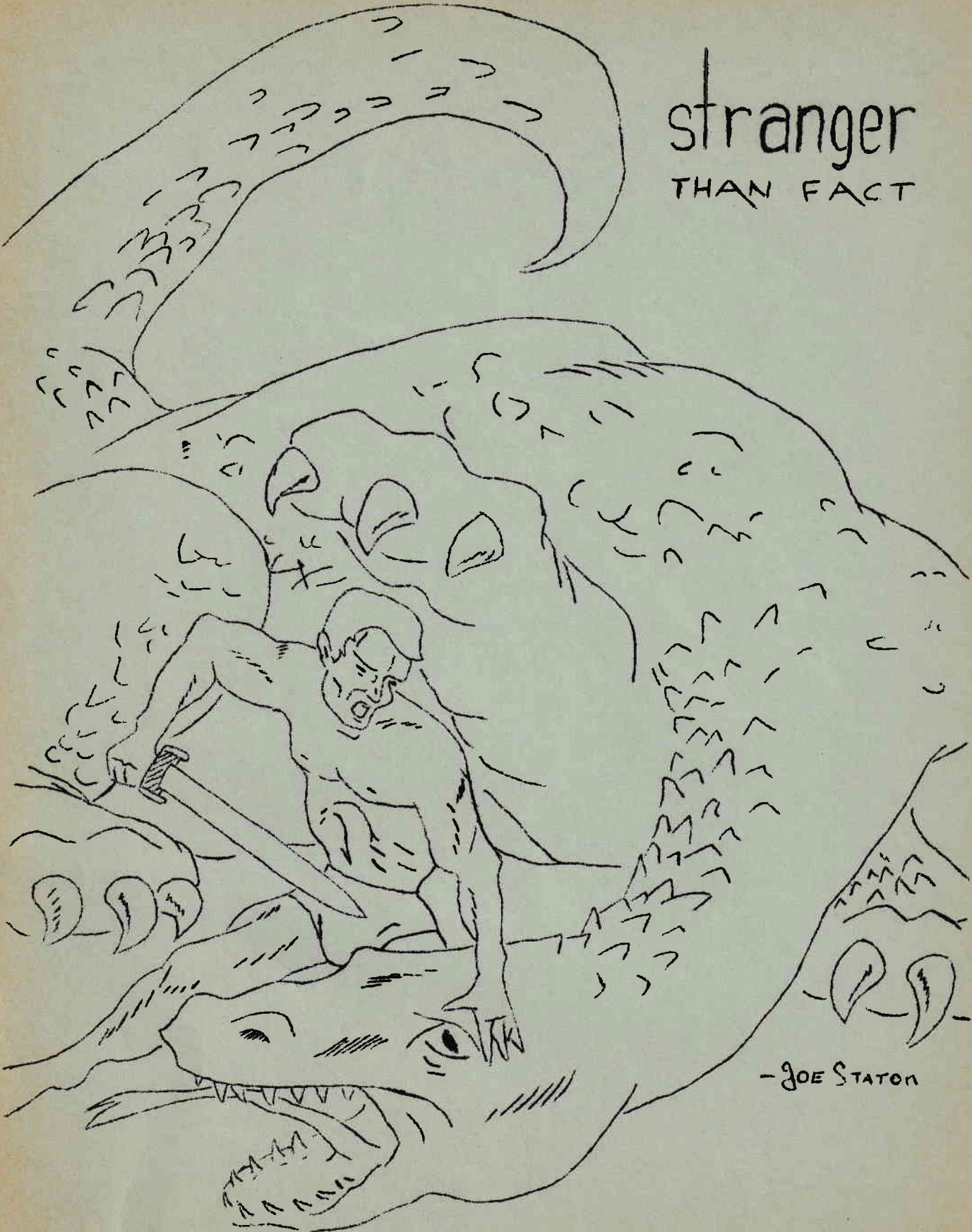
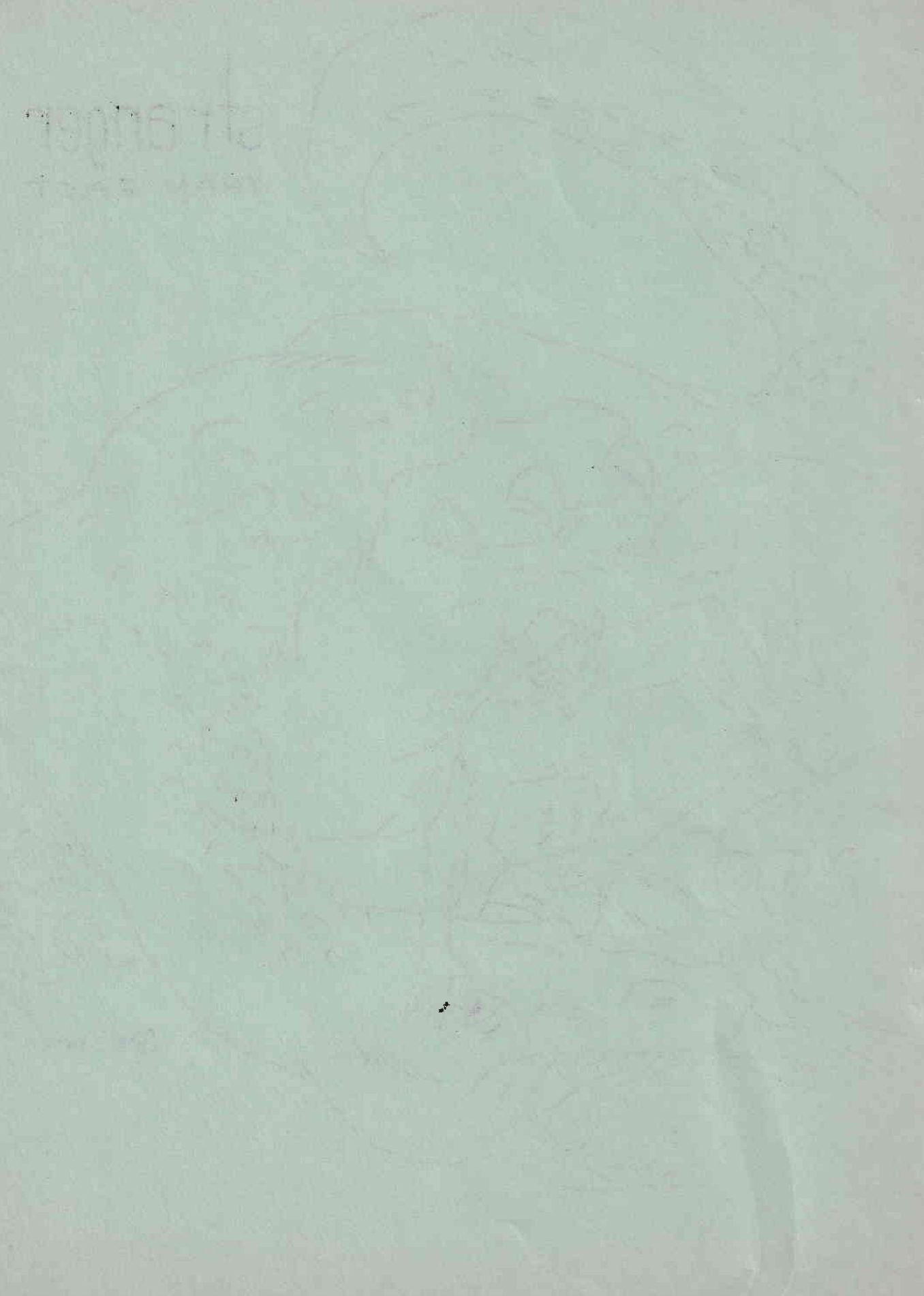


stranger
THAN FACT



-JOE STATON

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STRANGER THAN FACT

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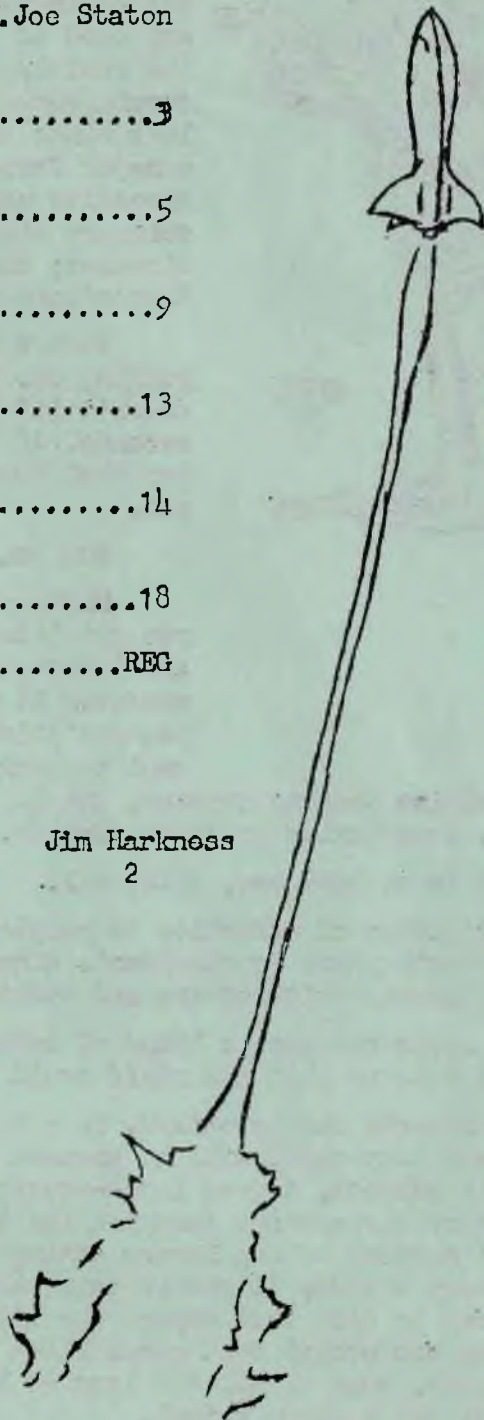
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you going to prove you're any different? Science has told you--and, I might add, the most conservative (pigheaded) science in the world, American government science--has flatly stated that tobacco is potentially toxic. Do you listen, like the rational beings you say you are, or do you shrug it off with a word of disbelief? I must say that I'd give a good bit to stir up some real controversy; but I've never been a gung-ho optimist. I'll be happy with lettercol comments. But by the twelve toes of Thorin, there'd better be plenty of those.

Oh, you want to know what I expect to accomplish in a fanzine, do you? Okay, I'll tell you. No, I'm not using STF for moralizing, if that's what you're thinking. I have absolutely no religious or moral objections to smoking. (I don't have anything against drinking on moral grounds either, but I've never had over one can of beer*in my life and don't expect to.) Simply, it is this: I can in no way find words to express the revulsion inspired in me by the sight of a person smoking. Certainly, many of my acquaintances smoke, and I don't hold it against them. However, there's not a one of them flattered by the addition of a cigarette to his features.

So, if I have deterred one person, even helped to deterr him, I'll feel that I have accomplished something. That sounds pretty corny, and I guess it is, but so are a lot of other things, and corn tastes pretty good sometimes. If you think I'm wrong, say so. You might even get me to change my mind.

You just try it.

* At one time, ye alle. I'm not an abstainer.

Correction to last issue's "General Semantics: A Re-Evaluation" : The law of contradiction should read, "Not-A and Not-A..." Apologies to the author.



THE FIELD OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY

by J.B. Rhine

ESP or extrasensory perception is the better known of the group of phenomena covered by the study of psychology. This new and revolutionary branch of psychology deals with parapsychical or psi occurrences and these are defined by the characteristic that "there is always some distinct point at which a completely physical interpretation is manifestly inadequate." (Parapsychology, Frontier Science of the Mind, Rhine and Pratt, 1957.) In extrasensory perception the person of subject experiences a cognitive response to his environment without a sensory or physical means of contact. It is, nonetheless, a natural, lawful function of the organism and presumably is subject to study by the methods of natural science.

ESP ranges widely in perceptual range. By means of it the subject is able to experience the thought of another person (telepathy), the wholly objective event (clairvoyance), or even the future occurrence (precognition), and although the spontaneous occurrence of ESP is rare and a very minor aspect of daily life, there is some volitional control which permits the arrangement of ESP tests.

The greatest handicap in the testing and application of the ability lies in the fact that ESP occurs without introspective awareness such as accompanies most sensory experience. Whereas one knows when he is seeing and hearing and can distinguish between the two, there is no such awareness of ESP and, therefore, the conscious direction common in sensory ability is thus far lacking in the control of ESP. Accordingly, other ways must be sought of introducing control, techniques, and possibly training. It is, however, possible in some instances for a person to know that ESP occurs by the mere fact that he knows something he could not have known sensorally. This and certain other indications encourage the investigation of control possibilities.

While ESP has occurred spontaneously since prehistoric times, it first came to the attention of scientific bodies through the early investigation of the claims of mesmerism and hypnotism. Mesmer himself, like many of his followers, thought that the ESP occurrences that sometimes took place with persons under hypnosis were to be attributed to the state of trance itself. By the latter part of the nineteenth century, however, it became evident that hypnosis was one thing and extrasensory perception another. They might occur together or they might not. There was only a presumptive case that the state of hypnosis facilitated the operation of ESP. It is still a question whether it is actually a help to psi capacity itself that sometimes gives improved results with hypnosis, or whether it is merely a result of the secondary advantages.

As a result of the spiritualist movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century, interest in telepathy developed because telepathy was a counter-explanation to the communication theory of mediumship. Societies for psychical research were formed in the 1880's and later, and some encouragement to scientific research resulted during the first quarter of the present century. A few university laboratories in psychology made short exploratory studies in claims of telepathy, and work on a level with the psychology of the day was carried out at a number of universities in this country, confirming the claim of telepathy (Stanford, Harvard, Groningen, for example). Antagonism was strong because psychology, in trying to establish itself, was loath to welcome challenging claims, especially those that set it off still further from its neighboring physical sciences.

Evidently what was needed was a center for continuous concentrated attention to the claims, and this, under the sponsorship of Professor William McDougall, F.R.S., was provided for at the newly opened Duke University where J.B. Rhine and Louisa E. Rhine went in the fall of 1927 for this purpose. The Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke slowly emerged from the activities with a small corps of workers, and Rhine's Monograph, EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION, (Boston, 1934) was the first report. The clinching research of this monograph, familiarly known as the Pierce-Pratt Series, involved card-calling tests of ESP with the cards one hundred yards away in a different building with many exceptional safeguards and highly significant results which have

stood up well under the years of criticism that followed.

Publication of the monograph mentioned introduced methods of a standardized type for testing ESP for the first time, and more activity followed than had ever taken place before in the investigation of parapsychial claims. While many efforts at repetition failed to turn up anything beyond chance results--and for a variety of reasons--a sufficient number of research workers confirmed the findings obtained at Duke to leave no doubt that a certain limited case had been made for ESP. It had been established and repeatedly confirmed that ESP did occur under certain conditions, but it could not be and was not claimed that it had yet been discovered how it could im-
mutably be demonstrated. This is a state that occurs in the investigation of many scientific projects. A great deal, of course, of what was necessary for the production of ESP effects was known, and in the intervening years much has been added. Even today, however, it is not possible to say with certainty that such and such a set of conditions will, for any set of participants, produce positive results with a defined probability. This is the main objective immediately ahead for most workers in the field.

In the controversy that naturally follows any revolutionary finding an unprecedented extent and vigor of critical attack was made upon the few workers who were producing reports of experimental results in ESP. First the mathematicians were assailed but the leading mathematicians of the country stood by the workers in parapsychology. Next the American Psychological Association staged a showdown on the experimental methods and parapsychology emerged from this not only alive but still healthy. The controversy began then to drop off. The exceedingly important confirmation by Soal and Bateman began to come in from England (Soal and Bateman, New Haven, 1954). Meanwhile the Journal of Parapsychology, founded in 1937, was turning out 300 pages of scientific reports annually. Confirmations from persons who, like Soal, began as critics and ended by being convinced by their own results. This was true of B.F. Riess of Hunter College, C.R. Carpenter, then of Bard College, and a number of others whose work appeared in the Journal of Parapsychology. The psychologist and mathematician team of Martin and Stribic at the University of Colorado came through with their monumental four-year research program confirming the Duke findings, and Lucien Warner, a well-known animal psychologist, came in in 1937 with confirmatory work at Columbia, where also Dr. Gardner Murphey and associates produced supporting evidence. By 1942 the distinguished British psychologist, Dr. Robert H. Thouless, now of Cambridge University and at one time President of the British Psychological Society, could state in speaking of ESP, "The reality of the phenomena must be regarded as proved as certainly as anything in scientific research can be proved."

In 1940 it seemed appropriate to sum up the case, and in a five-authored volume, EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION AFTER SIXTY YEARS, the evidence then available was summarized. Dr. Waldemar Kaempffert, Science Editor of the New York Times, commented, "If experiments and statistical analysis mean anything there is no escape from the conclusion that it (ESP) exists." Over a quarter of a century earlier the great Harvard psychologist, William James, had said in referring to the field that came to be known as parapsychology, "It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the great scientific conquest of the coming generation will be achieved." As if in answer, or at least in echo, Dr. Julian Huxley, (now Sir Julian) was asked on a BBC program what he considered the outstanding developments of the first half of the century, and he mentioned the discoveries in extrasensory perception in the U.S.A. and Britain.

But these remarks, which could be multiplied in number, have only the value and weight of authority. It is really in the active continuance and promotion of the researches themselves that the effective support for the case for ESP must rightly rest. While most of the activity that followed the first Duke publication was of incidental part-time character by busy people, mostly professional university men, here and there certain centers of persistent research effort were established, and a few workers at least continued over many years of investigation. Dr. S.G. Soal, a mathematician of Queen Mary College at the University of London, became a persistent ESP experimenter and continues so to the present day. His forthcoming book, reporting new work, will be a sensational publication in itself, because of the startling findings, encouraging greater hope of achieving control over psi than perhaps anything

hitherto published. Research likewise has picked up on the continent. A laboratory was established by Prof. Hans Bender, Dept. of Psychology, at the University of Freiburg, Holland, always a country liberal in its interest in ESP, had lecturers in one or more universities dealing specifically with parapsychology and in 1953 established a professorship at Utrecht. Steady devoted workers in psi investigation who have been active for at least ten years are to be found in Britain, Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia. The doctorate has been given for research in the field of parapsychology many times in Britain and the U.S.A. and more recently at the University of Bonn in Germany and once at Rhodes University in South Africa. Parapsychology laboratories are appearing and are under discussion in a half dozen other colleges in this country and western Europe. Courses are coming into the curriculum, a textbook has been published, and a professional society of research workers organized. The Journal of Parapsychology has passed its twenty-sixth year and is now affiliated with the Parapsychological Association. There are two obstacles, however, to an easy and rapid acceptance of parapsychology by the psychology profession. The first is the obvious fact that psi phenomena are difficult to demonstrate, require special skills in the handling of subjects (though no more than psychotherapy or many other professional roles) but by far the most important consideration is that psychologists tend to be even more mechanistic and physicalistic in their thinking than the physicists themselves. The almost wholesale conversion of American psychology in the 1920's gives some indication of the degree to which belief and the intellectual fad of the times dominates the profession. Mechanism has become a sort of unwritten and rarely expressed formula for judging a new finding, such as ESP, that challenges it. But occasional frank admissions indicate that it is because of its nonphysical character that the phenomena of psi remains incredible, unacceptable, and impossible to the more conventional mechanistic psychologists.

But younger men are less committed and more open to the evidence of parapsychology. The rate of change as indicated by polls and other evidence is unquestionably reassuring on the matter of eventual acceptance. In the meantime there is no longer the blind, impetuous resistance, and step by step parapsychology is taking its place in the framework of scientific formality. This is indicated by the reaction of editors, for example, in the space and attention given to the subject.

As to general science, outside the field of psychology itself parapsychology is likewise producing reactions and making headway. It is noteworthy of attention to point out that the only two criticisms of any magnitude occurring in recent years were made by physical scientists--a chemist and a physicist. George R. Prigo, writing in Science in 1955, summed up the case well in saying that "The only thing that remains to be said is that there was a remote possibility of fraud, explaining all the results." This concession was perhaps parapsychology's most valuable--although grudging--compliment. Professor Raymond Birge, in his address as retiring vice-president of the physics section of AAAS chose parapsychology as the subject matter and thereby gave it more attention than it could otherwise have received from the profession of physicists. His most critical remark was that it was not a science, it was an application of laboratory methods to the supernatural. One needs only to add that that is pretty much the singsong of what has been said about the really new sciences throughout history. The supernatural of today, treated by proper laboratory methods, becomes the natural of tomorrow.

Looking back over the history of this branch, the most reassuring observation that can be made is to point to the emerging and continuation of the familiar institutions of a branch of science. Its laboratories, such as that at Duke, its periodicals, such as the Journal of Parapsychology, and its organizations, such as the Parapsychological Association. The Duke Laboratory is the oldest, and since it has existed as an integral part of a good university for more than a quarter century, by its very survival has demonstrated certain things. Naturally subject to critical examination both inside and outside the campus boundaries, with a distinguished scientist as the dean and vice-president of the university, with a strong department of psychology, many of whose members are critical as other psychologists are of the new findings of parapsychology, it may be appreciated that parapsychology and its claims have been subject to continuous trial and retrial, scrutiny of an order that

seldom is given to a research program, it is time to conclude that parapsychology must have something.

The End

Editor's note: It was originally planned to supplement this article with a report on some experiments conducted by Dr. Askold Ladonko, of Caracas, Venezuela. However, I haven't heard from him since the recent trouble in that country. I don't mean to infer that he has been injured, but my last contact with him was only a few weeks before the elections.

At any rate, I'd like to thank Dr. Rhine for his article. It is very much appreciated. jdh

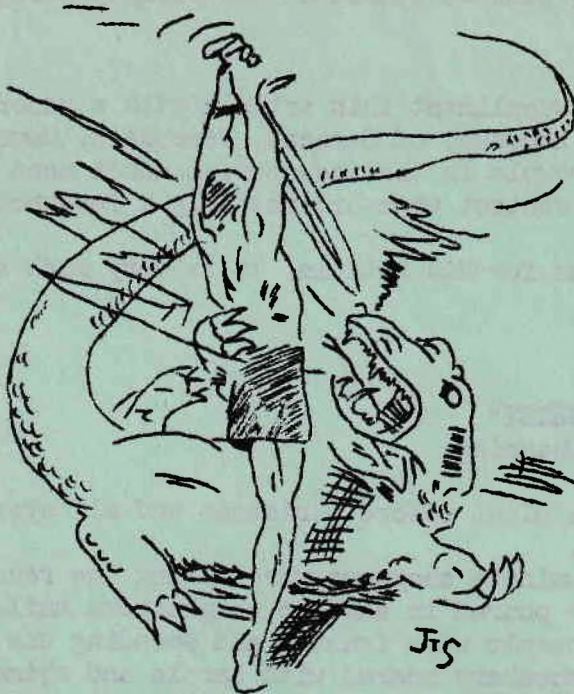
"ZEITGEIST"

by Lee Channing

'Twas the night before Christmas and all over town,
The last-minute shoppers were making the rounds;
The money poured in and the shopkeepers smiled,
For the people were frantic and spending was wild.
The loudspeakers roared with carols and chimes,
As sounded the tinkle of millions of dimes;
And on each corner, in their solemn black,
The Salvation Army collected the jack,
One hundred Santas patrolling their beats
Were taking in money from those on the streets;
'Mid the noise of bills floating on the breeze,
Came many a voice saying, "Charge it, please."
The whole town hummed with the Christmas spirit;
Then a siren screamed--but no one could hear it.
The first Missile landed three miles away,
And the dark night shone like the middle of day.
In one minute flat there was no place to run,
For the blast was as hot as the core of the sun;
No human eye saw the mushroom cloud hover--
When it was gone, the last Christmas was over.



WAR OF THE WORDS



Ho, the lettercolumn! And I'm getting a bit sick of cutting stencils right about now. Anyhow, this installment of our Slan slander is brought to you by ye olde readers in living black and white--mi-meograph ink, that is. It's put onto stencil--except for such drawings as I scatter about--by Stellar letters. In other words, by my happy little Royal portable. Gee, I hope it cuts deep enough. It doesn't look like it from here. I'm chopping the centers out of the o's and c's, but all the other keys seem to be bouncing off the stencil like bullets off Superman's hat. I suppose it'll teach me to use these rotten Sovereign stencils.

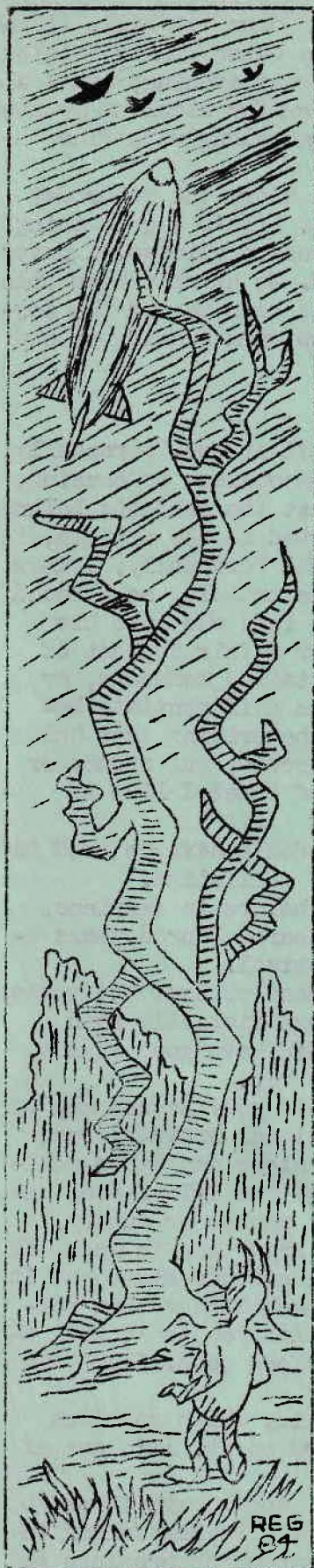
Well, now that we're down past the picture I guess we can get on with it.

Who wants to be first? Oh, you, eh? Fine. You say your name is

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland-21740

I'm at a loss to know just what brings me this third issue of Stranger Than Fact. I didn't send you any money, I have enough trouble as a member of one ayjay group to belong to SFFA, I don't publish a general fanzine for trading purposes, and you don't distribute for letters of comment. ((I changed my mind. But only for printed loc's. No more, no more...!)) I thought that my policy of not subscribing to fanzines was pretty well known by now: it's supposed to keep the number of incoming fanzines down to a quantity that is only slightly larger than the time available permits me to read. Well, in case of doubt, send a letter of comment, as Mark Twain or someone said. At least this will prove I received, read, and enjoyed the issue.

The lead article took me back quite a few years to the time when blood dripped all over fanzines as a result of violence involving general semantics, semantics, and related topics. It's interesting to note that one thing hasn't changed over the years: people who write about Korzybski for some reason fall into a style that is as difficult to read as his own writing. The only person who has escaped this curse, to my knowledge, is Rudolf Flesch, who summed up the principles of Non-Aristotelianism in one of his books on plain writing and plain thinking quite superbly. ((I know of one other writer who escaped it. Martin Gardner, whom everyone knows from his column in Scientific American and numerous books and short stories, has contributed a satire on this very subject which is probably the funniest thing I've printed. Or it will be, come next issue.)) I don't think at this late date that Leland Sapiro needed to go to this much trouble to demolish the Korzybski defenses. They had been quite well pulverized by previous volleys of quotations from various writers who had said the same things more succinctly and by the failure of his followers to give any evidence that they've benefited from all this elaborate mental discipline. But it's strange, how much writing about general semantics, both pro and con, turns out to be a simple series of truisms and statements of the obvious, once the special verbiage and complexities are cleared away to permit the reader a clear mental look at the sense of what has been said. Perhaps the average person does not realize in so many words that the word is not the object. But the average person does not confuse the word and the object as Korzybski claimed he did, except under special circumstances: when he becomes insane, when he lives under a dictatorship that has given the word a strong emotional connotation through all-out propaganda, or when someone is playing a trick on him. I doubt that the three weeks required to plow through Science and Sanity would benefit anyone in the first or third situations, and I'm



sure that the book wouldn't be available to anyone in the second circumstance.

"The House in the Zoo" reads like fiction in the Ziff-Davis magazines, a trait that might be taken by you as more of a compliment than I intend it to be. It's thoroughly professional as far as following the rules of good pulp magazine writing is concerned. But it's hardly a story that will stick in the mind of the reader for its merits or for the thoughts that it has aroused. I can understand the reason for using fanzines for vehicles for encouraging aspiring writers to reach the point of selling their fiction, but I don't see much reason for using up fanzine space on second-rate stories from someone who can already sell.

((There was a time, Harry, when I would have agreed with you. But eventually I realized that if I'm going to publish, I might as well do it right. "The House in the Zoo" was a good yarn--so I used it. After all, how many fans do you know who can sell any time they take the trouble to really polish a story? Quite a few, I'm sure. But they keep on writing for fanzines. You see what I mean?))

Graveside Service interested me to a much greater degree. This may be because I have had considerable trouble deciphering its meaning. ((How odd. I thought the story was quite clear, but almost everyone has said this.)) A story that keeps its important facts half-concealed all the way through is handicapped because the reader spends much of his time watching for clues when he should allow himself to be immersed, relaxed and intent merely on the course of events. But there's a real sense of struggle in the story. I confess that I am still not certain if this is intended to be a story about a man whose distaste for the changed world has made him unable to have normal sexual relations with his wife, or simply a story of a future world in which any slight deviance from the accepted conduct is held in suspicion. One good, clear hint at the real meaning might make it a very good story. ((Uhh...are you sure I didn't leave out the last page of the story in your copy? I didn't get anything like that out of the story.))

Your account of your first encounter with another fan was amusing and very typical of this epochal event for most fans. You were lucky, though. The first one who visited me made me try to guess who he was. And he didn't tell me he was coming ahead of time. And he and his friend expected overnight hospitality in our cramped house. And after he left he wrote me a nasty letter because he had spent hours trying to hop a ride back home and thought that I had something to do with the failure of Hagerstown motorists to pick up hitchhikers. ((I've seen Rick twice since then; he stopped by for a bit on his way to and from home at Christmas vacation.))

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tennessee-37659

I think "General Semantics: A Re-Evaluation" was too deep for me. I didn't understand it. It contains things like "...if it is true that Charles II was king of England in 1667, then it is true he was king then at any later date." While I agree with this, I don't see the necessity for making such an obvious statement, "The House in the

Zoo" was a rather interesting and original story, although it could have used a stronger plot. "Graveside Service" wasn't quite clear either. Maybe this is one of my foggy days. Let's see, he went to the cemetery and a salamander ran down the hill. ((That wasn't the idea.)) I've never yet had an opportunity to see "The Outer Limits." ((You haven't missed anything.)) It comes on here at six o'clock Saturday evening, and I always seem to be somewhere else at that time. I can't forgive them for stealing my story title. My title was to be "The Outer Edge," and here they come along with "The Outer Limits."

How are things in Mississippi? ((Need you ask?)) I heard a story the other day about a yankee driving in Mississippi, but I won't go into that. ((It's a good thing. I heard that story too.)) It's cloudy and damp here with more snow predicted. I never did get all the leaves raked up, because the weather turned bad. We haven't been able to get a load of wood for the fireplace, because the weather has been so bad the saw-mill couldn't saw. Don't picture me as freezing, however. I keep warm running up and down the basement stairs to fire the furnace.

Robert Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana-46992.

Overall, I think this issue is a big improvement over the first two. Personally, I don't think much of Leland Sapiro's writings; sometimes his pompousness is amusing, but most of the time it's just plain dull. ((Don't you think that the subjects Leland writes about might be the cause of this? If you weren't interested in the article, it wouldn't make much difference who wrote it. It'd still seem dull. Personally, I knew nothing about G.S. other than the usual horesay until I read the article, so I found it interesting and pretty readable.)) However, there seem to be fans who like his stuff--Ed Wood is the only one I know, but Ed usually speaks for a fair segment of the serious-collecting branch of fandom. So I won't make any detailed comments, or intimate that you were an idiot for using the article. (I try to differentiate between what I consider to be bad writing and what I consider to be writing that has virtues but that I dislike anyway. I can't say that I always succeed, but sooner or later any reviewer has to abandon the common fannish attitude of "what I like is good.")

Also, if I nobly refrain from commenting, it means that I don't have to read the damned thing, and I've read enough of Sapiro's stuff to last me a lifetime.

Beggs' story was pretty good. It's been done at least once before in fanzines, but probably no one but me remembers the earlier one, which appeared 7 or 8 years ago. The approach was slightly different, but the theme was identical.

Ameen's story wasn't too bad this time, but I could have done without the verse. I am partial to verse that contains rhyme and meter, but I object violently when a verse is supposed to have meter and doesn't quite make it. He did have good rhymes, but some of those lines needed more work to make them scan properly.

No, Finlay doesn't trace his artwork. ((See, Norwood, I told you! Excuse me, Bob.)) He does use photographs as models; so do a lot of professional artists, but Finlay is easier to spot because he often uses photos of movie stars and other well-known people. He isn't the only one, though; God knows how often fan Sylvia Dees has appeared in Emsh's F&SF covers, and Emsh has to be working from photos or memory.

Ah, c'mon. OUTER LIMITS isn't all that bad; you were just expecting too much. It is a series of good grade B monster movies, is all. The special effects alone put it above the average Hollywood product--the script usually isn't much better than Hollywood's efforts, but special effects are better than nothing. And you can't tell about the acting; with the sort of scripts they have, you can't look good. I bet the readers of FAMOUS MONSTERS love it.

((They would. But the really ironic thing is that the public, which so often condemns good stuff without even looking at it, has gone overboard on it. It's one of the highest rated series on television.))

Discuss something, eh? I can't think of anything, offhand. And I have 15 or 20 letters and 3 tapes to answer, the December YANDRO to finish up, a review column to write for DOUBLE BILL, a leaky faucet to repair, a list of fanzines and prozines to make up (I have these boxes of stuff to get rid of), a package of prozines to mail to Hector Pessina, and the back room to straighten out. (We use it for storage, and

I managed to upset several boxes while I was digging out our Christmas tree ornaments --the only thing left is to clear everything out of the room and start over.)

So why am I wasting time writing a letter of comment to a fan editor?

((You may think you have problems, but at least you weren't snowbound for the holidays. Actually it was sleet--that's what passes for snow in the soverrr-r-eign state of Mississippi (to use brother Ross' terminology). We were expecting company, and of course they couldn't make it. So about ten that night--that night--we got an ad call, saying the presents were coming in on the eleven o'clock bus. Guess who had to go pick them up? Guess what bus was an hour and a half late?))

Harvey Telowitz, 3982 Long Beach Road, Island Park, New York.

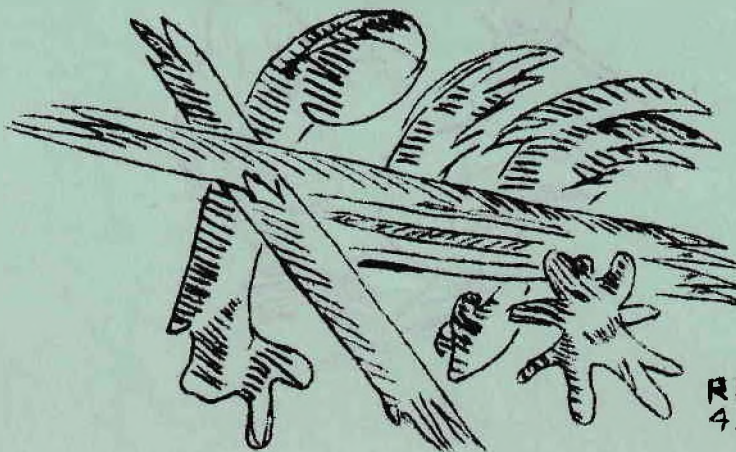
Thanks very much for #3 of STF which made an unexpected and pleasant arrival today. I'm not too sure if I can be considered a fan of science fiction, really, since my only qualification is that I read and enjoy it and have done so for a number of years. I'm unfamiliar with the lingua franca of sf fans--it seems like a different and lazy version of English (firstish, lastish, bullsh!) ((Bullsh...?))

I went through STF as soon as it came in. For one thing, I found the answer to a question that's been in my mind for some time--what STF was. I'd seen the letters here and there and never knew what they referred to. The article on semantics was most scholarly, but I'll have to wait till the first snowfall to do it proper justice. I was very impressed by "The House In The Zoo". I feel that it could be made into an excellent novel, and also that it merits a better title. ((I disagree. The impact of the story depends on the twist ending. Now this looks great on a vignette of this length, but I'd be very mad to read a whole novel to have the author pull a trick like that. And without the trick end, the yarn is no different than a hundred other "invasion" stories.)) "Graveside Service" seemed to me much morbid ado about nothing. All in all, I enjoyed the discovery of a new (to me) sub-civilation, i.e., the world of science fiction fans. I'll have to see more of it before I can venture any further criticism of STF.

((For those of you who are confused by this--I was, until I realized what was coming off--Harvey's name was selected from the lettercol of IF. Whenever I make up my mailing list, I choose the names of a few people who have written interesting letters to prozines--and few is the right word!--and send them free copies. Occasionally it pays off. This time, for instance.))

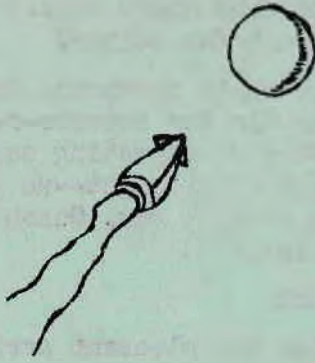
Harvey also subscribed, as did Norman Masters, and Jerome McCann subbed for two years --cripes, what faith. Jim Maughan raved wildly over everything, and goes on to state, with a perfectly straight face and in all seriousness, that "War is Peace." Shades of doublethink and the thought police, Jim, have you read 1984 or do you mean that? Then he quotes Alfred Bester, which may help to explain things. Mike Randall also wrote, having found a story whose ending he understood, and says that I gave the wrong impression lastish--he really digs STF quite a lot.

Next ish is annish--everybody write. Everybody!



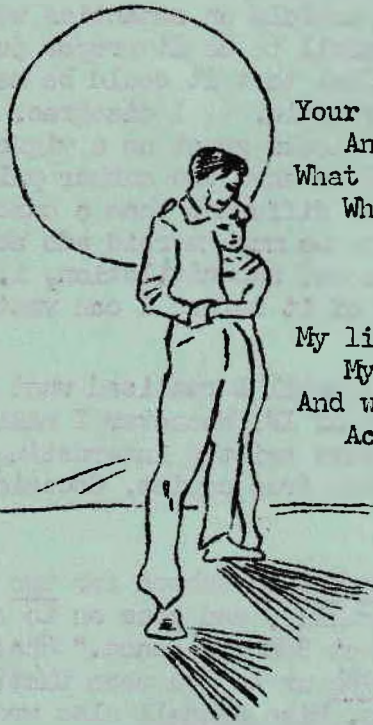
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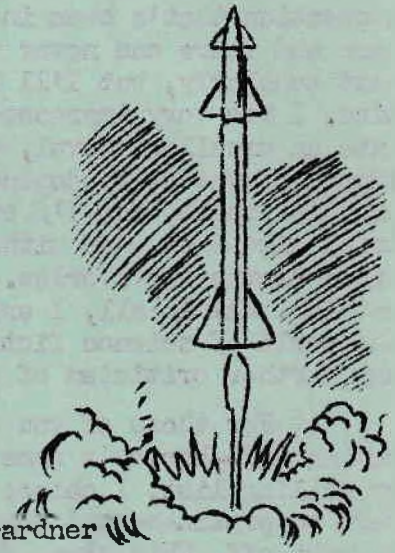
moon probes

Soft are the sounds of night, my love,
And when you touch my hand,
More brightly glows the gibbous moon,
More sweetly blows the wind.



Your eyes reflect the moon, my love,
And little do I care
What craters lace her hidden face
When I can kiss your hair.

My lips against your cheek, my love,
My heart upon your heart,
And what care I if lunar probes
Achieve or miss the mark.



—Martin Gardner



DREAMER
by C.L. Morris

He awoke in darkness.

In silence and stillness, full consciousness comes slowly. There was no sense of movement to disturb his thoughts, no physical sensation reached his mind. He lay for a time, eyes closed, and allowed himself the welcome luxury of fluid nothingness in an endless night, the dividing line between sleep and waking. A lost ship on a dark sea could not have drifted so aimlessly or freely. If there is consciousness in death he wondered inanely, would it not be something like this?

The thought impinged upon his mind with explosive force, shocking him to a full awareness of his being. He opened his eyes. The darkness remained.

He blinked several times, fear of total blindness constricting his throat muscles, stifling his gasp of surprise. He turned his head cautiously, slowly, trying to detect a break in the solid wall of darkness. There was none.

A sudden tug at his temple halted the motion of his head and he raised an exploratory hand, feeling the band of metal across his forehead, the wires leading from it. Without thinking, he hooked a thumb under the band and pushed it off over the top of his head. A slight electric tingle shot through his fingers, and reflex action caused him to jerk his hand upward, his knuckles cracking sharply against hardness. He grimaced with pain, momentarily forgetting his fear of possible blindness, and raised the hand again, curiously, feeling overhead. The hand met resistance.

Metal. Cool metal. Cool and smooth and--curved, like the top of a cooking utensil. He almost smiled at the concept. It was ridiculous, but suddenly he had the mental picture of an oversize cut of beef lying supine in a gigantic oven. "Just waiting for the heat," he wondered aloud, and shuddered as he pushed the absurd thought from his mind.

Overhead and to each side it was the same. He seemed to be enclosed in a box just large enough to accommodate his body, with very little room left over for movement. A box--or a coffin. A sudden slash of fear cut through his mind, dispelling the lightheaded feeling of unreality, and he raised both hands, pushing desperately against the metal. It was as futile as trying to topple a stone wall.

This was fantasy, he decided, letting his arms drop. The wild imaginings of a deranged mind. In other words, madness. Very simple. Quite simple, in fact. He was insane, a madman in a box his own diseased mind had invented. How else could one experience premature interment? How else explain the impossible nightmare of being locked away in a deep-buried box under a ton of tightly-packed earth.

Though he was aware of the absurdity of the situation, the actual thought brought unreasoning panic. In a sudden claustrophobic frenzy he clawed at the metal above him, finding nothing to grasp but working with silent determination until his fingernails were torn and blood ran warm and damp on his hands. Vaguely, the pain transmitted itself to his brain and a semblance of sanity returned. He lay back panting and cursed until his store of expletives was exhausted.

Another thought came to him.

Air.

By all the rules of logic he should not be breathing. Certainly not inside a tightly sealed coffin.

Unless--

Unless, of course, he'd been buried only a very short time. And, in that case, there was the possibility that someone--

He cried out.

The sound, confined within the coffin, exploded against his senses with an almost physical impact. He was caught up in it, buffeted and twisted and finally released as the sound slithered into silence.

He lay for a time without moving, feeling the metal band pressing against the back of his head but too exhausted to push it out of the way. The purpose of the band puzzled him, but only briefly. To his dulled senses it seemed as if he had

bruptly been separated from his body, as if he were viewing it from a distance. Without surprise, without objection, he found himself a spectator at a play in which he was not only actor but audience as well. And he was dreaming. He knew he was dreaming and yet he had no desire to return to the stark reality of darkness and madness in a closed coffin. Relaxing gratefully, he allowed himself to be carried along on the stream of his subconscious.

Escape!

Now he was no longer the unfortunate victim of a stupid mistake. Now he was a man walking along a street in a village in Maine.

It was dusk, and from some of the small houses lining the street faint glimmers of light began to appear. Somewhere a radio blared, then faded to a soft murmur, and from the shadowed porch of one of the houses there was a chatter as neighbors argued politely about politics or religion or taxes. A child passed on roller skates, giggling, and was lost in the gathering dusk. Far away there was the sound of an automobile, seeming quite near in the summer stillness.

This is a dream, he thought as he walked. Tonight I am master of the world. I am a living actor on a stage built for puppets. I am a Georgia farmer on a Paris vacation, or the flesh and blood lead in a Walt Disney movie. In this space and in this time, I am all that is, all that is to be. This universe, this cosmos, is contained within the boundaries of my mind. This is fantasy, reality is a still-breathing body buried deep in a cemetery far from the sight or thoughts of the actors in this play. And because I am one of them I must not deviate from the script. I must--I will--act my part through to the finish.

He realized suddenly that he had stopped walking, that he had paused before one of the houses. It was vaguely familiar, and for a moment he was puzzled. Then he remembered that he had been here before--which, of course, was impossible. The familiarity, he knew, was in his mind, a line in the script, a part of the play. He accepted it without question.

The character of his role was now clear--he was a man calling on a lady friend, a normal human custom which was repeated thousands of times each day. A normal, even prosaic custom; but somehow he knew, even as he went up the steps and pressed a thumb to the doorball, that this time something would be different. This time...

The door opened and she stepped out onto the porch, closing the door gently behind her. "You're late," she said, and smiled by way of rebuke at herself for the mild criticism.

"Shall we take a cab?" He felt surprise at the casualness of the question. Apparently he had learned his lines quite well.

"Of course not," she said, linking her arm in his. "It's only a few blocks, and it's such a nice night for walking."

Later, he could not remember what the movie had been about, only that she had seemed to enjoy it. There was a memory of phantom shapes around them, of faces with no discernable features, like non-entities on over-exposed photographic film. Bit players, he decided, the "cast of thousands" in this dream opus.

They stopped in a diner for a sandwich and afterward walked in a park. He found this strangely pleasing. They seemed to be alone in a world of their own, a world of green-laden trees, graveled pathways, and dim shadows. There was a soft breeze sighing through the treetops and the sound of it was melody in his ears. Somewhere a clock chimed nine times, then was silent. Music of the spheres, he thought, and was amused at his romanticism. Dead man actor, playing lover. Laugh tonight--and weep tomorrow...? But tomorrow never came in this world. The only time that could ever be was now, tonight, this hour. Tomorrow was wakefulness, pure terror in a closed coffin--nothing could make him forget that.

Finally they stopped to rest on a bench, he with one arm lying along the back, she with her head cradled on his shoulder. For an instant, time for them had ceased to exist. It seemed to him that they had sat thus forever, lost in the contentment of each other's presence, alone in this world with only the whisper of the wind, the green smell of the park, and the moonlight falling like bright snow on the pathway.

At last she stirred slightly and raised her eyes to his face. "How long," she asked softly, and it was barely audible above the restless summer wind, "how long

has it been since we met?"

"Just two weeks," he said without thinking. And suddenly, in his mind, it had been two weeks. His false memory had been well-supplied with minor details, and he felt awe--and a helpless bitterness--toward the supplying agent. That this dream sequence must soon end he was certain, and there was regret in the certainty.

"Yes," she said, and closed her eyes. Her lips were very near, and quickly, impulsively, he lowered his head.

As their lips met the dream ended.

He was again in darkness, but somehow the darkness now seemed permeated with a faint, almost undetectable neonic glow. He blinked several times, trying to get his eyes to accept what his mind knew was illusion. Probably a symptom of approaching blindness, he thought, and raised a hand cautiously. His arm brushed lightly against a small proturbance on the side of the coffin, and he twisted to his right painfully, feeling with his left hand until he located the--it was some kind of stud or button, he decided. He pushed it, and caught his breath sharply as it moved under his finger. There was a muffled click somewhere, the whisper of well-oiled hinges, and the top of the coffin began to rise slowly. Blue-tinged light angled in, flooding his retinas with aching brilliance.

Squinting, he raised himself to a sitting position, stiffened muscles complaining angrily at the movement. He looked about in wonder, his eyes barely able to focus after so long in darkness.

Ad astra...

The phrase came unbidden to his mind as he stared at the metal walls which surrounded him. He frowned, knowing there was something he should remember, but memory was a bare flicker, a pinpoint lost in an immensity of darkness and distance and time. Restraining a groan, he climbed from the coffin and felt cold metal pressing against the soles of his feet. He looked at his body and was not surprised to find that he was without clothing. It seemed the natural state, somehow.

He stood for a moment while strength flowed into his body. A wisp of memory touched his mind and he ran a hand up his arm, feeling the needle scars from countless automatic feedings while he had lain dreaming in darkness and silence. Somewhere in this--this--ship, human embryos lay in dormant safety, waiting for--for-- He frowned again. The memory flickered weakly, briefly, then slipped away.

He was in a corridor perhaps twenty feet long and six feet wide. The metal walls gleamed smooth and unbroken save for the cubicle in which the coffin reposed. At one end of the corridor there was a door, and he walked toward it slowly, steadying himself with one hand against the wall. There was something hazily familiar about the door, something that told him that it should not be closed, should in fact be standing wide, invitingly, indicating the successful completion of his--mission?

He stopped, pressed his hand against the door. It did not give, but beyond it there was a soft whirr as something was triggered into electronic life by the pressure of his hand. Above the door a light began to flash with sporadic insistence, and he glanced up at a small oval telescreen on which words were being spelled out, one bright letter at a time.

"E-l-a-p-s-e-d...time...one...eight...three...years...six...two...planets...appraised...results...negative...unsuitable...return...to...Chamber...error...corrected..." The screen dulled and went blank.

The words had been electronic reproductions; he knew that instinctively. He had helped to check the circuits himself, back at the New Mexico port. He had also supervised the placing of the embryos in their individual vats aboard the ship. He braced himself against the wall as the full memory flooded back.

One hundred and eighty three years. It had taken the ship that long to search out, appraise, and reject as unsuitable sixty two planets. Alpha Centaurus? he wondered--or beyond?

He remembered the blast off from the Alamogordo tarmac, the pitifully few co-workers who had watched silently, realizing they would never know whether he succeeded or failed. Pitifully few, because the war had come and gone, leaving a decimated humanity in its wake. And soon it became apparant that no more children were being born, not in the poisoned vicinity of Earth. Embryos had formed normally, but in a

little under four months something happened. They shriveled and died in the womb, and the mothers died with them. Even under laboratory conditions the embryos fared little better. Poisons locked in the soil and plant life had proven more lethal and more lasting than merely atmospheric poisons. Air could be purified; the earth could not. The only answer was artificially inseminated ova, developed to third month stage, then blasted away from the contaminated ball of mud called Earth. The impetus needed had been supplied by the embryo-orbital shot, which had indicated clearly that an embryo did develop more fully away from Earth.

The ship, of course, was the last desperate vestige of hope for man, and the technological wizardry of a hundred generations had gone into its construction. It was a self-contained unit, a near-sentient thing of metallic perfection, able to search out suitable planets, assess their potentialities, and feed data through a computer system that was its brain. He was necessary only for landing the ship when conditions warranted--the ship itself would make the final decision.

He was necessary, too, for preparing the embryos, for assuring their development into healthy infants, and for guiding them down the path that would lead eventually to human civilization on a planet not yet scarred and blackened and rendered uninhabitable by the misguided genius of their forebears. And while he slept, dreaming, while he inhaled the gas that prevented aging, was fed by the ship, and--in a sense--was worshipped and protected by it, neither time nor boredom could touch him. Through the dream-tapes he lived many lives, for when one tape ran out, when one existence ended, another began immediately. It was the closest man had ever come to immortality.

He walked back to the cubicle, remembering, and climbed back into the--not a coffin, he told himself firmly. Not a coffin at all. A cocoon. He was a chrysalis in a cocoon. Coffins were for death, but a cocoon held life. At the proper time, he would emerge and life would begin. He touched the button and the cover descended, sealing him in. Easily, he slipped his head into the band to which were attached the dream-tape terminals. Gas, this time in sufficient quantity so there would be no premature awakening, hissed into the chamber. Dimly he felt the life-sustaining needles prick his arm, but there was no pain. Eagerly, hopefully, he was seeking forgetfulness in the dream...

...The girl on the park bench raised her eyes, a frown creasing her forehead. "I just had the strangest feeling," she said, "as if everything had suddenly--stopped." A shiver ran through her body, and he tightened his arm around her shoulders. A shadow of memory nibbled gently at the edge of his mind, but it was receding.

"I didn't know a kiss could have that effect," he said smiling down at her. "I'll have to be careful."

"Silly," she said, and snuggled against him, just as a meteor stitched a brief, pencil-thin seam of fire across the clouds. He watched it silently until it vanished, thinking how near the stars, how deep the sky.



Pacificon II
Hugo Nominations Ballot

Best Novel _____

Best Short Fiction _____

Best Dramatic Presentation _____

Best Professional Artist _____

Best Professional Magazine _____

Best Amateur Magazine _____

Best Science fiction Book Publisher _____

For a definition of the categories see the Pacificon Hugo rules on the reverse of this ballot. Only members of the 21st World Science Fiction Convention (the Discon) or the 22nd (the Pacificon II) may nominate.

Discon Membership number _____ Pacificon membership number _____

Please enroll me as a member of the Pacificon II; I am enclosing () \$1
() \$2
() \$3

Membership is \$1 for overseas; \$2 for U.S.A. non-attendees; and an additional dollar if you attend. If you are uncertain, you may pay two dollars now and another dollar at registration.

Make all checks payable to: Pacificon II

When completed, mail this ballot to: Pacificon II
P.O. Box 261, Fairmont Station
El Cerrito, California

Name _____

Address _____

Deadline for receipt of
ballots is April 15, 1964

Fanzine editors may reprint and distribute this ballot to their readers if both sides are reproduced verbatim.

Pacificon II:: Leamington Hotel::Oakland, California::September 4, 5, 6, 7, 1964

Annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards (Hugos)

Rules of eligibility

Nominations and Voting: Nominations can be made by any fan holding membership in either the Discon or the Pacificon. Each person nominating shall nominate only one item in any one category. Nomination form must contain name, address, and Discon or Pacificon membership number to be valid. Only members of the Pacificon shall be eligible to vote on the final ballot.

Best Novel: A science fiction or fantasy novel appearing for the first time as a hard cover book, OR appearing for the first time as a soft cover book, magazine serial, or complete novel, during the calendar year 1963. Previous winners not eligible, nor shall a story be eligible more than twice. Publication date, or cover date in the case of an undated magazine, shall take precedence over copyright date. At least one installment of a serial shall have been published in the eligible year.

Best Short Fiction: A science fiction or fantasy story of less than novel length published for the first time in a magazine, OR appearing for the first time in a collection or anthology, during the calendar year 1963. Previous winners not eligible, nor shall a story be eligible more than twice. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated magazine, shall take precedence over copyright date. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series.

Best Dramatic Presentation: Any production, single or series, directly related to science fiction and fantasy, in the fields of radio, television, stage or screen, which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present form during the calendar year 1963. In the case of individual programs presented as a series, the separate programs shall be individually eligible, but the entire year's production taken as a whole under the title of the series shall not be eligible.

Best Professional Artist: A professional artist whose work was presented in some form in the science fiction or fantasy field in 1963.

Best Professional Magazine: Any magazine devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy, which has published four or more issues, at least one issue appearing in the calendar year 1963.

Best Amateur Magazine: Any generally available non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four or more issues, at least one issue appearing in the calendar year 1963.

Best Science Fiction Book Publisher: A book publisher, either of hard cover or soft cover books, who has done the most to make good science fiction or fantasy available during the calendar year 1963.

No Award: At the discretion of the convention committee, if a lack of votes in a specified category shows a marked lack of interest in that category on the part of the voters, the award in that category shall be cancelled for this year.

Note: The "Best Science Fiction Book Publisher" category replaces, for this year only, the "Special Award." Special Awards are awards in the form of the Hugo, by the Committee, and the Committee felt that this award should be voted on by every member. Authorization for this is in Sec. 1.03 of the Constitution and Bylaws adopted at the 21st World SF Convention in Washington, D.C.

MAULING COMMENTS

On Christmas Eve, 1963, a brown kraft envelope sailed into my living room and fell gasping at my feet. "Who are you," I cried, "and how did you get here?"

"I'm a SFPA mailing," it moaned, "and I was blown out of the mailbox by the wake kicked up by a passing moth."

"How can this be? We have one of the largest rosters in our history right now. You should weigh a ton."

Hearing this, the envelope died of shock.
Let me tell you, I almost joined it.
Eighty-two pages. I sent 575.
Kind of one-sided, this.

Scimitar-- I don't think you need to worry about your repro too much. Ditto is fine for an apazine that will only run off 25 copies or so. It's only when someone sends me a dittoed genzine that I object to the medium. And sometimes not then.

So you like elephant jokes? I'd tell you some that Staton tortures me with, but there are postal regulations against that sort of thing. There's not too much to say about the rest of the issue. The mc's were rather good, though not very comment-evoking. The story I'd seen before, so there was no point in reading it again. If you are going to use long fiction (that is, not the cruddy little one pagers so many fanmags use), it would be a good idea to expand the zine. This one story took up over half of your zine.

Phrases like "Well I guess..." and words like "ya" for "you" sound pretty silly. I realize a lot of people do it, and it sounds very fannish and so on, but it's been done so much that it's become hackneyed and unreal in print. I only know one person who can write in this style competently, and he's had 15 years of practice.

Spectre Warlock--So you didn't like my cover, eh. I wasn't exactly crazy about it, myself, but a new faned takes what he can get. Guess who rejected a lot of your artwork, Larry?

Terry Ange...your favorite witch, maybe. A writer, no. Corny. The con-report was interesting, though I thought it could have been expanded. I enjoyed it.

Outre--I'm glad you spelled your logo right this issue. Overall, I'd say quite an improvement. No nofiction, for one thing. The ditto reproduction was readable and not smeared all over itself, so there was no problem here.

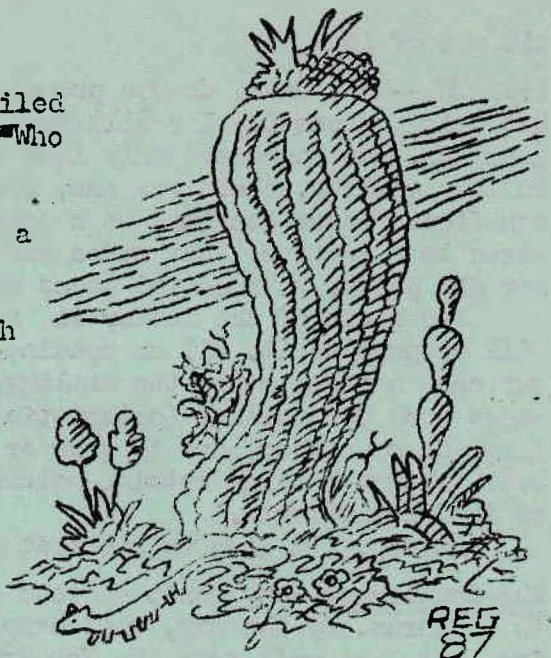
I like it where you say, "NAPA has gobs of 'zines of small quantity..." Do you mean quality? There I'd agree with you. But if you mean size, you're wrong. It has the largest crudzines on the apa scene.

Somehow I can't think of anything else to say.

Sporadic--Hey, Bill. I hope you aren't mad at me for that disgusted little dissertation I gave you on the size of this mailing. As I said, I know it isn't your fault, but at the moment I was very disgusted.

You must have really cut up that cover. I've seen Robert Gilbert's original work before, and I don't think he can draw that badly. The contents was interesting, of course. I got a good laugh out of the paragraph telling about your ROTC troubles. I can see you walking up to some old Advisor (or whatever they call them) sergeant and saying, "Excuse me, sir, but I'd like to quit the army." I'm surprised they didn't cart you off to some out of the way post in Laos.

I'm not surprised that you hadn't heard of C.L. Morris. Few people have. (I got his name out of a pro lettercolumn.) He's been a reader since the late thirties, and began writing in 1949 for Bob Silverberg's Spaceship. (His work has also appeared in Yandro, Sata, Zodiac, and a lot of other top zines.) A few years ago he gafiated-I gather--to become a stf reader again, and my query about fanzine work sort of got



him out of it.

T.S.A.M.--How, Dave, do you propose to get our mailings up to 250-300 pages? I'm not being sarcastic, I really want to know. Oh, it'd be pretty easy if we had more genzines. But there are only four I know of: Plott's, Proctor's, yours, and mine. In this mailing, there was one. (Wait...I forgot Iscariot, which makes five.) You can figure three genzines to a good mailing in this apa, and twenty-five or thirty pages to a genzine. That makes about ninety pages at tops for the genzine content. For 250 pages, we need 160 pages of apazines.

The heart of the matter is, a good genzine has to be fairly large, or no one will respond to it. All an apazine has to do is to meet the page requirements, in our case 6 pages every two mailings. With the other nine people pubbing, say, 5 pages each per mailing (optimistic!) we can figure on about 144 pages in a good mailing. So we either have to grow or raise the activity requirements. I'm in favor of both, though I think outside material should be acceptable for a stated percentage of the requirements.

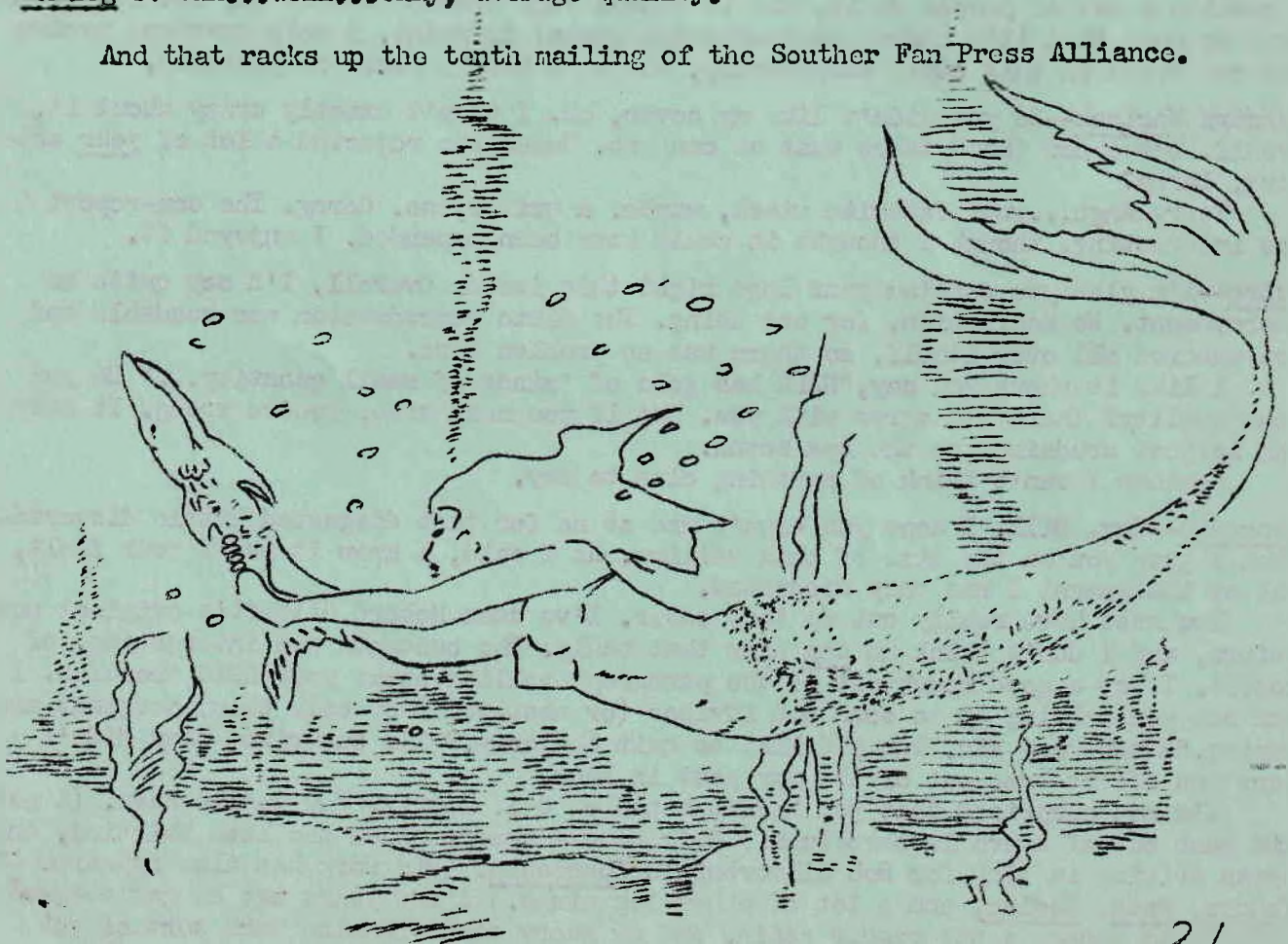
Anyway, I'm glad to see that you're back.

The Southerner--Why don't we vote on that election again? I don't think one person is a quorum. By the way, what happened to my Iscariot? Joe says it was in his mailing, but I haven't seen it. You haven't been holding out on me, have you Bill?

Cliffhangers and Others--You're getting to be a fixture around our house, pal. Seriously, I was glad to see you over the holidays. The Saturday after you were here last, a bunch of us drove up to Memphis to see the Auto Show that was going on. I tried to call you twice, but the phone just kept ringing in the Registrar's office, from whom I was trying to get the number of the dorm where you live. (Oh my lord, I just looked out the window and it's snowing again.) Send me your number, okay? Then I'll call you the next time I'm there.

What do you mean, average quality of the fiction?! My fiction is better than Analog's! Uhh...well...okay, average quality.

And that racks up the tenth mailing of the Souther Fan Press Alliance.



From: Jim Harkness
112 West Harding
Greenwood, Miss.

To:

PRINTED MATTER

