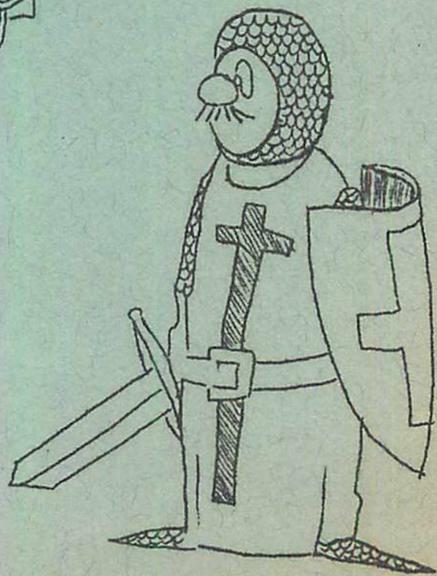
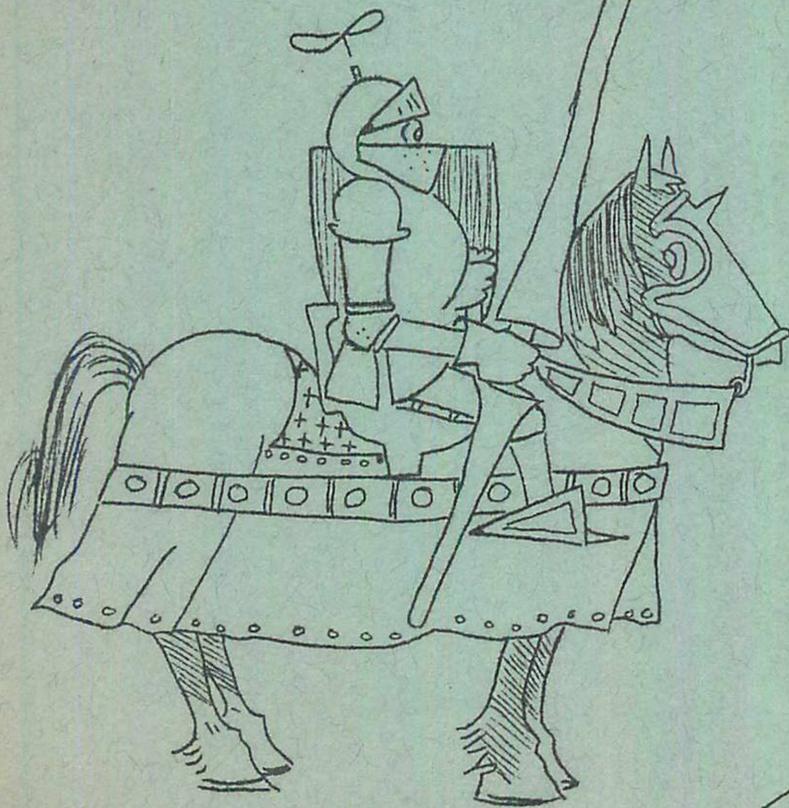
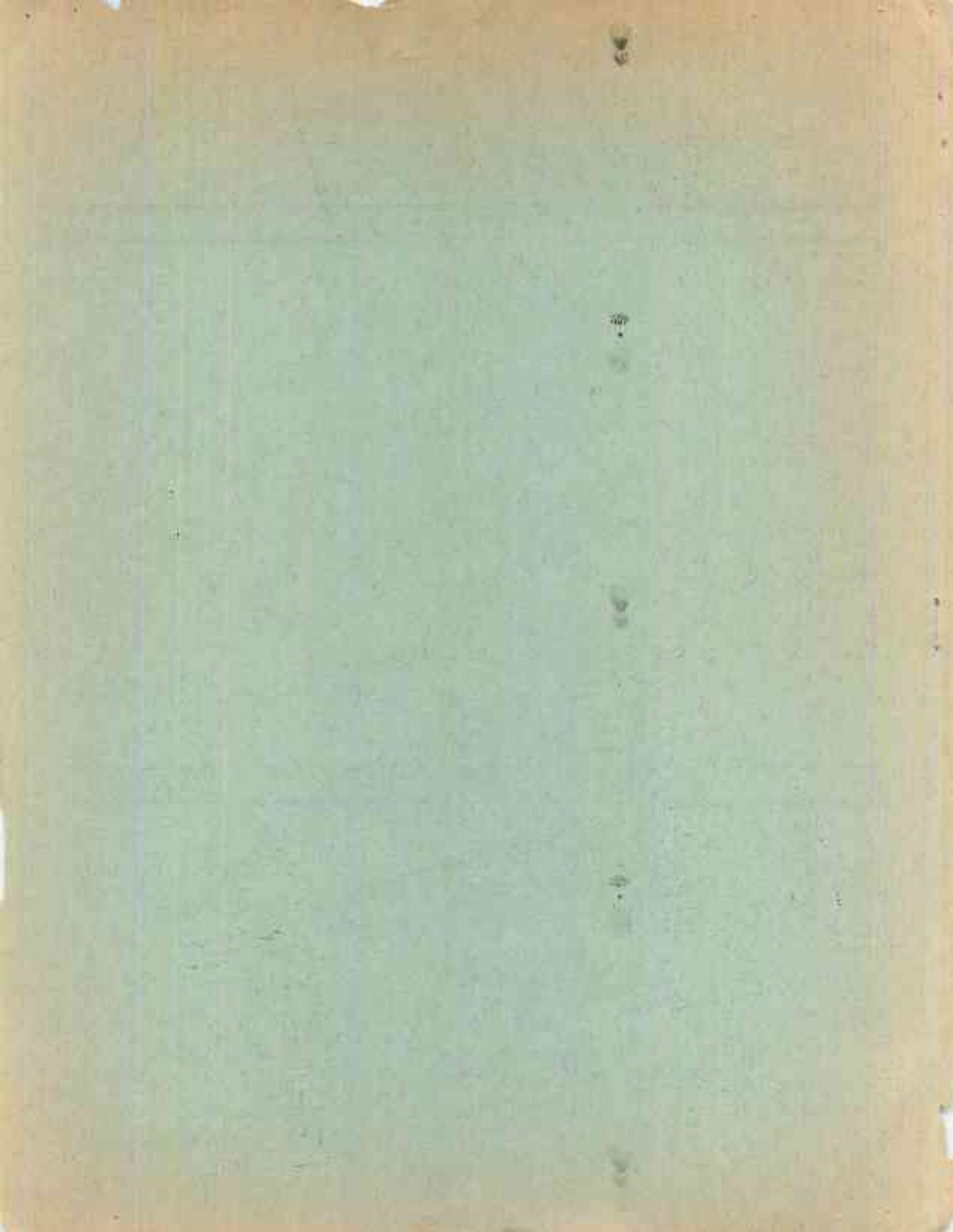
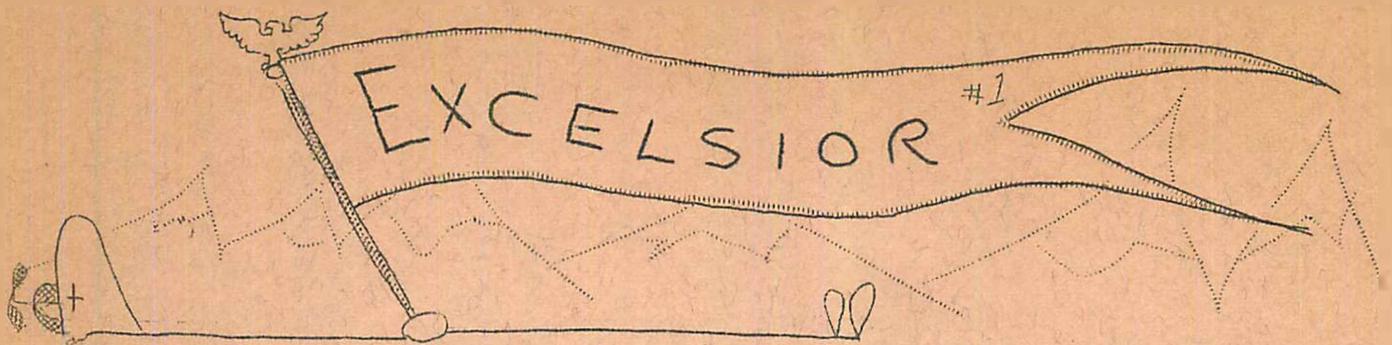


Excelsior







 "ashestoashesanddusttodustifthefissionon'tgetyouthefalloutmust"

April 1, and vicinity, 1957

Herein:

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Cover symbol: "Many banners bear strange devices."

Cover by Arthur Thomson

Crude interior doodlings by LeeH

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 Scientists - J.&A. Young

Associate Editor Emeritus - Walter A. Willis

 "This fanzine is just like a Walter J. Daugherty project except..."

EXCELSIOR #1, is published every so often (on the so often) by L. Shaw Ltd., a non-profit organization. Contributions to help finance the printing and mailing of this bulletin will be accepted in the following amounts: 15¢ the copy, \$1.00 the seven issues. This is intended to be a fanzine. Most of the opinions expressed herein are not necessary. Chuch Harris is mentioned here through the courtest of Robert Bloch.

L. Shaw Ltd.

545 Manor Road

Staten Island 14, N.Y.

Money

An Editorial

First things first: namely money. This is a SUBSCRIPTION ZINE (repeat: subscription zine). It is intended to be as frequent as time permits and interest (on the part of readers) allows. That means we will need a glut of material, and also subscriptions. The subscriptions are for the purpose of purchasing stencils, paper, etc., in order to leave the publishers free to purchase the necessities* of life with their gainfully obtained wages.

SO THIS IS IT: either you subscribe or trade zines, or you don't receive EXCELSIOR. The decision is yours. If you don't want CELSY, chuck the whole thing. If you do want it, send a buck, or similar quantity of money, or send us a non-aj zine in trade. (Interesting records, books, or sports cars will be accepted in trade, at the discretion of the editors.)

As to the kind of material we want, well, some fan or S-F, or S or F slant would be nice. Articles preferred, fiction considered, unless it is prozine slanted, but too poorly written to sell. Good items which have been rejected by prozines because of un-commercial slant, will be considered. Most anything will be considered. We don't need anything much in the line of artwork though. We would like for the young fan who is going to be Tomorrow's Walt Willis, Jack Speer, or even Bob Tucker, to come forward with examples of the fine work which is going to win the respect and admiration of fandom in general. Lesser works will also be considered. So will the work of the young fans of Yesterday who are Today's Walt Willis, Jack Speer, and even Bob Tucker, if they care to submit it.

Special mention this issue goes to Ted White of QWERTYUIO-Press who donated duplicating materials, and who gave some splendid suggestions and information to the editors, about duplicating in general. And special mention to Richard Eney, whose \$100.00 sub to Quandry will be continued with Celisy.

If any of you feel you have a claim against your original subs to Q, please say so, and we'll fill out the due issues with Celisy. We no longer have the Q sub lists, and we do not know how our successor fulfilled obligations to the subscribers, so it is your word all the way.

* records, horses
and TRUMP.

Editorial continued on the
lower half of page 8

Care

of the typewriter

...an article on the proper servicing and upkeep of a fan's most important tool...

Perhaps the most expensive piece of a fan's equipment (in terms not only of initial cost but of maintenance) is the typewriter. This being so, and fan financial resources being what they are, this article should prove of value and interest to many of you who, I am convinced, lack only the few necessary bits of special knowledge required before you, too, will be able to save a great deal of money by repairing your own equipment.

I myself first bought the typewriter on which this is written some fifteen years ago. I paid only five dollars for it, second-hand, and rebuilt it myself. It is an Underwood ~~MAXMAX~~ Noxseless "Champxon" model--a machine which would appear quite complicated to the layman. If he only knew!

Actually, there is nothing complicated about it. ~~Anyone with~~ Anyone with a average can quickly learn the simple mechanical principles involved, and in no time at all will be able to adjust and care for his machine almost by second nature, as it were.

In my own case, it was simple, once the rust had been dissolved with acid and the moving parts thus unstuck, to dissolve the machine and spread it out on a sheet. Having done so, it was a snap, so to speak, to put it back together again--component by component, that is.

Now, the essential parts of the typewriter are:

The keys,
The type,
The platen, and

Some means of moving the type. Nothing else is important. Remember that essential fact. Everything else on the machine is only there to confuse you.

care of the typewrtr, con't.

Thz kzy must bz s¹/₂ qctuatzd qs t¹/₂ przss thz typz qgqxnst thz pqpzr. Thz typz must bz xnkzd bzf¹/₂rz xt rzqchzs thz pqpzr, qnd thz pqpzr must bz s¹/₂ pp¹/₂rtzd by thz plqtzn. Mqny systzms ¹/₂ f d¹/₂xng thxs qrz xn /sz. F¹/₂r xnstqncz, y¹/₂/ qrz qll fqm¹/₂lxqr wxth chxldrzn's typzwheel typzwrxtzrs. Thxs xs ¹/₂nly ¹/₂nz systzm. Thzrz qrz mqny ¹/₂thzrs, bzlxzvz mz!

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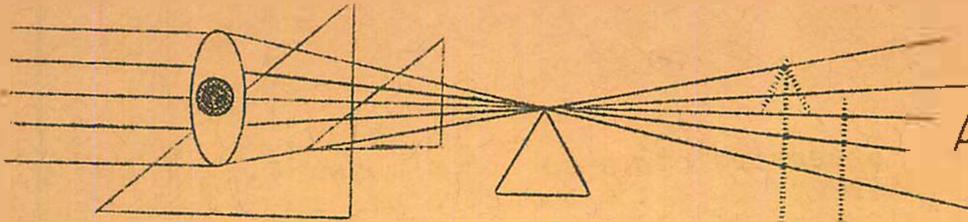
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NOTICE TO INTERESTED PARTIES:

This zine will be run in an edition of roughly 100 copies, no more. The reason for limiting the circulation is the problem of mimeoing, assembling and mailing large quantities of zines. And when a fanzine ceases to be a pleasure and becomes a chore, it is as good as dead. We want to make CELSY of reasonable size and frequency. To do so, we must keep it simple. So we will run approximately one hundred copies of each issue, and distribute them first come-first serve. It saddens us to put such limitations on the mag, but (alas) it is necessary. Subsequently (for what it is worth) we offer herewith, the right to reprint without any further permission from the publisher, anything we run. Mebbe you'll be polite and ask the author before you reprint anything from here. And maybe you'll send yeds a copy. But you don't have to ask us first. That is, if anybody wants to reprint anything from herein. (Our impression is that this stuff, published indiscriminately for public consumption, is in the public domain anyway. Asking reprint permission seems to be more a matter of personal ethics than of any legal obligation. Any of you with the knowledge care to do us an article of copyright, common law copyright, and the public domain?)

Remember: write whether you get work or not. We want to hear from you either way.

--Yed



ANDY YOUNG

SOME REMARKS ABOUT QUANTUM MECHANICS & RELATIVITY

Quite a bit has been written in the promags about these two developments of 20th-century physics, but most pros and fans don't seem to know very much about them. I don't want to say too much about the actual content of these theories, but I do want to explain a few basic ideas.

Relativity is fifty years old, and is slowly percolating down to the public. You can probably find a book on the subject you can understand in the nearest public library -- assuming you can handle elementary algebra.

Quantum mechanics is only half as old, so the layman knows very little about it. If you want to read an excellent book on the subject which requires no math at all, read Oppenheimer's Science and the Common Understanding. All I attempt to do here is explain the relation between classical or Newtonian mechanics, and quantum mechanics and relativity, and perhaps what quantum mechanics is like.

Classical mechanics is a logical system in which certain assumptions are made which are justified in ordinary experience. Hence the deductions of classical mechanics also are valid for most of our ordinary experience. However, the very assumptions which make classical mechanics the simple thing it is also make it very limited; it is like a theory of geometry which deals only with right triangles. To extend the analogy, relativity is like a theory which allows you to deal with other figures containing a right angle, like squares, and quantum mechanics is like a geometry which deals with other kinds of triangles than right triangles. In each case, a more general theory has been set up, but no general theory to handle all cases yet exists.

However, there is a catch to all this. Our everyday world is like a world containing nothing but right triangles. A person living in such a world would have no words for squares or scalene triangles, and such general theories would seem very strange to him. Similarly, the English language does not contain words and concepts to describe the phenomena these theories deal with, so that any verbal description of these phenomena is bound to be inaccurate and misleading. Only by understanding the actual mathematical formalism of such a theory can one really understand the theory.

In setting up the theory of relativity, the concepts of "measuring rod" and "clock" of classical mechanics had to be discarded, because they tacitly implied the existence of signals that are propagated at an infinite velocity. Since such signals do not exist, the

Young (2)

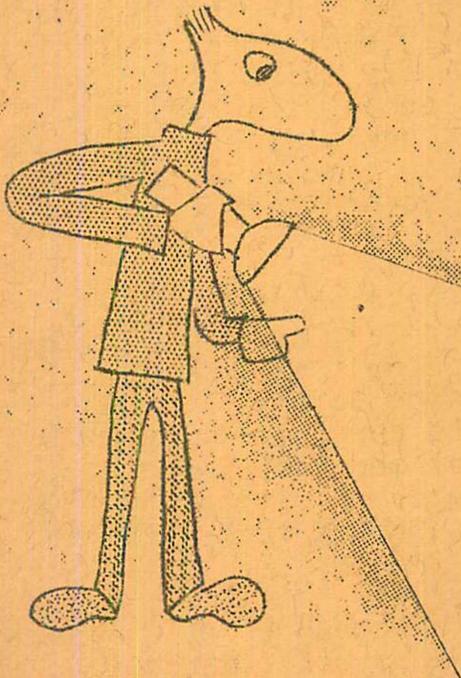
assumption that all observers can agree on a measuring rod and a clock had to be discarded; only the concepts of "space-time coincidence" and "observation" were retained uncritically.

In setting up the quantum mechanics, the ordinary concepts of "measuring rod" and "clock" were satisfactory, and the notion of "space-time coincidence" and "observation" were found wanting and had to be discarded, in their usual sense. Thus the two theories are both incomplete, although somewhat complementary. In view of their different assumptions, it is no wonder that attempts to combine them have been rather unsuccessful.

It is unfortunate that no single theory yet exists which is sufficiently general to dispose of the trouble with all four of the ordinary notions.

You are probably aware of the interesting consequences of the theory of relativity, so I shall go on to quantum mechanics and the indeterminacy principle.

In the classical theory, the idea of "observing" something involves the notion that either the observer does not disturb the thing he is observing, or else that any such disturbance can be calculated and allowed for. But this is not really true for small things like electrons and light beams. Suppose, for example, we have an electron traveling at a known speed in a certain direction and we also want to know where it is at some instant. We will, perhaps, shine some light on it. But if the electron disturbs the light beam enough to make us pretty sure of where it is, the light beam has also caused the electron to deviate from its former path so that the position measurement has made the velocity rather uncertain. We find that there is a limit to how well we can know both the position and the velocity of the electron at the same instant. This is an example of the uncertainty or indeterminacy principle. It is meaningless to say that the electron has some particular position and velocity at the same time, since no experiment could ever measure both quantities exactly.



Another interesting experiment is one in which light from

Young (3)

a "point" (i.e., very small) source is passed through two pinholes in an opaque screen. If the pinholes are close together, a peculiar pattern called a diffraction pattern is produced on a second screen placed beyond the first. You can duplicate the experiment by putting two pinholes very close together in a piece of metal foil. Then hold the holes to your eye and look at some bright, point-like source, such as a distant light or bright star. You see several images of the light source instead of just one; if only one pinhole is used, only one image of the source is seen. The usual explanation is that the light waves coming through the holes interfere with one another to produce the alternate regions of light and dark.

But suppose we consider the light to be made up of "photons" -- discrete, particle-like units -- as other experiments show we should. It has been found that if only one photon at a time is allowed to pass through the holes, the diffraction pattern is the same. (A photographic plate must be used to record the very faint light, of course.) Now suppose we ask: which hole did the photon go through? For if the photon goes through one hole, we can certainly close the other hole (since nothing went through the other hole anyway) and get the diffraction pattern with just one hole, if we repeat this for many photons. But we know that the diffraction pattern disappears if we close one of the holes. What is the explanation of this paradox? It can be shown that if an experiment is performed which is capable of detecting which hole the photon goes through, the photon is so greatly disturbed that the pattern is destroyed. Hence it is meaningless to look at the diffraction pattern and ask which hole a photon which contributes to the pattern has passed through. If you wish, the photon doesn't go through either hole.

It is clear that thinking in terms of ordinary waves and particles is not correct when we are dealing with electrons and photons. Such pictorial thinking is always limited by the uncertainty principle -- we are not certain what becomes of the electron, or which hole the photon passes through. If we want precise numbers and an exact theory, we must consider what the average result of a large number of identical experiments will be. The quantum mechanics can give us those average results very exactly, but we must use an abstract formalism that cannot be pictured physically in order to get our answer. In the case of the electron, we could think of the state of the electron as being represented by a vector in space with as many dimensions as there are points on an infinitely long line. Or we may represent it by a mathematical function whose amplitude is related to the probability of finding the electron in some small region of space. These representations are pleasant to deal with mathematically but they hardly give us a picture of what the electron is doing. In fact, we find that the electron is not really doing anything; we only have a predictable chance of finding it doing something, if we look. There is a small but predictable chance that we will find the electron sitting in Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin. Things which behave in such an irresponsible fashion obviously cannot be described in ordinary English, but only in abstruse mathematical language.

Young (4)

You may wonder why physicists use such a bizarre theory. Dirac explains the matter in discussing both relativity and the quantum mechanics. He says:

"Relativity...was soon generally accepted by physicists. There are two reasons for this: (a) it is in agreement with experiment, and (b) there is a beautiful emotional appeal. The second reason is not so much talked about, but in my opinion it is the stronger one.

"The principle of indeterminacy is...just an ugly and rather artificial limitation on our use of the concepts of position and velocity. However, there is a beautiful mathematical theory underlying it, a theory which associates particles with waves and forms the main structure of quantum mechanics. The beauty of this theory, together with the agreement of its results with experiment in a very large number of applications, has caused it to be generally accepted by physicists."

----Andy Young

More Editorial...

This backyard bit is one with which we find many faults, but the keynote of Celsy is simplicity...for the ed-publishers, of course. It is our intention to keep the zine simple to produce, and relatively small, in order to keep it from becoming more work than pleasure. We feel that a small frequent magazine has advantages over a large rare one. We feel that crude, undisciplined format is less wear and tear on the staff than would be the fine, eye-impressive type magazine we admire and would emulate, had we the will. As is, this is a sort of full-sized tabloid, and will be committed with loving care, respect for the reader, and in the finest traditions of yellow-sheet journalism, even if it's slant is considerably different.

We will try to be consistent in the use of the editorial "we", and hope that it won't irk you too much. We are an editorial "we": we are a "we". Despite the fact that most of the actual production, and the writing of editorials, is the work of the She Shaw, ideas, inspiration, editorial decisions, etc. are in most cases, the work of both of us. Without Larry, there would likely be no Celsy. So we are "we", and will accept the blame almost equally.

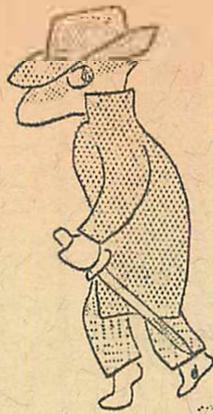
As to the next EXCELSIOR, publication date will depend on material for use in the issue, more than anything else. If we can lay hands on suitable stuff, #2 will be out so soon that you'll barely have time to get your sub money in. It will feature an article by Jean Young, that we can guarantee now. And if there is anything to put in it, there will be a letter section. Ghu knows what else. We are open to suggestions.

Hoping you are the same, *

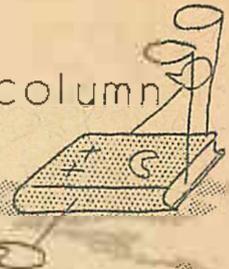
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L. Shaw, Ltd.

Critic At Large



a column



THE POWER
a novel of menace by Frank M. Robinson
Lippincott

Mr Robinson opens his book with a one-sentence hook and closes it with a one-sentence hook. Between them, he uses a number of one-sentence punches, in a manner that makes the reader feel as if he has approached something, then backed off slightly and hit it head on. It is an effective writing device, and one that seems to be common with that Mid-Western group of writers. His sentences are readable, his action well-paced and emotional. Unfortunately he has not written a good book.

He opens by telling us that a man named Olson is worried. Feeling that we've been hooked into continuing through whatever he might put next, he proceeds to bring on the cast. The principals are lined up and reviewed by the protagonish, Tanner. Tanner is kind enough to summarize the characters of these people for us, thus saving the reader and the author the bother of further characterization.

The cast proves to be made up of people whom we feel we have met in other books in veiled disguises. For instance:

"Olson.

"A pudgy young man...who hid behind a pair of thick, horn-rimmed glasses. Brilliant, narrow-minded, and anti-social. The kind for whom a university was always a refuge, but not the kind you expect to flip his wig, either."

"Patricia Olson--Petey, for short--his (Tanner's) secretary and Olson's sister...might have been pretty but she wore no rouge or lipstick to dress up what she had. She wore her hair pulled back in a bun and plastic-framed glasses with perfectly round, enormous lenses that gave a tarsier-like expression to the slightly flat face behind them. A nose that could be called port, a perpetual frown, and thick, unplucked eyebrows. Efficient, Calm. And very cold."

Mr Robinson has each of his primary characters surveyed and labelled in this manner and then proceeds to tell us that there is a "superman" among them. On no evidence at all Tanner assumes that the "superman" would have telekinetic power and carries on from there without a second thought to logic.

Olson is killed, apparently by the superman, but not before he can give us a name by which to call the superman: Adam Hart.

Adam Hart is the man with the power. The power of what, you might well ask. Tanner, apparently as spokesman for the author, expresses it as, "He could make people do what he wanted them to." This is the kind of emphatic hook that gives the book punch. But, duly considered, it is a valueless statement. If Hart's power were as broad and unlimited as this statement implies, there would be no book. Unfortunately, Mr Robinson never actually defines, by word or action, the exact extent of The Power.

Hart proves to be the son of a gypsy family, from the same hometown as Olson. In that town he is remembered by different people as being different in appearance. A romantic girl remembers him as tall, blond and handsome. A farmer recalls him as medium height, stocky, the kind who'd look good behind a team of horses. A school athletic coach says he was a short, dark boy who had the making of a great athlete.

No one seems to have compared notes, or done anything else that would have hindered Hart. He has caused them to remember him with affection and respect, despite the many babies he fathered, fights he caused, etc, etc, . He even implanted a suggestion in the mind of a boy, to kill anyone who should come into town looking for him.

Hart clouds photographs taken of him. He causes records to appear and/or disappear from files at his wish, even in distant cities. It is implied that he does so by controlling the minds of the clerks handling these records. But when Tanner's thesis disappears from a bookshelf where it and others have been accumulating dust for years, there is no mark in that dust, no sign of its ever having been there. Well, if Hart had telekinetic powers we can go along with this, but if Hart is telekinetic, what doesn't the author tell us so? If he can employ telekinetic power, why can't he use it in his attempt to destroy Tanner? Drop a gargoyle on him, wreck his car, or something of that sort?

This Power of Hart's is odd. While we are watching him perform, he seems to lose control over his victim whenever he loses sight, or line of sight contact. Yet he is able to control clerks in distant cities. Is the author implying that he can teleport himself too?

Despite this variegated power, Hart lets Olson, who knows about him, reveal his existence to the other principals. There is no explanation why he did not simply erase Olson's memory of him, as he had done others. He lets the principals remember about him, and goes through the inefficient business of killing them, rather than simply erasing their minds. He certainly has the power of brainwashing: he causes a wife to forget her husband, and gives her an entire new set of memories to replace the old ones. But he kills her husband, rather than erasing his mind. Hart, who is capable of this kind of control, pays blackmail to a man rather than taking control of that man's mind because, "Adam Hart accepted (their blackmail and alliance)

because he realized that even he [could use allies, that (they) might be valuable. He could have controlled (them) directly but that would have taken time and effort and unwilling servants are never as useful as those who are enthusiastic about their position." After what we have read about the people in Hart's hometown, this is pretty hard to swallow. It sounds more like an afterthought than an explanation.

The climax is a masterpiece of violence, sadism and short, punchy sentences. The snapper is a good one, although the detective story reader who expects his author to follow rules about clues and anticipation, feels somewhat cheated by it.

Basically, the book breaks down into three sections, following each other like the acts of a hack play. Act one introduces the characters, act two states the problem, and act three consists of solving the problem by eliminating the suspects one by one until only the villain remains.

It is an entertaining book, if one can overlook the lack of logic and logical motivation. The casual reader with a kind, forgiving, uncritical eye, would probably find it well worth reading. Robinson conveys the helplessness and frustration of a man opposed to a superman. He had me caught up in his drama to such an extent that I found myself hurrying out of empty rooms and "waring of dark corners.

THE POWER is recommended to tolerant readers.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES

a bi-monthly s-f magazine edited by Larry T. Shaw
Royal Publications

For some unexplained reason the first issue of this magazine is Vol.1 No. 6, which should spice up the lives of the prozine indexers and completists.

As the editor warns us in almost-so-many-words, SFA lacks only the pulp size and untrimmed edges to be a pulp in the fine old tradition of garish covers, fast action, and to-hell-with-the-deep-thought stories. After reading the editorial one almost expects to find Bat Durston somewhere between the covers. He isn't there this issue, though. What we do find is:

The Starcombers by Edmond Hamilton

This is a fast, exciting story that opens with an interesting picture of "scavengers of the universe", a lot of sordid space-tramps. There is an inept stab at characterization in this opening, where the principals are introduced and tagged. For instance; the drunkard, the greedy slob, and the slut. Once these tags have been given to us, they are pretty much forgotten, and the characters fall into the customary classifications of Good Man, Bad Man, and Bad Woman, etc. Action in the story is plain, simple and, within the framework established, wonderfully credible. The situations are well-drawn and full of the fine detail that gives life to this sort of story. The plot is not cluttered with unnecessary attempts at artiness (aside from the attempted characterizations). It is a plot suited to the length

of the story, so that there is neither the sensation of having read a synopsis of a novel, or a dough-filled short story.

For this reader one problem remained unresolved, though. How does a spaceship slouch? Artwork with this story was very poor; crude workmanship coupled with apparent ignorance of the field.

Secret of the Green Invaders by Robert Randall

This story is not what your critic would call an action-adventure. It is peopled with hissing Aliens of various colors, and becomes unfortunately transparent once it is fully laid out. But it is readable writing and trapped up in some interesting ideas. The ESMH artwork with the story is the best in the issue, which isn't saying much.

BATTLE FOR THE THOUSAND SUNS by Calvin Knox and David Gordon

I never finished reading this story. In what I read I encountered such a melee of swordsmen, Evil Eyes, and disinherited dauphins of Outer Space that, once I had put the story down, I couldn't bring myself to pick it up again.

The drawings with this story are almost unbearably bad, and are thoroughly confused by the overuse of acetate shading sheets.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES is recommended only to the avid blood-and-thunder fan. Unfortunately for the field, it is no worse than the average magazine of this type, and far better than some.

* * *

THE STARS MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester

serialized in GALAXY Magazine: Oct, Nov & Dec 1956, and Jan 1957.

An attempt to quote every example of bad writing, poor plotting, pointless sadism, inept logic and ordinary carelessness in this story would result in an almost word-for-word reprint of the entire serial.

The story opens with roughly seven and a half pages of historical and sociological background which varies from insipid, high-school text writing style, to the dialogue of a very poor press interview on the subject of "jaunting". (The man who discovered jaunting bore the curiously significant name of Charles Fort Jaunte.)

Jaunting is a method of teleportation which Bester describes in great but inadequate and inconsistent detail. Jaunting is a limited blessing; how far one is capable of jaunting in one leap depends on the individual and "no man has ever jaunted farther than a thousand miles". (Here Bester begins to betray a weakness for round numbers.) And "despite all efforts, no man had ever jaunted across the voids of space." Those who tried it never had been found.

Byproducts of jaunting include epidemics of disease, crime and immorality. The reasons Bester gives are contradictory to his definition of jaunting. But that never seems to bother Mr Bester. And "it is against this seething background of the 25th century that the vengeful history of Gulliver Foyle begins."

Critic at Large (5)

With the seemingly interminable prologue out of the way the seemingly interminable story picks up a little speed. The protagonist is introduced and so that there will be little, if any, difficulty in the reader's understanding of the hero, Gully Foyle, the writer delves into the art of characterization as follows:

"Of all the brutes in the world, he was among the least valuable alive, and the most likely to survive...He was Gully Foyle, the oiler, wiper, bunkerman; too easy for trouble, too slow for fun, too empty for friendship, too lazy for love...A man of physical strength and intellectual potential stunted at minimum. The stereotype Common Man. Some unexpected shock might possibly awaken him, but Psych cannot find the key..." Bester continues like this for some time, adding that the key is soon to be found. (To judge from the level of his writing in this story, this is the Common Man at whom the story is aimed.)

Gully is trapped in the wreckage of a spaceship, NOMAD, half way between Mars and Jupiter. Bester's description of his survival technique is interesting and fairly well worked out, even though it is scientifically unsound.

Eventually Gully spots another ship, The VORGA, a sister ship to the NOMAD. He sets off distress flares, and the VORGA obviously sees them. She veers off course, approaches, and then turns back, leaving Gully. This, Mister Bester informs us, is "the key". Being deserted in space angers Gully, "precipitating a chain of reactions that would make an infernal machine of Gully Foyle."

Fired with this enthusiasm Gully ingeniously rescues himself by reading all the texts on the derelict, learning rocketry from them, reconditioning a "tail jet" and getting the NOMAD moving.

In chapter two we find the Sargasso Asteroid, "a tiny planet manufacture of natural rock and wreckage, salvaged by its inhabitants in the course of 200 years." Its inhabitants are the degenerate descendents of a marooned research team. They are savages who call themselves The Scientific People, and whose culture is based on distortions of the knowledge of the original research team. They find the NOMAD and the unconscious hulk of Gully Foyle, and they adopt him into their tribe by presenting him with a woman and adorning him in the prescribed tribal manner, a facial tattoo in the style of the Maori mask (see Queequeg in MOBY DICK) with the addition of one's name which apparently must contain the letter O. In the tattoo the O is rendered o for women and o for men. Gully is decorously inscribed NoMAD.

Once he revives from his trip on the NOMAD, he takes leave of the Sargasso of Space by pulling the remains of a private yacht out of the debris and (using both rockets this time) takes off for the Inner Planets. He is found in a state of disrepair ("bleeding again, ripe with gangrene and one side of his head was pulpy") by the Navy. He

Critic At Large (6) Interminably

is patched up and let to discover the native handiwork on his face.

Type spacing indicates a passage of time, and Robin Wednesbury is introduced. She, too, is given character by Bester's skilled pen, "She was a tall, lovely Negro girl, brilliant and cultivated, but handicapped by the fact that she was a telesend, a one-way telepath. She could broadcast her thoughts to the world, but could receive nothing." She is a jaunte instructor, teaching cerebral cases who have lost their jaunte ability. Gully Foyle is one of her students.

Here Bester deals in more detail with the scope and limitations of jaunting:

"You had to actually see a place to memorize it, which meant you had to pay for the transportation to get you there. Even 3-D photographs would not do the trick."

Later: "In the homes of the wealthy the rooms of the female members were blind, without windows or doors, open only to the jaunting of the intimate members of the family." In the light of the previous statement, one must assume that the intimate members of the family are built into these blind rooms beforehand, in order that they be able to jaunte in and out when the room is completed.

"To jaunte it was necessary (among other things) for a man to know exactly where he was and where he was going or there was little hope of arriving anywhere alive. It was as impossible to jaunte from an undetermined starting point as it was to arrive at an unknown destination. Like shooting a pistol, one had to know where to aim and which end of the gun to hold. But a glance through a window or door might enable a man to memorize the L-E-S coordinates of a place."

The L-E-S referred to is "Location. Elevation. Situation," and Mr Bester admits in referring to these as coordinates that they are terms of relativity, but he gives no points of relationship. And without referents, these words are meaningless. As far as I can make out, the entire explanation of jaunting is meaningless, loaded as it is with inconsistencies and careless errors. If some acute critic wishes to assert that the entire story is meaningless he will get no argument from me.

During school hours, Gully Foyle kept playing hookey from his jaunte class, jaunting off to search for information on the VORGA. Somewhere along the line he sneaks into Robin's apartment and is waiting there for her when she jauntes home one evening. He explains to her why he has been skipping classes, tells her that when the war between the Inner Planets and the Outer Planets began her mother and sisters were left on Callisto which makes her legally an alien belligerent, and then he rapes her.

Critic at Large (7)

The next addition to the interminable cast is Presteign of Presteign. "In an age when communication systems were virtually extinct - when it was easier to jaunte directly to a man's office for a discussion than to telephone or telegraph - Presteign still maintained an antique telephone switchboard with operator in his study."

One is tempted to ask about communications between people who have never seen the interior of each other's offices, or paid for non-jaunte transportation to the towns of each other's residences. Is it easier to make that first trip from the nearest jaunte stage with which one is familiar and then travel non-jaunte from the stage to the office than it would be to make radio contact? And who does Presteign call on his telephone switchboard, anyway?

Presteign has a freak daughter, an albino named Olivia who has doors to her apartment because the range of her vision is from 7,500 angstroms to one-millimeter wave-lengths. Apparently L-E-S in such terms is not adequate for jaunting.

Presteign goes to a spacefield to commission a ship. The VORGA happens to be in dock at the time. (Bester's details of the spaceport are worth the cost of the magazine.) While Presteign is there, someone tries unsuccessfully to blow up the VORGA. This is, of course, Gully Foyle who is still operating outside the realm of present-day logical behavior. He catches fire from the induction field of the spaceport defense system and dashes about, aflame, for a while. He is captured.

Enter another of Bester's utterly fascinating characters, Captain Y'ang-Yeovil, General of Central Intelligence, a Chinese. Y-Y wants Gully because only Gully knows what became of the hulk of the NOMAD. And on board the NOMAD there was a substance called Pyre which everyone seems to want, except Gully who has no knowledge of it. Nevertheless Gully refuses to tell where he hid the NOMAD.

Presteign hires a man called Dagenham to find Gully and pry the whereabouts of the NOMAD out of him. Dagenham is a physicist who, in a fission accident, became dangerously radioactive. Subsequently he is paid by the government to take safety precautions. Sort of a Typhoid Mary, he must avoid contact with any person for more than 5 minutes per 24 hours, and must not occupy any room, not even his own, for more than 30 minutes per 24 hour period. This presents difficulties which Bester does not explain.

Dagenham gets Gully and subjects him to a number of sensory projections and elaborate play-acting with live actors, but Gully is too stupid to respond. They tell him that there is 20-odd million in credits on board the derelict, and he ignores them. In sheer desperation they confine him to the Gouffre Martel, and that ends installment #1.

Critic At Large (8)

Installment #2 is funny enough to recount in full, but unfortunately doing so here would be impractical. High spot is Gully's escape from the Gouffre Martel, a cave-prison somewhere in France. Gully and a woman convict, Jiz, escape from their cells and blunder about in the infra-red lit halls of the prison. Gully lays hands on a pair of the i-r goggles which the guards wear in order to see, but rather than each of them taking a look through the goggles and establishing their L-E-S in order to jaunte out of the prison, Gully picks up a convenient sledge hammer and starts smashing out the i-r lights. With the girl, he blunders into the automatic cleansers of the sanitation pens, where both are denuded by the automatic clothing remover. Naked, they break through a window and wander on, "stripped, greasy with soap, slashed and bleeding". They crash into a blank wall which Gully recognizes by feel as manmade. He smashes through it with the sledge hammer, and they go through the hole into the natural cave beyond, in utter darkness.

Wet and naked, they discover that the cavern is floored with ice. They locate an underground river, decide it must run out, and so plunge into it. After a good deal of difficulty they crawl out of the water and stumble through the utter darkness, following the river bank. They traverse a number of dolman-like boulders, chat a while, and finally Gully sits down in the grass. He finishes a paragraph while realizing that he is sitting, naked, in grass. At first thought, this slow take seems odd, but when the reader realizes that Gully has just spent quite a bit of time swimming around naked in an ice cave, it is apparent why it took him so long to discover the grass. And so "they hear the soft sigh of night winds and the sweet scent of green growing things came to their nostrils," and they discover they are no longer in the ice cave.

So Gully lays Jiz and we proceed to the next chapter.

And on and on and on the story goes in much this manner. Gully is demolished again and again, and when he is not being demolished, he is busy demolishing someone else. For me to continue to synopsise would be inadequate. I could never capture the full absurdity of the story of the author's complete disregard for the intelligence of his readers. Recounting the inconsistencies in jaunting, alone, would be a full-time job. About the best thing I can say for THE STARS MY DESTINATION is that it is full of color, exotic costumes and striking visual effects. Unfortunately it has all the plot quality of a TV spectacular.

If anyone really care, he can read the story for himself. The serious devotee of good science-fiction would probably find more entertainment in a cheap comic book.

---CAL

OVER THE CHANKLY BORE

a lightweight column

SIDELIGHT ON A MALLEABLE IRONWORKS Where I work, we deal with two kinds of malleable iron -known respectively as "Whiteheart" and "Blackheart" for some technical reason I happen to be unacquainted with - for they both look alike to the naked eye. Now they have several foundries making blackheart castings, which are called after the year each was brought into production. Also, sometimes our orders are produced by the main works at Derby.

It so happens that whenever a pattern of casting changes its nature in any of the ways open to it in the above paragraph, it throws the cost-estimating system into confusion. And it happens to be one of my jobs then to go through the various evidence with a fine tooth comb, trying to ascertain just how many castings made, scrapped and/or sold fall into each category, so as to segregate them and cost them properly. And I've developed a vocabulary to fit them as I go. A job that changes the "colour" of its metal, for instance, is obviously a "chameleon". A job that's moved from one "yearly" foundry to another can, just as obviously, hardly be anything but a "time-traveller". Then a job which is temporarily Made At Derby naturally goes MAD for the duration of its stay there.

I've never yet come across a genuine specimen of a mad time-travelling chameleon, admittedly. But I'm still hoping.

BACK TO THE BRONZE AGE You don't know how lucky you are to be reading this column. (If for some reason you're NOT reading it, you STILL don't know how lucky you are.) The fact is, if Lee had asked me for a brilliant trufan-type article or story, or even for an equally brilliant sericon-type article or story, I could only have written back and told her to write the thing herself. I'm not one of these people who can just sit down and write first-class material to order. Hell, I can't even LIE down and do it. But a Column - that's Different. In fact, mentally I AM a column. I think like a column. Not in long coherent self-contained chunks, but in bits and pieces all haphazard and at random. Just so long as a column's all the girl wants off me, she's got a pretty good chance of getting it. In fact, she might even PRINT it, for all I know. If she does, incidentally, it will be the first-ever contribution of mine-barring letters-to have ever appeared in any fanzine outside the European theatre. It is, as a matter of fact, my principle to concentrate my fenac more on the local scene, on the grounds that to try and cover the entire fannish field in all its gory detail would be too much for me all at once. Fandom's bigger than I am-in fact it's bigger than both of us, and that way lies gafia. However, by having a Column in EXCELSIOR I'll be able to assure myself of regular supplies, without having to write to the Editor or donate a penny to TAFF in her name whenever

Archie (2)

I want a copy.

SHE seems to have high hopes of the project, anyway. The specification on the invitation calls for "a man of astute, intelligent attitude," which she obligingly assures me is intended to refer to my person. Also I will be free-according to said invitation-to write whatever I please in whatsoever manner I feel like doing so, only so long as it is legally mailable. "Although" the invitation concludes, "some fancish or science-fictional slant occasionally would be nice." Now it so happens that by a remarkable coincidence, beside being indisputably fancish, I quite frequently find myself reading science-fiction. Therefore I am undoubtedly the fan for the job.

Only the other week, for instance, I read a science-fiction magazine-and quite a historic one, too, being the first Ziff-Davis issue of their famous standby "Amazing Stories". June 1938 is the date allotted-hence the "Bronze Age" tag above. Not that I'd go so far as to BUY a thing like that, of course, but Jim Linwood gave it to me in exchange for some headed notepaper, so I thought I might as well make the most of it. It contains seven stories, none of them of any great length, and I was considerably surprised to find that two of them were actually worth the trouble taken in reading them. One of these was by Charles Tanner-"The Vanishing Diamonds," which puts over what this ignorant non-scientific specimen of fanhood considers quite a valid gimmick in sufficiently assimilable form for me to enjoy-and if I say I enjoyed a short story, believe me, that IS praise. The other readable item was by, of all people, John Russell Fearn-albeit he also had an epic under the Polton Cross byline that stinks to high Hades in the same issue. The Readable one-"A Summons From Mars"-doesn't have much justification-it shows the hero in a dilemma whether to help the surviving Martienne found a new hybrid race (thereby vindicating his father's name) or stay on Earth with the girl of his choice. Nevertheless, he managed-for once-to put it over in such a way as to make me genuinely curious as to the outcome.

The dialog in the story tends toward the unpolished at times-to say the least. Dig this extract from the bottom of P.87:

"But I'm interested!" she broke in quickly. "Anything scientific does something to me. That's why I asked about your name. I think your father was the most wonderful pioneer in history. He dared the void," she whispered. "The void."

Or, if you can face it, this verbatim chunk of conversation from the bottom of P.90:

"The girl was silent for a moment, toying with her breakfast. Then she said, "Funny, isn't it, that we both have plenty of money, are both interested in the same things, and yet came together because I was foolish enough to run out of gas?"

"If that was the reason, yes," Eric agreed.

"Oh, it was-really!" Her eyes were very serious.

"It's a pity there are conventions in the world," he grunted; "otherwise you could stay here with me and we'd experiment together..."

(No - not THAT sort of convention, stupid.)

Archie (3)

One other story besides those two struck me as having quality, although it didn't appeal to me personally. That was Lt John Pease's "The Invisible Bomber," a gimmick story on the fourth-dimensional theme.

The letter column-entitled "Discussions", a title that Ted Tubb has recently pinched to use in Authentic-is mainly notable for the presence of a paragraph from one "Paul F. Weber" of Middlesex, England. Now I know of no Paul F. Weber, either in Middlesex or elsewhere, but I DO know of a Paul ENEVER, still of Middlesex to date. Well Enever did.

Finally the issue contains a genuine serious and constructive Science Quiz. Some of those Twenty Questions I just can't refrain from quoting in full. Fifteen or more correct answers, we are informed, puts one in the "Good" class. Eighteen is excellent. Twenty-one's either looked at the answers or one's brilliant. Well, if you want to be brilliant, you'll have to go and be brilliant somewhere else, because I'm only quoting nine of the twenty. So here goes. You Have Been Warned:

3. Which one of the following would be most helpful in astronomical studies: 1, metromome; 2, sterilizer; 3, blacj-jackl 4, theodolite; 5, centrifuge.

5. Mehitabel, our family cat, would be classed as a: 1, bivalve; 2, rodent; 3, category; 4, feline; 5, reptile.

6. If somebody said to you, "What unusual elabaster," you should answer: 1, "Smile when you say that, stranger!"; 2, "Yes, but it's comfortable to sit in"; 3, "As rocks go, it is odd"; 4, "Well, I prefer ragtime, myself"; 5, "It IS pretty shrubby."

10. We have to thank which of these busy little creatures for building up Bermuda: 1, Beavers; 2, coral; 3, termites; 4, publicity men; 5, Snow White's seven dwarfs.

14. In an attempt to impress you, he says, "This amazing macrocosm" referring to: 1, a microbe; 2, spaghetti; 3, the universe; 4, Bob Burns' bazooka; 5, static.

15. The opposite of zenith is: 1, R.C.A. Victor; 2, nebula; 3, South Pole; 4, Hades; 5, nadir.

18. The moon will soon be at perigee, which means: 1, the consistency of cheese; 2, nearest to earth; 3, at its full; 4, farthest from earth; 5, in eclipse.

19. One of these is not a psuedo-science: 1, alchemy; mesmerism; 3, phrenology; 4, clairvoyance; 5, phonetics.

20. If we measure off a triangle whose sides are relatively 3, 4, and 5 it will be what kind of a triangle? 1, marital; 2, equilateral; 3, right; 4, obtuse; 5, acute.

MY answers are as follows:

- 3 - apple-jack
- 5 - alligator
- 6 - you gotta rock
- 10- Bermudans

14- Insufficient data. Bob WHO burns bazooka? Not to mention WHY? Also, static WHAT?

15- Eric Needham

18- see answer to Question 3 again quickly

19- H'm - something's obviously phoney

20- Marsupial

Archie (4)

By the way, any offers for a coverless Amazing for June 1938?

VIVE LA
DIFFERENCE

A word, if I may, upon the all-important topic of Sex. Now it is Sex, it could be said and probably frequently is, that has made the world what it is today. Without Sex, in fact, where would we be? Well-let's see. The world as it is today-and what a mess too. IS it, then, the fault of Sex?

Come to think of it, it undoubtedly is to a large extent. The world's problems can't be ENTIRELY blamed on Sex-but many of them can, and anyway Sex undoubtedly aggravates those that it doesn't directly cause, to some extent.

Let's see, first of all, just what IS directly attributable to Sex. Much strife, bloodletting, and the aftermath thereof-in fact the good old Four Horsemen in all their filthy glory. Sex can easily lead to warfare on any scale-ranging from the simple tribal or village woman-snatching feud of a primitive or rural people, through the Trojan War and its ilk to the Spanish Armada and beyond. Sex is as basic a cause as any of racial antagonism (Would you let YOUR Negro marry a Daughter?) It can cause misery by promoting the display of vanity beyond ones means; it can lead to all sorts of simple neuroses from simple jealousy to mass homicide. It can drive men-and presumably women-to suicide, drug-addiction, religious crackpottery, ((fandom)) and skulking in dark places, frequently all of these together. It can arouse feelings of shame where none should be, provide a happy hunting ground for malicious busybodies-whose condition anyway is probably all its own fault-and, with a final triumphant flourish, can double the cost of upkeep on the local public conveniences.

Of all that, then, and more besides, Sex is at the bottom. ((sic)) And where it isn't at the very bottom, you can be sure it's still there in the background, plugging away for all that it's worth to increase the evils that beset us. Sex may not start a given war, but the soldiers will go happily off to fight for their wives and families-and just as happily ravish the enemy's and anybody else's they happen to come across on the way. Besides, the possession of exclusive preserves back home will make them fight all the harder so that they can the sooner reclaim their own. Diseases-with certain well-known exceptions-are not caused by Sex, but the resultant interruption to the patient's sex-life may well hinder the cure. Snogging at the wheel is surely a contributory cause of many road accidents. Dogs are said to be the cause of many more-but no statistics have been produced concerning where the dog was going at the time. Of course it MAY have just seen a cat, or the master-but cats and masters have no monopoly on canine drawing power.

In fact; on the face of it, Sex is a very bad thing, and the world would be far better off without it. I can only think offhand of one argument to the contrary-and that is that without Sex, the human race as a whole would have no interest in life except Sport-and Sport has just as much potentiality for evil, besides being even more futile. So on the whole I'd sooner have Sex. Therefore I declare Sex the winner-by an ugly head.

CONUN-
DRUM

Q: What is the difference between a six-legged purple dragon and a rich entomologist?

A: One is a bug-eyed monster and the other's a money-eyed bugster.

... AND THINGS

ERRATA: On page 13, paragraph 6 (next to the last) we failed to stylus in the markings our typewriter lacked, so the last sentences in the paragraph should read "In the tatoo the O is rendered ♀ for women and ♂ for men. Gully is decorously inscribed NOMAD." Bloch the Blessed help us if we fail to stylus in the additions again.

As of the cutting of this stencil, the magazine is almost all mimeoed, and we are glad. There have been uncountable delays. In fact this isn't even the zine originally scheduled. Roughly a year ago in England we were bitten by the bug to pub a subzine (say that three times fast), and after much worry and discussion decided on a title for a sercon subzine. This isn't it. After searching for the fine, intelligent material of s-fional nature we wanted to run in At we found we had only one contributor, our Critic At Large. So we thucked At and transferred our critic to Celsy. With the s-(but not especially f-)ional material of the Youngs at hand, the not really s- or f- ional material of Archie Mercer, and A.J. Budrys' very fannish item reprinted from FAPA, we had lined up a typical fannish subzine, we figured. And so we scheduled it for publication in the latter part of November, 1956. But the rush of getting out SFFY slowed us down. Then we discovered Masterweave paper and decided to order it. Celsy was to be delayed until the arrival of the paper.

But one of the editors took sick, and the paper was not ordered as per schedule. When the paper finally was ordered and came, Celsy was quickly thrown into the works, and now is well shaped up, with but two stencils to be cut, and a few more than that to me duplicated, and then the worst of the work, assembling and mailing, and it will all be over for this issue.

The line-up for issue #2 looks very good. Jean Young follows her husband's article in this issue with comments on Uncertainty in Geology and related problems. Our Critic At Large hits a few more recent science-fiction items. And if you write something and get it to us soon enough, even you might be in the line-up for Celsy #2.

Satisfied that we have completed this issue with the traditional first issue description of the problems encountered in the publication of the first issue involved, we'll slam the tail gate on this thing, and be off and away.....

Onward, upward! Excelsior!

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