

# DREAM QUEST

You're a man of many minds, all blocked. # And I don't want anybody hollering out the window, "Jesus saves!" # You'll have to help yourself now, the bartender's off duty. # I knew we'd drag Fitzgerald's name in here sooner or later. # I'll help ourselves. # That's a Rotsler-type interlineation; it's not funny, it's just foul. # He's a serious, destructive type fan. # You've just been skewered, my love. # All she knows, she learned off me. # There goes a clergyman in a yellow convertible! # I've been insulted from one end to the other. # A mind as good as Burbee's when he's drunk. # I ended up embracing the commode. # Twisted in the embrace of alcohol. # God, I'd like to live forever. # Let's put the universe aside for the moment. # He's a 100% Mavflower-type American. # I am a woman of many drunks. # He carries his sex in the palm of his hand. # Tell me, are you going to be a fan all your life? # What are you going to do when you get too old for that sort of stuff -- become a man of many minds? # Here come more fans; these have their labels on. # What is it when a man of many minds commits suicide -- genocide? # A church dinner -- bread and wine, add cheese and put garlic on the bread. # This is the first time I've ever eaten myself drunk. # Here he comes on all fours. # It was just one alcoholic night after another. # But I thought a demitasse was a type of doily. # He bled like mad, the stupid bulger. # Was Christ a bastard? # He's in the children's room, without his trousers. # Christ is seldom if ever a truck. # It would be just too bad if you boys didn't have asses -- you wouldn't have anything to talk about. # All of a sudden there came around the corner this Chop Suey Express. # But Miller is nothing like Christ. # Buck got off at Red Mountain. # Some people like rotten cheese, others like rotten interlineations. # I could have sworn that somebody goosed me then. # Hostile some time, dog style other. # An idiot and a fool going south. # I'll give you a second mortgage on my soul for it. # He dreamed of rocketships and Martian princesses when he was young; now he collects garbage. # The Bo'sun mate jumped from the flight deck and landed astraddle a broomstick. # You usually don't do that unless you're in public. # Your name has undergone a bowel change. # We handle women at slightly reduced rates -- Miller's Packaging and Dispatching Service. # He had the germs of an idea there and it developed into a disease. # You're a nose fetichist. # You really screwed up the fairy tales he was telling those kids. # It wouldn't go out -- it just sat there and wiggled. # We've been approaching that burg for the last 100 miles at least. # He's 22 and they're still burping him. # A Fruehauf -- isn't that a housewife? # I think Purbee's on his way to becoming a second E. Everett Evans. # He's made a scientific study of pissing on the floor. # When I'm around people that I know well I fall apart. # Anytime I wanted to I could have lost touch with reality completely. # He was an intellectual slob of the worst type. # Quote cover by Wilsons, Miller and Buck.



# DREAMQUEST NO 12

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Interior artwork credits: Some by Howard Miller. The rest are furnished by a new addition to Dream Quest's staff -- Pancho Picasso, the great-grandfather of the world-famous Pablo. Pancho Picasso comes to us by special courtesy indeed.

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DREAM QUEST: #12, November 1954. Published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Don Wilson, 541 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles 49, Calif.; and Howard Miller, 1740 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach, Calif.



# THE GAS JET

HOMESICK It's been awhile since there has been a mimeographed issue of Dream Quest; I think the mag you now hold in your hands represents something of an occasion. The typer and the mimeo which are turning it out are the same ones which produced the first seven issues of DQ; the mimeo was here at my disposal during Miller's entire Navy career, but somehow I could never quite bring myself to use it except to produce DQ #7, and that experience convinced me that I was no mimeographer. Now that Miller's back, however, I can give up persuading various people (by threats, cajolery, or outright payment) to ditto mags for me. I can sink back to the mimeograph, because Miller knows how to run it. Don't you, Miller? All I have to do is to cut the stencils and write the material, and that's easy, I think. I think.

HENRY MORGAN You may find a pirated DQ in this very FAPA mailing.

At the San Francisco convention (words on this are contained elsewhere in the mailing, I believe), I ran into J. Stanley Woolston, fellow FAPA member (who was flaunting an NFFF membership ribbon, but I consented to speak to him all the same). He revealed to me that he had come by the linoleum block cut which was used to stamp the title on the contents page of the very first issue of Dream Quest, back in the middle of 1947. (I guess this is a fairly long-lived mag, now that I think of it.) I cannot say how this thing came into Woolston's hands, but there it was, and he wished to use it. He couldn't decide whether to call his mag Quest or Dream or to knock off the D and make it Ream Quest. Finally he decided on the original and proper title, although of course his plans (since he is an NFFF member and therefore bound by the nature of things to be somewhat unstable) may alter momentarily. I even wrote an editorial for him.

MARCHES ON Speaking of DQ#1 reminds me of an experiment which has been kicking around in the back of my mind for some time, and which I'm conducting in this very issue. For DQ#1 Jack Speer wrote an article called "Though With Rule and Line." It was rather lost on our readers in that faroff time; they found it incomprehensible. I'd like to see if the FAPA<sup>1954</sup> finds it more palatable and stimulating than the audience in 1947 did, and so (without its author's permission) it is reprinted here. Let us say that it stands as a memorial to our



Elder Ghod at the height of his fan career. I personally think it's one of the finest items DQ ever ran; surely, though it did not make such a splash as "The Craters of the Moon," "The Stein Utopia," and "No Sleeping Pills Needed," it embodied considerable high-level thinking and philosophizing, and I hope that it will now obtain the reactions it deserves. I only wish Thompson and Rothman were still around to appreciate it. (They were members of the vast and unfortunate public who never received the first issue of DQ. Many people did not, including Miller himself.)

KING OF THE JUNGLE Let me insert a quote here which Mary read me from the Los Angeles Times a few days ago: " . . . a beastly Communist movement to give Africa back to the Africans . . . " They were talking about the Mau-Mau,

THE LEFT HAND I hope that in this issue you will find writings by Howard Miller. I have tried unceasingly over the years to force this sterling character to whack out material for our various joint fanzines, but without much success. Although (as you know from reading the last two Primals) his letters are eminently entertaining and readable, even if jarring to certain prudes, he freezes when he thinks he's writing for publication. What I really ought to do is to hide a tape recorder sometime when he is monologuing and transcribe his remarks later. I remain convinced, however, that Miller is not nearly as inarticulate on paper as he claims, and I hope that this very issue will bring some of his usually hidden talents to light.

FAUX POP The day that Burblings c/w Dream Quest c/w etc was produced, Peter J. Vorzimer (editor of Abstract) appeared looking for Rotsler. He was offered home brew and declined it. He refused commercial beer. After a time Isabel said to Miller and me, "Why don't you go out and get some soda-pop for Pete and his friend?" So we went. But when we returned armed with coke, orange, root beer and Black Cherry, the two boys had given up waiting for Willie and had departed toward Arcturus. So we gave the pop to Burbee's kids.

In San Francisco, Pete Vorzimer was very much in evidence, his sartorial impeccability and reserved conversation lending an air of dignity to the convention which somewhat dispelled the disorganized and wild atmosphere imparted it by such insurgents as Anthony Roucher and John W. Campbell, Jr. Vorzimer asked me if I was paying close attention to the convention proceedings and I replied that were in SF more on a vacation basis than on a science-fiction basis. "I too," he replied, "am mostly just having a good time. This morning I had a fifth of tequila for breakfast and I haven't quite recovered yet . . . "

Well, maybe it would have been okay as a mixer . . .

CONNED, BY GOD Yes, we were at the Convention. Mary and I plus Howard Miller and Buck (who is really James I. Hubler but we call him Buck) journeyed to San Francisco in my ancient car and we spent four days there, paying occasional visits to the Sir Francis Drake. Perhaps some of the events of the trip will be of minor interest (although I am certainly not prepared to give a convention report). Fellow one-shotters Burbee and Jacobs spoke idly of going

(Burbee wanted to look for Max Brand books and piano-rolls and Jacobs wanted to hear Turk Murphy) but neither of them made it, which is sad and regrettable.

I think that in many ways the trip up and the trip down were as enjoyable as the stay in SF, once the Blighted Area was cleared. In my judgment metropolitan Los Angeles' atmosphere and influence extend along the coast from San Onofre to Point Concepcion, and you can never really feel you're savoring the seacoast or the open air till you escape from it. And I did enjoy it in spite of the fact that I had to do all the driving myself (Miller and Buck both being men of strong back but weak mind and eye and thus incapable of being trusted behind the wheel). We took 15 hours or so going north, via the Hearst Highway instead of US101. It slows you down, but it pays off considerably in the absence of thick traffic as well as in the beauty of the seascape and (if you're lucky enough to hit it on a non-foggy day, as we were) in the crispness of the air. God, we get that so seldom in Los Angeles!

The trip back took about 20 hours because mostly of two stopoffs -- one at the "mystery spot" in Santa Cruz, where the strange forces of nature and of carpentry combine to produce a series of odd phenomena. If you go, don't be suckered in by Curious Canyon, which is a smaller replica that you will run into first and which is less hard to dismiss as a fake.

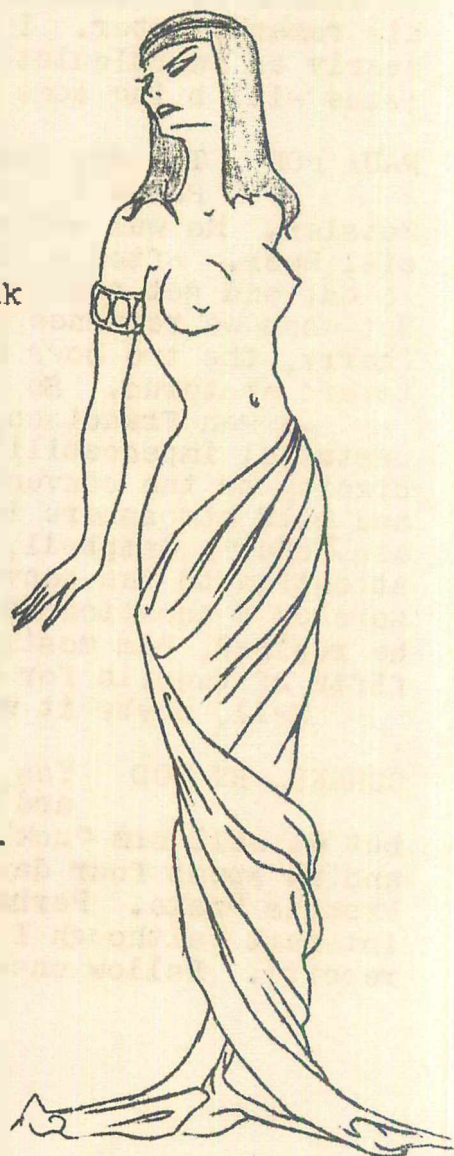
The convention was on Powell St., site of one of the two or three remaining cable lines, and so the first attraction was the "cute car." Second attraction, after we pressed into the hotel, was the sight of John W. Campbell Jr. and Jack Williamson in deep and dark conversation with each other. Campbell is a great hulking brute of a man. I knew the face from pictures and pointed him out to the others. Miller was strangely silent for many moments, and I think a tiny tear crept down one cheek. Surely he will never again enjoy his Astoundings, for at last he uttered, "He's repulsive!"

Miller's god had a build of clay, I guess.

Later we noted Pete Vorzimer holding van Vogt's drink (a purple thing with a maraschino in it) while the great man autographed a copy of Slan.

After we watched people swilling expensive drinks for a time, we pressed out. We spent the majority of the next few days enjoying the "cute hills" (Christ, those awful hills . . . I came close to total evacuation on the 700block of California when the fluid drive in my wreck reached its asymptote and the motor roared and roared and roared but no power reached the wheels) and Golden Gate Park and several intriguing eating and drinking places ("You mean this is an after-hours joint as well as a fag joint?" --Miller) and riding up and down on the cable cars and all sorts of things. We even visited the Berkeley campus for some reason known best to the Creator.

Buck came away a saddened young man because he did not get to meet the two people he most wanted to see: GMCarr and Ray Palmer. It is



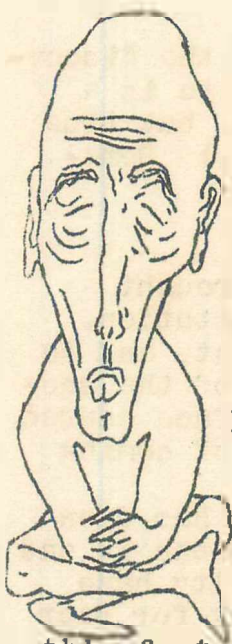












sad that these two raconteurs were not there, and I missed some other westcoasters too -- Speer, for one, and I had also nurtured vague hopes for Clark Ashton Smith and E. Hoffmann Price.

But Don Day did tell me that the Insurgent publications were the only readable items in the last mailing, which was pleasing to hear, and a drunken Dale Hart bedeviled Miller for several minutes (the same Miller whom Ackerman addressed as Sir Laurence Olivier jr. earlier that same day) before he realized that Wilson was there too. He positively beamed at that point.

And looming over all was the scarecrow figure of the Man of Many Minds.

Climax of the affair in a way was the masked ball, chiefly because of the music of Turk Murphy (although I will venture here that the Turk has seldom had a less lively audience). I will admit that wandering around a room clutching beer is a less emotionally satisfying means of assimilating Dixieland than sitting at a table guzzling beer, and that this fact had its effect on me. Also there was the fact that Miller, who cares little for jazz and even less for staying still, tailed me throughout the evening with a woeful expression in his eyes. (Marv sat near the bandstand, suggesting numbers. Somebody named Krapheide or something tried to get her to join the SF s-f group, totally ignoring the rest of us. Heh.) But it was good, all the same. It was science-fictional in association if not in content; you may know that the St. James Infirmary Blues is one of the Turk's prime numbers, and perhaps your memory extends back as far as "The Proud Robot"?

We made the editors' session too. This noon-time flimflam, wherein Boucher and Campbell guzzled Miller's High-life (some of the local people have refused to touch this beer since they learned that it is manufactured by a mccarthyite) and Evelyn Gold swilled down milk, was incompetently moderated by Paul Anderson around the topic, What are science-fiction's weaknesses and how may they be editorially remedied? Campbell contributed the solidest piece of thinking (discussed elsewhere herein), and Boucher and Mrs. Gold showed that their ideas were well-founded though their preparation was nil. Sam Moskowitz was there too; he uttered a long peroration halfway through which Buck turned to me and said, "He's an ass."

Moskowitz did have a valid point -- that there are other kinds of science-fiction than the variety purveyed by Campbell, and that these others can be worthwhile to read -- but once he got hold of this point he belabored it mercilessly, riding also the idea that "You guys think I'm prejudiced against modern science-fiction, but it's a damned lie." Talk about persecution complexes . . . !

I think that the most enjoyable time of all was had at a place called Martin's "spanol, on one of the vertical streets, where they purport to serve Basque food but actually you can't tell what kind it is, or aught else save that it is wonderful stuff, through the haze of geniality and fine wine. (Once I claimed to be against wine, but that dated from a vile experience I had with Gallo Port early in my career. Now I just avoid sweet wine.) There was also a fabulous evening at the home of a cousin of Mary's, where we all ate fine spaghetti and guzzled fine highballs and watched Miller being led astray by this guy's 5-year-old daughter (and isn't it fabulous the way hardboiled old salts will let the wee gals lead them around by the schnoz?)

And lest you think it was entirely an alcoholic weekend, let me



say that I came away considerably enlarged and refreshed by the discovery that a scant 500 miles away from Greater Los Angeles there is a fabulous and fine city ripe for moving into. (Mary told me, but true to character I didn't believe a word of it till I was there.) Someday we will do just that, I think.

Even if Miller's god did crumble into flesh.

. . . -- -- . . . The laziness of Ramon Jimenez has brought about the ruination of a great institution.

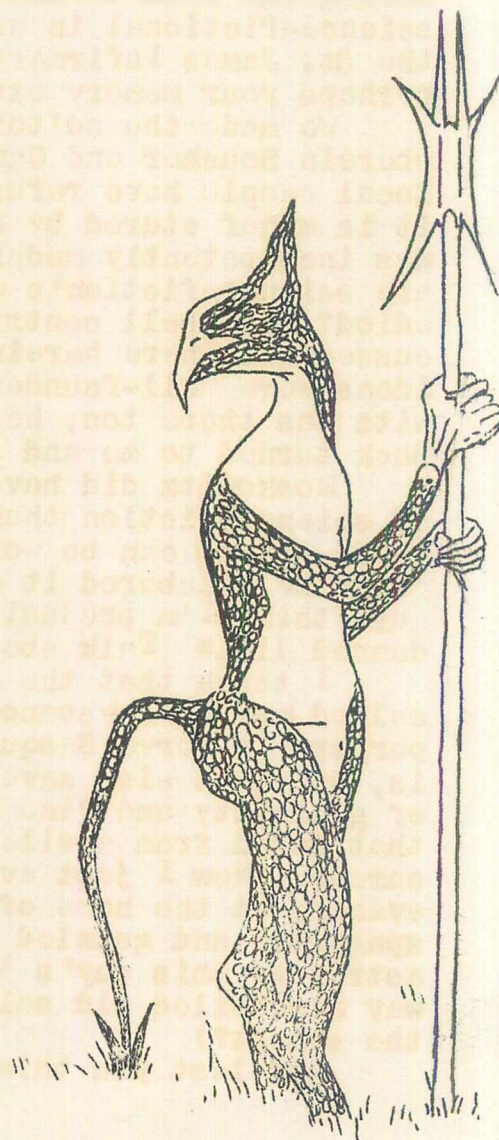
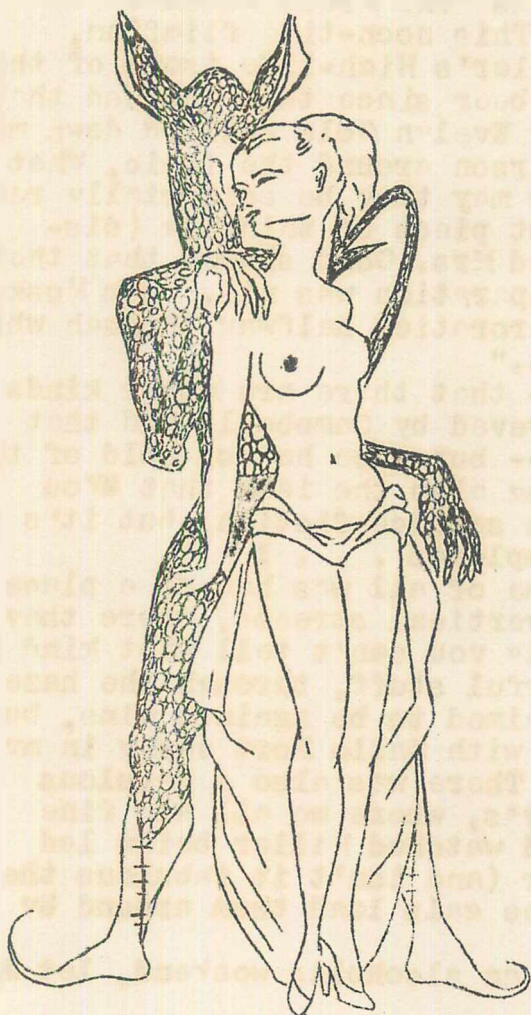
There is no room for a crock at my present establishment, and so when I left 833 Ocean Avenue I turned over the manufacture of the sacred liquid to Buck and Ramon (this same Ramon whose sleepy face caused Gregg Calkins some distress when he made the awful mistake of coming to call on me last January).

Since I made that fatal mistake, very little home brew has seen the light of day. If the boys wished, they could brew to capacity and fill all their 200 or so bottles and we could relax in a malty haze for days and days. But no home brew comes forth, and we pay for beer when it is drunk.

I think one of these days I will rent a garage and carry on alone. The present conditions bring great sadness to my heart. They blight my faith in the conviviality of my fellow man.

Ah well, we have Hamm's now. And don't think I am not suitably grateful for that small favor.

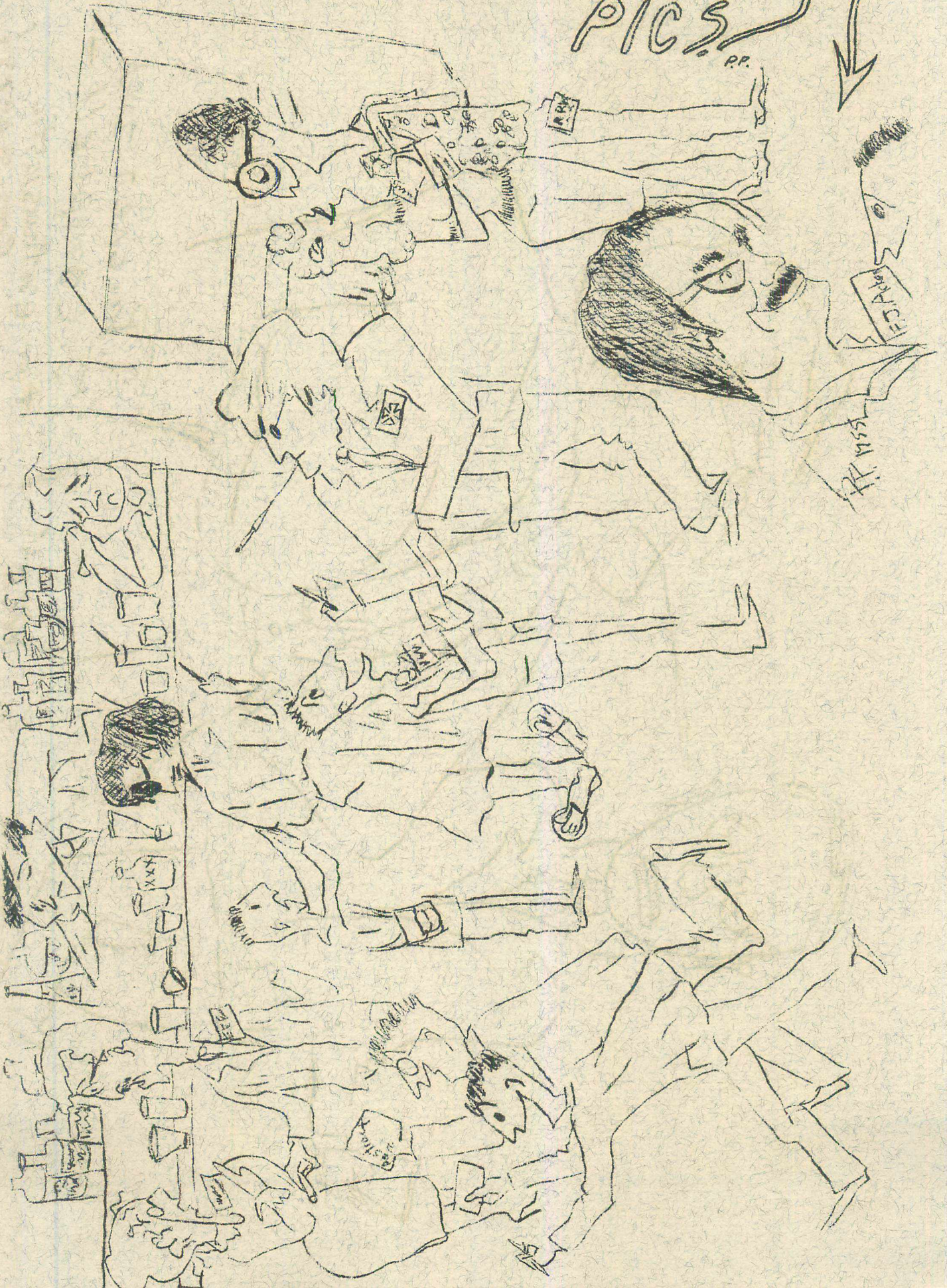
---Don Wilson





# CONVENTION PICS

P.P.







A. Boucher and  
J. Campbell -  
two enthusiastic  
con-goers!

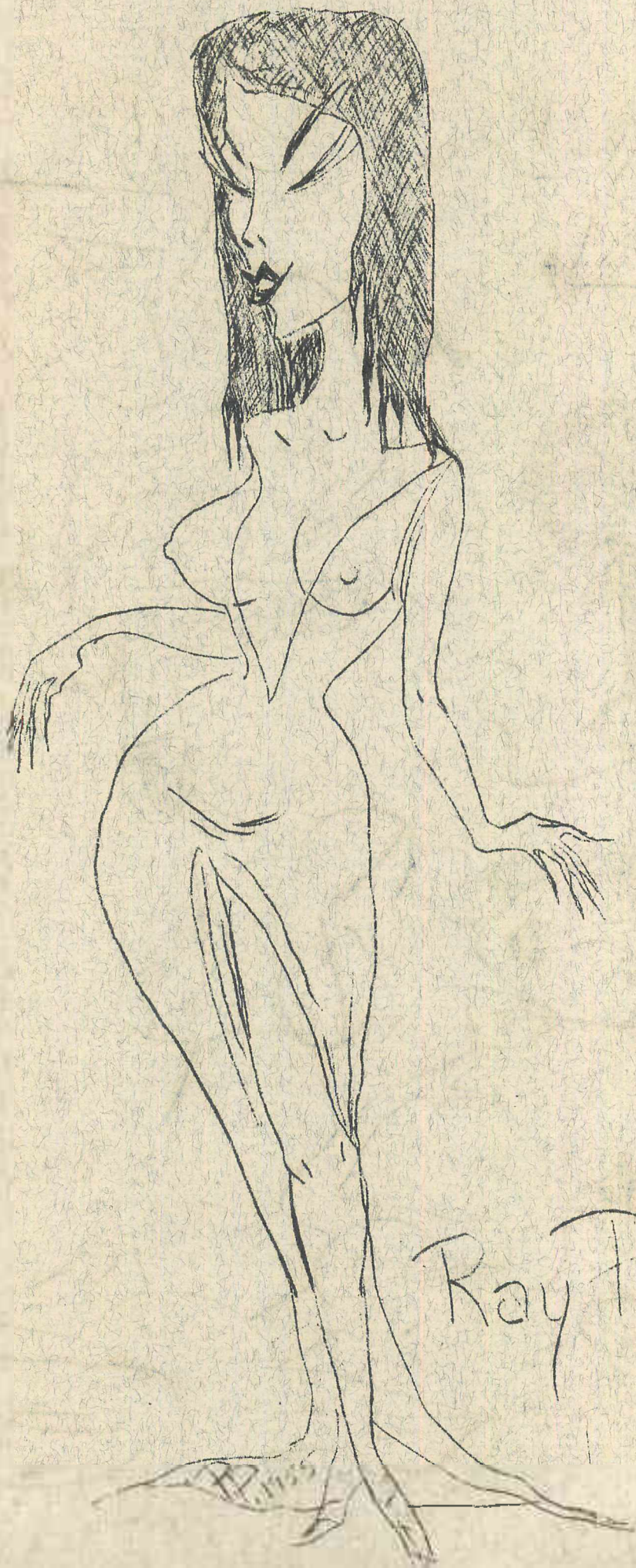
AP 1955





R. Block and "Friends"





Ray Palmer



# MIMSY WERE THE CUDDLY-PETS

Cuddly-pet, cuddly-pet,  
Daddy, buy me a cuddly-pet!  
A cuddly-piggy or giraffe,  
Or a cuddly-rhino to make me laugh,  
But the cuddly-pet for which I'm achin'  
Is a lovely, squishy cuddly-Kraken!



Cuddly-pets are lots of fun!  
Sizes and shapes for everyone,  
But the cuddly-pet that sends me more  
Is a slippery, grippery cuddly-boa!



A cuddly-Kraken, a cuddly Boa  
Can be had at your neighborhood cuddly-store,  
But here's the one that will knock you flat --  
A gorgeous cuddly vampire bat!

Cuddly-pets, cuddly-pets!  
Come in singles, pairs, and sets;  
Do you have a favorite hated relation?  
Buy him a cuddly-Abomination!

Cuddly-pets engulf our house.  
There's a cuddly cat for our cuddly mouse,  
But this year Santa's going to bring us  
A cuddly Thing for our cuddly-Thingess!

Come buy our lovely cuddly-wares!  
We have them in singles, sets, and pairs.  
A cuddly-lad for each cuddly lass,  
But the boys all like a cuddly ass!\*

Cuddly-types are extremely numerous,  
Serious, whimsical, and also humorous.  
Do you have a child who is very pract'cal?  
Get him a cuddly Pterodactyl!



Cuddly-pets, cuddly-pets!  
The longer you keeps 'em, the better they gets.  
Here's one straight from the banks of the Niger --  
A purring cuddly saber-tooth Tiger!

Give your friends some cuddly-pets!  
Nobody cares how many he gets!  
Doggies are nice, but best of all  
Is a great, big cuddly Neanderthal!

\*Donkey, of course.

# THOUGH WITH RULE AND LINE by JACK SPEER

My first text tonight is from Eddington, Gifford 12:5--

"'Knowableness to mind' is moreover a property which differentiates the actual world of our experience from imaginary worlds in which the same general laws of Nature are supposed to hold true. Consider a world -- Utopia, let us say -- governed by all the laws of Nature known and unknown which govern our own world, but containing better stars, planets, cities, animals, etc. -- a world which might exist, but it just happens that it doesn't. How can the physicist test that Utopia is not the actual world? We refer to a piece of matter in it; it is not real matter but it attracts any other piece of (unreal) matter in Utopia according to the law of gravitation. Scales and clocks constructed of this unreal matter will measure wrong intervals, but the physicist cannot detect that they are wrong unless he has first been shown the unreality of the matter. As soon as any element in it has been shown to be unreal, Utopia collapses; but so long as we keep to the cycles of physics /This is the potential, that was derived from the interval, that was measured by the scale, that was made from the matter, that embodied the stress, that expressed the potential, that was derived from the interval.....7 we can never find the vulnerable point, for each element is correctly linked to the rest of the cycle, all our laws of Nature expressed in the cycle being obeyed by hypothesis. The unreal stars emit unreal light which falls on unreal retinas and ultimately reaches unreal brains. . . . Of the infinite number of worlds which are examples of what might be possible under the laws of Nature, there is one which does something more than fulfill those laws of Nature. This property, which is evidently not definable with respect to any of the laws of Nature, we describe as 'actuality' -- generally using the word as a kind of halo of indefinite import. We have seen that the trend of modern physics is to reject these indefinite attributions and to define its terms according to the way in which we recognize the properties when confronted by them. We recognize the actuality of a particular world because it is that world alone with which consciousness interacts. However much the theoretical physicist may dislike a reference to consciousness, the experimental physicist uses freely this touchstone of actuality. . . . Each of us is armed with this touchstone of actuality; by applying it we decide that this sorry world of ours is actual and Utopia is a dream. As our individual consciousnesses are different, so our touchstones are different; but fortunately they all agree in their indication of actuality -- or at any rate those which agree are in sufficient majority to shut the others up in lunatic asylums.

" . . . If actuality means 'known to mind' then it is a purely subjective character of the world; to make it objective we must substitute 'knowable to mind.' The less stress we lay on the accident of parts of the world being known at the present era to particular minds, the more stress we must lay on the potentiality of being known to mind as a fundamental objective property of matter, giving it the status of actuality whether individual consciousness is taking note



of it or not."

The second text i will not quote, but synopsisize. In "Destiny Times Three," the representative of the race which made and lost the Probability Engine denounced Prim and his companions who had found and misused it. By this super-race the Probability Engine had been used to forecast the results of alternative choices, merely casting hypotheses and working out the results mechanically instead of mentally, But Prim and his fellows had used it to force divisions in the time stream they belonged to, and actualized three possibilities from the crucial decision on handling atomic energy. After deciding that World II and World III were unsuccessful, and that the world based on putting atomics in the public domain, World I, was successful, the eight villains directed the Probability Engine to destroy Worlds II and III.

This reminds me of an amazing little story in an obscure fantasy collection entitled "A Moment of Time." I can't reproduce the cleverness of it, but as i recall, an old gentleman pulled out a watch and said, "The universe will end -- now," and put his watch away. A young man argued with him. "I can still see the world around me," he said. "Ono," said the oldster. "If the world had not ended at the moment i indicated, it would have now been as you think you observe it, and you would have been observing it as you now think you are doing." "But, by George," shouted the young one, "i can see it and i'm not addicted to illusions." "What is this you that sees it? You died along with the world a minute ago. That which now makes these extravagant assertions is merely the cut-off projection of what you would have continued to be if you hadn't died."

But Prim's gang had not destroyed the unsuccessful possible worlds; they had only placed them beyond their own observation. And the peoples of those worlds went on suffering from the wrong choices forced upon them when the wielders of the Probability Engine split destiny three ways. But they were not utterly beyond the possibility of observation by the eight experimenters, or by people in World I which continued to be within the time-splitters' ken. People in World II found that by intense concentration under the right circumstances, they could swap egos with their counterparts in World I; and citizens of World I who were not yet thus dispossessed sometimes had bad dreams which originated in their World II counterparts. And finally scientists in World II developed a means of bridging the gap which separated them from the happy world, and sent an invading force thru it.

As concerns Prim and his fellow Late Middle Dawn men, and Thorn I and his acquaintances, then, World II and World III were actual, for they were knowable to these men's minds. Would they have been actual if there had not remained this possibility of communication and transportation -- if the Probability Engine, though failing to "destroy" them, had put them utterly beyond observation and capacity to affect? If this had been accomplished, would Worlds II and III not have been in exactly the same status as the hypothetical worlds which the True Owners of the Machine claimed they never actualized, but only postulated to test alternatives?

The envoy of the True Owners seemed to think there was a difference. Human beings continued to live and suffer in Worlds II and



III; there was no such suffering in the hypothetical worlds which resulted from his race's proper operation of the Probability Engine, because the latter worlds weren't real.

I doubt that Sir Arthur would agree with him. The Englishman would point out that people in these hypothetical worlds could (thru the Engine) be observed to weep and wring their hands, and conduct their lives as if they didn't enjoy the results of the hypothetical wrong choices. If he didn't have an illogical penchant for believing consciousness to be the ultimate reality, Eddington would probably conclude from these signs that these unreal people were suffering unreal grief which was as poignant to them as real grief to real people.

THE TEMPORAL THEORY of "Destiny Times Three" is not altogether clear, but for the purpose of this discussion it will be convenient to assume that Prim and his lieutenants were operating on the theory of finite-valued probability, whereas the race which made the Engine accented the theory of infinite-valued probability. Translating into English: "finite-valued probability" here refers to the "Branches of Time" theory -- that a time-traveler or some other extraordinary event creates a new distinct branch on the trunk of time when he comes to rest in a past age and starts making changes therein. Infinite-valued probability is implicit in "Sidewise in Time," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," and other stories, though I don't call to mind any tale which makes it perfectly clear. The idea is that from every particle in the universe at every instant there radiates a pencil of probabilities, each pencil containing infinite numbers of future possibilities. For purposes of dramatization, only sharply differing possibility lines are usually involved in a story, but it may be implied that there are continuous series of intermediate possibilities between these outstanding alternatives. For our purposes here, the main point is that in this theory the alternative worlds appear automatically, whether we do anything about it or not; in the "Branches of Time" school, they are only called into "existence" by the act of a time-traveler.

But what do we mean by "existence"? What is the difference between being and not being? The pragmatic theory of meaning states that a definition must enable us to become acquainted in experience with what the word stands for, if it stands for anything. If "existence" is defined in other terms than knowableness to people you know of, it loses its usefulness.

On this basis, when the temporonaut who later returned to tell the tale stopped at 1776 and called a new branch of time into "existence," all he was doing was rendering known, and proving knowable, to us one of the infinitude of probabilities which, if they were knowable, existed all the time anyway.

And therefore the Enginemakers' possible futures existed whether they observed them or not; and when the villainous Prim and his companions used the Engine to actualize worlds in which subtronic energy was kept to the elite, or attempted to be suppressed, their only crime was to render detectable to World I inhabitants unhappy counterparts in other worlds who would have been there anyway, suffering just as much grief for the errors of their histories.

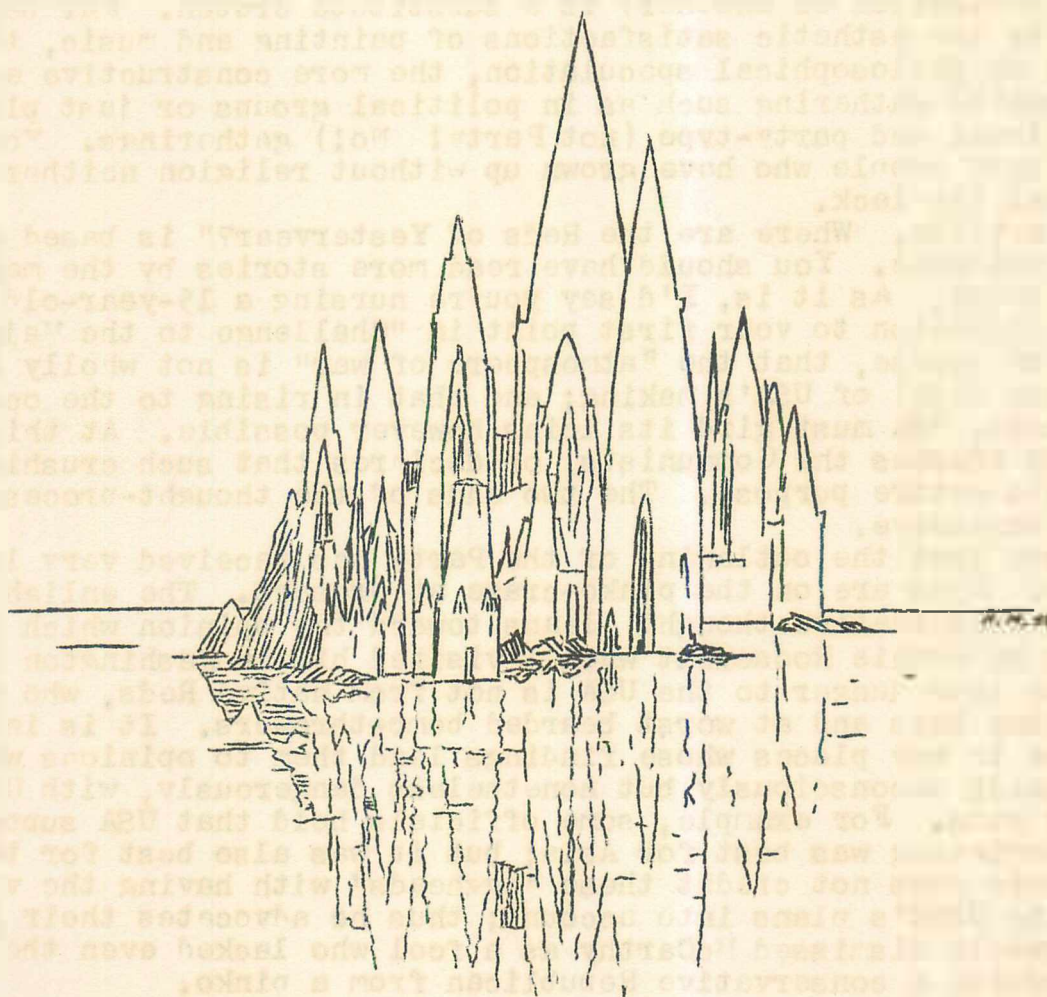
If you have followed me, you may race on a little ahead and



wonder why then any of us should try to make this world a better place for the sake of other people. Surely "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is an extravagant doctrine; must we spent time sympathizing with the lost brethren beyond our ken? Even if this is a world fated to become, by our efforts, a better place to live in, there are countless others, though undetectable to us, in which men are unhappy; and if we do not try to make this a better world, the better world "exists" somewhere else. Therefore let me look to my own welfare and pleasure only, and let the world go hang.

The answer is that that is not the way human beings function. We are not driven to make sacrifices for ideals by a backgroundless desire that the world shall be a better place. We are driven to it by sympathy with people we have seen in person or in the newsreels, by calculations that what benefits others will benefit ourselves in unguessable ways, by training which makes us unable to be fully happy while seeing unhappiness around us. By such considerations as these the human machine is moved to try to improve all of the world that is known or likely to become known to its mind.

But what you can't know won't hurt you. ###





# THE REACTIONARY

RAHU It's a pleasure to see Speer again after all these years, particularly since I am not now so awed by the ponderousness of the verbiage as I once was, and now recognize it as merely distinctiveness. # With regard to the paragraph on 4A literature, I would like to advance an idea. "You ought to think about something to take the place of that," you say, referring to the antidote to the six-day-a-week slackness which is provided by "Sunday manners." I think your approach is backwards, Juffus, for you assume here that the slackness is a natural condition and that something is needed to remedy it. I disagree. I think the surliness you speak of is superimposed on a more deeply-rooted easy-going spirit. (The question, "What causes this superposition," could be answered by volumes and volumes on social psychology.) Churchism does not wipe away the frustrations and the terrors; it merely channels the behavior which might result from them toward more socially acceptable ends. I do not think that militant atheism (which primarily consists of bitterness against one church organization or another) is a substitute crutch. Far better to show people the esthetic satisfactions of painting and music, the enjoyment of philosophical speculation, the more constructive employment of social gathering such as in political groups or just plain conversational and party-type (not Party! No!) gatherings. You must remember that people who have grown up without religion neither need it nor feel its lack.

The article, "Where are the Reds of Yestervear?" is based on inadequate evidence. You should have read more stories by the men of whom you speak. As it is, I'd say you're nursing a 15-year-old grudge.

The objection to your first point in "Challenge to the Major Premise" is, of course, that the "atmosphere of war" is not wholly (or at all, if you wish) of USA's making; and that in rising to the occasion, nevertheless, USA must gird its loins however possible. At this point one either crushes the Communists, or declares that such crushing defeats USA's entire purpose. The two ends of the thought-process seem mutually exclusive.

I note that the outlawing of the Party has received very little publicity. Eyes are on the pinko-craze at present. The enlightened branch of conservative thought leans toward the opinion which was summed up by Archie Roosevelt when I visited him in Washington last July: The true danger to the USA is not from native Reds, who are at best soapbox boys and at worst bearded bomb-throwers. It is instead from those in key places whose findings lead them to opinions which jibe, usually unconsciously but nonetheless dangerously, with USSR's strategic aims. For example, some officials held that USA support of the Kuomintang was best for Asia; but it was also best for the Kremlin. Archie does not credit these "eggheads" with having the vision to take the USSR's plans into account; thus he advocates their removal. Roosevelt dismissed McCarthy as a fool who lacked even the ability to distinguish a conservative Republican from a pinko.

I daresay that in terms of strategy (and there is at the present time a certain finality about strategy) a strong case can be made for this branch of current thinking. My private objection is that its



making often tends to assume the ultimateness of Strategy; and I feel that strategy is at best a very short-term aim. We should be thinking a lot more about what to do after WWII, instead of thinking in terms of WWII's lasting forever.

**BURBLINGS C/W ETC** After the session which produced this item had ended, Miller said to me, "Being a Burbee fan is passe. I'm going to become an Isabel fan."

You might think that he was under duress and being unfairly influenced by Isabel's cooking; but this is not the case. He was seeing facts and events in their true perspective, unclouded by the dense morass of verbiage, half-truths, semi-facts and demagoguery which now surrounds the name of Charles Burbee.

The truth is that without Isabel, Burbee would be as nothing. And there is more behind this than the truism that fans, like armies, move on their bellies.

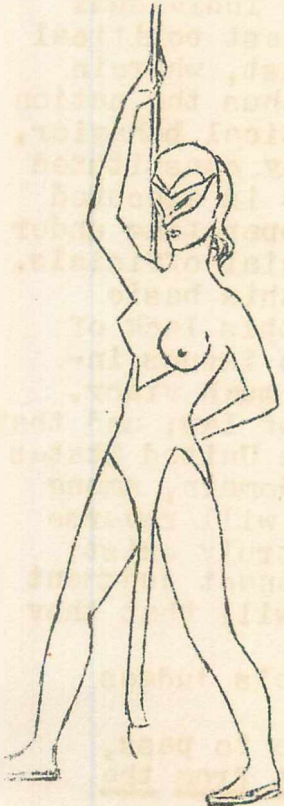
Observe the facts. Burbee consistently refuses to allow Isabel to write material for his fanzines.

Is this because he feels her material would not be up to his standards? Oh, least of all. He fears eclipse. Moreover, he fears that a little of the strength which holds him up would rub off onto other fans via the reading thereof, thus permitting them to become like Burbee.

Burbee admits publicly that it was Isabel's judgments of LSFAS members which first enabled him to snipe against them with more than imagination to back them up. Thus is born all the legendary material.

Face the fact, people: Burbee is but the mouthpiece of Isabel, who is the brains as well as the talent of the outfit. (Burbee provides the beauty.) Hark to this fact, fans of the world. Be no longer deceived. Throw off your shackles! Do not dance to his frenetic fluting!

Any way you look at it, never get mixed up with these pro editors. They'll screw you every time!



**SPACESHIP** The Skylark article provided enjoyable reading; I'd like to see a similar article on the Lensman series such as was promised long ago. I might even publish it! Heh. # And I wonder what became of the Burbee expose of Laney. I would almost be willing to publish that too!

**MASQUE** The only thing comparable to this in previous stefnal circles was the Shaver reign in Amazing. My god! But I must admit frankly that I'd rather read Fitzgerald than Rotsler. # Fitzgerald never knew how close he came to being called on by three madmen and a madwoman at 3am when we were cruising merrily homeward from SF. # This is the goudy fanzine? A bit drab, isn't it?

**GEMZINE** "Surely, you are not serious in stating that unless a man is convicted in court of a certain deed, he didn't do it."

Uhhh. !!!!!

What we're saying is that unless a court says that a man committed a certain deed, we are not going to execute him or pillory him or villify



him for it. If GMCarr says Howard Miller committed murder, that's not enough to make me shoot him down in his tracks or hang him by the toenails until blood starts from his eyeballs. No. I will first have to have the word of a judge and a jury.

"Your quibbling over whether or not legal guilt exists unless the law defines it" is not begging the point, GM. This is not a society where a few hotheads can tell the bulk of the people where the danger to them lies, or what thought-patterns and modes of behavior they must follow in order to be free from guilt. It is a society which is set up with the primary premise that each of its citizens is protected by the bulking force of public strength until his irresponsible, anti-social acts indicate that he is no longer entitled to that protection. Then we try to make him act in a responsible manner. If we fail, we incarcerate him for our own protection; or, if we judge (through our body of laws, which are heart our own judgments as reflected through the legislative process) that incarceration is insufficient to insure our protection, we regretfully eliminate him. We train people to interpret the laws our representatives and our traditions make, and that our duly constituted police enforce. We do not entrust the making of the laws and their interpretation and their enforcement to individuals, no matter how holy the zeal which may motivate their actions.

And this is the hole in your whole line of thinking, my dear Mrs. Carr. "The guilt exists the moment the crime is committed" is a statement which presupposes some absolute standards of conduct and presupposes also the omniscience of the accuser and the punisher. Society is not set up that way. There are no absolute standards of conduct (although there are, of course, certain items which are generally agreed throughout many societies to be social malpractice -- examples, murder (though there are killings which bring glory, as in time of war); and incest (because inbreeding intensifies hereditary characteristics, including the undesirable).

Moreover, there are no absolute standards of political thinking and political behavior. The standards are set up by the individual society. In the present society, the nation is the highest political allegiance -- in contrast to various societies of the past, wherein emperor or prince or land itself were paramount -- and thus the nation judges the goodness and badness of a given type of political behavior. The method by which this judgment is made is through duly constituted legislative processes; the method by which this judgment is executed is by means of the findings of duly constituted courts operating under the direction of duly constituted and duly trained judicial officials.

You exhibit an appalling lack of understanding of this basic political fact about the United States, Mrs. Carr, and this lack of understanding argues a tremendous unconsciousness of the issues involved in the cases you argue with so many words and so much vigor.

The fact is that guilt is manifested by violation of law; and that the law punishes its violators. The mental tenor of the United States in the past has prompted certain items from the law's domain, among these being thought. Perhaps the society of the future will reverse this judgment. I do not respect the trend, if it does truly exist; but it will be up to the legislatures of the future to enact judgment of "thought-crimes" if it is the tenor of the times to will that they so do.

And the future's police will arrest, and the future's judges will punish.

I hope this does not come to pass. If it does come to pass, however, let it derive from the popular tenor -- and not from the











opinions of a few fatheads who cannot tell the difference between a variation in interpretation of the meanings of certain words, and some absolute pattern of divine right and wrong.

Mark these words well, G M Carr, because you are one of the fat-heads I'm talking about. You are spreading your line of villification and fear and screaming hatred to as many of your associates as you can. You are interfering with the plans of those who wish to defend the United States -- a place where government is by law and not by demagogues -- from foreign enslavers by means of military defenses and internal confidence and strength. You are helping to create an atmosphere of fear and a lack of confidence which any propaganda strategist connected with the enemy is most anxious to achieve. In your screamed denunciations of "eggheads" and "pinkos" you assume a strata of society in which a few intelligentsia lead those who blindly follow them, tramping over their (your?) fellow citizens (who, being eggheads, do not count anyhow) -- all justified (if you do not claim the act is its own justification) by the howl, "It's for their own good, the stupid bastards."

You, in other words, are one of the first line of contributors to an aura of mentality in which a tremendous body of people, being blinded by fear into believing that something must be attacking them, will follow any self-appointed messiah who purports to save them from it.

You might wonder what I think you should do, GM. I think you should ask yourself the question, "What am I trying to defend?" If your answer is that you are trying to preserve the good things which are presently available to you, and have been available to you (in common with the citizens of the USA, New Zealand, Canada, and a few other countries -- in contrast with far better than half of the rest of the peoples of this world), then ask yourself why these good things are available to you.

I think that if you investigate enough sources, you'll find that you have the economic freedom and the security you have because a slow process of historical growth has permitted you to make a way for yourself free from opposition. And what has grown in this process of historical growth?

Here's the answer: A government of laws. Or, otherwise stated, a rule by rule. A man's freedom to act is circumscribed insofar as he is not permitted to do those things which society has judged to be injurious to his fellows.

In contrast, if you wish, there have been and still are societies in which a man's freedom to act is circumscribed by the idle whim of a despotic ruler, who changes the rules as he goes and invents the rules to permit the conviction after the execution has been effected.

You and your fellow dupes are spreading the gospel of that type of life, GM. You have already presumed to judge your fellows who have more faith in justice through legality than you have. You might be squeamish at effecting an execution yourself, but there are those of your cast of mind who would not be -- and once they could do that thing with impunity, it would be too late to wish you'd let history take its course instead of making a prejudgment of it.

The funniest thing of all is that you're not conservative at all, GM. I was talking about Archie Roosevelt on the other page. Archie Roosevelt is a conservative. He realizes that the United States (a country governed by laws) is threatened by the USSR; the fact that he has judged the USSR to be all bad (which other people claim is an invalid judgment) is of no moment, for nearly all are agreed that the USSR's rule would be far from an improvement over what we have. He



condemns certain people because he believes their policies to contribute unwittingly to the supremacy of the USSR. He does not wish to pillory and smear these people; but simply remove them from positions where they can do harm.

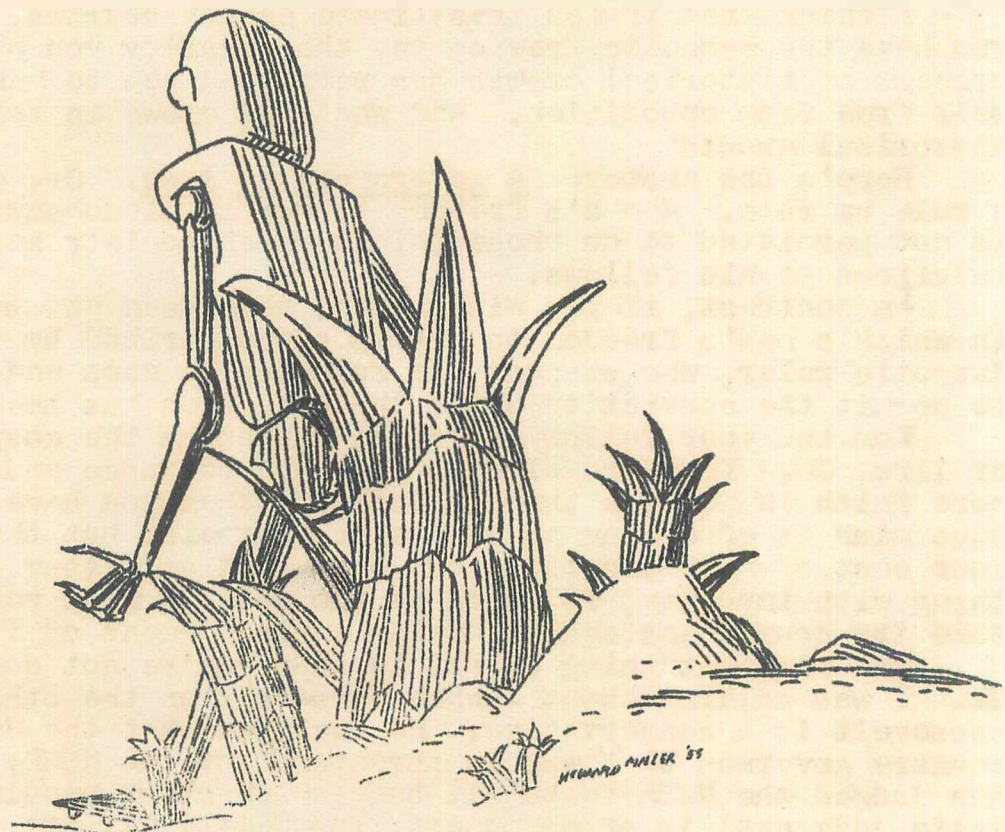
In other words, argument with him would proceed from the grounds that his definition of "harm" is poorly founded, and that the policies followed should be a) instead of b). Conversation with such a person is a pleasure.

And, for purposes of the present discussion, the important point is that this is "guilt" being defined in terms of socio/national self-defense. It is not guilt defined in terms of some absolute and all-wise scale in which there are Good People and Eggheads.

Although my political affiliation, and my judgments of certain people, differ largely from Roosevelt's, and my solutions to certain problems differ largely from his, in the important sense I too am a conservative, for I wish to preserve the freedom to think and act and eat.

You are not a conservative, Mrs. Carr. You are the worst type of radical, for you wish to overthrow the essential protection for individuals who incur your divine wrath because you think them a threat to some disembodied thing called "Security." "Security," indeed! How can security be defined except in terms of secure human beings? Putting it in other terms places you on shaky ground indeed.

Since this seems to sum up my convictions on this subject, and since I have no cute, devastating, or world-shattering concluding remarks to make, I shall withdraw at this point to remark that your fanzine reviews were of some high interest to me, since I am so far removed from the scene of contemporary fanziniana. Am I right in my feeling that there is no single fanzine of today which packs the solid punch of a Scientifictionist or a Spaceways?





# PRO-PHILE

The highlight of the editors' discussion on science-fiction which was held at the Sir Francis Drake was the incident in which E. E. Smith asked Martin Greenberg of Gnome Press, "You publish a line of stories which critical opinion agrees are suitable for readers of mental age 5. How well does Conan sell, Mr. Greenberg?"

And Greenberg, somewhat backed into a corner I suspect, replied that the Conan books are his best sellers, going consistently and rapidly until total sellout.

Many people agree that the Conan stories are not well-written, and that they are crud on an appallingly moronic level. Yet they sell.

My notion is that their sale indicates something about what's wrong with present-day science-fiction, and I will speak of this now with your indulgence.

Campbell made a remark (or, rather, a speech) at the convention wherein he set forth the following idea: The science-fiction field embodies a process of mental growth on the part of its readers, since these readers begin s-f in their youth, and, for the most part, continue it into adulthood. The various magazines may be likened to grades in school, when they fill their proper function, said Campbell; with Astounding equivalent to the university level.

("Now I know what happens to people who cancel their F&SF subscriptions," said Boucher. "They graduate and matriculate to ASF.")

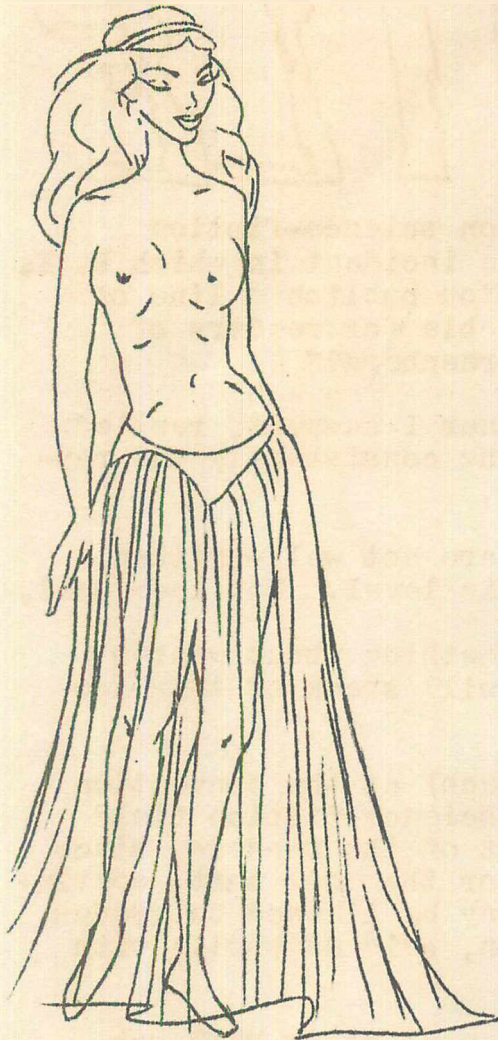
There are, continued Campbell, magazines which do as good a job as Astounding, but at a different level. They slant toward a different audience; a grade-school or high-school audience (not in terms of education, but in terms of experience with and ability to appreciate and assimilate science-fiction).

My notion is that this situation should exist, and does not. I think its attainment would solve the riddle of what's wrong with science-fiction.

And fie to you who say that such a situation would lead toward narrow, dead-end specialization in the field; there is no law which says people can't read other kinds of fiction too, and many do -- even me.

The 1953 bust occurred because every mag which hit the field was a carbon-copy of Astounding and Galaxy. The only mag which tried to build up its own readership and writership was Harling's Imagination; it did not succeed as it should have. Imagination presents a feeble echo of the best in action science-fiction; there is very little full body in it. Planet Stories prints such abysmally debased examples of the type that it's readable only by Kindergarteners.





Others turn to the Conans -- suitable substitutes being lacking in the present company.

In other words, people, how can we support Astounding in a vacuum? How can we have a pinnacle without a pyramid and a solid base?

An answer not publicly considered in the panel is the one provided by the Boucher magazine, where the tastes of a reader well-versed in the best of general twentieth-century fiction can be enlarged to embrace the best in science-fiction and fantasy. Unfortunately, people thus snagged do not often move outward to embrace Astounding, for they find it cumbersome and ponderous and lacking in the values their reading experience has taught them to seek in fiction. If you sarcastically remark that these values are primarily half-way decent writing, let me point out that a valid answer to a "what-if," as the best of Astounding's material is, may legitimately lack many of general literature's gimmicks, for its whole task is different. The "what if" of general literature is usually on a far less magnitudinous scale than that in a large science-fiction story; the personalisms in the latter may be less obtrusive and still may be adequate, though a non-specialist will at first find them deficient.

And so we struggle along. We regret the deaths of some of the magazines; but Astounding and Galaxy still provide a steady diet of readable stuff which may be leavened if you choose with Future, F&SF, and maybe others.

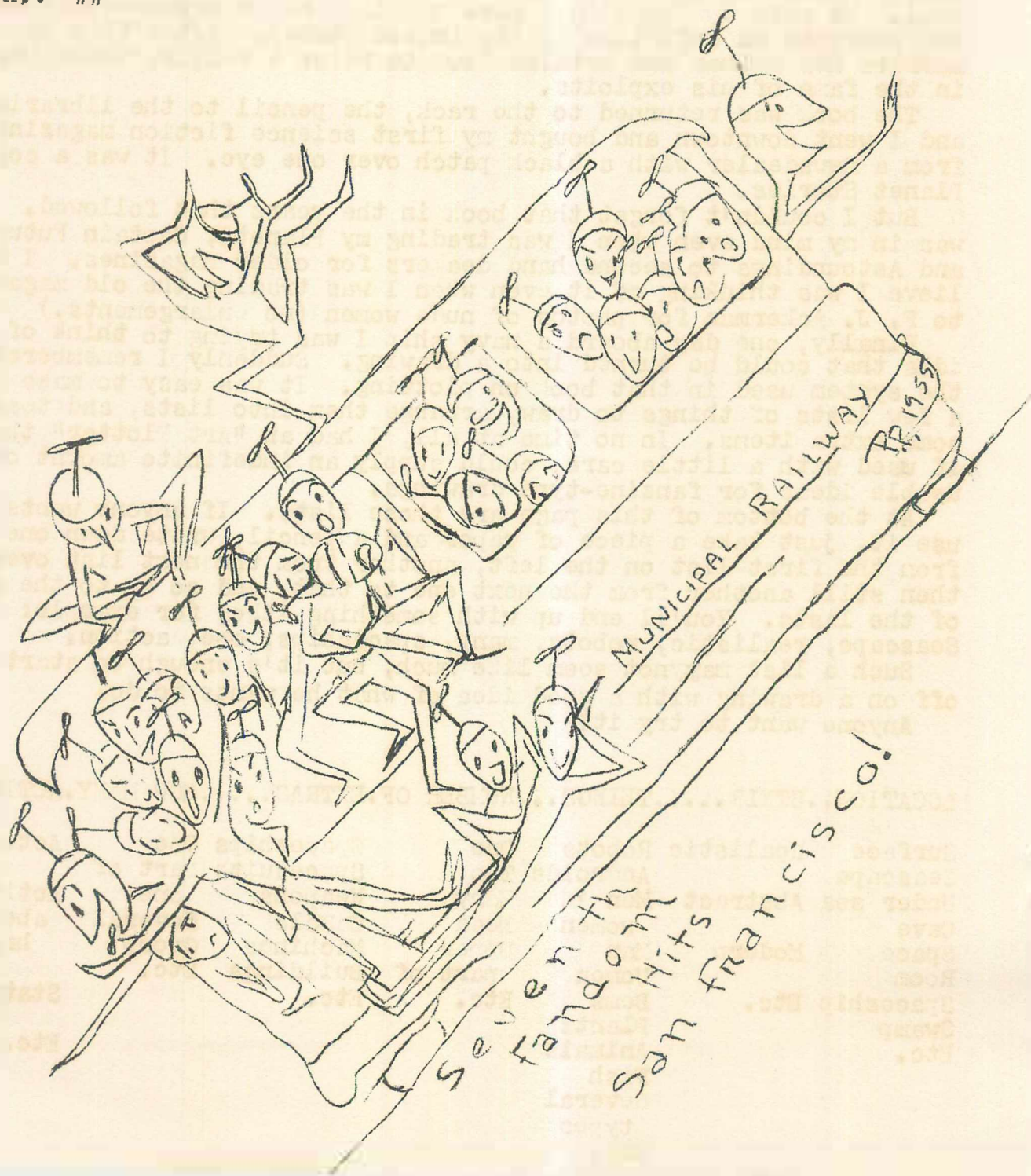
My own reading has been sporadic, and I am not moved to review it in detail. Maybe the day will come when I will get back into the track, but not now. Let me just briefly mention a few recent items which may serve to fill out the column.

"The Dead End Kids of Space," by Frank M. Robinson, turned up in a place which may surprise you: Universe #6. The task of bringing recalcitrant worlds into line with galactic policy is left to teams of three or four "thespians" who play roles in the leadership of the planetary cultures, injecting themselves therein by means of psycho/sociological techniques which they use also to alter the cultural patterns. It's an intriguing culture portrayed in this story, too -- one which grew up from the descendants of survivors of a wrecked colonial ship all of whose survivors were 12yrs of age or less! Watch Frank grow as he builds up the picture. # Another Robinson story in one of the issues of Science Stories -- a variant on "Universe" and "The Voyage That Lasted 600 Years" -- did not strike my fancy, although I hear it is scheduled for imminent anthologization. It got around the fate of the Jordan I's inhabitants by providing an



immortal Director who operated the strings behind a facade of democratic organization and so kept the personnel moving toward their ultimate goals, even if not conscious of them. I find this concept of a superhuman and absolute judge repulsive; I say a society is its own judge; the judgments of the builders thereof are not necessarily valid for succeeding generations.

In a recent ASF, Tom Godwin's "The Cold Equations" emphasized in longwinded though somewhat moving manner the idea that on the frontiers of space, power is at a premium and that therefore extra mass, even if it is human, must necessarily be jettisoned into the void. Space is large, man is small, and mass (as well as time) is his relentless enemy. The treatment will seem sticky to many of ASF's readers, and so they will lose sight of the valid point it makes (a point very often overlooked when the inertialess drive is a most commonplace literary gimmick). ##





# THE ART PLOTTER by HOWARD MILLER

In one of the dusty corners of a library some years back I found a book. It was on plots in stories--or rather, on how to plot one. The author claimed to have carefully studied a large group of novels and stories and to have distilled the basic parts of their plots into a series of lists--which would, if they were used according to a simple formula, allow anyone to cook up an original plot in less time than it would take to fry an egg.

I thought the scheme was ingenious--possibly worth a try. The librarian kindly loaned me a pencil and a piece of paper and I plotted a story in the best mechanical way. The results were something like this: A runaway cabin boy is worried about the salvation of his soul. He ends up fighting a cave man in a roman arena--which somehow prevents an inflation in the United States. After this he marries his mother and settles down to raise a family, while basking in the fame of his exploits.

The book was returned to the rack, the pencil to the librarian, and I went downtown and bought my first science fiction magazine from a newsdealer with a black patch over one eye. It was a copy of Planet Stories.

But I couldn't forget that book in the years that followed. It was in my mind even when I was trading my Planets, Captain Futures and Astoundings to second hand dealers for older magazines. I believe I was thinking of it even when I was trading the old magazines to F. J. Ackerman for photos of nude women (no enlargements.)

Finally, one day aboard a navy ship I was trying to think of some idea that could be turned into a drawing. Suddenly I remembered the system used in that book on plotting. It was easy to make up a few lists of things to draw, arrange them into lists, and toss in some extra items. In no time at all, I had an "Art Plotter" that, if used with a little care, could supply an indefinite amount of usable ideas for fanzine-type drawings.

At the bottom of this page are those lists. If anyone wants to use it, just take a piece of paper and a pencil, write down one item from the first list on the left, another from the next list over, then still another from the next one to that, and so on to the end of the lists. You'll end up with something like, for example: Seascape, realistic, robots, many, spaceships, one, action.

Such a list may not seem like much, but it's enough to start one off on a drawing with a good idea of what he wants to do.

Anyone want to try it?

LOCATION..STYLE.....THINGS...NUMBER OF.EXTRAS.....HOW MANY.ACTION

Surface	Realistic	Robots	One	Spaceships	One	Action
Seascape		Androids	Two	Spacesuits	Part of	
Under sea	Abstract	Men in	Many	Weapons	one	Action
Cave		women	Head	Canals	Several	about to
Space	Modern	Man	Upper	Machines	Group	happen
Room		Women	part of	Buildings	Etc.	
Spaceship Etc.		Bems	Etc.	Etc.		Static
Swamp		Plants				
Etc.		Animals				Etc.
		Fish				
		Several				
		types				
		Etc.				



