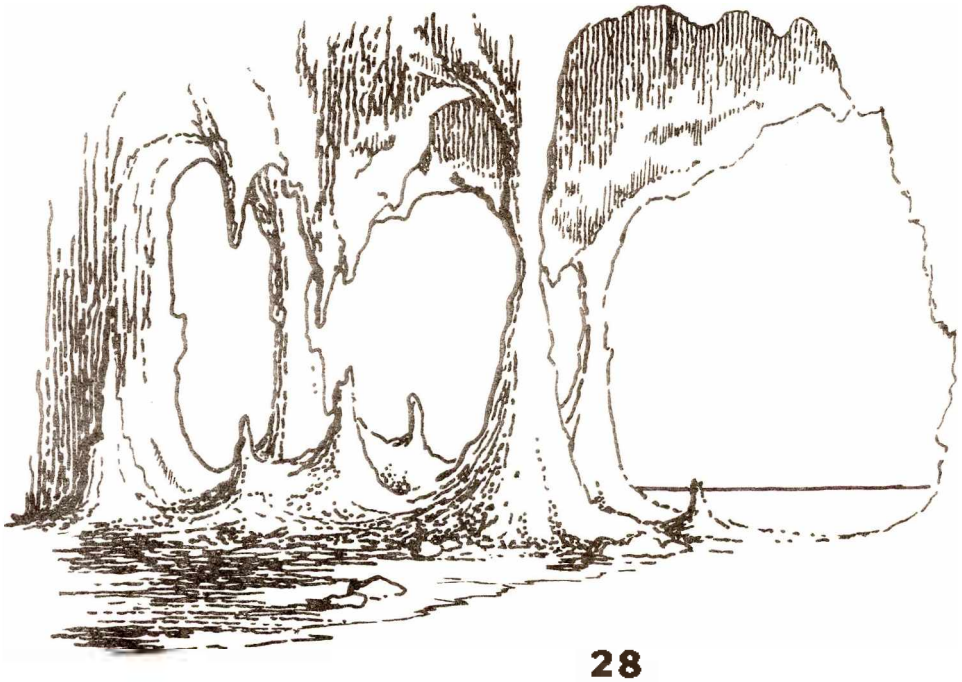
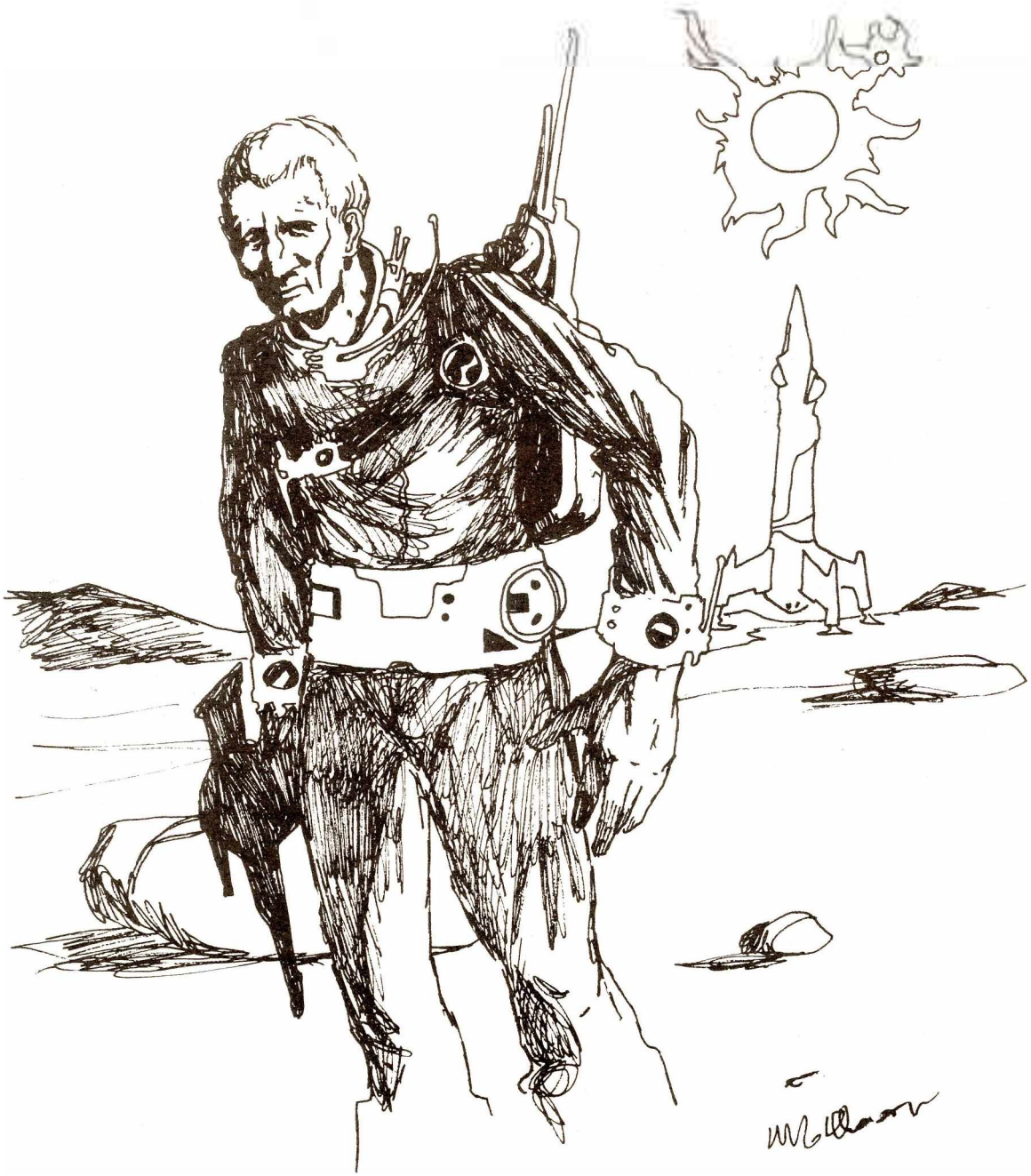




SCIENCE FICTION
is mainly
JUVENILE TRASH,
and RIGHTLY SO.

To begin with, let me say what I mean by juvenile; most people before fully growing up, do not deeply appreciate the complexity and variety of human nature. They are, at that stage more concerned with outward appearances, visible facts, things which are absolutely certain. At most, a person in this stage of development knows about his own feelings and, perhaps, those of people who are very similar to him. This is not to say the juvenile mind lacks subtlety. There are many examples of very young and very good mathematicians, musicians, and experts in fields which do not deal deeply with the nature of human beings. On the other hand, there are practically no really great novelists or poets who did their major work at a very early age. Yes, I know about Keats, Shelley, and Byron; do you call that a really early age? Only later do these appreciations develop, and in some people they never develop at all. It is this stage of development, during which the individual can understand and manipulate abstract ideas and 'things', but lacks any serious comprehension of humanity that I will call juvenile. Note that by this definition some people remain juvenile for their entire lives, and others, perhaps, are never juvenile. I contend, however, that most people pass through a juvenile stage, and retain bits of this juvenile nature throughout their lives.

By trash, I mean anything which has no value outside of itself, and which retains whatever value it has only temporarily. I will confine this definition to writings for the time being. I admit that value, in this case is bound to be subjective, but rather than be drawn off onto a tangent, I will take it that, in general, literary value is pretty well agreed upon and that the distinction between permanent and temporary literary value can consistently be made.

I will skirt questioning "What is science fiction?" with the observation that there is a body of writing which is generally recognized as being science fiction and a(much larger) body of writing which is recognized as not being science fiction. There are, of course, examples which are disputed, but these examples are relatively few compared to the bulk of the clearly classified writings.

Now let us examine a few of the characteristics of fiction in general; most fiction has one or more of the following qualities: plot, action, characterization, motivation, description. I do not mean these qualities to be entirely distinct from one another; for example, action is difficult to distinguish from plot. They do, however, seem to reasonably cover the field of fiction. Which of these qualities are juvenile? Clearly, plot, action, and description are mostly juvenile. All concern is outside the characters minds. One deals with events or circumstances: What actually happens, how things actually are, what people actually do. Characterizaion and motivation (which, too, are not necessarily distinct qualities) on the other hand, are often exceedingly non-juvenile.

Most fiction which is generally recognized as having lasting value excels in characterization and motivation. Plot and action are clearly secondary. Shakespeare, I am told, openly borrowed his plots, and is not condemned for it. The value of Shakespeare simply does not come from the plot. The eternal question in *Hamlet* is not "How is Hamlet going to handle this mess?" but "What kind of person is this Hamlet, anyway?" and the character of Hamlet is beautifully contrasted by the characters of the other people in the play. Essentially the same can be said for practically every great novel; short stories often are like this too, but not always. Poe, for example, seems to depend very much on plot.

Plot and action are *necessary* in good fiction, but they are not the most important factors. Thus a novel can fail because of a poor plot or lack of action, but I say no novel can really be great just because of a good plot and well-conceived action. That is to say that the greatness of a novel depends on non-juvenile factors.

Trash, writing which has temporary value only, can fall in that category simply by being bad, in which case it has no value at all, or it can fall in that category by depending primarily on plot and action. If a novel contains only or mainly juvenile properties, it must, almost necessarily, be trash. If the pleasure in reading a novel comes from seeing the plot unfold and watching the action, then, once you know the plot, there is no point in going over it again unless you forget it. Detective fiction is of this type -- very few people read a detective story twice, even a

S. A. STRICKLEN, Jr.

good one, because once the twists in the plot are unfolded, the pleasure of anticipation is gone. Someone can completely spoil a good detective story for you by telling you the plot. On the other hand, a complete description of the plot of, say, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT shouldn't spoil the value of reading the book at all. In fact, it could even enhance it. CRIME AND PUNISHMENT is not trash and depends very little on juvenile qualities.

Very well then, how does all of this apply to science fiction? First of all, in writing science fiction, as in writing any fiction, *some* non-juvenile qualities must be present -- there must be some characterization and motivation--or people (with the possible exception or real juveniles) just won't read it. However, in most science fiction both character and motivation are kept to a minimum. Just enough to keep the plot rolling and the action going, and that's it. During the recent history of the field, there has been far more concentration on character and motivation than previously. I attribute this partly to increased literateness and maturity on the part of the readers (who just won't put up with the cardboard characters of earlier days) and partly to other factors which I will discuss later. But this greater concentration does not change the nature of the field. The plot still rules and the action comes thick and fast. Sometimes the juvenility of science fiction becomes nearly absurd. The best examples come from poor novels, of course, but they are indicative. Let's look at two examples: First a novel called LORDS OF THE STARSHIP by Mark S. Geston. The novel covers several generations, and essentially involves the manipulation of a society to destroy its defenses against an unknown enemy. People are scarcely touched upon except in brief descriptions of incidents. In at least one case, a person is more or less described, an incident related, and then, two pages later, twenty-five years have passed and everyone in the incident is dead. The reader doesn't even realize there are active enemies to the society until the last chapter or so. There is no protagonist. The book, in fact, is fairly well written and reasonably interesting *if you are only interested in plot*. If you are interested in people --don't bother with it. I use this example because it probably falls below the standards required today for character and motivation, but not those of, say, twenty years ago. Incidently, according to the fly-leaf, Mr. Geston was quite young when he wrote this novel, so one might expect juvenile characteristics. I'll bet he becomes far less juvenile if he continues to write.

The second example is INVADERS OF SPACE by Murray Leinster. In this novel, Mr. Leinster does not even bother to give most of the characters names. He refers to them, rather, as 'the engineer', 'the captain', 'the hypochondriac' and so forth. The protagonist, who has a last name but not, so far as I can find, a first, is motivated to rescue his fiance from a plot by some pirates to loot the starship she's on. Why is he so motivated? Let me quote:

"But that was enough to make Horn worry, with Ginny on the way to marry him. When he thought of Ginny, his sensations were magnificent. So he worried, absurdly and to no purpose." This on page 10. On page 16 we find:

"But Horn did not meditate on such abstractions. He headed for the spaceport gate, thinking about Ginny. They were peculiarly specific thoughts ... (three examples of thoughts) ... *There was no system in the image sequence. He simply thought about Ginny and enormous emotions filled him."* Paraphrases of these two passages recur a dozen or so times during the novel, and for motivation, that's it. Leinster does not even bother to say what the magnificent sensations / enormous emotions are, much less attempt to cause the reader any real sympathy with them. And I doubt he meant to; the point of the book is the plot, and, if you don't mind that kind of motivation and characters without names, it's not too bad, even though repetitive in some places. But the interest lies entirely in plot and action. It's juvenile trash.

Now Leinster has written much better novels, and usually his characterization and motivation are better, though stereotyped. This novel, however is a perfect example of the point I'm trying to make.

Robert A. Heinlein, in all his novels, also provides a good example. His writing is much better than either of the two examples mentioned so far, but, in all of his novels, the plot is paramount. The characters are usually good enough, and good motivation, often reasonably spohisticated, is always provided. One notices, however, that his characters practically never change during any of his novels, and there are always passages fairly early during which the hero essentially provides a synopsis of his character. And that takes care of it because the interesting part, the entertaining part, is the action and the unfolding of the plot.

Heinlein is one of the few writers who

have maintained their popularity from the forties. Today's more sophisticated readers require far greater non-juvenile content than the genre used to have. Heinlein would probably be a good writer in any field and is not too juvenile even in his juvenile books. Other authors have completely lost their popularity, great though it once was; A. E. van Vogt is a good example of this. Most readers nowdays really wince when they find they accidently bought a reprint from the forties or early fifties.

These qualities I have described are, I claim, the underlying basis of all science fiction. Science fiction is juvenile trash. But, you say, this may be true of some science fiction -- surely not all of it. To reply, I must digress.

In a sense, all fiction is science fiction since it is contrary to fact. What we know as science fiction differs from other fiction in that the author is not bound by most of the facts we know, so that science fiction is easier to write because instead of doing research, the writer can make up his societies and background. Of course he has to stay within some limits or else call his work fantasy, which is alleged to be another genre. But basically, the author has a free hand.

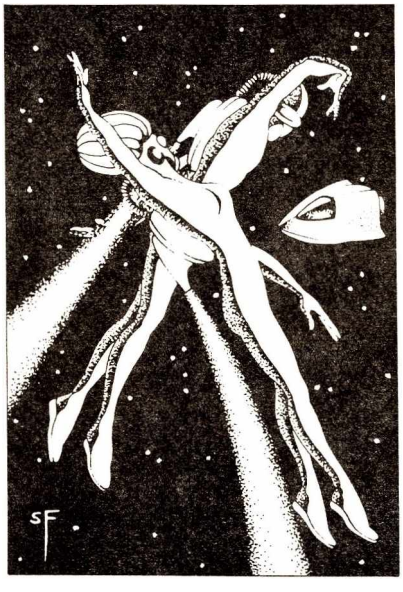
The free hand is most useful in the workings of plot and action. It gives the writer great scope for cleverness in description and in the arrangement of situations. The free hand is least useful in characterization and motivation, because the characters must remain essentially human to be of interest, no matter how the author dresses them up in weird bodies and gives them unknown powers. For this reason, science fiction, by its very nature must bend to emphasize the juvenile qualities of literature and skim over the others. The differences between science fiction and other fields almost dictates it.

I do not wish to contend that therefore science fiction is worthless. I have read it for years and intend to continue. I do not expect to obtain any more good out of it than juvenile trash has to offer, however. I like action, I like a good plot, and, most of all, I like the vaunted escape that science fiction provides. Most adults still have a good chunk of juvenile in them, and there is great pleasure in letting the juvenile come to fore on occasion. Most adults are frustrated and confined, and what better escape is there than fogetting the human subtleties for a while--and mentally flying away to the magic worlds where no job is dull or boring, where redtape is easily slashed by the genius we all know we really have? There is none that I know of.

Furthermore, I claim that most of the adult readership of science fiction has exactly these motives. Escape from complexity, and a good healthy exercise of juvenility; I note in passing that science fiction probably has the highest percentage of juveniles in its readership of any genre with a substantial adult readership. I also think that the technical nature of our society creates people who --by my definition at least -- remain juvenile all their lives, but that's another topic.

And this brings us to the 'new wave' of writers. I think that the difference between these new writers and most of the older writers is that they are attempting to bring the non - juvenile qualities into science fiction. In recent years the new wave has gained most of the recognition and awards given by science fiction and seems to be firmly entrenched with a large readership for the foreseeable future. The best of the most recent novels emphasize non-juvenile elements; the plots and action are usually good, but they are not the most potent part of the novels. In some cases, plot and action are reduced to quite secondary status. It is no wonder, given the readership I've just described, that there is a consistent flood of complaints that science fiction has become effete and that the art of telling a story is lost. Those readers want their escape and juvenility, and, since they are the market, they're going to get it.

I would like, now, to look at a few examples of what I consider to be new wave writing and attempt to show that it doesn't refute my thesis that science fiction is juvenile trash. First, let's consider the justly renowned *A Rose for Ecclesiastes* by Roger Zelazny. This story, if I understand it, is mainly concerned with the events inside a particular man's head. The plot is there, and necessary, but it is definitely secondary. The creatures described as Martians seem to me to be, in fact, humans in disguise. Now I ask: Is it important that this story take place on Mars? Could it just as well have happened, say -- in the jungles of New Guinea? I think that with a few modifications it could, and that the main thrust of the story could be retained



I think therefore that Mr. Zelazny has taken the easy way out by making up all the exterior elements in his story rather than fitting his humans into conventional surroundings. For this reason, it seems to me that this story, basically, is not science fiction at all, but dressed up in science fiction clothes. Exactly the same may be said of Mr. Zelazny's *The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth*, which could just as well be about a big game hunter, say an elephant hunter.

Another example is PICNIC ON PARADISE by Joanna Russ which might be about a group of American civilians led to safety from Vietnam to Rangoon by a Montaignard tribeswoman. Miss Russ, however, chooses to make up the entire environment. I do not know her reasons, and perhaps the accusation both here and above of taking the easy way out is not entirely just, but nonetheless the primary value in this very good novel has nothing whatever to do with science fiction.

I could continue down a long list of stories which are not really science fiction, but I think the point is made. While it is true that the general ability of the new writers is, in my opinion, far greater than that of earlier science fiction writers, the only change wrought inside the genre is that the stories are better and less juvenile. Plot and action are still the essential part of most science fiction and although a few non-science fiction stories in disguise are creeping in, science fiction will keep that basic trait for the immediate future.

There remains a tiny residue of work which is not yet dealt with. One example is THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION by Samuel R. Delany and another is THE DREAM MASTER by Roger Zelazny. I do not see how either of them could have been written except as science fiction. I think that both of them are good, so good that they hardly can be compared with most science fiction. I also suspect they got very puzzled responses from a silent majority of science fiction readers. (*cf.* Judith Merril's *first* review of THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION.) I feel reasonably sure thar most young readers, say under 18, did not get too much from either. Other examples come from R.A. Lafferty, Thomas Disch, Harlan Ellison (one or two, anyway) and a few others. I conjecture that these all owe their success to those of us who grew up reading science fiction as juveniles and almost quit reading it later. I also conjecture that they will create their own distinct and older readership. In any case, they form a very small and atypical part of the field of science fiction, and despite this minor exception, I will continue to escape into juvenile plots and enjoy it and still say without hesitation that science fiction is mostly juvenile trash, and rightly so.

NOTE: *I happen to be quite interested in this subject and have offered to the Bills to make this the beginning of a regular column. I will do so, with their consent, provided I get a serious response or, at least, an indication of interest from the readers of D:B. I propose to respond to comments from readers and in general to expand my ideas on the nature of science fiction. If you have a comment on this article, if you have your own point of view, write! If the comment is only about this article you may as well write to me. If you have comments on the other parts of the magazine then write to the D:B lettercolumn. Write to me, and I may hack your letter to shreds in my column, but if you write to the lettercol, I may not reply to your comment. I probably won't answer any letters directly, but I will try to comment on (and quote from) all of them in the column.*

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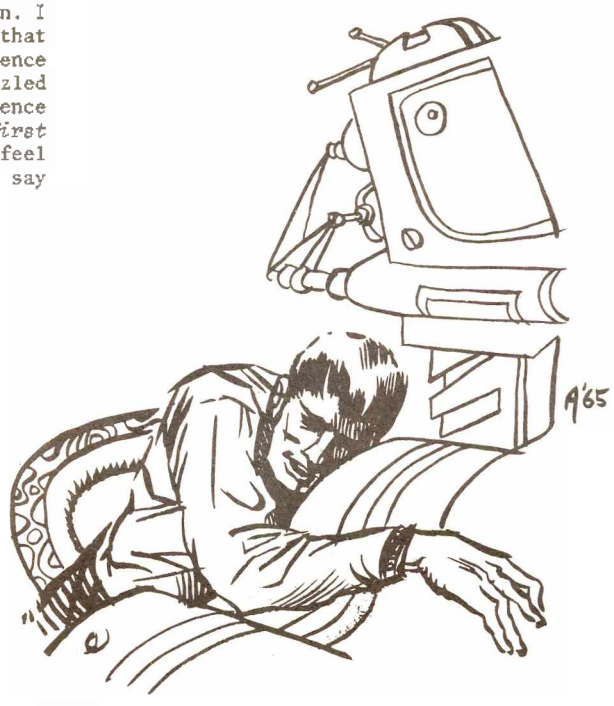


sf & f

for the

big kids

andrew j. offutt

1 *Are you a Big Kid? Then why are you reading material designed for the Kid kid?*

In his 'postscript' to Philip José Farmer's A FEAST UNKNOWN, Theodore Sturgeon says that a little man from Mars is forever following him about, asking difficult questions. Among them is Why do we go to such pains to protect a child's life--until he reaches 17, at which time we send him off to get his head blown off? And: "Why don't your superhumans, your heroic fighters, battlers for good and against evil, so seldom have a sex life -- or, indeed, sex organs?

Mr. Sturgeon doesn't record his reply. Presumably because those superheroes, Tarzan, Conan, John Carter and Doc Savage and so on, are supposedly for kids, and we Big Kids aren't supposed to enjoy their adventurous antics as much as we -- sometimes clandestinely, ashamedly -- do. And because so many of them were written in another era.

A question Mr. S's little man (he doesn't say what color) might well ask is even broader: "So howcome the characters in your science fiction and fantasy so seldom have sex lives, or even genitals?"

Tougher to answer! Because *The Man From Uncle* paperback series sold. Because an editor once returned an innocuous little story of mine, saying that I'd best be mindful of the *parents* of his younger readers when I send him something! Because another editor returned a Margroff-Offutt novel, calling it 'licentious'--it ain't, not even subjectively to your Aunt Hattie. (So far my 'licentious' material appears pseudinymously, usually under the byline John Cleve. I know that my IN QUEST OF QALARA is going to go through BJB-type agonies before some gutsy publisher says "yeah.")

But suppose I tell you somebody's publishing sf and fantasy--good sf & f--for the Big Kids? I don't mean Greenleaf's CYBRO-SEX or FANTASEX, or my own 1967 THE SEX PILL, or Ophelia Press' (Olympia) 1969 THE WORLD WHERE SEX WAS BORN--which wasn't bad, at that. I don't even mean Nor-

NANOC of the North

man's 'GOR' series, which does at least depict women as they *are* in barbaric warrior-caste societies: Lower than a snake's rectum.

2 *What's up front.*

I mean the beautifully printed, handsomely-covered line from the West Coast, Essex (and Brandon) House (E/BH). Sexy sf, sexy fantasy. Experimental stuff such as LOVELY and MINDBLOWER and mindblowing stuff such as A FEAST UNKNOWN and SEASON OF THE WITCH.

I have read 17 E/BH books, and want to tell you a bit about five of them, while reminding you that *SFR*'s Dick Geis has done some novels for them. (The strictly-for-fun THE ENDLESS ORGY, most recently. It's a sort of Ted Mark thing, except that Geis' is a little more adult than sophomoric Mark, and--would you believe a better writer?) This is NOT a 'review', and I warn you in advance that it contains few negatives. (I hate Killers. If I don't like a book I'd prefer saying so in a paragraph or a sentence, rather than putting in the time and energy required to write a Killer Review. That trick of the Luce publications is emulated too damned much in fanzines, lesser people building their teetering egos by putting down -- at unconscionable length--the work of their betters. See *TRUMPET 11*.)

For starts, the E/BH books have darned good-looking covers--*different* covers. The paper is *white*, smooth-white as bond, not newspaper. The typoes are *almost* nonexistent. The buying editor is an intelligent sf fan (that's redundant) who obviously wants writers to experiment, to Do their Thing, and send him the results. (If it ain't got no plot, or isn't different, he'll send it back, too.) That's for starts, and that's nice. But while what's up front is important, it's what's inside that counts.

3 *What's inside.*

So what's inside? *Fun.* There's fun in Philip José Farmer's IMAGE OF THE BEAST and A FEAST UNKNOWN, with their 'postscripts' by Sturgeon. There's fun in Hank Stine's really *different*, really intelligent and clever SEASON OF THE WITCH--ps by Ellison. There's wild stuff and fun in Charles McNaughton Jr's MINDBLOWER, ps by Farmer. And wild stuff, *and* fun, *and* horror in Michael Perkins' EVIL COMPANIONS, ps by Farmer.

(Details: All from Essex; all $1.95; all with very different covers; all long, the longest 286 pp [Feast], the shortest [Companions] 176 pp. The SEASON OF THE WITCH cover is one in parti-

cular I'd like to frame and hang up, to, as Farmer says in his MINDBLOWER ps, "rot the minds of all you dwarfs." It is a beautiful, horrid, ghastly, lovely, brilliant, hideous cover that is obscene or comparable to the Pieta, I'm not sure which.)

IMAGE OF THE BEAST, *An Exorcism: Ritual 1 (of 3)*: The Ellison noted in DANGEROUS VISIONS that Farmer is a guy who often explores idea and plot in one story to a depth that others would milk through a series.

There are quite a few ideas in IMAGE. It isn't *just* a story about a not-so-distant future L.A. when pedestrians wear air filters and smog-piercing goggles as a matter of course. It isn't *just* about a houseful of weird folk-monsters. It isn't *just* filled with fascinating characters. (The hoarder of memorabilia has to be patterned after *someone* Farmer knows; Ackerman? What a fun chapter!) The protagonist is Harold Childes, for as always Farmer is concerned with symbols and with outrē sex--while being one of the best dam' keyboard entertainers around.

Other characters are a pair of attractive, amorous young werewolves, a charming Count Dracula type, a woman I saw as a Charles Addams Morticia (presiding, come to think, over an incredibly erotomanic Charles Addams household), the most erotic ectoplasmic senorita you ever thought of thinking about, and ... others. And perversity. Monstrous, perverse horror. Farmer introduces the male dream: A super-potency injection (orgasms every 10 minutes or so, as I recall, ready or not)--and then twists and turns it back on the protagonist so that rather than being the marvelous Orie Hitt/Studley Hungwell thing you'd imagine, it is...ghastly. And there's a lovely little explanation of werewolves, *wompyrs*, and other folk-monsters that makes this 'sf' rather than fantasy. And Childe is rounded. Neither hero nor anti-hero he, but a hard-working, horror-ridden guy with wife problems.

EVIL COMPANIONS and MINDBLOWER are both experimental, often surrealistic or nearly so, and both about the Now Generation. Call COMPANIONS crazy comedy if you want,or maybe revolting, maybe horror; it is hard to label. It is also hard to put down. It's a good example of what *can* be done, what *is* being done, what you can do or try if you think you have something to say but that your ideas and the way you want to say them is "too far out". Farmer shows you what farout fantasy is. Perkins and McNaughton show you what farout *writing* is, what's happening in the intelligent under-30 mind. (They also have a tendency to shock the sweat out of you.)

The hero of MINDBLOWER relieves himself of a long lecture--McNaughton's Revelation--which is as readable as that long one of Ayn Rand's John Galt or Vardis Fisher's soliloquies-on-paper. It contains some intelligent thinking too, in this book concerning itself with the Mighty Quinn and the Great Haight-Ashbury Dog-Shit Orgy.

Nanoc's girl NOOKY

"So the hips developed their own establishment ... life styles of no goals": "DO YOUR OWN THING--AND LET YOUR NEIGHBOR DO HIS! --they call it love!" and --"And the mighty Quinn does take us back to the trees. But we'll break the branches with the weight of our own insecurities, our anxieties, and our egos!"

Farmer's A FEAST UNKNOWN is a novel to rot the minds of all you *purists*. It is Volume IX in The Memoirs of Lord Grandrith. Since the first eight are unpublished (except in the bowdlerized editions in which Grandrith was called 'Greystoke' or some such pseudonym), Farmer gives us a few-page summary. Then the action, the perverse sex, the Secret-Master Duel-of-the-Titans plot begins on the first page and doesn't release its grip on your scrotum until you have gone from the African veldt through to England, through a marvelous James Bond chase sequence ending in a bloody battle in an ancestral castle. You shake your head and think maybe this is the way it *would* have been, this inimical meeting and 286-page conflict-contest between the jungle lord and the golden man with the white hair growing to a point above his forehead -- remember him and his scurvy assistants?

And *lord* it's fun!

Hank Stine's SEASON OF THE WITCH is a novel bordering close onto genius. "She was the first woman he'd ever been," the blurb says, evidencing editor Kirby's sharp mind, and that's just what it's about. Convicted of rape-murder, the protagonist is condemned to *life*; her life. He must not merely pay and expiate. He must replace the life he stole. And so he awakes as a woman, and if there's anything Stine forgot, he faked me out.

In a restaurant: "...you take your seat next to the cool glass panes, folding into the chair, but not quite catching it at the right angle, coming down on the edge, because never, never before, has anyone pulled one out for you..."

A similarly clever insightful observation is the strange feeling of your leg rubbing against your leg; he-now-she had always worn trousers and the feeling is alien. "They've seen women naked before, most of them, they've seen many, but the unknown territory of your womb, the unknown territory of any womb, fascinates them, and they want to enter it, explore it, enjoy it, and leave it, for the next and the next and the next, until every womb has been explored, every vagina charted, every pleasure experienced and there are no more threats and no more challenges and no more mysteries."

There is also some utter gabble in the novel, as on pp. 133 - 138, where Stine got carried away in a sort of thesaurus-guided typing exercise. And there are some lovely observations (this is a Revelation, too), such as the natural result of the TV generation:

> So, from having a very little to learn and no time to learn it, man went to having a great deal thrust at him and time to sit before it. By 1966, when the revolution began to be felt, the average child in his teens knew as many facts as Einstein had ever learned... It took revolution...physical revolution... ...But the television generation came into its own, and the world changed.

Stine has done just a hell of a good job painting out the big and little problems and frustrations of a man forced into a woman's body, and he Says Something withal.

4 *What's in back.*

The lovely postscript, reprinted in *SFR 30*, MIGHT have been prompted by SEASON OF THE WITCH. Ellison might also have written it anyhow, this year or next, or maybe last year, maybe before he even read or heard of the novel. But the novel is well done, and the postscript well said. I can think of a lot worse things you can do with two bucks. You *did* several worse things last month, and you will next. Give yourself a break--order Stine's book. If you think it's terrible please let me know.

I don't know about *SFR*, but I wish *someone* would reprint a copy of Sturgeon's ps to Farmer's IMAGE and send it to Senator Pastore and a few other children. It is the last word on censors, those smug and righteous creatures who find it easy and *comforting* to label and condemn.

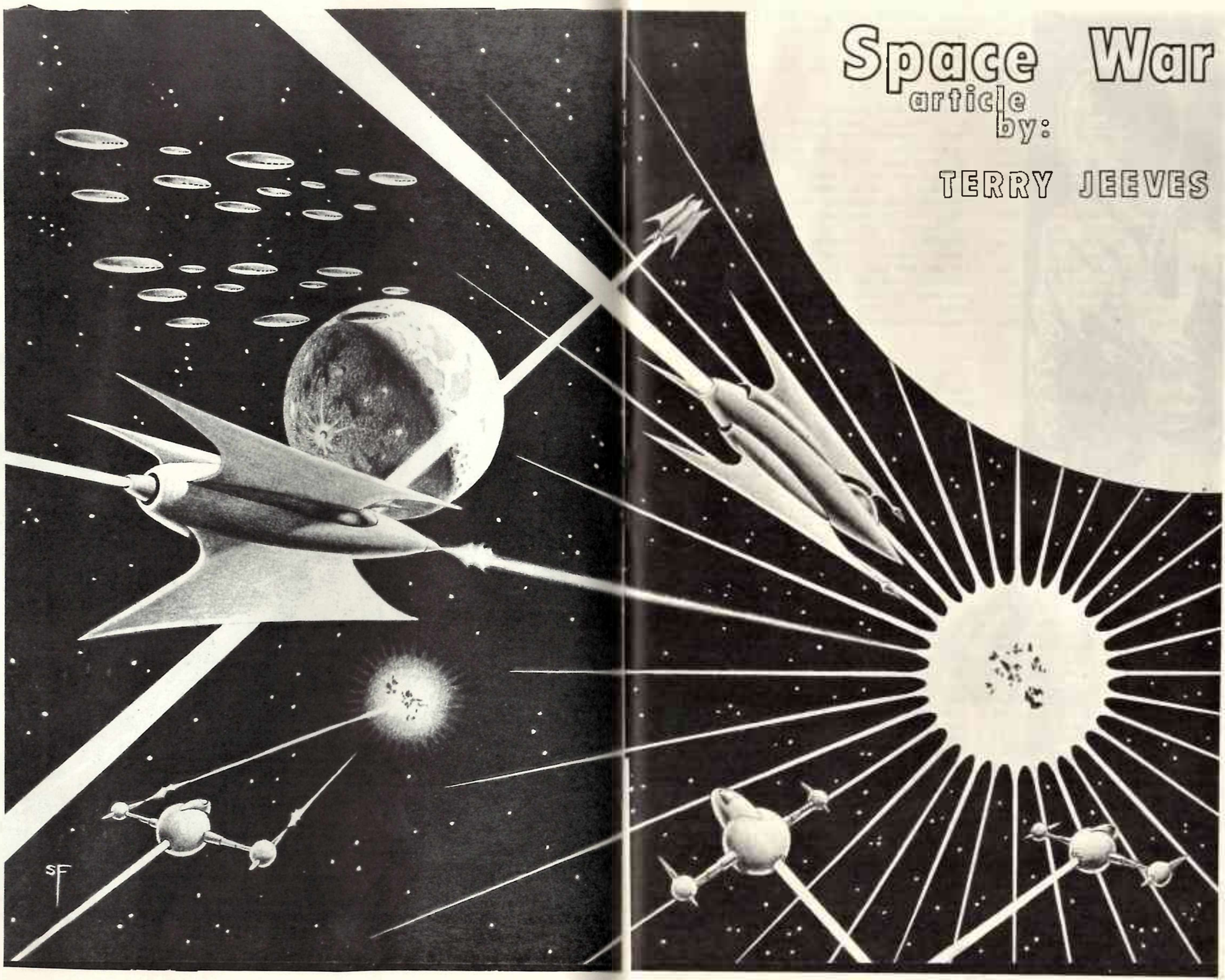
"The Labellers," Sturgeon writes, "will be ... crying 'stop!' (a word which of all words is most against God.)" That's it, isn't it? And that's the Essex House story. Lots of people will be crying STOP! Maybe you will. Maybe they'll be stopped, or estopped.

Meanwhile, it is a place where some writers you know and some you should know are doing their things; a haven for mss that would not get past the front gates of N.Y. publishers who feel they must keep in mind the *parents* of their juvenile readers.

---------- *end offutt* ----------

Stephen E. Fabian

SF



Space War

article by:

TERRY JEEVES

Some years ago, in a letter to D:B, I commented on an article on space warfare. The Bills have asked me for a re-think on the subject, so bearing in mind that what follows is meant as opinion, and not a dogmatic statement of fact... here goes:

If man goes into space with any frequency, then it's pretty certain that sooner or later, he will start to fight there. To forecast accurately just how, where and why he will fight is obviously out of the question, otherwise we could end all speculation right away by saying that technology will come up with an unbeatable weapon....ray, space warp, disintegrator or what-have-you. Naturally, technology will also produce an invulnerable defence, so why bother speculating? The answer of course, is to limit speculation to what seems highly probable at the present time.

If space war is ever to become more than a one shot in passing affair, then a source of power for manoeuvering is essential. Current spacecraft can barely vary their orbits, let alone run rings around one another. The concept carried over from air-war stories, of *firing a blast of rockets, looping up and over, then jetting down on his tail,* is strictly for the birds. Space war will be carried out over vast distances, and even assuming (as I intend to do further along) that unlimited power is available, the spacecraft will only stand so much 'G' before coming apart, and the pilot can put up with even less. To change direction by any amount when shifting at upteen miles per second requires either unbearably large 'G' forces, or huge spaces in which to make gradual turns.

However, let's assume future craft will have some unlimited (atomic?) power source. They can twist and turn all day, and come back for more. Their structure will still be limited by 'G' forces. They may stand 8 or 10 G for any length of time, and higher values for progressively shorter times. All this means that most engagements will be between craft with similar velocity vectors--say in similar earth orbits; on similar Earth - Moon orbits; or Earth-Mars trips, *etc.* If the craft are in opposite orbits, *i.e.* one coming in the opposite direction, then the sum of their velocities will make any engagement a matter on one quick shot and finish. The deceleration and acceleration required for one ship to stop, turn, and hare after the other fast enough to catch it are next to impossible except in cases of extremely long trips where the pursued vessel has insufficient thrust to build up a great velocity lead. Anyone who wants to invent a Bergenholm or gravity nullifier can go right ahead and invent that invincible weapon and invulnerable defence at the same time.

Accepting all this, we can break space battles down into four basic types:

1) Between craft passing in opposing directions.

2) One rocket chasing another .... the classic stern chase.

3) Rocket *versus* space station, or other near 'static' object.

4) The much beloved 'dog-fight'.

The types of weapons used will also depend on how much damage you want to inflict on

the opponent. This will range from annihilation through ship disablement, to a mere inducing the crew to surrender so that the ship may be taken over and used again. Let's see how these objectives may (or may not) be achieved.

RAYS have long been popular in s-f, but I can't give 'em house room here. Basically, if a ray is to harm anyone then it must deliver power to him in car load lots. Assuming as high as 95% efficiency, this means that 5% must be dissipated at source. One Megawatt on the target requires some 50 Kw in your own backyard. Add to this the heat from the gear which generated your 1 Mw and you have problems yourself. You just can't radiate that amount away quickly without an incandescent source...you. At this point, someone says, "What about lasers?" Well they can deliver energy if we overlook our own heat problem, but there are other snags. To do any good (or bad, depending how you look at it) a laser beam has to be focussed on its target. Focussing on a target two or three hundred miles away moving at velocities up to 6mps different from your own ... and jinking about besides, presents problems. Assuming you can lick 'em, which I doubt very much, then you still have to hold that beam on target for several minutes while you cut along the dotted line. Nope, we can scratch lasers, and rays in general I reckon. Tractor beams??? Well apart from heat losses and the old inverse-square law, tractors are not primarily weapons, but merely ways of bringing (or keeping) the opposition within range of the real weapons. Scratch rays from the armoury.

PROJECTILE WEAPONS such as pistols, rifles and cannon, which eject an uncontrolled shell or bullet, are worth considering. They can be fired in a vacuum, and the H.E. shell or ball can do damage to the target. Hold back a minute. First of all, they have to be fired (and loaded) in a vacuum. If they are in the ship, then every time the breech is opened to shove another round in, all the air will escape from

the ship. O.K., work in spacesuits. This may work, but will be very slow and cumbersome. Worse, if the gun is to swivel, then you need something very fancy in air seals where it leaves the ship, or else the crew must spend *all* the trip time in space suits. There is also the recoil problem. Every shot will change the ship's attitude to the target, so shot No. 1 cannot be used for ranging shot No. 2. Each pot will be a completely fresh problem. Add to this the fact that each encounter will be at ranges of 100 miles plus, and the chances of hitting the target compare with popping out a flea's eye at half a mile using a pea-shooter. And of course, the target won't stand around and wait to be shot either. With a muzzle velocity of 1,000 mph, it takes a shell 6 minutes to go 100 miles. Even mild 'jinking' rules out this sort of shooting. However, pistols will probably be the standard hand weapon for close combat, storming a craft, *etc.* For case *1)* the quick pass, case *2)* the chase, and case *4)* the dog-fight, they are out. They may have a limited use in case *3).* If firing at a space station which can't dodge about they could be considered, but a better weapon is at hand...read on.

SELF-PROPELLED MISSILES the next step up from the last category, have many advantages, and few drawbacks. These are the space weapons of the future. The modern air-to-air missile can be either beam guided, and fly up the radar beam. Under command guidance it can be radar vectored on to the target. When aimed or guided near enough to the target, its own heat seeking or radar guidance takes over and it homes on the target. A proximity fuse or contact fuse does the rest. Advantages are many. No recoil to disturb the craft which launches it. High acceleration which reduces time in which evasive action is possible. Guidance and homing ability coupled with high acceleration make evasion almost impossible. anyway. War heads can be tailored to suit requirements, ranging from atomic for complete destruction; ordinary H.E. for serious structural damage; fragmentation for crew and light structural damage; or solid shot to puncture structure and de-pressurize. Add to this the fact that its range can be extended by booster rockets, and its great acceleration allow it to be used even in cases of passing encounters ...case *1).* Two craft passing at a combined velocity of up to 14 mps, can detect each other and fire before they meet. Using a proximity fuse, radar guidance and an atomic war head, this is one of the few weapons at all feasible here. And of course such guided missiles of varying sizes can cope beautifully with cases *2), 3),* and *4).* They can be fired singly, or in salvos. For a hand weapon, or at least, a portable one; the bazooka will develop nicely into a fearsome close range space weapon. Offhand I can't think of any drawbacks.

ORBITAL WEAPONS though limited in scope, are worth a moment's thought. These are devices, placed in the path of a spacecraft or station in orbit, and which wait for the enemy to plough into them. This is assuming that either --that they are immune to detection because of their size or composition, or that they are immune to counter measures because of their strength or sheer numbers--and of course also assuming that the enemy cannot avoid them. For instance a space station in orbit would rapidly become a king-size sieve, if a few pounds of large-sized ball bearings were dumped in its path...its own velocity would do the rest. The same would apply if the bearings were replaced by small grenades, or even at a pinch, by any unwanted items of heavy junk from the

attacking craft. Another variation which comes to mind, and one which I think is my own idea, is to spray carbon black, or even slow drying black paint into the orbit, so that the station gets coated. This will increase its solar heat intake and drive the crew into surrender without firing a shot...or damaging the space station. Orbital weapons, however, are very limited in their use; they could be used in case *3)*, or possibly in case *2)*, if sowed (by retro rockets) behind the pursued craft. Hardly worth storing them.

THE SUN MIRROR is hardly worth serious consideration; slow, clumsy, hard to aim, and extremely vulnerable even to ordinary gun fire, it's not worth more than a mention in passing.

Whatever weapon is used, it will also require high grade detection gear to locate the target, and equally good aiming or guidance gear to do something about it. Radar will no doubt measure up to the detection problem, and a combination of beam guidance and heat-seeking missile will do the rest. Take our four cases:

1), 2) and 3)....

High velocity passing. Feasible weapons are guided missiles, and some form of mine dropped in front of the other vessel.

On the following pages....

"RECRUITING STATION"

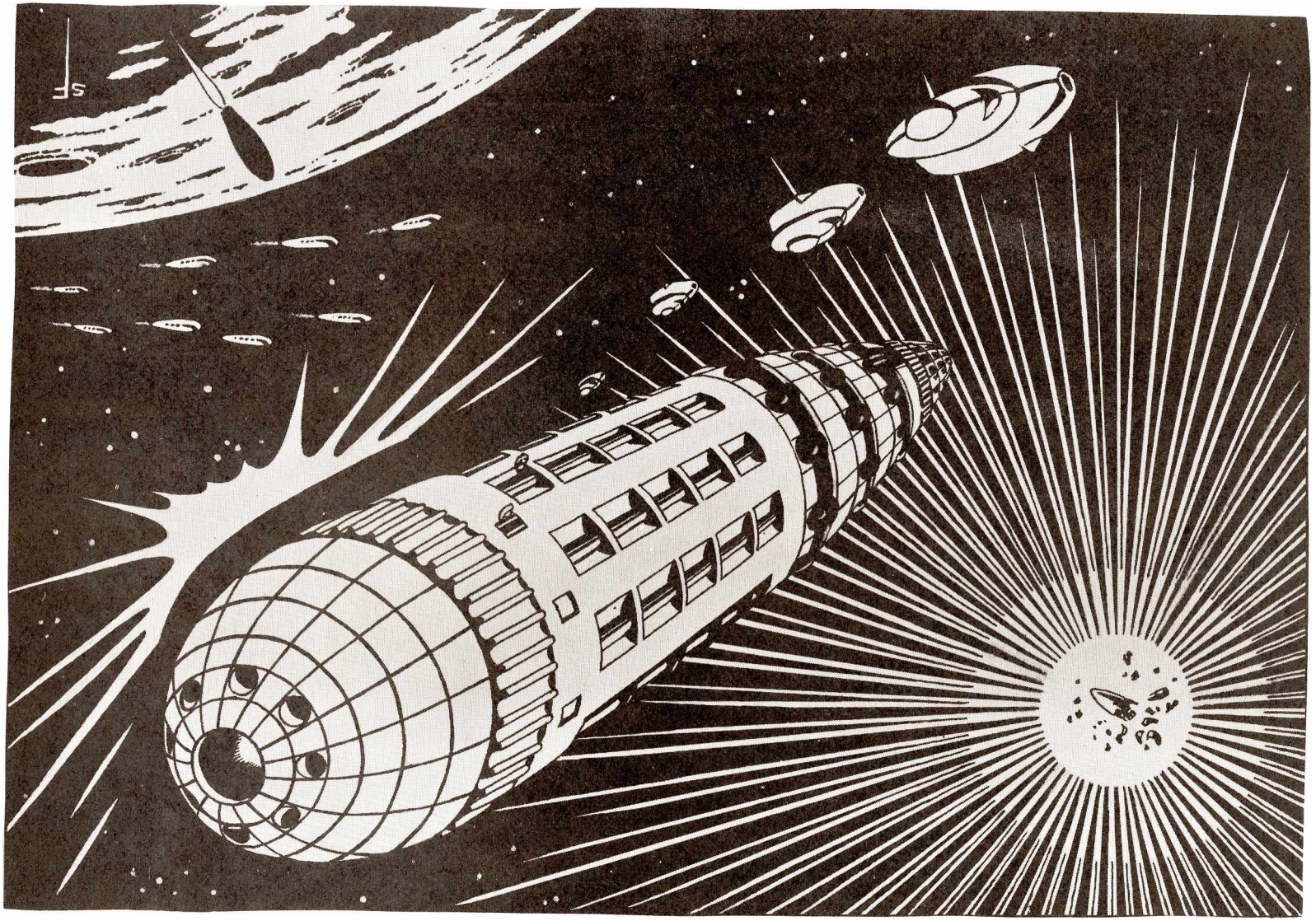
...by TIM DUMONT

Case *4)*, the 'dog - fight', is worth a little more thought, though not much. Guided missiles will certainly be used; their high acceleration will outfly any possible evasion by craft limited to what the crew can endure. In this situation, mines are out, and so are guns except for very close passes.

So I reach the unoriginal conclusion that the space wars of tomorrow will be fought with a weapon of to-day...the guided missile. Or don't you agree?

---Terry Jeeves

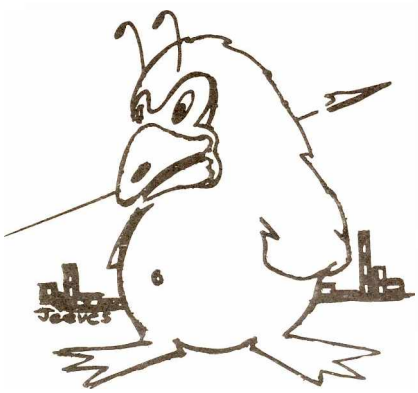
DUMONT



Space War

SMITH vs. CAMPBELL

RICK BROOKS



The epic of space or space war story goes back quite a ways in sf tradition. H. G. Wells WAR OF THE WORLDS was merely a weak foreshadowing of what was to come.

Doc Smith is widely credited with respect to his THE SKYLARK OF SPACE as being the first to bring sf blazing out into the starlanes. Edmond Hamilton in his Interstellar Patrol series (*WEIRD TALES* and *AMAZING* from 1928 on) got to the point (*Outside the Universe*, *WEIRD TALES* 7-10/29) where two galaxies were clashing in a vast space war. Few writers carried the epic of space as far as did Doc Smith and John Campbell. These two writers fused the space war and superphysics schools of sf writing in a very fortunate combination.

Doc Smith's Skylark series from its 'humble' beginnings where aiding in a war between two planets was merely an incident in the pursuit of Blacky Duquesne, ace villain, escalated to wars that shook the universe and devastated whole galaxies.

But by far Doc's best work was the Lensmen series which started (ignoring TRIPLANETARY and FIRST LENSMAN which are largely prehistory of the Lensmen universe) with Civilization in the galaxy apparently faced with an overpowering outbreak of piracy and proceeded to the point where the total power of the Galactic Patrol in the two galaxies is unleashed against one almost invincible planet and its almost unkillable master race.

Doc rewrote TRIPLANETARY (*AMAZING* 1-4/34; Fantasy Press '50) and completely wrote FIRST LENSMAN (Fantasy Press '50)(hereafter TP and FL) to fit TRIPLANETARY into the series. And the other books have been added to also, to point up the Arisian-Eddorian conflict which P.S. Miller (in his review column in *ASTOUNDING*) considered to have been more effective in the original version where Eddore stayed out of sight(except for one revealing remark in SECOND STAGE LENSMEN) until the final serial.

GALACTIC PATROL (*ASF* 9/37 - 2/38, Fantasy Press '50)(hereafter GP) is an Odyssey of galactic proportions starting with Kimball Kinnison's graduation where he is equipped with his Lens--(an Arisian device that acts as an unduplicatible identification, a telepathic translator, and general mental aid) and given command of a special ship with orders to find out what gives

the pirates of Boskone their edge. His ship barely survives the capture of a pirate ship, but by skillful dodging, he brings back the secret of Boskone's cosmic radiation intake screens. Then, through various adventures, he tracks down Helmuth, Speaker for Boskone, and captures his almost invincible fortress by sabotage from within. In all this, he is aided by a fascinating group of characters: Peter van Buskirk, the ace human fighter from Valeria, a heavy gravity planet; Worsel, the volatile Velantian winged lizard with a mind of tremendous scope; and Tregonsee of Rigel IV, the barrel - shaped stolid alien whose sense of perception and mental abilities more than made up for the lack of such human senses as sight and hearing.

In GRAY LENSMAN (*ASF* 10/39-1/40; Fantasy Press '50)(hereafter GL), Kimball Kinnison becomes a momentary drug addict to trace Boskone through their drug syndicate. With Worsel and Tregonsee he scouts the Second Galaxy and helps rescue a valuable ally. He and Worsel co-ordinate the Conference of Scientists which develops the negasphere, a planetary size sphere of negative matter which is used to wipe out Boskone's main base in the First Galaxy. Jarnevon, planet of the Eich and home of the Council of Boskone, is destroyed between two inert planets.

In SECOND STAGE LENSMEN (*ASF* 11/41-2/42; Fantasy Press '53)(hereafter SL), Kim again tracks Boskone in the Second Galaxy, this time with the aid of Nadreck of Palain VII, perhaps the most fascinating of Doc's characters. Nadreck has such ability that he single-handedly wipes all but three out of all the garrisons on the heavily fortified world of Onlo by playing telepathically on their dislikes until they wiped out each other! Fortunately for humanity,the Palainians seemed to be almost entirely lacking in curiousity (knowledge being sought for practical ends only) or they could easily have been the masters of the two galaxies.

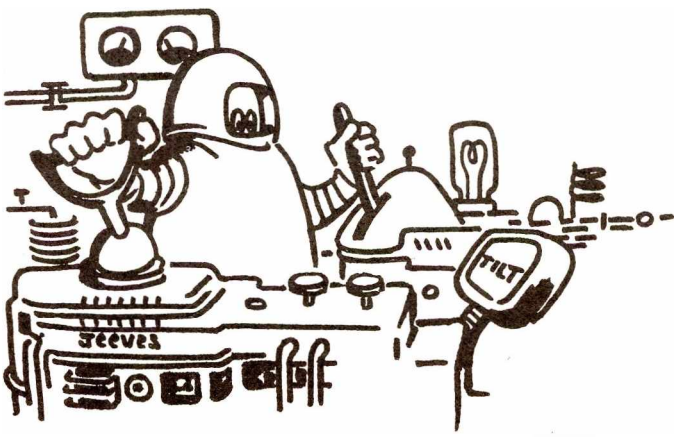
While Nadreck is handling Onlo (Thrallis IX), Kimball Kinnison infiltrates Thrale (Thrallis II) and works his way up to planetary dictator. He leads the Boskonian forces into a trap as they storm Klovis, Civilization's base in the Second Galaxy, and get wiped out by the Sunbeam, a weapon that treats a stellar system much as a vacuum tube by focusing all stellar energy into a fairly tight beam. Thrale is then taken by the Galactic Patrol disguised as the successful Boskonian fleet returning.

In CHILDREN OF THE LENS (*ASF* 11/47-2/48; Fantasy Press '54) (hereafter CL), 20 years have passed after the fall of Thrale. Kimball and Clarrissa (also known as the Red Lensman) have a boy, Kit, and four girls (all based on Doc's kids), all third stage Lensmen who, acting as a mental fusion destroy the Eddorians with the help of the Arisians and the mental force of the entire Galactic Patrol. Ploor and its sun along with the variable life forms that acted as the Eddorians' seconds-in-command had earlier been destroyed by a planet moving at fantastic speed from a space where the speed of light is much greater than in our own space.

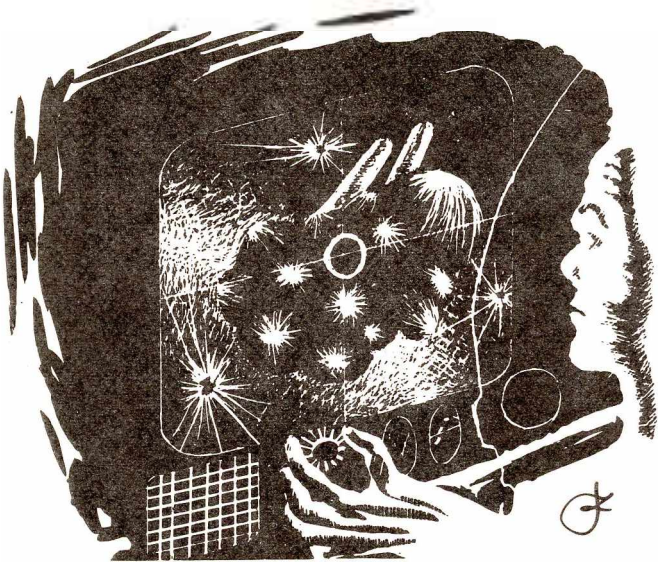
Actually the climax of the series is the rescue of Kimball Kinnison in the far distant space to which the Eddorians had exiled him; the rescue managed by a fusion of the Children of the Lens and Clarrissa locating Kim while Mentor hooked him out. Doc had written this climax before more than sketching-in GP, and the entire 6 volume space opera was written to point up the power of love.

"Indeed it has been argued that sexual equality is the most important criterion of...Civilization" (SL, Pyramid, p.135), and all upper echelons of Boskone are formed of either monosexual beings or beings as in the Matriarchy of Lyrane where one sex is totally in control and the other little but breeding stock.

John Campbell revolutionized sf both as an editor and a writer (with his mood pieces written as 'Don A. Stuart'). He also wrote damn good space war stories. His Arcott, Morey, and Wade series in *AMAZING* and *AMAZING QUARTERLY* were his first effort in this direction. *Piracy Preferred* (*AMZ* 6/30). is a minor story of how Wade, the air pirate, became the third member of the team after some fast-paced adventure and with the help of the psychologists of the future. *Solarite* (*AMZ* 11/30) features a war between the hemispheres of Venus. *The Black Star Passes* (*AQ* Fall '30) [all three in the Fantasy Press volume, WHEN THE BLACK STAR PASSES] see the solar system invaded by beings from the enclosed worlds of an approaching dark star, who are literally looking for a place in the sun. And the first of Campbell's vivid and vast space battles. This war ends in a draw, much like that of Tellus and Nevia in TRIPLANETARY. *Islands of Space* (*AQ* Spring '31)has our heros fighting in the far galaxies, and *Invaders From the Infinite* (*AQ* Spr-Sum '32) features an intergalactic war.



The peak of Campbell's space epics came with THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE (*ASTOUNDING* 12/34-4/35; Hadley '47) and THE INCREDIBLE PLANET (Fantasy Press '49) (hereafter MM and IP). According to P. S. Miller in his book review of IP, Tremaine (then *ASTOUNDING* editor) turned down IP because he felt that superphysics had become outdated. That does things for my sense of wonder.



In MM, Aarn Munro, the Jovian born human superscientist and his colleagues (Russ Spencer of Spencer Rocket, and Don Carlisle, head of Spencer Rocket's chemical research department), while trying out Aarn's momentum drive, collide with a planetoid. The impact throws them out of our space and into an overstrained space crowded with supergiant suns where they meet the satyrish Tefflans and the wholely human Magyans, and participate in a bang-up interplanetary war to the death.

[Those who don't like to run into Mu or Atlantis in an sf book (and both are definitely improbable on present evidence) can ignore the rationalization that the Magyans and the Trefflans destroyed Mu in an earlier war and left the Sol system via asteroid collision during a two super ship dog-fight. And likewise ignore the war in TP that Gharlane of Eddore masterminded to destroy Atlantis. The 35 page prologue of *The Infinite Atom*, the third part of IP which deals in part with a visit of Centaurs to Earth in the days of Ancient Greece drags a bit, also.]

After several space battles and the poisoning of Magya's atmosphere, Teff-el is totally destroyed as two of Magya's moons are hollowed out and equipped with the momentum drive. The larger one drives directly into Teff-el while the smaller (with Aarn Munro at the helm) wipes out the orbital forts and collides with the moon of Teff-el, head-on, both dropping onto Teff-el. Really a smashing finish.

IP is three connected stories, the first two dealing with Aarn's search for Earth. *The Incredible Planet* is a relaxing interlude with a race that slept through the ages while their world wandered through space until successfully captured by a stellar system. *The Interstellar Search* finds our heros aiding humanoids against the Seeset, a reptiloid race, in an interplanetary war brought on because the reptile's planet is due to be wiped out as their sun is in the early stages of going nova. The Seeset are quite worthy opponents and are only finally defeated when the Tornams drive the innermost planet of the system, shielded with a powerful anti-gravity field, deep into the sun, causing it to go nova early. *The Infinite Atom* is a smashing finale to the series, wherein Aarn Munro and friends have finally found Sol just in time to mix in an interstellar war with the centauroid Toscars who want to solve their population problem, by taking over the Sol System. And there is really a brawl. Aarn shorts out the Toscar's suntapping transpon beam and vaproizes their power satellite in orbit around Pluto ... not to mention all the frozen Plutoian atmosphere and several orbiting planetary forts. The Centaurs retaliate by sending several planetoid forts to drop on Earth. About this time, Aarn Munro, Russ Spencer, Don Carlisle, and Anto Rayl of Magya venture into tight orbit around what must rate as a super-dwarf star. Experiments in this distorted space gives them several inventions and even seems to change their brains. The infinite atom of the title refers to the theory that the atom is an infinite wave group that cancels everywhere in the universe, except where the atom 'is'. With the ability to change where these waves uncancel or to refuse to let them uncancel anywhere, Aarn disarms the Centaurs,and gives them a lesson by partially creating S Doradus about their sun for a short interval. Aarn then creates uninhabited duplicates of their worlds to solve their need for livin space.

It is hard to rate the two series. The Lensmen series has much the better characterization, but the series rather got away from Doc, especially in the final volume. And his non-human characters are the more interesting, especially Nadreck.

While Campbell's villain's are all non - human and his good guys human and humanoid, except for the goatish Tefflans, the villains aren't really too evil. The reptiline Seeset need the humanoid's world for more than an outside chance of survival (a small fraction of the race is trying to survive in the asteroid belt at the end of the story) and the Toscars (Centaurs) felt

that killing Earthmen to solve their population problem was better than killing each other. Doc villains, except for minor ones that have gotten swept into Boskone by chance, are usually quit far outside the pale (sole exception I can remember: Kimball Kinnison's 'inner circle' from whe he was the Tyrant of Thrale were reformed and worked for Civilization). The Overlords of Delgo are, perhaps, the most irredeemable villains in all sf.

As far as space war goes, both were quite good. There are more battles in Campbell's an much more maneuvering of the spy type in Doc Smith's series. Campbell was stronger on logistic than any other space war writer that comes to mind. He undoubtedly saw the lessons of WW I tha were much more obvious in WW II, especially the lesson that winning the war of production was b far the most important. And that the available resources wouldn't stretch to cover everything After the space wars in MM, the victor gathered up the scrap metal left of defeated ships, whil the loser had to mine and alloy more.

Most writers start a space battle by slews of battleships from this planet and still mor from another, not realizing that a battleship represents a very lot of material and much muc work. Doc doesn't bring this factor out as clearly as Campbell does, but several passages suc as the Bennett planetary arsenial (FL) or getting the jump on Boskone after the destruction b Sunbeam of a core of maulers (a slow ponderous ship built to dish out an incredible amount o punishment) that would take a long time to replace (SL).

Doc was better on tactics as Campbell tended largely to ignore them. Campbell mentions skirmish of scouts, the engagement of the increasing sizes of ships (MM), but only in *The Inter stellar Search* (IP, p. 90) does he mention a shield formation. Doc Smith abounded in formations Cones of Battle give way to a Cylinder of Battle when the Galactic Patrol has too many ships fo one cone (FL). In the same passage, Doc clarifies formation tactics as being a means of makin one ship of theirs always face several of yours.

The Directrix is a special ship designed (GL) for Grand Fleet Operations. Port Admiral Hay nes had seen the need for such a co-ordination device before the attack on Helmuth's base (GP when he discovered that 50,000 ships couldn't be controlled without special equipment.

While none of Doc's battles are as tactically fascinating as Vicksburg, they still hav their moments. The Jarnevon campaign (GL) is worth some time. After wiping out the Eich's bas in the First Galaxy with a negasphere, the Galactic Patrol heads for the Second Galaxy:

"Let them come, then," said Eichmal grimly. "Their dependence upon a new and supposedly un known weapon explains what would otherwise be insane tactics. With that weapon impotent ["Al that is needful is to mount tractor heads on pressor bases and thus drive the bombs back upo those who send them."] they cannot possibly win a long war waged so far from their bases. We ca match them ship for ship, and more; and our supplies and munitions are close at hand. We wil wear them down--blast them out--the Tellurian Galaxy shall yet be ours!" (GL, Pyramid, p. 241

Port Admiral Haynes explains the tactic of the upcoming battle to Kimball Kinnison as the approach the Second Galaxy, since "the very presence of their fleet out in space will force en gagement, and a decisive one at that. From his viewpoint, if he defeats us there, that ends it If he loses, that's only his first line of defense. His observers will have reported fully. H will have invaluable data to work upon, and much time before even his outlying fortresses can b threatened.

"From our viewpoint, we can refuse battle if his fleet is there. It would be suicidal fo us to enter that galaxy, leaving intact outside it a fleet as powerful as that one is bound t be... [as] they could, and would, attack Tellus. [He would not split his fleet as] he knows tha Tellus is very strongly held and that this is no ordinary fleet. He will have to concentrat everything he has upon either one or the other--it is almost inconceivable that he would divid his forces." (GL, p. 42)

Yes ... Lee defeated Union forces by dividing his own, notably at Chancellorsville wher he split his forces three ways when he was already outnumbered. But Lee had the considerable ad vantage through most of the war of having a cavalry arm that the Union couldn't come near match ing. So Lee knew most of the Union moves while they knew almost none of his. In a space war, i is nearly impossible to move a fleet without the enemy noticing.

Haynes, with the superior co-ordinating system of the Directrix, stops his fleet as soon a scouts spot the enemy fleet, and maneuvers to englobe the entire enemy force before they are a ware of just what he is doing. The unwieldy enemy fleet cannot digest reports of all Galacti Patrol elements and react before they are englobed and destroyed. Then the fleet proceeds t Jarnevon. The fleet forms a huge cylinder with Jarnevon on the axis and lock Jarnevon in posit ion with tractors and pressors so that the planet cannot go free (*i.e.* inertia-less) and escape Then: "Two planets, one well within each end of the combat cylinder, went inert...resuming thei diametrically opposed intrinsic velocities of some thirty miles per second." (GL, p. 246) Th Patrol cuts all tractors and pressors just before collision. And Jarnevon's sun becomes, tempor arily, a binary.

Then Boskone, now in the person of the Tyrant of Thrale, launches an attack on Tellus vi hyperspace tube. The Patrol units arrive too late to englobe the tube mouth, and blast the enem as they come out. Due to the Directrix and the second stage Lensmen guiding the battle at th speed of thought, the enemy is beaten back. But they buy time for seven armed planets to com through. The Patrol's super-maulers try to knock out the ultra-protected planetary drive units but fail. Then the Sunbeam which was aimed as soon as the tube was detected, cuts in. The power ful enemy maulers instantly vaporize; the planets sluggishly try to escape, but their ocean

EDWARD E. "DOC" SMITH
at the DISCON in 1963

photo by: Bill Bowers

vaporize, their mountains flow like water into the ocean beds, and finally the domes of force collapse.

Then the Galactic Patrol goes on the attack. While Nadreck and Kimball Kinnison track down Onlo and Thrale, the Grand Fleet heads for the Second Galaxy to set up a beachhead.

The enemy is weakened from the attack on Tellus, especially with the loss of so many maulers which take time to replace, Haynes comes in on a straight line course and Boskone's defenses form on this line. Then Haynes shifts the Grand Fleet to one side and the enemy fleet raggedly shifts to block him. After several rapid shifts, the enemy is disorganized and the Patrol is too close for another shift.

In this battle, Doc -- like Campbell in most of his battle scenes--goes into fleet make-up. The scouts observe at a distance while the light cruisers and cruising bombers (light cruisers with no weapons except negative matter bombs) engage the enemy. But Boskone is nobody's fool and their cruisers are all equipped with negabombs. Unfortunately, Boskone has a sadly typical military view of the lower ranks. So the Patrol cruisers take away the Boskone negabombs and shove them back with tractor beams while the Boskone ranks hesitate to use tractor beams on bombs despite orders. The heavy cruisers move up, take an enemy heavy cruiser or battleship out of the line and try to destroy it, or at least hang on to it until a slower moving battleship or super-dreadnaught can come up and help. While a tight globe of super-dreadnaughts surround the Directrix, the war-head of maulers slowly draw into battle. Since they outnumber enemy maulers about 10tol, the battle is soon over and the Patrol proceeds to fortify Klovia. (SL, Pyramid, p.174-8)

Campbell's pre-battle formations consisted mainly of a disc of scout ships followed by a sphere of destroyers, an inner sphere of light and heavy cruisers, with the battleships and super-dreadnaughts bringing up the rear (MM, Ace, p. 100). But Campbell's battles are decided almost always by advances in technology. So despite tactics, battles are won by the most inventive. And if -- as is not at all unusual in these stories--the enemy comes up with the invention, Aarn Munro in his supership is there to keep the balance from tipping too far the enemy's way.

In the main battle with the Tefflans, they come up with a fatigue ray that disintegrates metals and a death ray that heterodynes with defense interference against the other Tefflan weapons including the fatique ray. At the same time Aarn and company have come up with a gravity bomb that is unaffected by defensive screens and explodes at the center of gravity of the ship, and rocket-propelled thermite bombs (MM, Ace, p. 100).

In three battles with the Seeset...in the first, the Seeset have the Ultra-violet beam, and in the second, the green space cups. In the third, Aarn comes up with the green atomic rot. (IP, pp. 90, 134, 150)

But Campbell's 'super-physics' are much more reasonable than this brief survey can suggest, and they come thick and fast. I find them quite fascinating conjures on the possible applications of theory and regret the way some of them have dated. Doc Smith based his ideas on hundreds of pages of calculations (and his devices usually seem more solid), but Campbell's are more mind stretching. Especially the universe designed by a powerful alien race that is briefly glimpsed in the course of action (IP).

Campbell's telatoscope that can show any location by means of uncancelling the light waves associated with the infinite atom for viewing purposes is the most sensible faster than light scanner that I've run into in sf.

Campbell showed more of the results of a war. Doc's support facilities are almost always off stage (except for Bennett in FL), but Campbell shows us Magya streamlined for war even to

the point of having a scientist, a general, and a business man forming a production council so that a balanced view of military needs and future production can be obtained (MM). And he forsaw that a real military threat would mean the erasure of Earth's national borders.

John Campbell may have shown a bit more depth and scope than E. E. "Doc" Smith, but I still find Smith a bit more fascinating for his characters and alien environments.

A later space war epic that is highly recommended is George O. Smith's *Pattern for Conquest* (*ASTOUNDING* 3-5/46) which has enough superphysics for the most jaded. And a battle where the Sol System tries to defeat the race that rules a quarter of the galaxy. And they do, but the enemy never realizes it.

Perhaps the greatest shortcoming of the space war epics of the 30's and 40's was the fact that they utterly (except for Doc in THE SKYLARK OF VALERON) fail to take cybernetics and the superior reaction time of robots into consideration. One space war story that does is James H. Schmitz's AGENT OF VEGA, but the space battles are largely the fragmentary glimpses the human gets as he slugs his way through.

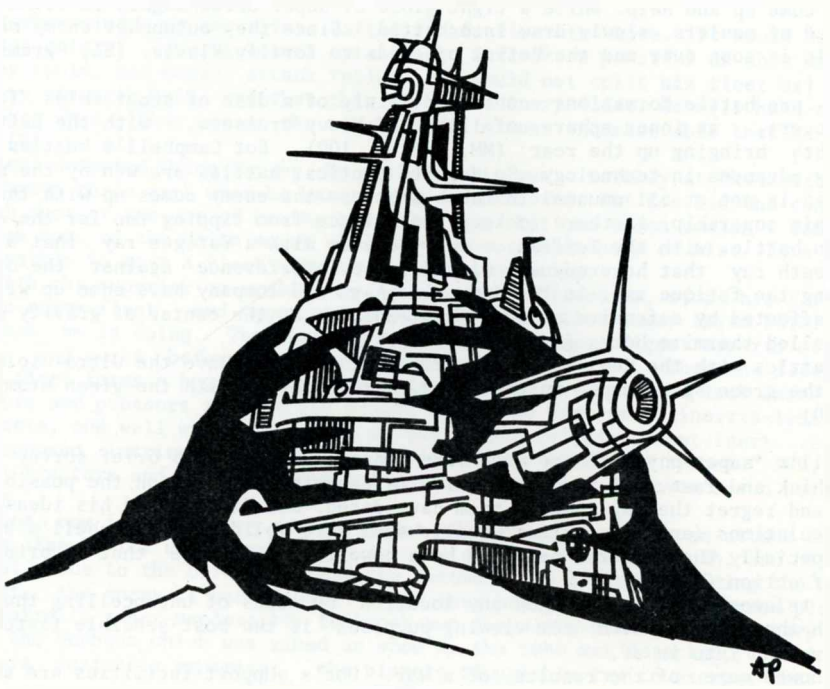
The answer would be--as in SKYLARK OF VALERON -- to have the pilot of the ship be a cyborg ...see with the ship's senses and react with the speed of thought plus the ship's reaction time.

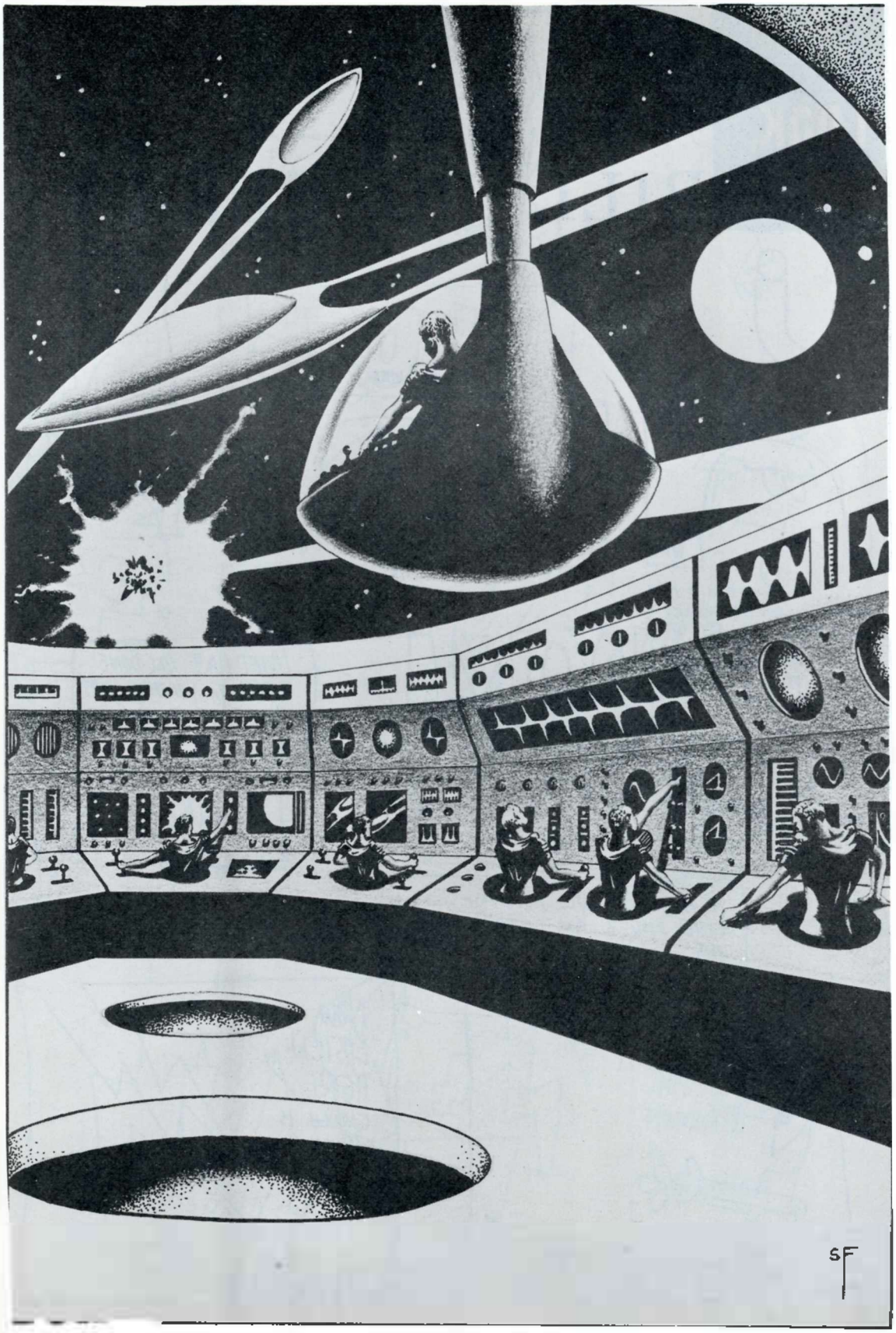
Author's Postscript....

On my article: I hear sf fans defending the wave of experimental writing and saying that the rest of us ought to work on understanding it. This is perfectly fair...as long as they are willing to study science textbooks, etc., until they get to understanding my superphysics stories.

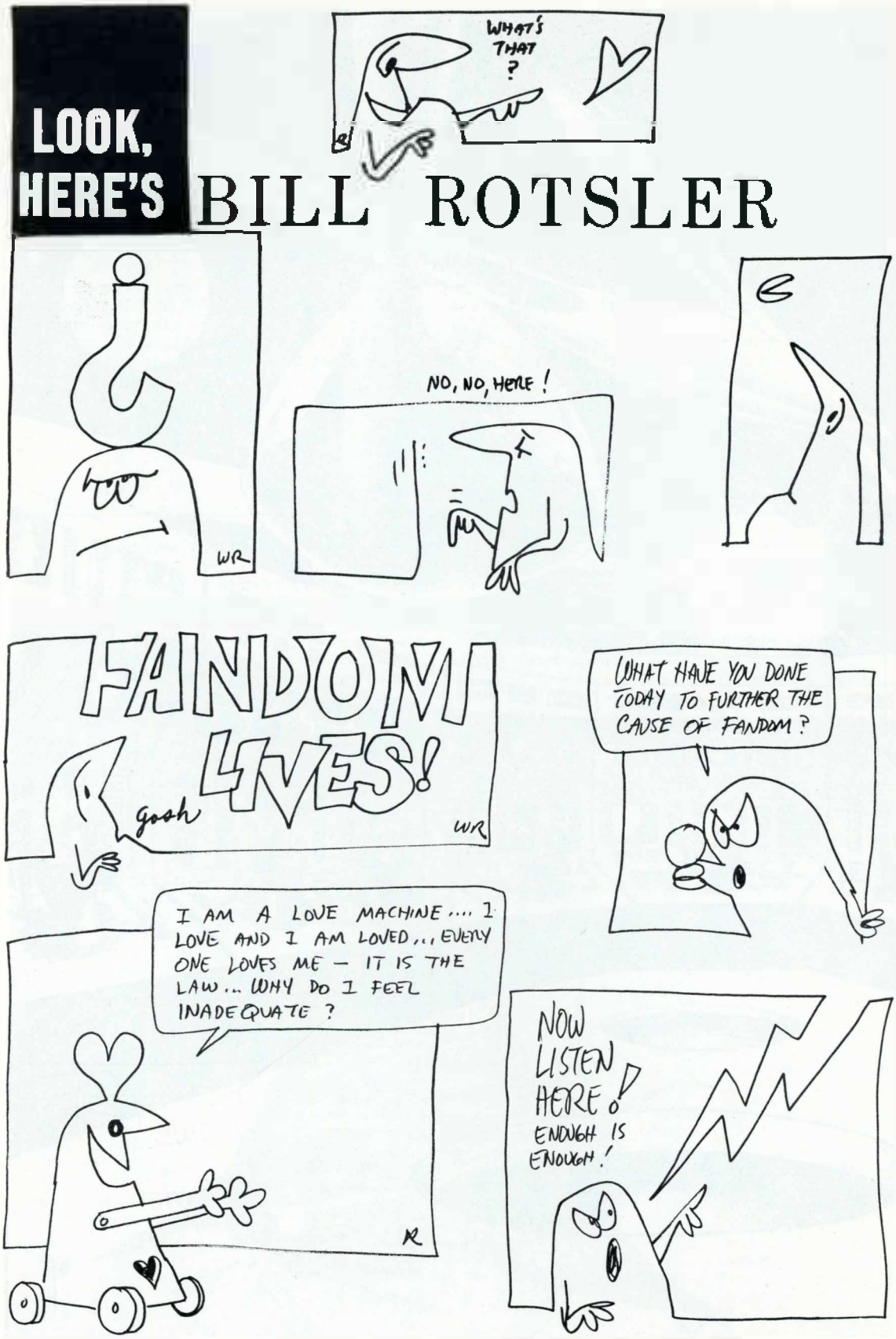
I feel that many 'New Wave' supporters are on the bandwagon because it gives them an opportunity to act superior to us clods and puff themselves up, because they have ability enough to understand that esoteric stuff. In short, snob appeal.

---RICK BROOKS




SF

LOOK, HERE'S BILL ROTSLER



Fuck
FANDOM IS ALL I HAVE
sigh
STAND BACK— I MUST GRUNT...
GRUNT
1ST FANDOM IS NOT DEAD
WHERE DID I GO WRONG?
I'M A GRUMP— I ENJOY BEING A GRUMP AND NO ONE IS GOING TO CHANGE ME...
SAY WHAT YOU MEAN- DON'T SHILLYSHALLY ABOUT!
THIS FANZINE IS CONDEMNED

These are the hard times, the lean and hungry times, a most desperate depression in the midst of sated plenty, and my metabolism is running down for want of a tactile sensation. I'm disgusted with the slick *GALAXY* and sick of the slicker *ANALOG*; their slick, smooth shrunken sizes curls my thumbs. I have this thing. I have knotted hunger chewing at my vitals and raw nerves rubbing the tips of my fingers, a lust for tactile impressions. I'm hooked. Not on acid, not on grass, but on pulp: Rough, raw, pulp.

Have you ever had a *PLANET* on your back?

When the desire creeps up on me, I sneak off into a corner with a pulp, fondling it lovingly to appease my unholy appetites. (I sneak: A reaction from my tender childhood, when it was prudent to sneak away before my mother saw that cover!) A pulp: To fondle, sniff, feel, caress, in a vain attempt to return to the iron womb. Mystics often contemplate their navels in their searches for peace and truth and the wisdom of the universe, but *I* contemplate the joys of the eternal triangle -- Babe, Bem, and Bum.

Peace, a one-ness with the universe, was imparted by those old covers, a security arising from the sure knowledge that *some* things were permanent although artists may come and go. Navels are all right, but the Happy Triangle offered me the primal truth, the truth that pulp covers were always done in primary colors. The artists had guts: They took their pigments straight from the tube.

But the cover for all its message is only a symbol for recognition. Soon I tire of the cheap kromekote and my lustful fingers reach out for the real stuff, the raw pulp. I caress the hallowed, untrimmed edges and rejoice at the sensual coarsness of the paper, the unique and exotic perfume of it. I wallow in the naked *feel* of it. And this is how it is to be one of the totally debased, the hopeless pulp addict.

Oh, I've heard people talk. I know what they are saying. They think I don't understand my utter degradation, but I do. They can't fool me or win me over to their vices: Marijuana is great only because they have never taken a pulp trip--the kind of trip you can't take on the New Wave. Let these blow your mind:

THE IRON WOMB

There are low canals on Mars, the rain forests of Venus, the sterile voids of space, the glory of Saturn's rings, the many cities of Altair, and those worlds in which sorcery worked -- worlds where men were *men* and women were scientists' daughters clad in brass bras. (Never mind the cold discomfort of unlined, icy brass on bare skin!) My hang-up is space-opera, the pure un-cut stuff not weakened by a dozen middlemen padding their profits -- pure space - opera printed on one hundred percent pure pulp. You inhale it, and the instant magic casts a cloak of thrilling wonder. *This* is the stuff addicts can absorb with gluttonous franzy, until there is no drop of fiction left in the issue, until every crumb of idea and execution is masticated and taken into the bllodstream.

And *then* the most powerful, mind-wrenching narcotic known to fandom! The Lettercol!

It laid there like a vast tray of hallucinogens, an open invitation to self indulgence, an invitation to an orgy. The true connoisseur preferred the incredible but varied Coles, chose the Sneary for the interesting effects of the ingredients, but left the Deeck alone because it produced a bad trip. The preferred suppliers were Vizi and Tev, the pushers who specialized in delights with exotic names like Paananen, Terwilliger, and Vorzimer.

Vorzimer! Now there was a name to conjure with: It has ring, authority, and a certain amount of internal magic:

1) He was relentlessly sucked into the field of the vorzimer beam...

2) Taking his trusty vorzimer in hand, he ...

3) ...at last, the life-giving Vorzimer serum!

4) The Grand Vorzimer stepped down from his throne...

5) The planet Vorzimer hung alone in space like a...

6) The machine flung him backward through the flickering Vorzimer barrier...

The possibilities of a name like that are staggering. Where will you find its analog today? Where the daring author?

[*Warning:* The use of lettercol sometimes brings on an attack of anxiety, as users feel a strange compulsion to answer back but discover themselves blocked by an insurmountable time-lapse.]

The totally debased one doesn't stop at lettercol -- I know; I have lost all sense of common decency, lost my shame--and I read the ads. They were very much a part of the pulps. like "Make $$$$" which still present me with a strong picture of a man in his basement workshop cutting $$$$ out of plywood, never realizing there isn't much of a market for plywood $$$$.

Another clear mental picture was provided by the Charles Atlas ads, those ads bearing the immortal line: "I manufacture better bodies." Here you have this hulking bully hammering bigger biceps onto the body of a 93 pound weakling, who is kicking and howling in agony, but old Charles Atlas keeps pounding those nails in, in, in, in... And if you were lonesome, you knew that there were more correspondence clubs than lonely people. If you lacked faith in the lonely hearts you could pick up a love potion--always providing their manufacturers really existed, and their products really worked. A suspicion existed.

And lest we forget:

Ruptured?

(Those ads must have been published on the theory that the love potions worked all too well...)

Some advertisers cajoled you to learn, to *be*, to study in the privacy of your own home. There were so many correspondence schools represented in the columns that I developed another suspicion: The agency advertising men *must* have read certain of the letters in the lettercol. A market awaited them.

One of those old ads is still with us, asking us to seek knowledge--the ad that even the greenest neo is familiar with. You know the one I mean: The exalted group that is *not* a religious organization. The oldest pulp in our collection is a mildewed 1933 *WONDER STORIES* and their ad is present in that issue. They are still with us, although the *Ruptured?* people and the love potions have long since deserted fandom for greener pastures. We have sent people on to becoming Clears, yet most of us have never written to these other good folk

I offer a proposal. I would like to propose that we of organized fandom write The Scribe, and so arrange matters that the great bulk of incoming letters all reach him on a given date -- for example, Walpurgis Night. Each of us will thank him for more than thirty years of financial support, and ask him *why* they aren't a religious organization?

After all, we are.

TED WHITE's eyebrows contracted slightly as he saw his own name in the first sentence of the manuscript that he had just pulled from the slush pile. Hopeful authors from all over the country had contributed to the heap of manuscripts which were sprawled un-neatly over half of his desk. As editor, Ted White was expected to at least scan every one of them, but the average quality of the stories submitted was so low that his critical mind was repelled by the thought of reading even one more word. Less than a year at this task had long since caused his former love of science fiction to dwindle to the vanishing point. Each day he would dig into the mound of paper, burrowing into it until it had almost reached the level it had been the day before. Each morning the secretary who opened the mail would shovel another batch onto his desk. It was getting harder and harder to finish the backlog from the previous day by noon.

Ted had taken to playing games with himself to make the time pass. Instead of reading the top manuscript in the pile, he would close his eyes and pick one at random. Or he would take one half way down the pile, and then one half way below that, and so on. Sometimes he would alternate reading a story typed on yellow paper, with reading a story typed on white paper. He enjoyed reading the bottom manuscript in the pile first, if anything about this part of his job could be said to be enjoyed. Putting together the magazine, watching the professional stories fall into place, making up a polished, individual whole, was a continual challenge and delight, but this part of his work was sheer drudgery.

The title of the manuscript he now held had caught his eye, sticking out of the stack, and he had pulled it out, half hoping that it was an obvious plagerism of J.T. McIntosh's classic ONE IN THREE HUNDRED, and so could be rejected immediately. Then he noticed his own name.

He scanned down the page. The fourth paragraph looked like utter nonsense. He began there.

"Yi toma n'dat go lupish mau tsori!" The sentence seemed to be out of context, because, after another reference to himself that left Ted vaguely annoyed, the author began to wax autobiographical: "This is the five hundreth story I have contributed to your magazine. I assure you I am not being whimsical when I say that, since you accept about one story out of every five hundred submitted, you are bound to accept this one. Not a clear case of cause and effect, I admit, yet I remain confident.

"Let me explain. I have written almost continuously since I left the army three years ago, and came back to live with my mother, father having died when I was four. Every day I rise before dawn, wash and dress, and write a minimum of fifteen pages before breakfast. I hope this doesn't seem eccentric to you, since I must become a professional writer. I have to. I write all morning, and most of the afternoon and then I read until my bedtime. I only read science fiction, and fantasy too, of course. I have read everything you have ever written,

RICK NORWOOD:
ONE IN FIVE HUNDRED

and I think you are a great writer. I particularly liked the ending of your first novel.

"When I go out, it is usually to the local book stores. There are lots of these in New Orleans, where I live, and I have quite a collection, including some very old books published in Louisiana before it became a state. You can drive down Magazine Street, stopping at all of the antique stores with furniture in the windows, and find almost anything tucked away in some dusty corner. I'm particularly interested in old books on voo-doo and witchcraft, as well as old utopia novels, many of which were written planting ideal, imaginary civilizations in the virgin soil of the New World."

"Yi toma n'dat go lupish mau teori!" Ted White had skimmed the author's digression, until he came to the repetition of the nonsense phrase. He rubbed his hand back over his bald scalp, a gesture he'd developed since he shaved his head. He tossed the manuscript into the reject stack. The secretary would retrieve it, put it in the stamped, self-addressed envelope that was paper-clipped to it, and return it with a rejection slip. Rising, he stretched and walked over to the Emsh painting that hung on one wall. He looked for a moment at his reflection caught in the glass that covered the painting, fingering his Pan-like beard. Then his curiosity got the better of him. He returned to the desk, retrieved the manuscript, and began reading where his own name next appeared. Clearly, whoever had written this story knew something about his physical appearance, but was off on a number of details. A clairvoyant he was not.

Abruptly, the author stopped writing about Ted and began on himself again: "I keep my rejection slips under my desk, in hatboxes, one hatbox for each magazine. Your hatbox, the hatbox for your magazine, that is, is full to overflowing, with four hundred and ninety nine rejection slips in it so far. I have more rejections from your magazine than from any other, partly because you publish fantasy as well as science fiction, and fantasy has always been my first love. During the two years I spent in college, before I flunked out and was drafted, I was active in science-fiction fandom. I've never taken up the hobby again, since it interfered with my writing, which, of course, is the important thing. But I look back with affection on the long bull-sessions in which we created private fantasy worlds and discussed the finer points of swords & sorcery. Another reason I send you more stories than any other magazine is that the beautiful cover reproductions on the back of the notification help soften the blow of having another story turned down. You might think that I was used to it by now, but I still wait for the mail each morning with an empty hope. Of course as soon as I see the thick envelope with the manuscript inside, I know.

"A funny thing happened just the other day. I was down in the French Quarter, one block off Royal Street. They have torn down a

lot of the book stores to make way for newer buildings, but I have a regular round of dependable shops. The owners know me, and I call their pet cats and parrots by name. Then I browse, going down on my stomach to nose into the bottom shelves, careless of the dust that gets on my shirt and pants. In this particular shop, on this particular day, I happened to pull forward a row of books that I had passed over before, and there were other books in the space between the back of the row and the back of the shelf, older, or at least dustier, than the ones in front. A cook-book was the only one of interest. My mother is sometimes interested in old cook-books. This one was written in Spanish, which I can read. I know several languages.

"Inside, interspaced with recipes for stews and gumbos, were spells, real magic spells, related in the same matter - of - fact tone as the culinary instructions. Words of power! I had seen many books of magic and voo-doo, of course, but suddenly the one spell that could interest me especially stood out before my eyes. I will translate it for you here."

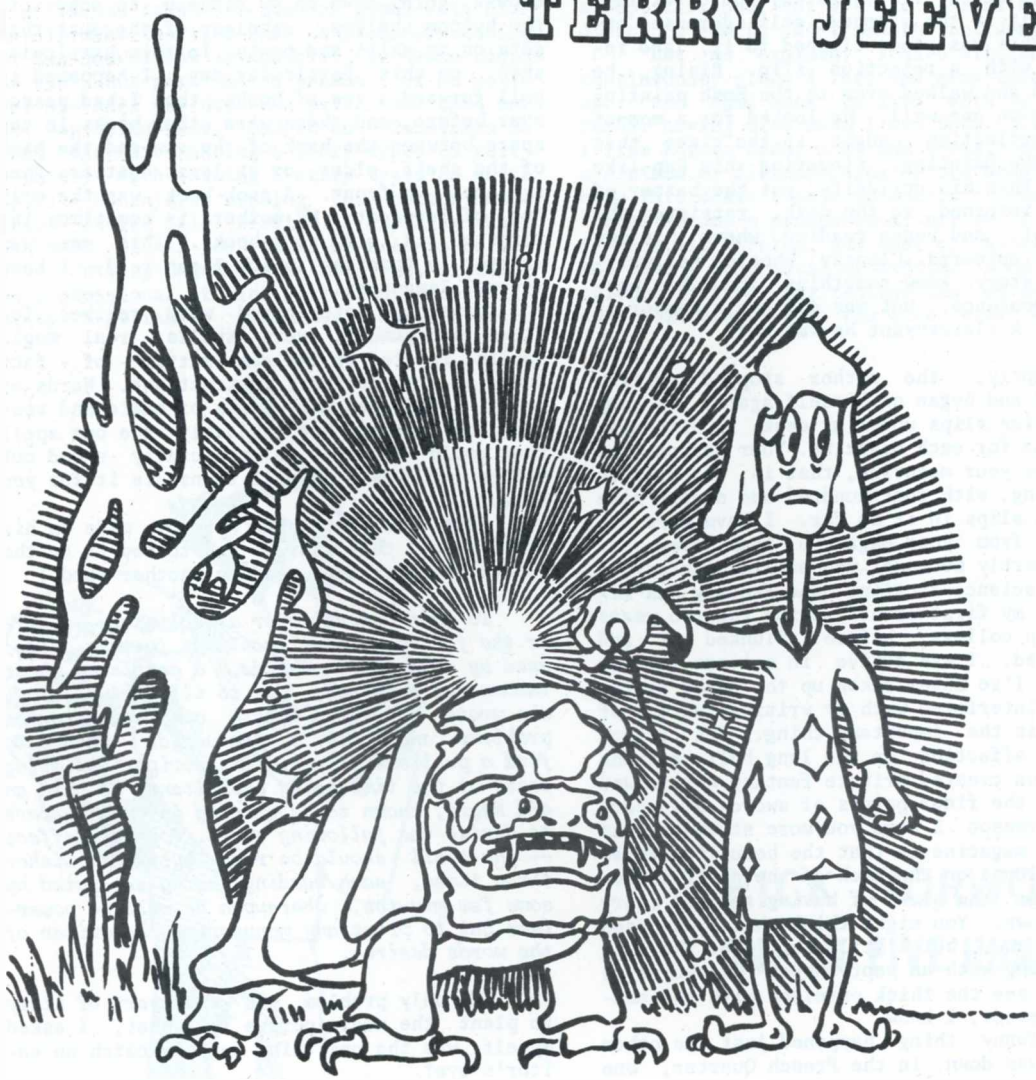
[But Ted White had already made up his mind about this story, and tossed it on the reject stack without reading another word.]

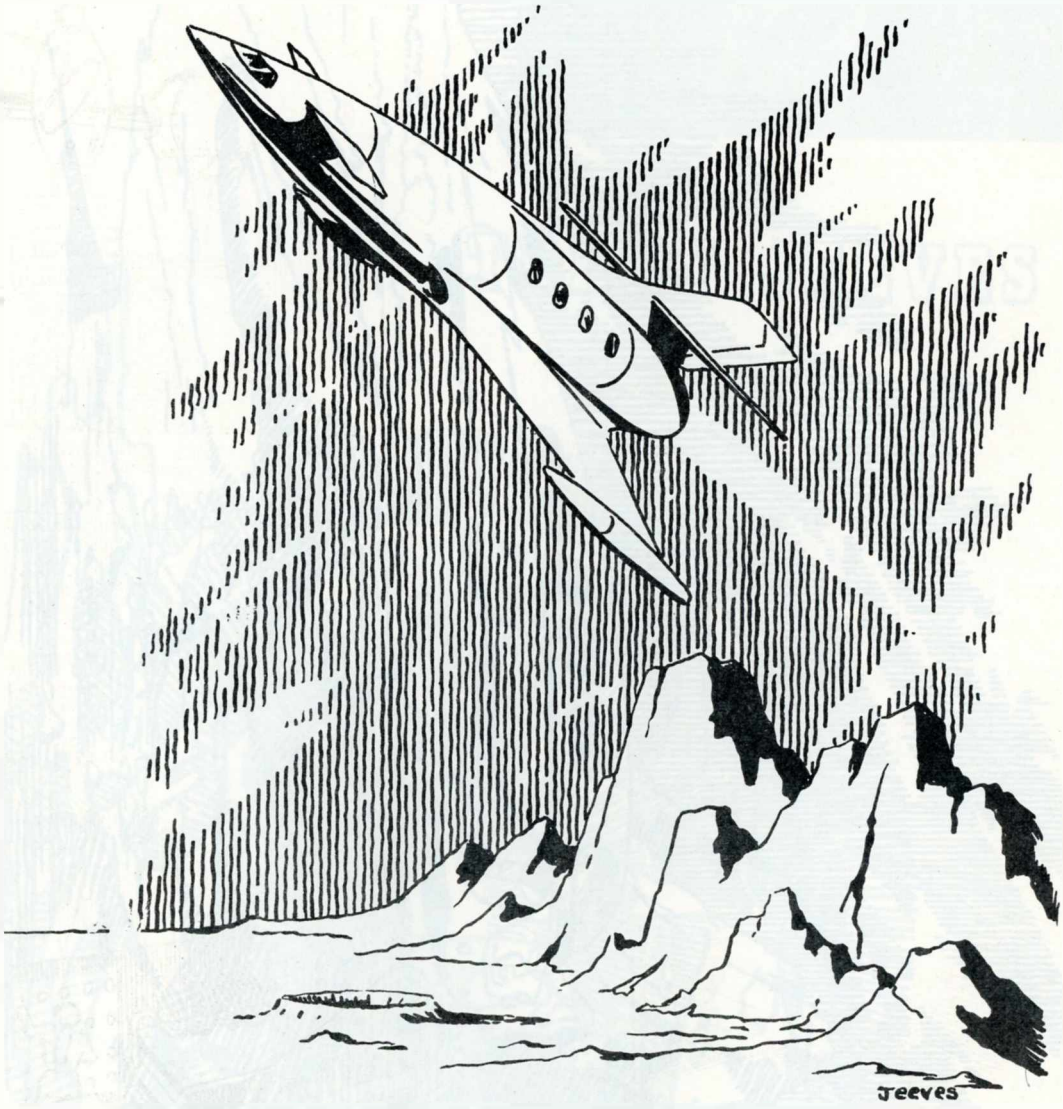
To gain control over a publisher, we offer the following most excellent formula, first used by Charles Shadyside, a gentleman whose income had suffered, due to ill fortune, and who wrote at some length a solution to the problems and evils of the world. Unable to find a publisher for his manuscript, printing costs at the time being exorbitant, he paid an old Negro, known to be cunning in such matters, to devise the following spell. For best effect -- the spell should be read by the publisher three times, each reading being separated by some few minutes, whereupon he will be powerless but to print any manuscript the writer of the words desires.

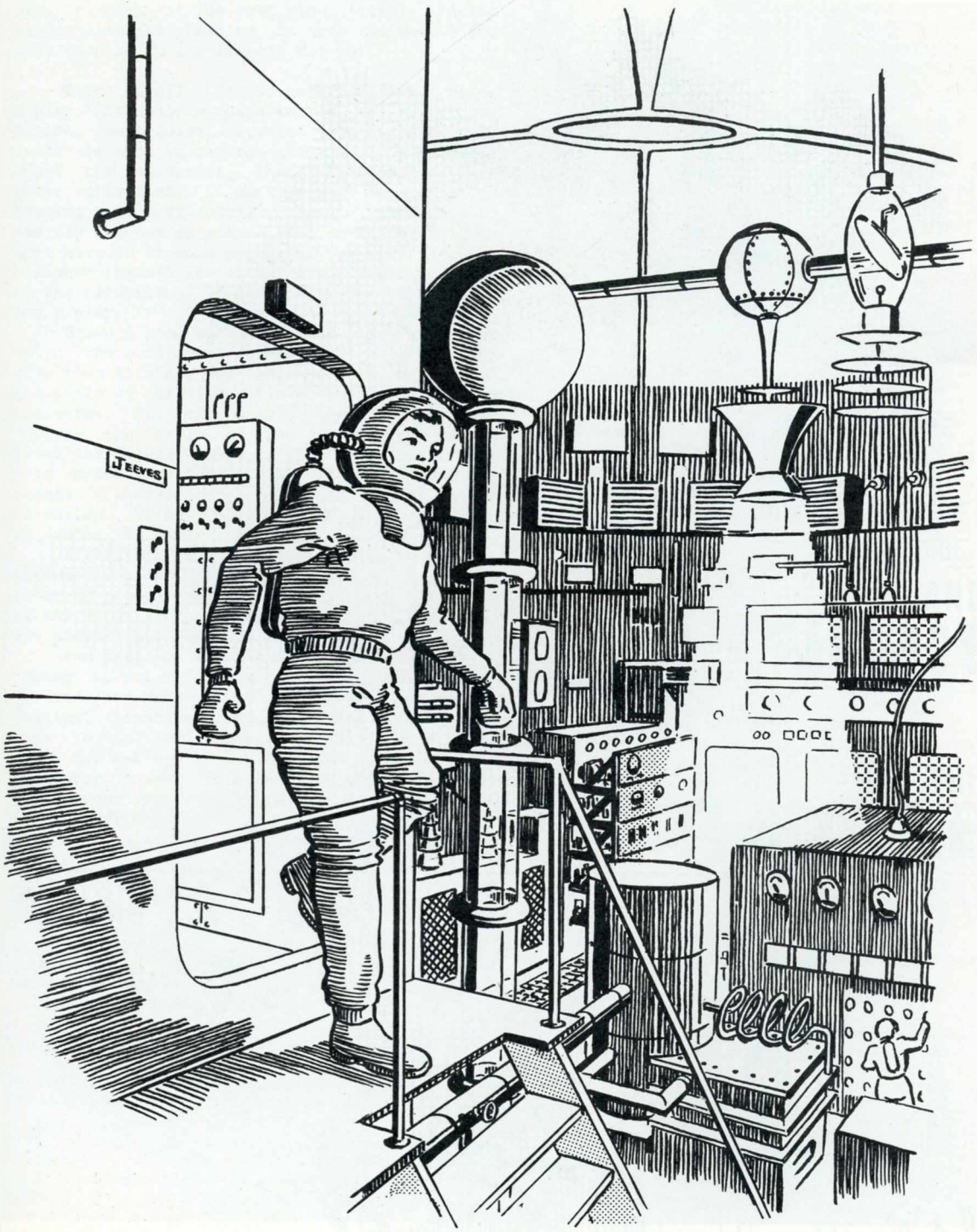
"My only problem was what sort of story to plant the magic phrase in. What, I asked myself, was the one thing sure to catch an editor's eye?

"Yi toma n'dat go lupish mau teori."

TERRY JEEVES




JEEVES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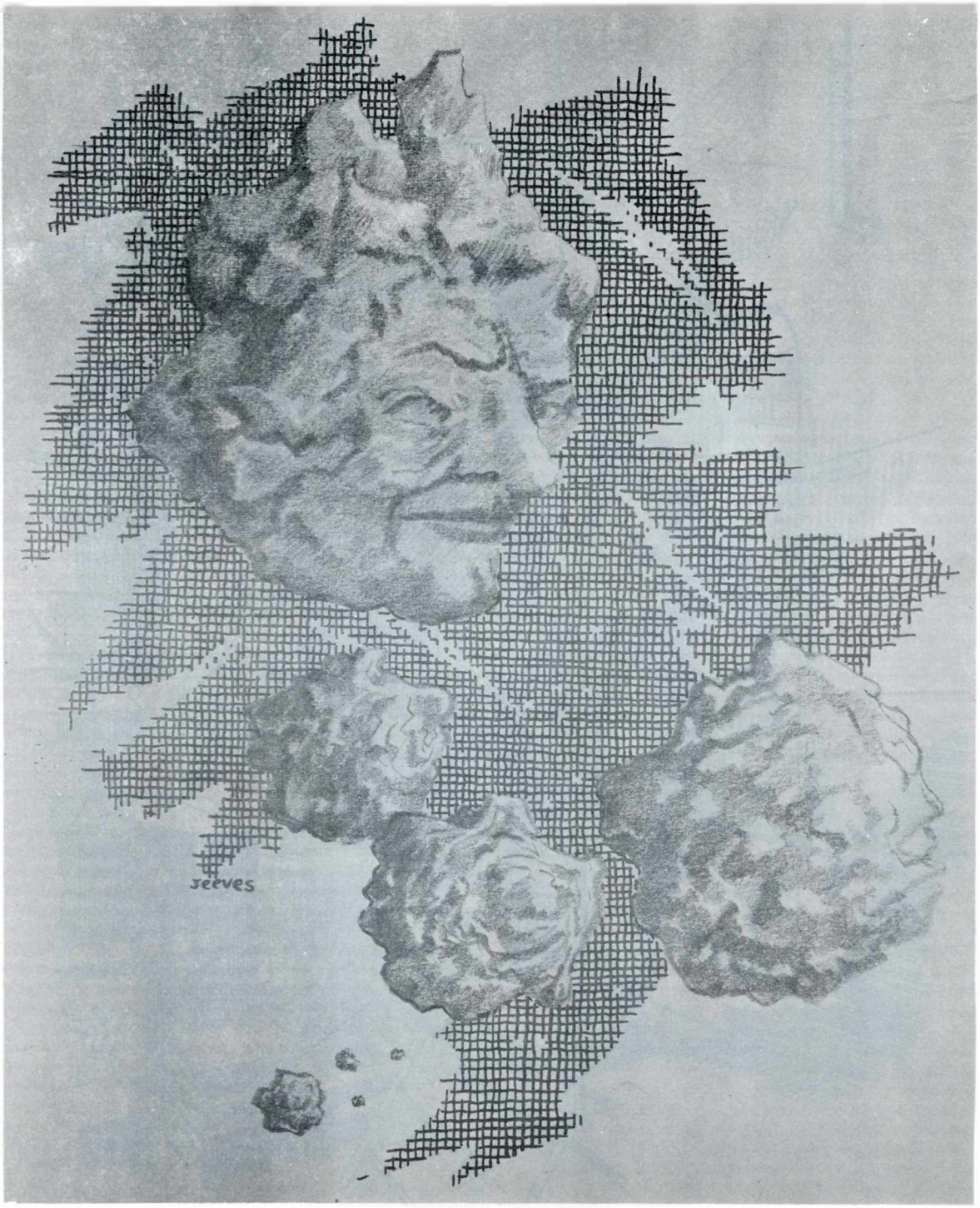

JEEVES

SF AND FANTASY IN THE THEATRE

MIKE McQUOWN

Somebody fortuitously asked me a question in an interview yesterday which was nearly divine in the level of its inspiration: "Why is there so little S-F in the Theatre?"

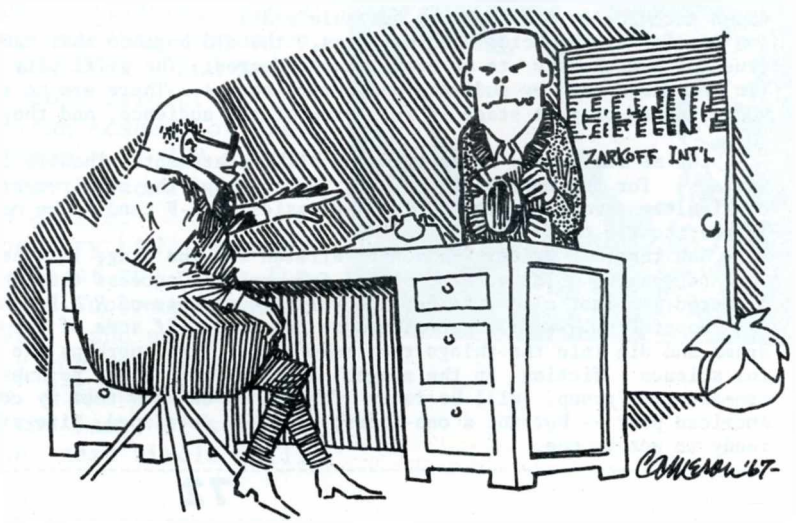
The answer to that is both very simple and very complex at the same time; simple in its basic premise: Theatre is not the medium for S-F; complex in the reasons for it.

First of all, let us understand what makes a play. The vehicle which carries the story, the script, must fulfill several very basic requirments: It must inform the actor and the director about the characters, their relationships and their activities; it must unfold the action of events; it must justify events; it must also justify its own existence. To do the latter, it must have in it some potential for affecting the audience through the characters, their actions, or the situation. If it doesn't do these, it is not a play.

Given a good script, a real play, it is now up to the actors to create the characters and give them life and substance--unless, of course, the style of the piece limits the depth of the character. At this point, the director, who governs the style of the production, has to weave the relationships of characters and events into a coherent whole; he must, if need be, change a character who doesn't fit the play's intention. He must also be able, at this point, to soothe the actor's feelings, if need be.

After this, the technical people -- lights, costumers, props, sets, etc--must create for the actor an environment which suits both the needs of the actor as character and the director's and the playwright's concept of the play.

And here is where the difficulty begins in trying to put S-F on the stage: Technically. Costumes and make-up are the least of the difficulties; lighting can do wonders; sets can be made to look sufficiently strange, unearthly, etc. But making a raygun, causing an actor to disappear, hover, turn into something grotesque before your very eyes--more than a little difficult, my friends.



But those things are the elements of space opera; other types of material still fall within the *genre* ... ones which do not have these limitations, the purely technical ones. There is a factor more basic: Acting is a verb. S-F writers are too word-oriented. I recently submitted a play by an S-F author to the director of my company with an eye to producing it. He read it and shook his head. "It *reads* beautifully, but it's unplayable," he said.

And this was very true. The stage directions were full of adjectives, like the paragraph of a novel. *'He smiled archly'; 'she said cautiously'.* You can characterize a novel like that, but not a play. Look at Shakespeare's stuff: What few directions there are are verbs.

The quality of the character must be expressed in action, and it must be adaptive. Eacn and every time you see a production of *Hamlet*, and there have been several stinkers lately, you are, in effect, seeing a different play. This is important. This is what makes the theatre exciting: Living, breathing people doing things to each other. Not being; doing. The attempt several years ago to adapt three Bradbury short stories into three one-acts was unsuccessful largely because of this factor, and also the fact that the hero of the best-written of the three was totally abstract.

Fantasy in the theatre, on the other hand, has been quite successful on many occasions. I give you *Peter Pan*, for example. Fantasy is loose enough in its constructs to allow an actor an opportunity to create character inside of the given set of circumstances. S - F is too often situational.

To more fully clarify the business of interpretation, take the case of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, written in 1607. The play hadn't been performed for over 300 years when the Royal Shakespeare Company revived it in 1966. Unlike Shakespeare, Tourneur was far from timeless. It is a very dated, very melodramatic work by today's standards, full of asides and not a hell of a lot in-depth characterization. RSC played it dead-straight, with a lot of lavish spectacle and ended up with a wild, very 'camp' production. My company, on the other hand (CSC Repertory Ltd), is doing a very stylised production, which, when it opens in the fall, should shock and jolt the audience right out of the seats. It's not a question of either ours of theirs being 'right', it is just a matter of the individual director's concept of the play, and what works. This is also true of an S-F play. Given a director with the best set of theatrical concepts for the work, perhaps some of the plays written by S-F authors--and there aren't many, anyway--there might be a possibility of some good shows being done. But to my knowledge,there are no really S-F oriented directors around. Anybody in that bag has already gone to film, most likely, or to TV because those technically are the more suitable media.

As far as the actor and S-F goes, the old bugaboo that haunts the TV and film actor holds true for the theatre to an even greater degree: The difficulty of having to react to an unseen (in this case both by audience *and* actor) menace. There are no retakes onstage. It's there and you're naked on that stage in full view of the audience, and they know when you're faking it.

Let me sum up by reiterating my basic statement: Theatre is not the medium for S-F. The writers, for the most part, simply don't know the requirements for the stage; the technical difficulties are tremendous; and the basics of S-F tend to be more or less divergent from those of the theatre.

Not that S-F writers haven't written for the stage in other areas: Bradbury's *The Anthem Sprinters*, have a lot more potential for artistic success than the other plays of his which were produced; we must also consider the relative success of *R.U.R.* and an occasional other work.

Hopefully this will not always be the case. If some of the writers try their hand at more drama and dig into the things that make a play tick, perhaps the ensuing years will see successful science - fiction on the stage. Also, by that time, perhaps the theatre audience, rather a conservative group, will be ready for it. I do know that my company is hot to do a good, new American play -- but not a one-acter; a fully developed life-size work. I know I am more than ready to act in one.

...*a Biographical Note:*

Michael J. McQuown

I was born in May of 1940, of an English mother and an American father. I learned to read from comic books by the time I started kindergarten. I spent a great deal of time by myself, during which I pretended to be every comic book character you could think of, or at any rate, that I ever read about. I had several imaginary playmates who hung around until I was about seven. I sometimes think they're still around, but they've changed their habitat and activities and are too busy boozing it up and chasing broads to see me anymore.

Nothing remarkable happened to me during my childhood until I got hold of a copy of *Galaxy of Ghouls* and a few EC comics. This led me to DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN, and the classics. At age ten, I read the Classics Illustrated edition of CYRANO. And life began, slowly, to change.

When I was fourteen, I went to England and discovered theatre. And Shaw, Huxley, *et al.* I did not then and do not now care for Dickens. I saw William Sylvester and Eli Wallach in *'Teahouse of the August Moon'*. The program notes mentioned that Sylvester had done the original lead in the London run of *'Dark of the Moon'*, as John, the witch-boy.

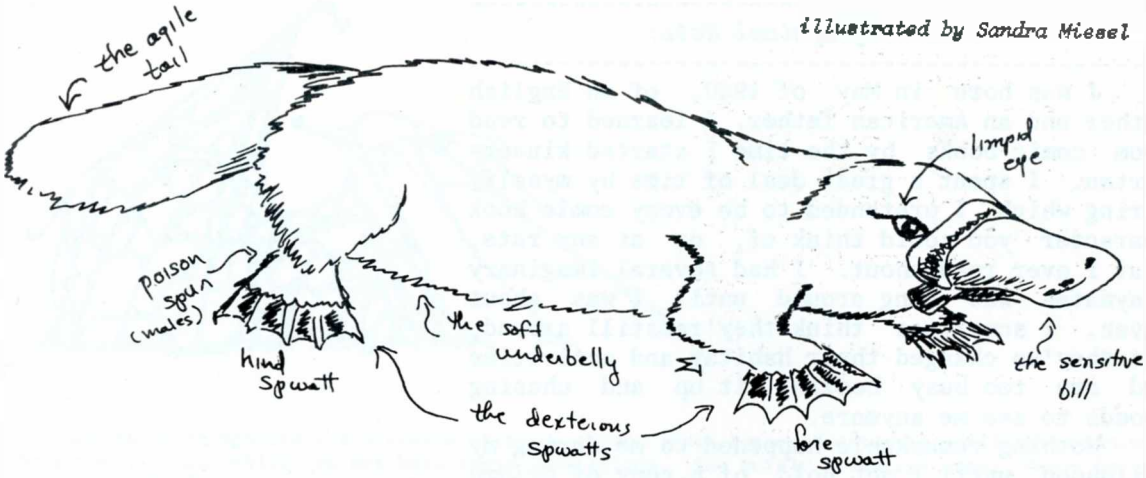
After a wild year in the Royal Army at age 18, I was sent back to the U.S. at the request of the State Department. I ended up in the USAF, where I discovered fandom and acting at the same time. Blame it on rich brown; he got me into it. From the moment I stepped on stage in my first little theatre role, I was hooked. I decided to be an actor. And I went to Chicon III.

In 1963 I left the USAF and went to Flordia State, to get into the theatre department. The show they were casting at the time was--*'Dark of the Moon'*. I had come my first full circle.

From Tallahassee, I went to Atlanta, did a few shows there with more professional companies. After two years, I came to New York. And NyCon III, where I met my wife. Second circle.

I then went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. After I left there, I did a tour with the Barn Dinner Theatres. Second house on the tour was Atlanta. Third circle.

Now, I'm in the CSC Repertory Ltd. Working primarily in the classics. One of the plays for the upcoming season is *'Man and Superman'*, which I had read in London in 1954; and we're doing *'The Taming of the Shrew'*, by you-know-who. And another circle slowly closes. Playing Cyrano one of these years will tie up the last of several strings of chance, and the next circle will close....



illustrated by Sandra Miesel

the PLATYPUS Mythos : I

JOHN & SANDRA MIESEL

1 Twelve hundred feet above the drear Australian outback looms Ayres Rock. Here every fifth year at the winter solstice the Platypus People assemble to perform their great chant. The platys hold the vast rock sacred for their legends relate that in the long-ago Dream Time -- Bigfeller Platy woke the Primal Platypus Pair to sentience in a cavern beneath it. More over, on the last day, that Grim Grauper, the Fenris Platypus, will issue forth from that same cavern to proclaim the end of the world.

The profound solemnity surrounding this festival beggars description. No human has ever beheld it--and lived. The very existence of the rites is suspected by few. (Absolute secrecy is guaranteed under terms of a confidential compact between the Commonwealth and the Semi-Autonomous Platypus Principality.)

Every pentad the platys gather. From Queensland and New South Wales, from Victoria and Tasmania,from enclaves overseas they come. Tradition prescribes that the final journey across the desert must be made *a-spwatt*. No exceptions are allowed, not even for the Platy Prince. Only the hardiest are deemed fit to chant.

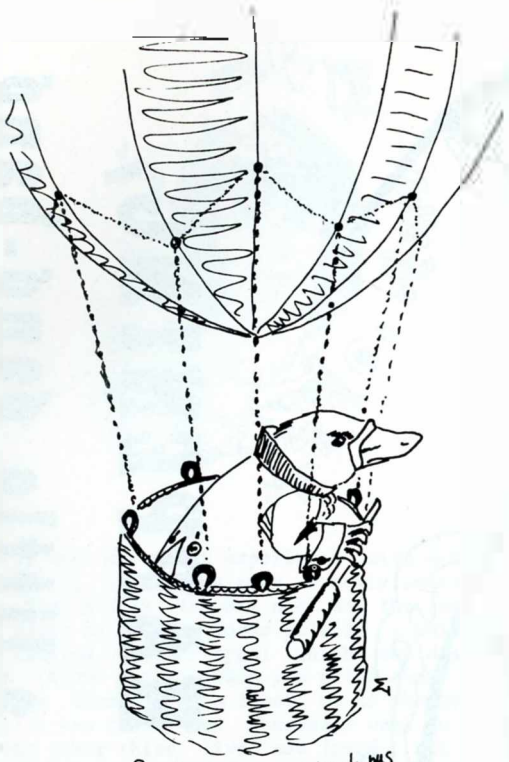
Ayres Rock glows bloodily in the setting sun as mile-long columns of platys toil up its furrowed sides. On the summit they array themselves by clans, each centering around its own proud gonfalon. As the sun dips completely below the horizon, the Prince makes the Sign, and the Chant commences.

Wordless melodies out of time's beginning rise through the night, pulsating and throbbing in incredible polyphonies. Fleeting modern improvisations -- the hint of a *raga*, the whisper of a Bach fugue -- are superimposed on soaring alien themes that were ancient ere the first mammals walked. Insistent plangency summons the primeval sea to beat once more against the rock. The crash of unseen surf, the drift of phantom spume, the breath of a ghostly breeze return. Higher and higher surge the spectral tides, until.... A Manifestation, a Presence unfolding its nimbus of power, majestic, ineffable, awesome, irresistable....Again the trumpeting cry of creation. Sunrise. Silence.

2 Not unexpectedly the platys display the same magnificent apitude for human music as for their own. Their mastery of stringed instruments--scaled to size--is particularly impressive. The incredibly sensitive Alice Springs Strings are world renown and no Australian orchestra would be complete without its complement of platy violinists.

If the new Sydney Opera House is completed within this century, rumor persists that the inaugural work will be Peter Illich Platypus' sensational ballet, *CORROBOREE*. Naturally it is to be performed by the Royal Platypus Ballet, which is unsurpassed for pristine classic style and rigorous tail discipline (*port de caud*). The astounding fluidity of these dancing platys provides an unforgettable spectacle. Despite its international reputation, the company has been invited to visit the Soviet Union only once.

3 The platypus and human species also interact in non-musical areas of life. Although platys are ordinarily the most pacific of beings, uncommonly adventurous (or deranged) in-



Sir Montmorency Platypus inspecting maneuvers of Bonaparte's fleet.

dividuals have left their mark as soldiers of fortune since mankind's Bronze Age. Intrepid platy hoplites from Platea fell at Thermopolyae and marched with Alexander the Great. As Roman legionaries their *very* short swords were irresistable. Implacable platy pikemen were the most feared of medieval mercenaries. Others swelled the Mongol hordes -- their appearance being scarcely distinguishable from the real Mongols'.

Since the discovery of Australia they have placed themselves at the service of the British Crown. In the Napoleonic Wars what exploits can surpass those of the gallant H.M.S. BROILER ("Remember the BROILER!") sunk with all spwatts? And aerial observations by pioneer ballonist Sir Montmorency Platypus of the Royal Society contributed materially to the defeat of the French fleet. Later dauntless pukka platys covered themselves with glory in Victorian India.

But since suffering catastrophic casualties at Gallipoli and Tobruk, the platys seem to have lost their taste for war. At present their only visible soldiery are the honor guards at the Golden Burrow, the Prince's Own Genadiers and Hussars ("The Death or Glory Platys"). Just whence these splendidly accoutered troops are recruited is a state secret but male inmates are now vanishingly rare in platypus mental institutions.

Alas, the platys' potential for infamy is as great as their potential for honor. (After all, who were the original Sydney Ducks?) Their capacity for depravity is amply demonstrated by the following tale:

4 Once upon a time there was an impecunious platypus named John. He wanted to go into business and become rich but such traditional platy occupations as gold mining, dingo slaying, and sheep confiscating held little allure for him. Inspired by the prosperity of American weed farmers he decided to try insect ranching.

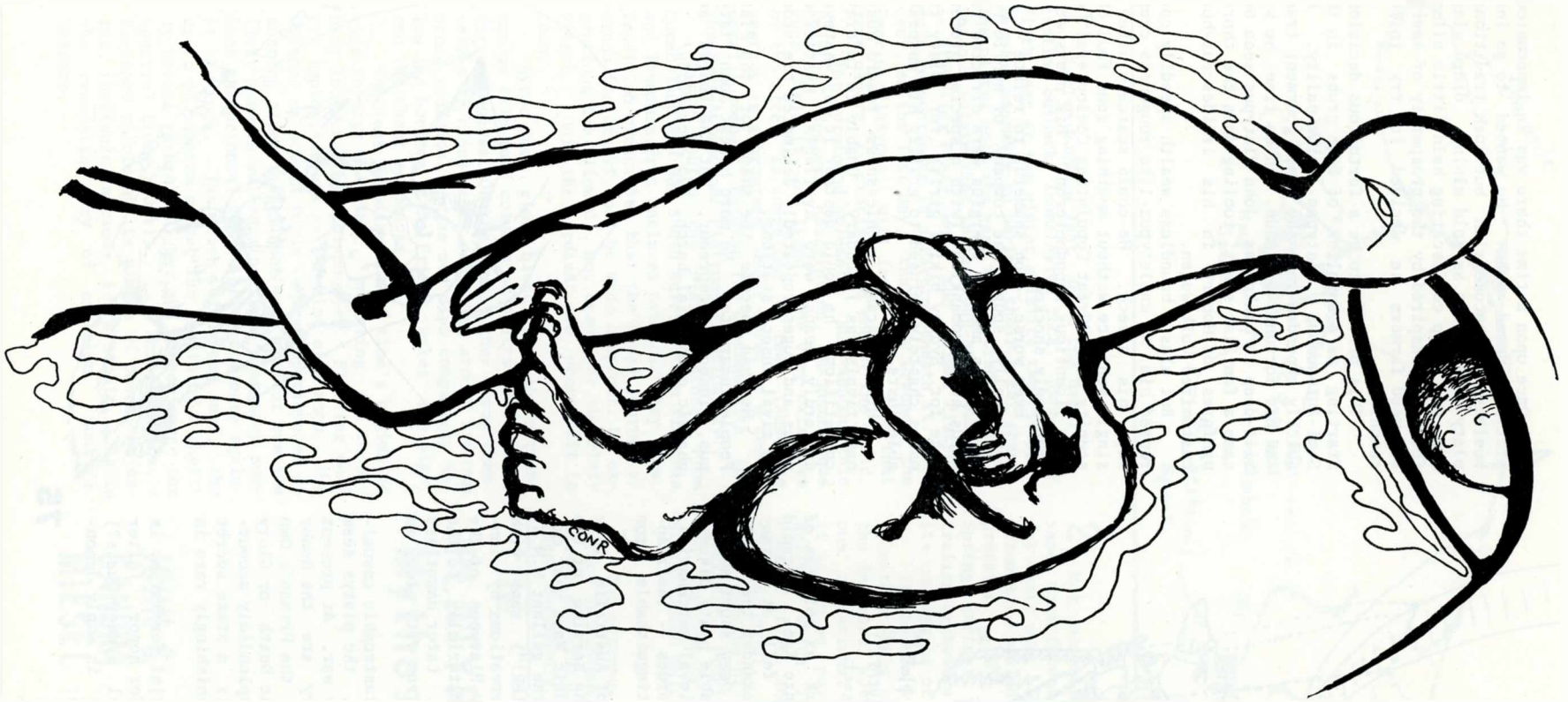
This proved to be a fortuitous decision. Starting as a supplier of fine grubs in the Semi-Autonomous Platypus Principality, he quickly expanded into the human gourment trade and his fortune was made. In no time he was bill-deep in banknotes. John Platypus soon became a familiar sight tooling down the thoroughfares of Hobart in his irridescent-hued customized Volkswagen.

But alas, boundless wealth speedily corrupted him. An unplatypus-like roughness crept into his speech. He could scarcely utter a single sentence without mouthing some foul obscenity like "Great Copulating Coeloptera!" or "You licentious Lepodopteron!" His peers were profoundly shocked.

Even worse -- oh shameful to relate -- he continually sought the company of nubile females. His amorous energies were directed towards human womankind (with a special preference for Sydney bikini girls) for platy females chastely refused to gratify his unspeakable lusts.

His implacable ruthlessness toward business rivals was legendary. Unable to tolerate competition, he would destroy it by whatever dastardly means were available. Mysterious poxes and auges repeatedly decimated the stock on rival insect stations.

He had become the shame of the Platy People incarnate: No more honest John Platypus, insect entreprenur, but the feared and phallic commercial baron, *Bug Jack Platy!*



I WENT TO A HIPPY HAPPENING,

and saw a little gang-bang

IT WAS my first experience with either experience, and I came away a newly educated man. Both events, the big one and the small, took place in a vast sports palace, a university stadium (indoor type) which could seat about 16,000 people when you piled them row upon row from the main floor up to the roofline. I was there not because I went to see how the other third lived and loved, but because I had been hired for the night to operate some electrical effects. I'm almost ready to believe hippies are naive simpletons -- if they will bite on something like that and pay two dollars for the privilege, they'll bite on anything.

It was advertised as Genuine Hippy Happening, and it was a contradiction in terms in much the same manner that a 'spontaneous demonstration' planned the night before is a contradiction. For a 'happening', it was well-planned, well-advertised, and fairly well-executed. The planning and ad-vertising had taken place a month or more in advance, and backstage rumors claimed that some cool cats in California had wired for tickets and were flying in by special plane. I didn't see anyone from the LASFS.

The naive children came by the thousands, paid their money,and rushed in to stand or sit around for five hours gawking at a *light show* consisting of slides, movies, and twinkling lights on the ceiling -- *and* having their eardrums blasted for those same five hours by an audio abortion known as 'electronic music'. (Of which, more in a moment.)

The main floor of the auditorium could accomodate perhaps one thousand people standing, and did. Above them, hung from a circular catwalk below the domed ceiling, were perhaps twenty translucent screens arranged in an irregular circle; while below those were four more larger screens hung in a square to form a box within a circle. In between all the screens were flimsy streamers perhaps two feet wide and fifty feet long, which shimmered and wriggled in the drafts of the place. On each and every screen were a separate 16mm movie, or a slide show, or both, with some screens having colored slides superimposed on top of black-and-white movies. The shimmering streamers were painted or imprinted in fluorescent inks which glowed under the blacklights. In addition, about half the attendees were given paper aprons, like large lobster aprons hung about the neck, which were also imprinted with fluorescent inks. Some of the hippies had painted their hands and faces with similar ink, and the blacklights began picking up capering disconnected images.

When the house lights went out, everything lit up. The movies moved, the slides slid, the streamers streamed, and the people with aprons and painted skins pranced around and cried Look At Me! My job for five hours consisted of playing a spotlight (affixed with blacklight lens) over the crowd and the streamers to make them glow. I was being paid well for the job, so I stayed with it instead of going home to watch a rerun of *Star Trek*.

Ah, but there's more.

The whole domed ceiling of the stadium was bathed in deep blue stage-lighting to create a twilight effect, and two effect-machines were producing hundreds of little twinkling stars. Doesn't that sound gay! It *was* gay in 1928, when every ballroom booking big name bands had one. You may have seen the devices pictured in old catalogs, or the Patent Office Bulletin for October, 1891. The effect-machines were only small rotating balls

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of glass (or metal) having many hundreds of small mirrors attached: A multi-faced reflector which threw twinkling lights around the ceiling when hit by pin - point beams of brilliant light. Fifty years after their hayday, the hippie-promoters have resurrected them to delight the naive generation.

Meanwhile, the stage-lighting was brought into play. All the directional lights were equipped with different colored gels and aimed at the floor, and for five hours they bathed the capering hippies with red/purple/blue/yellow/orange/green or whatever-the-hell that struck the electrician's fancy.

Last--but certainly not least -- were the sound effects.

Surrounding the entire stadium on the uppermost row of seats were giant speakers, blatting out the 'music'. Each speaker was fed by a separate tape, and the resulting cacophony was both hideous and deafening. The loudspeaker on my right behaved like a male basso with internal wind problems, forever going *glug thug flug plug baroooooom*. The speaker on my left was a female tweeter in heat, coaxing great *glug thug barooms* from the male. Somewhere across the hall one tape contained nothing but the sound of a machinegun and it went *ratatatatat* for hours until the tape ran out.

At seven pm the promoters opened the doors and stood back out of the way. One, or two,or perhaps three thousand people rushed in and ooohed and aahhhed and ogled and sang and threw flowers and snake-danced and sat down and lay down and walked around -- and after a while just got damned tired of it all and climbed the stairs to find seats in the stadium, where they eatched movies and slides and listened to 'music'.

Two distractions took my mind off my business.

The screen directly in front of me had rocketship movies. Some of the movies were furnished by or stolen from NASA; there were many simulations of many past flights, interspersed with newsreel-type official pictures of actual flights from the Cape. Now and then I cursed some unseen projectionist as he played colored slides over the top of the rocketship pictures, robbing me of what little fun I was having.

The second diversion happened when a relief man came around to operate my light for a few minutes while I went for a break. As I threaded my way through the darkened rows of seats to a rest room, I nearly stumbled over a little gang-bang, and stopped to watch for a moment.

I have a scientific, inquiring mind.

One girl, three young men. The upper rows were empty of spectators. The girl was on her hands and knees on the floor, between two rows of seats. Boy Number One was behind her, engaged in an activity and a fashion usually reserved for dogs and other four-footed animals. Boy Number Two was stretched out on his back on the floor, near her head, kissing her face hanging above him. Boy Number Three was crouched at her feet, rubbing his bearded cheek against her leg. For a long moment I pondered the meaning of the generation gap, and went on to the john. Coming back the same way nearly ten minutes later, I found them still at it although it was so dark I couldn't ascertain if any of the boys had changed places. This time, the chap rubbing his gristly beard against the girl's leg saw me, and pulled one of the hoariest of Joe Miller lines -- giving me the splendid opportunity to throw the second-hoariest line right back at him.

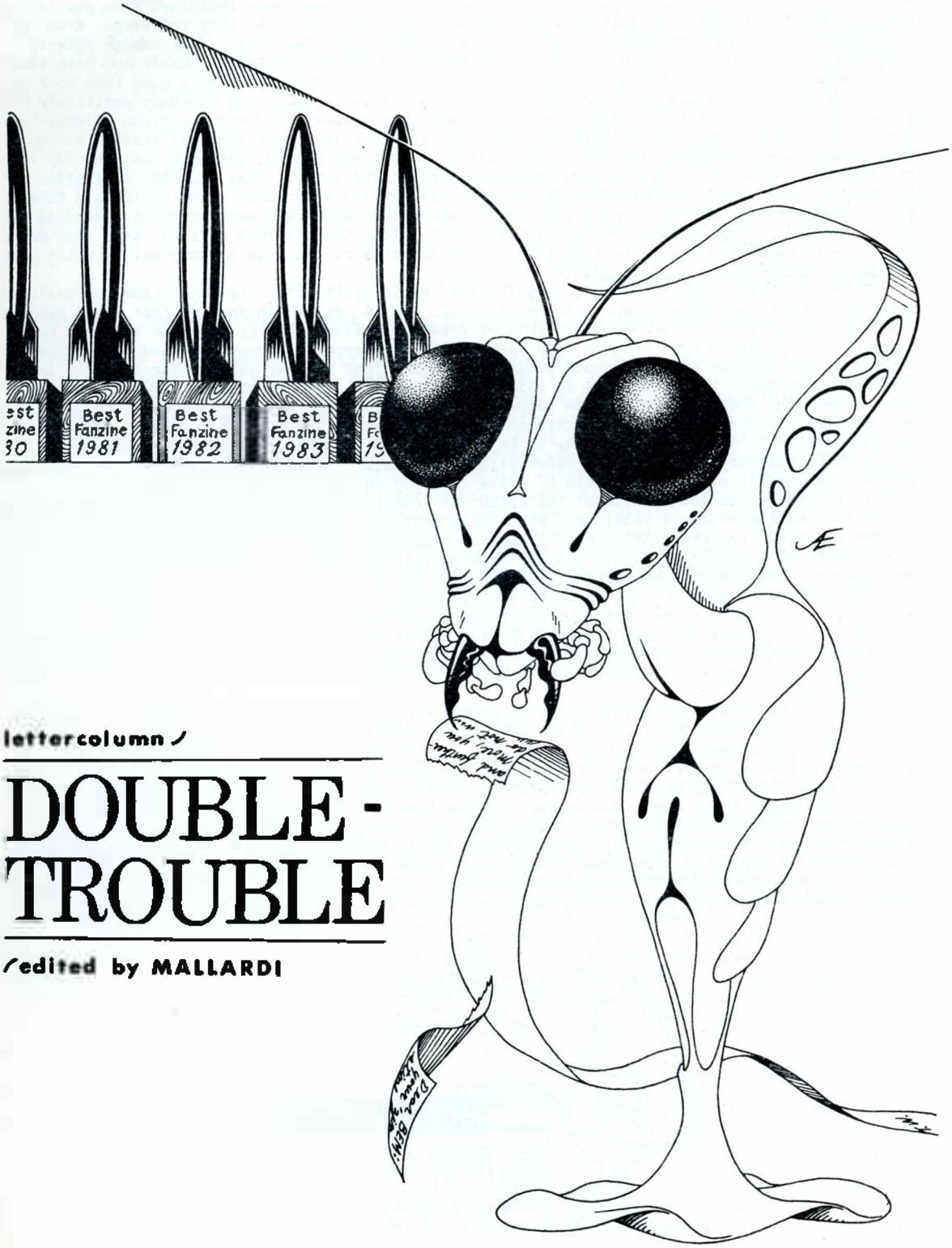
He looked up at me limpidly, vacantly, placidly, and said: "It's wonderful here, friend." I said: "It's wonderful everywhere," and went back to my spotlight job.

At midnight everything was cut off, and a groan went up from the merrymakers. Ushers and university cops moved across the floor nudging people toward the doors (and picking up a few who appeared to be stone cold dead in the market). I made my way down through the rows of seats toward the backstage area, and waited for a long moment to regain my normal hearing. Silence was wonderful. Pushing through a group or reluctant-to-leave hippies, I overheard a fragment of converstaion which made me realize they were Just Plain Folks.

A costumed and painted girl in the group said: "Let's all go to my place and I'll fix pancakes." Her companions all said, Goody!

Yessir, naive and simple, but Just Plain Folks.

----------*Bob Tucker*



lettercolumn

DOUBLE-TROUBLE

edited by MALLARDI

HARRY WARNER, JR. : *423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740*

The 20th *DOUBLE:BILL* is so fine that it causes a certain skepticism toward the prodigies forecast for the next issue. How can offset and all those important names provide a combination for your Annish that will surpass the superb mimeography and spectacular pictures and can't-stop-reading-til-you've-come-to-the-last-page writings in this one? I'm sure that I'll be as wrong about this matter as I am about most topics, when the next issue really does appear.

The *2001* material came at just the strategic time. Fanzines have refrained from publishing anything about the movie for several months almost as consistently as they refrained from publishing articles about anything else during the months before the lull. Just enough silence about the movie had been created to leave fans wondering if the last words really had been said, if all the problems about the symbolism had been solved, if it wouldn't be a good idea to start writing about the film again. The wonderful Alex Eisenstein cartoons are the only positively new things that are said in this issue about *2001* (and they definitely deserve a place in that book which will be published on the critical reaction to the film). But the poll results are quite interesting. They provide a final knockdown proof, if any was needed, that you can't hardly find two fans anywhere who have the same interpretation of the movie. They show by implication the assumption that seems quite remarkable to me: The general confidence that Clarke and Kubrick really were working together and had the same ideas about what they were creating. Reading the poll comments, I kept getting strange little ideas, like the one that defines as a real music lover the one who owns a recording of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* that was already out of print when the movie was released.

Mike Deckinger's peace march description held my interest where newspaper and professional magazine reports of these demonstrations lose it. But I can't help feeling that peace marches take up a lot of time and energy that could be used more effectively by the more talented participants. By now there have been so many demonstrations, marches, picketings, and other dramatic methods of publicizing every crackpot cause imaginable that similar tactics for a really important cause may cause on-the-fencers to think that ending the war in Vietnam is about as important as settling the California grape pickers' labor troubles or abandoning Public School No.45. What we really need to dramatize the wrongness of this war is for someone to write a better anti-war song than "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier", for some other people to write novels that get the message across, for someone with influence in advertising agencies or networks to arrange for repeats every third month of *Paths of Glory* on television nationwide.

It's odd that Gordon Dickson's THE ALIEN WAY comes up in a review in the same issue where the letter section offers a complaint about Mack Reynold's clumsy method of bringing a story's background to the reader. THE ALIEN WAY was an excellent novel in every way but one, the most awful Reynoldsian tactic, with all the key figures sitting around for a report on the first contact between earthmen and the alien and delaying it for a long dissertation by one scientist on what the project is meant to do. I await with interest the fate of the Perry Rhodan series in this country. I don't think that there was ever an attempt to popularize over here the quite similar British series of Vargo Statten novels, and it'll be a major breakthrough if juveniles take to the Rhodan series in this country. German science fiction has had a terrible time finding readers' acceptance in English translations, starting with those long-ago duds which Gernsback published.

Stories that really goosed my sense of wonder when I was young included Wandrei's COLOSSUS, a novelet in *ASTOUNDING* about a breakthrough into a superuniverse whose atoms are the suns and planets of our universe; the Skylark novels; McClary's REBIRTH, one of those novels in which all memories and knowhow are knocked out by scientific means and man starts again with a clean slate amid the environment of his late civilization; and a juvenile by Carl Claudy published in the Grosset and Dunlap cheap hardbound series, MYSTERY MEN OF MARS or some such title, about Martians who put live brains into robots. They were all straight science fiction, man against new conditions, most of them dealing with faroff places and strange creatures. None was particularly well-written. I'd give a lot to know how I would react if I were in my early teens today. The Heinlein juveniles would undoubtedly be favorites, but what would I read among the new paperbacks? Knowing the way I reacted to things when I was that age, I suspect that I might not be-

come an all-out fan of science fiction, unless I had access to a first-rate library's collection of older novels.

Application of futurology to fandom sounds interesting. The obvious questions, I should think, would involve: How much will fandom be changed by the fact that most of its new recruits are now coming from colleges, guaranteeing a preponderance of fans with more intelligence and earning power and background than the old prozine letter column recruiting grounds provided? Will there be two fandoms, one much like the fandom we've known in the 1950's and most of the 1960's, another quite similar to the fandom of the 1930's with professionals forming much of its membership and interests of the *RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY-SF REVIEW* nature? Will there be a genuine international fandom by 1980, because of the trend toward much lower transatlantic air fares, pressure for a real international Worldcon, and hints of more English translations of science fiction in other tongues? Will offset, electrostencilling, 100-page issues, and similar habits make the crudzine obsolete and the faanish fanzines aimed at small audiences? Will landings on the Moon, Mars, and maybe Venus by 1980 destroy completely the space opera as a live form of science fiction, and what will this do to the popularity of science fiction in general and indirectly on the way fans behave and what they think about?
{{ *Another possible question is: Will Faanish fanzines be completely extinct, or (just the opposite) almost completely the vogue? ## Can anyone else think of some good questions? Send them in for next issue, so we can hash this around a little bit.---BEM* }}

LEIGH COUCH : *Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010*

I am desperately trying to take up my life in the world of fandom again and do things I like to do instead of things I *have* to do. And how are you? You great enthusiastic guy you!
{{ *Awww..gee...shucks...(gulp)...---BEM* }}

Really the energy you two have amazes me! *DOUBLE:BILL* is beautiful! In these days of the "paper blizzard" I receive many fanzines, flip through them reading snippets here and there, then put them on my desk and promise myself that I will read them Real Soon Now. Somehow with most of them, that never happens. Not so with D:B. Although I supported Bob Shaw, I am glad we have a TAFF winner. Not knowing either one of the gentlemen, I threw my support to Shaw because of the suggestion of a fan friend. I too bemoan the recent lack of interest in TAFF. One of the more interesting parts of the Tricon program was Tom Schluck's speech. If there is a renaissance of interest it will be due greatly to Ted White, but also to the many fans who sent along their bux and refused to let a fine fannish tradition die. The election results were encouraging to me in two ways, more European fans voted, and the very few votes for hold over funds. As Ray Fisher remarked, "How do you introduce Hold Over Funds as Fan Guest?" That would have been a real bind! I wonder if the precedent set by L.A. in bringing Takumi Shibano would bear thinking about? There are interesting fans in other parts of the world besides Europe.

Your survey on *2001* was fascinating reading. Funny, the bedroom scene fascinated me! You wisely remarked about had these people seen the same movie, very trenchant.

Bill, I didn't think you were copying Geis. It came through as entirely you to me. Don't set out to change yourself unless *you* are dissatisfied with what you are. Personally I'm perfectly satisfied with you, if that makes the slightest bit of difference. I like your enthusiasm, I like your humor, I like *you*. I'm sure you have your serious side, but conventions aren't for that they are for fun. Just be Bill Mallardi, I heartily endorse the present product. As for immaturity, well, what is maturity? Some supposedly mature people are so dead above the neck (and maybe below for all I know) that they positively frighten me. No one is ever really mature,

whatever the damn word may be. I'm still very immature in some areas, I have my husband's word for that. To be young is to be idealistic I'm told, and I respond so very much to Mike Deckinger's account. Things must change, this world can't go on this way. I'm about ready to go lie down in front of the St. Louis Cathedral and see if the Cardinal will have me hauled off to jail. I try in my classroom, oh how I try, but it's so hard to fight the rest of the environment those kids live in. Some of the things I know about those little kids make me cry. No wonder they grow up hating.

{{ *Thanks for your vote of confidence, Leigh, it's appreciated very much. I shall see how things turn out regarding whether I try to subdue my 'personality' traits, or whatever... I DO think that sometimes I must come on too strong for people with my enthusiasm. I am immature in some ways too, as I said last issue. As for being dissatisfied with myself..I'd venture to say that I AM dissatisfied in one area, my inability to (for some strange reason) be able to converse on any ONE subject for any length of time, as many fans can. I know a little bit about a lot of things, but not a lot of the information about any particular subject. I have a Trivia-brain, I guess! I'd like to improve myself in that area, that's for sure. Any ideas? ---BEM* }}

MIKE O'BRIEN : *676 LeMoyne Ave. Ext., Washington, Pa. 15301*

I must say that the thing which grabbed me most about this issue was Bowers' editorial. I've been feeling more than somewhat introspective for (can it be?) about a year now, and I think I'm finally coming to some conclusions. Well, perhaps not conclusions. Maybe it would be better to say that I'm beginning to make what I consider to be some valid observations. Bill Bowers' editorial was quite agreeable to me, as his thoughts on many subjects seem to agree with mine. In fact, after I read it, I went on a thinking jag for about a day. You see, one of my recent observations is that very few people actually do *think* to any great degree. I really believe that anyone who conquers his fears of himself and actually begins to think will have no trouble seeing the beauty which surrounds us all, both in the world and in other people. There is a huge amount of 'stuff' around, and the complexity is too much for anyone who is afraid to try and see for himself what it's all about. This is horribly loose language, but it's as close as I can come at the moment. Bowers does it so much better than I do. Let me just say that *as far as I can tell* from what I've seen (and I could be very wrong), Connie Reich's philosophy agrees fairly well with mine. And there are times when C.S. Lewis frightens the hell out of me, he's so perceptive.

I'll treat the 'teaser' and the *2001* poll together, since that's the way they hit me. They seemed to be the same sort of thing to me -- pure sercon. Your fannish polls may soon have you typecast, if you don't watch out. News of the Symposium reprint hit me on the very day I went on an economy jag, so I'll have to investigate further, but both efforts strike me as very worthwhile. Perhaps though, the *2001* poll is a little late. It is an excellent summary of what everyone had to say about the movie, and would be invaluable as such, were it not for the fact that almost every fan has heard all the arguments contained in it, and the mass audience has now moved on to other interests.

And now, regarding your editorial (this is, afterall, a letter to *you*, BEM). You are a Big Man, throwing out a wide-open question like that one. That takes courage. An answer? Frankly, BEM, I can't presume to pass on your maturity, because I'm not really mature enough myself. I'm just beginning to realize how little I know about People, and how far I myself have to go (and how slowly I am going!). You are, of course, one of the most noticeable people in fandom. Cheerful all the time. There are times when you seem to come on strong, but that may be my own fault. My personal standards are a bit unusual, and depend woefully on my mood at the time. Ahhh, who am I kidding? Parlor psychoanalysis is the last thing I should be giving out! Like Connie says in the lettercol, Do Your Own Thing, as long as you don't hurt anyone. Yes, Bill, you owe it to yourself to *be* yourself, as nearly as you can; the real you is the one most worth seeing. Don't Hurt Anyone? Of course! The golden rule. Your greatest burden in life (indeed, anyone's) is to be ever thoughtful of others, and act in what is *really* their best interest... and as often as not, this means giving them the freedom they need to be their own selves. But "This above all: to thine own self be true, / and it must follow, as the night the day, / Thou canst not then be false to any man."

SoW? Yes, I've had it of course. And I had it on the same stuff as the older fans. Of cour-

se, it wasn't on the cruddy space-fillers, it was on the stuff in the anthologies of the Elder Days. I got huge doses of it from Doc Smith, and even from COSMIC ENGINEERS. Still do, in fact. Personally, I think it comes from what you're willing to ignore, and how readily you can ignore it. The older you get, the harder it becomes to ignore the characters, for instance. Your perceptions broaden. The glaring errors and cardboard characters become enough to kill the SoW, EXCEPT in those lucky (?) people who can suspend not only their disbelief, but their literary standards as well. These days, SoW still exists, but it centers around different things, and there are fewer flaws to kill it. Literary standards are no longer a hindrance; or at least, not as much as they were. Younger fans, you'll notice, still contain the preponderance of the gosh-wowboyoboy set: They have enough combined resilience-ignorance-receptivity to pass over whatever would kill the SoW in a literary critic dead, dead, dead.

{{ Looks like I'm supposed to stay my own self, then, huh? I appreciate your remarks, too, Mike. I usually go too far in one thing you mention...methinks ... I usually think too much about not hurting the other person, until it ends up with myself getting burnt! (Or the short end of the stick, if you want to put it that way...) # Bowers IS the one who can think better than I..or at least seems more able to put his thoughts on paper than I can. 'Course lately I haven't really tried much like his 'Impressions' things, unless you want to consider my editorial LAST issue as an attempt (crude though it was) at it. Owell... ---BEM }}

BOB WEINBERG : *127 Clark Street, Hillside, New Jersey 07205*

Found the Poll on *2001* extremely interesting, mainly because of the people who did not like the film. They seem to feel that Clarke wrote a nice, plain story, and that Kubrick ruined it. I feel just the opposite. As Donna Young stated, it is time to get away from Monster movies. At a recent Eastern SF Association meeting, SaM condemned the film because he did not like the ending, that it was a "cop-out" because everything was not fully explained. This seems to be the complaint of many of those who did not like the film. They found it dull, too metaphysical, too slow. I would have been extremely interested if you had asked the people who has asked all those who had contributed what their favorite films and books were. I fear that those who did not like the film for the above reasons would cite *Forbidden Planet*, *Planet of the Apes*, and *Destination Moon*. Fine films for juveniles, I have always felt. The special effects were good, but the plot is lower than most TV situation comedies. As I stated in filling out the form on *2001*, SF fans do not view things as art, or even good sf. They view it by their own tastes. If a person has *what I consider*, mediocre taste, then their comments on the movie must reflect that taste. If they refuse to use their minds, then their comments reflect that talent as well. No controversial film is ever popular among everyone. I'm truly surprised at how many favorable reactions you did get.

Aside to Bob Vardeman: I liked *Barbarella* too. Jane Fonda has always been "my thing". But, I like her in any movie she is in. Don't have the same feelings about HAL, but I liked the film anyway.

On Mike Deckinger's short piece: I am close friends with Mike, and most of what he wrote about we have talked over many, many times. We are approaching a time when people will refuse to accept the same answers that have been given for the same questions. I cannot help feel that the "revolution" which is on in this country will succeed, and not through violent means. As one gains in affluence, he does not want to lose this precious wealth by a useless and stupid war. The social changes in this country are as much as result of the upper middle class as they are a product of the poor. There is a split in this nation, widening swiftly, between liberals and conservatives. As a liberal, I can't help but feel that we are right, and that we are going to triumph, and through love, not war.

On your comments on DANGEROUS VISIONS. Thought the Fred Pohl story was the best in the book. The last sentence was a work of sheer brilliance. I am sorry that more people haven't recognized the greatness of this overlooked tale.

Book reviews were fair. I dislike Schmitz, and seem to be in the minority. I also happen to like Mack Reynolds, and again, seem to be in the minority, so will remain silent.

All of the artwork was exceptional.Back-cover best of the lot.

To answer Harry Warner. Nope, as Bill stated, I am a relatively young (23) fan, but not very active in fannish circles. Belong to a few clubs, write a few letters, and sometimes contributed a few stories. Most of my interest in SF is collecting, and my collection goes back to 1927. Just don't have the time for fandom because of so many other outside interests.

Rick Brooks: You have a stronger stomach than I. While I love the old pulps and most of the authors, I find E.E. Smith unreadable, and the Campbell books you mention terrible. I do share your taste for Moore and Dunsany.

{{ What do you think of Rick's article this issue, then, if you don't care for Smith and Campbell that much? It's the longest thing in the issue. ## As for Barbarella, I saw it at a local Drive-In (along with 2001 for the 4th time) and, although like Vardeman and you I dig Jane Fonda very much (I dug her ever since first seeing her in that stupid basketball flick with Tony Perkins... what was it's name? Mmmm, man, she was a cheerleader in a TIGHT sweater..Rowrbazzle!) I really didn't like Barbarella that much... it seemed too disjointed and confusing... plus many other faults I haven't room for now.....but at any rate the movie was touted so much I probably was expecting much more than I got. I STILL dig..or should I say I'm Fonda Jane! ---BEM }}

ROBERT BLOCH :

I noted, as you indicated for me, Dr. Pournelle's remarks, which amused me as an example of the scientific mind at work. The other night Con Pederson, who spent 2 - 1/2 years on the special effects for *2001*, spoke to a group of us and discussed the techniques involved -- very interesting. I'm told there's to be a book on the making of the film, probably for Fall publication.

Trust all goes well with your projects!

{{ Thanks for the note, Bob, we always love to hear from you! Now all we have to do is survive these projects...---BEM }}

ALEXIS GILLILAND : *2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20037*

At thirty-seven I have better things to do than feel guilt over national policies I opposed and events I cannot control. Nevertheless, I am aware of what is happening, and I do care.

Peace March 1969 by Mike Deckinger is a very fine piece of reportage, and a good description of how Mr. Deckinger thinks.

The poor, inarticulate fools trying to counter the peace marchers on the street, were, naturally, unable to make any case for the other side.

However, that does not mean that there is no case.

A caveat. One of my specialties is the examination of situations from all sides. A debater, to be effective must be able to argue pro as well as con, because the knowledge of *both* sides is necessary to argue either. I can make a case against Peace without being against Peace, because the situation is extremely complex, and there are many angles that ought to be considered.

Thus, the little armbands with the figure 33,000. That number is the war dead over 8 years and a month later it will be 34,000. Horrible. Young men, cut down in their prime. (No sarcasm intended.)

From 1966 to 1968, traffic fatalities of American males, age 15-24, amounted to 48,000. Keep things in perspective. Either the war dead are not all that significant, or the traffic dead represent a hitherto untapped source of moral indignation.

Now consider the chant: "What do we want? Peace! When do we want it? Now!" Not As Soon As Possible, but NOW! Perhaps it is unfair to analyze a slogan, but many people do want peace now, preferably yesterday. The only way to get peace *now*, today, is surrender. Our side, or their side. Obviously, if we are talking about the today of the Peace Marches, it is *our* surrender that must be relevant. (Although at this writing, July 3, 1969 there is another one of those pauses by the enemy which just might... not be a prelude to a new attack.)

So, consider that we get a peace via surrender. What happens? When you get something you pay something. First off, you may reasonably expect some fairly heavy casualties among the Vietnamese who have adhered to our cause. This is trivial. After all, the war *is* a civil war, and in a civil war, the losing side has casualties. Ask any survivor of a losing side. Even civilians. Second, there are going to be some realted foreign policy reverses. Again, these are trivial. No one is going to mourn over U.S. Imperialism collecting another set of well deserved lumps, are they? Third, the Civil Rights Movement and the Anti-War Movement are inextricably linked, like Siamese twins joined at head and heart.

Ww won't even consider the fact that we now have a professional army, and that they might resent losing a war via a "stab in the back". Not an imagined stab, but a real one.

Sticking with our three points, only, what will be the results in domestic politics come 1972? Well, as a result of the first and second points, a lot of people who didn't like the war will find that they don't like the peace, either. And a lot of people who had been tacitly in favor of the war...because there are a lot of such people...will feel betrayed and outraged. In short, you will have an active minority feeling outrage and loss... and a majority that will go along with them. They will be looking for a scapegoat to blame for losing the war, and George Wallace comes on talking about "Black Treason".

"Peace Now!" is fine, but peace now followed by President Wallace and maybe race war later? I think not.

Leaving Peace March 1969 and shifting to *2001*, I found Eisenstein's cartoons insipid and rather dull. Your artwork is pretty good, although looking over the three illos by Eddie Jones I get the feeling that his people are slowly sinking into something.

Your attempt to predict the state of fandom in 1980 is seriously hung up with the state of the mundane world.

Thus, for instance, it may be that for $75. you could buy a computer for your "typewriter" which would justify margins, correct spelling (or at least signal mispelling) and select any of an almost infinite variety of typefaces according to how you programmed it. It then types off the offset master which you run on your $75. second hand photo-offset machine.

Or, maybe, you put the masters and the mailing list in a black box and the magazine is printed out in the homes of the recipients.

You argue that this wouldn't change much? It might change a great deal. Also, for people short of storage space, the black box printout could be hooked up to 2" videotape, a legal-size

sheet being stored on a 1/3" segment. Thus, one reel of 4800 feet would hold...hmm, say 3 X 12 X 4800 pages of fanzines. And the computer could scan them and print the indexes. And rather than print out the pages, you could read them on TV to see if they were worth the paper. As far as contents go, in 11 years there is likely to be very little change. Perhaps the schools will teach writing and spelling the English language better than at present. However, the main changes will be technical rather than substantive.

Possibly, the Post Office will be extinct, all mail going over Ma Bells lines from one computer to the next. This would be great for FAPAs, and might dry up the sources of material for the genzines.

Maybe Stephen Pickering will return.

Look backwards 11 years. How is 1958 fandom different from 1969 fandom? Different enthusiasms, mainly. Rock music, a host of subfandoms, a little better reproduction on the average. A few of the brash young neos are pros. A few BNF's have gafiated. It should be much the same in 1980.

Perhaps a cheap, good color process will come along. Nevertheless, as Harry Truman once remarked, "(Fandom) can look forward to...a long series of balls, banquets and parties."

DON HUTCHINSON : *147 Leacrest Rd, Leaside, Toronto 17, Ontario, Canada*

As good as your mimeography is (and it's nearly perfect) the offset covers and the work done on Alex's *2001* illos is outstanding, even by today's high standards.

I enjoyed the Eisenstein illos by the way. Having discussed (argued) *2001* at some length with Alex at the Lunacon I now find myself in the position of agreeing with everything he's written about the film.

It was interesting to see the diversity of opinion in your *2001* poll. It seems to reflect the overall differences of response, although I would have expected all sf fans to agree with you that it was more than we could have reasonably expected. I've been interested in films as long as I've been interested in sf (longer, I guess). Furthermore, I've been making a good living in creative film work for many years, and I just can't understand the attitude of people who think *2001* is some kind of failure. Of course it's not perfect; it's only an uncompromisingly great motion picture. And reviews like the one in *ANALOG* which compared it UNFAVORABLY with *Star Trek* only reveal the cinematic ignorance of the reviewer. Enjoyment of the film has got to be on a subjective level I guess, but surely one can still appreciate its obvious good points on an objective level. The kidn of statements issued by Brunner, Pohl and del Rey (three gentlemen whom I like and admire, incidentally) strike me as being rather stupidly prejudiced, not because *I* appreciate the film, but because of the manifold reasons that exist for appreciating it.

Pohl's editorial in *IF* struck me as being particularly ridiculous -- as I remember the old *Things to Come* film, they fired a rocket to the moon from a giant cannon and the cannon came equipped with a little gunsight on its barrel. Compared to that, the artistic license used by Kubrick was exercised sparingly indeed.

But enuff. *2001* will be seen years and years from now when all the argumentation has faded to echoes.

I found Richard Delap's review of Spinrad's MEN IN THE JUNGLE interesting; I'm just now reading BUG JACK BARRON and much of the points scored on the first book seem to apply as well to the new one. It is a highly readable thing and that's no small accomplishment, but up to page 129 there's little justification for all the talk about a Hugo nomination, etc. In fact, up to that point it occurs to me the book isn't even science fiction--a black governor of Mississippi and a character who runs a cryogenics organization just isn't enough extrapolation to make a book sf--perhaps Spinrad will pull some real switches in the last half--I certainly hope so. Up until the middle mark it reads like a self-indulgent version of a poor man's Philip K. Dick novel, without Dick's fascinatingly imaginative touches.

SANDRA MIESEL : *4365 Declaration Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46227*

Was the Fabian bacover inspired by GORESMAN OF TARN..er, GARNSMAN OF TORN..er, TARNSMAN OF GOR (never can remember the name of that silly book straight)? *Anyway*, he's good.

Note to Richard Delap: No, no, Mallardi's not Ted White--unless he's capable of bilocation, shape-changing, and willful schizophrenia. Much as I enjoy your SF reviews I don't agree with your verdict on *El Cid*. The beautiful spectacle alone wouldn't have sufficed for three viewings. I think the script was vastly superior to that of *Ben-Hur* or *anything* by de Mille. It synthesized reams of complicated material and made it coherent. The Cid really *was* as aquare as depicted -- in Merwin's translation of THE POEM OF THE CID, he goes about exclaiming: "By my beard which no man hath plucked...." Interesting to compare *El Cid* with *The Lion In Winter* which features wildly anachronistic dialogue and completely authentic settings. The latter is of course the superior film.

JERRY KAUFMAN : *1596 - 1/2 N. High St., Apt. 16, Columbus, Ohio 43201*

I don't think that offset will send you over the hill into Sercon Country, when you're just starting to get so well-balanced in material. Actually, reproduction is only a small factor in my opinion of a fanzine. *AMRA* was one of the first fanzines to use professional quality reproduction, and so it's more indicative of the character and purpose of *AMRA*. Today, with so many fanzines going in for that sort of thing, offset or lithoed repro shows that the editor has a fat wallet more than anything else. And I wonder just how important these methods of duplication are. Ray Fisher went from offset to mimeo in *ODD 20*, and that issue looks every bit as good as previous issues.

Did I say "well-balanced in material"? Yes. Well, last issue you were. This issue isn't. The stuff is interesting, if only mildly, but balanced it's not. The issue could have used another 10 pages to overcome the weight of the *2001* Poll.

That page of contents was quite good, if at first a little hard to find. Describing each item is quite handy if one isn't going to read each item right away, and it saves the editor the space he might have used in his editorial. It also makes the colophon as readable as any in *LOCUS* or *EGOBOO*.

I liked the Eddie Jones illoes for their style and detail, and for the look of Heroic Idiocy on the face of the last figure.

Several comments on Symposium answers...Moorcock hasn't been to many American conventions, besides Worldcons, has he? Most, I would think, neither help nor hinder. They barely relate to stf. The Worldcons, in theory, ought to be help to the writer. Even if the official program is of no help in passing around ideas, the writers meet in private, and some stimulation can't help but come out of it.. Larry Niven names as weaknesses three people, Judith Merril, Alexei Panshin and Sam Moskowitz. The only things these three people have in common are that they all three are critics and all three think that science fiction can be taken seriously as fiction. If Larry is against three people with as widely assorted critical stances as they have, I can only assume that he is against all serious criticism of stf... Fandom, Norman Spinrad? And have away with the background of Damon Knight, Harlan Ellison, Bob Silverberg, James Blish, Judith Merril, Alex Panshin, and many others? They would all be different in one way or another. Harlan, for instance, would never have gotten the early training from Lester del Rey that he did, because he never would have known him.

Sandra mentions THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, which is one of my favorite books, evoking good thoughts. I read it when I was very young, and reread it in the last part of high school. I'm planning to name the next place I live Toad Hall.

Ed Cox: You were talking about technological change? So was I. I wondered where the sense of wonder was when I read horrors like the Doc Smith books. The technological changes, television, the A-bomb, rocketry, took the sense of wonder from gadgets and moon bases, and moved it to style and head-changing and -feeding. We are both agreeing when we say sense of wonder changes after technological (or other major) change. I'm just pointing to where it's moved.

{{ Yes, we realized D:B 20 wasn't too well balanced..it was more or less planned that way.....we just wanted an interim issue to fill in before the Amish..so we could Go Ape Ah-Gain! (GAAG?!)! The 2001 poll results were delayed....not printed in #19; then the new Symposium comments were coming in around that time..and we decided to insert some of the replies from it into #20 to ad-

vertise the complete work. That's how #20 wasn't so balanced. We originally intended to keep it small, too, but it even managed to grow to 60 pages. ##Your remark on faneds who go offset "shows that the editor has a fat wallet.." rings untrue in our (and, we betcha, other) cases. We found that with the rate we could get from our printer it was almost on the same level with our mimeo costs, considering all our art used to be electro-stencilled (which runs into a lot of cash at $3.00 each); plus the ink, stencils, and other expenses added up in the long run. No we DON'T have that much money. . .and I'll wager that most of the other offset zines are either jointly owned by two or more individuals who split the cost, or are owned by a club. We do like the advantages of offset though. . .and the reproduction. I've always been a frustrated perfectionist with D:B...mebbe this time my dream will almost come close to reality. ---BEN)

DAVID GERROLD :

Your poll of reaction to *2001 - A Space Odyssey* confirms my belief that the flick is indeed a Rorshach test for the viewer. No two of your respondees picked on the same thing in the movie.

Recognizing a few of the names -- and knowing a few of the people -- helped; it provided additional insights because of certain other things I know about them. For instance, your token trekkie took the picture literally, was most amazed by the outer space elements. On the other hand, the artistic or creative persons seemed to focus on the symbolic aspects. Whether Kubrick intended it or not is a moot point. What he has achieved is an artistic unity that each viewer sees differently and each viewer takes for himself those elements which most communicate to him. By the way, if the style of the film is annoying, try reading the opening of STAND ON ZANZIBAR, Marshal MacLuhan's comment on "The Innis Mode." (Page vii in SOZ) That also relates to *2001*.

NEAL GOLDFARB : *30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, Conn. 06902*

I'd like to comment on, or add to, or whatever, Mike Deckinger's piece on the march (no pun intended). First, the papers I saw (NYTIMES and the local paper) did not describe it as a hippie march, or anything, but instead they ignored it as much as possible. The one news show I saw that night--11:00 news on CBS--gave it about a half minute. He's right about the people. Lotta old people ("Grandmas for Peace"), Free the Panther 21 signs (21 Panthers had recently been indicted for conspiracy to blow up department stores, etc. Bail totalled $2 million. Bullshit.) NLF flags. Flash the "V" sign at people looking out of the windows of the buildings, and they flash it back. Very satisfying. Counter-demonstrations. Wallacites on a hill surveying the march with US and Confederate flags. Verry strange. At the rally, there was one guy really near me who was yelling, "Peace without honor is tyranny" and other such nonsense and waving a flag (Very unpatriotic. It was raining). Cops kicked him out. He came back. Through a crowd of at least 75,000 people. That's the most conservative estimate I saw. Cops kicked him out. He came back. Somebody ripped his flag off the stick. Cops kicked him out. He didn't come back.

MAE STRELKOV : *Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina*

Once again, Bill Bowers, I liked your editorial, and your insistence still that you *do* care about what happens around you.

There are times, from this distance (reading book reviews from the U.S., etc.) that I'm so discouraged I wonder, "Would the world miss the U.S. if the ocean swallowed her?" Sure, it is wonderful your astronauts walking on the Moon, and I was as tense as everyone, till they got back safely. On edge, and terribly anxious, as though identifying with the Earth Mother herself, as it were, wanting her sons back safely. But when I read an occasional toughie modern book from the States, where secret agents wipe out people with heartless, soulless abandon, for "policy's sake", my heart just sinks. I think: "Hitler's ghost has returned."

But then I am reminded there are so many there, idealists - stubborn idealists like you and your friends - and I lose that feeling again, that the States has gone "all wrong", somehow.

It is true, as you say, that there's a lot of this being "subjected to (the T.V. stuff) by a bunch of mindless automatons determined, By God! to please the lowest common denominator". I have wondered just what makes the so-called masses want such low stuff, and concluded, "They don't." Who *are* the masses? They're composed of folks like us, of course, the "common man", and he isn't all that common.

Joan Baker sounds marvelous. You lucky fellow, Bowers, to have found a girl to suit you so

well, with the same interests too. I hope to see her showing her personality and sharing herself with us, in your zine. (As does Joyce Fisher in *ODD*.) So be very happy, not for a few years together, but for always, you dear kids!

Reading Bill Mallardi's editorial next, where he asks, "Why haven't I changed in the past 6 years?" and confesses himself a "clown", I was so amused. Stay a clown, if you can, Bill, we've so few left. There's little enough laughter! Keep your sense of humor...lose "faith in man" before you lose that, please!

And as for "Should you be less enthusiastic-sounding?" For goshsakes no! If you still manage to feel enthusiastic, stay so! It's great. So few are, today. They're so blasé!

Re Mike Deckinger's Peace March 1969, I feel I owe it to him to say I'm with him in his views, and bitterness--or is it rather sadness?

You know, Mike, I sympathize with your frustration. You've done what you can - written letters and all - and get nowhere. Maybe that's all we can be today, Lone "Voices in the Wilderness."

But if we fall silent, we fail our responsibility. We have to protest!

And Mike, don't think you don't write well. Your article is powerful, and there's a flow of mind-pictures that comes alive. I was very happy to read it and get an honest, eye-witness report of what a Peace March up there is like, at least! One reads such ugly things in magazines.. it hurts! God bless you, Mike, and keep it up!

This letter's too long, but one last comment, now. Re Piers Anthony. I will now keep an eye out for his books, to buy one when the chance comes. I'd stopped trying to buy s-f paperbacks, and was buying heavy research material instead, direct from the States. But to read Piers Anthony, I'll go without some research stuff for a change. I like him by his letter. I like what he says:

"I *do* care what I write -- *but I can't get it published*..... I have more on my mind than forgettable entertainment."

So does it mean the publishers are to blame that we can't read the best works of authors like these, and they're forced to grind out formula stuff to support themselves, by their own gift?

The publishers blame the public. Ah, we're back with the "Great Void" again, the Formless Faceless Mass, we're supposed to believe exists. *But it doesn't!*

{{ *Sorry I had to edit your letter so much, Mae. Space is at a premium, now. However, next issue I promise the lettercol will be much longer. Write again. ---BEM* }}

RON SMITH : *644 S. Court St., Medina, Ohio 44256*

I found the *2001* poll extremely interesting reading. I stopped several times, just repeating over and over in my mind some phrase or sentence. Two examples are J.A. McCallum's comment, "As Wells implied, 50 years ago, God is evolving out of man," and "The star-child looked like the christchild looking for another virgin." Extremely interesting, a work deserving a lot of applause from everyone.

Several other comments: the only real flaw I found in the movie was that it was not really clear that there was a connection between the Moon sequence and the trip to Jupiter. Anyone who knew the story knew the connection and why they were going, but those who didn't (like the two friends I went with, non-fans, of course) were lost. It was not at all clear. Those who didn't understand the movie should get their hands on a copy of *COSIGN 16* wherein Larry Knight and Ron Miller did a brilliant job of analyzing and explaining the movie. I read it before I saw the movie and everything they say fits perfectly. It's just strange how many people don't see the significance of the *Zarathustra* music. To tell you the truth I might have been mighty confused and dismayed with the film had I seen it with no preparation, but after reading a good number of pieces on it, including Knight and Miller's, I found that I could understand the movie all the way through and if I had had the chance I would have gone back several times. If you take the movie as the representation of Nietzche's idea of the progression of sub-man to man to superman with man only as a link in the chain, most of the movie becomes obvious.

I was very glad you printed Mike Deckinger's essay (article?) on the Peach March. I think it can accurately show the depth of the peace movement in the U.S. Too many people have the idea it's only "those crazy hippies" who are against the war and consider anyone less hawkish than Gen. Westmoreland an obvious "traitor and commie-sympathizer".

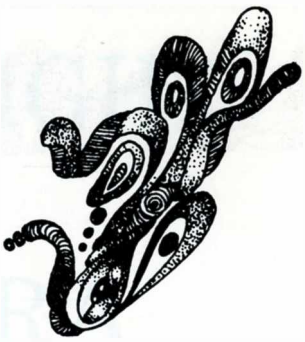
Sense of wonder stories? Let's see... Asimov's FOUNDATION series, Biggle's *Monument*, Clarke's *The Star*, Norton's WITCH WORLD and JUDGEMENT ON JANUS, Bradbury's *The Veldt* and *A Sound of Thunder*, Blish's *Surface Tension*, Heinlein's *The Year of the Jackpot* and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, Shiras' IN HIDING, Simak's *Seven Come Back*, Asimov's *Breeds There A Man...?* and some others that would come to me with some thought. I think Harry Warner's right. Most of the stories I remember that stirred my sense of wonder were read during my first years with sf.

For Livingston's poll, probably a question that needs to be considered is: "How will change in the society of the macrocosm (non-fan world) influence fandom?" To my mind, there has been a direct change relationship. In the last decade, fannishness has tended to be shunted to one side and I think this obviously is because of the seriousness with which we have had to face a turbulent and questioning society. A great deal could be speculated upon with this question as I think it sums up in a few words one of the major factors involved in the future of fandom. What changes in society seem likely and what affect will they conceivably have on fandom?

Poor Bowers has surrendered at last! Well, best of luck on the stormy ocean of married life

and here's hoping the fan population will soon be growing by leaps and bounds.

Steve Fabian's art is be-e-ooo-ti-full



AND NOW FOR SOME EXCERPTS, PLUS THE WAHF's, TO FINISH THIS OFF:

TERRY JEEVES: The Star Dust reviews particularly interested me because Banks Mebane makes the same complaint about Mack Reynolds which has long got under my hair....I refer to Reynold's habit of setting the story in motion then having character A give a nice long socio-political lecture to character B. The worst example to date being the latest serial in *Asf* when five factions each had their umpteen thousand words of telling the hero just what their theory of the current society was....almost reminiscent of current fans explaining *2001* to each other. For me, you can keep Reynolds....but I like the reviews.

Now with regards to your poetry....I for once enjoyed a poem in a fanzine....heck, I even think I understood 'Costume Ball'. However, it is time you had a high brow poem, so here is one by me.

ESUOL A SI IVGNY
(Or lines decomposed while gazing on a rusty toothpick)

Beneath these rotting teeth where bacilli lurk,
Where bits of meat and mouldy cheese decay,
Each solitary molar crumbles fast
And one by one the choppers drop away.

But heed ye not the shooting spark of pain,
The twisting ache which tears one's jaws apart,
Proceed post haste or faster yet again,
To where the dentist cannot trace your beating heart.

Scream, shriek, and tear your hair,
Roll beast-like on the heaving turf
Pain conquers all
slow churning pain
which makes you want to spit.....
...a pity...isn't it?

{{ *Groaann!! It sure is...---BEM* }}

GENE KLEIN: {{ *Commenting on the 2001 poll* }} I tend to think John Boardman (as many times as I find myself disagreeing with him) hit the thing on the nail when he answered the first question. "...you have to 'groove' it. Or, as Orwell said, 'bellyfeel' it."

John Brunner mentioned AFRICAN GENESIS when he answered how the monoliths influenced human development. A terrible, dry book. But, I'd hate to think that the whole purpose of the monoliths was for developing mankind so that he could kill. That seems a bit too simple.

Alex points out that HAL was somewhat the Frankenstein-type (that is to say, that he was evil) - I totally disagree with this. I don't believe Frankenstein was ever evil. But getting back to HAL, if you'll remember, he experienced a breakdown. Or, do you think that HAL's creator somehow ingrained his characteristics (evil ones, at that) into his creation? I doubt it. Still, a machine that experiences a breakdown can hardly be classified as evil. If anything, HAL was being loyal to his creator - that is to say, even in his broken-down condition, he realized the importance of the mission - in other words, he was willing to sacrifice the lives of the others for the benefit of the mission.

BILL WARREN: Additional comments: did anyone besides Penelope Gilliatt in the *NEW YORKER* notice that the only decent meal in the film is the one the ante-penultimate Bowman ate in the bedroom? The food and the use of it is really a reference; Kubrick knows as well as anyone the reputation of Howard Johnson's, tho I'm sure didn't tell them why he put them in it. The scientists on the Moon eat artificial sandwiches with feigned pleasure while on the way to the most astounding find in mankinds entire history... Bowman and Poole eat slop. So does Floyd on his way to the Moon.

WAHFrom: The Miesels again....who explain they're the proud parents of a baby boy, Peter Louis Miesel, born July 23, 1969. Congrats, both of you! (Hey John..you finally got yourself a son instead of another daughter, eh?!)

Al Thompson liked D:B again... and his letter was typed... but *this* time it was too short to print! (Aww..C'mon, Alan...put the two together now!)

John Boardman sent a postcard, saying he liked the *2001* poll, but that pages 13-14 were out and he needed them to be able to finish reading it. (Now who's pulling who's leg, John?)

Douglas Young & Joe Zajaczkowski from England, and Genevieve DiModa also wrote. G'bye..BEM.

UPTIGHT ON TERRA

Leo P. Kelley

Air pollution. Vietnam. Biafra. The Bomb. ABM. IBM. Dow Chemical.

All of the above, singly or in combination, are enough to make anybody on earth uptight. With good reason. The unnecessary death of children; the manufacture for profit of flesh-eating chemicals; lung corrosion as a result of breathing our own and only air; big business; bombs & missiles; the neo-colonialism/imperialism of the Land of the Free -- who can avoid being uptight a hefty part of the time?

But these don't seem to be the matters that make editors, professional writers and contributors involved in science fiction uptight if one is to judge by the splashes of spleen and buckets of bile spilled all over the pages of all too many fanzines. I've been reading fanzines for about two years now and it's getting to me, it really is. Science fiction types seem to get upset over trifles.

An editor of a fanzine criticizes an editor of a professional science fiction magazine and in the very next issue of the fanzine appears a letter from a professional science fiction writer calling the fanzine editor in question a "blithering amorphous dolt." And "cowardly." And worse. The verbal violence of the professional's reply to the fanzine editor was both appalling and disapointing to me. Could not the pro simply have said, "No, you're wrong and I don't agree with you because..." Why the need for such vitriol? Why the need to lower oneself to the level of personal insults and mudslinging? Must criticism be eschewed by fanzine editors in order to avoid such disturbed and disturbing bombast?

In another recent fanzine, the editor doesn't like a book and in a hardly gentlemanly fashion calls it shit and makes unsupported accusations concerning the author's sources. Such statements reflect not freedom of expression so much as they do a certain vulgarity (in the literal sense of that word), a lack of societal restraint and the absence of simple courtesy.

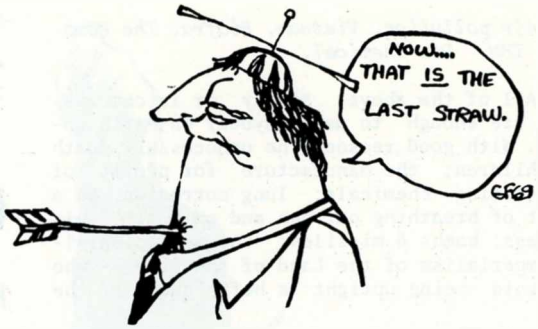
Someone starts an organization devoted to the touting of a particular kind of science fiction and it is the signal for names to be called and insults shouted from coast to coast and on down to the Gulf of Mexico. Attack and counterattack, ad nauseam. Manners, if ever learned, are tossed aside and epithets are hurled and distortions stated as facts and the end result is the debasement of all concerned.

Recently I read a criticism of a renowned science fiction writer made from a particular, rather circumscribed, point of view. The criticism may or may not have been valid but that is not the point. What to my wondering eyes should appear in the next issue of the same fanzine but a bitter response from the venerable writer to the earlier criticism which was at least the equal of the 'rudeness' the professional writer found in the original commentary.

The science fiction law seems to be an old law. An eye for an eye. Or even simply, "An eye."

So okay. But soon all of us will be blind if one is safe in extrapolating from the scene spread out in the pages of the fanzines.

What ever happened to the gentility, to consideration, to sensitivity for other people's feelings, to simple kindness? Why does bitterness and castigation seem to be the operational base for so many of us in the science fiction field -- fans, pros and other interested parties?



The whole scene is ugly Armageddon and it's enough to turn one's stomach at times--my stomach, at least. I'm not asking that our operational base be Pollyannaish--far from it. Criticism is valuable to all of us. To fanzine editors, to writers, to everyone. But there is criticism and then there is criticism. If we must, with such apparent desperation, shore up our shaky egos with attacks and counterattacks, can they not at least be couched in language worthy of us as ladies and gentlemen? Can't we try to help each other instead of trying to destroy each other?

Both fans and pros are guilty of this overkill syndrome. I've known fans who state that one of their purposes is to stir up 'controversy' in their zines. They think that this will make the issues 'interesting' or 'provocative'. It doesn't--not necessarily. It tends to make them a disaster area in which weak egos and sick minds display their wounds and their woundings. And consider the pros, both editors and writers. How they do attack the fans who criticize them or their friends at the point which they evidently consider to be the fan's Achilles Heel -- his known (or assumed) youth. Talk about a generation gap! What's wrong with a young person criticizing, assuming the criticism is tasteful and considered, any sacred cow or any shibboleth he pleases? Why should his youth make him ineligible in the--I was going to say 'forum' but I guess 'arena' is the more appropriate word?

Uptight on Terra!

I'm uptight on Terra because I'm embarrassed at the nastiness and bitchiness and just plain twistedness that is so apparent among so many of us. It makes me feel bad. I want to believe that hatred can be controlled in civilized people and the energy generated by that emotion can be shaped into something beneficial.

There's enough going on here and there that is well worthy of our uptightness and some constructive action born of a righteous anger -- Biafra, Vietnam, air pollution, napalm, *etcetera*. Let's stay uptight on Terra -- but for the right reason in the right place at the right time. A good way to begin, it seems to me, would be to give some serious thought to reviving the antique virtues of courtesy and consideration for others. From *that* operational base, there's no telling what we might be able to do for each other, for science fiction, and for ourselves.

----------*Leo P. Kelley*

D:B
Bill Bowers■Bill Mallardi
press

What, still another article on *2001*? Yes indeed. Why not? *2001--A Space Odyssey* is an important motion picture, particularly from the science fiction viewpoint. It is a motion picture that will be discussed both in the SF field and in the mainstream for a long time to come. It is a motion picture that *must* be seen more than once for there is so much in this film that a single viewing is not sufficient to enable one to encompass it all. The first viewing, in Cinerama, is quite overwhelming, and while this is the way the film was meant to be seen I recommend that it also be viewed at a drive-in theatre where the impact is considerably lessened and more attention can be given to details.

As has been pointed out, I'm sure, *2001* is a multi-level story. On the surface the main sequence of the story is straight science fiction adventure but the film overall is symbolic of the man vs. machine struggle and a bit more besides. It is a history, a warning, and like all good SF, a prediction of things to come.

As a history *2001* contains flaws, of course. All histories do. The first sequence in '*The Dawn of Man*' portrays creatures that are, presumably, in Kubrick's view, man's remote ancestors. The ape sequence has won much acclaim among many fans--many have said it was their favorite part of the film--but it was the one part of the film that set me on edge and muttering "No! No! No!" One approves Kubrick's showing the evolutionary process but deplores that he did not do more research for the creatures shown are much too gorilla-like to have been man's ancestors. Is this a cavil? I think not. Kubrick went to great lengths to achieve accuracy in the second (present day) portion of '*The Dawn of Man*' sequence. I should expect that he would have portrayed man's ancestors accurately also. The Australopithicines of 3 to 4 million years ago were fully erect bipeds and not the shambling creatures Kubrick showed us.

Still I suppose it is necessary to allow Kubrick some artistic license. It was necessary to show '*The Dawn of Man*' this way to provide a reason for the entry of the black slab. (The black slab is one of the multi-level features of *2001* that sets mundanes to shaking their heads and muttering. It is a remarkably complicated symbol.) Nevertheless, it irritates. I understand that Isaac Asimov was upset that his Three Laws of Robotics were ignored in the film and I can sympathize with him in that it is annoying when something we take for granted is given a cavalier treatment. As Asimov is about his three laws so am I about man's ancestors.

Be all that as it may, the main point made in this sequence is that man discovered the use --and later the making--of tools and took the first step in the conquest of his environment and the long man-machine struggle was joined.

There is a delightful scene at the end of this segment where the man-ape exultantly throws his bone club into the air and as we follow its flight it changes to a satellite orbiting the Earth. A very important point is made in this scene: That the difference between the simple bone club and the complex artificial satellite is simply one of degree, not purpose. Both are tools to allow man to do something better than he could without them.

The next segment concerns itself with Dr. Floyd and the discovery of the black slab on the Moon. This segment is still part of the Dawn of Man sequence and tells us that for all his technological progress--as evidenced in the excellent spaceship and Lunar base scenes--man is still in his primitive stage. He has left Earth for a planet 250,000 miles away but he has taken with him the attitude of the cave-dwelling ape.

This is quite evident in the whole segment concerning the Lunar slab. It can be seen in the encounter of Dr. Floyd with the Russians in the space station--a reflection of Moonwatcher's encounter with the other tribe at the waterhole. It can be seen in the briefing session, in the flight across Luna and in the crater in which the slab was buried. The emphasis is on 'security'. The statement is given that the cover story of a plague is needed to prevent attempted communication and inadvertent disclosure of the four-million-year-buried slab which would cause 'cultural shock' among the people of Earth. This, in itself, is another cover. The main reason for the secrecy is to prevent the other tribe--in the form of the Russians -- from finding out about the slab and demanding a piece of the action. Floyd and his colleagues are huddling in their mental caves afraid of the unknown but more fearful of the known.

2001: MORE THAN A SPACE ODYSSEY

Roy Tackett

The next segment introduces the very improbable HAL 9000 and here again the symbolism lies thick. HAL 9000 is the ultimate machine -- the tool that uses the toolmaker.

Dr. Asimov is reported to have been upset by the scenes in which HAL slays all aboard except Bowman. "What happened to my three laws?" But the three laws of robotics exist only for science fictional robots and not for all of them. It is a good bet that genuine computer engineers have never heard of Asimov's three laws or, if they have, consider them as something that does not pertain to real-life situations. We must also consider that the civilization portrayed in *2001* is still very much our current one in which the military is dominant. To the military the primary goal is always to accomplish the mission. All else, including human life, is secondary. This is reflected in the HAL 9000 which sees the human beings on board the ship as a detriment to the success of the mission and therefore eliminates all but Bowman.

On another level we must look back to the first segment and the use to which the first tool -- the bone club--was put. The proto-men used it to kill and to destroy and herein is a warning

that continued reliance on such instruments will lead to man's eventual destruction.

Bowman, of course, represents the triumph of man over machine. The acknowledgement that tools are only tools and that, in the end, it is man's brain and mind which must solve his problems, not his tools. Bowman, through such maneuvers as his entry through the emergency lock and his destruction of the HAL 9000 learns to think -- to use his human brain which is the one thing that no machine will ever match.

Much has been said about the 'psychedelic' sequence which follows. On the one level is the straight-forward explanation that Bowman, in his EVA pod, has passed through a 'star gate' into hyperspace bound for a destination predetermined by the builders of the slabs. The colors, the streaming lights, the glimpses of star clusters and nebulae give the impression of a trip through the universe to some unimaginable destination.

On another level the term 'psychedelic' is justifiably used for this also represents man's expanding consciousness. The realization, once he has grasped it, that the mind itself is limitless.

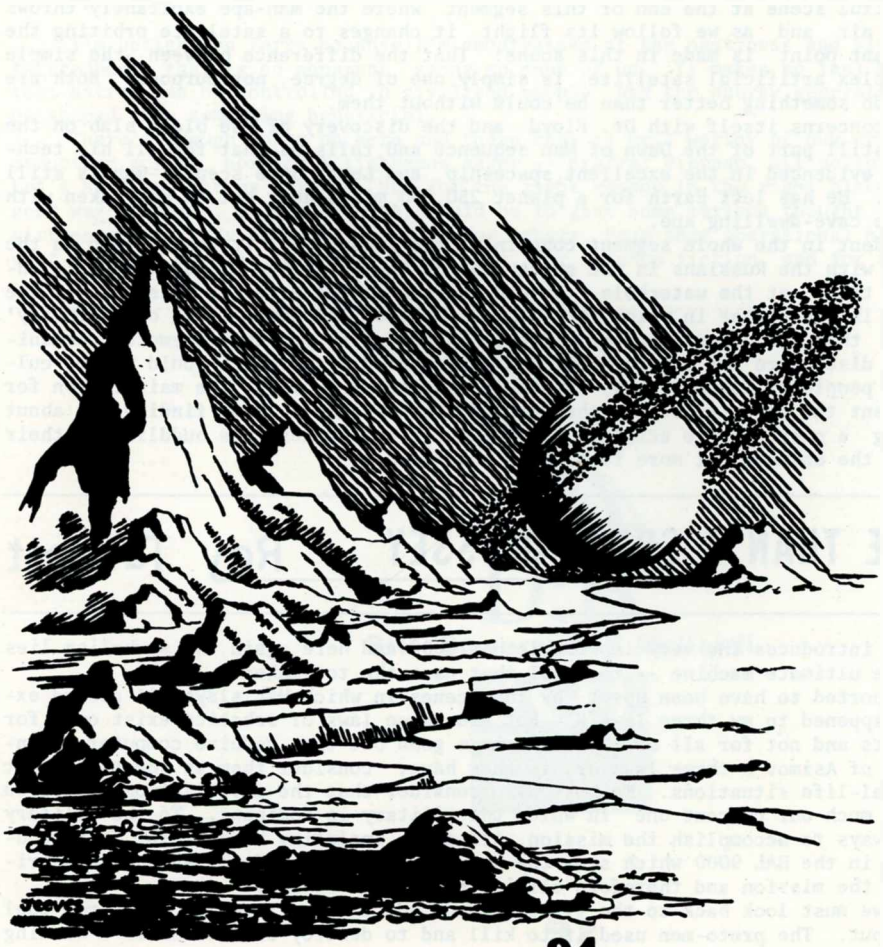
The final scenes are almost entirely symbolic. Bowman, representing mankind, sees that the current evolutionary level of man is at an end. Man, as a physical being, relying on strictly material things must grow old and die. At the end he reaches for the higher level of intelligence embodied in the black slab and is reborn as the Star Child.

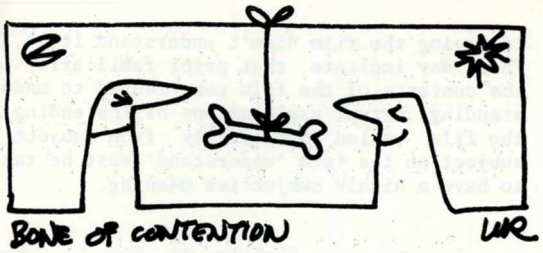
Here, then, is the representative of the final triumph of man over both his environment and his tools. The Star Child is bound by neither. Representing the next major evolutionary step as an infant indicates that even that is only the beginning and man still has a long way to go. As the Star Child returns to gaze in contemplation at the planet of his origin we can sense that this, indeed, marks Childhood's End.

Considered as a whole, *2001--A Space Odyssey* is a very profound motion picture. It is typical of early SF in that characterization is secondary to the idea and that idea is a powerful one.

I understand that after the New York premier a portion of the film was cut out to shorten the running time. I hope someday to see the uncut version. It should be quite an experience.

----------*Roy Tackett*





I hope that this article will represent the final tabulations and conclusions on the D:B *2001* Poll. As you know, 825 copies of the poll were distributed to a sample consisting of fans and non-fans. A total of 65 completed copies were returned. Two of these returns were unuseable, leaving 63 copies or a return of 7.64%. This is a low percentage of returns but it is a good one considering that 2% return is normal for any type of unsolicited material.

The Bowers-Mallardi diumverate found me wandering around at the Midwestcon and dumped the raw data sheets in my lap. I dutifully promised to process them and see if I could come up with any additional information regarding the reactions of the sample to the film. Particularly information which was not presented in *DOUBLE:BILL #20*.

My primary problem was in setting up a set of criteria by which to judge answers to the questions. It appears that one of the laws of fandom is: A fan would rather write a letter than answer 'yes' or 'no' to any given question. Ten questions on the poll required a 'yes' or 'no' reply. Actual replies were often: "perhaps", "I thought so", "are you kidding?", and so on. The final criteria for determining whether an answer was affirmative or negative were highly subjective. Any explanatory response to Question #12 [Did you understand tne ending? Explain in your own words.] was rated as a 'yes' response, except in the several instances where a subject wrote 'no' and then went on to give an explanation anyway. An answer of 'probably' to Question #1 [Did you understand the movie?] was rated as a 'yes' answer, as were responses of 'Wow' and the like.

A tabulation of responses to the questions yielded the following data:

Question	*# Responding*	*#Yes*	*#No*	*%Yes*	*%No*
1	56	42	14	75.0	25.0
2	59	17	42	28.7	71.3
5	60	34	26	56.7	43 3
6	57	29	28	51.0	49.0
7	60	53	7	88.3	11.7
8	63	49	14	77.8	22.2
9	57	10	47	17.5	82.5
10	58	18	40	31.0	69.0
11	63	56	7	90.3	9.7
12	57	45	12	79.0	21.0

Subjects were definitely on the young side. There were 61 subjects who reported their ages on the poll sheets. Ages ranged from 14 to 53, a spread of 39 years. The mean age of subjects reporting was 25.2 years with a standard deviation of approximately 9.0. This indicates that the distribution is heavily weighted on the side of youth since one would expect to find a subject who was -1.8 years old at the -3 sigma level -- a manifest impossibility. Subjects were widely varied as to occupation with a goodly number being students.

One interesting fact was found in the number of subjects who answered Question #1 in the affirmative[Did you understand the movie?] Fully 75% of the subjects claimed to understand the film. This is approximately 5 times greater than the estimated percentage of all individuals who understand the film after seeing it (15%, Mr. Owen Findsen, personal communication).

Additional evidence of comprehension of the film by the subjects was indicated by the responses to Questions #9 and #10. 82.5% of the subjects reported that the film should not have been more dramatic (Question #9) and 69% felt that the ending should not have been more explicit (Question #10). Apparently the subjects were fairly well satisfied with the released version of the film.

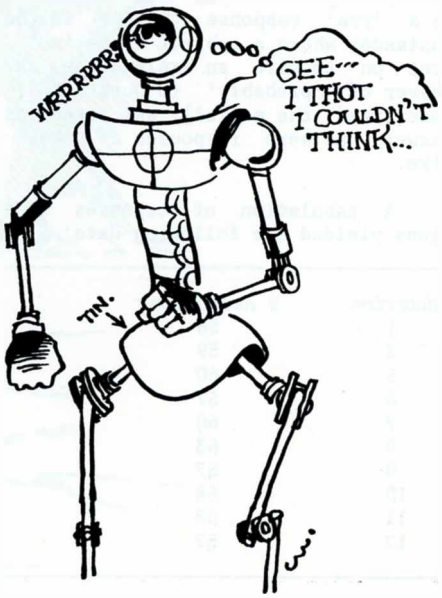
Almost 78% of the subjects had read reviews of the film before going to see it(Question #8). Of those who had read a review only 4 reported that they did not understand the ending (8.2% of those reading reviews). Two of the 14 people who had not read a review prior to seeing the film didn't understand it(14.3%) This may indicate that prior familiarity of the contents of the film contributed to understanding. Actual explanations of the ending of the film varied drastically from subject to subject so the term 'understand' must be taken to have a highly subjective meaning.

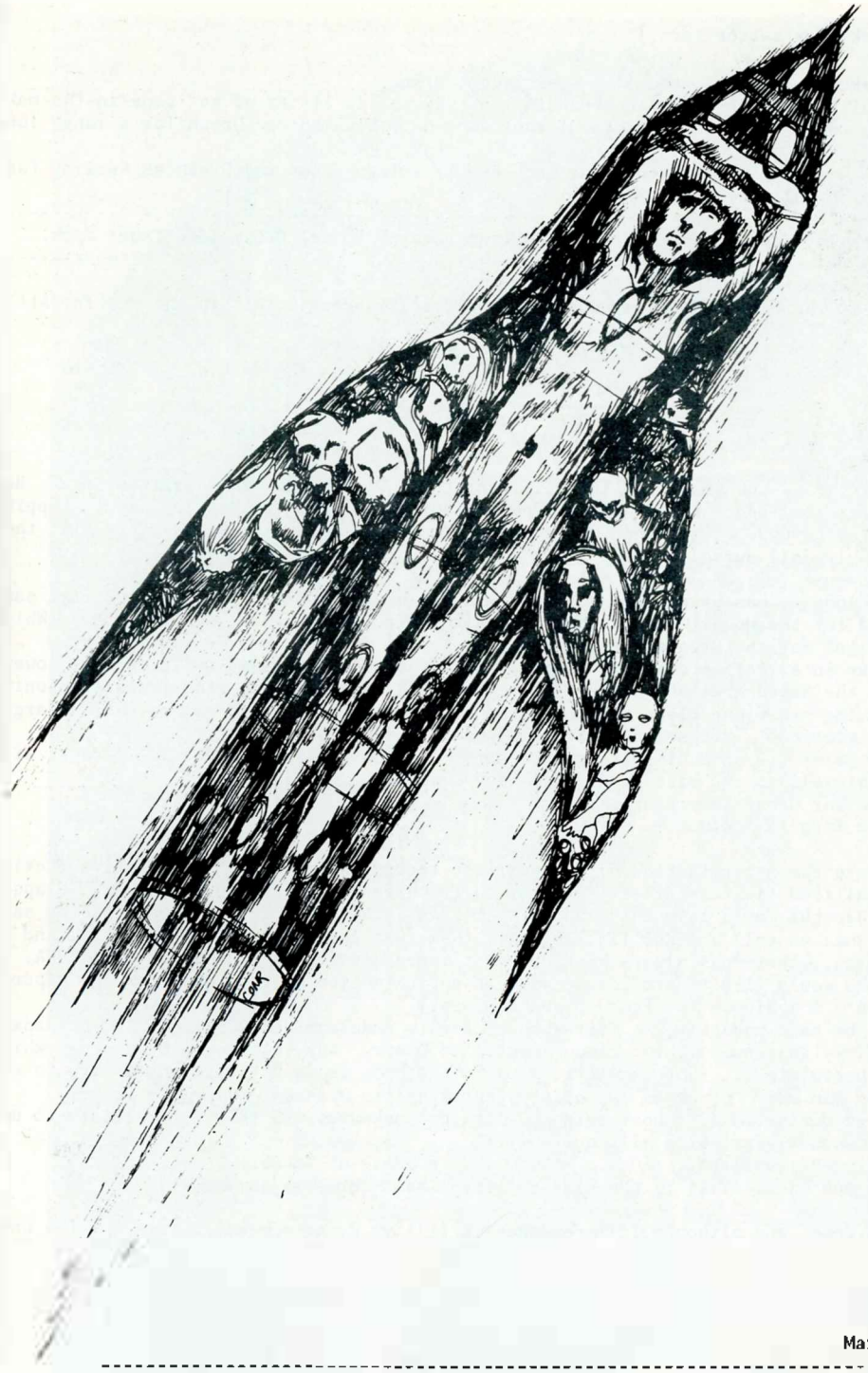
Responses to Question #6 [If the book claimed to be more explicit than the movie, would you now buy the book?] were equally divided as to 'yes' and 'no' (51% vs 49%). This indicates that book purchasing is an independent factor with respect to movie-going fans. It is unfortunate that the book was not issued prior to the release of the movie so that possible movie influence on sales could be studied. Book publishing is not a research field so it is unlikely that a study of this type will ever be conducted.

Although not all subjects answered every question on the questionnaire, the lowest rate of response was 89%. This occurred on Question #1. Response rates of 100% were obtained on Question #8 [Did you read any reviews of the movie before seeing it?] and Question #11 [Would you recommend this film to your friends?].

So, as you can see, the subjects were fairly young. They were pretty well satisfied with *2001* and liked it. Most of them had read reviews of the movie before going to see it, and this may have helped them in understanding it.

In conclusion it must be stated that the questionnaire, despite its faults, served an additional purpose than that of yielding data. It provided a most interesting symposium with which to fill the pages of *DOUBLE:BILL*. With the present size of fandom such questionnaires could have considerable utility where mass opinion sampling is desired.





Impressions V

July 20, 1969
A.D.

Man...and His Myths.

Time--a man-made (entirely relative) function--until Now charted on a Religious basis.

...the Myths of Man

...some say that it should be recycled--that the Year One should commence with the splitting of the atom. ...or the Kitty Hawk Happening. ...or the moment Gunga Din was born. ...or whatever.

Regardless of how you measure it--go right ahead; chart it and subdivide it to your heart's content -- Time...this marvelous day...began anew.

...and *nothing* will ever be quite the same;
...ever again.

July 20, 1969.
A.D. [for lack of a better term.]

Unimportant [except, perhaps, to me] : a birthday; mine.
...the racks of 'science fiction' surrounding the inevitable litter of an issue-in-the-making; the ceaseless, uncountable outpourings of those who have Dreamed *the* Dream for a long, long time....
...against the stair-well: A twenty-one inch b&w TV screen shows the Dream as Reality (and still...*who* can *really* believe!?!).

By my side, with love, another...equally important (again, to me) Dream Come True: *Joan*.

Can I say otherwise than: This is *my* day!
[...but I resist the unwanted/ingrained urge toward selfishness...this is the day for ALL!]

One small step for man...
...one giant leap for mankind.

10:54 P.M. E.S.T. = Zero Hour, Day One, Year the First
A man has walked upon the surface of the Moon.

Strange, isn't it? -- how small and insignificant those words look when written down. But the dreams that are realized, become all too soon (and rightly so, I suppose) mere stepping stones for Dreams yet beyond. ...for when we accept a dream fulfilled as the End of It All, then we can no longer truly call ourselves Men.

Who knows how long it has been...how many individuals have glanced Up--since Man first saw, wondered, and aimed for the Moon. Some things are, after all, uncountable; uncalcuable. (Which is a thought of relief for the Dreamers still among us.)
Man -- if I may interject an original observation--is at once the most noble and the lowest of primates. He is the Naked Ape, and he seeks to clothe his nakedness in glory--disillusioning himself into believing that one clean and uplifting deed will excuse and 'make right' a larger number of equally 'glorious', but somehow rather degrading deeds.
Man may--no; he *will*--raise himself to the stars; but he (apparently, sadly, always) will continue to lower himself to the rice paddies of many a world.
This is a Time for Great Rejoicing;
...but lest we forget: *Vietnam*.

I prudently leave the determination of the earliest recognizable work of speculative fiction to others more qualified (just ask them!) ... but forty-three years + three months have elapsed since Father Hugo brought forth into this land his *AMAZING STORIES*. If any one theme can be said to have dominated what we call science fiction, this theme was certainly Space Travel. ...and to initiate Space Travel...there has always been one most immediate and obvious objective: LUNA.
[Now, if anyone would like to provide me with an approximation of the total wordage expended on 'moon stories', I would be intrigued...but dubious.]
I have read, he said modestly, a fair amount of this undetermined wordage. And perhaps I hereby reveal only my ignorance...but *I* cannot recall to memory any science fiction story which was so bold as to postulate ... *that the* first *step on the Moon would be transmitted* live *to the largest Assembly of Man ever convened (relatively speaking) to witness a specific event!*
In an issue as dominated with nostalgia and looking backwards as this, I hesitate to use the cliché...but no other expression will quite fit:
Living/Breathing/Personified... ...a Sense of Wonder.
To the Moon...and back. This is the kind of 'trip' that turns *me* on, baby!

But now it is done, and although I'll remember it till my dying moment...it is *not* The End; only a new Beginning.

...the Beginning of what...who knows? Your guess is as good (perhaps, even better) as mine.

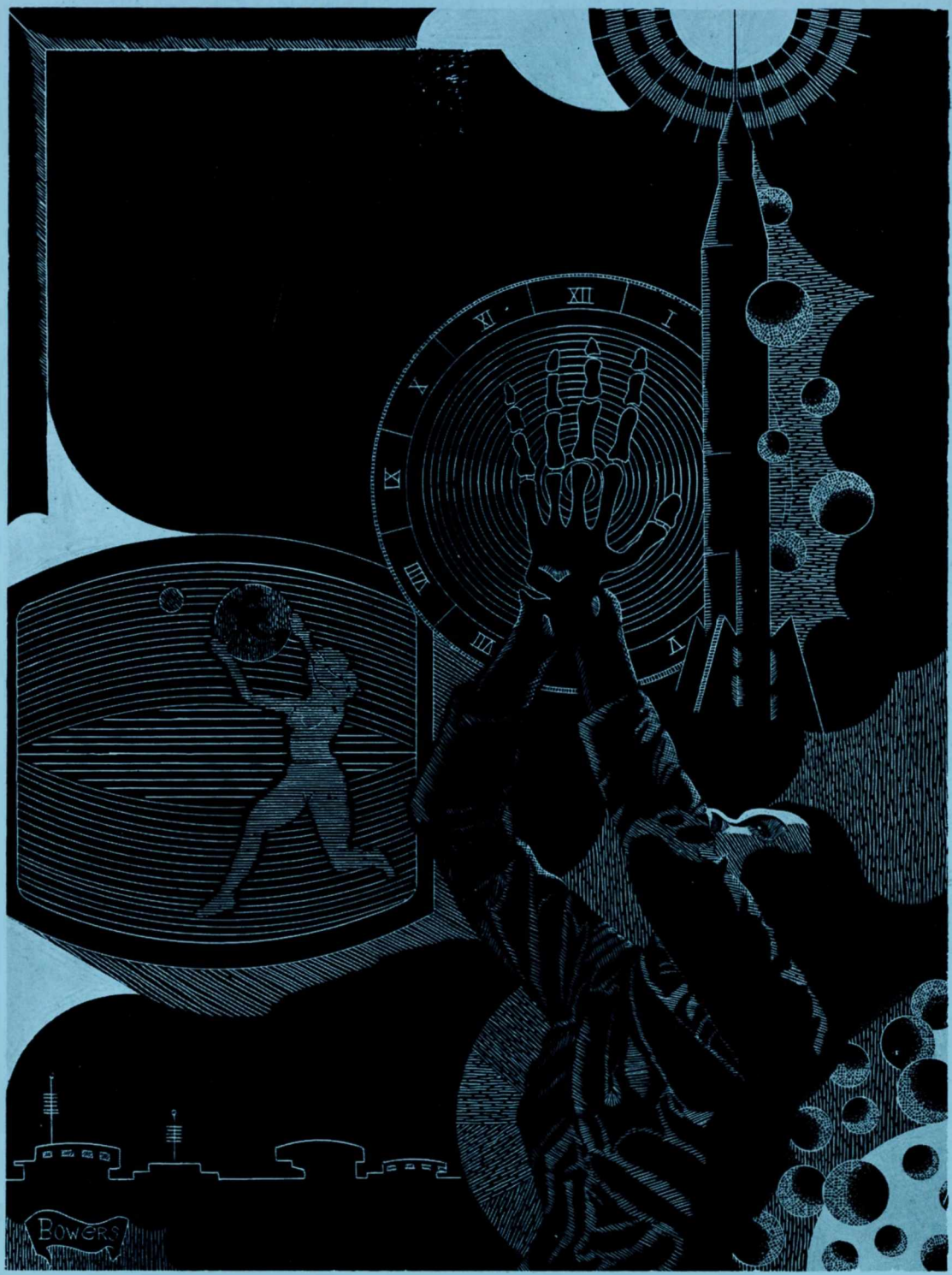
But there is only one direction of Exit from Tranquility Base ... and that is up and out:

Out to the Stars!

[*I* may never live to make *that* trip...but my children shall. They shall do this thing...and they shall do it in the company of *all* Men ... even though I shall have to prostitute whatever small talents/gifts/drives I possess to the process of glueing together the cracking seams of this ravished old Mother Earth in the meanwhile. This much, I *cannot* help but promise to Them.]

Peace.

BILL BOWERS,
7/22/69


XII
I
VI
BOWERS

SF