

KNOWABLE

9

September 1965

25¢

WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, SEE?

I had originally planned to bring this issue to the Philadelphia Non-Con on Labor Day weekend, together with a huge fistful of cigars to hand out in celebration of the birth of our child. But last Monday, after a week of imminent expectation of said birth, the obstetrician informed Perdita that there'd been a mistake in somebody's arithmetic, and that our heir and assign won't show up for at least a week.

This, incidentally, is why further illustrations can't be expected for a while. Perdita's tenant raises a fuss at being so cramped whenever she loans over a drawing board. So I'm afraid we'll have to get along for a while without dragons in KNOWABLE or gorillas in POINTING VECTOR.

We'll keep fandom posted on future developments; subscribe to Focal Point or Ratatöskr for details.

And let's try to make this a world that the young 'un won't regret eventually coming out into.

- John Boardman
592 16th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11218
U. S. A.

NEW YORK is the center of
the world of science-fiction.
On Labor Day weekend of 1967
we hope to see you all here at
NYCon III. Vote for a
JOURNEY TO THE-CENTER-OF-THE-WORLD.

PROZINES TO EXCHANGE

My wife and I have recently consolidated and shelved our prozine collections, and have several duplicates which we wish to trade to fill gaps in the collection. On the left are listed the prozines which we wish to trade, on a one-for-one basis, for the prozines listed on the right. If you have, for trade or sale, issues of Astounding or Unknown of earlier date, make us an offer. Write to: John and Perdita Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11218.

WE'LL TRADE

A number in parentheses indicates that more than one of these issues is available.

- * - One copy lacks a front cover.
- # - One copy lacks a back cover.
- & - One copy lacks both covers.
- % - One copy is otherwise defective.

ASTOUNDING

Jul. '47 (2)*&
Mar. '48
Jul. '48
Jan. '49
Feb. '49 (3)#
Mar. '49#
Apr. '49 (2)&
Jun. '42 &
Jul. '49
Aug. '49 (2)*
Oct. '49
Nov. '49 (2)
Dec. '49 (2)
Jan. '50 (2)
Feb. '50
Mar. '50
Apr. '50 (2)
May '50 (2)
Jun. '50 (2)
Jul. '50 (2)
Aug. '50 (2)
Sep. '50 (3)
Oct. '50 (2)
Nov. '50 (2)
Dec. '50
Jan. '51 (2)
Feb. '51
Mar. '51
Apr. '51
May '51
Jun. '51
Jul. '51
Sep. '51
Jan. '52 (2)
Feb. '52
May '52

AMAZING

Aug. '63

AVON FANTASY READER

#13
#14
#15

FANTASTIC

Summer '52
Oct. '62

FANTASTIC STORY

Spring '51

F & SF

Oct. '51
Jan. '52

GALAXY

Nov. '50
Jan. '51
Feb. '51
Mar. '51
Apr. '51
May '51
Jun. '51
Jul. '51
Aug. '51
Sep. '51
Dec. '51
Jan. '52 (2)
Feb. '52
Feb. '61
Aug. '64

WE NEED

ASTOUNDING

Feb.-May '44
Aug. '45
Oct. '45
Jan. '46
Dec. '46

UNKNOWN

Everything except
Jun. '40, Oct. '41,
Jun. '42, & Aug. '42.
We'll trade 2-for-1
for these if we have
to.

F & SF

Oct. '53
Feb. '54
Jun. '60
Mar. '61
Apr. '61

GALAXY

Jul. '52
All '53 except Apr.
Jan. '54
Mar. '54
Apr. '54
Sep. '54
Oct. '54
Nov. '54
Dec. '54
Jan. thru
May '55
Nov. '55
Dec. '55
Feb. '56
Apr. '57

BEYOND

Nov. '53
Jan. '54
Mar. '54
May '54
Jul. '54
#9

IMAGINATION

Jan. '52
Dec. '52 and all
subsequent issues.

IMAGINATIVE TALES

Everything except
Mar. '55 & Jan. '56.

OTHER WORLDS

Jan. '51
All '53 & later.

WORLDS BEYOND

Jan. '51

WE'LL ALSO TRADE...

(continued from previous column)

GALAXY NOVEL #1 (Russell, Sinister Barrie)

IF

Jan. '55 %

IMAGINATION

Mar. '52
Jul. '52

OTHER WORLDS

Apr. '52
Jul. '52

STARTLING

Jun. '52

FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS (front cover nearly off) for 2 prozines.

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KNOWABLE is a science-fiction and fantasy fanzine published at irregular intervals by John and Pordita Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11218. It is available for trade, letter of comment, contribution, subscription (25¢ per issue, or 5 issues for \$1.00). The reason why you are getting this issue of KNOWABLE is checked on page 32.

KNOWABLE #9 is unexpectedly late, following #8 by ten months and 118 OPERATION AGITATION publication numbers. The wages of sloth are a long letter column, and this one takes up over one third of the issue. Highlight is a continuation of the discussion between George Cowgill and Walter Breen on anthropology, with comments by Roy Tackett, Arthur George Smith, and Nate Bucklin. The merits of the 1967 New York WorldCon bid and the proposal to boycott prozines selling for more than 50¢ also come under discussion.

With KNOWABLE #8 was distributed a petition whose signers obligated themselves to pay no more than 50¢ for a new prozine published monthly or bimonthly. Sixty-eight fans so pledged. Space does not permit listing all their names in this issue, but among the signers are:

Ken Beale	Dan Goodman	Bill & Enid Osten	Al Schuster
John Boardman	Dwain Kaiser	Mark Owings	John B. Speer
Walter Breen	Harriot Kolchak	Andrew Porter	Mike Viggiano
Rich Brown	Fred Lerner	Bob Rodriguez	Jon White
Belle Diotz	Mike McInerney	Hans Stefan	James Wright
		Santesson	

A comparison of current prozines with those of the '40's and early '50's, which I have recently been reviewing in DAGON (see p. 18) shows that fans are paying more and more for less and less. In those days, many nos had several science fact features per issue, long letter columns, and even fanzine reviews. As prozine prices continue to rise, paperback books will cut into the s-f market more and more. Paperbacks, of course, do not provide even the small amount of non-fiction features found in today's prozines.

This campaign against ever-higher prozine prices will probably have little effect; if Analog is any example, prozine editors are notoriously immune to criticism from fandom. But the gratifying response to the petition indicates that a sizable number of fans are thoroughly fed up with higher prices for a poorer

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves
228

product. We offer no solutions - the right to criticize an omlette is not limited to hens - but simply express an objection to this price rise as a last straw.

The furor in fandom over Walter Breen's exclusion from the 1964 WorldCon in Oakland has in large part died down, with inconclusive results. On the one hand, Bill Donaho and the WorldCon Committee made the Exclusion Act stick, to such an extent that Breen's fanac has noticeably diminished. (Certainly Breen cannot be blamed for reducing his fanac, considering the smear campaign to which he was subjected by Donaho and his allies.) But, on the other hand, Donaho has been pretty thoroughly repudiated by fandom. His attempt to blackball Breen from FAPA was defeated by a petition of 41 of FAPA's 65 members, who voted Breen into membership over the objections of 14 would-be blackballers. (Ah for the days when the only blackballs in fandom belonged to Carl Joshua Brandon!) Donaho ran for TAFF on a platform which made oblique reference to his role in the Exclusion Act, and was resoundingly defeated, receiving less than 22% of the total vote and coming in a poor third in a 3-man race.

In a summary in PILLYCOCK #17, I noted, "Plainly the precedent hoped for by Donaho has not been established. Equally plainly, Donaho is incapable of seeing that he has wronged the Breens, or in any way owes them an apology. And that, I guess, will have to be that." This seems to be the general consensus of fandom. But since then, John B. Speer has come out with a long anti-Breen blast called the "Breenigan", purportedly a review after one year of the entire controversy but actually a broad-gauge and inaccurate attack on Breen and the Anti-Exclusionist majority of fandom. It is my personal hope that Speer's thoughtless revival of the Exclusion Act argument does not bring about another year of argument, but it well may unless he retracts certain mis-statements of fact about the positions taken by myself and other Anti-Exclusionists.

Since the Exclusion Act's most outspoken partisans are in the Cult, most of my contributions to the discussion have appeared in my Cultzine, PILLYCOCK. Any fan wishing further information should send 14¢ postage for PILLYCOCKs #9, #13, #17, and #18. The first-named of those is the only publication which contains comments from both sides concerning the issues over which the Exclusion Act was fought. PILLYCOCK #13 contains a statement by Gretchen Schwenn about the famous row at the WorldCon, #17 has my summing up, and #18 a trenchant comment on the whole mess by E. E. Evers.

(While we're on the topic, back issues of KNOWABLE #8 are still available. See pp. 17-18 for information about other OPERATION AGITATION back issues.)

One of the most interesting developments in fandom in the past year has been the weekly amateur press association. It began with a weekly distribution of two- and four-page fanzines at Fanoclast/FJSTFA meetings (APA-F) and spread to Los Angeles (APA-L). Now, Fred Patten and Tom Gilbert have compiled an anthology, The Best from APA-L. This excellent and copiously illustrated 124-page collection is \$1.00 from Patten at 1325 Greenfield, Los Angeles, California 90025.

It had been my intention to bring out two issues of KNOWABLE earlier this year, including the ballot for the Eleven-Foot Poll in one of them, and giving the results in the other. Instead, the delay in publication of KNOWABLE this year forced me to rely on other means for giving the poll ballots an adequate distribution. It must have worked; as many people responded this year as last year, when the ballots were distributed with KNOWABLE #7.

. SCIENCE MADE TOO EASY, which was serialized in KNOWABLEs #1-6, has been printed as a separate publication. This spoof of the sciences is still available @ 15¢.

With KNOWABLE #10, all chapters of "The Story" presently in hand will have been published. Anyone wishing to carry "The Story" beyond Chapter XXII should volunteer now. You will receive a precis of Chapters XX-XXII on which to base your continuation of "The Story". Such volunteers will be accepted in the order that they apply.

New York City Tolkien fans will meet at 8 PM, Saturday 11 September 1965, at the home of Dick Plotz, 159 Marlborough Road, Brooklyn. RSVP, Dick asks, if you plan to attend.

THE MEANING OF WEIGHTLESSNESS

by John Boardman

Man's vocabulary, like everything else about him, developed on the surface of the Earth. Now that he is tentatively moving into space, he is beginning to find that words and concepts which seemed perfectly clear on the ground become obscure when applied to his deeds and hopes in space. Among the concepts which are giving the most trouble are the ideas of weight and gravity. For example, writing in the New York Times of 23 March 1965, Walter Sullivan states "of all the peculiarities of the space environment, none is more alien to life than the neutralization of gravity". This is palpable nonsense; you "neutralize" gravity every time you support yourself against it, or whenever else the force of gravity is counteracted by some other force so that you are not falling. What is apparently meant is that the body experiences no strain in supporting itself against the downward gravitational force. Such a state of affairs is far from "alien". It has been experienced by anyone who ever floated in a pool, or fell out of a tree.

In the physics of Newton, "weight" was one of several forces which might be exerted on a body. As distinguished from other forces, "weight" is the force exerted on a body by the gravitational attractions of other bodies. Newton was able to explain the motion of the legendary falling apple, as well as the motions of the planets, on the assumption that every body exerts on every other body an attractive gravitational force. This gravitational force varies directly with the mass of either body, and inversely with the square of the distance between those bodies, and is therefore characterized as an "inverse-square" force.

To an object on the surface of the Earth, the gravitational attraction of the Earth is far greater than that of any other body in the universe. If a woman says that her weight is 120 pounds, and there seems to be no reason to disbelieve her, then this means that the gravitational attraction between her and the Earth is 120 pounds.

"Weight", then, is in Newtonian physics a force. Force was further defined by Ernst Mach, who in the late 19th century clarified Newton's laws of mechanics, as something which will accelerate a mass - that is, a force is any influence which will cause the velocity of a body to be changed in magnitude or direction, or both. This provides an easy way of checking to see whether there is a force on a given body: if it is being accelerated, then a force is being exerted on it, but if it moves with a constant velocity, then the net force on it is zero.

The next step would be to measure the velocity of this suspect body to see whether it is constant. And to do this you would first have to know something about the motion of your own observation post. If you are driving in a car, and notice that a car in the next lane is not moving with respect to you, you can conclude either that the second car is at rest (and thus has no net force exerted on it) or that both your car and the other are being accelerated at the same rate (so that you and the other driver are driving under the influence of equal forces).

To do this, you would compare the motion of both cars with the positions of trees, signposts, or anything else known to be fixed with respect to the Earth. From this information you could determine whether you are being accelerated along the road, and therefore whether a force is being exerted on either car. In scientific terminology, you have picked the surface of the Earth as an unaccelerated frame of reference, and are measuring the accelerations of other bodies with respect to this frame of reference. If one of these bodies has a non-zero acceleration, you can conclude that a net force is being exerted on it.

Weight, which is directed vertically downward, is one of the forces with which every form of terrestrial life has had to contend. Land animals have evolved bony and muscular structures to hold themselves up from the ground against this force. Sea animals are supported against the force of gravity by the buoyancy of the medium in which they live, move, and have their being. The buoyant force of air is negligible for anything larger than a gnat, so flying animals have developed

the ability to use aerodynamic forces to maintain altitude. (There is an upper limit to the ability of a biological system to provide itself with enough energy to fly, so that thirty pounds is about the greatest practical weight for a flying bird.)

A man standing on the ground is unaccelerated with respect to the Earth because the ground supports him with a force equal in magnitude and opposite in direction to his weight. A man floating in water is likewise unaccelerated, because here the bouyant force of the water supports him. You are probably familiar with the story of how Archimedes, one of the first scientists to get a government research grant, found this out while taking a bath.

But, since the bather misses the force of support to which he is accustomed on dry land, he considers himself to be "weightless". Actually, he has the same weight as he did before taking the plunge, but now, instead of being supported by a relatively rigid surface beneath him, he is supported from all directions by a fluid in which he is immersed.

We do not have any organ with which we can detect the presence or absence of a gravitational force; we can only detect those forces which support us against the gravitational force on us. A man floating in water no longer detects the familiar force of support beneath him, but instead is surrounded by a supporting fluid. Thus he might imagine himself to have "lost" his weight, but actually all he has done is to exchange one form of support for another.

But, if weight is the only force acting on a body, it will produce an acceleration. This is the case with a falling body, which will continue to accelerate downward until it hits bottom. This condition is called "free fall", a name which is sometimes inaccurately used in space terminology as a synonym for "weightlessness".

If a man in a fixed frame of reference on the ground observes the cable of an elevator to snap, he will conclude that the weight of the elevator, which is now the only force acting on it, is causing the downward acceleration. But, for any unfortunate trapped within the elevator, all forces on him will appear to have vanished. His frame of reference, the inside of the elevator, will appear to him to be at rest. There are no forces accelerating him with respect to his frame of reference, or holding him down to the floor, so he can float freely around within the elevator for the few seconds of life remaining to him.

This is not to say that he is "weightless". He is unaccelerated with respect to the elevator, but only because he and the elevator together are (as the observer on the ground will tell you) being accelerated downward at the same rate.

The man in an orbiting space capsule is also in free fall. Like our late friend in the elevator, he is subject to no force but the gravitational attraction of the Earth. Also like him, he is falling inside a closed container which falls at the same acceleration as he has. The difference between the elevator casualty and the space celebrity is that the former hit the Earth as he fell, while the latter will just continue to move in a nearly circular path around the Earth if his country's rocket experts have done their job properly.

But he isn't "weightless" either. There is still a gravitational force on him, nearly as large as his weight before take-off. A 160-pound astronaut in orbit 150 miles above the Earth's surface is attracted towards the Earth with a force of 148 pounds - or, in short, he weighs 148 pounds. He is freely falling under the acceleration due to this force - not towards the Earth, but around it. His path is called an "orbit", but the path of a man falling in an elevator could also be called an "orbit".

The astronaut will be able to float freely around in his capsule, just as the man in the falling elevator could float freely around. He isn't weightless; he is simply accelerating at the same rate as his surroundings. Before space travel got off the drawing boards, some people speculated that this free fall would pose a strong psychological hazard to the astronaut. We human beings, the argument went, have a strong fear of falling, which dates back to the days of our tree-dwelling ancestors. An astronaut in free fall would feel, every second, that he is falling and will soon hit something with a terrible crash.

Fortunately, though space travel requires a new psychological orientation, it isn't quite as bad as this. The physiological effects of falling include the rush of air past the skin, the sight of oneself flying downward past fixed objects, and the absence of any support. This produces, in turn, various psychological affects. But, since the body is incapable of detecting the gravitational field itself, an astronaut floating freely within a space capsule will not miss the lack of support. The experiences of several astronauts indicate that this hazard is not a major factor in the psychological effects of free fall.

Clearly, physicists and physiologists are talking about different things when they say "weight" or "weightlessness". For a physicist, "weight" is a force of gravitational attraction, and true weightlessness can exist only at a very large distance from all masses. For a physiologist, "weight" is a force which strains an organism in a direction which, for the sake of convenience, is called "down". Even if it is counteracted by another force which keeps the organism at rest, these strains exist in the cells. But if the organism is in free fall, the strains do not exist; nor do they exist if a fluid is supporting the creature. This, incidentally, is why sea animals can grow to much greater sizes than land animals.

But the feeling of "weightlessness" in the physiological sense is not true weightlessness. This loose usage has led to several erroneous conclusions by the general public, and some of them, such as the misapprehension about the psychology of men in free fall, have found their way into the scientific literature.

Physiologically, suspension in a fluid is not too different from free fall in a space capsule. In either case, the subject of the experiment is not accelerated with respect to his surroundings, and can float freely. Several experiments have been conducted under these conditions; perhaps the most noteworthy had as its subject Capt. Duane E. Graveline (USAF), one of the new scientist-astronauts. Capt. Graveline was floated in a tank of water for one week, except for one hour each night. At the end of the week he had trouble re-adapting to normal support, and suffered physical and mental disorientation.

Some subjects of this experiment have reported unofficially that one side effect of simulated "weightlessness" has been a great increase of sexual feeling. If this should in fact prove to be a concomitant of space travel, a number of problems previously treated humorously in the pages of the Realist will have to be faced seriously as more and more people go into space.

The bones and muscles of the human body are used to the strain which is imposed on them by the Earth's gravitational force under most conditions. Under the influence of what a physiologist (though not a physicist) would call "weightlessness", the human physical structure might deteriorate over long periods through lack of the exercise involved in simply maintaining the body upright. Either a rigorous program of calisthenics will have to be prescribed for long space voyages, or else the space ship will have to be spun so that a pseudo-gravity will be imposed on the spacemen as the centrifugal effect forces them outward from the axis of rotation.

Much further work is necessary on the effects of free fall, or of any acceleration other than that of our familiar gravitational field at the Earth's surface, upon living organisms. The Gemini spacecraft launched in March 1965 carried with it fertilized sea-urchin embryos, so that the effect of free fall on the rapidly dividing cells could be studied. It also had a cargo of human white blood cells.

The only way to attain true weightlessness would be to go so far from all other bodies that their gravitational attraction would be negligible. A spaceship as isolated as this would experience no acceleration with respect to those distant bodies, and its occupants would not be in "free fall". However, they would float around inside their ship, just as their contemporary predecessors do in the orbital flights of the present day. Even at the increasing pace of space research, it will be many years before an astronaut can get far enough from the matter of the stars and planets to be truly weightless.

Newton's concept of weight as a force was accepted by physicists until Einstein

THE SECOND ANNUAL ELEVEN-FOOT POLL

The Eleven-Foot Poll, for science-fiction you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot poll, has been delayed along with the rest of KNOWABLE #9. Ballots for this poll were distributed at meetings of the Fanoclats, FISTFA, ESEF, Lunarians, LASFS, and the CCNY Science-Fiction Society. They were also circulated through the Cult, APA-F, APA-L, and N'APA. Unlike other science-fiction fan polls, the Eleven-Foot Poll asks fans to vote on the worst items of 1964. Just as WorldCon awards are called "Hugos" after Hugo Gernsback and Mystery awards are called "Edgars" after Edgar Allen Poe, the Eleven-Foot Poll awards are "Juniors".

Twenty-five fans responded to the Second Eleven-Foot Poll, the same number as participated in the first poll. In some categories, no nominees received enough votes to dominate the polling; in these categories "No Award" is the result. According to Poll policy, no complaints about the "Junior" awards will be entertained from anyone who received a ballot & did not not vote. "Junior" winners repeating from last year are marked with an asterisk.

WORST NOVEL: No Award.

WORST SHORT FICTION: No Award.

WORST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: "Outer Limits" *

WORST PRO WRITER: No Award.

WORST PRO ARTIST: John Schoenherr.

WORST PROZINE: Analog and Gemma * (tie)

WORST FANZINE: The Great Green Boondoggle, published by Bill Donaho

WORST FAN: Bill Donaho *

WORST FAN ARTIST: Dick Schultz

WORST NEW FAN FACE: James Wright

SPECIAL AWARDS: The Pacificon Exclusion Act & FAPA Blackball controversy.
"Barton Werper's" new Tarzan stories, published by Gold Star Books.

KNOWABLE wishes to thank the people who sent in poll ballots: Carl J. Brandon Jr., Charles & Marsha Brown, Rich Brown, Jon Davidson, George Fergus, Albert E. Gechter, Dan Goodman, Chet Gottfried, Harriet Kolchak, John J. Kusalavage, John Kusske Jr., Richard Mann, Jim Mansfield, Martin F. Massoglin II, Andrew Porter, Judi Sephton, Edwin A. Slawinski, Greath Thorne, John & Bjo Trimble, Ted White, Ron Wilson, and James Wright. Comments from some of these fans follow:

TRIMBLES: "No Award! Negative Eroboo serves no useful purpose, and is one of the biggest time/effort wasters I can think of." ((You could have always given a special award to the Eleven-Foot Poll!))

CHARLES BROWN: "The choice for worst novel was very difficult in a year that produced Farnham's Folly, Subspace Survivors by Smith, Good Night Sweet Prince by Reynolds and many more...Happily, I can't recall any short fiction, good or bad. There were some terrible fan faces but I managed to forget them and their names without any difficulty at all."

Others polled tended to agree with Charles Brown; "Worst Short Fiction" drew such comments as "Too Many" and "Who Reads It?" A couple of fans wrote in their own names for various categories. Another voted for ERBdom for worst fanzine, "not because it's a bad product, but because it wasn't sent when purchased".

THE STORY

The Story is a round-robin of multiple authorship, which has been growing by accretion since 1954. Each successive author undertaking to add a chapter has been given complete freedom to do with the story what he or she will. The Story has been running serially in KNOWABLE since its second issue. KNOWABLE #9 contains the 18th and 19th chapters, and #10 will have Chapters 20-22. This will bring The Story as far as its authors have thus far carried it. At this point it will be thrown open to any new authors who want to try their hands, on the same terms. Any KNOWABLE reader who wants to add a chapter should write the publisher for information.

Two authors new to The Story have contributed these chapters: Morris Pfoffer is a former student at Syracuse University and former boyfriend of Judy Orlove Glattstein, who has already contributed 2½ chapters to The Story. William Jacobson is an Iowan whom the publisher knew at Iowa State College. When last heard from six years ago, he was a student at the State University of Iowa after having served a hitch in the navy, whose influence is apparent in Chapter XIX. The present whereabouts of both these contributors is unknown, and information would be appreciated.

SYNOPSIS

Sir Tinly the Purest is off on a quest to the Old Wold, in the island of Terre Picux, to slay the she-troll Yog-Thuthuthoth, though he doubts whether his knightly honor permits him to draw his sword against a woman. He is accompanied by his squire Dumbert, a slave named Doedah whom Dumbert impulsively purchased to free him from a cruel slavenaster named Foulbrutis, and a broken-down old dragon whose fires have gone out from too much boozing, but who wants Dumbert to arrange for him a match with Sir Tinly.

Meanwhile, the giant Groothulboro has evicted the dragon's wife and children from their cave, and has kidnapped the dragon's lovely oldest daughter Whichttititititndthelnb as security for payment of the back rent. In order to induce a knight to come and rescue them, the dragons had kidnapped what they believed to be two princesses. One is in fact Doedah, whom Sir Tinly during a binge had ordered into a flowered nightgown. The near-sighted dragoness had swooped down on him while, unbeknownst to her, her husband and the knight were drinking in a nearby tavern.

While Groothulboro is swimming to Terre Picux to collect the back rent from the dragon, a merchant named Akula tells Sir Tinly and his party that he escaped from Yog-Thuthuthoth by playing on her vanity and promising to sing praises of her beauty to the giants, ogres, and heroes of England. Sir Tinly, now his grimly virtuous self again after recovering from his hangover, prepares to take ship from Mare-foie to Terre Picux. This land is ruled by Queen Hexa, widely reputed as a witch of great powers.

CHAPTER XVIII

by Morris Pfoffer

"Not a princess? Harrumph..."

"But Groothulboro, please let me ex....."

Groothulboro didn't let her ex... As he left with Whichttititititndthelnb he uttered words to the effect that he'd have her and her set of an old man up before the Unethical Practices Board.

Deedah wasn't saying a word, and the princess was so busy scorning him that she didn't say anything either.

"Not a princess, indeed! Things are bad enough without you humans refusing to play the game fairly. Groothulbore thinks he's going to make trouble for us? Well I'll fix him! I'll send you off to the Unethical Practices Board myself. And when I find that drunken bun, I'll fix his wagon."

"But I..." And those were the last words Deedah ever said in that cave.

"Quiet wretch! Off you go to the Old Wold. Hexa's minions will take care of you."

So, zip-zip, off he went with a letter of instructions attached.

The dragoness was rather unsettled by the whole affair and had lost her appetite so that she just made a light lunch of the near-sighted princess.

Deedah was also getting unsettled by the whole affair. He arrived at the Old Wold on the second zip. Two Kobolds grabbed him, took the attached note, and dragged him by the heels down a long stony corridor. He was flung into a noisome, skeleton littered dungeon. He spent an eternity there seemingly. At first he was fighting off the rats, but after he got hungry enough they were fighting him off.

Finally the same two Kobolds came for him. He was dragged by the heels up that same stony corridor, then up several spiral stairs, through more stony corridors. When they finally came to a rug-covered floor Deedah was glad. Those stones and steps hadn't been easy on his skull. Then into a dank, musty (true masters of the Black Arts are the minions of the Old Wold) little cubicle where he was set upright and seated in a chair. A chair! Hard, cramped and narrow it was. The very marrow of his bones shrieked for relief. Another eternity passed while he waited.

The inner door of the cubicle opened and a mummified voice bade him enter. There in a chamber papered with budgots, schedules, invoices and codes sat the owner of that mummified voice. He was a fat, pink-cheeked, roly-poly little man with a terrifying blankness about the eyes who sat there shuffling piles of papers and arranging rows of pencils.

Deedah sunk to his knees. "Please, punish me, kill me, do what you will master but end this exquisite torture. I can't stand it."

Shards of speech tinkled past the little man's lips. "Your punishment shall be increased for this trifling with administrative routine. Know ye, I am Spillink, familiar spirit and evil genius of the bureaucrats to come. Now, we prepare your dossier. I ur name?"

"D-d-deedah."

"Your condition?"

"Slave."

"Your previous profession?"

"M-m-murderer."

"Ah, that shall tell in your favor. Your erstwhile master?"

"Dumbort, esquire to Sir Tinly."

"What! Come with me to Hexa, now! Well, why do you hang back?"

"Please sir, aren't they coming to drag me by my heels?"

"No. Come."

Thus, out of Spillink's evil den into palatial corridors hung in draperies of black, maroon, forest green and shocking pink broidedered with the signs and formulae of the Black arts. They came to bronze portals before which stood those same two Kobolds. Deedah lowered himself to the ground and lifted his heels. The Kobolds' laughter boomed. Spillink smirked drily.

"Nay, that is not how you enter Hexa's presence. You are kicked through the portals." And he was. Of course, they didn't bother to open the portals first.

Hexa sat upon a Barca-lounger attended by hordes of most wondrously beautiful serving maids, princesses garnered from the five corners of the earth.

Spillink and Deedah proceeded down the silken tapestry covered floor and made obeisance before Hexa. Quoth Spillink, "Most evil, I bring before you Deedah, remanded to the Unethical Practices Board, once murderer now slave to Dumbert es-

quite to Sir Tinly. A coup of the first magnitude this. As you know, we must foil Sir Tinly in his present mission because...."

"I like him, he's cute," tittered Hexa. Spillink started to look disgusted. "He was a murderer? He's hired." Spillink started to rain objections; he thought they should hold him back from the U. P. B. until the completion of their nefarious designs upon Sir Tinly. Hexa pouted. "Not another word. It may be good for the budget but I don't feel right when my whole horde of evil underlings consists of two Kobolds. I like him, he's cute. He's hired."

"Very well, I shall enter him upon the personnel rolls as a grade GS-4." And so Deedah took on the livery of the Old Wold as Lord High Hatchet Man.

But as Spillink left, he whispered to Deedah, "You shall serve my ends yet, and don't forget the U. P. B." Thereupon he swept out, disgusted look and all. It's a tough job being an evil minion when your boss is a fat, dumb, fortyish blonde. Nuts.

CHAPTER XIX

by William Jacobson

The small but heavily armed caraval had just discharged its answering salute to the harbor fortress. First Mate Higgins, replacing Captain Krum on the poop deck, called out orders to the crew in preparation for mooring at one of San Geronimo's decaying docks. San Geronimo. The worst liberty port in Christendom, named the First Mate. Well, it should look good to the Dragon, a passenger, who has suffered a seizure of sea-sickness throughout the voyage. There he is now hanging over the rail in complete misery. The First Mate noticed that his face was a shade greener than normal. His eyes were bloodshot while the forked tongue hung out waving at each gust of breeze.

All sail had been taken in and the process of mooring just starting when Captain Krum appeared on deck. The Captain shook his head to release the sleep lodged inside.

"How goes it, Higgins?" the Captain called up.

"Fine, Captain. Everything is shipshape. The gangway is going over now."

"Good man, Higgins, good man. Pipe liberty for all hands within the hour."

The First Mate nodded acknowledgement. Captain Krum walked over to the Dragon.

"Shalom, Dragon, how goes it?"

"Terrible, Captain, terrible," moaned the poor creature. "The shaking and displacement of my humours by this accursed vehicle has done little to raise my hopes what with my lovely daughter still in captivity, and me with no means to bring about her release. And my good friends, Sir Tinly the Purest and Dunbert off to the Old Wold leaving me quite alone." The Dragon burped more agony over the side.

Poor soul, sympathized the Captain. "Well, cheer up, you overgrown lizard. Today I and Higgins will show you a sailor's tour of a port and perhaps it will bring you freedom from your sorrows."

"I certainly hope so, Captain," answered the Green One.

The sun was well over the mountain, at whose base lay the city of San Geronimo, by the time Captain Krum, First Mate Higgins, and the Dragon debarked from the ship. San Geronimo - named after the patron saint of paratroopers - was a creation of narrow winding streets of which all led to the main square in the center of the city. The crew of the Yahoo were losing no time in enjoying their liberty by stopping at the first taverns and brothels they came to. However the former three proceeded further into San Geronimo, searching for a higher class establishment.

After a hazardous walk of several blocks, in which the Dragon had a pail of slop dumped on him from an upper floor, and Higgins and Krum narrowly escaped being pulled into a building by a couple of painted Jezebels (being saved only

when these amorous creatures noticed the third companion), that the three comrades found a tavern to their liking. The barroom consisted of a few wooden tables surrounded by three or four chairs each. The floor was covered with mouldy straw and sawdust, and in one corner was the bar under the care of an ancient bartender. The barmaids were the only other occupants.

Captain Krum bid his companions to be seated at a table in one of the corners and placed an order for a round of rum.

"What kind of a tour is this sailor's tour you're going to take me on, Captain?" asked the Dragon of Krum.

"Well, matey, she's starting now with a few mugs of rum."

"But I've always started any other tour by the same means," replied the Dragon, a well-known visitor of the alcoholics' Nirvana. "Does this one have more to it?"

"Of course. Now don't you sweat a thing, Dragon. Later on in the day we'll make a round of the sights, and generally raise hell like sailors are supposed to."

"Okey-doke, Captain. I'll get this next round."

As the sun rose higher in the sky the day commenced to grow intolerably hot. Our friends - still resting in the tavern before starting the tour - were perspiring heavily. Finally Higgens, unable to bear the heat any longer, took off his shirt and threw it on the table. His upper torso and extremities displayed various works of the tattooing art.

"Damnation!" he slurred. "If it gets any hotter I'll melt to grease." His hand swung out at the rump of a barmaid and resounded with a liquid slap. She giggled coquettishly and ran behind another table. Captain Krum grunted in pleasure at the scene.

"You've got to be quicker than that, Higgens, if you're after a handful." He laughed at his own vulgarity.

"Hell, Captain, we probably could settle down the rest of our liberty with these wenches if we cast our die right." He eyed the two girls behind the bar who now and then glanced their way. "Of course we'd have to fix Dragon up. Maybe they've got a friend."

The Dragon, in the meanwhile, had taken all this in without any display of emotion.

"That's all right," he forced down a hiccup. "You two go ahead. I'm not in the mood, and believe I'll sit here and get bombasted."

"Ah hell, Dragon. Higgens and I don't desert a shipmate." His heart swelled with loyalty.

At that moment a group of Krum's men staggered and pushed their way through the door. Upon recognizing their superiors they shouted alcoholic greetings, and bragged of triumphs accomplished in the brothels on the waterfronts. A couple of them spied the barmaids and started chasing them around the room, much to the delight of the latter.

Much to their disgust Krum and Higgens saw the pleasures of the night fleeing almost convincingly from outstretched arms. And conduct didn't allow the superior officers to compete with ordinary deckhands for feminine favors.

Krum finally broke the silence. "This place is gettin' too cozy, Higgens. Come on, Dragon." He rose unsteadily to his feet. "Come on, Dragon, we're going on a sailor's tour of this port."

The Dragon made a few small protests, but upon seeing the Captain and First Mate make for the door, he downed the last of his rum and followed them.

The flash of sunlight staggered them. Through squinted eyes they looked down the filth-covered street towards the main square. Situated in the middle was a statue of the patron saint, San Geronimo, compleys with combat boots, steel helmet, a rifle in the left hand, and his right stone arm raised in benediction. Undornneath was inscribed IN ECC SIGNO, VINCES: With This Sign, Victory. Behind this to the far end was the Cathedral of the same name. The architecture was a curious mixture of Romanesque and Gothic form. The transepts sug-

gested an influence of the Moderns. A crowd seemed to be gathering in the clearing, but the three friends couldn't see for the reason of their positions.

"Looks like the makings of a brawl," said Krum. "Come on, let's see what it's about. I never miss a fight."

"But Captain. Why got mixed up in a fight when it doesn't concern us?" questioned the Dragon, thinking alcohol had run away with Krum's reasoning. Higgons gave the Dragon a surprised look and then remembered this was his first cruise and he could be excused for questioning the meaning of a fight.

"You make a hell of a sailor," retorted Krum. "A sailor's tour isn't complete unless you have a good brawl. Of course, this is a little early in the day for it ... but hell, come on." The Captain motioned with his hand and started down the street with the other two behind him.

"The Captain and I haven't been in a good fight since we quit the pirate trade and settled down to honest shipping."

"I never know that," said the Dragon with a slight interest.

"You mean not having a fight for such a long time?"

"No, no! Your careers as pirates."

"Oh," reflected Higgons, and then feeling the need for explaining continued, "Krum and I shipped together as deckhands aboard a trading vessel making for a port in the Levant. Part way there, off the African coast, we were attacked and boarded by Christian pirates disguised as Moors. They captured up and those remaining alive after the battle were given the choice of following the Prophet or a long walk back to dry land. And of course they weren't really Moslems, but all a polite way of telling us to join their crew or take a long walk off a short pier."

The Dragon seemed to be thinking over slowly what had just been said, when actually he was paying the slightest of attention.

"I don't know much about this religious stuff," he said. "But what does this have to do with your piracy?"

"Damn it, Dragon! You haven't been listening to a word I've been saying." He would have continued, but for a piece of filth from the street which had hit him on the back of the head. He turned to look for the dispatching cause, finding a group of children gathering behind the Dragon, fearful, but at the same moment aimed at his scaly green backside and using this for a target. Higgons had been hit by a stray missile.

The Dragon appeared outwardly to be accepting the abuse passively for now the age of dragons was diminishing, and the respect of old was no more. However, this and his pride of the age passing struggled within.

Higgons brought forth his cutlass with a flourish. "Go on, beat it, you little bastards! Go on home before I carve you all up for fish bait!"

The children were not bluffed by the feebly waving blade. But in the spirit of a game they turned squealing; some stopping now and then calling the First Mate and his companion an assortment of names. Dogs barked and rats who had ventured from between the buildings to feast on the fruits of the street scurried back to shelter. A few adults looked up momentarily and then went back about their labors.

By now they were at the edge of the road. Standing on a step in front of the stone saint was a friar clothed in sandals and a hair robe. He was shouting out to the crowd for the performance of some sort of duty, but the three observers couldn't understand what it was.

"Seems I've seen him before," Higgons remarked, thinking.

"Certainly you have," the Captain put in. "Remember last Spring when we put in at the Grainery Islands. He was there."

"Of course," Higgons said, remembering. "Friar William of Graham. He's the one that's striking for sainthood, isn't he?"

"The same. I wonder what this is all about," Krum answered back.

As they listened the good friar called upon the crowd for repentance, the holy cause of fighting Moslems, and the need of more followers of the true way to join

the fight. He touched on the damnation of heretics and the like. All this went on for another hour, and our three friends with the patience of alcohol stayed.

Finally the strain was too much for both Higgins and Krum. They laid down in the street, using the curb for a pillow, and were soon asleep. The audience too became restless and slowly started melting away until only the Dragon and his sleeping companions remained.

Friar William paused and then became aware that he had only one listener. This one looks odd, he thought. Getting a better look he exclaimed out loud, "Good Lord! The poor soul has been afflicted. Come over here my good man - - " getting even a better look - - "or, being. That must be it. Being." He motioned to the Dragon.

Both Krum and Higgins were deep in sleep, snoring loudly with their mouths open.

"You mean me, your Holiness?" The Dragon started walking towards the beckoning figure.

"Tut, tut, my good man, or, being -- that must be it -- you needn't call me by that title. It is reserved only for the Pope. But anyway I noticed your affliction, my son, and offer my services as a servant of God for whatever needs to be done. For His mercies and powers of forgiveness are infinite even if you're a spawn of the Devil, which by your appearance you must be."

"All this religious stuff I don't understand, but it's interesting," the Dragon said out of politeness.

"Hum," Friar William said softly to himself. "This is going to be difficult. Apparently the Devil has also taken his wit." Then he said aloud, "What sin had you committed, my son, to deserve a fate such as this?"

"What fate, your Holiness?"

This annoyed Friar William. "Your physical appearance, man. The way you look. The best bewitchment I've ever seen. And I've seen many a case," he added knowingly.

The Dragon looked down at himself. "Oh, you mean this. I've always been this way, your Holiness. You see, I'm not exactly what you'd call Man. I'm known as a dragon."

The Friar looked startled. "I'll be damned." He realized what he'd just said and hastily made a sign of the cross. "I've heard of such things, but this is the first time I've seen one of your kind. You do belong to a species, don't you?"

"Oh, there used to be quite a number of us, but now only a few of us are left," the Dragon said, happy to find someone interested in him.

"Hum," Friar William reflected. "You can't really have a soul, though you've the intelligence and seemingly the reasoning power of Man. Perhaps you're the Devil himself." He shuddered and again hastily crossed himself. Suddenly the idea hit him; convert the Devil, or even if this being was just one of his angels it would be as good. God, what a thing to do. But is this really him? Does this thing before me exist? An entity. Must be an entity, no question about that, and therefore has being too. The Devil or one of his angels is an entity and has being. This poor creature, evil though he may be, is assuredly nothing from heaven. He must be from hell, the Friar concluded. And again he crossed himself.

"My son," he said, returning to the Green One, "I'm thoroughly convinced you're not the Devil, but most likely one of his demons. And therefore your existence is proven. Now if you convert to the Faith what an advancement it would be towards the reign of God's kingdom on earth."

"But, your Holiness, it would be of no avail. For you see I exist because of Man. He created me in my image, but soon I will be no more." He looked mournfully at the ground. "Men have become skeptical, and thirst for knowledge caused them to seek answers. Finally they've even doubted me and my kind. In the near future we'll perish from the minds of men. But that's progress," he sighed stoically.

"Oh," said Friar William, confused. "Well, my son, if you're as you say you are then it's of no use. But," he paused shaking his head sadly - "what an augmen-

tation, if it were so, it would have been for the Christian Faith and Ethic."

Friar William turned to take up his staff which was leaning against the base of the statue. It was growing late in the afternoon, and sunset was upon them. The shadows became longer, and the streets and buildings reflected golden light. The Dragon sensed the Friar's melancholy, and felt responsible. But he was quite helpless.

Finally he said, "Maybe it will be so some day, your Holiness."

"Perhaps so, my son." Then more to himself, "Well, I have work to do."

Soon the Friar disappeared down one of the winding streets.

The Dragon walked over to the two sleeping figures and nudged them. First Krum, then Higgins awoke. They sat up, blinked, and scratched themselves. Their tongues moved to moisten dry mouths. The three started down a street with no mind or care as to where they were going.

"Matey, how do you like this sailor's tour?" Krum asked. "Nothing like a good time when you hit a port."

"Having a great time, Captain," the Dragon answered. His bloodshot eyes searched for the nearest tavern.

(Chapters XX and XXI, by Paul Glattstein, and Chapter XXII by Judy Glattstein, will appear in KNOWABLE #10.)

THE MEANING OF WEIGHTLESSNESS

(continued from p. 7)

in 1916 produced a more accurate theory of gravity, his famous general theory of relativity. It was Einstein's contention that the physical effects which we attribute to gravity are not the consequences of an attractive inverse-square force, but the effects of a curvature in space, caused by the presence of mass. In Newtonian physics, a mass will move in a curved orbit because another mass attracts it. Einstein's explanation is that a mass distorts space in its vicinity, and that other masses moving nearby are caused to move in curved orbits because the space through which they travel has been distorted. (For example, if you roll up this fanzine, the lines of print will no longer be straight, but curved.)

For small gravitational forces and short distances, Newton's view of gravity as an inverse-square force is still valid, and has been employed in this article. But for rigorous accuracy, Einstein's theory of gravitation must be used. Space travel in its present state has not yet reached the point where Newton's theory has to be replaced by Einstein's in order to account for the motions of a space capsule, or the effects of weight and acceleration upon an astronaut. Like true weightlessness, this must wait until many years in the future.

THE HIGHER RACISM

Until the first decades of this century, anthropology was concerned mainly with measurements of the physiological characteristics of people, and their classification on the basis of these measurements into numerous "races" and "sub-races". Such theories gave support to political racism, and prompted the white-supremacy theories of Anthony Ludovici, Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard, and other conservative political writers.

The first protest against this perversion of science was raised by Prof. Franz Boas of Columbia. He, and the school of anthropologists which developed under his influence, showed that intelligence and capability are distributed evenly among all races and colors of human beings. These conclusions were summarized in a resolution adopted unanimously by the American Anthropological Association in December

1938:

"Race involves the inheritance of similar physical variations by large groups of mankind, but its psychological and cultural connotations, if they exist, have not been ascertained by science...Anthropology provides no scientific basis for discrimination against any people on the ground of racial inferiority, religious affiliation, or linguistic heritage."

This, one might assume, would have settled the matter once and for all. But today southern racists, discomfited by court rulings and legislation against racial discrimination, have revived the pre-Boas theories of white supremacy and are trying to make us believe that there exist scientific foundations for their murderous prejudices. Scurrilous anti-Negro and anti-Jewish publications such as the National States Rights Party's Thunderbolt are reprinting or distributing for their readers the anthropological writings of Dr. Wesley George, a North Carolinian presently employed by the Alabama government to provide some semblance of scientific justification for that state's racial policies. Other favorites of these racists are Carleton S. Coon, who in The Origin of Races claims that Caucasians evolved as human beings 200,000 before Negroes did, and Ernst van den Haag, who has written in National Review that "Mixed education now would impair the education of Negro and white children...I am all in favor of improving the quality of education for all. But this can be done only if pupils are separated according to ability (whatever determines it). And this means very largely according to race." (p. 1061, 1 December 1964).

Coon, a popular writer on anthropology and archaeology, has written numerous books for the general public on these topics. Owners of those books might well ship them back to him, as Norwegians returned in carloads the works of the popular novelist Knut Hamsun when he became a collaborator with the Nazis. Something called "The Library of Science", with an address at 59 4th Avenue, New York, is offering The Origin of Races as part of a book club offer. I have returned this offer to the senders, and suggest this to others who receive this flier.

Perhaps the most sophisticated of the higher racists belong to the "International Association for the Advancement of Ethnology and Eugenics", to which van den Haag, George, and other segregationists belong. Most of this organization's members contribute regularly to Mankind Quarterly, which has been called "the chief publication outlet for scientific racists". The writings of those men gradually filter down the conservative transmission belt until they are received as gospel by the Klansmen and others who are used to enforce the white supremacy doctrines proclaimed by these writers.

This attempt to place racism on a scientific basis is exposed and discussed in detail by Dr. L. A. Newby, a member of the Department of History of California State College (Fullerton), in the May 1965 issue of Reason. This trenchant little journal, which each month exposes a different aspect of conservative ideology, is 25¢ a copy or \$2.50 a year from P. O. Box 3211, Fullerton, California.

THROUGH HILBERT SPACE WITH SWEET FANNY ADAMS - XI

It was in 2087 when Fanny Adams was called upon to serve as chief of the Martian Landing Force, often abbreviated MLF though not to be confused with any previous organization with the same initials. Though the first explorers had already returned from the red planet, it was generally agreed that a diplomatic corps should land well in advance of the first colonists. Thus it was that the Imperial Republic of Terra turned once again to Fanny Adams.

At one of her initial instruction briefings, Fanny was showing a group of future diplomats treyviews of the inhabitants of the mysterious planet. "As you can see," said Fanny, "the Martian people have a long and curved skeletal structure, and they are very lean in appearance as--"

"But Miss Adams," one of the brighter students interjected, "what about those heavier Martians toward the rear of the view?"

"As I was about to explain before I was so rudely interrupted," roared Fanny,

the rotund creatures, because of their shape, are referred to as 'the St', while the rotund creatures which you have pointed out are, because of their shape and disposition, called 'the S.O.beso'." (with thanks to Mike Irwin)

OPERATION AGITATION

As a glance at page 3 will assure you, "OPERATION AGITATION" is the colophon under which all Boardman publications go out. For the convenience of collectors, these publications are indexed in each issue of KNOWABLE. It has been almost ten months since a KNOWABLE appeared, and in the meantime I've been very busy in the weekly apa's and with Diplomacy publications. Since KNOWABLE #8, the following OPERATION AGITATION publications have appeared:

111 GRAUSTARK #40	148 RURITANIA #29	191 DAGON #33
112 FREDONIA #15	149 DAGON #17	192 DAGON #34
113 SAGANA #1/ PILLYCOCK #13/ DAGON #11	150 SAGANA #10	193 DAGON #35
114 GRAUSTARK #41	151 DAGON #18	194 DAGON #36
115 FREDONIA #16	152 DAGON #19	195 DAGON #37
116 DAGON #12	153 SAGANA #11	196 GRAUSTARK #55
117 GRAUSTARK #42	154 SAGANA #12	197 RURITANIA #35
118 FREDONIA #17	155 RURITANIA #30	198 THIS OUR CITY #3
119 PILLYCOCK #14	156 GRAUSTARK #48	199 DAGON #38
120 SAGANA #2	157 SAGANA #13	200 DAGON #39
121 AMATEUR EFFER #25	158 GRAUSTARK #49	201 AMATEUR EFFER #53
122 DAGON #13	159 FREDONIA #23	202 GRAUSTARK #56
123 SAGANA #3	160 DAGON #20	203 DAGON #40
124 PILLYCOCK #15	161 RURITANIA #31	204 DAGON #41
125 POINTING VECTOR #24 /ANTHROHEDRON vol. III, #2	162 PILLYCOCK #17	205 DAGON #42
126 GRAUSTARK #43	163 SAGANA #14	206 DAGON #43
127 FREDONIA #18	164 FREDONIA #24	207 DAGON #44
128 SAGANA #4	165 GRAUSTARK #50	208 RURITANIA #36
129 RURITANIA #27	166 RURITANIA #32	209 GRAUSTARK #57
130 GRAUSTARK #44	167 DAGON #21	210 DAGON #45
131 FREDONIA #19	168 SAGANA #15	211 DAGON #46
132 RURITANIA #28	169 SAGANA #16	212 GRAUSTARK #58
133 GRAUSTARK #45	170 DAGON #22	213 PILLYCOCK #18
134 FREDONIA #20	171 GRAUSTARK #51	214 DAGON #47
135 SAGANA #5	172 FREDONIA #25	215 DAGON #48
136 GRAUSTARK #46	173 DAGON #23	216 GRAUSTARK #59
137 SAGANA #6	174 GRAUSTARK #52	217 DAGON #49
138 FREDONIA #21	175 FREDONIA #26	218 DAGON #50
139 DAGON #14	176 RURITANIA #33	219 GRAUSTARK #60
140 DAGON #15	177 DAGON #24	220 DAGON #51
141 SAGANA #7	178 DAGON #25	221 DAGON #52
142 PILLYCOCK #16	179 GRAUSTARK #53	222 POINTING VECTOR #25
143 SAGANA #8	180 DAGON #26	223 THIS OUR CITY #4
144 DAGON #16	181 DAGON #27	224 GRAUSTARK #61
145 SAGANA #9	182 FREDONIA #27	225 DAGON #53
146 RURITANIA #29	183 RURITANIA #34	226 GRAUSTARK #62
147 FREDONIA #22	184 DAGON #28	227 DAGON #54
	185 FREDONIA #28	228 KNOWABLE #9
	186 GRAUSTARK #54	
	187 DAGON #29	
	188 DAGON #30	
	189 DAGON #31	
	190 DAGON #32	

POINTING VECTOR, the oldest OPERATION AGITATION publication, is a personal newslettoyr of fact, comment, and opinion. Like KNOWABLE, it is published at irregular intervals, and is 25¢ a copy or 5 issues for \$1.00. The 22nd, 24th, and

25th issues are still available. POINTING VECTOR will cease publication with the 26th issue, and unexpired subscriptions will be transferred to KNOWABLE or another fanzine of the subscriber's choice. POINTING VECTOR #24 was published jointly with Tom Seidman, and was Vol. III, #2 of his publication Anthrodron. THIS OUR CITY is a supplement to POINTING VECTOR, and goes to New York readers.

In the last year, much of my publishing activity has been in the two weekly amateur press associations, APA-F and APA-L. DAGON has on some occasions had four issues in one APA-F Mailing, which accounts for its high publication numbers. On two occasions APA-F distributions have been held at our home, and on those dates I also published the apa's official organ, the AMATEUR EFFER. SAGANA, which has ceased publication, marked a brief membership in APA-L. Four back issues of DAGON will be sent to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Collectors should specify which issues they already have.) DAGON covers both science-fictional and mundane topics; a recent issue, #53, is sent as a rider with this issue of KNOWABLE.

A series of articles on the old pulps, "In Days of Old When Pulp Was Bold", is currently running in DAGON. The magazines reviewed are selected at random from our collection. Principal emphasis is placed on the features and the letter columns of these pulps, although the fiction is also covered. So far, the following issues of the pulps have been reviewed in DAGON:

- | | |
|--|--|
| #36, 2 July '65, <u>Future</u> , Nov. 1952 | #48, 6 Aug. '65, <u>Fantastic</u> , Jul. 1950 |
| #38, 9 July '65, <u>Other Worlds</u> ,
Jun.-Jul. 1951 | #50, 13 Aug. '65, <u>Fantastic Story</u>
Quarterly, Fall 1950 |
| #42, 16 July '65, <u>Amazing</u> , Feb. 1948 | #51, 20 Aug. '65, <u>Thrilling Wonder</u> ,
Aug. 1949 |
| #43, 23 July '65, <u>Marvel</u> , Aug. 1951 | #53, 27 Aug. '65, <u>S-F Plus</u> , Apr. 1953 |
| #46, 30 July '65, <u>Planet</u> , Nov. 1950 | |

GRAUSTARK, KURITANIA, and FREDONIA (the last-named of which has ceased publication) are bulletins of postal Diplomacy. GRAUSTARK is the oldest postal Diplomacy fanzine, and is currently carrying four postal games of this intriguing game of skill. KURITANIA, beginning with the 27th issue, was taken over from its previous publisher, who could not continue with it. For further information and a sample copy of GRAUSTARK, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE

fiction by Ben Solon

Dur hated his job, and hated it with that special vehemence that only frustration brings. Dur was a butcher at the local slaughter house. Each day, from nine to five, he would expertly cut the throats of the stunned and trussed-up animals that moved past him. Occasionally one of the beasts would recover consciousness and try to escape its fate. Dur looked back at those moments with pleasure. They gave him the only chance he had to prove himself. The scene recreated itself in his mind, the struggling animal, its forelegs flailing the air, its screams of terror, and then he, Dur, would grip it under the chin, push the head back to expose the jugular and then lovingly caress its throat with his razor sharp knife. He loved to watch the expression of horror on the beast's face when it saw its life blood oozing out of its throat, enjoyed the bellows of pain that died away in such beautiful gurgling sounds. It was music to his ears and his only pleasure.

This particular morning Dur was late for work. It wasn't his fault; the engine of his car wouldn't start. "Late again," said the superintendent. "One more time and you'll be axed to leave. Get it?" he bellowed. "Axed to leave!" Dur hated the super more than anything else about his job. He especially hated those puns that the super thought were so clever.

Dur changed to his white butcher's smock and took his place on the assembly line with the other butchers. This assembly line, or rather disassembly line, was

a model of efficiency. The animals to be slaughtered would be stunned as they entered the building and then hung up by their hind legs and sent down the conveyor. Dur was first in line and was responsible for cutting the animals' throats and bleeding them. The man next to him would eviscerate them, the third man would hack off the fore quarters, and so on down the line.

Dur, already in a bad mood because of the super's warning, was in an even worse temper as the day wore on. There was little work, as the first of the month with its rush orders was past. He was hot and bored. He was more than glad when the super said, "All right, boys, knock off and take a break. You too, Dur."

He was smarting from the super's last crack as he walked into the refreshment booth. He found an empty booth and sat down. His fellow workers knew him well enough to let him alone, and for that small favor, Dur was glad.

Why had he come to this planet anyway? He could have stayed on his home world and had a comfortable income provided for him without even lifting a finger. But the pioneering spirit was strong within him although he didn't realize it for what it was and called it "a bad case of itchin' feet". So he had come to this bombed-out hulk of a planet. The original inhabitants had blown themselves up in an atomic war about five thousand years ago.

A scouting party of Dur's people had found this planet. The radiation from the bombs was washed away by decontamination crews. The charred soil of the world was made into rich fertile earth by planet-forming crews. Then the colonists, Dur among them, landed on the reborn world. The soil was good and there were native animals that could be domesticated and raised for meat and milk.

With these and similar thoughts in his head, Dur finished his drink and returned to the assembly line. Shortly afterwards one of the native beasts came down the conveyor. Just before it reached him, the creature recovered its senses and began to struggle. Dur grinned in pleasure. His massive hand gripped the beast beneath the chin. It struggled, but it was as powerless as an infant in Dur's mighty grip. Laughing shortly to himself, he jerked the beast's head back and expertly, with infinite care, slashed the animal's throat. He continued to laugh at the gurgling cries that rose and fell and finally died away.

He wiped the bloody knife on his smock and looked at the dead creature that the man next to him was dismembering. He found it hard to believe that any animal so ugly could be so delicious. God, how disgusting they were to look at, even though he was used to them by now. These strange animals had survived the nuclear war that had killed off the planet's intelligent life. They were so strange, with their pale skins, and only two arms, two legs, and one head.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

(Quite a backlog of letters has accumulated for this issue of KNOWABLE. They will be printed in approximate order of date; the date will be given where known. Comments of the editor are indicated by double parentheses.)

DAVE LOCKE, P. O. Box 335, Indian Lake, New York 12842: I never went into Physics, and didn't go beyond Algebra, but I doubt that your relativity series is on such a plane that although it's over the heads of idiots like me it would be perfectly obvious to anyone who could follow the line of science which gave birth to the theory of relativity. Evers says in your lettercol that "no one who needs it can possibly understand it", which seems to sum up his feeling that you either already know the topic or else you don't know it and probably will never be able to. You didn't reply to this, but I can't believe that you'd bother to write about relativity unless you figured that somebody who had the right type of background to follow your statements would learn something new in the articles and be able to understand it. Tell me that I'm wrong and you were writing this stuff just for the hell of it. ((Nope.))

CREATH THORNE, Route 4, Savannah, Missouri 64485: I personally have found the different theories of the universe to be one of the most fascinating sections of science -- if you wish to call some of the theories science. It always seemed to me that the "big-bang" theory was more conducive to religious theory than the "steady-state" theory but I suppose that both could be adapted to modern religions if the theologians wished to. ((A couple of years ago I was discussing this matter with Joseph Mulligan, S. J., then chairman of the Department of Physics at Fordham University. He said that if experimental evidence ever established that the "steady state" theory of the universe were incontrovertibly correct, then a further re-interpretation of scripture would be necessary. To judge from the most recent astronomical evidence about the distribution of distant galaxies, Father Mulligan and his colleagues in the church will not be put to this embarrassing expedient.))

EARL E. EVERS, US 51 533 159, 269 SO 60 St, APO 53, New York, New York 09058 (23 April 1964): Perdita's cover is the best part of KNOWABLE ((#7)) as usual. Did you ever notice that the material most fans consider the "best amateur work in fandom" is actually by professionals? Perdita's art for example, or Adkins' or Stiles' or Prosser's. Or the writings of Terry Carr, Cal Dornon, Buck Coulson ((who??)) etc. I can't think of a single well regarded fan writer or artist who is actually an amateur.

As usual, I didn't get anything out of the relativity article. Oh well, there's enough variety to take your pick from.

... "Splash!" or "Where did that Continent Come From?" points out one of my major objections to science, namely that it can't seem to answer the simplest question you can ask it, like "Where did the continents come from". You either get, "Because it's so," or a long involved explanation that boils down to the same thing, or a bunch of sheer guesswork like your article. I realize your article just tells about a fairly far out new theory of continent formation, but it's no less plausible than any of the other theories. Don't you science guys know anything?

((If you're looking for Absolute Truth, I suggest you consult a professional religionist. Those gentry claim to possess such a thing, though they are forever contradicting each other about it. Scientists can only describe and speculate about the universe insofar as the currently available evidence supports their ideas.))

"The Story" seems to have recovered from its doldrums of lastish and is proceeding pretty well. The various authors seem to have decided on a general tone which is humorous without being completely farcical and a little more adventurous and faster moving style. For once I'm actually wondering what is going to happen next. I'd volunteer to write a future chapter myself, except that I don't have a Ph. D. nor the slightest desire to have one.

((Three of the story's authors thus far went on to get that degree.))

"High Fly the Nazgul" is a good addition to the fast growing collection of Tolkien filk songs.

Speaking of JRRT, has someone really started an anti-Tolkien society? And lumping him in with Lovecraft at that. Ghaaa!

((For further information write to the Friends of Sauron or to the League of Nodens, c/o Mark Owings, 3731 Elkader Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21218.))

I have a couple of speculations about the Ring series I'd like to throw open to discussion. When Gandalf says he is only a steward too, who is he steward to? Likewise, who keeps sending the Eagles at appropriate moments? ((Tolkien ex machina.)) I notice most of the Tolkien "exports" have said there is no religion in the series, but who is this "watcher behind" who seems to appear in several places? Also, where do the Orcs come from? There is no mention, anywhere in the books, of a female Orc. This leaves three possibilities:

- 1) The Female of the species stays hidden somewhere behind the scenes.
- 2) Both sexes look quite identical and sexual differences just aren't men-

tioned.

- 3) They just don't reproduce that way.
Does anyone have any idea which?

WALTER BREEN, P. O. Box 1032, Berkeley, California 94701: On KNOWABLE #7: Lovely cover - Perdita will probably find herself bombarded with requests for artwork by noos and oldfans alike, and serve her right.

Donn's theory of continental origin raises a lot of unsolved problems. True, it does account for the "mountain roots" idea whereby masses are supposed to extend down into the asthenosphere at least as far as they extend up into the atmosphere, probably farther (since erosive processes have disposed of cubic kilometers of exposed mountains); but then so do many other theories. But--and I think this is a very strong objection--were continental masses the result of planetoidal collisions, we should expect to find nickel-iron outcroppings in some of the geological layers now known, nickel-iron masses similar to those found in meteorites with Widmanstätten patterns. (The argument is that meteorites are minute fragments of a planet or planetoid, and that nickel-iron masses of which they consist were originally in the greatly compressed core.)

((The core would be greatly compressed and in a liquid state only if so great a mass of originally cool matter had congealed that its center would be liquid. Under these circumstances, the nickel and iron would settle at the core, leaving the lighter stony layers on top. But if the planetoids striking the cooling Earth were so small that such settling out had not taken place, then the nickel and iron would be distributed through the entire volume of the body.))

Graves argued to the existence of ancient ikons partly because he has seen and recognized some of them--Mycenaean sealstones, archaic Greek vasepaintings, Egyptian stelae, and even a few prehistoric cave paintings, etc. The surviving ikons make more plausible his hypothesis of the earlier existence of the others. In the same way, from small copies one can deduce something of the original appearance of the colossal cult statues in the Temple of Zeus at Olympia or the Parthenon; from pictorial representations of myths on 7th & 6th century Attic or provincial vase paintings one can deduce the earlier ikons being copies or reinterpretations. The wonder is that any of these things survived at all after the Iconoclasts. (One thinks of Asimov's Nightfall.)

Cowgill might also consider that context is very important in determining whether an ancient picture, carving, etc., was to be regarded as merely decorative or as religious and requiring some explanation. The former, perhaps, if it were found in someone's home; but the latter if found in a captured temple, shrine, or oracle, particularly in an age when oracles had higher reputations than fortune-telling establishments; where, one might say, a caste of hierodules with psi abilities make their home.

GEORGE COWGILL, 99 Hancock Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139 (18 May 1964): KNOWABLE #7 had a really fine cover, and the contents were also generally enjoyable. Even though I don't know Walter Breen, I'm distressed at the trouble concerning him; which is bad both for him and for fans in general. I feel that the discussion we have been carrying on has generally been so abbreviated on both sides that it's difficult to tell when we really disagree and when we are just misunderstanding something. I think we're substantially in agreement about much of the things we've talked about in recent numbers of KNOWABLE.

I will comment more or less indiscriminately on what Breen says and what you interpolate in KNOWABLE #7.

1. On the whole subject of Neanderthals, see O. Loring Brace, "The fate of the 'Classic' Neanderthals: a consideration of hominid catastrophism", in Current Anthropology, v. 5, no. 1, pp. 3-43 (1964). Much of the resemblance between my thinking and Loring's is because I have been reading his earlier stuff, as well as people with similar ideas, such as Francois Bordes and Clark Howell.

2. As to survivals in modern Europe of Cro-Magnon people, I think virtually

all contemporary physical anthropologists would regard Europeans, especially in western Europe, as pretty much direct descendants of C-M and his close relatives, modified to some degree by quite a number of movements of peoples from the Near East and from inner Asia. It is not my impression that C-M is in any important way outside the range of variation of modern Europeans. If he is on the whole rather bigger and more rugged, this is very possibly related to his different way of life.

((In his The Adventure of Language, Michael Garsdinsky speculates: "The author is of the opinion that Basque is, in fact, New High Cro-Magnon: a contemporary descendant of the language spoken by those completely human cavè men who produced great paintings in the south of France some 20,000 years ago. There is no proof whatsoever to support such a belief - but then again, there is absolutely no evidence to contradict it. Until such time as someone succeeds in showing otherwise, the author will keep this domesticated crochot as a well-loved pet; a foible, but - he trusts - a harmless one."))

The situation with Neanderthals is quite different. I think it extremely likely that Neanderthals were no more than a rather distinctive racial variety of modern man and that there was at least some interbreeding with men in western Europe who looked more like us. I would say that it's distinctly possible, though by no means certain, that all the genes to make a Classic Neanderthal are still to be found in Europe, so that, in principle, after a number of generations of planned breeding, Classic Neanderthals could be recreated. ((See L. Sprague de Camp's story "Throwback" in the March 1949 Astounding. If you have a taste for curious-by-ways of contemporary political life, see also Tom Gilbert's article "Irish it Weren't True" in The Best from APA-L.) But I doubt very much if even one living European has very many distinctive Neanderthal genes. I think that all living people are predominantly non-Neanderthal, genetically. It would be interesting to have a physical anthropologist look at people who impress us as vaguely Neanderthal. I strongly suspect that most people called Neanderthal-like are just somewhat loutish looking moderns, who don't at all show traits distinctive of real Neanderthals.

As to the "Nogroid" Grimaldi people (who had, I believe, a cave with quite a fine view of the Mediterranean, on the Italian or French Riviera), I think modern re-examination doesn't bear out any significant resemblance to Africans. ((Otherwise they probably wouldn't have been permitted to move into such a nice neighborhood.)) The same for the Chancelade skull and its supposed Eskimo affinities. People deeply concerned about the racial purity of Europeans cannot heave any sighs of relief, however, for at least since Roman times one can be pretty sure of a trickle of Africans having been absorbed into the general European population. ((The Greenwich Villagers most indignant about the Negro influx into the area are Sicilians, whose ancestors lived a short boat trip from Africa.))

3. Legends of ogres and trolls - I can cite several independent cases where reports of the finding of bones of giants, 8 or 10 foot tall, have dwindled as one approached the source until the actual bones were reached, which then proved to belong to individuals just a few inches above average height. One example, reported by the rather short Maya Indians of Yucatan, I believe proved to be actually rather below average height for a North American. I have never heard examples of just slightly short people being exaggerated into dwarfs, but I wouldn't be surprised if that happens, too. ((It happened to the African Pygmies, from Homer through medieval legendry.)) No doubt icons exaggerating the size of important figures may give rise to giant legends, but I think such legends easily got going even without this particular stimulus.

4. Concerning racist partisans of the Noble Blond Nordics and whether they realize that their lands are the same as that once inhabited by Neanderthals; at least some of these people just concluded that their Neanderthals were noble blond Neanderthals, in contrast to the lower races of Neanderthals elsewhere. Julius Andree, in Der Eiszeitliche Mensch in Deutschland und Seine Kulturen (Ferdinand Enke Verlag, Stuttgart, 1939) - a book which is quite useful for its illus-

trations - attempted to show that Germany has been a cultural center for all periods. That is, when hand-axes were being made, the first and best hand-axes were made in Germany, and so on.

Of course, I would guess that by and large advocates of European racial superiority have also been those most ready to assume that there were non-Neanderthals in Europe for a very long time, and that the Neanderthals died out completely. It is interesting, according to Brace, that the notion of Neanderthal extinction has been mainly due to the French and English, while the (pre-Hitler) Germans were more inclined to see continuity with Neanderthals.

5. On selective advantages via symbiosis, it is not accurate to say that few besides Kropotkin and Ashley Montagu share this notion. Theodosius Dobzhansky discusses this on pp. 133-4 of Mankind Evolving (Yale University Press, 1962) and concludes "Individuals of the same and of different species are interdependent in various degrees, and their relations range all the way from cut-throat competition, to tolerance, to adventitious or obligatory cooperation. Nature's stern discipline enjoins mutual help at least as often as warfare. The fittest may also be the gentlest."

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 (29 April 1964): Your comments re blond Nordics and their environs -- this has been pursued somewhat with an author or three concluding that blond hair is a Neanderthal characteristic. Interesting speculation. It is fairly easy to pick out seeming Neanderthalic facial characteristics--if we go by the usual reconstructions--but a Neanderthal body type is something else again. I should think that if Neanderthalic genes are strong enough to result in the old facial characteristics showing up in modern man they would also be strong enough to show in skeletal construction. Maybe. Perhaps.

ARTHUR GEORGE SMITH, 65 North Foster Street, Norwalk, Ohio (6 June 1964): KNOWABLE #7 received and I enjoyed reading it. The ideas put forward by Breen and Cowgill are not new and the theory that the blue eyed white man is descended from Neanderthal is one of mine, and has been for thirty years.

Tell Mrs. Boardman that she made a mistake on the cover. The two handed straight sword was not carried on the belt but on a baldric with the hilt projecting up over the left shoulder. Some of these were five feet long and weighed 30 or more pounds. After all they were a side edged cold chisel for cutting heavy metal.

((Sir Tinky's sword, as shown on the cover of KNOWABLE #7, is not a two-handed sword; mounted knights didn't use them. He carries a standard broadsword, of the sort described by Larry Kafka in his article "Broadwords" in Aura #27. Jerry Pournelle in Aura #25 notes that a man trained to its use can swing a claymore with one hand to deadly effect. But in Aura #27 Ian Peters protests that the claymore was usually fought two-handed - and weighed from five to seven pounds.))

Your idea about the origin of the continents is new to me, and it is no screwier than most of the accepted theories.

I am a PHYSICAL anthropologist, that is the discipline that treats of man as an individual animal. That is why I laugh at those who think that if you could bleach a (N)egro white, you would have a white man. I believe that a (N)egro is entitled to legal equality but not that he should be a preferred class before the law with priorities not allowed to white men.

John Campbell wrote an editorial last summer on the fact that the Negro has never developed in his own territory and as an anthropologist I can tell you he is right. Africa south of the Sahara has every variety of tropical, subtropical and temperate climate. It is not a jungle, most of it is more like Arizona.

((I am not particularly impressed by the kind of culture that Caucasians have developed in Arizona. But seriously, you and Campbell can take this position only by utterly ignoring the facts. You will find descriptions of Negro cultures in

Africa, owing little or nothing to non-African influences, in Basil Davidson's Lost Cities of Africa, in K. Madhu Panikkar's The Serpent and the Crescent, and in the de Camps' Ancient Ruins and Archaeology.

((The remainder of Mr. Smith's letter concerned itself primarily with political matters, and was printed in POINTING VECTOR #22.))

ELLIOT K. SHORTER, 512 West 169th Street, New York, New York 10032 ((Welcome home!)) I like Perdita's dragons. Who printed the cover of KNOWABLE #7? ((Perdita silkscreened it at the place where she works.))

...Leonard Bailey, Robert A. W. Lowndes, and me - well, that's three Glory Road fans. ((How did you like Farnham's Freehold, Your Charity?) And that book has just passed the acid test with me. I read the serial, I read the book and re-read parts, and I have just now re-read the whole book with no loss of interest at all. It's fun.

I agree with Earl Evers about "The Story". Dragging in Conan is a worse jar than knowing the etymology...of the words Howard used in the Conan series.

If this goes on - pray tell will you ever collect all the Filk (I dislike that word more and more) Songs you are printing in one book. ((No, seeing how slowly SCIENCE MADE TOO EASY is selling.))

BOB BRINEY, 176 East Stadium Street, West Lafayette, Indiana (21 April 1964): It seems that ((Robert Lowndes)) should be one of the last people to complain of a magazine's repulsive appearance--seeing that Magazine of Horror was no thing of beauty, and the old Columbia magazines were often pretty sad in appearance. (Of course, there is a difference; when he was editing for Columbia he was on a shoe-string budget, and passed miracles to get the magazines to look as good as they did, whereas Galaxy-If-Worlds of Tomorrow are presumably affluent enough to be able to improve their appearances if so desired.

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey 07088 (25 April 1964): KNOWABLE #7...was most excellent fanzine indeed. Tell Perdita I never saw a dragon with so much expression and emotion as on that cover

..."The Story" continues terrific although I think earlier chapters were better than the current chapter. This doesn't mean that I didn't enjoy the current chapter though. I wonder what situation the next author will leave the poor knights and company in.

I agree with Lowndes that Analog ain't nearly what it used to be and the past two issues were positively dull and insipid. ((As soon as time travel is developed, John Campbell 1941 ought to sue John Campbell 1965 for defamation of character.)) I heartily disagree on If, Worlds of Tomorrow, and Galaxy for in the past few months there has been startling improvement in these zines and I can only hope Pohl keeps up the trend.

Walter Breen writes an interesting letter although I can't get interested in ikons and Hebrew tradition somehow.

JERRY JACKS, 4203 Labyrinth Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21215 (11 May 1964): The story of the dragon and the knight was extremely interesting. I'm sorry I missed the first parts, but how did Conan get into an obviously humorous story? ((Then Ed introduced Deedah into Chapter XI, she described him as the illegitimate son of Conan of Aquilonia and a Pictish woman.)) I was extremely amused by the art work ((of The Story's logo in KNOWABLEs #7 and #8)) but expected more from the looks of the Southwestern corner of it. i. e., the knight (sic?) "mounting" a fair maiden.

((Dragons, as we know from numerous legends, lived on a diet of virgins. The knights exterminated them by eliminating their food supply.))

I seemed to come in in the middle of a letter conversation as to pre-hom sapiens and other topics, and I'd like to get my 2¢ in.

First of all, I believe that thinking "civilized" (if you'll pardon the expression) man obviously has had more civilizations than now. Most anthropologists

state that man is more than one million years old and that modern Homo sapiens is about 100,000 years. That would mean that modern-type Homo sapiens just sat on their fat fannies for 90,000 years ((sic)), I just can't accept that.

Figuring logically, mankind should have developed some kind of civilization about 50,000 years ago, I believe that this civilization grew strong, flourished, but in a period of decline destroyed itself. One puzzle (and slim fact for a previous civilization) most English archaeologists say that Stonehenge is at least 25,000 years old, and yet some faint glimmerings of civilization are needed for the construction of a monument that size.

((I wonder what authorities you're using for that age estimate of Stonehenge; it sounds like something you might read in the "fact" articles of the Palmer Amazing. The de Camps devote a chapter of Ancient Ruins and Archaeology to Stonehenge, and in this well-documented and soberly written book cite evidence that the oldest part of the monument is about 4,000 years old.))

Also the Harappa civilization of India poses interesting questions. The builders of Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa obviously were well acquainted with the devices used in building their fantastic cities, cities with right angle boulevard streets, and running water in every home ((a communal gutter?)) yet scholars estimate these ruins may have had their beginnings in Sumerian or even pre-Sumerian times making one wonder if these cities are that old; how old was the civilization before them, and it is just possible that the harappans themselves had been invaders of India plundering the previous civilizations, which had been at a higher level, and that the Harappans simply could only get so much out of them.

BEN SOLON, 3915 North Southport, Chicago, Illinois 60613 (2 September 1964): Thanks for KNOWABLE #7. The cover was something out of the ordinary - how many beer-guzzling dragons do you know?

"Relativity in Fact, Fiction and Fraud" was interesting although the math was a little over my head.

My main criticism of "The Story" is, you guessed it, Conan. Now, I have nothing against Conan, I read Anna and The Howard Collector, own a copy of Skull Face and try to be a good little REH fan (I even polish my broadsword nightly) but, as E. E. Evers says, Hyboria and Malory's England are incompatible, and Conan has no more business in "The Story" than the Grey Mouser. "The Story" as a spoof on sword and sorcery is excellent. Let's have more of the same, without the Hyborian Cycle, please.

(("The Story" will be a spoof on sword-and-sorcery only so long as the successive authors keep it that way. Since each new author has complete freedom with the story line, "The Story" could be transformed at any time from a mildly medieval mess to a trenchant expose of corruption in the Asteroid Miners' Union during the 27th-century reign of Groomb Blomble O'Sullivan XVII, Tyrantarch of Mars.))

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, 66-17 Clyde Street, Rego Park, New York 11374 (25 November 1964): KNOWABLE #8 arrived and provoked a moment's comments. The editorial on Lysonko brings up a curious and controversial matter, which is highly prejudiced here by the general attitude of the Cold War in the USA. Even if Lysonko had been proven brilliantly correct in practice, I think it probable he'd have been damned in this country. ((At the height of the McCarthy Era, a

On behalf of my wife Perdita, who has other things with which to concern herself this week, I would like to thank all the KNOWABLE readers who have expressed their appreciation of her cover on KNOWABLE #7. This cover shows the dragon and Sir Tinly the Furcest merrily drinking together, and is silk-screened in three colors. Copies of this cover (without the logo), suitable for framing, are available at 25¢ plus 10¢ postage.

biologist was dismissed from Oregon State for supporting Lysenko's theories.)) In fact, though, there seems little doubt that he was, and I suppose is, a typical pushy little scientist-politician who sought to override and cutshout legitimate discussion by his shoddy alliance with the powers that were.

However, Lysenko's special set of theories may not have been quite correct--and certainly failed in efforts to put them to practical use--there still remains something in the manner in which living organisms have developed which cannot be explained by the pat arguments of survival of the fittest...There is too much evidence all around us in every living thing of a most startling and remarkable adaptation to the environment of living things, and this cannot be simply explained away without taking into account the necessity of the organism itself to adapt to changing circumstances and somehow transmit something of that at once to its progeny.

Nor can Lysenko's theories be simply brushed aside as Lamarck's. They were not and differed in certain ways that made a bit more logical sense.

Survival of the fittest is indeed a very real thing - but there is more to the matter than just that. If Lysenko has not succeeded in showing how living things transmit the learnings of their body to their offspring, someone else is going to show how. Hints of this have already been noted even by Western biologists.

((So far, the neo-Lamarckians have come up with remarkably little experimental evidence to support their speculations. It is my opinion that some of the distaste for "survival of the fittest" is caused by dislike of the "social Darwinism" which some social philosophers mistakenly infer from it. As Howard Selsam points out in his extremely informative Handbook of Philosophy - edited and adapted from Rosenthal and Yudin, Short Philosophic Dictionary - social Darwinism is "the unwarranted carrying over of the Darwinian law of the struggle for existence among plants and animals into the field of human social relations and the class struggle", "that ruling and exploiting classes must be made up of people who are in some way possessed of superior talents, who are 'victors' in the struggle for existence". These ideas are propagated by Ludovici, who uses them to support his aristocratic theory of society. Selsam goes on to observe that "At the basis of the evolution of human society lie laws peculiar to it, laws of development of material production, which are qualitatively different from the biological laws of evolution characteristic of the organic world as such."))

I find the idea of a New York Con in 1967 nauseating in the extreme. This city has always been divided in the fan world and it always will be ((probably for the reasons given by Jay Klein in his letter below)) and the opposition to the "futurian" ((Wha-a-at?)) types you list has already indicated its undying defiance of your efforts. Unfortunately the more stolid conservative fans are usually the ones most reliable when it comes to plodding organizational work. Your list of planners does not impress me on the grounds of safe reliability. Definitely not. ((Dave Van Arman? Elliot Shorter? Perdita?))

I don't like to "me too" anybody, especially since I did have a good time at the Pacificon, but it might be of interest to note that a couple of hours prior to his workout on Gretchen and her friends, that hulking idiot Buchloy exercised on me. I had returned from dining out, had left my badge in my room on my old shirt, and gone up to the place where a reception was going on. Knowing damn well the convention committee men at the door knew me, I simply started to walk in and suddenly was grabbed around the neck from behind in a stranglehold and almost hurled backwards to the floor. This galeot Buchloy, having been given a firm command like a wooden-headed Nazi trooper not to let anyone in without a badge (presumably even his own mother), was exercising his orders with grim gusto. If somebody, Halcy I think, hadn't been around to grab this jerk, I'd have been either on the floor or engaged in trying to return the favor in blind fury. I came, as it were, within a few seconds of attempting a badly mismatched effort to nangle the SOB myself.

((Gretchen Seltmann's account of her party's encounter with this primitive appears in SAGANA #1, a few copies of which are still available.))

HARRY WARNER JR., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21741 (1 December 1964): You'll have to get along without my signature on the petition to keep down the prices of the prozines. I'm not fond of the quality of the fiction in today's prozines and I don't think that the universe would suffer any irreparable loss if they were all wiped out. But the prices that they're bringing is hardly the reason for their troubles. The whole pulp magazine field declined and such remnants as the science fiction magazines threaten to vanish because the publishers bullheadedly attempted to make ends meet with the cost of the magazine providing the great bulk of the revenue. It's too late now to try to build circulation to the point where the advertising will bring big revenues, unless a magazine gets a break like the change of ownership for Analog. ((And the ads for trusses, comic booklets, and tobacco substitutes did add a certain period charm to the back pages of the old pulps.)) Keeping the cover price unchanged as the years pass while the cost of paper skyrockets and authors find their own cost of living so high that they need a greater word rate won't help at all. I also dispute your assumption that it is harder for today's average fellow to find the money that a prozine costs than it was a half-generation or whole generation ago. I read the prozines when they cost anything from 10 to 25 cents apiece and I know how hard it was to come by the necessary pennies. I also know how many high school students in Hagerstown drove their own cars to classes or owned more than two suits or ever had enough money to purchase a phonograph record, back in those same days. If a teen-ager can demand and get two dollars to shovel the short stretch of sidewalk in front of my house or cut the grass in the small backyard, he can pay 60 cents or more for a prozine.

I like the idea of the Eleven-Foot Poll as applied to the professionals. About its desirability with regard to fandom, I'm not so sure. It is something like a piano player: if you pay your way into his concert, you have every right to scream at him if he does poorly, but if you stand outside the door of his apartment and listen to him playing during his lunch hour, you aren't as justified in shouting through the door that he is murdering Mozart by adopting Liszt techniques. I might settle for a compromise, in that fans would be eligible for votes only after they had been active for a given number of years, perhaps three years or five years. This would spare those who could suffer a mortal hurt because of votes received when they are fumbling in the first agonies of neofanac. Did you ever see the first fanzines of Bob Silverberg, Terry Carr, or Bob Tucker? ((I'm only 32.))

((Two "Juniors" in the 1963 Eleven-Foot Poll don't seem to have damaged Judi Sephton's self-esteem.))

...I enjoyed the stuff about Randy Garrett's stories, although you must know by now that my knowledge of history is about as strong as politics... Besides, the matter of royal succession got irrevocably mixed up for me the first time I read Macbeth. I never could understand why Macbeth made no effort to dispose of Malcolm's sons, when he killed the king. He couldn't have known in advance that they would run away (and to this day I don't understand why they ran away), and without that foreknowledge, he couldn't have known that he would become Malcolm's successor to the throne.

((That would make a full article by itself - which I hereby offer to the first faned to ask for it. In the XI century, before the introduction of feudalism, the Scottish throne did not pass by law from father to son, but by a complicated alternation among different branches of the royal family. Macbeth had a good claim to be the successor of Duncan I in both his own right and in the right of his wife.))

"The Story" continues to amuse, although it's hard to get into the right receptivity pattern of reading until the installment is nearly finished. I'm terribly tempted to try my hand at something of the sort in the Tolkien style in the next Horizons, but it might cost me the few friends that remain in fandom to me: taking up for Martin and Breen was bad enough, but depicting Frodo as scared of his own shadow because it's black night be the start of a long stay in Coventry for me.

JUDY GLATTSTEIN, 457 Marietta Place, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15228 (8 December 1964): Morris Pfeffer ("Help! I am Dr. Morris Goldpepper" springs to mind.) was a contemporary of my sister. I asked him to help me with my Westinghouse ((Science Talent Search exam)) which was in bacteriology, his field. This he did, by mail since he was living in Syracuse at the time. I sent him a two page summary of "The Story" and on that basis he wrote his chapter...Last I heard he had joined the coast guard to evade the draft.

JOHN B. SPEER, 2034 Kiva Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico (18 December 1964): I can sign your petition with a clear conscience, because I haven't brought a prozine new this year, and probably won't next regardless of price. I was tempted, for completism's sake, to say "Count me in", but keep the petition. In EAPA, you know, they distribute two copies of anything they want people to mail back.

...The latest Fanny Adams is poor. Do you happen to remember in that naive movie "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (it was on television again last month) the villain was named Taylor, and the wisecracking newspaperman at one point said "Yeah, public opinion--Taylor made"? Any time an author can arbitrarily choose a name to fit in with a pun he plans, a half-alert person will realize when the pun comes along that it's artificial. There are several such arbitrary factors in "extra mizm in the fence of Liberty".

Are your Eleven-Foot Poll awards named Juniors after JWCjr? ((How'd you ever guess it?))

JAY KLEIN, 219 Sabine Street, Syracuse, New York 13204 (3 January 1965): Glad to see you're continuing with the push for a '67 worldcon. I am afraid, though, that the usual New York "anti" group and extremely divisive factions will scuttle any NYC try. It's possible the reason why so fratricidal a tendency in NYC has occurred is due to NYC's being the repository of so many fans all at once. In smaller concentrations there aren't enough fans all in one place to form a critical mass!

...Our own convention bid group is for open bidding and open attendance. So, anyone with \$3.00 to sign up is welcome at all official functions, should there be any at Syracuse come '66 or '67. We would most probably bar only someone who was currently escaped from civil confinement and was being searched for by the civil authorities. (Or military, for that matter.) Attempts at exclusion have always been unfortunate, for everyone concerned.

Once again -- the prices of prozines -- If they have to charge more to attempt to stay in business, I have nothing against it. I'd rather pay more and see a good magazine come out, rather than having it struggle on and perhaps fold. I doubt if publishers are merely trying to get a big windfall because they think the market will bear it.

Re the "11-ft Poll" -- I don't believe polls of this sort achieve any useful purpose. And it can be upsetting to someone with a sensitive constitution to wind up named as the worst something or other. Still, with a good sense of humor a person might rather have some publicity, which otherwise he might not achieve, considering his work is so bad.

((Runner-up for "Worst Fanzine" was the publication of a very young fan. He shows considerable promise for the future, but at present both content and duplication are terrible. However, he's also been panned pretty harshly in review columns, and looks capable of surviving this treatment. I can't see why the Eleven-Foot Poll is condemned while fanzine reviewing goes on; the poll is just a sort of condensed review.))

JAMES WRIGHT, 1605 Thayer, Richland, Washington 99352 (2 December 1964): Yes, NYCon III in '67 by all means. As soon as I heard that New York was making a bid in '67, I started plugging it. I first heard about it in Andy Porter's Degler? #9 I think. But I think it is significant to note that Ted Pauls came

at for NY a while back. ((Ted lives in Baltimore, which is also making a bid for the 1967 WorldCon.)) It's good to see you and Perdita on the committee. Gives me a feeling that It's Got To Be GOOD for some reason. At least it makes paying the money easier. (I somehow got the chills whenever I thought that Don-who was the person I had to trust my money to. No doubt he wouldn't have swindled me or anyone, but after What He Hath Wrought, a lot of people aren't going to be able to trust him.) From the way you sound off about all the stf peoples and things in an around NY one tends to get the impression NYCon III will be a "science-fictiony" con. Not necessarily a bad thing. It will undoubtedly be excellent. (Errm. NY center of sf, LA center of fandom.)...

Ed Meskys said something about the incident with Gretchen Schwenn, but he didn't give all the details...I attributed it as Gretchen's fault, but now it seems not so.

The Fanoclast party ((at our home, Labor Day weekend 1964)) sounds interesting, especially the mountain of pancakes produced by Perdita...I'm glad I didn't see it though...I hate pancakes. Whenever I smell them, taste them, or even get near them I feel very very nauseous. And whenever I stay at someone else's house, they Always serve pancakes and I have to eat them to be polite and I'm lucky if I can down one without getting extremely sick...

"The Story": Well, I like it. Nate Bucklin doesn't, but he is one of those types who scorns at anything connected with fantasy. Don't let it take up too much of the issue, please. It is enjoyable, but not in large doses.

I shall vote more sensibly in the Eleven-Foot Poll next time. Worst fan artist I would give to Clyde Kuhn or myself, probably the latter. ((You almost made it.)) I've had stuff printed, which qualified me as fan artist, and I don't think I'm what could be called very good...It is interesting that Glory Road got Worst Novel. And I wanted it for Hugo...

Garrett's article was good. However, I think that your interpreting (and footnoting) of Garrett's remarks is a little dangerous. They should not have been presented as footnotes, but editorial inserts, asides, or what-have-you. As footnotes they tend to carry the interpretation that whatever is said in them is agreed with by the author. I think.

NATE BUCKLIN, P. O. Box 4, Dockton, Washington 98013 (7 December 1964): You write those "Fanny Adams" things yourself? ((Yes, except for the one in this issue, which is by Mike Irwin.)) They're foul, all right. Write Gil Lamont, 5c, 625 Mendoth Court, Madison, Wisconsin 53703 for membership in the Ferdinand Feghoot Fan Federation. There are no dues as yet, but we do have the sponsorship of honorary member and big brother H. Bretnor, who furnished Gil with four Feghoot Books and Feghoot Sweatshirts free of charge for distribution to whomever...

I wonder how many other of the fen currently around started reading relatively recently (for me, late 1956) with old pulps? ((I'm currently having a great deal of fun reviewing some of them in DAGON - see p. 18.)) I got some reading out of an old 1929 Amazing, but got my hands on many recent ones as well; for a while, the oldies - containing such as Harry Stephen Keeler's "John Jones' Dollar" - interested me, but by my eighth birthday I was reading Analog, recent, and preferring it to most of the rest of what I read. I still read old pulps, though not that old; only a few miles away lives a woman with 500 old zines, TWS, Startling, Amazing, Fantastic Adventures, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, and Galaxy, though most are Astounding. ((Some of you older fans may remember this now-defunct prozine.)) ASF tops the pile, with its peak year being 1948 (1953 is a close second, 1957-8 a much closer third.) ((I'm personally partial to 1941 as Astounding's best year. 'So is Alva Rogers, author of the excellent Requiem for Astounding.) The untrimmed edges of the pulps bug me so badly I can't pay attention to the stories as much as I'd like; however, when I can, only TWS and SS even approach ASF; and I have found nothing rereadable from the Olden Times (1926-1938) outside of ASF and about ten of the stories later reprinted by Groff Conklin in various anthologies. (The Legion of Space by Williamson, upon which

I was not-quite-teethed - Fantasy Press edition, 1947, but originally from 1934? ASF - is a different matter. It's standard crudspaceopera in character, pace, and style; there is either something specially right with his passing across, in this one case only, or else I can slip back to my 7-year-old reading mood quite easily for books I actually read at the time.) My tastes disagree with Lowndes', then; but I'm not inventing an "overall impression" for the sake of argument - I honestly do rerecrrereread stuff from ASF and late 1950's and 60's for pleasure, and have traded or sold or given away most of my pulpzines for lack of interest in them.

Galaxy is neat in its way, I suppose, save for a usually lousy and uncatchy cover. Worlds of Tomorrow is much, much neater in its completely different way, although there are things wrong with it that aren't wrong with Galaxy - trivial stuff, all. Funny, everything about Amazing makes me want to buy the next issue, though (a) as soon as the next issue becomes the current issue I lose interest, or (b) the zinc bores me. I subscribed to Amazing once; after twelve issues I stopped, finding only two good stories (subclass between readable and very good) though the masterpiece I never expecting from either Amazing or one of my correspondents cropped up in the second Piers Anthony story ever sold, "Quinquepedalian", in the November 1963 issue. On first reading it didn't impress me too much; after five, I'm sorry I didn't nominate it for the Hugo instead of "To Plant a Seed" by Neal Barrett Jr. in the December issue, which grows less appealing instead of more.

I most definitely realize that the areas inhabited by blonds are the same as those formerly inhabited by Neanderthals, allowing for - etc. I'm blond - Neanderthal? - and ticklish - supposedly a pro-survival characteristic in caveman times; I can't remember my reference but hope somebody will set me straight - but have otherwise traits that probably would have killed any Neanderthal person before he reached two. Do I consider myself superior? I most certainly do. (Yes - but to whom? A good question. To those I consider worthless and that "society considers worthless" because of lack of incentive to support themselves, desire to help anyone/thing but themselves...To others, generally to those unable to empathize or else unwilling to try, with anyone except those almost like them...

In short...I'm a disgrace to the future of the Neanderthals, am forced to compete with others who would have been given worse disgraces - and consequently, come out ahead. I'm no white supremacist; I'm a Nate Bucklin supremacist, and when I see a good two percent of the people I've known I decide my philosophy there is open to question and go ~~hate/h/tink/and~~ meditate on solipsism.

...The only note I planned to send to Donaho was a brief postcard reading, "Belated thanks for a marvelous weekend at the worldcon. Between you and visiting my good friends, Walter and Marion Breen, I found the BArea a wonderful place." or something. I sent it not.

...I won't be at the NYCon III, I suspect. If it's in Baltimore, I may go; my parents just might pay part of my way, and we've got friends there...

My mother, who may or may not have better facilities for knowing than I have, claimed that the allowance of the average member of the 13-19 bracket...has tripled since 1944. In 1944 the average prozine cost about 20¢, so sf magazines aren't doing as bad as you imagine. Keep buying Analog; it still has more material than Galaxy, no matter what the latter claims, and practically all the prozines print less bad material than Galaxy per issue (though Galaxy prints, generally, enough good stuff to make up for it).

((Analog isn't a science-fiction magazine; it's a bulletin of conservative political thought. Didn't you see last November's and December's issues?))

"The Story": My interest in this is virtually nil. They're fun when you are interested in the topic, the treatment, the challenge (of taking off from a cliff-hanger ending?), or when it looks like a genuinely good story and you have all installments. Unfortunately, I'd rather see a good story, complete in itself, or else an actual serial, printed at a time when the editor had all parts of it and knew that it was competent as a story in itself - instead of needing to depend on

the imagination of another person to finish it off. I think that the low response you and Bernie Kling have been getting for your unfinished stories may be partly due to similar feelings on the part of many other fan; Buck Coulson even went as far as to say, once "It says this is an endless serial. I figure, if it's not going to have an end, why read it?" I don't need to like Buck Coulson and don't particularly, but quite a bit of the time I'm afraid I have to agree with him.

Question: If "The Story" ever breaks off, will you fill the gap with some more fan-produced fiction? ((Why wait for the end of "The Story"? See p. 18.)) You've sold pro, says your comment (reminiscing, obviously not bragging) to Robert Lowndes in lastish; even if you got to salable quality without learning to criticize (and you must know something about fiction editing to run "The Story") you can fill up the gap with some of your own work. ((I'll be represented in the next two issues of John Giunta's semiprozine Science-Fiction Stories.) But maybe, any fiction sent you would ruin the zine for me as much as "The Story" does. In which case, pfui. As I said, question - not request.

((Yes, fan fiction will be considered for publication in KNOWABLE, whether for "The Story" or not.))

Fanny Adams: much more sickening this time than last. Keep up the good work; I might send you something of that nature...

Worst New Fan Face: Were there any votes for me? James Wright having voted, I expected some consideration. ((Nope. Instead, Wright himself won the "Junior".))

...What is APA-F? Is it relatively new, or what? It is not familiar to me. (Neither, I guess, would Apa45 be familiar to you.) ((APA-F is a weekly apa whose distributions take place every Friday night at Fanoclast or FISTFA (Faananish & Insurgent SciEntiFictional Association) meetings in New York City. Apa45 is an apa limited to fans born in or since 1945.))

...I can say nothing to Randall Garrett. He knows wheroof he speaks; I know enough English history...to find it thoroughly believable.

The American Civil War had its history written primarily by the winners, still. Back yourself up with, at least, some much-more-specific opinions. I can't; I acquired this prejudice? back on my nanny's knee or something, and will cling to it until proved wrong, after which I will claim that you're just picking on me and gaffate.

((The Civil War has got into popular history as a regrettable conflict between equally right or equally wrong sides, and some historians have even pretended to find justification for the southerners' rebellion by putting the whole blame on the anti-slavery movement. Even such names as "Civil War" or "War Between the States" imply equal validity to the claims of both sides; I prefer the name given to the conflict by contemporaries: the War of the Rebellion. The forcible termination of the Reconstruction by the Ku Klux Klan and its collaborators in the North has been given a pro-rebel connotation by historians from the 1870's to such contemporaries as Avery Craven. Generally, school history books have accepted the KKK position that Reconstruction was a dictatorship by ignorant Negro freedmen and rascally Yankees. Only recently has John Hope Franklin exploded this myth and given the true story, well buttressed by statistics, in his book Reconstruction.)

"Aquitaine" This spelling is new to me...(I have always seen it Aquitaine.) ((Both versions are on record. Spelling has not always been the standardized thing it is now.)) Also, the history I've read sides with Prince Arthur, not with John. Some of it does, at least. ((Shakespeare is largely responsible for this, as for pinning the murders of Henry VI and Edward V on Richard III.))

Strange. I enjoyed KNOWABLE #8 far, far more than I enjoyed #7. Yet I find less to comment on. By Coulson's scale, #7 is rated $3\frac{1}{2}$; #8, a full 7, or twice as much. The Garrett article knocked #8 'way up; the prime items that kept KNOWABLE #7 any good at all were "Fanny Adams", the cover, and the lettercol. (Most other items were interesting in themselves, but ruinous to the zine.)

((I didn't know that Coulson still reviewed KNOWABLE. The last I heard, he broke off 'zine exchange with me in a huff. I had made a reference to Dante's Inferno in PILLYCOCK #9, and Coulson, whose education in the classics is apparently deficient, though I was telling him to go to hell.

((As I've said before, the typical Coulson review tells a lot more about Coulson than it does about the reviewed zine or its editor.))

BOB BRINEY, 173 East Stadium Avenue, West Lafayette, Indiana 47906 (4 December 1964): Am not signing your petition re sf mag prices. I do object to paying 50¢ or more for the usual sf mag, but only because the contents are usually so crappy. And a mag with poor stories and artwork is not substantially cheaper to produce than a mag with good contents. It is reasonable to expect a sf mag to cost at least as much, if not more, as/than a sf paperback. The mags have much smaller sales and poorer distribution than the pb's, and usually cost more to produce. Since most sf paperbacks are up to 50¢ or more, how can we expect the mags to be cheaper?

My solution is to subscribe to the mags - that way I got Amazing and Fantastic at half cover-prices and the Galaxy group at considerable savings. ((And with half the cover torn off by the U. S. Post Office.)) However, I am considering letting my Analog subscription lapse. "The magazine that inspires scientists to achieve the impossible..." It is to rotch.

((I didn't know that Analog subscriptions went out by mail. I thought that Campbell personally teleported them.))

BEN SOLON, 3915 North Southport, Chicago, Illinois, 60613 (5 December 1964): I'll agree with you that science-fiction fandom is a science fandom. But of late, science has disappeared (physical science, that is) from s-f stories and been replaced with sociological phenomena. ((Sociology is a science, too.)) For myself, those yarns are all right (never did like s-f yarns that got too technical) but, I would like to see physical science returned to s-f stories. I was rather sorry to hear that your physical science apa failed ((KNOWABLE #8, p. 13)) although I've had little science training (high school physics and chemistry and am now in my first semester of college physics) I've always enjoyed fooling around with electronics and such. If you ever decide to revive it, you can count me in, for contris at least.

*

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