

This is a genuine First Issue. It has no artwork but it does contain an article by Ted White, a poem by John Pesta, and a contribution by the ever-popular anon. It also contains an unconscionably great quantity of editorial material, or it felt that way while I was writing it. A hundred or so copies of JARGON 1 are being handed out at the Discon by a little man with a beard, and a hundred or so more will shortly after the Con be winging their way all across the United States to some buyers of THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR, and to all recipients of MINAC, SPECTRUM, and the

later

issues

of

XERO.

I've

been

warned

by expert

fan editors

in the NYC area

not to make any gaudy

promises about putting

out a monthly fanzine, so

I'm not going to make any gaudy

promises about putting out a monthly

fanzine. But I'm thinking about it. Any

way you look at it, it'll be at least as big

as this one. For the second issue, I have the

promise of the first installment of the first true

column ever done by Lin Carter, who promises it will

be free-wheeling and hellraising. The lettercolumn will

be as long as it has to be to include all the good locs I

may receive, and there will again be an inordinate amount of

editorial material. Plus whatever I can get out of Discon attendees.

Heck. I was hoping it wouldn't come out right.

being:

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JARGON #1
Vol. 1, No. 1
August, 1963

JARGON is edited and published by David G. Van Arnam, Apt. 353, 1730 Harrison Avenue, Bronx 53, New York, 10053. Future issues available soon at 25¢, 5/\$1, 11/\$2, or for trade, letter of comment, or contribution. This issue dedicated either to light-hearted pomposity or to scrupulous immorality, I can't quite make out which. LMANIACal Publication #1. Entire contents of this magazine Copyright: 1963, by David G. Van Arnam.

TOPICS

by dgv

The contents of this issue turned out, not according to plan, to be mostly written by me. So perhaps I'd better explain that, this first issue to the contrary, I do not intend publishing JARGON merely to hear myself talk for twenty pages about whatever comes into my head. I do intend writing quite a bit of material myself, but it's my hope that I can obtain enough material by other writers to balance future issues. And there will be plenty of room for good letters. I'm not making promises just yet about frequency, but about size there's no question. JARGON has plenty of room. I happen to be a very fast typist, thanks to the Army, and I work in a Times Square lettershop with access to an ABDick 92 whose manifold quirks I have, I believe, finally mastered. I happen to be using the office typewriter for JARGON, but at home I have a Remington Electric (used for SPECTRUM). My job is mostly cutting stencils, running them off, and collating and stapling, which is undemanding; and it is part time, which theoretically gives me plenty of time and incentive for my own work, which is writing. Eventually, anyway.

What all this means in terms of fanac is that I have a lucky and perfect opportunity to publish exactly the kind of fanzine I want to -- long, frequent, and, in my own writings in it, personal. I have the time and the machinery, plus fortunate training in the usually arduous, physical-effort part of fanzine publishing. The effort, in short, is a negligible factor; I am well aware that the sheer labor of publishing is what causes the demise of many good fanzines. The only thing that will call for any punishing effort on my part is writing the damn editorial material. But, given my purpose in putting out JARGON, that should be a more or less self-sustaining reaction. Unless the whole project bombs, of course.

Although my name has occurred in SPECTRUM, XERO, and MINAC, I suspect it is not so very prominently present that it instantly calls forth a picture of the Real Van Arnam in all his stalwart and multifarious aspects. So:

SOME BACKGROUND DETAILS JARGON is the final step in my return from a gafiation dating back to shortly after the Philcon II. My fanac in that first incarnation consisted of attending the Chicon II and the Philcon II, a few letters in MADGE, and the publishing of one issue of a crudzine so incredibly bad that Dave MacDonald or Marty Jukovsky once told me it had been voted the worst ever by some Midwestcon. A second issue was mimeod but I gafiated in the face of the collating job, fortunately.

Last year, I became a regular attendee of Fanoclast meetings, and was shortly scheduled to appear in XERO 9 with an article to

surround a map of Barsoom. The article didn't get written until time to appear in XERO 10, and by that time Dick Lupoff decided to publish it separately; thus THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR came about. In addition, last Christmas Lin Carter reached crifanac again and decided to put out SPECTRUM.

(There have been some compliments passed on the mimeography of the GUIDE and SPECTRUM, and here I must modestly mention that I cut the 60-plus pages of the GUIDE written by me, and all of SPECTRUM so far, and did all the mimeography on the office 92. From SPECTRUM/THREE on, Lin has been running the magazine on Dick's Rex Rotary, but I did the first two. Jon White of the new INSIDE told me just last Sunday that he had thought both had been done by Ted White, which pleased me. But it also galvanized me into setting the record straight -- this is actually the fourth item done on the MANIACal Press.

At any rate, all this pseudofanac of mine eventually got on my nerves. I had one more promise to keep, so last week I buckled down and finished cutting the 110 stencils of Lin's Oz book that Ted White is publishing after the Discon (write Ted for details, which I know almost nothing about). This over with, I was free for JARGON...with a week to get it out before Washington.

So these are the sum of my association with fandom up till this time. Some of the Berkeleyites will probably remember me from Toad Hall and Nunnery days, when apple wine and Rhinegold flowed in the streets like blood. And so, apart from the above mostly underground activities, JARGON is my introduction to fandom proper, or rather fandom's introduction to me (hanh?); and this is my introduction to JARGON, and that'll be enough of that.

SOME FOREGROUND DETAILS This issue will go free to all recipients of XERO. And some subscribers to the GUIDE and a few names from miscellaneous lettercolumns. Future issues obtainable as per contents page. As for which of the four methods of obtaining JARGON I would prefer you to use, well, the question puts me in a bit of a bind. The expense of paper and postage represents my only real problem with the operation, even though I happen to have gotten some pretty good prices on supplies. So straight money subbing is fine with me. On the other hand, I am currently possessed with a demonic urge to obtain every fanzine I possibly can, so I certainly want to trade with other publishers. Now, on the one foot, there is the vital consideration of a fat, readable, delightful letter column (which I want, and in which good material will not be cut for lack of space) -- so I desperately need locs and will give JARGONS for them, in order to keep the magazine healthy. And on the other foot, the one usually in my mouth, I need good, long, satisfying articles, serious or hilarious, just as long as I find myself interested in them (length again no object) -- so JARGON is available for contributions... So if each of you will just send

your money, fanzines, locs, and material, why, we're liable to end up with another goddam focal point on our hands.

Here's a harder sell: I just ran off the Ted White article, and it happens to be the first time I've seen this typeface on this color paper. It's much better than I'd anticipated, and I'd like to point out 1) this does cost money; if you'd like to see more of this fanzine, and regularly, for god's sake lay some dough on me; 2) all you potential contributors, if you dig the attractive surroundings, why, you too can be immortalized on Granite Mimeotone with Bookface Academic typeface...

SOME MORE BACKGROUND DETAILS In order to loosen things up, clear the air, start the ball rolling, and see how the wind sits, a few personal facts. To alienate as many as possible of you as quickly as possible, I'm a Nixon Republican, and have been for some ten years. To ~~let~~ my neck way out on the block, I still think he could make a great President.

 "Whaaaaaaaat? Fugghead Of The Year Already?!!!!!"

I also rather feel that President Kennedy is making a hell of a botch of things. Nelson Rockefeller I have no use for (does anyone?). The thought of Barry Goldwater becoming President chills my blood. Boy, this country's in a hell of a mess.

EVEN MORE BACKGROUND DETAILS Getting away from straight politics (though I suspect I'll be brought back whether I want to or not), I am all for HUAC, birth control, Gilbert & Sullivan, legalized prostitution and pornography, Norman Mailer, Tshombe, and NATIONAL REVIEW's sense of humor. I'm agin commie rats, Goldwater, Avoidism, Existentialism, segregation, the death penalty, Diem & Mme Nhu (who no longer appears cute in her pictures), and people who try to get on subway trains before the passengers can get off.

STILL EVEN YET MORE BACKGROUND DETAILS In addition to all the above slish, I am a science-fiction, science-fantasy, sword-and-sorcery, and straight-fantasy fan, dyed in the wool and intensely dedicated to reading and rereading in all these categories. Just as a first stab at my especial favorites: Lovecraft, EESmith, Cabell, Tolkien, Howard, Dunsany, Eddison; you'll notice I omit Burroughs. I think Astoundalog is still a damn good magazine and it's the only one I still read all of, though I also buy every F&SF and Galaxy. The other mags only when they're running Doc or Cordwainer Smith, or Fritz Leiber. I've got a pretty big collection, though not comparable to, say, Lin Carter's in quality. But my Anadings, as a for instance, run complete back to late '37. So there you are; slowly, we begin to trace out the character elements of Van Arnam the man. Quick, a couple more pages of miscellany!

FANZINE REVIEWS I intend to review all fanzines received in trade, though I'm uneasy at the prospect. I'm uncomfortable when reviewing and I heartily dislike the compression, the paring down so necessary for a good review. Hell, I want to write criticism, deep, dark, complex, murky but lit with flashes of brilliance and mordant wit, and trenchant as all hell...so probably it'll be good for me to be a reviewer for a while. And anybody who puts out the effort required to produce a fanzine deserves to be reviewed.

ARTWORK Isn't any this issue, is there? This is only partly due to my abashed reticence at asking famed Steve Stiles or Bhob Stewart. Actually, you see, though I've been working in lettershops on stencil and mimeo work for three years, I've done just about no stylus work, and I'm more than a bit uneasy at the thought of trying it myself. Don't want to mar the smooth professional appearance of the printwork with the scratchy horrors I'd undoubtedly produce. However, I'm quite prepared to have any art I accept Gestofaxed (yes, I know I said I'm running JARGON on an ABDick, but there's a Rex in the office too), since I can get a pretty good price on that.

POETRY You'll notice some poetry in this issue, and I intend to publish more, if I get any I like. But nothing just to fill blank spaces (ditto for art). ...I shall not deliver myself of any opinion at the moment as to just what in my opinion comprises good or bad poetry; I am very curious to see what the response will be to the items in this issue. Good? Bad? Why? I'll only admit the obvious for now, there's bad free verse and good rhyme-and-meter poetry. Take it from there, if you will. I'm interested in seeing just how many fans give a damn about poetry. (Not that I'm saying or implying my stuff is good and if you don't like it you obviously don't give a damn about poetry; it's obvious that you can hate my stuff violently, and/or Pesta's, and very much give a damn about poetry.) JARGON's first Unofficial Poll: so ok, how many fans give a damn about poetry?

BURROUGHS BONANZA DEP'T In this issue are 8 pages excerpted from THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR, reprinted from the original stencils (except one partly repaired because it tore all to hell) by permission of Dick Lupoff. I did this for several reasons, but mainly to entice those of you who are ERB fans but haven't yet bought the GUIDE to fork out and buy it now (it's about 40 pages of text and a slightly greater number of pages of the glossaries of Barsoomian place names and Amtorian place names, characters, and language). The second reason is to present it as an independent article on Burroughs as a science fiction author, not quite as bad a writer as many might think. Third, to give an example of my writing style when I'm not rambling quite so much. Fourth, to just fatten up the issue a little and lend it a bit more variety.

The GUIDE seems to have been accepted as a satisfactory piece of work by the hardcore Burroughs fans (not many sf fans seem to have bought it), even though there have not been many letters of comment. (Dick has pointed out that this is because ERB fans, as differentiated from sf fans, don't seem to be the type anyway to send out locs without being directly asked for them.) I'm wondering if fandom itself is really just disinterested in ERB or whether the GUIDE just didn't get much fannish publicity. I'm not wondering if I'll hear from people asking me why I'm wasting time and effort on ERB, because that's a foregone conclusion. As it happens, I do not consider ERB a really good writer -- and if it hadn't been for the scholarly project on him that Lin suggested I do just for the fun of it, I might well have never mentioned him in these pages.

JARGON 1 will see the only separate reprinting of any portion of the GUIDE itself; the book's not going to be reprinted piecemeal. It's just that I decided VENUS OBSERVED (with a page of the Glossary as a sample) could just about stand as an independent article. Since we may some day rerun the whole thing, I didn't renumber the stencils, but pp. 47-53 & 57 represent pages 19 through 26 of the zine.

DISCON Wouldn't miss it. I almost went to the Chicon last year,
 but then I decided that would break my tradition of only
going to even-numbered Chicons.

"Since its birth, our country has been one in Anglo-Saxon Teutonic culture and tradition, honoring morning prayer and Christmas..."
(George Wetzel, Kipple 28, p. 10)

NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO ALL READERS OF SPECTRUM DEP'T Sunday before last, August 18, Lin & Noël Carter were married, in their new home. It was a beautiful wedding, and I'm proud to day that I was Lin's best man. His address is now 100-15 195th St., Hollis, Queens, N.Y.

The following blank space is provided courtesy of the fact that I am temporarily overcome by feelings of self-pity because I myself remain single. Something tells me my beard has gotta go. Maybe Bruce Pelz has started a tradition: one beard sacrificed to Ghu at every worldcon.

TAWF POSTMORTEM

by Ted White

It's a year now, since Walt and Madeleine Willis paid their return trip to this country. Looking back, it doesn't seem like a year has passed, possibly because Walt's and Madeleine's reports are still appearing serially (I understand Walt's will continue in HYPHEN now that AXE has folded), and still keeping pleasant memories fresh.

But I think it's time for a look back on the history of the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund, and at the same time to get in a few kicks at one of fandom's deader horses.

One evening about a year ago Larry Shaw loaned me a copy of what was then the latest piece of tripe from Bob Jennings. None of us had then heard of A TRIP TO HELL, but Larry seemed to think I would find an interest in the item in FADAWAY #14 headed "The Writings of a Confirmed Cynic by Robert Jennings," and he was absolutely right.

Jennings seemed to be exercised about the grass roots opposition to Willick's Fan Achievement Awards, and this right I granted him, since it bothered me a bit too -- and I went to the trouble to circulate a GAMBIT with that year's AXE Annish devoted in part to the subject.

However, Jennings has always been a sorehead out looking for icons to smash, and he seemed to feel that the only way he could properly show what a good thing the Fan Awards were was to attack the Willis Fund in the same breath.

The logic behind such an attack is dubious, and Jennings' methods were sufficiently annoying that I thought even then they deserved a strong rebuttal. Since then, of course, Jennings has had his comeuppance from the reaction to his publication of A TRIP TO HELL and no one gives a damn what he thought of the resoundingly successful TAWF. But I think that reference to his article will allow me a good springboard for the discussion of just what the TAWF was and how it worked.

Some of you may remember that Howard Devore took a poll of AXE's readers on the opposition of these fans to Willick's Fan Awards. The poll was largely superfluous because fandom gave Willick himself a vote of No Confidence by returning only about twenty-five nominating ballots, and an inevitable result was Willick's departure from the scene and Charles Wells' reanimation of the Fan Awards project under somewhat more sensible direction.

Jennings, after stating some of Devore's dubious objections to the Fan Awards, did not rebut them. Instead, he stated that "There happens to be another project now in operation, which is, if anything, the most egotistical, ram-rodged idea ever to force

its way into fandom for the past five years. I refer to the Willis Fund, whose sole purpose is to bring Walter A. Willis over from Britian /sic/ to attend the Chicon this fall."

Strong words, these. And how did Jennings justify his stand? "I wish to respectfully point out that NO prior discussion (short of an article presented in VOID) of the Willis Fund has ever been allowed. Fandom has never had the slightest chance to raise an objection, or instigate /sic/ a discussion as to whether such a Fund is needed, has any place or use, is actually wanted, or how such a Fund would be established and organized. No indeed, the Willis Fund is the work of a very few individuals, the same ones who elected themselves to head the Willis Fund executive committee, the same ones who 'steamrolled' fandom with an overwhelming barrage of publicity...the same ones who established the Willis Fund without pausing to hear objections, the same ones who, among themselves, decided exactly how the Fund was to be operated and organized, and what arrangements were to be made concerning it." ... "Shaw, White and Gerber, without giving fandom any advance notice or a chance to think the project over, or to discuss matters of organization and operation, brought their project into existence with more fanfare than I had ever seen created for any project in fandom before." ... "...I think it is plain that Willick is not guilty of these moralistic objections, but the Willis Fund executive committee certainly is."

"/The Willis Fund's/ use of gimmicks, special fanzines, auctions, even demanding (and getting) donations from conventions, regional and otherwise, along with other equally unappealing money raising ideas remind me strongly of a patent-medicine jump-on-the-bandwagon propaganda campaign, with all the unpleasant overtones." ... "I personally object to the high-handed methods by which the Willis Fund has been presented..."

"The Willis Fund ... strikes me as one of the most useless projects ever devised by fandom," Jennings stated, after praising the need for Fan Awards. He closed by noting a vague correlation between those of us connected with the Willis Fund and those who object(ed) to the Fan Awards: "It is interesting to note that most of the noisy objectors reside on the West Coast or in the New York area..."

To dispose of the least important point first: In California, SHAGGY came out in moderate support of the Fan Awards; in the NYC area I had done the same. In fact, most of the criticism Jennings notes was aimed at the original Willick statuette, which was junked before the actual awards program was gotten underweigh. The fact of the matter is that the greatest body of opposition to the Fan Awards came (and had made itself evident since the middle of 1961) from the midwestern area.

As for the Willis Fund, I think the best thing to do is to try to do what Jennings in his one-sided piece did not do: to set it in its historical context.

There have been funds of various sorts proposed to send fans from this country to Europe or vice-versa, since before the end of the second world war. The first fund to succeed was Forry Ackerman's Big Pond Fund, in 1947, which was organised to bring Ted Carnell to this country. Forry put most of the money in it himself. Post-war inflation being what it was, few fans were able to help, and the Fund took years to reach completion.

In 1951 Shelby Vick began a fund to bring Walt Willis to the Nolacon. Willis was then one of the brightest new stars in fandom, producing a superlative fanzine called SLANT, and writing a magnificent column monthly for QUANDRY. This column was instrumental in bridging the gap between British and US fandoms, and can probably be considered the major factor in the creation of today's English-speaking fandom.

Funds were still new to fandom, however, and fans were slow to respond -- primarily because few believed in the success of a fund which required over \$100.00, a sum rarely raised in fandom ever before. Nevertheless, despite the fund's failure in 1951, Vick kept plugging and was successful, as we all now know, in bringing Walt over for the 1952 Chicon. Despite the many trifling goofups, the trip was a magnificent success, and Walt wrote it up in THE HARP STATESIDE, a volume which, along with the FANCYCLOPEDIA and AH! SWEET IDIOCY! deserves to be on every fan's shelf of books to read and reread.

More important than this was the success of the trip in terms of the warmth and friendship it brought to fandom. Its very monetary success was a tremendous achievement, and in the work of many fans unselfishly pulling together for someone they loved so much one can still take a very real pride. Walt himself was so overcome by the generosity of fandom that he considered himself in its debt for many years, and indeed did not free himself of this indebtedness until he himself published THS in its final form, about five years later.

From the WAW With The Crew in '52 campaign also came the birth of TAFF, for which Willis was the first British administrator. TAFF came about when Cincinnati fandom raised its own fund to bring a now-forgotten British fan over, and the project fell through. Don Ford suggested taking the money they had accumulated and using it for any British fan who could win an open election. Thus began TAFF.

The tradition of the Fan Funds was firmly established when in 1958 a group of fans including the Busbys and the CRY gang, disappointed that Ron Bennett had beaten John Berry in TAFF, started their own fund to bring Berry over. The sentiment was simple: "They're both good men; it's a shame we couldn't have them both." Thus the special Fan Fund was revived. Noreen and Nick Falasca handled the organisation of the Fund, with F.M. Busby hovering close nearby. There was no open debate over the Fund: the Berry Fund was a

private fund for John Berry which anyone who wanted to could contribute to.

Earlier, in 1957, Rick Sneary had started an abortive campaign to bring Walt and Madeleine Willis to South Gate in 1958. The "South Gate in '58!" cry had rung through fandom for ten years or more and at the final achievement of this fannish victory (over the WSFS-squabbling confen) seemed worthy of crowning by the attendance of one of the most beloved of all fans, Willis. Unfortunately, that was also the year that G.M. Carr chose (for reasons devious) to begin attacking and smearing Willis. The end result of her machinations was to turn the body of fandom against her (a boycott from which she has never recovered), but also to so hurt and embitter Willis that he scrapped his private plans to again visit the US, this time on his own.

In early 1960, Greg Benford and I began to plan a "Willish" of VOID. I had been researching my early fanac, and more and more came to realise what a huge debt I, along with most of fandom, owed Walt Willis. I talked about this with Greg, and the decision was to publish a special surprise issue honoring Walt and thanking him for all he had done, however indirectly, for us.

Our plans moved slowly, and while still in formulation, I found myself discussing the idea of another Willis Fund with Les Gerber. Les wanted to bring Walt to Seattle in 1961, but since this time it seemed like a good idea to include Madeleine in the invitation, there didn't appear to be time to put across a large enough Fund. Besides, there were what Jimmy Taurasi would call "better" reasons for waiting until 1962. 1962 would mark the tenth anniversary of that first Fund, and would again see the con in Chicago. And 1962 seemed like a better target date to raise a sufficiently large amount.

It had been costing between \$250 and \$500 to finance the TAFF trips, and those had been for single persons. For both Walt and Madeleine, we felt \$1000 would be necessary. No fund had ever shot for so high a figure, and we were quite apprehensive about a possible failure. (We were not alone; in a private letter Walt later advised us that he would understand and not be disappointed if we couldn't raise so much money.)

As soon as we had begun to consider the idea seriously, we took it to Larry and Noreen Shaw. Larry is one of the most respected people in fandom, with unimpeachable integrity. Noreen had the additional asset of having been instrumental in the organizational success of the Berry Fund. Her experience was to prove invaluable, and it would be less than honest of me to claim that the Shaws weren't the largest factor in the success of TAWF short of Willis himself.

We drew up an "executive committee" of Les and myself (vice-chairman and chairman, respectively) with the Shaws (secretary and treasurer)

which actually gave most of the work to the Shaws (although none of us then envisioned AXE and the additional work it would entail). Before Bob Jennings asks, I neither nominated nor elected myself chairman, and I never viewed the position as a lordly one.

The next task was to see if a) Willis would accept our invitation, and b) if fandom would support the Fund.

Towards this end Greg Benford (who, in Oklahoma, was pretty much a silent partner throughout much of this), Pete Graham (VOID's newly acquired co-editor) and I published VOID 23, the WILLISH.

This was the issue which Greg and I had been planning independently of the Fund. Indeed, when it was published the Fund had not actually yet come into being and there was no executive committee or anything else but the small group of us who were interested in the idea.

The WILLISH contained a number of pieces about Walt by people who knew him well and were instrumental in some part of his career, like Bob Shaw, John Berry, and Lee Hoffman. It also contained Walt's fine "The Ten Year Hitch," an autobiographical article I'd conned from him without his suspecting what we were really up to. The issue was led off by my own editorial, in which I proposed a Fund, and was seconded by the Shaws, putting it simultaneously to both Walt and fandom.

That issue of VOID was published in January of 1961. In April, 1961, we released the first announcement that the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund was underway.

The three-month gap was filled with an overwhelmed and enthusiastic response from Walt, and a flood of letters from VOID's readers, all of them unanimously supporting the idea of a Fund.

Within a month after the Fund had been established, we could report to Walt, still slightly dazed, that we had over \$200. Within three months we had broken \$500.00, and were rapidly climbing towards our goal of \$1000.00. It is no longer news that not too much longer than six months after the Fund had begun we had around \$1500.00, and still money trickled in.

But what this fantastic sum means is not that a scheming triumvirate of "executive committeemen" Put Something Over On Fandom, but rather that fandom, for the first time in ten years, really pulled together enthusiastically to do something wonderfully nice for a couple of people we all think the world of.

"Egotistical"? Hardly. Unstintingly unselfish, I calls it. Fans the country over volunteered prized items for auctions, and spent a little more than they would otherwise for the same items "because it's going for the Willis Fund." The Shaws dug into their own pockets to finance AXE, the "propaganda sheet" Jennings so

bitterly complained of. Many of us saved pennies, bought extra copies of special fanzines and fan volumes, and in hundreds of other ways chipped in for the Fund, strictly because we wanted to. I don't know who the highest contributor to the Fund is, and if I did I wouldn't tell you, but I can say this: the committee was in there giving as unselfishly of its own time and money as anyone else.

That Committee included a lot of others besides Les Gerber, the Shaws, and myself. It included the fans who pushed raffles at every regional con they could attend, to raise additional money. People like the Coulsons, restoring a mimeo Howard Devore donated to the Fund and raffling it at their own expense.

We didn't have to "demand" money from any convention. Our raffles and auctions at the Seacon raised better than \$200. When the committee of the Seacon gave us an additional couple of hundred, we were as surprised as anyone. We hadn't demanded it; the convention committee freely offered it.

"High-handed methods"? A "useless project"? A "steamroller"?

No. I think the Willis Fund marked a peak of fannish goodwill, generosity, and love. And I can't help feeling sorry for someone like Jennings who is so blind to this.

-- Ted White

AUNT ANALOG

by anon.

((Editor's note: By press-time, I had not been able to get in touch with anon. to clear publication of this item, which just happens to fit where I need something to fit; he may or may not, then, announce himself next issue. Anyway, back in '59 and '60 I was in the Army and stationed in Seoul, South Korea. A valued stateside correspondent included the following bit of news in a letter, and I think it's funny. -- dg))

-- speaking of Astounding, there in the far-off wilds of remote and transpolar Leng you are no doubt unaware of the hideous, unmentionable, indescribably loathsome, repulsively nauseating thing that Campbell hath wrought.

Even now, after the memory has faded, the sense faints picturing it. IT, that unmentionably disgusting, unthinkably monstrous, abominably abominable THING ...

He has changed the title of the mag.

It is now ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FACT & FICTION.

-- But even that is not all ... Listen! Can you hear the Hounds of Tindalos howling down the nightwind .. the muffled moaning of shapeless, formless shoggoths sluggishly oozing in the sluggish ooze ...

IT --

The title will be ANALOG: SCIENCE FICTION & FACT.

The Deed hath been done, the same Deed for the doing of which that Black Pharoah, Nephren-Kah, had his name banished from the memories of mankind. On the cover of the current issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FACT & FICTION (agkk ... the sense faints pronouncing it) is a tasteful color photograph of hunks of cloth ... illustrating ... NOT the new Lensman novel ... NOT a new Heinlein serial ... but an article on Recent Developments in Color Photography for Home and Family and for Fun and Profit for Kiddies and Grown-Ups Too.

Agkk ... the sense faints.

Yes. It has been done. Astounding is no more. Alas!, where are the snows of antan?

I had been afeered of some dread act like this, like IT, ever since I heard that Street & Smiff had been bought out by Conde Naste, and something about Conde Nasty having been bought out by some great, bloated, shoggoth of a rich newspaper publisher as a present to his fat, bloated shoggoth of a wife ...

He will probably say, "Here, Shoggotha, is a present for Thou. Namely, a batch of many little magazines."

And she will say, "Oh, Shoggothon, how utterly ut. But what is this nasty little Science Fiction thing doing amongst them?"

He willst reply: "They must have caught it from some public toilet seat. Here, I will fling it down the abattoir."

She shallst reply: "Oh, no, it will be a nice present and/or plaything for our deformed, mentally-crippled idiot son, little Shoggothlet. But first let us change the title of the nasty thing. Let us call it after Aunt Analog."

He willst sayeth: "How clever, you big, bloated, fat, slime-dripping darling, oo. Here, we'll let Shoggothlet become editor. We'll kick out this here John W. Campbell, Jr., thing ... out to the Bowery to beg for pence. Let Shoggothlet edit the nasty thing ... he can run lotsa pictures of nekkid wimmen in it."

She willst sayeth: "Ooooo, that shud be fun for him! Ever since he raped the little two-month old girl next door, and burned her alive in a bath of lighter fluid, he HAS been so interested in

wimmin, the precocious little rascal! But I think it would be nice if we ran some nice articles on The Latest Hats For The Ladies, instead of all these nasty, creepy-crawly science fiction things."

He: "Yes, oh thou Moon of my shoggoth-pit that knows no Pain ... and also some nice articles on Business Trends, and What Will Russia Do?, and Will Ike Really?"

She: "How clever of my big, fat, bloated, greasy, slimy, pustuled darling, oo! And maybe it'll make some nice dirty green Money for Us. I see it hasn't been making much nice dirty green old money catering to all these egghead highschool science students all these years ..."

Him: "Yes, and -- do you remember all those exciting, really thrilling and mature science fiction stories. Uncle Shoggotho used to write, while he was detained in the State Home for the Criminally Insane? They had such nice, interesting, human-interest titles.... RAPE OF THE NAKED GREEN AMAZONS FROM ALPHA 12 BY THE SHAGGY HORRORS OF THE DEATH-STAR ... that was a juicy one .. and also LUST-TORTURE OF THE HELPLESS NAKED VIRGIN WITH CYCLOTRON AND DEATH-RAY ... and then there was one called SEX FOR FUN AND PROFIT AT THE POINT OF AN ATOM PISTOL ..."

Her: "Oh yes. It would be so pleasing to Uncle Shoggotho to get those nice stories published. The Post Office Department's Office of Criminal Obscenities would be glad to get them out of their files, too. Maybe we could change the title to Rape: Science Fiction Stories for Pervert and Fiend ..."

Him: "That's a good idea, too. But first we'll try Analog for a while."

Her: "Cousin Shoggothio would be happy to draw purty picters for it, too. It'd be a change from decorating privy walls and the booths of public toilets ..."

...

Well ... this may be JEST a little far-fetched ... but I have a feeling it's the beginning of the end. We'll see.

-- anon.

((Editor again. Such were the ways in which a lonely defender of your freedom was kept cheered about many desperate happenings on the home front. Forgive my nostalgia. The subject's a little dated now ... but on the other hand, those absolutely incredible astrological weather predictions and their aftermath have been running steadily for a year now. Sheesh. First person to guess who anon. is gets a prize (XERO did it, why can't I?). The prize will be a genuine black backing sheet used on the only authentic First Issue of JARGON. -- dgv)

APOCALYPSE

by dgv

No sweeping catalogs of lore displayed
in the haggard and final array;
the only prediction here fulfilled
is that the event's come round at last.

This chaotic plain, no tamed Megiddo
for Egyptian, Syriac, Hittite ghosts
to dance on, paralyzed by History;
this is the surge and sway, the clang
and smashing sweep of Ragnaroks --
but fought by unknown hosts
surrounding all our myths in a dark shape of doom.

Dim in the battle-cloud the axes;
torch-glintings on the red-and-silver rivers
of human blood, angelic ichor, and the dust
from the toppled dreams of immortal gods;
bright in the haze the screams and shouts,
the thundering drums, the maniac flutes,
and the other million musical encouragements
of a thousand battling races;
and as the cowards flee and heroes war,
as the victory wavers from right to strong,
as lightnings, bombs, and needles probe
the ignorant defenses of the helpless rank and file,
and as the other insane particulars
of this mutual rout and slaughter
triumph and defeat glory and shame

-- arise and insinuate the horror into watching "eyes,"

a sudden loud and final disgust
shall be manifested by an impatient clap of "hands"
which shall reduce each atom in the universe
to a packet of awaiting energy rushing backwards
to a primal
and quite familiar homelike and once-again
glowing ball of everything.
Just so the child scoops up his clay and ignorant messes
he fashioned careful-clumsy.
And just so the scientific tinkerer
blasts his recondite spaceships when they go off-course.
And just so the noble gods,
the watchers from beyond,
destroy and set up once again
their tribes and globes and utter plenums.

FOOT DOCTORS*

by John Pesta

i

Out in the wind the children play.
Snow perils off the roofs of the houses.
Three storeys and four: snow loaves on the
brick ledges: white waterfall down the street.
It is all silent by my window.
Cold glass, warm (canyoufeelthem) curtains.
Soundless quarter. Upsnowdrifts on my ledge.
Last weel the streets were leafed under
and where there were no trees there were still leaves.
Those leaves went under.
Limbs stir not in the vast winds leaping off the houses.
Now they are the streets of Pompeii.
Furies are in the alleys, rioting over cars
filling space with spacelessness.
Warm breastshadow of riot, the chilled glass.
Edged curtains whiter at the seams,
still before the raging wind.
All at once, out of the east and south and west and north
the world collapses, funnel falling fifty million flakes.
Children, do not play your games in the snow,
where the wind is knifed and where beneath your scarves
and leggings you are warm.
Boys and girls who own a quarter dollar of maturity
beneath your shoulders, wait till the snow ceases.
It isn't really warm - that's only you. Don't bury
Martha in the blank hereeness. What if you should lose
her? What if some rare being tunneling up the other way
should find Martha in the snow: and capture her?
Or if it melts and Martha crawls out wet and sneezing?
Childhood true the minstrel on he plays. Hurdy gurdy
in the somewhere. Out of time and all forgetting
comes the wind. Children, forts are larger things than
those.
Why the haze on my warm window?
Is it breath or contrast of the here and there,
the then, when and now, wow,
the wonder and the realization?
Out in the wind the children play
in a soundless way.

*Reprinted from MAELSTROM #8 by special permission of Bill Plott,
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ii

In ancient springtime once
on pebbled banks playing
the stream bud-filled
trees greenyoung
and grasses thin and long

---Are there fish in this stream, child?
---No fish: monsters: rays and squid

someone played a harp and harpsichord
silent in the distant cloud

the stream is endless
feel the waves?

---It's cold, child . . .
does your mother know . . .

Called the sparrow
jeered the thrush
swept the willow in the stream
sailed the bud
dreamed the day
piled the cloud
fell the sky
sang the harp
crashed the harpsichord

---And you, child
is the stream deep
the water cold
your mother,
shall she worry?
will day be short
or evening sorry . . .

Here comes a stick, flat stick
black and sticky in the wet
Let us sail a grass ship
out of port:
shall they meet
shall they crash

Fifty fingers flying through the
cloudy harpsichord
the harp is in the meadow
billion trillion vigentillion
lips caress the grassy reeds
sky deep in willowtrees

---Child, see that stick:
can you reach it?
Can you?
I can . . .
There!

There::::::::::theretherethere
there the harp
there the harpsichord
there above a thousand smiling teeth
sky riot of black mother hair
---It's only a trout isn't it?
piled the cloud
feeled the grass

iii

Cough melts the snow falling
slanting, swirling
winter flowers in a white winter window
of ice and frostglazed cobwebs made,
blowing bending bristling wind
bitten brittle glass: broken spiders
in the frame, shapeless net of needle frost,
Cough in the night chaos melts the snow clawing
up glueblue lips,
moisture iced on noses
Cough melts the snow falling,

iv

When december cracks down the middle
and spring blossoms through----
And lilies bred in coalmines
greet christmas in a bunch----
Lovers hold hand nimbly----
laugh inside a church----
Curse the moon the loon----
i'll draw five lines beneath me
and climb a road to hell.

Venus Observed

or, A Short Jaunt through the Fogbanks

I CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

I think in the case of the Amtorian stories we have an even better example of how the theory mentioned in THE MARTIAN ODYSSEY OF ERB (that one of the best benchmarks of a writer's creative mastery is the names he makes up) does not hold water very well. This is in spite of the fact that I find only a few excellent Amtorian names -- Duare, Illana, Vodaro, Havatoo, Vejara, Mintep -- too few. They more usually ran to such conglomerations as Ambat, Ata-voo-med-ro, Bo Gasto, Homo, Kabell, Ro-Ton, Thor (come on, ERB), and all those Tag-kum-voo-Klambad monstrosities.

Of course I have a real reason here, that these are not the simple result of poor creativity. For instead of creating names, Burroughs created a language. ERB not being a philologist like Tolkien, his language was rather primitive, though capable of amazing complexities and quite well worked out, and the resultant names were consequently unmellifluent. This primitive quality shows up in the fact that it is simply based on the accretion of monosyllables (and Burroughs' way with monosyllables was oftener than not excessively awkward, like my sentences). Thus the cited Ata-voo-med-ro, "A-one-million-three." Or better, kloombargan -- derived from gan:man, bar:hair, no (contraction of not:with) being a prefix having the value of the suffix -y in English, all of which clots together as nobar:hair, nobargan:hair, and, with kloo forming the plural, kloombargan:hair, i.e. savages....perhaps a great way to put a language together, but it makes for lumpy reading.

But it gives Burroughs a satisfactory excuse, or so I believe. He was working within a preset structure, the language of Amtor; given the generally rather uninspired root words, it is surprising that any of his names were any good in this series. But I've said I think there are good names, even superior ones, in spite of that limitation to, usually, two syllables -- and never more than three. This is a pretty deadening kind of limitation. But "Mintep, jong of Vepaja" has a curious and sharply realized alien flavor about it; it is imately right for this strange new kingdom in this strange new world. The place names can be haunting -- I shall always regret that Carson has never told of his journeys to Vodaro and Thora and Ganfal Island.

His names for women tend to be his better efforts (Nalte, Vanaja, Illana) -- and in fact I consider "Duare, janjong of Vepaja" somewhat superior even to "the incomparable Dejah Thoris." Better in a practical sense because it is shorter (one case in which proliferation of syllables is unnecessary is in women's names) and because there is only a single part to the name; i.e., the mind totally shrinks away from calling the Princess of Mars merely Thoris, or even Dejah.... Dejah by itself would not really be that bad, except that now that is too short.

There is, however, a larger question of merit involved in the Venus Series than the quality of his names or the complexities of his language, however. There is the question of just how good the books are, anyway. How do they compare with the rest of Burroughs? Where do they fit in his works? Is it true that they are even more science-fictional than the Barsoomian Chronicles?

As I was flailing around trying to find the words to explain why I found the Venus books so magnificently satisfying in the rereading (not having even glanced at them for some 12 years), I came across the following words in Larry Ivie's article. He says, and I agree with him: "Although both strictly and identifiably Burroughs, the moods of Tarzan and Barsoom are not identical. Tarzan, in spite of high fictionalization, is reality, in all its cruelty, irony, and bitter limitation. Barsoom, although my powers of rationalization fought it as far as possible, is far into the realm of fantasy."

Tarzan is reality; it is the real world he lives and adventures in, the real world both physically and psychologically; it is not merely that Stalin can appear, to begin a story with a bang, but that the characters, such as one of my favorites, Sven Anderssen, cook of the Kincaid, are, though invented, completely real. Mars, on the other hand (as all my recent researches have beaten into my protesting mind also), is completely fantastic; if ERB gets into plot troubles there, he invents some new gimmick of science or geography or conveniently forgets a previous gimmick that might make the present situation sticky (how often does Carter ever read minds?)....in short, Barsoom and appurtenances are definitely "far into the realm of fantasy." Pace Dick Lupoff (whose brief pointed essay almost convinced me of the contrary), it's fantasy. Ok, what it is, is science fantasy. There are some superficially science-fictional gimmicks larded in, but it's straight science fantasy, like a lot of recent topnotch stuff such as JEWELS OF APTOR, LEGEND OF LOST EARTH, WITCH WORLD, and CAPTIVES OF THE FLAME.

But Amtor! If Burroughs had been an unknown writer, these stories could have been published in Astounding (pre-Campbell inventory) and been accepted as straight contemporary action science fiction. The stories are realistically treated, the hero acts like a recognizable human being much of the time, and -- most important -- the adventures are conceivable. Carson never takes over the planet; his enemies are always legitimate enemies, villains one can believe would arise on such a planet. Whereas on Barsoom a good half of the heroes' troubles come from this, that, or the other insane jeddak whose only purpose is to get the hero in trouble for about a third of a book. On Amtor, the adversaries are often ideological movements, and their leaders -- still a favorite sf subject. The Thorists, the Zanis, Mephis, are (admittedly crude) exemplars of Earthian philosophies and potentates that Burroughs is ridiculing.

The gimmicks are played straight. The Living Dead of Kormor are not (as they would be in most any Barsoomian narrative) called back to life by magical means, but by straight scientific means -- the creation of surrogate living blood that imparts life to corpses. (A few more years of DNA research on Earth and who knows?)

The description of Amtorian atomic power fits in all but the detail of the actual mechanism, the present program for obtaining vast amounts of controllable energy by small hydrogen-fusion devices.

The Thorists have what are none other but Sonar devices on their ships -- described in great detail, again in all but the detail of the actual mechanism. This "actual mechanism" disclaimer is not as ingenuous as it may sound. If he'd actually been able to work out the details of Sonar in the late '30s, it might have changed the course of World War II. He didn't, and anyway, since when do we expect sf writers to tell us not only what the devices will do but how (with accuracy to the last decimal)? The plain fact is that his descriptions of atomic power, Sonar, beam-power traffic control in Havatoo, and fluorescent indirect lighting ("The scientists of Havatoo have developed a light that is brilliant and at the same time soft, with which they attain effects impossible of achievement by our relatively crude lighting methods. At no place is the source of the light apparent; it casts soft shadows and gives forth no heat. Ordinarily it resembles sunlight, but they also produce soft, pastel shades of various hues." LV-231), are in the main-stream and best tradition of science-fictional extrapolation, and we can't fault ERB for inaccuracy in the details of implementation.

In fact, then, the Amtor that Carson careens through is a science fiction writer's world. What happens to Carson is pret-ty realistic, generally, in terms of what might happen to a man plumped down into a world teeming with such variety as Amtor. The stories are very close to modern science fiction whenever he gets into background detail, sociology, and science; Carson never saves the planet by a last-gasp dash to the Atmosphere Plant; nor does he get outside his own series and look at it, as Tarzan does when he goes to Hollywood to try to get the part of "Tarzan" in the movies (and is rejected for not being the type!)

And Carson combines the characters of Carter and Tarzan, as Amtor does the flavor of Barsoomian adventures and the tropical jungles of Africa. He can be as dashing in rescuing an endangered princess (de Camp still publishes this kind of novel) as Carter, and as calm and aware of the realities of his occasionally overdone environment and perils as Tarzan -- plus Carson's own never-failing sense of humor, which keeps him amused even in difficulties, and even (or especially) at himself. He is a true realist and spares no one; not his enemies, not his friends, not himself -- not even the reader. We all get it in the neck from him, in a sense; if his humorous insights draw blood, that's life. Life draws blood as quickly as a sword does, and much less cleanly. (At this point I refer you, no doubt infuriatingly, to the unpublished novelette THE WIZARD OF VENUS,* though I hope to ameliorate your fury by quoting the portions of the opening paragraphs which sum up all that I find pleasant in Carson's character.)

Carson says, "I believe that it was Roy Chapman Andrews who said that adventures were the result of incompetence and inefficiency, or words to that effect. If that be so, I must be the prize incompetent of two worlds; for I am always encountering the most amazing adventures..... I am rash. I take chances. I know that is stupid. The thing that reflects most discredit upon my intelligence is the fact that oftentimes I know the thing I am about to do is stupid, and yet I go ahead and do it..... But I have a grand time, and so far I have always beaten Death to the draw." Let us then be grateful for Carson's "stupidity," and have a grand time ignoring Roy Chapman Andrews.

*To be published May 1964 by Canaveral Press, along with SKELETON MEN OF JUPITER and JOHN CARTER AND THE GIANT OF MARS, under the title TALES OF THREE PLANETS. I have read the manuscript and added material from it to the Index.

II THE PROBLEMS

To be perfectly frank, there aren't really that many; the four books have a remarkable consistency, not only in matters of geography (aphroditology? aphrology? the hell with it) but in the more general matter of cultural backgrounds. This is in part due, I am sure, to the fact that he had worked out the course of the four books (and even farther) -- the entire course of the four books -- before he even began the series (or certainly by the time PIRATES was ready for publication).

I consider this proven by the mere fact that the Map in the endpapers of each of the four books is the same in every detail each time, including the words in Amtorian characters in the borders. The greater part of these words (which can be easily transliterated after working out the alphabet from the Map proper) are not to be found in the text of the first book. They appear slowly, surfacing one by one, measuredly, during the course of the series -- and about a fourth of them are never used at all! Characters? monsters? kingdoms? apparently we'll never know.

Furthermore, the only two occasions ERB found it necessary to create added place names that were not already on the Map were perfectly justifiable. One, of course, by its very nature could not have been on the Map -- the batch of place names in ESCAPE when he and Duare are swept across the equator (in a storm caused by the sun breaking through and boiling the ocean!) into the Northern Hemisphere. The other occasion was concerned with the subcontinent of Anlap. None of the many cities and kingdoms located there are present on the Map. But consider how many there were! Anlap is divided in three by two east-west mountain ranges, the kingdom of Korva occupying a part of the southern third, and Voo-ad being in the northern third. And the middle third contains Falsa, Panga, Hangor, Maltor, the City of Hor, Onar.... Well, you can see that it would have been virtually impossible to squeeze all of these into the rather limited space available on the Map. So rather than scant any part of them, he merely left them all off. But there can be no doubt that Anlap was mapped out in his mind, for as I intimated earlier, some elements from the Map Border only reach the text in ESCAPE.

He does forget some details; Carson gets the whole longevity serum business all twisted around in his mind, eventually forgetting that the longevity serum has to be given every two years (the Vepajan serum, that is; one can always assume that he got a jolt of the 200-300 year Havatoo juice, but where does that leave Duare? The Sanjong sentenced her to extermination). Perhaps Burroughs realized this, because he does sort of effectively make you forget the precise details by later bringing in the fact that some countries have it, some don't, some have one kind, others a different; the Thorists don't have it and try to steal it from the Vepajans -- and of course in the Northern Hemisphere they don't have it at all. Incidentally, this to me seems to be a much more convincing and interesting state of affairs than obtains on Barsoom, where everybody gets a thousand years and then that's it (of course, with the downfall of Issus, it may yet turn out that Barsoomians are immortal).

And about the r-rays. From my earliest reading in the Venus stories I have had the distinct impression that the r-rays, harmful only to living flesh, killed merely by touching flesh, much as x-rays or microwaves or supersonics might. The whole tenor of his description implies this, I feel. But in my recent stint of reading and rereading the Works, I discovered that in the latter books, the r-ray pistols actually drill holes in the flesh. A guypal shot in the pond of Carson's Brokal master stains the water with his blood, and several r-ray victims are described as though they had been shot with an ordinary Earthian firearm. Well,

perhaps my understanding is incorrect; certainly the definition of r-rays, that they affect flesh only, is not contradicted if they disintegrate flesh...

But these questionable points are minor, and the few others like them are minor also. In the matter of geography, however, there are a couple of bigger items.

There is the question of just how Carson knows he's in the Southern Hemisphere. There is the question of how one could possibly turn the endpaper Map into something that can be read in ordinary Earth fashion. And finally, there is the question of Neovar, the Small Circle -- is it the Equator or the Tropic of Capricorn?

First, there is absolutely no way for us to know which hemisphere Carson landed in, despite the fact that he mentions it's the southern every page or two. We've got a map, it's of a hemisphere of Venus, but which one?

Well, Carson doesn't know by observation, as there were no indications from the outside of the cloud envelope of the spin, direction of spin, or axis of spin, of Venus.

He knows because he sees an instrument which he divines is a compass, and, pointing at the magnetic needle, says (I do not quote), "That there needle is pointing north!"

The questions should come thick and fast. 1) which end is pointing north? 2) ok, how does he know it's not pointing south? 3) even if it were an Earth compass, how could he be sure that magnetic south was at the same pole as it is on Earth? It would seem to be a 50-50 chance. (I mean that Venusian north and south would properly be determined only in the relation of the axis of rotation, and the direction of it, to the plane of the solar ecliptic and the correlation thence to Earth north and south.)

But Carson goes into none of this. The needle points north and so he's in the Southern Hemisphere. Well, likely as not he is.

Second, the problem of the Map and of Neovar stems, for those of you who joined us late, from the curious notion the Amtorians have (since they cannot observe the heavens, due to the eternal cloud cover) that their world is saucer-shaped and floats on a lake of fire. Their maps, in attempting to reproduce this already distorted worldview, leave out the Northern Hemisphere entirely, and, in transferring the remaining half a world onto a map, put the hot equatorial regions at the center (representing the center and bottom of the saucer), and the chilly polar region around the outside (representing the rim of the saucer, hence the circular shape of the map). They resolve the discrepancies observable on any sea voyage by several clever mathematical ruses, which, their being even more fallacious, I will not go into here. Things are confused enough as it is.

The question, then, is how this Map can be redrawn so that it would be usable in Earthian terms. I had long thought this problem was insoluble short of analysis by a ten-story-high computer, but it turns out to be rather simple, actually -- conceptually, at least, if not physically.

I had mentioned my despair of solving this problem to Don Wollheim, together with a brief outline of the situation to refresh his memory, and he almost instantly pointed out the similarities in distortion to an ordinary Mercator projection --

i.e., the polar regions are wildly oversized (remember? Greenland looks bigger than Australia?) and the equatorial regions are squashed down way undersized. Well, that's so. The equatorial distortion is a little more extensive on the Map of Amtor, but the polar regions instantly become recognizable and conceivable.

It only remains, then, for someone to drop a line from the center of the Map to the rim, slice, stretch the Map into rectangular shape, and -- there's a Mercator projection of the Southern Hemisphere of Amtor!

Third and finally, Neovar, the Small Circle. The problem here is that Carson is confused, in the 2d and 3d books, as to just what this represents.

In the first book it is, by implication, clearly an Amtorian Tropic of Capricorn, the dot in the center of the Map being the equator. PIRATES clearly states that Strabol, the hot land, lies in the equatorial region (reasonable enough). The equatorial region, to spell it out, is that area which (at least on Earth) extends both north and south of the equator; it is not the equator itself. It is unreasonable, I think, to hold that in the case of Amtor the equatorial region extends only to the north of the equator, as that would leave a much-constricted area of temperate weather there (which does not at all seem to be the case when Carson visits the Northern Hemisphere).

However, in LOST, Skor tells them they are in Strabol (the hot equatorial country) and Carson states, "If what Skor said were true, we had crossed the equator and were now in the northern hemisphere of Venus." But Carson's statement cannot be the logical conclusion from what Skor said; and anyway, we have the even later authority of ESCAPE, in which Carson clearly states that the equator is "less than a dot at the center of the map" (this in itself being a wee bit overstated).

I think that the Map, then, is clearly indicating, from rim to center, first, the South Pole; second, in the Large Circle, the Antarctic Circle; third, in the Small Circle, the Tropic of Capricorn; and finally, in the central dot, the Equator.

.....In a sense, there is one more problem of geography, the layout of such lands in the Northern Hemisphere as Carson is made aware of in his brief visit there. Well, it's rather simple. We know only that, an indeterminate distance roughly northeast of Korva, lies the Lake of Japal, 500 miles long in a north-south direction; at the north end is Japal, at the south Mypos. Near Mypos, to the west, is a tidal inlet some five or ten miles long, connecting the Lake with a large ocean. Some 1250 miles across the ocean lies Torlac. Past Japal to the northeast lies the mountainous country of the Timals, and past that, to the south a little, is the land of the Brokols. Far to the north lies Tonglap.

That's that. There isn't a bit more information about the geography of the Northern Hemisphere.

+++++ +++++ +++++

Topographically and geographically speaking, the problems of explication on Amtor are thus totally unlike those of Barsoom. Barsoom had to be mapped out from scratch. Amtor, on the other hand, is all there except for those half-dozen locations in the Northern Hemisphere and the dozen or so crammed into Anlap.

However, the Venus Series is only four books long, and this led me to produce the following index, which I hope will be useful and enjoyable. It covers not only

place names but all the characters, and all the named flora and fauna. It also includes everything I was able to piece out about the language, which Burroughs had obviously worked out before writing a word of the stories.

I had intended this treatment for the Mars Series also, and took notes to that end; but these notes form a stack over a foot high and would have formed an index probably longer than the entire READER'S GUIDE. Literally a cast of thousands.

I shall close with a quote from PIRATES OF VENUS, pp. 87-88, which deals with the Amtorian language and includes all the technical details afforded us on the matter (with the exception of the actual way in which words are formed, which is simply by accretion, as in German).

"The alphabet consists of twenty-four characters, five of which represent vowel sounds, and these are the only vowel sounds that the Venusan vocal chords seem able to articulate. The characters of the alphabet all have the same value, there being no capital letters. Their system of punctuation differs from ours and is more practical; for example, before you start to read a sentence you know whether it is exclamatory, interrogative, a reply to an interrogation, or a simple statement. Characters having values similar to the comma and semicolon are used much as we use these two; they have no colon; their character that functions as does our period follows each sentence, their question mark and exclamation point preceding the sentences the nature of which they determine.//A peculiarity of their language that renders it easy to master is the absence of irregular verbs; the verb root is never altered for voice, mode, tense, number, or person, distinctions that are achieved by the use of several simple, auxiliary words."

III BIBLIOGRAPHY

(Being a brief bibliography of the Venus Series, including first magazine publication, first edition, and edition used for this article, and a note on the manuscript of WIZARD OF VENUS. The numbers are as used in the Glossary; the abbreviations are from Heins' bibliography.)

1. PIRATES OF VENUS (1932, Argosy) (PV)
Burroughs, Tarzana, 1934, 314
Canaveral, New York, 1962, 314
2. LOST ON VENUS (1933, Argosy) (LV)
Burroughs, Tarzana, 1935, 318
3. CARSON OF VENUS (1938, Argosy) (CV)
Burroughs, Tarzana, 1939, 312
4. ESCAPE ON VENUS (1941-42, Fantastic Adventures) (EV)
Burroughs, Tarzana, 1946, 347
5. THE WIZARD OF VENUS (WV)
in manuscript, 56 + 1

Burroughs, Edgar Rice: 1(9),2,3,4,5; a writer; contacted by Carson Napier and utilized by him to receive his messages from Mars.

Byea: 1(280) a Vepajan woman, prisoner of the Thorists; freed during the revolt on the Sofal.

California: 4(308) a little country that's not at war with anybody, and certainly not with Hangor; by his own testimony, well-known -- in fact, visited by -- Jeft, the jong of the Hangors.

Callwell, Betty: 4(184) a Brooklyn girl who disappeared some 25 years prior to the publication of EV, and whose body was discovered, shortly prior to publication of EV, perfectly preserved and not a day older than when she vanished; possibly Loto-El-Ho-Ganja; Burroughs' most effective mystery.

Car: 1(29) Jimmy Welsh's nickname for Carson Napier.

Carson, John: 1(20) great-grandfather on his mother's side of Carson Napier (Carson of Venus); passed "a considerable fortune" on to his great-grandson, through his mother; thus is responsible for Carson's being able to build his rocket ship.

Carson, (Judge) John: 1(19) Carson Napier's maternal grandfather; a Virginian (1); died when Carson was about 14.

Carson Ium Amtor: 4(165) Carson Napier's name as given to the Brokols, this being the literal translation of "Carson of Venus."

Carson of Napier: 1(176) Carson Napier's name in "the Amtorian form," given to the Thorists on the Sofal.

Carson of Venus: 3(82) Carson Napier's name as given to the Korvans, using the actual word "Venus" rather than "Amtor"; this of course is meaningless to an Amtorian, and Carson apparently later relents and lets his name be given in Amtorian.

Central Laboratories: 2(205) in Havatoo; administrative center of the Sanjong (ruling quintumvirate); in Amtorian, Sera Tartum (spelled "tartoom" in the Map border).

Chand Kabi: 1(17),2,3,4,5; old Hindu mystic who taught Carson Napier how to project his astral body (and to be able to receive as well as give information when so projected, as witness the conversation with Burroughs and Rothmund, PV-17-21; his death is not mentioned anywhere, so possibly he is still alive and communications with Carson can be resumed; in WV-41, Carson says, "...Chand Kabi did not teach me how to harm people physically with these occult powers. He, himself, knew how: he could have caused people at the farthest ends of the Earth to die had he chosen to do so, but he never did. Dear old Chand Kabi never harmed anyone."; and in WV-46, Carson says, "...Chand Kabi used to say to me, 'You must know, my son, for knowledge is power.'"

Cloud People, the: 4(335) inhabitants of the southern mountain range of Anlap; "...their skin is extremely thin and without pores...it is believed that they must perspire through their noses and mouths..."; if exposed to the dryer air of the lowlands, their skin shrivels up as if burned.

Codoveg, Cole: 4(48) King of Briton, 3d century AD; an ancestor of Carson Napier; possibly the Old King Cole of the rhyme.

MORE TOPICS

by dgv

Ok, that's enough of all these outsiders and reprints; now I've got some space to move around in. I was surprised at how well the paper came out; when I first got a look at it after it got to the office, I thought it was lousy. But somehow FOR THE DUPER BUGS it seems to go well with the very black typeface. Lin used a granite paper for the first issue of SPECTRUM, and I didn't think it came out at all well. But this must have been because my Remington has a very thin typeface. Reason I didn't know all this already is that though I've been doing mimeo work professionally for three years now, my experience has been pretty much limited to white 20# Wausau Mimeo Bond, which is a fine paper, in fact the best in my opinion (Ted White will probably be using it for THE TIRED TAILOR OF OZ). But the consequence is that I'm not much up on colored paper. I do know that the Gestetner paper we used on the GUIDE was a bitch to run, as much as 1/8" variation in width from one ream to the next -- and we were running 500 copies a page for the first half of the run. It made hell out of running the other side of the pages. So I didn't go to Gestetner for JARGON. Instead I bought 5 reams of ABDick 41-3127, translatable as Granite White Label Mimeotone, and it is hell to run because the paper's got even more curl than the Gestetner. I tell you, I'm not used to this colored paper jass.

But I'm about sold on the granite color. Too bad Wausau doesn't make it. The bow in the Mimeotone makes the paper come spewing out all over like a drunk sailor, when I run it with the curl up. But that Wausau! Purrs out and nestles in the tray as nice and gentle as you please...oh, well.

For what it's worth, the stencils are Marr 610s, the white ones you have to use a black carbon cushion sheet with (and a plastic sheet under that, when using the IBM Bookface Academic type -- with the Remington I can dispense with it). I hate the white stencils, but I can't persuade my boss to get green ones or, better still, to switch to Polychrome. Also, the pliofilm is the kind that is held on by half a dozen dots of stickum (instead of the sensible kind that has a flap over the top of the stencil), and the stickum always gets on my fingers when I take away the pliofilm to make a correction...and I make about 10 typos a page.

I repeat that at the present time, I don't see length, per se, as a factor influencing the possible appearance of any article in JARGON. I'm lucky enough to have everything -- except money -- going for me on the production end. This first issue hasn't shaped up quite the way I had planned it, but at least I've got things started; the trouble was in rushing to get it out for partial distribution at the Discon. For subsequent issues I'm thinking in terms of a 40 page minimum and something on the order of monthly publication. But

an excess of good articles and/or letters can push the size on up; I suppose a fanzine does have a natural size limitation somewhere, varying with its personality, but I haven't really made a guess as to what that might be for JARGON -- the size, not the personality.

I've decided to leave out a number of items I'd written for the first issue. I had stuff on Nixon, Jack Woodford, Norman Mailer, two pages on NATIONAL REVIEW, and the YOUR FILTHY MIND IS MAKING YOU IMPOTENT DEP'T. JARGON will print both fannish and mundane material, but if I ran all that stuff the first issue, I'd probably end up with only mundane submissions. I'm also holding off on I HATE SPECTRUM until S/4 comes out (which will be shortly after the con). Though I will admit that it's not really that I hate Lin's fanzine, it's just that I hate reviews. Bob Tucker wrote Lin in S/2: "I like your reviewing style. You aren't a critic, thank ghod..." I like Lin's style ok, I just hate reviews. As I intimated back on page 5, I only dig criticism. But this will all be gone into at the proper time.

AMATEUR STATESMEN DEP'T I don't recall where I came across this suggestion, fandom or mundane, but it struck me as being plangent with possibilities. The nub of it is that the side we should support in this tremendous battle that is shaping up between the Russian Communists and the Chinese Communists is not the good-old-Krushchev/peaceful-coexistence/soft-line, etc., but the Chinese. As I understand it, it would work like this: right now, the Russians are undeniably superior to the Chinese, militarily and technologically. In any real conflict between the two powers, the impartial observer has to grant that the Russkis have vaster, and decisively greater resources, both for a short and a long struggle. Consequently the Chinese would almost certainly lose, and the Russians would once again have established monolithic Communism, with consequent high danger to the West. If we begin to give aid to the Chinese, however -- food, money, industrial materiel, etc. -- so that they can significantly strengthen their position vis-a-vis Russia, then the conflict between the two would be on more even terms. Then we could look for a stalemate, probably short of armed conflict, and monolithic Communism would cease to be a threat. The inherent weaknesses of communism would then begin to cause even more strain on Russia and China.

It's quite a notion, and I think it deserves some serious discussion down there in Foggy Bottom and the sacred halls of Congress. Of course, it's possible the Chinese might refuse the aid. Also, it's more than possible that a stronger China would proceed to stronger moves in Southeast Asia, which we could certainly do without. I suspect that there are a number of other flaws in the idea; but that's what discussions are for. (I put forth this notion as a hard-line anti-communist, by the way; I'm the guy that believes we should have invaded Cuba ourselves last year and made it a success, and that, barring that, Kennedy should not have let all the advantages of last October slip from his nerveless fingers and giving the Russkis the better of the situation.)

ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER PSIONICS

I keep getting the feeling that everybody in fandom hates JWCampbell and all his works, especially Astoundalog for the last half decade or so. I may be wrong; but I think I'll just ramble through the subject for two or three pages anyway.

I can understand a growing loathing for the fact that, for the last half decade or so, its stories have become more and more loaded with "solution by psionics," which is as if EQMM published only mysteries solved by the "dog in the night" device for five or six years handrunning. I admit I'm candidly sick of psionics and I'm not surprised most all fans are; the only surprise is that Asfsf's sales haven't dropped markedly. But perhaps not such a surprise. I loathe the trend, but I still buy every issue -- and read every story. Once the habit has been firmly established, I suppose it's hard to break. I've been grabbing Anading the first day on the stands for 12 years now, and I don't ever intend to stop, no matter what JWC does to it.

So anyway, I understand the dislike for the way he's been making his authors shoehorn psionics into so many of the stories. But I don't understand what seems to me to be totally putting down the man. His editorials, for instance. Ok, I don't believe his recurring thesis that humans and freedom just don't go together -- but I remain impressed by the skill with which he puts forth this view; he's still a good writer. And every few months, he socks in one of his startlingly fresh outpourings of what I can only call "thought-variant" ideas, in which he gives a rundown of some particular branch of science and the recent new and startling developments in it, and then goes on from there to spin off ideas based on these developments the same way he's been doing for 25 years. James Blish says in a letter or article somewhere recently, Campbell rejected one of his early stories with a letter which went to three or four pages and listed all the possible things he could have done with the basic idea of the story; Blish says he still has the letter and is still checking off the ideas as he uses them... That was Campbell's trademark at the start, and he's still at it. One month, politics; next month, storage batteries or the Dean Drive; next month, psionics; next month, bang! another slew of background gimmicks for the authors and readers to chew over.

Or put it this way: Campbell writes three kinds of editorials. One is the kind no science fiction fan should dream of criticizing him for, the straight extrapolation of the latest trends in some sector of science.

The second is the Dean Drive/Psionics/Hieronimus-Machine/Dowsing/Dianetics/Nicad-batteries/etc. kind, where he gets up on whatever his current hobbyhorse is and does some brilliant tactical slashing of the opposition. And actually I don't really see why there should be such violent opposition in fandom to these special pleadings (the thing that is wrong is when they get crammed into the fiction). After all, he is writing these editorials in order to get people to loosen up their minds enough to conceive of certain subjects which, and think about this, are at the very foundation and base

of sf. He tells us of a man who's patented what may yet become a genuine space drive -- one so relatively simple that it could be jerryrigged into a used submarine and send a hundred men all over the solar system...and this could be done sooner than present plans envision getting one or two men on Mars. For god's sake, what the hell's wrong with propagandizing for that? And after all, what he's just trying to get people to realize that Dean, right or wrong, came up with something that should be tested. I'm sure that the test of it which finally did occur was due to a considerable extent to Campbell's pushing the idea of such a test. As I now understand it, the Drive flunked but there was a great deal of question as to the validity of the test as made. Certainly there's still a lot of activity centered around the Drive, as practically every installment of Brass Tacks shows.

It's putting this and the other nutty-but-our-kind-of-nutty ideas into the stories that's wrong. The reader knows damn well it was either written in at Campbell's request before the story would be accepted on second submission, or was written out of a deep and corroding cynicism, the sure knowledge that there's no better way to sell to JWC these days than to goose the hobbyhorse with a jolt of psi.

Then there's the third type of editorial -- the analyses of the nature of such things as human freedom, what makes cultures tick, etc., all done from the point of view (to mangle it by summarizing it so briefly) that humans neither can nor want to be free, really, deep down inside. There's a lot more to it than that, of course, but that's one way of putting it. What bugs most anti-Campbellians is the authoritarianism of all this, I'm sure. Undertones of fascism. Hence the intolerance, the insults, the jokes, funny but harsh.

Only thing is, has anybody ever gone to the trouble to try to refute these editorials? I suspect it would be a bit of a job. I recall one of his political editorials a year or more ago, concerning the question of majority rule in the UN. Never having thought the matter through particularly, I had had the idea that majority rule in the UN would probably be a Good Thing; certainly I was against the veto. But by god Campbell made sense when he demonstrated that majority-rule/no-veto would wreck the UN as a practical and functioning body. It's beside the point that JWC doesn't seem to hold much with the UN anyway; the question is, was his point true or false?

So maybe somebody has already torn him to pieces, I don't know. If so I offer the disclaimer that I'm just coming into the show late. But if not, why not? Like, in time for the next issue of JARGON?

So here it is, 5:45 Thursday, August 29, I've still got a half-dozen interior stencils to cut, a dozen to run, the collating and stapling, and I don't even know how I'm going to get to the Discon. Tune in tomorrow...

INSTANT LETTERCOL

Desiring to have some letters of comment for inclusion in the first issue of JARGON, I passed out incomplete copies including everything I had mimeoed at that time, to various local figures. Excerpts of their comments:

"...daring use of experimental prose style..."
(Don Wollheim)

"...interesting if incomprehensible..."
(Walter Breen, ed. of FANAC)

"...too beautiful!..."
(Ken Beale, ed. of FANTASY NEWS)

"...gee!..."
(Pat Lupoff, co-ed. of XERO)

"...hardly Educational Material. Must be sent First Class..." (USPD)

"...hah-hmmm..."
(Jon White, ed. of INSIDE)

"...hah..."
(Frank Wilimczyk or possibly Wigglemiggles, ed. of GARDYLOO)

"...I am reminded of that line from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, so often misquoted: 'Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic toad!'"
(Lin Carter, ed. of SPECTRUM)

"...Great! Wonderful idea! Handing out a partial run of your fanzine in order to have locs in the First Issue! Unfortunately, since you've only run the odd-numbered pages so far, my comments..."
(Dick Lupoff, co-ed. of XERO)

"...all odd..."
(Ted White, ed. of MINAC)

"...odd..."
(Steve Stiles, ed. of SAM)

"...uneven..."
(anon.)

Page 32? That means I'm done!

Couple of odds and ends. I wasn't planning to use a lettering guide anyway, but Joe Pilati's ENCLAVE #3 gave me the idea for the typed headings as such, which I think is an excellent idea; I doubt I'll ever switch to a guide, the setup pleases me so much. Copious thanx to Joe Pilati. Also he got there first with that granite paper, but I'd had that notion in the back of my mind for some months, so I don't feel guilty (as I would if I used blue...). It doesn't look like Lin Carter will make the Con, so I'll take orders for SPECTRUM as well as for JARGON. And Dick Lupoff and I'll both have copies of the GUIDE, with a stock of some 150 still on hand.

Does anyone happen to be able to furnish me with John Pesta's address? Seeing as he's in this issue, he should get a copy...

And I see I forgot to announce KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY ZITIDAR, third in the famed series in XERO (KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY PATOIS and KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY DACOITS) and now to continue in JARGON.

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