lighthouse

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Cover and bacover by Jack Gaughan.
Interior artwork by Bhob Stewart, Jack Gaughan, Arthur Thomson, Damon Knight, Gahan Wilson, Lee Hoffman and Steve Stiles.

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TCarr Pub 268.

TERRY CARR

ODD BALL

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE:

The appearance of my editorial in the front of this magazine, and under a different title too, is an innovation so startling as to rank with the use of full-color comics in Out Of This World Adventures or non-girly Bergey covers on Startling. Fandom will rock, no doubt, but there's a simple explanation for it.

When LIGHTHOUSE got going, some six years and more ago, it was coedited by me and Pete Graham, and we each had editorials. Pete's was in the front of the mag, and since we were choosing most of our column titles then from jazz pieces (LIGHTHOUSE had been named after the famous modern jazz nightclub in Laguna Beach, California), he called it Minor Drag. My coeditorial was put way in back to balance things out, and what could have been more natural than to call it Tailgate Ramble?

But, alas, Pete is no longer with the editorial staff of this fine ole fanzine, so for the past several issues the magazine has stumbled along in an unbalanced way, Tailgate Ramble stuck off in the back but nothing up front except the formal stories and articles and such. Terrible state of affairs. People even got to saying the zine had no personality -- because of course by the time they'd worked their way back to Tailgate Ramble they just took it as another column, with some funny stuff in it maybe, but no, whatImean, warmpth.

Well, all right, maybe so. My editorials, whether in LIGHTHOUSE or INNUENDO or KLEIN BOTTLE or VOID, have always been reasonably formal in construction, and I usually even write first drafts before stenciling them. I seldom tell you about the troubles I had

publishing the issue, and I never plead for contributions of material. (Count the pages in this and other recent issues and you'll know why.) Nor do I give you catalogues of every party held in New York fandom since last issue. Nor, for that matter, do I tell you about all the Gilbert & Whatshisface productions we've seen lately. In short, I write pretty lousy editorials.

But at least, it occurs to me, I can alert you deserving people to the fact that my editorial is an editorial, by putting it up front where editorials belong; this way you can search for the odd grain of personality that creeps through despite all my efforts to the contrary. Tailgate Ramble, though, has to go as the title -- inappropriate to a lead-off item.

Which is just as well in another way too. LIGHTHOUSE has always been a reasonably accurate reflection of the current interests of its editors or editor, and I'm afraid my preoccupation with traditional jazz has waned somewhat in recent years. These days I find myself playing Getz instead of Scoby, Coltrane instead of Condon, the Jazz Crusaders instead of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. So maybe the column should have a modern jazz title instead, I decided, and I began to cast about for one.

I almost got sidetracked by some of my other interests. After all, as mischievous Pete Graham pointed out, I'm listening as much these days to medieval and baroque music as to jazz -- why not take a title from Purcell or Bach or Geminiani or one of that crowd?

"Like what?" I asked him.

"Well," he mused, "what's that thing by Bach that you keep playing? The organ piece that never fails to send Carol wailing from the room?"

"Oh, you mean the Passacaglia?"

"Yeah; right. Call your editorial Passacaglia in C Minor. It beats hell out of Tailgate Ramble for class."

"Um...maybe," I conceded, "but don't you think it lacks...character? Zip?"

"No problem," he stated firmly. "We'll give it character. We'll give it zip. You know the old story about the soldier just home from boot camp, having dinner with his family, and he's never sworn a single word in his life, but now he can't even ask for the salt without saying 'Pass th' fuckin' salt'? Well, that's your title -- Passafuckincaglia."

"Um," I frowned. "I don't know, I just don't know...."

So I looked through my modern jazz collection, rejected Takin' Care o' Business, The Groove Juice Special and several others, and finally came up with Odd Ball. It may not be my favorite jazz tune, but it's kind of a nice one -- it's one of those written for the Peter Gunn show by Mancini, and I have it recorded by Shelley Manne. And at least the title fits an editorial column.

So here we are, with the editorial up front where it belongs. You can tell now that it's an editorial, can't you? I mean, it's about as unstructured a mess as I've ever written, and I'm only on page 2. (Stick around.)

I was appearing on a science fiction symposium at the New York City Writers' Conference along with Lester del Rey, Alex Panshin, Harlan Ellison and Robert Kelly, our enormously bearded moderator and author of a very intriguing speculative novel, THE SCORPIONS. When the question-period arrived, a young hippie in

the audience said, "I just want to say to Mr. Ellison that I've been listening to you, and I've read you, and I want to tell you I think you're a fantastic groove. And I'd like to ask, do you think, sir, that..."

Kelly leaned over to me and murmured, "Does one really address a groove as 'sir'?"

A TIME FOR COMMITMENT:

"So if you win a Pong for NIEKAS, will you accept it?" I asked Ed Meskys.

This was at the Lunacon, and the question was occasioned by the rather widespread objections to the new Fan Achievement Awards, to be known familiarly as "Pongs." A lot of people seem to feel that the NyCon3 Committee and/or Ted White have done a dastardly deed in setting aside the Hugo Award for Best Fanzine this year and establishing an entirely separate set of awards for fans only. Personally, I think it's a fine idea, though people who should know claim the Committee doesn't have the right to do this, under the convention bylaws passed at the Tricon, and I do think the "Pong" nickname was an unfortunate choice: Hoy Ping Pong was a uniquely faaanish character, so while a Pong Award might be appropriate to a fanzine like YANDRO, a fan writer like Norm Clarke or a fan artist like Steve Stiles, it would be a bit incongruous awarded to AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, Alex Panshin or Jeff Jones. Hindsight is a wonderful thing, but I think (hope) that if I'd been making this decision I'd have put it up for a vote first, even if it meant delaying the innovation for a year, and I'd have called the award a "Tucker" -- BT's activities in fandom have embraced the entire spectrum from fine fannishness to very worthwhile sf-centered contributions.

Well, so much for Labor-Day-eve Con Committeeing. The Pongs are, for this year at least, a fait accompli, and I'm happy enough with them. Others, though, are not: at least two faneds whose fanzines didn't get nominated have stated publicly that they wouldn't accept a Pong (just as well), and two more whose fanzines were nominated have said about the same. One of the latter was Felice Rolfe, Ed Meskys' coeditor on NIEKAS.

"Well, it was really sort of academic about Felice accepting the award if we should get it," Ed said. "She isn't planning on coming to the convention anyway, whereas I am, so if NIEKAS were to win I guess it would be up to me to accept it or not."

"Have you made up your mind one way or the other?" I asked him.

"Well, I've never actually said whether I'd accept it or not -- assuming NIEKAS won, of course -- but Felice did sort of talk me into going on record against the awards in theory..."

"That doesn't necessarily mean you'd turn it down, though."

"Well, no. I guess I really haven't made up my mind. I mean, I don't really think NIEKAS is going to win this year -- it's kind of over the hill and..."

"Hey, I have an idea for you," I said. "If you should win, you could go up to the podium sort of slowly -- reluctantly, you know, rubbing your chin thoughtfully, frowning. Oh, it would make a fine dramatic scene. The entire banquet audience would gradually quiet its applause as they saw your hesitation, sensed your moral dilemma. By the time you reached the platform you'd be able to hear a pin drop. Harlan Ellison would hold out the Pong to you, and you'd pause a step or two away, your frown deepening in concentration as you studied the trophy. Then you'd reach tentatively for it -- there'd be scattered gasps from the audience -- and you'd turn it around and around, inspecting it. Finally, when the suspense reached the breaking point, you'd lean in to the microphone

and say, 'All right, I'll take it.' -- and the banquet hall would break up in wild cheering."

Ed had listened to this verbal evocation speculatively, a little smile on his lips. "Yes, I see what you mean," he said. "I certainly see what you mean...."

"Or," I added, "you could always turn the award down."

"Hmm," said Ed. "But tell me: what if LIGHTHOUSE wins? Would you accept it?"

"LIGHTHOUSE won't even get nominated," I said. "It isn't my problem."

As I said, that conversation took place at the Lunacon. As I write this the nomination ballots have just been tallied, and I hear LIGHTHOUSE is nominated. So much for my once-renowned instinct for fannish probabilities. And so much for my pose of saintly noninvolvement.

Now I too must stand up and be counted. And I've decided after due deliberation (well, maybe fifteen or twenty seconds) that if by some fluke or mathematical incompetence on the part of the ballot counters LIGHTHOUSE should win a Pong...I'd grab it and run. After all, this year Ron Ellik's coming to New York, and he wants to take the FANAC Hugo back to California with him for his next term of custody.

Come to think of it, when I turn over the FANAC Hugo to Ron, it'll be the only fanzine Hugo presented at this year's convention. Maybe I should ask Ted if we can have time on the program for the presentation.

> While we were having coffee and cake during one of Sid Coleman's visits, Carol idly picked up one of the used flashbulbs and put it on top of the cake like a candle.
>
> Sid immediately beamed with delight. "Happy birthday, Marshall McLuhan," he said.

THE ANATOMY OF SPACE OPERA:

There was a time when sf fans used to sneer at magazines like Planet Stories and Amazing because they printed "space opera" -- a term originally coined as a parallel to "horse opera," I believe, since the line was usually that these stories were fake science fiction, nothing but westerns set on Mars, with groakki-beasts replacing horses and evil Martians replacing renegade Indians. The sneering reached its peak when Galaxy came along with its full-page ad headlined YOU'LL NEVER SEE IT IN GALAXY! and featuring side-by-side columns of print saying:

> "Hooves drumming, Bat Durston came riding down through the canyon outside Durango City. He spurred hard around an outcrop of rock, when suddenly a tall, sun-tanned wrangler stepped out, rifle leveled at him, and said, 'Rein in, Durston; you've made your last saddle-jaunt through these here parts.'"
>
> "Jets blasting, Bat Durston came flying through the depths of space outside Rigel's system. He punched power for deceleration, when suddenly a tall, space-tanned rocketeer stepped from behind a bulkhead, blaster leveled, and said, 'Cut jets, Durston; you've made your last space-jaunt through this nebula.'"

After that, under the impact of both Galaxy and F&SF, science fiction began in earnest its trip forward from pulp hackwork to becoming a legitimate branch of literature in its

own right, and nowadays we don't have much cause to complain about "space opera."

Is that right? Are you sure? Or do we just have a new kind of fake science fiction?

Consider:

Rick Raphael did three novelettes for Analog which came out from Simon & Schuster and most recently Berkley as CODE THREE; they concern a rather fascinatingly worked out interstate high-speed roadway system of the future, and the police who patrol these roads. The background has holes in logic, but by and large it's an admirable creation. The trouble with the book is that the background is wasted; the stories which are set against it go about like this: Cop picks up spoiled young rich kid who's been speeding and caused bad accident (instead of doing 80, he was doing 800); kid says nyah, my father's rich and influential and you'll never pin a rap on me; justice eventually triumphs and kid gets his deserts, proving the law is above money. End of story. Now, this is to my mind as fake a science fiction story as you can get; it almost cries out for the kind of column-by-column translation Galaxy gave the mythical Bat Durston story.

Another example: Mike Moorcock's THE ICE SCHOONER, which ran last year in New Worlds and has been bought by Berkley. This one describes a future ice-age world whose people have reverted to a semi-barbaric civilization, with cities carved in the great ice shelves covering the Mato Grosso and all trade carried on by sail-driven ships mounted on ice runners; the hero is commissioned to sail to the north in search of the legendary island of Nyork; and from there on we get nothing but shipboard personality conflicts between the hero, the woman with whom he's having an affair, and her husband. It's all done well enough, but again I say it's fake science fiction: it could've taken place on any ship today, or yesterday or last century.

In contrast, take a look at Moorcock's BEHOLD THE MAN in WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1967. The interplay between the science theme and the fiction theme is beautiful. He posits the Jungian idea that archetypes create themselves, that they're inevitable... and then illustrates it by the paradox of a time traveler who goes back to search for the historic Christ, finds Christ was literally a blithering idiot, and in his deep traumatic shock drives himself to become Christ, to fulfill what he knows of history or legend, whichever it may be. This is legitimate science fiction, by my lights.

Again: John Christopher's THE LITTLE PEOPLE, recently in F&SF and published in hardcover by Simon & Schuster. A bunch of people come together in an old castle where there are dark hints of eeeviill, eventually centering around a group of foot-tall people who're the result of Nazi experiments during WWII; the atmosphere gets more and more foreboding, we suspect these apparently docile little people have some terribly vicious powers and will unleash them any moment...and they do: their powers are telepathic, and in a night of horror they put the other characters through controlled hallucinations which show each of them to themselves exactly as they are. Now, this could have been told without sf elements -- substituting psychiatric group therapy or maybe LSD for the Little People -- but the fact that it's cast in an sf-horror framework underscores the point that the ultimate horror is to know yourself; the anticipation of something fanciful makes the realism of the horror that much more meaningful. I'd call this a legitimate science fiction story too.

It seems to me there's an awful lot of the fake kind of sf appearing today, and I for one find it pretty boring. I've been called a nitpicker for my attitude on this, but I reject the charge; these aren't trivial criticisms I'm making, but absolutely basic ones. If a story could take place in the here-and-now without losing any of its impact, then it should be told as a contemporary story, and published as such -- because obviously it must not have the one ingredient which separates science fiction, whether good or bad, from the mainstream: sense of wonder.

A background does not produce the sense of wonder: the effect of a background does. If the characters in a story aren't influenced by the otherworld in which they live, then how in hell can anyone expect the reader to be affected?

I read science fiction because I like the feeling of being in another world, facing strange things. As John Brunner pointed out in his speech at the worldcon in London, sf offers an opening-up experience for the mind and the emotions. That's what I want from a science fiction story. If the hero lives in a society where automation has made human labor unnecessary, then I want to see how that makes him feel and behave; if the hero is immortal, I'd like to get some idea of how that feels; if he's on a planet where the temperature will melt lead, my interest is going to be in what unique problems that planet poses for him.

When I want to read about characters who act like mid-twentieth-century people facing mid-twentieth-century problems, I'll read mainstream fiction, thanks. (And I do.) But if I run into this in a science fiction story, I feel cheated, because I don't feel I got what was advertised.

This has been an essay on fair business practice.

"Mr. Ellison is here to see you," said Ace's receptionist, giggling.
"Send him in," I said, and hung up the phone, wondering about the giggle.
A minute later, Chip Delany stuck his head in the door. "Hi," he said.
"You're not Harlan Ellison," I pointed out.
Harlan's head followed Chip's through the door. "Of course he isn't, you nitwit," Harlan said bonvivantly. "It's both of us."
"Well," I said. "Um...what brings you here?"
"We want the address of Lancer Books," said Harlan.
"You what?"
"We want the address of Lancer Books. We've been walking up and down 42nd St. for half an hour, looking for it. Have they moved or something?"
"That's all you came up here for? Just to ask for Lancer's address?"
"Sure," said Harlan in his most blithe manner. Chip smiled and nodded.
"You're out of your mind," I muttered, and reached for my address book.
"What do you mean, insulting us?" protested Harlan. "You should be honored! After all, when was the last time you had two Nebula winners in your office at the same time?"
I was at a loss for an answer to that, so I said, "Gosh." Lamely.
And later I told the story to Don Wollheim. "I mean, what would you have said if Harlan had asked you, 'When was the last time you had two Nebula winners in your office at the same time?'"
"I would have said, 'The last time Roger Zelazny dropped by," said Don.

TAFF CONFIDENTIAL:

Enclosed with this issue of LIGHTHOUSE you'll find a copy of this year's TAFF voting form. This is meant as a Gentle Hint, or maybe even an Outright Plea. Vote. Vote. Vote.

There are three fine fans running for TAFF this time, and I'd like to tell you a little about them. Pay attention, because this is information you won't get from the pallid, egoboo-drenched testimonials on the voting form. This is the Straight Scoop.

Well, first there's Ed Cox. I remember Ed Cox. I met him for the first time back in 1958, when Ron Ellik and I made a trip to Los Angeles and on the way back we stopped off at Lee Jacobs' place, where Cox was also visiting. I regret to have to report that

while Lee and Ron and I strove to engage in serious discussions of jazz, sportscars and Hawaiian shirts, this Ed Cox fellow kept tugging at our sleeves and gibbering, "Let's put out a oneshot! Hey, let's put out a oneshot, what say?" He even went so far as to bring out some stencils and place them next to Lee's typewriter. Ron stole them from him and dashed outside to the car, where he secreted the stencils in a locked trunk before Ed could stop him. Then, while Ron returned to our conversation on the dynamics of poker, Ed Cox stood outside in the afternoon sun, hoisting a can of beer and staring enraptured up at the tv antenna on Lee's roof. Since Lee was in a fringe-reception area of Los Angeles, he had an antenna that could be rotated from inside the house to improve the picture. With Lee indulging him by twiddling the dial, Ed Cox stood out in the yard and gazed up at that antenna, murmuring, "Look at that, will you. Look at it! Like some goddam machine out of the future. A real science fiction thing, that is. Hey, did you guys realize that science fiction is really happening?" But we, of course, ignored him, for Lee was at that time describing to Ron and me the artful ethnic gavottes he'd seen performed by a number of bubble dancers. Anyway, if you can stand voting for a crazy damn sf fan, maybe Cox would do; search your conscience.

Then there's Ted Johnstone. He doesn't exist. That's right, I'm not kidding you: Ted Johnstone doesn't exist. He's nothing but a penname for David McDaniel, the author of a number of Man From U.N.C.L.E. novels and an sf novel called THE ARSENAL OUT OF TIME which Ace will publish in October. Don't ask me why he decided to enter fandom under a pseudonym -- though Charles Burbee once remarked that "Anybody in his right mind would give a false name when he got mixed up with fans." Anyway, McDaniel became so well-known as Johnstone, through the publication of some fine ole fanzines and funny columns for other people's zines and a batch of filksongs he made up, that when he decided to Tell All a few years ago and come out from under the fake name, everybody got confused and thought McDaniel was the penname, Johnstone the real one. You'll see it listed that way in the pseudonym checklist published recently in Jerry Page's otherwise highly accurate research fanzine LORE. If you can bring yourself to vote for a man who goes under assumed names, Ted Johnstone or David McDaniel or whoever he is might be a good choice. I don't know, myself: as TAFF administrator I'm strictly neutral, and besides, I forget just who it was I was talking about. The more I think about it, the more I think Ted Johnstone is a penname for Ed Cox. Or is it Cox who's a penname for Steve Stiles?

Steve Stiles? No, that can't be, because Steve Stiles is a highly talented staff artist for LIGHTHOUSE and a few other publications, whereas Ed Cox is staff artist only for DYNATRON, where he's supposed to take care of all the doodling in empty spaces. No, Steve Stiles is a real person, an unassuming young Trained Killer who draws left-handed. (No, you idiot, pictures.) I'll bet a lot of you didn't know Steve Stiles is left-handed. Kind of changes the way you think of him, doesn't it? Do you think you could face yourself in the morning after having voted for a left-handed man for TAFF? Not that I'm advocating any kind of discrimination, you understand; it's just that I don't think we've ever had a left-handed TAFFman before, and you ought to consider a thing like this pretty seriously before you act to set a precedent. Do you realize that Steve Stiles thinks with the right side of his brain, rather than the left? Why, he has a wholly different outlook on life than the great majority of us! Who knows what crazy left-handed decisions he might make if he got to be TAFF administrator? On the other hand (an apt expression, that), we shouldn't underestimate the value of new ideas, new approaches to TAFF matters. Maybe Steve Stiles would be all right as a TAFF choice after all. Boy, I sure am glad the decision isn't up to me; with all these variables to take into account about all the candidates, I wouldn't know whom to pick.

But don't let my confusion deter you. Vote. Send money. Do it now!

> "We haven't really published that much about LSD in England," Ted Carnell said. "You see, whenever an Englishman sees the letters 'LSD,' he thinks it means pounds, shillings and pence."

CONCLUDING NOTES:

A few pages back, I wrote about the controversy over the Pongs. Well, since writing that I hear that the NyCon3 Committee has decided to drop the name "Pong" and just call them Fan Achievement Awards. A fine decision, say I -- certainly the best that could have been made in the circumstances. Maybe this will at last convince Buck Coulson that Ted White is a reasonable man. (By the way, Buck, the rumor that Ted plans to award a Pong to Gene Roddenberry if Star Trek wins an award is not true. Absolutely not true.)

Which reminds me of a couple of other rumors that aren't true. There's the one about Doubleday supposedly bringing out THE COLLECTED EDITORIALS OF T. O'CONOR SLOANE, for instance. It just isn't true, and I hope none of you were taken in by it. ...And then there's the story that Sol Cohen is planning a new magazine to be called The Most Thunderstruck Science Fiction Ever Conceived By The Mind Of Man. Balderdash -- sheer irresponsible balderdash. Don't let them fool you.

The next issue of LIGHTHOUSE will be out in two weeks.

Inside every fat issue of LIGHTHOUSE there's a thin fanzine crying to get out.

The Measure of Fannish Immortality Dept.:

What makes a guy pour out all the time and money and effort that publishing and mailing a fanzine demands? What does he get for it in return?...Joe Fan-ed gets pride of accomplishment. And if what he's produced is of value, he gets a certain prestige. Today, a decade after they went into the limbo that swallows all fanzines eventually, we still have a fond regard for those really good fanzine editors of the past: Charles Burbee whose SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRS was such a delight, Walt Daugherty of CHANTICLEER...

-- Lin Carter, "Our Man in Fandom,"
in If, April 1966

At one point during this session Bill Donaho maintained that he was evil and debased. No one from Berkeley tried to refute this, but Sid Coleman argued with him that he might be good and true and beautiful.

"I am evil and debased!" rumbled Bill.

"Well, do something evil and debased for me," said Sid.

Bill kicked him in the shins under the table.

-- Terry Carr, in CRY #149, April 1961

Sandy's ORION Is Too Esoteric bears so strongly on Ted Tubb's article in the last issue that you may think we are flogging the horse to death, but in view of the fact that it was submitted at the same time and independently it implies that some people have a yearning to read about sf in their fanzines. We therefore make a splendid free offer. Anytime anyone sends us a review of sf that we mistake for something by damon knight we shall happily publish it even when disillusioned.

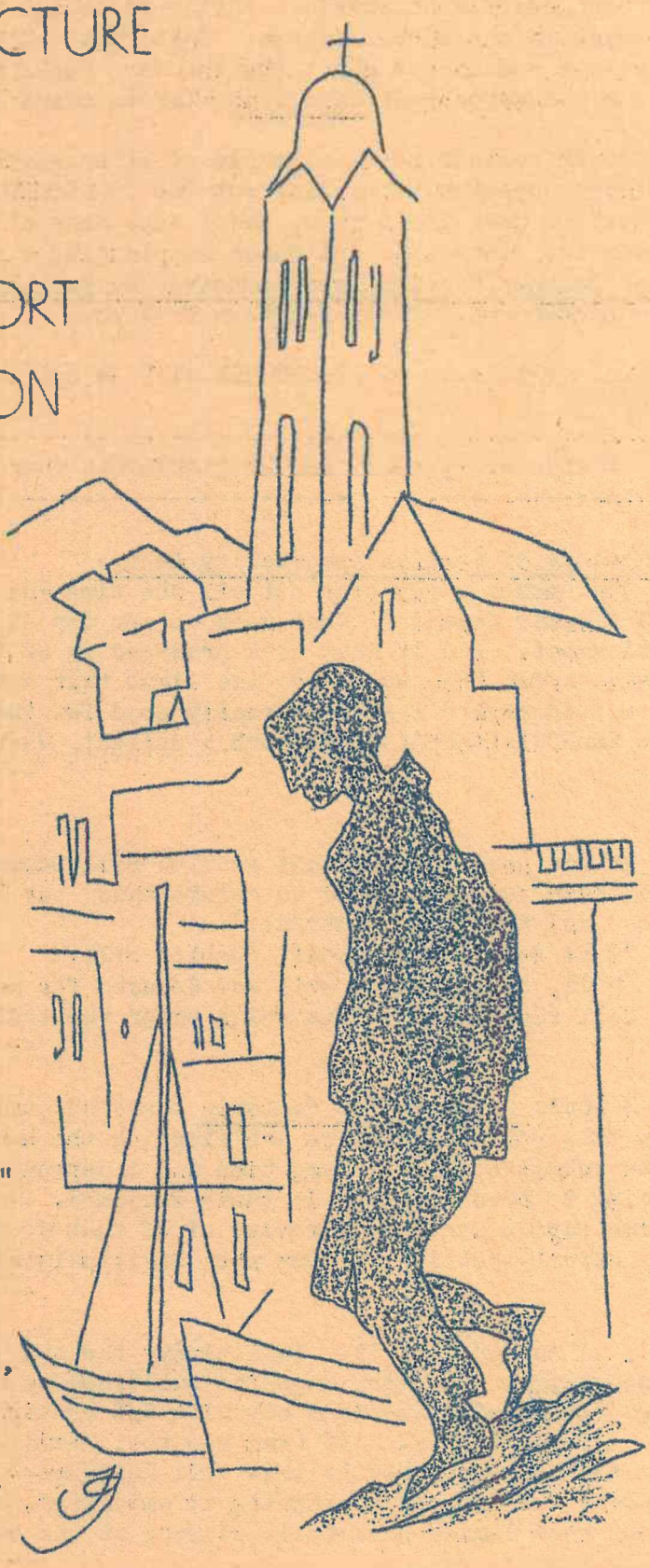
-- Paul Enever, in ORION #12, October 1955

...I am tired of it. It's always the same sickening wretch hiding under a multitude of pseudonyms. In every magazine published by these Yankees Our Hero is always a crinkly-haired red-blooded American boy with 6/6 eyesight and an inexorable urge to die for Uncle Sam. I tell you, Mr. Ziff (and you too, Davis), I am sick of it. Fortunately the British field has not succumbed to this evil influence. Nossir! English Earth-Savers may have to defeat The Scourge by ramming it amidships, but at least they try to do it decently without that damned half-smile playing at the corner of their lips.

-- Chuch Harris, in SLANT #6, Winter 1951/52

SAMUEL R. DELANY

A FICTIONAL ARCHITECTURE WITH 365 SUPPORTS THAT MANAGES ONLY WITH GREAT EFFORT NOT ONCE TO MENTION HARLAN ELLISON



...and the light.

"It's almost solid here." T's hand reverses to a claw. And much white wrist from the cuff of his sweater. "It's almost..." He looks up the rocks, across the cactus, (The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece? Um-hm.) the grass, at the geometric lime-washed buildings. "Chip, it's almost as if each object were sunk in light!" It's late December, five in the afternoon, and golden. "Marvelous!" exclaims T.

"You are a silly romantic," I say.

Gold light sheds on his sweater as he faces me. "But it's true! You can see things at the horizon as clearly as if they were a hundred or so yards away."

"No, look, T -- " Down through the windmills the white village sickles the bay. "The clarity is a function of the landscape. We're used to a horizon five miles away. In these hills, these rocks, it's impossible to have a horizon more than a mile off. But your eye doesn't know this. That church over there is not miles distant; even though it's just before the edge of things, it's much

smaller and nearer than you think, which is why it's so sharply in focus."

Behind the church the sky is lemon; above us, a blue I cannot name. Over the sea a wall of salmon and gold is blurred with blood behind the hulking ghost of Syros.

"I prefer the clarity to the explanations." T puts his hands in his jeans. "But that's probably why you write science fiction."

"Which reminds me," say I, "did you finish those serials I asked you to read?"

"The first one was very long." He adds, "I finished it."

"What did you think?"

"Remember, I told you I don't like science fiction as a rule -- "

"You told me you'd never read any. That's not the same thing."

He looks down at his sandals slapping the tarmac. "Bene desserere finis logicis est," he intones.

"Is that where the Bene Gesserit comes from?"

(T is an English writer, twenty-five -- two years my senior -- with a degree from London University.)

"Eh...what's that a quote from?" I ask.

"Your Mr. Herbert probably took it from Act I, Scene I of Marlowe's Dr. Faustus. It's a mis-translation of Aristotle into Latin."

"'To argue well is the end of logic'...?" I translate off the cuff I wear to impress. "But did you like the book -- "

"You must understand the Greek original has all the multiple ironies of the English. In Latin, 'end,' in this sense, can only mean 'purpose' -- diametrically opposed to the ironical Greek intention. To judge the validity of the total statement The Prophet of Dune makes as a novel, you must decide whether you hold with the Greek or the Latin sense of this statement. If you hold with the Roman, then the book must ultimately be a failure. If you hold with the Greek, then it's a success."

"Did you like it, T? I want to know if you...which sense do you hold with?"

"Greece seems to be so In right now." He glances around. "Witness ourselves. Always obliged to rebel, I'll take the Roman."

"Oh," I say. "I'm afraid to ask you what you thought of the other one."

T throws back his head, laughing. "It was perfectly delightful! Now there's a book it's no embarrassment to commit yourself to. If you could assure me there were some dozen writers who could word as well as your Mr. Zelazny, you might make me a 'fan,' as you call them."

The first science fiction I had given T to read was my battered Sept. 1962 edition of F&SF. (I had bought it the same day I received author's copies of The Jewels of Aptor -- running along Fourth Street, stopping outside Gerde's, panting, and flinging the six books high into December /another year, another latitude/; and a brilliant contemporary poet clapped her hands and laughed as the books flopped to

the sidewalk.) I suspect T enjoyed When You Care, When You Love immensely. But he refused to comment because it was unfinished. On the strength of it, however, he read the other things I gave him. His comment on the Merril article included in the F&SF Sturgeon issue, which begins: 'The man has style,' was to narrow his eyes, smile, nod, and murmur: "So has the lady."

"Come on," says T. "I want to get to Petraiki's before he closes. I refuse to have a dry New Year's. Christmas was bad enough." He laughs again. "I'll never forget you and Costas running around killing turkeys Christmas Eve."

"Don't knock it," I say. "It's paying for the New Year's wine."

A number of the internationals wintering on the island had ordered turkeys for Christmas and had been quite chagrined when the birds arrived live. Costas, an auto mechanic who worked in Anó Merá, the island's other town, found out from the butcher to whom the birds had gone; we marched up the island road Christmas Eve ringing doorbells and necks. "If you'd boil up a pot of water, ma'am (monsieur, signora, frauline), we'll pluck it for you." My father used to raise turkeys near Poughkeepsie; Costa's father, in Saroonia. We were tipped five to ten drachmas per bird.

"How did you manage it?" T asks. "Costas speaks Arabic, German and Greek. All you've got is French, Spanish and English. It must have been terribly complicated to set up."

"We spent most of the time laughing at one another. That made it easier. Speak three languages and you speak 'em all." Forget cognate vocabularies. Monoglots (and even diglots) tend to get caught up in metaphorical extensions of meaning. Suspend, depend, expect: literally, look under, hang from, look out for. It's easier to communicate (by charade if necessary) the concrete meanings, letting the "foreigner" intuit the corresponding mental states implied (suspicion, dependence, expectation), than to try to indicate directly the state of mind itself. "I wrote a novel all about that sort of thing," I tell T. "It should be out by spring. Hope you get a chance to read it."

T asks, "Do you find technical mindedness conflicts with artistic expression?" Really. We are passing the wooden gate before the art school. Behind, the mosaics of the winter gardens, the empty dorms, with hot and cold running water (sigh!).

"A man once asked me," profoundly say I, "why I wanted to be a creative artist in this age of science; I told him -- quoting a brilliant contemporary poet -- that I saw no dichotomy between art and science, as both were based on precise observation of inner and outer worlds. And that's why I write science fiction." Then I look up. "Hey! Ya su, Andreas!"

Andreas the Sandy is an eighteen year old fisherman, with baggy pants, a basket enameled blue; his toes and the backs of his hands and his hair glitter with grains.

We go through hello, how are you, what have you been doing, fishing, writing, have you finished your book, no but come up to the house for dinner, come down to the port for ouzo, and Andreas wraps half a kilo of maridas from his basket in newspaper and gives them to me for a New Year's present, thank you, you know how to fry them in oil, yes? yes, thank you again, Andreas.

T waits. He can quote hunks of the Iliad in the original, but speaks no Modern Greek. The turkey venture with Costas forced me to begin learning (Costas, and the Greek for all those damn auto parts), and soon I will overhear T boasting about his clever little American who learned Greek in three weeks. Andreas waves goodbye.

We stroll down from the terraced outcropping that falls by the bloody doors of the slaughterhouse into the Aegean. This daily trip from the house to buy wine, oil, oranges, fish, and little papers of dun colored coffee should take only twenty minutes or so. Often it becomes a full afternoon.

K. Cumbani is having a snack outside the laiki taverna on the port. Punch, beneath the chair, paws and nuzzles a shell. An old man, a big man, K. Cumbani wears a bulky, white wool jacket -- looks like a pudgy Hemingway. His grandmother's bust sits on a pedestal in the town square. She was a heroine of the Greek Civil War. His gamily is the cultural quintessence of the island. He lets us borrow freely among his French and English books. Once a week he will contrive to say, "C'est terrible! Vraiment je crois que je parle français mieux que grecque!" As French is the language of the older internationals with whom he mostly associates (English is very markedly the language of the younger), this could be true.

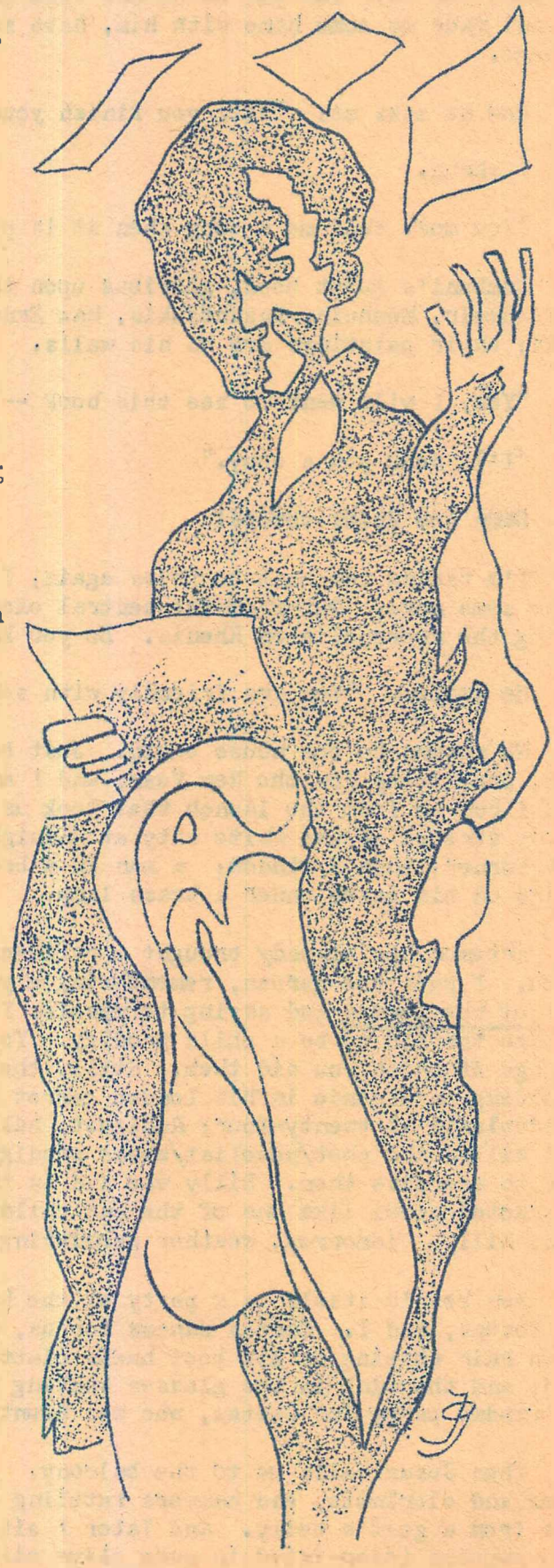
We discuss the effect of Romantic music on post-Wagnerian opera. Tactfully politic, T and I try a few witty remarks on the Chopin-Sands affair so as to maneuver onto the correspondence between Sands and Flaubert, ultimately to change the topic to Flaubert's style (about which we know something). Cumbani won't bite. This sort of afternoon, vermilion on the empty winter sea, can be taxing.

"And your own book, how is that coming?" Cumbani asks.

"Slowly," I say.

"You have a very strange way of writing a novel," he muses.

Last week, on a walk at three in the morning, Cumbani saw me sitting in the moonlight on the prow of Andreas' boat, barefeet shoved beneath the sleeping pelican, singing loudly and tearing pages from my notebook, balling them up and flinging them on the water or on the concrete walk, jumping up to chase a page, retrieve a word or phrase and rescrawl it on another page. "Young man, what are you doing?"



"Deploying images of Orpheus by the Greek and midnight sea!" "It's past midnight and much too cold for you to be out like this." "Oh, look, I'm really all right -- " Cumbani made me come home with him, have some brandy and borrow a sweater, then sent me home.

Now he asks me: "Will you finish your book here?"

I shrug.

"You must send me a copy when it is published."

Cumbani's guest book, glorious upon the walnut lowboy, contains names like de Beauvoir, Menhuin, Kazantzakis, Max Ernst: his shelves are filled with their books; their paintings are on his walls.

"Yes, I will want to see this book -- that you say is about mythology?"

"I'll send you a copy."

Damn Ace Books covers!

"I'm taking the boat to Delos again, I think," say I. "I want to explore the ruins some more. Out from the central excavations, there's a strange rock formation facing the necropolis on Rhenia. Do you know what it is, K. Cumbani?"

He smiles. "You are friendly with some of the fishermen. Ask them."

We return to the house early. Just before we leave the port the musicians come down, practicing for the New Year, and I am cast back to my first night on the island, when I ran up from the launch that took us in from the boat, running through the narrow streets of the white city at midnight, white, white, and white around each tiny corner; then a window: a man in a brown sweater gazed at an abstraction in orange on his easel under a brass lamp.

Artemus has already brought a rafia-covered bottle of wine and left it on the porch. I pace the garden, remembering a year and a half back when I finished The Fall of the Towers and saying to myself, You are twenty-one, going on twenty-two: you are too old to be a child prodigy. Your accomplishments are more important than the age at which you did them. Still, the images of youth plague me. Chatterton, suiciding on arsenic in his London garret at seventeen; Samuel Greenburg, dead of tuberculosis at twenty-four; Radiguet, hallucinating through the delirium of typhus that killed the poet/novelist/chess prodigy at twenty. By the end of this book I hope to exorcise them. Billy the Kid is the last to go. He staggers through this abstracted novel like one of the mad children in Krete's hills. Lobey will hunt you down, Billy. Tomorrow, weather permitting, I will go to Delos.

New Year's itself is a party at the house with Susan and Peter and Bill and Ron, and Costas, and T. Costas dances for us, picking the table up in his teeth, his brown hair shaking as his boot heels clatter on the floor, teeth gritting on the wood, and the wine in the glasses shaking too, but none spills. This is also sort of a birthday party for Costas, who was twenty-one last week.

Then Susan calls us to the balcony. The musicians have come up the road, with drums and clarinets, and hammers rattling on the siduri, and another playing bagpipes made from a goat's belly. And later I sit on the ladder, eating fried chicken and hush-puppies (deep-fried in pure olive oil), and talk and talk with T till morning bleaches the air above the garden wall near the cactus by the cistern.

"Watch out with that book of yours," he tells me, jokingly. "I'd like to see you finish it."

Then, a sudden depression. I am overcome with how little I have done this past year, how much there is to do.

The first days of January will be warm enough for us to wear bathing suits in the garden, read, write, swat flies against the shutters. Orion will straddle the night, and hold the flaps of darkness tight above the cold roads.

*** *** ***

Some fragments of the year following?

Athens: An incredible month in the Plaka, playing in the clubs at the foot of the Acropolis, watching Easter from the roofs of Anaphiotika's stone houses, at the top of the spiral stairs, while the parishioners gather with their candles at the church to march down through the city saddled between the double hills, as lines of light worm the streets toward the monastery. We made Easter eggs that night, with various leaves and flowers -- poppies picked at the bottom of the Parthenon's east porch -- pressed to the shells and dipped in boiling onion skins: polished floral tracery over the mahogany olvoids. "Chrónia polá! Chrónia polá!" and have a bright, red egg.

Istanbul: Four days! hitchhiking from Athens by the road that took me past Mt. Olympus, her twinned and hairy peaks on the left, the sea all gray to Eboiea on the right. I arrived in The City (Eis Ton Polis -- this the city -- Istanbul) with forty lepta, which is less than 1¢. A month of muddy streets and snow and gorgeous stone walls alive with carved leaves and flowers, the men stopping to wash their feet at the troughs and mild nights on Galata bridge, the iron scroll work, the octagonal panes of the streetlamps, and the Queen of Cities glittering under the smokey night among her domes and minarets across the water, as I returned at midnight to Old City over the Golden Horn. Reconnoitering, T described the "bay fire" to me: "A Russian tanker broke up in the harbor, sheeting the yellow water with a rainbow slick. Then, somehow, a spark! Miles of docks roared and spat at the sky. We stayed in our room, the lights out, the windows flickering. Then, splat, and the pane was beaded with blood -- the fire-trucks were wetting down all the houses near the bay." (T is a Swiss painter with a heavy black beard now.) Rooms laced with sweet smoke, and oil reeking through the muddy streets; the Turkish bath where steam drifts through the high marble arches as you walk into the dark stalls with white stone basins and metal dipping pans; days of begging with the Danes whose hair was even longer than mine, and the strange girl dying of cancer and abandoned by her German lover in the rain, in spring, in Istanbul.

I hitched out of The City with six and a half feet of Kentuckian, I trying to explain about love, he trying to explain about pain. He made hexes in the dirt beside the road and I fixed them on all the cars that passed and wouldn't pick us up -- till a road-building machine run by Turkish soldiers stopped for us. "Get up, get up quick! We must not stop for hitchhikers, and our Commander will be up soon in his jeep! But get on quick, and crouch down -- " (I had enough Turkish to figure that one out by now) at which point said jeep with said Commander arrived and he told us to get off, and the soldiers looked embarrassed, and we put the most powerful hex possible on that surplus U.S. Army jeep. Forty minutes later, when a truck hauling rock had given us a lift, we passed the jeep in flames, overturned on the road's edge. The road-building machine had pulled off beside it, and soldiers were standing around scratching their heads.

Krete: Cocooned in a sleeping bag against the cabin wall of the Herakleon, the

wind frosting the top of my head, though it was summer. Heracleon, another dusty island city, where the "k" sounds of Northern Greek are replaced by an Italianate "ch." The two youth hostels here were pop art fantasias, one run by a madman who wouldn't let you use the toilet. I wandered down by the Venician fountain of the lions, then past the police box to the raucous markets of the city. I made no attempt to resist the pull that forces a visitor to focus his life about the neolithic palaces. In broiling noon, I visited Knossos, descending the lustral basins, roaming through this bizarre construction, comparing the impression of ten years' reading with the reality.

Sir Arthur Evans' reconstructions are not brilliant. They are laudable for what they have preserved of the architecture. Praise him for the Great Staircase. But the Piet de Jong drawings and recreations of the frescoes (literally everything you have seen of Minoan graphic art is a de Jong interpretation of what may have been there) are a good deal more influenced by Art Nouveau, current when the reconstructions were done, than by anything Minoan. But the work of neither man is harmful, only incredibly misleading for the lay public. The single stone chair found in the palace is as likely to be a footstool for a palace guard as it is to be "Minos' Throne." The bare court that was labeled "Ariadne's Dancing Floor" is pure invention, as with the labeling of "King's room," "Queen's room," etc. The Queen's W.C. probably is a W.C. But to whom it belonged is total supposition. The entire wing of the palace which has been labeled the Domestic Wing, with all the charming, personalized anecdotes that have become attached to it: these are all the fantasies of a blind old English eccentric. I sat for an hour on "Minos' Throne," making notes for the book, and feeling for the labyrinth's bottom. Where would you put a computer among these stones?

Strolling with T near the sea by the red ruins of the palace at Malia, I asked him what he knew of the Altar Stones. (Now T is an Austrian archeologist.) "The theory seems to be they put a different plant or piece of grain in each little cup around the edge and prayed to it in some religious ceremony."

"Is this what they think, or what they know?"

He smiled. "What they think. They have to give it some explanation and it's as good as any other. Minoan archeology, even in 1966, is mostly guesswork, though they try to make it look documented."

Around the edges of the circular stones -- some are thirty inches across, some several feet in diameter -- there are thirty-four evenly spaced indentations, then a thirty-fifth twice as wide as the others, making thirty-six divisions in all. To me this suggests either a compass or a calendar.

Below Phaestos, the gray palace on the cliff, the shrieking children hid in the time-drunk caves of Matlá. Peacocks and monkeys played by the bay of Agia Nickoléos, and in the mountains, in the dark hut, I toasted Saint George (passing and stopping at his shrine on the tortuous cliff road, walking the edge and gazing into the foaming ravine, and further at the true Mediterranean Sea) and moved on into the central ridge of stone that bursts Krete's back. I paused, crouched beneath the curtained stones at the great cave of Dicte overlooking the mills of Lasithi in the navel of the island, after having hitched six hours into the island's high core, on the rocks, past fields so loud with bees you couldn't hear your own voice, past fields of poppies, past black orchids wild at the road's edge with purple pistils long as my forearm and blossoms big as my head: at Dicte, birth cave of Zeus, miles deep, more likely the true labyrinth than Knossos, I constructed the great rent in the source-cave for the bull-god to stalk out into my novel. The high rocks were veiled with wet moss. And later, I returned on the windy ship Heracleon to Pereus, with its yacht harbors and its bawdy district and its markets where sea urchin and octopus are

sold with shrimp and tomatoes and white cheese under the glass awnings.

New York? My home city, new now this trip, is the slow, blond young man who ran away from his wife in Alabama and who talked and talked and talked for nine days straight with the radio erupting pop music that became translated under the sound of his drawl. He told of his childhood suicide attempts, some dozen before he was nine, trying to drown self, drink iodine, jump out window, till he was put in a mental hospital: at five a drowning, at eight a hanging, at twelve threw himself under a car and broke his back and arm, at fifteen he drank a bottle of rubbing alcohol but had his stomach pumped in time, at eighteen he cut his wrists, at twenty-one he drank rat poison because his wife wouldn't go to bed with him, and here he was pushing twenty-four and the three years were almost up and what if he succeeded this time? and got drunk, and sick, and lay on the floor urinating all over himself, and talked about the mental hospital some more, and then about the year he spent in jail (at eighteen, where he cut his wrists) and how he tried to break open a trustee's head with a scrub brush because the man had kicked him, and the trustee had him tied to a metal bed frame and nearly cut his tongue out with a spoon; talked of how he had stood under the tree, shouting while his drunken twin brother hacked at himself with a piece of broken glass: "Cut it deeper! That's right, Alfred, cut it deeper! Now cut it again!" A northern Negro, I am as cut off from understanding the white southerner's fascination with pain as the northern white is from understanding the mental matrix in which the southern black lives.

In Cleveland: Sitting at the end of the hall of the Sheraton playing the guitar while Roger Z, crosslegged on the carpet, played the harmonica and the others listened. Or that same evening, gardinias floating in rums and rums, and Judith and Roger beneath plaster rocks while I tried to break the inarticulate webs and water washed the blue lights of the stream that wound the restaurant floor. And the inarticulateness becoming, suddenly, pages and pages in attempt to catch the forms in Roger's linguistic webbing. New and terrible, they do not answer if you call them by old names. (In this year between endings, the Judiths Zelazny, Merril and Blish all ceased to be names and became people.) And New York became Bob Silverberg's cats, roaming the halls and steps of Silver Mountain Castle, beneath the trees of Fieldstone.

This whole flow, fixed now by Jim Sallis' letters, contorting silences by those things unsaid, out of Iowa, out of Iowa City -- RFD 3, which for me now has become part of his name. Very few things are more important than these.

The novel I was afraid might kill me is finished now, has achieved cover, print, the multiple production and distribution that creates myth. (The book, McLuhan reminds us, was the first mass-produced object. Before that, story repeated by word of mouth: creating the mass sensibility.) That which totally occupied a year is fallible and subjected to the whims of whoever will pay 40¢. How strange -- did I really write it for that? But a new book has taken its place, as different from it as it was from the one before: the new one exacts responses from such dissimilar sensibilities...even the work method is totally different. Am I at all the same person?

Another New Year's staggers towards us over the temporal horizon.

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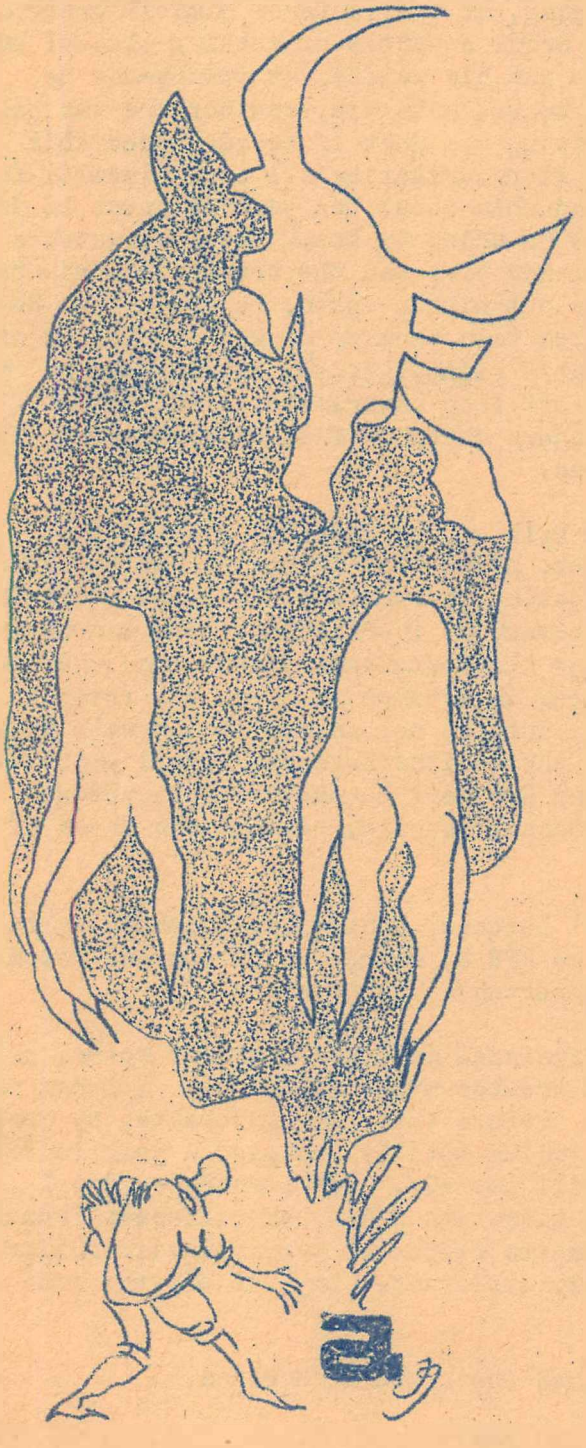
After Christmas, I take a seventy mile drive in the back seat of an open sports car through the English December to a house of dark and solid furniture, with a stuffed giraffe in the hall, a Christmas ball hanging from its lower lip.

Every day I have risen in the dark, dressed, pulled back the blue drapes and

sat down to work. Outside the window the street lamps shine up to diamond the water on the high panes. Then night drifts away from morning behind the peaked roofs across the street. The arbitrary measurements man imposes on his existence force me to consider the year, ending now. The two books I discussed in their magazine serial version with T on the golden rocks a year ago have now been released in paperback book form. One of my dawn labors is to compare the magazine versions with the books. The first pages of Conrad, as far as words and word order go, are the same, without any cutting. But let me compare the editing:



damning an Ace cover

Magazine:
"...you once told me that your birthday..."
"All right!"

Book:
"...you once told me that your birthday--"
"All right!"

Interruption is signified by a dash, whereas three dots signifies that the voice trails off; I approve of the book editing.

But, in the magazine:

After a time I explained:
"Back when I was a brat..."

While for some inexplicable reason in the book this has been edited to:

After a time I explained, "Back when I was a brat..."

The first is precise; the luminous generality of "explained" is focused through the colon on the statement that follows. The second is diffused, unfocused and clumsy.

And the first line of the body of the text of the paperback edition of Dune explodes over a typographical blunder. (And these people are publishing the book this year has garnered?

Damn Ace Books proofreading!)

(Has anything really changed over this year?)

Later on in the day, the color of gas-fir through a glass of sherry recalls the light on late Greek afternoons.

Time magazine this week has done an artic on the "generation under twenty-five" and th subject floats about London conversations o the surface of wine glasses, over pints of bitters, and coffee cups: how is the "pop" (as opposed to the "popular") image propa-

gated? Again Marshall McLuhan has provided the vocabulary. Trying to define the relationship of the pop image to this younger generation, I am brought up short by Jim Ballard. "You know" -- he smiles, and the fire is coke this time and the distorting lens scotch -- "you're not going to be under twenty-five forever." (Voice of draining time.)

(Passing thought, looking at the portrait of James Pringle, red nosed, high hatted, leering from the lobby wall: if you haven't had opportunity to use the public health facilities of a city, you haven't really been there. Briefly I go over the cities in which I have been...)

In Pam's apartment above the butcher's, T and Pam and I drink much wine and turn the sound off on the telly while BBC-2 presents the life story of Eleanor Roosevelt. Revolver is playing on the gramophone. Her despairing and ravaged face:

"Well, well, well. He'll make you -- Dr. Roberts!" the voices warn her. The correspondences that the music and the mosaic film-clips force from you, each image changing in time to the music, words and music incessantly commenting on one another, is exhausting and staggering. It becomes apparent that this will work only with shows that are planned to utilize the incredibly high participation that TV demands, whereas films -- created for a different medium -- shown on TV fall very flat. Yet a TV newscast or a TV documentary is perfect for this.

"Please! Please, for God's sake," Pam, her head on T's knee, "it's the most exhausting thing I've ever done!" against our hysteria.

Amid the white masonite and mushroom salad, the evening winds toward sleep. And later T and I discuss how Jim's letters from over the sea have so managed to fix the rush of colored nights to the solid structure of time. There is a soup then, sensuous, with water chestnuts, and apricots, and grapes, and chicken, and mushrooms, that orders the whole sensory mandalla of the evening. And the Heracleon, Life suddenly informs me as I pick up a stray copy, is sunk with 240 people.

The next day I try to explain the soup, at least, to Mike Moorcock. Futile.

There is a poem by the late Jack Spicer, not one of his best, but it contains the following example:

> Colorblind people can still drive because the red light is
> on the top and the green light is on the bottom.
> (Or is it the other way around? I don't know because I'm
> not colorblind.)

How much more economical that would have been:

> Colorblind people can still drive because the red light is
> on the top and the green light is on the bottom.
> (I think.)

"Style," say I to Mike, quoting B.C.P. (brilliant contemporary poet), "is when the writer forces the reader to supply all the ugly parts of the sentence."

Mike towers over me, face framed in hair, as we move from the rugs, cushions, and clouded and flowered glass of the pub. Later, Mike ponders: "If we don't write what we seriously consider worthwhile, why bother writing?" (This is the only man I have ever met in an editorial capacity whom I can leave and not spend the next two days seriously considering giving up writing as a profession.)

These blue draped dawns, Gloria and I battle each other as to who will get the first cup of coffee while the Brunners are still asleep. New Year's Eve morning I report at eight o'clock to the basement flat on Portland Street,

"I've been up since four o'clock this morning. I was just (yawn) taking a nap."

where, in a white bowl, the whisky and sugar have been soaking overnight by the stove

"And I want you to know, sir, that whisky is seven dollars a bottle over here."

and we start to play with cream.

"You see, they have single and double cream here, instead of light and heavy. But the single cream is as thick as American heavy."

Which is true. It still doesn't whip. It takes me twenty minutes to discover this.

"There's a little grocery around the corner. Dear me; perhaps you'd better try double..."

The proper combination (after a phone call to Hilary Moorcock) seems to be half and half.

"Mmmmm -- butter, eh?"

Then we play with the eggs.

"Look, you and your old family recipes; why don't you separate the yolks from the whites?"

It takes much less time to whip twelve eggs

"Watch it --!"

and one egg shell than it does to whip one pint of light/single cream

"Are you sure you need six more eggs?"

-- or eighteen eggs, for that matter. Alcohol (proof increased considerably via 24 hours in sugar) cooks eggs.

"Wouldn't you say this is a terribly expensive way to make an omelette?"

The rotary beater makes like an outboard through the froth of sugar and booze as drop by drop the eggs are spooned down.

"I'd like to understand a little further what you mean by the distinctions between the generation under twenty-five and -- woooops!"

It is much easier to mix two gallons of whisky & egg mixture with two quarts of English whipped cream

"It's very yellow, isn't it?"

than it is to mix two quarts of English whipped cream into two gallons of egg & whisky.

"Well, it looks like butter.

Then we lug the plastic wash tub, covered with tinfoil, into the back yard and place it under a box, in the rain.

New Year's Eve, and the party erupts in much mauve and gold corduroy mod. T greets me at the bottom of the steps (T is another American science fiction writer this time) in evening dress (John Sladek in military maroon, and Chris Priest, face shattered and beautiful, in jeans and blue turtleneck); T is handing out masks. Pam has made some umpty of them, one the size of a postage stamp, razored from a photograph and mounted on a stick to be held up in front of the eye; another three feet across, the sleeping face of the sun rayed with red, and floppy. Some of the masks are drawn, some are collage with features grafted from magazines (one gasping mouth, with crayoned lips, disgorging flowers from some House Beautiful advertisement) and the false faces turn, laugh, fall and rise again

"I want you to know your eggnogg is a total success! I had to save a glass behind the steps so you'd have some!"

glowing among these faces: some have two eyeholes, some have one. There is one with three, and the sleeping sun, which eventually comes to me, as people pass them to one another, has none. The music pinions us to the instant. And later, talking to T (he stands by the door, his hands in the pockets of his tuxedo pants, yellow hair falling to the black silk collar of his jacket, trying to comprehend this moment past midnight), I insist: "This year, I've actually done so little, written so little, so few of the millions of impressions have been fixed by anything resembling art -- I'm going to lose them, T."

He laughs. "Why? Because you won't have another first night in Paris? It's not lost, Chip -- "

I try to explain this way: "Sometime between a year ago and now I was standing on the steps of the Blue Mosque in Istanbul, looking across the courtyard, and suddenly I realized that I could be anywhere within a year; there was as much chance of my being in Bombay or Tokyo, or some city or town I don't even know the name of today, as there was of my being in New York, Paris or London. There's this insane, unfixed energy -- "

But it isn't explaining.

And the New Year deliquesces about our images.

(How much of the noise is to convince ourselves that we can still hear? There is so much death in the "younger generation"...)

Cherry colored nigas on a brittle Oxford afternoon --

A few days later T and I go to the British Museum. It is cold and January is still brittle on the streets.

"The gold on those gray pediment statues is really incredible," T says as we pass the gates and cross the sprawling pink tiles of the plaza before the steps.

The archaic statuary room is closed.

"I won't feel my trip to Greece is complete until I've seen the Elgin Marbles. Come on."

In the neo-classic hall the ruined frieze occupies and mutes us. T moves slowly from panel to panel, hands sunk in his overcoat.

Through reproduction, the most familiar of the panels have been erased of all freshness. Still, moments of drapery and musculature explode with the energy of a people caught in the transition from conceptual to representational art. (Passing thought: science fiction at its best takes literature back along this same route, starting at the representational as defined by Materialism, and pushes us toward the conceptual, its energy come from the reserve latent in the gap.)

> This panel depicts the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapiths. The head of the Centaur is in the Louvre. An unimportant fragment of the panel is still in Athens.

I don't suppose assassinating Harold Wilson would get them back to Greece.

Upstairs the museum has arranged a display of fifteenth and sixteenth century Mogul prints from India.

I walk across the polished wood (Ice skating through the King's Library, pulling back the purple drapes from the autographs of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Macaulay -- and T, looking at the massed volumes behind the glass doors of the two story hall, panicking; "What are you and I making more books for!") toward the cases.

"T--!"

"What?"

"Look! Look at the light!"

On their ivory matts, sixteenth century India quivers in distorted perspective, the blacks, vermilions, chartreuses, the gold so vivid that in some prints it takes a full minute for a landscape to clear while the colors tear my eyes.

"It's as though..." I begin. "It's as though each object were sunk in light!"

No figure among the prints casts a shadow, yet each is modeled and shaded in three dimensions; each has a halo of shadow about it. Brilliant elephants cross blinding rivers. Soldiers glitter across landscapes where no discernible sun shines.

"It's incredible. The things at the horizon are painted just as clearly as..."

I stop.

T looks from me to the prints and back. "The whole scheme of color values is something that I guess we just don't understand anymore. Did they really do these? You couldn't possibly reproduce them with modern printing methods. Hey, what's the matter?"

"Nothing..." We spend nearly two hours in the room, wandering among the prints.

And the light...

(Mykonos-London-New York. Jan. 66-67.)

CAROL CARR STUFF

"I DON'T KNOW. WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU?"

Nothing. Some time ago, Pete Graham moved out of Brooklyn Heights and Alex Panshin moved in. I wonder, is this significant of our times? Value judgments I won't make, nor comparisons of these two fine fellows. But one thing I will say for Pete Graham (even if Alex has blonder hair) -- for the entire year he lived here, we ate breakfast.

You see, Pete Graham leads a constructive, orderly life (and dresses in simple garments of cotton and bear's-wool). He gets up early and, like the bird that catches the worm, he calls us...at 8:00 Saturday morning, when we've gone to bed at 4:00. So there's Pete, the bird, and us at the other end, the worm, sleeping blissfully away -- Terry on his side of the bed, half of me dreamily hanging over the edge, having been slowly and unmercifully pushed for the past six hours by the combined efforts of our cats George (on my pillow) and Gilgamesh (wet nose on the back of my knees), and by Terry (ribs). The phone rings, right in the middle of a dream where I'm hanging over the Grand Canyon in order to see the butterflies at the bottom. I pick up the phone and without a word press it to Terry's ear, which is used to it.

"Unnnnghh," Terry says.

Pete has a loud, bright voice in the morning. "Arise and greet the rosy-fingered dawn!" he says.

"Unnnnnghhh," says Terry.

"Up-up-up," says Pete. "Coming over for breakfast now."

Terry clears his throat, allowing the first intelligible sound to come through:

"We don't have no breakfast."

Me, from under the covers, which are lousy acoustically: "We got milk."

Terry to Pete: "Bring breakfast."

Pete: "Only have 15¢. What do you need?"

Terry to me: "Whatta we need?"

Me: "Butter, eggs, bacon, bread, coffee, cream, syrup, pancake mix, orange juice, tomato paste, a heavier blanket."

Terry: "For breakfast whatta we need?"

Carol: "Tell him go away."

Terry: "Go away."

Pete: "So you come over here for breakfast."

Terry: "I'd rather die. I'll ask Carol."

Carol: "I'd rather die. Who is it?"

Anyway, Pete manages to finagle the grocer into thinking his check won't bounce and he arrives all bright and shiny fifteen minutes later with a load of food, which he cooks into pancakes and we eat. Then we go back to sleep while Pete dons his hair shirt and studies for three finals in the living room.

But now Pete Graham has gone forever from Brooklyn Heights. After he moved, we tried calling him at 8:00 Saturday morning, and you know what he did? He hung up. I've never known anyone who could hang up so elegantly. He enjoys it, and he doesn't call back, either -- he waits for you to do it. Now and then, when something good has happened, we'll call Pete. How are we supposed to know he's depressed that day because his girlfriend told him he wears his scarf all wrong? We say, "Hi, Pete? Guess what wonderful thing happened -- " Click.

Phones are funny (to digress from Pete Graham, who is serious). We have a tel phone in the kitchen and another in the bedroom, and lots of times we talk to peop at the same time, one on each phone. After Pete Graham hangs up, Terry and I stay a while, shooting the breeze. It never amounts to very much. I usually start out asking him what he's been up to lately, and he says not much, and I say, well, I'l be seeing you, and he says yeah, and that's that.

But one time, during a big noisy party we had, I was in the bedroom when the phone rang. I picked it up and heard someone say hello.

"Hello," I said. "Who's this?"

"It's Terry," says the voice. "Who is this?"

"Me -- it's me. What do you want?"

"You? What do you mean, you?"

"It's me -- Carol. I'm in the bedroom."

"Well, what the hell are you calling me for?"

Meanwhile this little sound on the line is trying to break through to us, all the way from Canada. Poor Norm Clarke. Poor Gina. Do you wind up talking to each other, too?

I guess we never did get back to Pete Graham.

STUFF ABOUT WHERE WE LIVE:

We live on the seventh floor of an elevator-manned, window-screened, well-kept pre-war building in Brooklyn Heights, just like Patty Duke. We have four rooms: living room, kitchen, bedroom and den. The bedroom (with separate bathroom) and den can be closed off from the living room by a French door with many panes, so that if Terry wants to make noise and I don't, I can lock myself up in the back and not hear a thing, there being a fairly long hallway leading back to the bedroom. But I've never wanted to lock myself up in the back when there's noise going on in the front. Still, it's nice to know I can if I want to -- I guess. The kitchen can be closed off from the living room by double French doors with many panes. Except that I've never wanted to lock myself up in the kitchen; I really can't see any future in it. Unless I happen to be preparing Spinach Supreme Surprise or something, instead of Pork Chops Again.

So now you're getting some feeling of the place -- an apartment with many windowpanes and doors.

Once you're past the panes, through the elevator man and out the door of the building, Brooklyn Heights is a beautiful place. When I walk down the block I see Manhattan across the river, a pink-orange-violet sky (created by the accidental artistry of New Jersey air pollution), and hear the caw-rawk of seagulls even. All around me are trees, old brownstones, small shuttered doll-houses and beautiful, stately dogs walking their owners, and I love it. But somehow I feel I'm missing something when I'm back amid the windowpanes.

A word about our building personnel -- a superintendent, two day elevator men and one night elevator man. There's only one thing I can say about the superintendent: I hate him. We both hate him. He's Greek, lived in Rumania, where he apparently taught economics. He likes good music. He reads. He makes believe he doesn't understand English. He doesn't let anybody into the building without a pass (practically). He first raises an eyebrow and then says, "Who you?" and "What for?" and "Don't try come back -- dirty beatnik Communist Jew C.O." We don't get many visitors anymore.

Now, I'm a fairly fearful female and I like the idea of mosquitoes being screened out by built-in screens, and Boston Stranglers and Jehova's Witnesses being screened out by our Mr. Focas. But I do think he goes a bit far when he frisks Ted White before letting him out of the building.

Mr. Focas sometimes fills in for the elevator men. Unfortunately, one of these times is in the morning when we leave for work. We buzz for the elevator, he comes up, opens the door, we all mumble our good mornings, Terry and I huddle in the far corner so he won't notice us, and all seems well. It's not until the third floor or so that he decides it's now or never -- he's got to make contact or our day won't be ruined. Still at the elevator controls, he suddenly whirls around at us and bellows: "Well?" You can't imagine the kind of "well" this is. All at once it demands, "What have you got to say for yourselves, you Carrs-With-No-Visible-Heritage?" In the beginning, I merely crawled into Terry's pocket and stayed there till we were out of the building. Then I went through a sarcastic stage. When he'd bellow, I'd say sweetly, "Gee, you're cheerful in the morning. Wouldn't you rather be sleeping

late?" But now we've got a new technique, and it seems to be working. The minute we step into the elevator we start mumbling to each other nonstop. I say to Terry: "What do you think?" and he says: "Maybe we should. I'll call and see how it works." "Yes, you're probably right. He has a good one," etc. So far even he hasn't had the gall to interrupt us in the middle of a sentence.

Our latest elevator man, James, is very old, so maybe I shouldn't make fun, but he's so funny. He can't run an elevator. We always know when he's on duty because we hear from the elevator shaft: THUMP. Thud. THUMP-THUMP. Creak, thud. THUMP. "It's James," Terry says. "He's trying to stop level with the floor." He's been working here for about six months now and he actually has improved. It's getting so that he gets us down faster than the stairs would. He's not as obnoxious as Focas, but he is the only white Uncle Tom I've come across, tending to thank you for saying hello.

The night-time elevator man is Jimmy and he's very young and silent, and he gives me more guilt than my mother even because, since he's on after 12:00 midnight, we always wake him up when we come in. He naps on the couch in the lobby and as we turn the key in the lock we hear him staggering to his feet. He nods hello and takes us up to 8 in a flash. But we live on 7. We tell him this in gentle tones, not to wake him completely. He's very apologetic, which makes me even guiltier. Then he takes us down to 5. And so it goes.

P.S.: Today was a black morning, a morning that will go down as a Drear and a Dank in the history of all mornings, which are all bad. This morning Mr. Focas whirled around and interrupted us in the middle of a sentence. What is left for us? Will we have to work up a nifty song-and-dance, soft-shoeing into the elevator? Maybe we could sprinkle sand on the floor and do a chorus of Once in Love with Amy.

A LETTER TO WALT WILLIS:

Last year when Grania Davidson came back from Europe she told us that Walt Willis said hello and he and an indeterminate number of his colleagues were going to attend a dinner given by the Duke of Edinburgh. So I wrote to him:

Dear Walt,

Grania tells us you're going to have dinner with the H.M.S. Duke of Edinburgh. I think this is a nice way to spend an evening and have no doubt that you'll be able to cope with the delicacies involved in partaking of delicacies with the delicate (or breaking bread with the upper crust). So I hope you won't think me indelicate if I offer a few suggestions concerning deportment:

1.) No matter how fastidious the host, there are always, here and there through the stew, bits of inedibles -- gristle, a pebble or two, etc. Remove these inconspicuously from your mouth, preferably when you've finished talking, and place them near the centerpiece so that your host will know what to avoid at his next dinner party. If you are nowhere near the centerpiece, ask your neighbor to pass it down. The discreet murmurs accompanying your request will make it seem that your side of the table is where the action is, thus ensuring you many more invitations.

2.) After dinner, fold your napkin in the shape of an airplane. Do not send it sailing through the air, but you may fondle it now and then.

3.) Do not tip the waiters.

4.) Leave your cats at home. This will give you the justification to ask for

a brown paper bag.

5.) Speak only on impersonal subjects like the weather and roads. Do not ask the host whether it's true he's impotent and/or playing around with Shirley MacLaine.

6.) Do not call his wife "honey." She is the Queen. (You may address her as "dear" or "sir.")

7.) If you spill something on the tablecloth, blot up the excess with your coatsleeve or handkerchief and pour a few teaspoons of sugar over the stain to conceal it. By all means do not panic and run from the dining room. The guards at the door have been briefed and they will pursue you with shouts of "Stop!" and "Halt!"

8.) Do not immerse your entire arm up to the pit in the fingerbowl no matter how deep it appears to be. Some of these bowls have false bottoms and you will be chagrined when you emerge from the cut-glass all broken and bleeding. Furthermore, you will miss dessert.

9.) In the event the waiter passes out before he has finished serving, potatoes are passed clockwise, the meat course counterclockwise, salad from where the little hand points to the 3 and the big hand to the 5 to where the little hand points straight up (midnight or noon) and the big hand hot on its trail. Do not pour the soup from the tureen, but ladle it out, as the good stuff is likely to be at the bottom.

10.) Say goodnight and thank you, but omit "see you soon" and "drop by sometime."

11.) If there is no one to care for your children and you must bring them with you, carry along a small table and as many chairs as you'll need. Ask them to behave naturally but politely and not to smear themselves or each other with the mashed potatoes. However, if baked potatoes are served, they may play a quiet game of catch.

12.) Do not chew on the large ice cubes in your water glass. If you must eat them, break them up into small fragments with the handle of your knife.

13.) Do not smirk when singing God Save the Queen. One smile has been known to start an epidemic of giggles.

14.) If you must tell smutty stories, omit the punchline in deference to the Queen. Puns are acceptable, but after committing one, do not elbow your neighbor in the ribs -- he may cough an olive pit into the centerpiece.

15.) When you have finished with a course, do not push your chair away from the table, place your hands on your stomach and announce, "Boy, am I full!" and then belch.

16.) Do not play footsy with royalty.

17.) Take at least one bit of everything offered you. If you do not care for a particular dish, say quietly but firmly, "Feh," and the waiter will remove it.

STUFF ABOUT OUR CATS:

Both cats play at 3:00 a.m., except on weekends, when they sleep. They are very different from each other and us. When you have two cats it's easy to tell them apart -- when you have three they all look alike.

George: George is a Silverberg Siamese (the most common breed in the East and a little rarer west of the Rockies). He's the kind of cat you can drape over your arm and he'll stay there, looking only slightly confused. He purrs at the slightest excuse, even if you yell at him -- especially when you yell at him. But he's an actor, a veritable Rip Torn of cats. Terry, as you know, is a mild-mannered person. But sometimes, when George has gone on a particularly destructive race around the house and left in his wake a tipped bowl of kibble, two broken lamps, a smashed ceramic vase, four crushed amplifier tubes, a roll of shredded toilet paper distributed evenly through five rooms, bits of chewed sponge under our pillows, three pairs of ripped nylons on the bathroom floor and a pack of Kents without the filters and god knows where they'll turn up (we once found an unopened loaf of bread in the bedroom, opened) -- then, if Terry has had a hard day at Ace, he has been known to pick George up as if to hit him. Whereupon George sets up a howl and a kvetch never before heard by Earthly ears, raving and whining and squealing and screaming and averting his head and skwinching up his eyes.

I yell from the other room, "What are you doing to him?"

"Nothing. I haven't touched him yet." And George never does get touched (well, almost never). We're afraid to find out what would happen. He might faint.

George eats anything that's put in or near his dish, actually anything edible and a few things not. He's a good eater and what more could a Jewish cat owner want? I only mention his food habits so that they will serve as a contrast to Gilgamesh, who has a lot of perverty tastes, in foods as well as entertainment.

Gilgamesh: Gilgamesh is black with some white and comes from the ASPCA and looks much better now. We named him Gilgamesh because Terry insisted, and then when we got George, who is obviously of more upper-class origins, we decided to lessen the gap by calling George George.

Anyway, Gilgamesh is aberrational. For one thing, he scratches on the floor near his food dish as if to cover up what he does in the cat box. After he uses the cat box, though, he steps out and scratches on the bare tile. Sometimes, with no apparent reason, he will slide across the floor with one paw outstretched, doing a tango on his belly. What he likes to do best is sit on top of the TV set and eat the collapsible antenna. What he likes next best is swallowing rubber bands. He vibrates when he purrs -- all over, but mostly his arms and legs, like a lawnmower standing still. He is otherwise placid and well-behaved, with a perpetually guilty expression. When things go plink-plink-crash in the night, Gilgamesh is found in another room, reading. But the book is upside down and he looks worried. Avram and Grania's little boy, Ethan, couldn't pronounce "Gilgamesh," and called him "Gilby." Later, Ethan must have noticed that Gilby was too short as a substitute for Gilgamesh, so he called him "Gilby Cinderfish." Gilby Cinderfish is aberrational.

In the next installment I will tell you all about our magazine rack, bathtub and plans to go shopping next week.

BLACK TRIVIA:

Terry keeps making me write beginnings and ends: he thinks middles aren't enough. But I don't know how. But I'll try.

In last December's issue of Esquire, Terry and I had some stuff published. (We had some stuff published in the December issue of Esquire?) It was to be called Black Trivia and composed of umpty-ump questions on a theme of -- how shall I put it? -- trivia that was black...black humor in the form of trivia (trivia in the form

of black humor?) (This will teach Terry!)

Anyway, we wrote it and they published it, cutting out all the Good Parts and telling us, "We cut out all the Bad Parts and added some other stuff instead. Do you still want your names on it?" "Yes-yes," we echoed each other simultaneously. "Yes -- names -- us -- yes." And so it was.

The following is the Bad Stuff they cut out, which is better than the Good Stuff they printed:

1.) There is a school of thought which holds that the Good Witch of the North is a lesbian. What do you think? What is the name of the actress who played this role? Did you find her attractive?

2.) Supply the missing word: Hedy Lamarr has given up acting for _____. Do you make a moral distinction between department stores and privately owned small shops?

3.) What are the names of the famous Russian Siamese twins? Would you want any of your children to marry one? Would you hire a Siamese twin? Why? Name three instances where medical science has slipped up in its handling of the Siamese Twin Problem. In your experience, what is the best time of year for separating Siamese twins? What were the names of the Siamese twins in Freaks?

4.) "John Thomas" is a famous name in literature. Draw a picture of him.

5.) Which tranquilizer has, as a side effect, acute rage? *

6.) Ann Miller was a famous star of the 40's. How do you think she got that way?

7.) True or false:
(a) Huey Long and Tojo are two Walt Disney characters.
(b) Two famous vacation spots are Grossinger's and the Port City of Haiphong.

8.) Humphrey Bogart died of _____. In your opinion, did he get it smoking all those cigarettes in
(a) To Have and Have Not
(b) The Maltese Falcon
(c) The Big Sleep
(d) The Petrified Forest
(e) The Left Hand of God
(f) All of these
(g) None of the above

9.) It is common knowledge (or at least accepted rumor) that Edward Albee originally wrote Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? to be played by four homosexuals. If you were casting, who would you pick to play George and Martha?
(a) George Hamilton and Roddy MacDowell
(b) Edward G. Robinson and Katie Winters
(c) Alice B. Toklas and Virginia Woolf

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* There really is one.

10.) Cohn and Schein were the stars of
(a) To Tell the Truth
(b) I've Got a Secret
(c) Your Show of Shows
(d) Amateur Hour

11.) A number of famous but fading actresses have in recent years revitalized the horror movie industry -- e.g., Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?
(a) Name three more Menopause Movies and their stars.
(b) Write a one-paragraph Marxist analysis of one of the above pictures.
(c) Using Eric Berne as a frame of reference, what was the game Tallulah Bankhead was playing in Die, Die, My Darling?

12.) True or false: Kitty Genovese, three weeks before the murder, had alienated everyone on the block by playing the TV too loud.
(a) What were the Nielsen and Trendex ratings in Forest Hills on the night of the murder?

13.) Finish this series: Nicky, Michael, Mike, Eddie...

14.) Buddy Bolden, the first great jazz musician, ended up in an insane asylum. Bix Beiderbecke "took the cure" for alcoholism, but then died of pneumonia. Charlie Parker's constitution was said to have been ruined by drugs. This proves that:
(a) All artists must suffer.
(b) Artists suffer a lot.
(c) Smoking pot leads to playing jazz.
(d) Jazz is art.

15.) Name three alumni of Guy Lombardo's band who died of drug addiction, alcoholism or venereal disease.

16.) Which of these famous acts never played the Palace?
(a) Burns and Allen
(b) Sacco and Vanzetti
(c) Leopold and Loeb
(d) Nichols and May
(e) Johnson and Masters

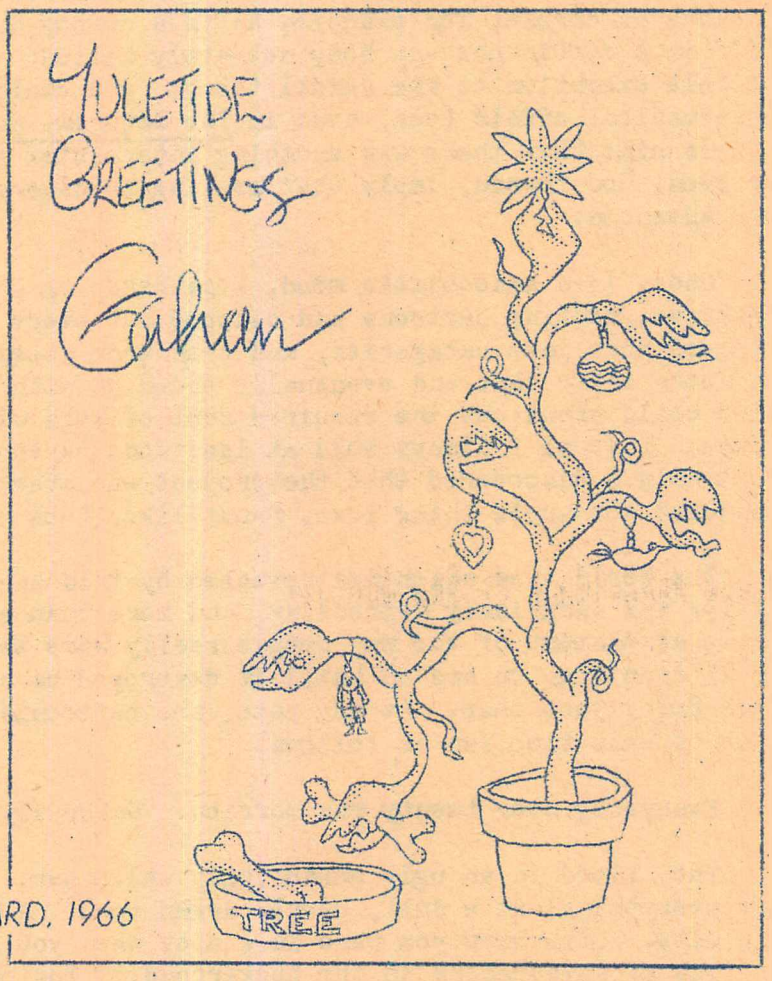
17.) If you were Lizzie Borden, and you got cold mutton soup and bananas for breakfast, wouldn't you give your stepmother forty whacks?
(a) Then what would you do?
(b) What if you lost count?

18.) What are cancer's seven danger signals?

The road to Gafia is paved with margin notes. TC

The exceptionally good stories have all fallen at times when there have been "highs" in stf: 1928-32, 1934-36; and, believe it or not, from 1940 up to the present. Today's stories such as "Slan," "If This Goes On..." "Final Blackout," "The Stars Look Down" and many others will be spoken and written about in another five years or more as we today speak and write about "The Cometeers," "Skylark of Valeron," "Three Thousand Years" and "Rebirth." Today's stories may rate as "classics" then, but I hope tomorrow's readers won't be fooled into believing that we were having super-stories in 1941.

-- Ted Carnell, in ZENITH #1, August 1941



GAHAN WILSON'S CHRISTMAS CARD, 1966

mr. and mrs. badlydrawn in cartoonland

BY GAHAN WILSON

When I entered the lists of magazine cartooning, way back in the early Fifties, the business was creatively at one of its lowest ebbs. The bright work which had appeared during the Depression had faded out during World War II, and the only magazine in the entire country which was printing worthwhile material on a regular basis was The New Yorker. Everywhere else, with almost no exceptions, the work appearing was dreary, mechanical, and completely lacking in craftsmanship.

The taboos were endless. Sex, death, sorrow, politics, any kind of meaningful commentary or startling twist on an establishment theme -- none of this was permitted to appear. (For years The New Yorker had all to itself the gimmick of taking-off on a brand name or a product.) Sometimes these taboos had weird holes in them which I

didn't understand then and I don't understand now. You could show a freshly-slaughtered corpse, for example, as in a cowboy duel, but you could never show a stiff in a coffin nor any body not newly killed. One of the most inexplicable was the sole exception to the sexual taboo: you could imply that a man was having an extra-marital affair (yes, even in The Saturday Evening Post) but you could never so much as hint that there was anything interesting going on between a married couple nor even, God forbid, imply that necking teenagers had any idea there was something more advanced.

Once, in a masochistic mood, I gathered up about a year's worth of the leading magazines printing cartoons and clipped out every sample of the art I could find. I arranged them into categories, and then took notes. I boiled down those notes and the notes after that and eventually ended up with a kind of joke making machine which could crank out the required sort of gags with almost no effort on my part. It worked. I found I always sold at least one cartoon the batch, which is very good. Eventually I discovered that the project was starting to poison my real work and so abandoned the whole thing lest, Faust-like, I be destroyed.

The world view which was revealed by this analysis of the Cartoonland of the Fifties was singularly depressing, and more than a little scary. If it was an accurate assessment of the way people really were then I don't understand why World War II didn't go on and on until it destroyed us all. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps it is doing just that. At any rate, the cartoonist/editorial view of the American scene of that time ran as follows.

Everybody over twenty was married. Unhappily.

They lived in an ugly house (ugly wallpaper, ugly lamps, ugly stuffed couches, ugly everything) in a dull, poorly drawn town. A little town, possibly the suburb of a city. (You knew you were in a city when you saw mechanical little doodles of the tops of skyscrapers in the background.) The outside of the house had a garage, a hammock, a storm door, a porch, a lawn. The inside of the house had a messy kitchen, a breakfastnook, a livingroom, a stairway, a toiletless bathroom, and a bedroom with two beds and a bureau for the husband and a dressing table for the wife.

The wife was a poor cook from a bride, grew fat early, went about the house in a bathrobe and curlers, had a crush on some male celebrity or other, and had nothing but contempt for her husband. When she dressed for the street she wore an odd, shapeless sheath of a dress and a hat which was a kind of blob with a flower stuck on it. We shall call her Mrs. Badlydrawn.

The husband was a mediocre sort, often balding with a compensating moustache, who had a pot belly and a fat rear. His suits were grotesque affairs with large buttons and his ties were large and evilly patterned. In the house he almost always went about wearing shirtsleeves except at breakfast, where he read the paper. He napped constantly on the livingroom couch. He drank beer and smoked vile cigars, never using an ashtray nor a glass. He commonly came home drunk and at these times his terror of his wife, generally concealed or manifesting itself as hate, was at its most visible, as was her disgust with him. Often she actually beat him up. We shall call him Mr. Badlydrawn.

The only time Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn joined forces was when they were threatened by something outside. Often this threat came from their neighbors, sometimes because of endless territorial disputes over the different lawns, sometimes because the neighbor's wife wore a hat blob identical to Mrs. Badlydrawn's hat blob. The Badlydrawns were also threatened by all deliverymen, handymen, etc. Their dog often bit postmen. Dogs were introduced usually either to bite someone or to make a mess.

But the real threat, the primary menace to the Badlydrawns, came from their children.

The children made their first appearance in the maternity ward, sanitarily held by nurses, without Mrs. Badlydrawn ever getting pregnant. The children were then taken home to cribs, where they made the nights a living hell. When they grew into small tots they spent their time tracking up the ugly house and breaking ugly things in it. By the time their hatred for their parents and their parents' hatred for them had reached a fever pitch, the children were ready to become teenagers.

Since the whole basis of Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn's morality was the fear of being found out, the challenge of the skeptical, prying, questioning teenagers struck them in the most vulnerable area of their psyches. Having no real defense against this assault, they resorted always to bluff and intimidation. The teenagers, fad-ridden, insecure, gawky, reacted to this approach with venom, and the classic battle of youth against middle age was joined. It ended only when the teenagers reached what might be called maturity, got married, and became Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn on their own. Then the original Mr. and Mrs. became in-laws, and an entire new pattern of gratifying animosity was established.

There was one other major arena outside the one of family and neighborhood, and that was Mr. Badlydrawn's place of business, which was an office. Druggists, shop-keepers and the like were always side characters, passing foes like handymen. Mr. Badlydrawn, in keeping with his whole personality structure, had an undistinguished white collar job, working at a desk in a pool of desks. He spent most of his time shifting papers from IN baskets to OUT baskets, carping with his secretary, standing by the watercooler, watching the enormous wall clock, and battling with his boss, who held him in the same contempt as his wife and his children.

That about covers Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn's life. Mrs. Badlydrawn belonged to a ladies' club full of rivalries. Mr. Badlydrawn played a poor game of golf and cheated at it. The two of them together failed to enjoy Christmas and various other Christian holidays.

They never got cancer and died, Mr. and Mrs. Badlydrawn. They lived on and on, from fight to peevish fight, from squabble to bicker. They never even got old, only remained mired in middle age.

They are there right now, right this minute, in stacks and stacks of old Posts and Collier's and Looks and True Magazines.

Let them stay there.

Hubert Humphrey in '67. SC

Being Miss America isn't a good thing. I read an article about all the Miss America's in Life or Look or something one time when I was in a launderette; they all have to be able to do such weedy things as play "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on the flute or do a hula to "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." And besides that, they're all disgustingly fat by the time they're 35, have had three bad marriages, or else they turn out to be Bess Myerson.

-- Miriam Knight, in KLEIN BOTTLE #6,
November 1960

Swiped from Winchell's column: Eugene O'Neill's next play will be a fantasy. The title is to be "The Ice-Man Cometh," and it is laid in Madison Square where Death is disguised as an ice-man. No further details are available.

-- Fantasy Footnotes by Harry Warner, Jr.,
in BIZARRE, January 1941

The late Carl Jung, one of Freud's earliest pupils and certainly his chief adversary when psychoanalysis broke up into rival schools, was the only big thinker of modern times to take fantasy and science fiction seriously, both as literature and as a source of insights into the human psyche.

Jung was notably less inclined than other big thinkers to shut out of his serious ponderings various realms of discourse and areas of creation on the grounds that they were crackpot or mere entertainment for the mob. Alchemy, Eastern religions and flying saucers (see his little book A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies) were alike grist to his mill. There is high amusement in his meeting with Freud when they heard a cracking sound and hunted down, at Jung's insistence, a wooden plaque that had spontaneously split. Jung wanted to discuss the possible meaning of this occurrence: would he and Freud someday agree to differ? How Freud must have sweated holding onto his temper! -- because he dearly wanted the support of Jung, an unquestionably gentile psychologist who had already made his mark, to prove that psychoanalysis was not merely a cult of Jewish doctors. And how Jung may have smiled inwardly at Freud's inhibitions about psychic phenomena!

fritz leiber

THE ANIMA ARCHETYPE IN SCIENCE FANTASY

Jung's chief self-confessed debt to science fantasy concerns the archetype he calls the anima. Let us attempt to define archetype and anima, keeping in mind that Jung considered psychology a primitive science (or form of individual history) which described and analyzed, but neither set down psychic laws, nor measured. In fact, the old boy made a point of never "defining" the same concept in quite the same way two times running, a device for keeping the thinker close to his own experience and reminding him that he hadn't yet glimpsed the atoms and photons of psychological science.

Archetypes are figures inhabiting the unconscious minds of all men and women. They get there by social transmission or something a bit deeper. They include the anima, the animus, child, father, maiden, mother, shadow, and wise old man. They are the chief actors in most myths and some stories. In some instances an archetype can acquire such force as to become a second self.

The anima is a man's female component, forever dwelling in him yet never at one with him. Perhaps only because Jung was himself a man, the anima always seems more interesting and powerful than the mirroring component in a woman, the animus. In many ways the anima is the mother of Freud's Oedipus Complex, as she exists in the son. She is the "eternal feminine," a cruel and jealous goddess, also very wise in the realms of poetry and mathematics. She is the woman you can never escape, who tempts you to seek her in material women and upbraids and punishes you if you forsake that quest. She is also the dark side of the self, the "soul" that can never be pinned down.

She comes in three forms: "To the young boy a clearly discernible anima-form appears in his mother, and this lends her the radiance of power and superiority or else a daemonic aura of even greater fascination. But because of the anima's ambivalence, the projection can be entirely negative. Much of the fear which the female sex arouses in men is due to the projection of the anima-image. An infantile man generally has a maternal anima, an adult man the figure of a younger woman. The senile man finds compensation in a very young girl, or even a child." (From "The Psychological Aspects of the Kore." All the quotations from Jung in this article are from The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious, C. G. Jung, translated by R.F.C. Hull, Pantheon Books, $7.50, Vol. 9, Part 1, of Jung's Collected Works, Bollinger Series XX. Kore, literally "the maiden," is a name for Persephone used in the Eleusinian Mysteries.)

A few more quotations make the next point of this article better than I can, even to the extent of containing some sf gossip.

"There are excellent descriptions of (the anima), which at the same time tell us about the symbolic context in which the archetype is usually embedded. I give first place to Rider Haggard's novels She, The Return of She and Wisdom's Daughter, and Benoit's L'Atlantide. Benoit was accused of plagiarizing Rider Haggard, because the two accounts are disconcertingly alike. But it seems he was able to acquit himself of this charge." ("Concerning the Archetypes and the Anima Concept.")

"If you want to know what happens when the anima appears in modern society, I can warmly recommend John Erskine's Private Life of Helen of Troy. She is not a shallow creation, for the breath of eternity lies over everything that is really alive. The anima lives beyond all categories, and can therefore dispense with blame as well as with praise. Since the beginning of time man, with his wholesome animal instinct, has been engaged in combat with his soul and its daemonism. If the soul were uniformly dark it would be a simple matter. Unfortunately this is not so, for the anima can also appear as an angel of light, a psychopomp who points the way to the highest meaning." ("Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious.")

"Whenever (the anima) emerges with some degree of clarity, she always has a peculiar relationship to time: as a rule she is more or less immortal. Writers who have tried their hand at this figure have never failed to stress the anima's peculiarity in this respect. I would refer to the classic descriptions in Rider Haggard's She and The Return of She, in Pierre Benoit's L'Atlantide, and above all in the novel

of the young American author, William M. Sloane, To Walk the Night. ("The Psychological Aspects of the Kore." For those unfamiliar with it: To Walk the Night, published in 1937, the year of Lovecraft's death, marks a high turning point in American science fantasy. In a clipped yet careful style rather like O'Hara's or Marquand's and with almost too much restraint, Sloane tells the story of a feminine spirit from another dimension who briefly inhabits the beautiful body of a young idiot woman. She has great knowledge of mathematics, she is able to use this to move through time and space [just like Lovecraft's Keziah Mason, a hag-version of the anima in The Dreams in the Witch House], and she brings self-destructive doom to the men who love her.)

Clearly Jung was vastly more aware than other psychiatrists of the close brotherhood between them and novelists and dramatists. It seems a shame that some of the offspring of the primal witch doctor should grow snobbish and disclaim an obvious blood relationship. Freud himself went to Sophocles and Leonardo and Shakespeare for wisdom; anyone who reads Ibsen's last half dozen plays will know that the profound Norwegian was making independently most of the discoveries of psychoanalysis and a few of his own besides; yet according to most modern psychologists a serious writer has no more insight into mental and emotional troubles than any other layman -- well, as far as his own are concerned, the same is true of psychiatrists.

I can imagine another type of mind than mine saying at this point, "Did Jung actually stay under the spell of Haggard's She all his life? Why, the potty old duck!" For contrast, imagine Freud reading the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

I doubt if Jung kept on reading sf in his later years, or if he did he didn't write about it, or if he wrote about it I haven't discovered where -- because the literature of the past quarter century is rich in anima-figures.

Clearly chief among these fictional figures is the White Goddess of Robert Ranke Graves, the Triple Goddess of his Seven Days in New Crete (in America, Watch the Northwind Rise). She remains the inspirer of true poets even in our current Dark Age when she is shadowed by science and male deities. She is cruel, beautiful, and forever ready to shatter the lives of men for their own enrichment. She appears in the three persona Jung described: Nimue, the maiden, nymph, or holy child; Mari, the grace, witch, or bride; and Ana, the fate, mother, hag, and layer-out (at his death) of man. Nimue is Merlin's delicious enchantress and slumber-bringer, of course; Mari suggests the virgin mother of Christianity; while Ana is the mother of the gods in Celtic myth.

It occurs to me that the Three Sisters of de Quincy's Suspira de Profundis are anima-figures -- no question, at any rate, about the Third Sister, she who moves in a tigerish way, storming all doors: Mater Tenebrarum, our Lady of Darkness. No more than there is any doubt about the anima-nature of the Triple Goddess in Graves' novel, especially when she incarnates herself as that delightfully vicious modern Englishwoman, the brutch Erica Turner.

Second only to the Triple Goddess as an anima figure is Barbara Haggerswell, the supreme mathematician and profound physicist and insanely jealous lover in Ward Moore's Bring the Jubilee. She builds a time-machine to destroy the world in which the Southrons won the American Civil War, or at least to banish her lover Hodge Backmaker, the narrator, forever from it -- almost exactly as the Triple Goddess sends a whirlwind through New Crete to ruin and refresh it and incidentally send the narrator back to modern times. Barbara is featured

and complected like the Triple Goddess, and this is the way the narrative ends:

> And what of Barbara's expression as she bade me goodbye? (Doubt, malice, suffering, vindictiveness, entreaty, love, were all there as her hand moved the switch.) Could she possibly

Other fictional anima figures:

In Clifford Simak's Way Station, the naive mountain girl Lucy Fisher, who is gifted with intuitive mathematical knowledge and psionic power and turns out to be the only creature worthy of being entrusted with the talisman on which the peace of the Galaxy depends.

In Eddison's The Worm Ouroboros, the princess Sophonisba, who dwells unchanging under the great mountain Koshtra Belorn, a maiden at once 17 and 300 years old, who becomes the bride of Jus and at the end is able to turn time back four years to please the Lords of Demonland, who yearn once more to fight their greatest enemies.

In Cabell's The Cream of the Jest, the elusive La Beale Ettarre, who motivates and shares the hypnogogic time-traveling of the author. And in his Jurgen, the beautiful Dorothy la Desiree and the Earth Mother Sereda, who both have much to do with taking the middle-aged pawnbroker back to the days of his reckless youth and then returning him again to his paunchy half-content.

In Lovecraft's The Thing on the Doorstep, the intellectual Innsmouth girl Asenath Waite, who studies medieval metaphysics at Miskatonic University and becomes able to exchange minds with her older yet immature Arkham husband, sending him on strange sudden journeys to shocking far-off places.

In Bloch's Psycho, the murderer's mother, a depiction of the anima as hag which will chill me forever. This isn't fantasy but psychopathology, of course, yet it deserves inclusion because of the author's general bent and its intrinsic excellence. Any man doubting the reality of the anima should read this book -- the motion picture doesn't convey it.

In Hans Heinz Ewers' Alraune, the vicious yet innocent character of that name and perhaps also the Lotti Levi of all his novels about Frank Braun. (These novels, written a little before and after World War I, set out for all to see the hideously dangerous ambivalent attitude of Germans toward German Jews.)

Doubtless there are other Twentieth Century anima figures in fantasy and science fantasy to set beside these -- most likely in the books of Merritt and his imitators -- but I don't propose, say, to argue whether or not Dejah Thoris and Thuvia are anima figures. Come to think of it, though, Phaidor must be one -- that desirable evil daughter of Matai Shang, Father of Holy Therns; she proves her connection with time when she locks herself and those other Martian ladies in a cell that won't open again for a Martian year....

Is there anything at all to this beyond rather obvious permutations and combinations of the qualities of the vamp and bitch-heroine and witch-heroine of sensational modern fiction? Well, leaving out the creations of Ewers and Bloch, it really seems striking how often that beautiful, frightening, erotic, queenly lady turns up with her powers over time. Portents of a return to a religion revolving around a goddess? But I'm no prophet.

I do know that Jung's anima describes or clarifies some of my own experiences, both wonderful and dreadful. And I can think of no better way to end this article than with Jung's descriptions of the anima and of some encounters his patients had

with the anima in dream and reverie:

"The nixie is an instinctive version of a magical feminine being whom I call the anima. She can also be a siren, melusina (mermaid), wood-nymph, Grace, or Erlking's daughter, or a lamia or succubus, who infatuates young men and sucks the life out of them. Moralizing critics will say that these figures are projections of soulful emotional states and are nothing but worthless fantasies. But were there not such beings long ago, in an age when dawning human consciousness was still wholly bound to nature? What is more, these beings were as much dreaded as adored, so that their rather peculiar erotic charms were only one of their characteristics. Man's consciousness was then far simpler, and his possession of it absurdly small. An unlimited amount of what we now feel to be an integral part of our psychic being disports itself merrily for the primitive in projections ranging far and wide.

"An alluring nixie from the dim bygone is today called an 'erotic fantasy,' and she may complicate our psychic life in a most painful way. She comes upon us just as a nixie might; she sits on top of us like a succubus; she changes into all sorts of shapes like a witch, and in general displays an unbearable independence that does not seem at all proper in a psychic content. Occasionally she causes states of fascination that rival the best bewitchment, or unleashes terrors in us not to be outdone by any manifestation of the devil." ("Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious.")

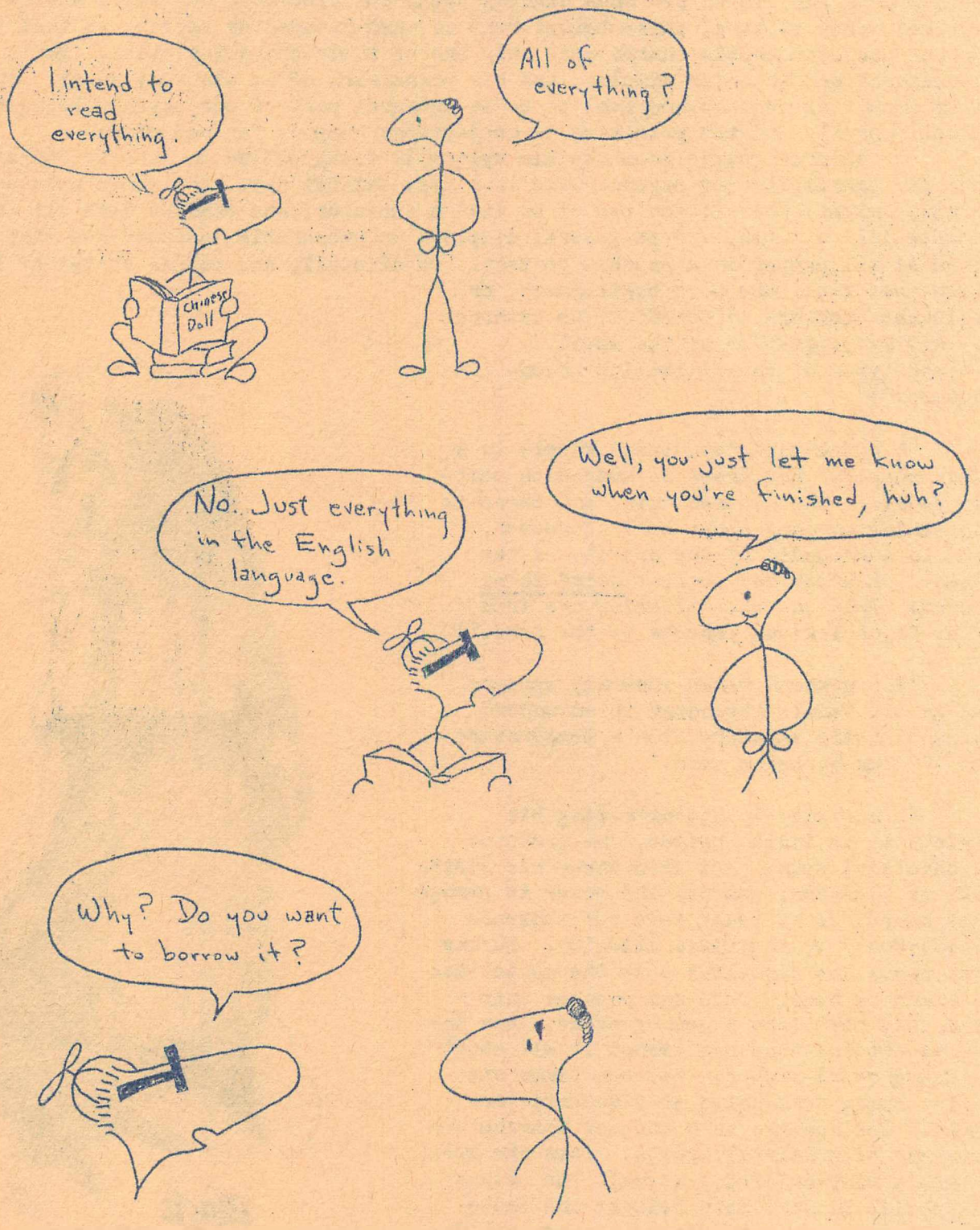
"A black-clad 'countess' kneels in a dark chapel. Her dress is hung with costly pearls. She has red hair, and there is something uncanny about her. Moreover, she is surrounded by the spirits of the dead." (Surely the perfect Weird Tales cover! This and the following are from "The Psychological Aspects of the Kore.")

"The unknown woman suddenly appears as an old female attendant in an underground public lavatory with a temperature of 40 degrees below zero."

"A magician is demonstrating his tricks to an Indian prince. He produces a beautiful young girl from under his cloth. She is a dancer, who has the power to change her shape, or at least hold her audience spell-bound by faultless illusion. During the dance she dissolves with the music into a swarm of bees. Then she changes into a leopard, then into a jet of water, then into an octopus that has twined itself about a young pearl-fisher. Between times she takes human form again at a dramatic moment. She appears as a she-ass bearing two baskets of wonderful fruits. Then she becomes a many-colored peacock. The prince is beside himself with delight and calls her to him. But she dances on, now naked, and even tears the skin from her body, and finally falls down -- a naked skeleton.

This is buried, but at night a lily grows out of the grave, and from its cup there rises a white lady, who floats slowly up to the sky." (This suggests Buddha's visions of beautiful young ladies who suddenly become skeletons.)

Whatever happened to last year?



Speech delivered at the Boskone, April 2, 1967.

by DAMON KNIGHT

PROJECT BOSKONE

In the beginning, there was Gernsback. And the world was without form and void.

And Gernsback said, Let there be science fiction. And it was so.

Let us pray.

I mention this charming myth because I believed it for thirty-some years, until I read a scholarly volume called Future Perfect, by H. Bruce Franklin. Franklin says flatly that "There was no major 19th-century American writer of the first rank, and

indeed few of the second rank, who did not write some science fiction or at least one utopian romance." And he backs this up with the selections in his anthology, and by referring to works by Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Herman Melville, Oliver Wendell Holmes and so on. He finds "scientific fiction" being discussed critically as early as 1876. And the point he makes is that during the 19th century in America, science fiction was not a segregated form, it was not looked down on; it was published, as a matter of course, in all the literary magazines of the day -- Harper's Monthly, Putnam's, Scribner's, The Atlantic Monthly and so on. Mark Twain wrote it; William Dean Howells wrote it; and it never occurred to anybody to look down on those who wrote science fiction or those who read it.

What Gernsback actually did, it would now seem (but he may have had some help from the dime novels that began to appear in the late 1800's), was to ghettoize science fiction -- to make of it what it had not been before, a separate and despised genre, published in magazines with gaudy covers and read by a little group of nuts.

And it has taken us forty years to struggle back into the daylight again.

Now, I don't know whether the dime novels and the pulp magazines took up science fiction because it had ceased to be respectable, or whether it ceased to be respectable because the dime novels and pulp magazines took it up. Some research on this point would be of interest.

But whichever way it was, the curious thing is that I find I cannot be sorry that Gernsback existed. I say to myself, suppose this downgrading of science fiction had never happened -- suppose it had remained a perfectly respectable literary form -- what would the result have been? Well, of course we can't know what we might have got in the way of science fiction from literary writers of the early 20th century. But I think it's quite clear what we would have missed: E. E. Smith, Jack Williamson, Henry and Catherine Kuttner, L. Sprague de Camp, Robert A. Heinlein, and so on right up to Roger Zelazny and Samuel R. Delany.

I have a personal reason for feeling this way, too: if there had been no Hugo Gernsback, I honestly don't know where the hell I would be now or what I would be doing. It gives me a peculiar feeling sometimes to realize that my whole life has been determined, in the strictest sense, by the existence of this gentleman, now in his 80s, whom I have never met. If there had been no Gernsback, praised be he, there would have been no August-September, 1933 issue of Amazing Stories and I would not have read it; there would have been no fanzines for me to imitate and I would never have published SNIDE; there would have been no Futurians and I would never have gone to New York to join them; I would never have got a job with Popular Publications or with the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, praised be it; I would never have met my wife and my children would not exist. I don't know what in the world would have happened to me: I suppose I would be back in Oregon still, doing God knows what. So you see Gernsback has a heavy responsibility.

But aside from such personal considerations, I must tell you that I believe the concentration of science fiction into a ghetto was essential to its growth. A ghetto -- and I use this ugly term deliberately, because it is apt -- a ghetto is a kind of hothouse. Science fiction writers, instead of being scattered and absorbed by the literary world, were crammed into this narrow little field, where every writer was intensely aware of what the others were doing. They wrote for each other and for a coterie audience of people who knew what they were talking about; they picked up ideas from each other and fed them back; they built up a body of common assumptions and knowledge -- and it was this concentration which made science fiction the fantastically rich and vigorous field it is. Last year 213 science fiction books were published. About 20 of these were anthologies, and this happens year after year --

20 anthologies, most of them in hardcover, of stories from this little bitty magazine field. To realize how incredible this is, you have to compare it to the much older and more respectable mystery field, which considers it has done well if it cranks out three or four anthologies a year.

The reason for this vigor and explosive growth, I believe, is the same thing that outsiders have always complained of -- the over-technicality of science fiction, the in-group jargon, the things that make most science fiction just incomprehensible to the general reader. Science fiction writers did not have to water their stuff down to make it acceptable to the man on the street, because they knew he was not going to buy it anyhow. They could write for a specialized audience who would not have to have every damn thing explained to them in simple terms, and therefore they could tackle any idea they could understand themselves and make it into a story which would be published and read with understanding and pleasure.

Now, this may seem like an odd stance for anyone to take who belongs to what has been variously described as the Blish-Knight axis or the Milford Mafia. If any of you have read the recent debate in HABAKKUK, edited by Bill Donaho, you will know that I am supposed to be one of those who are trying to ruin science fiction by importing literary values into it.

Let me try to explain. I was struck particularly by one thing that was said during the HABAKKUK debate. A couple of people, including Donaho, made the point that for them, literary values in science fiction are not only unnecessary, but actively interfere with their enjoyment of the story. These people say that they are not literary troglodytes, that they read mainstream fiction with pleasure -- but that if they want that kind of thing, they can get it from the mainstream: they don't want it in science fiction, which they read in a different way and for a different kind of pleasure.

Let me say that I understand this attitude perfectly, because I feel the same way about mystery fiction. I have been told, and I believe, that the mystery novel in the last decade or so has staked out serious claims to consideration as a literary form, and I couldn't care less. I read mysteries, when I do, for pure entertainment, and I often like them even when I know they are bad.

Is it not inconsistent of me, then, to be trying to import literary values into science fiction? I don't think so. The mystery field, like science fiction, covers a broad spectrum. There is the pure-entertainment stuff, like James Bond, for people like me. There is the highly technical deductive mystery novel for those who like it, and the literary mystery novel for those who like that. The mystery tent is big enough to cover all those people, and the science fiction tent is big enough to cover me and Bill Donaho. And I submit that we should all be glad there is this much variety in science fiction, because if there were not -- if it were all one kind, no matter which kind -- three out of four of us would be left out.

I've been using a term pretty loosely without defining it. When I talk about science fiction with literary values, I simply mean stories which are well written. I have no interest in making science fiction more like the mainstream, or, heaven forbid, more like the avant-garde movement. I simply want it to be well enough written that I can read it with pleasure, and stand some chance of being able to read it again, ten or twenty years from now, without finding that it has gone ricky-tick on me. I have tried to reread some of those stories from the 1930's Amazing, and I know that most science fiction does not stand this test, but this to me is simply another illustration of Sturgeon's Rule -- "Nine tenths of everything is crud." I want a science fiction story to have exciting ideas, logical development, and, all right, the sense of wonder -- but I also want to be able to get through it without tripping over gross grammatical errors, clichés and cooky-cutter characters.

In my Father's house are many mansions.

If we have anything to be grateful for, it is this pluralism of science fiction -- the fact that new things, oddball things, can get published for those who like them, and that there is still room for traditional things for those who like them.

Now about the general reader again, the man on the street. Look. I am not toadying to him, I think, or to the editor who knows nothing about sf and therefore likes it only when it is least like itself. But science fiction is being read by more people than ever before, and it is losing its stigma. I think this is a good thing, and I want to support and protect it. It really does make a difference how many people buy and read science fiction. If we could magically increase the science fiction audience -- let's say if we could double it tomorrow -- there would be more science fiction published because there would be more money in it, for the publishers and the writers. The proportion would stay the same -- 90 percent of it would still be crud -- but numerically there would be more good stories.

All right, but what can we do about that? Science fiction is not big business, but it is business. We have always had the feeling that decisions concerning it were being taken by vast, cool intelligences somewhere over our heads, and that we were really helpless to affect them in any way. The scale is all wrong. There are perhaps a thousand or two thousand science fiction fans. How can we possibly do anything to increase a readership which is already in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand?

Some of you may remember F. Orlin Tremaine's each-reader-get-one-new-reader campaign...or Gernsback's essay contest on "What I Have Done For Science Fiction." These things may have helped some, but not enough.

But I believe there is a way. And now we come to the real reason I am here. I seriously believe there is a way in which we can significantly increase the readership of science fiction, and that we can do it now.

The number of people who are interested in science fiction has increased dramatically. But the sales of science fiction magazines and paperbacks have not increased in proportion. The audience is there; the publishers are in no way reluctant to sell more copies. The trouble comes in the middle -- in distribution.

Science fiction magazines and paperbacks are distributed in the following way. The publisher makes an agreement with a national distributor, of whom there are several. The national distributor then ships these magazines and paperbacks to local wholesalers. The wholesalers, in turn, distribute them to dealers -- that is, to the places where this stuff is actually sold. Now, the interesting thing is this. There are about 800 of these wholesalers in the country. And the wholesalers are the bottleneck in the distribution system. A potential audience of at least double the present maximum of 100,000 readers is there, is waiting: but the stuff is not getting through the bottleneck.

You know how hard science fiction is to find on most newsstands. If you are like me, you have probably asked, "Why don't you have more science fiction?" And you have probably been told by the dealer, "I've asked for it, but I can't get it."

It's the wholesaler that the dealer can't get it from. Now, why isn't the wholesaler distributing more science fiction? I believe the answer is simply indifference. Science fiction is a very small part of his business; the wholesaler gets a commission on each copy sold, but there aren't enough sales to amount to much: it just doesn't matter much to the wholesaler whether or not he puts out a lot of science fiction.

Other publishers, big publishers, have field men who visit these wholesalers. This clears the bottleneck. Science fiction publishers can't do that; they can't afford it. But we can do it. If there are a thousand of us, and 800 wholesalers, we outnumber them.

Now let me make it clear just what I am proposing. I'm calling for a concerted campaign by science fiction fans to visit these 800 wholesalers and persuade them to put out more science fiction. I believe we can do it. I propose to call this "Project Boskone"; I think that's appropriate for two reasons -- in honor of this conference, and because, as you remember, Boskone was a highly organized and effective conspiracy.

I have copies of this speech and I hope as many fan editors as possible will publish it. I want to suggest the following steps:

First, if you haven't already done this, visit at least one dealer in your area and ask him that question -- "Why don't you have more science fiction?" If he tells you "I don't want it," or "I haven't got room for it," go on to another, until you find one who tells you, "I would, but I can't get it." Then find out from the dealer the name and address of the wholesaler.

Then go to see the wholesaler. Bear in mind that these people are not villains, they are just businessmen who don't happen to know much about science fiction. Don't approach them with a hostile attitude; be friendly -- you will probably find out that they are human. Explain to them that you and many of your friends want to buy more science fiction but can't find it on the stands; be sure to mention the name of any dealer who has told you he would handle more of it if he could get it. If you are polite and friendly, if they like you, these people will probably be interested and intrigued: they have never met any science fiction fans before. This is the point: they may agree to distribute more sf just to do you a favor, just because it does not matter much to them one way or the other.

If we can do this, it will be a thing to be proud of. And it will have consequences as profound and far-reaching as the consequences of that first issue of Amazing Stories, published by Hugo Gernsback. I hope some of you here will want to help.

I'd like to get fans from at least half a dozen areas to undertake this as soon as possible, and report the methods they used and the results they got, so that other fans can profit from their experience. If possible, I'd like to have these reports by next September, so that I can bring this up, in more detail, at the Nycon.

"Banzai, Amelican plick!"

A DREAM

Last night
I dreamt of a world where everyone wrote poetry.
Poetry was regarded as the chief end
Of Life. Lovers carved lyrics
Into the rinds of soft fruits
And offered them to each other to eat.
I would prefer to live in such a world,
Instead of this one,
Where people are paid to design ugly
Linoleum.

-- Tom Disch

BEADLE'S 10

Dime New York Library

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No. 851. Published Every Wednesday. Beadle & Adams, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York. Two Copies a Copy. $5.00 a Year. Vol. LXVI.

OR, THE

Great Scout's Big Three

A ROMANCE OF

THE PONY RIDERS of the OVERLAND.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "BUFFALO BILL" NOVELS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

"If Buffalo Bill had not just made a double run because Jess Jordan was killed, he'd make the ride, boys."

"Well, plucky as I admit Buffalo Bill is—and none but a liar would say he wasn't—

BUFFALO BILL SEIZED THE LARIAT AND WENT UP HAND OVER HAND.

pat lupoff

only one color for a dime

It was a warm day in April. The Parke-Bernet galleries on Madison Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street was packed with affluent men, about two dowager matronly types and me. The occasion was an auction of rare books and other miscellania of Western Americana. I sat patiently while the business records, handwritten in a looseleaf notebook, of a saloon in Montana went for four hundred dollars and some authentic writings of the Sioux Indians (in Sioux) went for a slightly higher amount.

Then came item 33. A package deal of twenty dime novels all dealing with the western outlaw was held up for auction. I had promised Dick that I wouldn't spend more than thirty dollars; he had laughed and said that that probably meant about fifty, and I had blushed and vowed to myself that I had better not exceed one hundred. The bidding was between me and a youngish man, while the elders in the audience seemed to watch us with tolerant amusement. I won -- and the set of dime novels was mine at seventeen dollars and a few cents.

This is how I became the proud owner of a set of twenty paperback books published between 1882 and 1913. I have been told by Jack Biblo and Jack Tannen of the used-book store on Fourth Avenue that they sell these books in their store for prices between seven and ten dollars per volume. I felt very proud of myself.

My books are about the size of the average paperback book of today, although they are slightly wider. They're in quite good condition although rather yellow with age and so brittle-seeming that for a long time I was scared to touch them, let alone actually sit down and read one. When I finally did I realized that they were not as fragile as they seemed; in fact, many of them stayed together much better than up-to-date books. Although mine all deal with western outlaws, according to the blurbs on the back of the books adventure stories, detective stories, love stories and sea stories were also published in these series. As the printing on the back of Buffalo Bill's Honor states:

> All classes of fiction are to be found among the Street and Smith novels. Our line contains reading matter for everyone, irrespective of age or preference.

All of my novels have pictures on the front illustrating what takes place within the covers. Obviously, then, the covers mostly depict holdups and gunfights. There is a picture of a train holdup on the cover of a book about Jesse and Frank James. There is a picture of a man roping a cow on the front of a book titled Cowboy Life in Texas. The Dalton brothers are busily opening a safe on the cover of a book entitled The Dalton Brothers. No esoteric titles on any of these books. My favorite cover is the one on The Allen Gang -- Outlaws of the Blue Ridge. It shows a very

lively gun battle going on in a court room. One can easily distinguish the good from the bad guys: the good guys all have identical neatly trim, prim and proper little moustaches, and the bad guys all look like Dick, big and bushy (their moustaches, I mean).

We are used to seeing ads on the back covers of the modern paperback trying to sell us other books on similar subjects. But these early twentieth century paperbacks were more closely related to the magazines as far as the advertising was concerned. Of course, they did list other books, such as the following ad, lifted in its entirety off the inside back cover of The James Boys:

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER by Lillian Mortimer.

A great sensational novel founded on the play by the same name Romantic and Sentimental showing the happy ending in the sad trials of persecuted lovers and the awful punishment of cruelty and crime.

John Livingston, a deep-dyed Gypsy villain, hungry for gold and madly in love with another man's wife determines to separate her from her lawful husband. The monster, aided by his mother, a desperate and drunken old hag, resorts to the foulest of criminal means to accomplish his purpose and send the young husband to prison for a crime which he did not commit. The book contains graphic descriptions of attempts to murder by the aid of chloroform and of timely rescues by faithful friends, and ends with the dramatic and thrilling description of Livingston's arrest and punishment and the happy reunion of the persecuted couple.

Read this book: it is intensely interesting.

Other books advertised were Webster's dictionaries, Pinocchio, Hans Brinker, The Witches Dream Book, Two Hundred of the Latest and Best Jokes and Jestes about the Ford, and The Auto Bandits. But also in these books were promotions for products which had nothing to do with reading matter at all, such as an ad for a piano, an ad for the latest model two-wheeler bicycle, an ad for Crosby's vitalized brain and nerve food, and an ad for Murine eye remedy. There is also a charming little ad for a hair remover which swears that the preparation contains no arsenic and is "the only preparation that a lady can use with perfect safety."

What are the books themselves like? In the first place, they are not conventional dime novels. That is, the narratives are done in the novel form -- the characters speak to one another, the books begin, reach an exciting climax and then follow through to a conclusion -- but since these books are based on the lives of real people they really should be called biographical novels instead of simple dime novels. Also, by the time these books were published they no longer cost a dime; twenty-five cents was probably their average price. Their length was between 172 and 282 pages, with the print appearing to be much the same size as that in the paperback book of today.

The stories that appeared in the early dime novels -- those which were published in the 1860's and 1870's -- had already seen print as serials in newspaper and magazine weeklies. All of the novels, no matter whether they were marketed as westerns, romances or sea stories, were the ultimate in escape fiction. The stories that dealt with western outlaws and other types of wild west figures of course were dreadfully romanticized. Even when a desperado was cutting some unfortunate's throat this was somehow made into a gallant and gentlemanly thing to do. In the Buffalo Bill novels, for example, Bill rarely smokes, never swears, and never uses even the mildest of slang. When Bill is caught with a cigarette in his hand, the author apologizes to the reader. If the hero of one of these novels happened to be an outlaw, it was always the fault of society. Villains, however, were depicted as black as midnight. They were bad clear through; never did they possess one good character trait.

Like the escape forms of entertainment of today, like comic books and television, the novels of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century had their critics. The New York Tribune is supposed to have attacked dime novels on the moral grounds of leading boys astray, i.e., causing them to run away from their homes in search of glory and adventure. Indeed, James D. Horan tells us in The Pictorial History of the Wild West that when Harvey Logan and his brothers left their aunt's home in Missouri, Harvey wanted to head west because of all the western dime novels he had read. Harvey became Kid Curry, one of the west's most wanted men. If dime novels did lead him out west, however, they were not luring a good boy astray: Harvey was on the run because he had stolen a law officer's gun back in his home town. A member of the New York State Assembly introduced a bill to prohibit the sale "to any minor under sixteen years of age (of) any dime novel or book of fiction, without first obtaining the written consent of the parent or guardian of such a minor." (Ref.: Villains Galore by Mary Noel. The Macmillan Company, 1954.) This bill met defeat and dime novels and later twenty-five cent novels became one of the nation's most popular forms of reading entertainment.

But back to my twenty novels. Out of the twenty that I bought, six are about Jesse and Frank James, two about Rube Barrow, two about Buffalo Bill, two deal with the adventures of the Younger brothers, two about Harry Tracy, two about the Allen gang. Then there is one called Cowboy Life in Texas, one called Sketches from Texas Siftings, one about the Dalton gang. All add up to interesting reading. Most of the books are published either by the M. A. Donohue Company in Chicago or by Street and Smith of New York, or by the I. M. Ottenheimer Company of Baltimore. The other publishing houses on my set of books were the Royal Publishing Company in Philadelphia, the J. S. Ogilvie Company in Chicago, the Lamb and Lee Company also in Chicago, and the Phoenix Publishing Company in Baltimore. The authors of the books that I have also overlap. The most prolific seem to be Edgar James, J. W. Buel, and (my favorite name) Harry Hawkeye.

The books themselves read pretty smoothly. All of the characters and events are grossly exaggerated. In The Daring Exploits of Jesse James the father of Frank and Jesse is described as being "a minister of the gospel and their mother was an educated lady of marked refinement and strong matronly virtues." In this book the facts about Jesse's life are accurate enough but everything is described as if seen through rose colored glasses. The conclusion of the book is a beautiful example of purple prose: "A bullet was shot which forever stilled the heart of one of the most remarkable and bravest outlaws the world has ever seen -- Jesse James." In The James Boys -- The Missouri Bandits by Edgar James, an inside blurb claims that the book gives "the latest and most complete story of the daring crimes of these famous desperadoes ever published -- containing many sensational escapades never before made public." Frank and Jesse are referred to as "the world's most desperate bandits and highwaymen."

But no new adventures befall the James boys in this book except that they take a trip to Mexico. Edgar James (not related, as far as I can learn) admits that both Frank and Jesse killed men in cold blood, but immediately he tips the scales back in their favor by portraying them as being Robin Hood type figures in their treatment of women and children. The author also credits both his heroes with being men of exemplary personal traits. They "used liquor, tobacco or bad language sparingly.... There were never two sons who loved their grey haired mother more."

Although the author tells the reader repeatedly that his book is full of inaccessible data, he never divulges to us where he got this hidden information. Indeed, I couldn't find anything new or startlingly different in his book. He describes how Frank and Jesse were born "among scenes of rural simplicity," and goes on to describe their mother as being "a meek and loving woman." This description of

the mother of the James boys may well be some of the "inaccessible information" which the author promises to divulge, since in all other accounts that I have read Mrs. James appears to be a somewhat shrewish woman with a temper as violent as that of her younger son Jesse.

On to Lives and Exploits of Frank and Jesse James by Thaddeus Thorndike (almost as good as Harry Hawkeye). This book is supposed to be a "graphic and realistic description of their many deeds of unparalleled daring." The book is written very much as a novel, with exact conversation frequently quoted in situations where the author could not possibly know the precise words spoken. Despite its fictionalization, though, the book seems to be more authentic than the previous ones I mentioned, if only because of the lack of passages reeking of purple prose.

In Jesse James, My Father, which was written in 1899 by Jesse James, Jr., we come to one of the more interesting of the dime novels written about the James boys. Although the book is obviously prejudiced in Jesse's favor, the facts about Jesse's background are probably true -- at least they agree with other materials generally considered to be authentic, which was not always the case with books of this type. Jesse James, Jr. was seven years old when his father was shot, so he must have got most of his information from his mother. Instead of turning out to be a colorful figure like his father, Jesse, Jr. grew up and went into the cigar store business.

(Jesse, Jr.'s extreme youth at the period of the events he describes might suggest that the book was not merely researched but ghosted for him. I know of no evidence that this was the case, however.)

There is nothing new or startlingly different from standard data in any other of the books that I have about the James boys, but some of the blurbs that appear on the covers are worth noting. They usually set the style of the prose within the book. The James Boys by J. W. Buel: "An authentic and thrilling history of the noted outlaws -- compiled from reliable sources only and containing the latest facts in regard to these desperate freebooters." From the title page of Jesse James, an anonymous 1910 volume: "A romance of terror, vividly portraying the daring deeds of the most fearsome and fearless bandit ever known within the whole range of historical outlawry."

The blurb from Harry Tracy -- the Desperate Western Outlaw by W. N. Carter offers "ninety illustrations graphically depicting the tragic scenes...melodramatic scenes and the tragic death...including the bold flight from prison, the horrid murders, the insolent and reckless holdups of individuals and entire families, the marvelous escapes from sheriffs' posses and bloodhounds."

Harry Hawkeye -- remember him? -- attacks the same subject in his book Tracy the Outlaw. Hawkeye offers a unique scene: Tracy holding up a group of people touring the countryside in an automobile. That leads us into the brief spate of novels and short stories about "road pirates" that appeared in the early days of automobiling. They featured modern-day highwaymen mounted on (or in) two-cylinder runabouts. "Throw your transmission into neutral, stand and deliver!" But I'm not writing about fiction.

People still write books about crime and criminals and trials, whether In Cold Blood or the latest great robbery or murder case. But they are not the same as the tales of outlaw kings and desperadoes.

THE INVADERS vs. THE MILFORD MAFIA

JOANNA RUSS

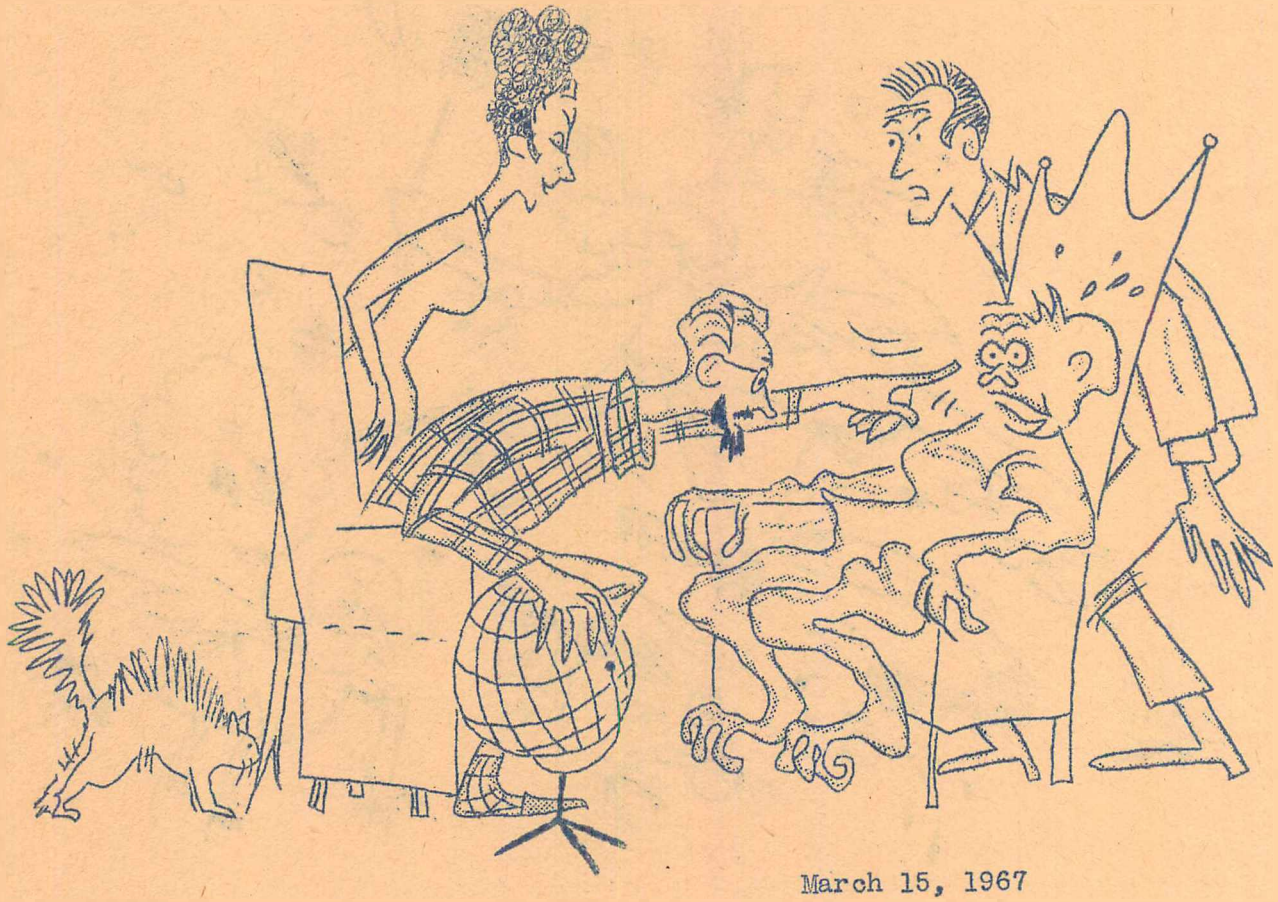
ANNOUNCEMENT FOR SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS
OF AMERICA

THE INVADERS is a new television series recounting the tribulations of a young architect, David Vincent, unable to convince a cynical and indifferent world that aliens from a more advanced planet have begun making secret landings on our own. The Invaders assume human form, blend into all phases of our day-to-day life, and bide their time. Thus, each week, our young man, having had his life wrenched out of orbit, must ferret out and thwart -- virtually singlehanded -- some new and ingenious alien master-plan for hastening the day they will take over.

One week, for instance, Vincent learns they have persuaded the war-weary commanding general of an atomic testing site that, by detonating a catastrophic anti-matter bomb along with the scheduled nuclear explosion, he can frighten humanity into renouncing war forever. On other occasions, he destroys a swarm of man-eating locusts that the aliens have bred in order to decimate our population...foils a plan for the

simultaneous assassination of all the world's rulers...keeps aliens from assimilating and erasing the accumulated intelligence of the nation's top scientific minds... tracks down and destroys a laboratory where human life is being chemically reproduced beneath the sea.

The producer of the show, Alan A. Armer of Q-M Productions, Goldwyn Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, is in the market for many more such intrigues and master-plans. Science-fiction writers who can excerpt from existing published material, or who happen to think of any new ones, are urged to submit their notions to Mr. Armer as soon as possible.



March 15, 1967

Alan A. Armer
Q-M Productions
Goldwyn Studios
1041 North Formosa Avenue
Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

To say that your recent communication fascinated me would be an understatement. In fact, so pronounced was the shock of its arrival that it was only after a quarter-bottle of Calvados and some very serious talking to myself in the mirror that I could gather myself together sufficiently to answer you.

That I had to answer you was only too clear. The Invaders are not fiction at all; they are a desperate fact. They are here, and the first place to look for Them is in your public relations department. Or possibly in the mimeograph machine. I know perfectly well what is going to happen next, but pursuant to the flimsy stratagem by which you pretend that this whole diabolical plot is nothing but a television

series, I will offer it to you in the form of a suggestion:

THE INVADERS vs. THE MILFORD MAFIA

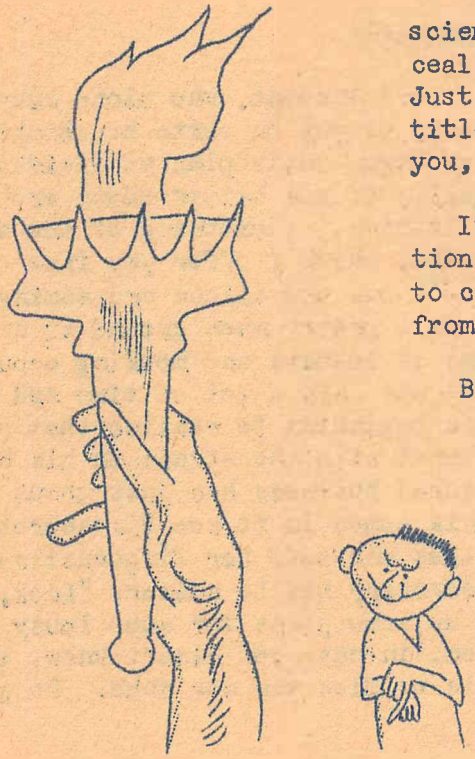
Anyhow, here's this poor slob of an architect, David Vincent, who alone knows that They are invading -- though how he could find out, or why on earth he should be an architect, I can't imagine, unless the Aliens have begun their plan to insidiously warp the human psyche by distorting the lines and angles of our better known architectural monuments like, for example, Grand Central Station. (Something of the sort happens in a Lovecraft story called The Call of Cthulhu, which I offer you free of charge, especially since it isn't mine.) So okay, he knows the Aliens are coming and by this time -- about halfway through the series -- he's pretty much ground to a nubbin, what with foiling plots and destroying swarms of locusts and mousing around underneath the sea, which I should imagine would take not only a lot of time and energy but also an awful lot of money. In fact, he's beginning to realize that he may not be able to make it into the summer re-runs, what with the strain on his health and his bank account. On top of this, his architectural business has just about given up the ghost because every time some poor nudnik comes in to see his secretary (who now has nothing to do except take cryptic messages and buff her fingernails) and asks, "Miss, could I please have a building?" his secretary has to answer, "Look, crumb-bum, do you think Mr. Vincent has time to run up some plans for some lousy palace or villa or something? He's off fighting Them, in case you didn't know, and I suggest you take your gas-station or whatever it is to Mies van der Rohe. He got less on his mind."

So Vincent finally lures the chief Them to the annual Milford SF Writers' Conference, knowing full well that not only are science-fiction writers the only people in the world likely to believe him (what science-fiction writers will believe, especially about editors, TV producers, etc. is phenomenal) but that they are actually the secret rulers of everything: The Masters of the World, as we call ourselves, or (in moments of modesty) the Milford Mafia. (I admit this to you knowing that you will not abuse a confidence.) Now, the Milford Conference is not only held among some perfectly charming country in Pennsylvania; it also takes place in a lovely old house decorated with all sorts of lovely old mottos (including antique Communist posters), and the owner, Mr. Damon Knight, President of the Science Fiction Writers of America, is not only intelligent, charming, honest, fearless and dedicated; he has an extremely handsome beard which I am sure would photograph beautifully.

Anyhow, the confrontation takes place, with the Them naturally extremely uncomfortable, but hiding it under a show of self-confidence while Mr. Vincent goes into the kitchen to recuperate, get a beer and strike up a romance with one of the female Mafia (perhaps you could work me into this). The science fiction writers have gone through all the standard arguments why They can't win, but It remains adamant until Mr. Knight brilliantly plays humanity's trump-card.

"All right," he says. "You can have Earth!"

Now, of course They are rather taken aback by this. Still, the They pulls Itself together and accepts. Nothing can shake Its resolution, not even descriptions of the New York subway in August -- The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire -- Miami Beach -- Los Angeles -- nothing! They allow in an iffy sort of way that They might have to put up with a good deal when They take over humanity, but They insist They will take over anyhow, blast it, and that any Them who gave in now would be unworthy of the name (of Them). Then, as fear rises in every Milfordite's throat, Mr. Knight -- who has left the piece de resistance for last -- leans forward, his eyes glittering, and whispers seductively, "What about television shows?" As the Them sinks back, fainting in terror and half-reverting to Its proper shape (the make-up department can take care of this), the s-f writers bind It to Its seat, piling 1940's



science-fiction novels on Its stomach. A hitherto concealed television set emerges from the paneling. Behold! Just spreading onto the cathode-ray tube is a drama entitled -- well, I won't name names. But let me tell you, it does in that Them completely and entirely.

It's a new television series recounting the tribulations of a young architect, David Vincent, who is unable to convince a cynical and indifferent world that aliens from a more advanced planet...

But I think you've already heard about it.

Sincerely,

Joanna Russ
7 Montague Terrace
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

I have no mouth, and I must eat jellybeans.

BAD TASTE

I wish to protest the shockingly bad taste displayed on the Dec. 25 Andy Williams Show. Someone should have advised that young ice skater of the extreme inappropriateness of skating to the tune of Ave Maria. -- Mrs. K. Kearing, Bronx

-- World Journal Tribune TV Magazine,
Week of Jan. 15-21, 1967

LIE DETECTORS

The defeat of a bill that would ban the manufacturing or the use of lie detectors in New York was urged in testimony before the Senate Labor Committee. An official of a bus company said that use of a lie detector has been an effective means of identifying sex deviates seeking jobs as school bus drivers.

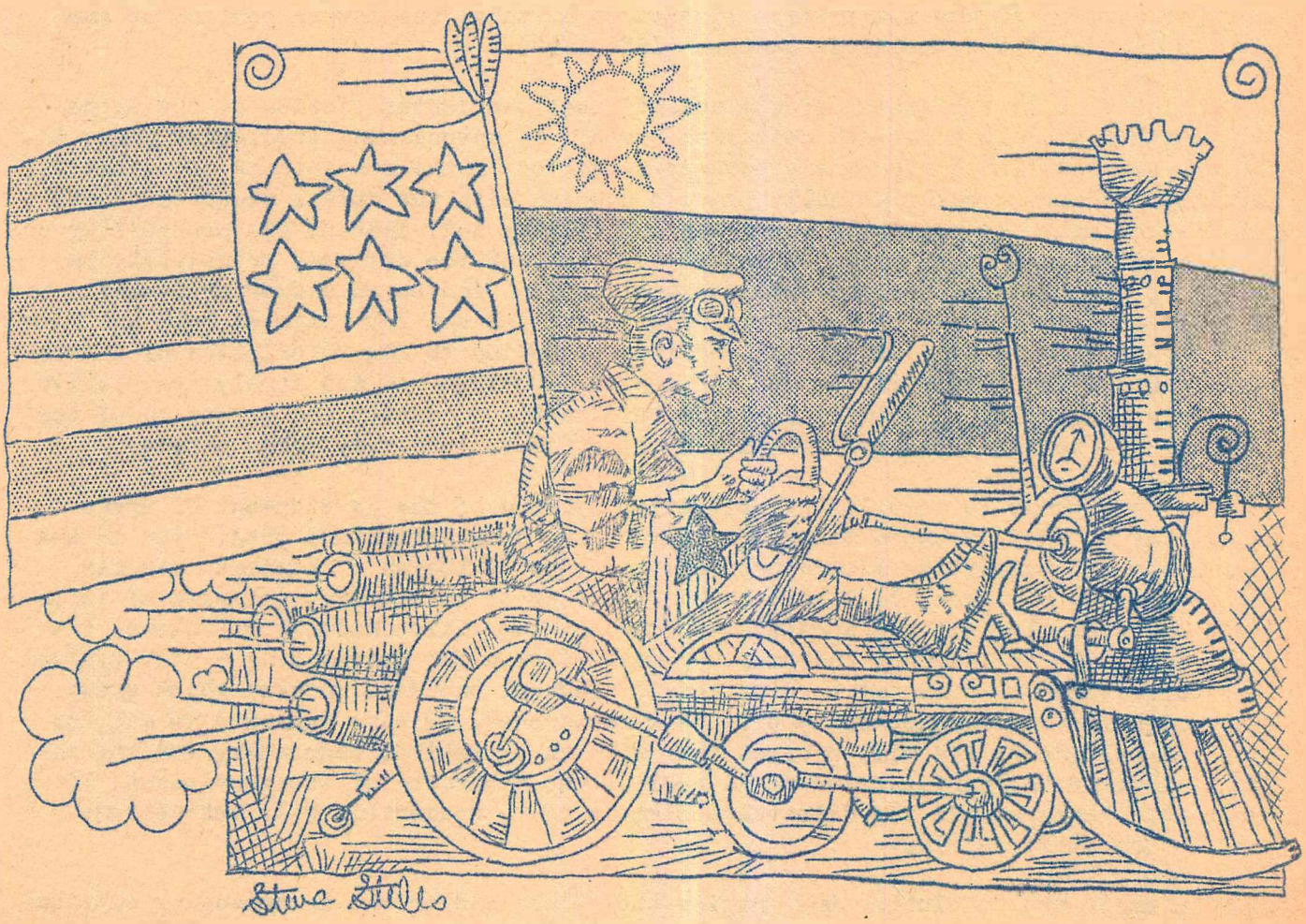
-- New York Times, Feb. 24, 1967

It was probably at lunch this day that Tigrina said to the waitress "I'm a fried chicken", and that i noticed with alarm that T's forefinger is longer than her midfinger. Thereafter i kept intending to see whether she cast a shadow or could be seen in a mirror, but never thot of it at a suitable time. And it was this day or the next that Milton Rothman and Ralph Rayburn Phillips carried on a discussion of which I caught the fragment from Milton: "When people talk about souls or spirits, i always want to know, are they made out of atoms, or if not are they wave forms--" and from Phillips: "Well, of course, everything is vibrations when you come right down to it."

-- Jack Speer, in A Partial Account of
the Pacificon, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #32,
September 1946

Technological Extrapolation in the Era of Enlightened Rigor (1850-1914): a Survey and Evaluation

by RICHARD A. LUPOFF



Preface

The modern science fiction fan, studiously engrossed in contemporary imaginative literature to the exclusion of earlier flights of fancy, is likely to become disheartened at the prospect of finding any substantial proportion of the output of the field to be solidly based in technological extrapolation, firmly footed on an adequate knowledge of scientific fact and a thoroughgoing comprehension of natural and mechanical principles.

While a superficial perusal of existing (that is, surviving or extant) scientifictional outpourings of the past may be limited to the puerile pedantries of the late French master of technological and geographical expostulation, M. (Monsieur) Jules Verne (Vurn), or the sociological pap of the British pessimist Herbert G. Wells (not to be confused with his American explicator, the quondam diplomat Sumner Welles), these two prolific inditers were far from the sole practitioners of scientifictional discourse in the era dating roughly from the appearance of Greg, P.'s pioneering Across the Zodiac in two volumes and 1880 to the outbreak of the First World War (also known as the Great War).

It should be of further noteworthy consideration that the practitioners of science fiction in the era under consideration did not devote themselves to bland sociological extrapolation as do so many of the members of the modern so-called "Galaxy school," nor to thinly disguised fantasy as do members of the present "Analog coterie," nor to artistically deft but contentually vacant vaporizings as do members of the "F&SF group," nor to other antiscientific trends as is the distressing tendency of so much of the imaginative literature of this, the latter portion of the seventh decade of the twentieth century (1965-1969).

Indeed, an investigation of the scientifically-oriented fiction of the latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries reveals an astonishing predictive force in action, coupled with a rigorously pursued attention to the disciplines of scientific accuracy, an almost mathematically precise concern with the detail required to establish not only the possibility but the feasibility and, indeed, the probability or likelihood of occurence, with the passage of time, of the devices, principles, inventions, discoveries, developments and applications indicated and/or predicted. One might suggest that while contemporary science fiction can lay claim at best and with considerable latitude of definition and interpretation to the description of a speculative body, the scientifiction of the period 1880-1914 was not merely speculative but truly predictive, providing a picture of startling clarity and precision of the era then yet to be -- the era in which we live today, to a very large extent!

In an attempt to compile the definitive history of the development of every single theme, idea, device, technique, invention, speculation and prediction in the full range of imaginative literature from the time of Lucian of Samosata and his forerunners to the present, I have begun a catalog of outstanding examples of scientific and technological extrapolation throughout the entire history of science fiction as a field of literary endeavor. I will offer a few outstanding -- yet typical -- examples from my personal card catalog of several thousand entries which grows daily with the continuance of my extensive researches. I have arranged my samples into several groups and will present them with an exegetical commentary for the enlightenment of the serious student as well as the diversion of the more casual litterateur. Perhaps even the dilettante element of my readership will derive some benefit from this reading.

In order not to clutter the entries themselves and/or the accompanying explication with bibliographic minutiae, or the pages with numerous footnotes, reference notes are reserved for a recommended bibliography appended to the article, to which selections are numerically keyed.

Section I: TRANSPORTATION

Speculative fiction in the age of enlightened rigor was largely preoccupied with transportation by many methods, through all media. A favored form of imaginary vehicle was the aerial craft and, as the alert reader will already have recalled, and as others may well be reminded, the immortal Wright Brothers of South Carolina did demonstrate a successful aerial vehicle before the end of the era referred to. The following precise prediction appeared several years earlier, and in the author's opinion may well have served as no less than a working diagram for the Brothers:

> Barton was just passing the locked doors of the Hit or Miss -- for he preferred to go homeward by the riverside -- when a singular sound, or mixture of sounds, from behind the battered old hoarding close by, attracted his attention. In a moment he was as alert as if he had not passed a nuit blanche. The sound at first seemed not very unlike that which a traction engine, or any other monster that murders sleep, may make before quite getting up steam. Then there was plainly discernable a great whirring and flapping, as if a windmill had become deranged in its economy, and was laboring "without a conscience or an aim." Whir, whir, flap, thump, came the sounds, and then, mixed with and dominating them, the choking scream of a human being in agony...
>
> ...Then whir, flap, came the noise again, and again the human note was heard, and was followed by a groan...
>
> ...Great fans were winnowing the air, a wheel was running at prodigious speed, flaming vapors fled hissing forth, and the figure of a man, attached in some way to the revolving fans, was now lifted several feet from the ground, now dashed to earth again, now caught in and now torn from the teeth of the flying wheel...
>
> ..."By Jove!" he said, as he helped himself to a devilled wing of a chicken at breakfast, "I believe the poor beggar had been experimenting with a Flying-Machine!" (1)

A similar device described in another work:

> ...The propelling apparatus consisted of two large wheels, having numerous aerial fans that alternately beat backward and cut through the air as they oscillated on their axes. The wheels were supplemented by aeroplanes, resembling huge outspreading wings, inclined at an angle, so that their forward rush upon the air supported the ship. They revolved with great rapidity, being driven by the accumulated force of a thousand magnic batteries, composed of dry metallic cells, especially designed for aerial navigation. (2)

Not all writers gave this degree of detail, unfortunately, witness the following explication of an apparently dual-powered aircraft:

> She lay in a sort of natural harbour in the island, a spacious salt-water lake almost land-locked.
>
> From this she presently rose easily and smoothly, like a huge bird wending its way upwards in a series of graceful circles. Like a bird, too, she had at first enormous wings spread out to the air. But after a time, as she gained the upper air, these were folded away, the upper covering was replaced, and she became once more the great egg-shaped mass she had appeared when she had arrived beside the island. How, afterwards, she continued to force her way upwards against the attraction of the Earth, was King Ivanta's own secret. (3)

King Ivanta may have kept his secret, but in the following passage from another work, Roland Clewe and Old Samuel offer a precise and accurate description of the modern ducted-fan aircraft, missing the mark only on the matter of steering. As an additional fillip we are given a foresight of the principle of fibre-optics or "light-pipes" currently in use in some data-processing machines and slated for far wider application in later years.

"...he sailed over the place in one of those air-screw machines, with a fan workin' under the car to keep it up."

"And so he soared up above my glass roof and looked down, I suppose?"

"That's what he did," said Samuel, "but he had a good deal of trouble doin' it. It was moonlight, and I watched him."

"Why didn't you fire at him?" asked Clewe, "or at least let fly one of the ammonia squirts and bring him down?"

"I wanted to see what he could do," said the old man. "The machine he had couldn't be steered, of course. He could go up well enough, but the wind took him where it wanted to. But I must give this feller the credit of sayin' that he managed his basket pretty well. He carried it a good way to the windward of the lens-house, and then sent it up, expectin' the wind to take it directly over the glass roof, but it shifted a little, and so he missed the roof, and had to try it again. He made two or three bad jobs of it, but finally managed it by hitchin' a long cord to a tree, and then the wind held him there steady enough to let him look down for a good while."

"You don't tell me that!" cried Clewe. "Did you stay there and let him look down into my lens-house?"

The old man laughed. "I let him look down," said he, "but he didn't see nothin'. I was laughin' at him all the time he was at work. He had his instruments with him, and he was turnin' down his different kinds of lights, thinkin', of course, that he could see through any kind of coverin' that we put over our machines. But, bless you! he couldn't do nothin', and I could almost hear him swear as he rubbed his eyes after he had been lookin' down for a little while."

Clewe laughed. "I see," said he. "I suppose you turned on the photo-hose."

"That's just what I did," said the old man. "Every night while you were away I had the lens-room filled with the revolving-light squirts, and when these were turned on I knew there was no gettin' any kind of rays through them. A feller may look through a roof and a wall, but he can't look through light comin' the other way, especially when it's twistin' and curlin' and spittin'."

"That's a capital idea," said Clewe. "I never thought of using a photo-hose in that way. But there are very few people in this world who would know anything about my new lens machinery even if they saw it. This fellow must have been that Pole, Rovinski. I met him in Europe, and I think he came over here not long before I did."

"That's the man, sir," said Samuel. "I turned up a needle searchlight on him just as he was givin' up the business, and I have got a little photograph of him at the house. His face is mostly beard, but you'll know him." (4)

An interesting combination of aerial, tellurian, and acquaeious transportation media, not as yet realized, appears in this passage:

"I'd like to go by rail," said the Idiot, after a moment's thought.

"That is a desire quite characteristic of you," said the School-master. "It is so probable that you could. Why not say that you'd like to cross

the Atlantic on a tight-rope?"

"Because I have no such ambition," replied the Idiot. "Though it might be fun if the tight-rope were a trolley-wire, and one could sit comfortably in a spacious cab while speeding over the water. I should think that would be exhilarating enough. Just imagine how fine it would be on a stormy day to sit looking out of your cab-window far above the surface of the raging and impotent sea, skipping along at electric speed, and daring the waves to do their worst -- that would be bliss."

.....

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Idiot," said the School-master; "but when I find that I need your assistance in framing my conversation, I shall -- er -- I shall give up talking. I mean to say that I do not think Mr. Whitechoker can justify his conclusions, and talks without having given the subject concerning which he has spoken due reflection. The /Atlantic/ cable runs along the solid foundation of the bed of the sea. It is a simple matter, comparatively, but a trolley-wire stretched across the ocean by the simplest rules of gravitation could not be made to stay up."

"No doubt you are correct," said Mr. Whitechoker, meekly. "I did not mean that I expected ever to see a trolley-road across the sea, but I did mean to say that man has made such wonderful advances in the past hundred years that we cannot really state the limit of his possibilities. It is manifest that no one to-day can devise a plan by means of which such a wire could be carried, but -- "

"I fear you gentlemen would starve as inventors," said the Idiot. "What's the matter with balloons?"

"Balloons for what?" retorted Mr. Pedagog.

"For holding up the trolley-wires," replied the Idiot. "It is perfectly feasible. Fasten the ends of your wire in London and New York, and from coast to coast station two lines of sufficient strength to keep the wire raised as far above the level of the sea as you require. That's simple enough."

"And what, pray, in this frenzy of the elements, this raging storm of which you have spoken," said Mr. Pedagog, impatiently -- "what would then keep your balloons from blowing away?"

"The trolley-wire, of course," said the Idiot. Mr. Pedagog lapsed into a hopelessly wrathful silence for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, I sincerely hope your plan is adopted, and that the promoters will make you superintendent, with an office in the mid-ocean balloon." (5)

Concern with transportation brought a logical concommitant of concern for safety and law-enforcement in the use of advanced vehicles. The following invention, fortunately, has failed to materialize, nor has anything remotely resembling it ever been put into use.

"The policemen on duty also have instantaneous kodaks mounted on tripods, which show the position of any carriage at half- and quarter-second intervals, by which it is easy to ascertain the exact speed, should the officers be unable to judge it by the eye; so there is no danger of a vehicle's speed exceeding that allowed in the section in which it happens to be; neither can a slow one remain in the fast lines." (6)

A closely related matter is that of boring or penetrating equipment. For military use, the application would be to pierce armor plating or other protective materials. In civil uses, such efforts as tunneling for roadbeds, boring for mineral extraction and the like, call for a powerful mechanical drill. Roland Clewe, whom we have already encountered, solved this problem also.

This was an enormous projectile, the peculiarity of which was that its motive power was contained within itself, very much as a rocket contains the explosives which send it upward. It differed, however, from the rocket or any other similar projectile, and many of its features were entirely original with Roland Clewe.

This extraordinary piece of mechanism, which was called the automatic shell, was of cylindrical form, eighteen feet in length and four feet in diameter. The forward end was conical and not solid, being formed of a number of flat steel rings, decreasing in size as they approached the point of the cone. When not in operation these rings did not touch one another, but they could be forced together by pressure on the point of the cone. This shell might contain explosives or not, as might be considered desirable, and it was not intended to fire it from a cannon, but to start it on its course from a long semicylindrical trough, which would be used simply to give it the desired direction. After it had been started by a ram worked by an engine at the rear end of the trough, it immediately began to propel itself by means of the mechanism contained within it.

But the great value of this shell lay in the fact that the moment it encountered a solid substance or obstruction of any kind, its propelling power became increased. The rings which formed the cone on its forward end were pressed together, the electric motive power was increased in proportion to the pressure, the greater became its velocity and power of progression, and its onward course continued until its self-contained force had been exhausted. (4)

To return to the sea, assuming that Mr. Idiot's plan for a Transatlantic Trolley should fail to obtain the backing sought in his behalf by Mr. Pedagog, an alternate is proposed:

"The next improvement in sea travelling was the 'marine spider.' As the name shows, this is built on the principle of an insect. It is well known that a body can be carried over the water much faster than through it. With this in mind, builders at first constructed light framework decks on large water-tight wheels or drums, having paddles on their circumferences to provide a hold on the water. These they cause to revolve by means of machinery on the deck, but soon found that the resistance offered to the barrel wheels themselves was too great. They therefore made them more like centipeds with large, bell-shaped feet, connected with a superstructural deck by ankle-jointed pipes, through which, when necessary, a pressure of air can be forced down upon the enclosed surface of water. Ordinarily, however, they go at great speed without this, the weight of the water displaced by the bell feet being as great as that resting upon them. Thus they swing along like a pacing horse, except that there are four rows of feet instead of two, each foot being taken out of the water as it is swung forward, the first and fourth and second and third rows being worked together. Although, on account of their size, which covers several acres, they can go in any water, they give the best results on Mediterraneans and lakes that are free from ocean rollers, and, under favorable conditions, make better speed than the nineteenth-century express trains, and, of course, going straight as the crow flies, and without stopping, they reach a destination in considerably shorter time." (6)

Rail transit is not to be neglected; in this passage we find a curious combination of technology and theology, only the first of several to be introduced:

The god Rakamadeva was a glorious sight. On a causeway of marble flanked with steps on either side stood that object of magnic life and beauty in a

blaze of metals and jewels worthy the praise of the priests, in itself a royal palace.

This automobile car in shape seemed a compound of the back of a turtle and a Siamese temple, and was of extraordinary magnificence. Both front and rear tapered down to the solid platinum framework of the wheels, that extended beyond the car at both ends, the projections simulating the heads of monsters that held each between their jaws one hundred cells of triple metal, which developed a tremendous force.

The priests chanted the following ode to the sacred locomotive:

"Glorious annihilator of time and space, lord of distance, imperial courier.

"Hail, swift and sublime man-created god, hail colossal and bright wheel!

"Thy wheels adamant, thy frame platinum, thy cells terrelium, aquelium!

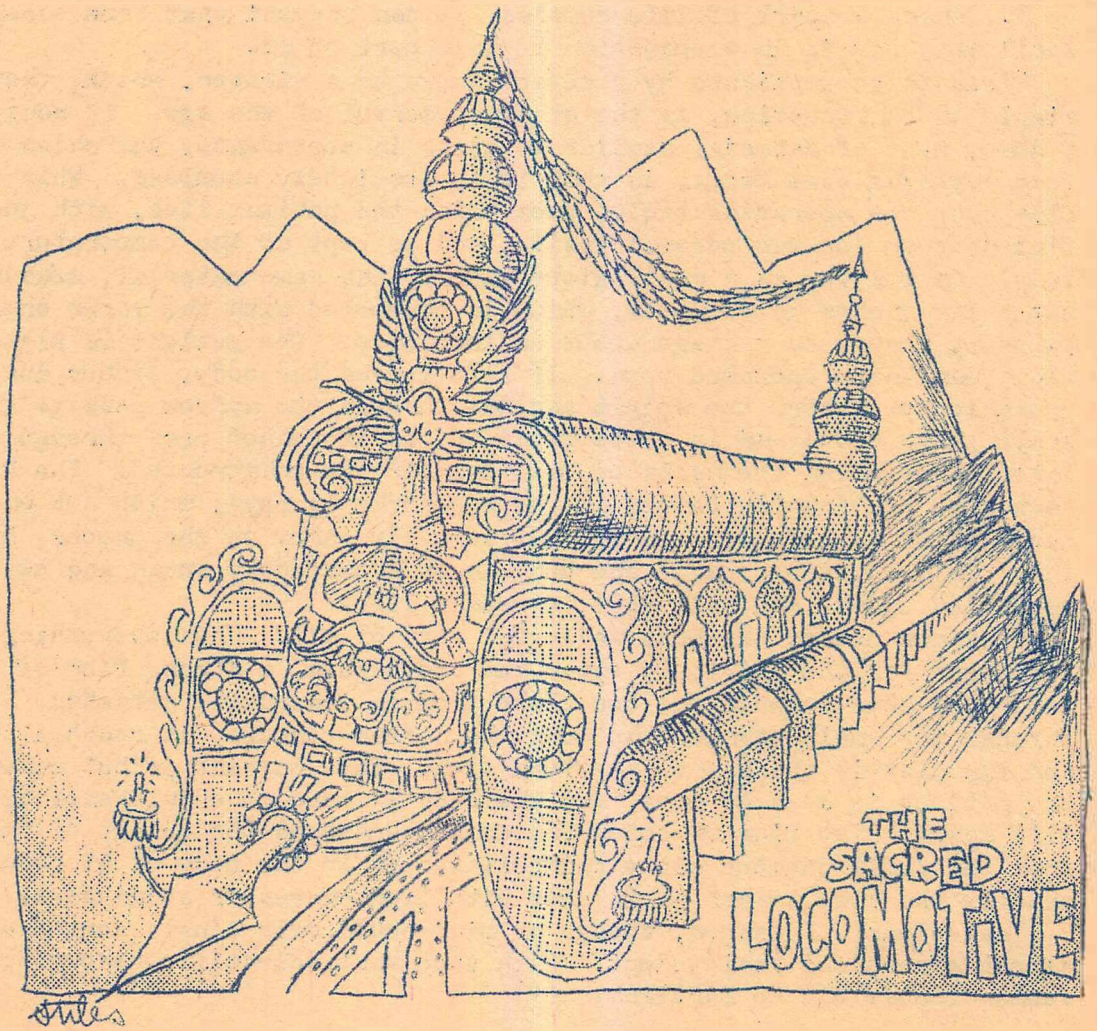
"Thou art lightning shivering on the metals, thy breathless flights affright Atvatabar!

"The affluence of life animates thy form, that flashes through valleys and on mountains high!

"The forests roar as thou goest past, the gorge echoes thy thunder!

"Thy savage wheels ravage space. Convulsed with life, thy tireless form devours the heights of heaven!

"Labor and glory and terror leap as thy thundering feet go by; thy axles burn with the steady sweep, till on wings of fire they fly!" (2)



And, to complete our section on transportation, the following dramatically visualized and, in one's considered opinion, wholly practicable, device:

> Governor Ladalmir explained that the cavalry of Atvatabar were mounted on such locomotive machines, built on the plan of immense ostriches, called bockhockids. They were forty feet in height from toe to head, the saddle being thirty feet from the ground. The iron muscles of legs and body, moved by a powerful magnic motor inside the body of the monster, acted on bones of hollow steel. Each machine was operated by the dynamo in the body, which was adjusted to act or remain inert, as required, when riding the structure. A switch in front of the saddle set the bockhockid in motion or brought it to rest again. It was simply a gigantic velocipede without wheels. (2)

To the visualization of armies striding majestically across serried fields thirty feet above the ground, mounted on their giant mechanical ostriches, we take leave of transportation and proceed briefly to an additional field, in which we shall present but a single, but dazzling, example of technological extrapolation.

Section II: MEDICINE

We submit the following device, the virator:

> "...Where a spark of life remains, we can prevent that from escaping until the body is in a condition to take care of it.
>
> "This is accomplished by a device known as a virator, which, though simple in construction, is the greatest marvel of the age. It consists of a dome, made of material similar to glass in appearance, but which differs from anything else known, in that it is absolutely atomless. This dome fits over the operating table, upon which the patient lies, with just sufficient room for two persons inside, and is kept at the temperature of the body. On its top is a small globe made of the same material, measuring but a few inches in diameter, which is connected with the large chamber below by a neck or passage about an inch wide. The patient is placed inside, and there operated upon. If life leaves the body, either during the operation or after, the spirit ascends through the narrow passage into the small globe above and is there retained, as it cannot pass through the material of which the walls of this chamber are constructed. The body is then kept continually bathed in the regenerating rays, which not only preserve it as if life were in it, but actually carry on the process of healing. This continues until the body is in a perfectly sound and healthy condition again, and well able to retain life.
>
> "And now occurs the most wonderful part of all. When everything is in readiness for the spirit to enter the body again, a strong flow of super-radium is sent through the top globe from an instrument attached. Passing through the small chamber and down the narrow passage, it reaches the body, and immediately changes to a return flow. This current is but momentary; the patient is seen to move, and the body is once more quickened by the life spark. The flow of super-radium has conveyed the spirit of the patient from the small chamber above and released it in the body as it returned, in exactly the same manner as it does with light-waves or sound-waves."
>
> "Marvelous!" I gasped, though my mind could only slowly comprehend this almost miraculous achievement. With such vast scientific resources nothing seemed impossible to Martians. (7)

Indeed, the narrator's appreciation of the device described to him is not misplaced. Perhaps the reader will notice that a number of our selections terminate with

expressions of astonishment and/or admiration on the part of characters in the books quoted. Rightly so!

Section III: SPACE TRAVEL

To the public stereotype, space travel represents the archetype of scientifiction and, indeed, in the genre itself by far the most frequently treated theme is contact between Terrestrial mankind and the universe beyond his home planet, whether in the form of visitors to the Earth, exploration by Man beyond the Earth, interplanetary communication, transportation, warfare, commerce, and so on.

Let us introduce this section with a further development of the virator already examined as a medical device; the machine is adapted now to facilitate a sort of astral visitation between planets.

> "I have explained to you how the spirit may be retained in the upper chamber of a virator after it has left the body," pursued Almos, "and as it is this apparatus we shall employ, I have but to describe the additions I have made to it to meet our requirements, and also my theories in connection with them.
>
> "To the lower chamber or dome of a virator I have connected the receiving apparatus of a radioscope, first removing the image surface. This can be disconnected easily, and the projecting apparatus substituted, from which I have also removed the image surface. Thus we may have a free current of super-radium flowing from the radioscope to Earth and returning into the virator, and by substituting the projecting apparatus, we have a current flowing from the virator to Earth and returning into the receiving apparatus.
>
> "This is exactly the condition that exists in a virator in ordinary use with these exceptions: the current of super-radium is made to flow either in or out of the bottom chamber, as well as the top; instead of being local, the current is between Earth and Mars, and consequently much more powerful. The currents from both the top and bottom chambers are controlled by clockwork which I have devised for that purpose, and in place of an operating table in the virator I have substituted a couch...." (7)

The reader may find himself still not fully conversant with the theory and technique of interplanetary astralization. An additional explication from another source may serve as clarification. The reader is encouraged to place himself in the position of the narrator below, and to attempt to reach the same conclusion.

> Rousing himself from the state of apathy into which he had sunk, he devoted himself entirely to the study of chemistry, spiritualism, and Egyptology. After many years had passed, during a visit to Egypt, he came across some extraordinary writings of an Egyptian priest who had lived in the XII Dynasty. In these documents the writer clearly described and explained the means whereby anyone could have the power of releasing his soul from his body.
>
> "This," said Angus, when telling me about it, "contains the knowledge for which I have been searching for so long, and proves my theory, that the soul can be set free from the body, during the life-time of its owner." Then clearly and lucidly he explained these mysteries to me; and very soon succeeded in convincing me that he was on the eve of a great discovery -- perhaps one of the greatest this world had ever known.
>
> Nevertheless, thirty years passed without his achieving any important result. Then one day, in a state of great excitement, he rushed into my

room crying, "I have conquered! at last I am the possessor of the great secret. My long years have been rewarded. This knowledge enables me to release my soul from the body, to return to it at will."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed in amazement. "How marvellous!" Then he explained how he had invented a certain gas which, by inhalation, would bring about this wonderful result.

Continuing, he showed me how the body exercised a magnetic power over the soul until death; at which time the heart, ceasing to beat, caused the magnetic influence to be stilled; with the result that the soul was set free. Now the gas which Angus had discovered temporarily demagnetised the body; thus setting the soul at liberty. On the other hand, when the soul wished to return to its earthly tenement, in order to do so, it had to come but once more under the magnetic influence of the body. I gasped with amazement at what was simply as clear as daylight. (8)

Certainly the interdisciplinary collaboration described should represent a startlingly predictive note of the van Vogtian concept of the nexialist, obviously borrowed from this work of bygone decades.

But astral interplanetary travel may prove less than totally satisfactory or universally attainable to the undisciplined western mind. We turn, therefore, to the so-called space "ship." An excellent theory of its source of power is found in the Greg work earlier cited, but in the writer's opinion the classic clarification of this is given below.

"I have it!" exclaimed Ayrault, jumping up. "Apergy will do it. We will build an air-tight projectile, hermetically seal ourselves within, and charge it in such a way that it will be repelled by the magnetism of the earth, and it will be forced from it with equal or greater violence than that with which it is ordinarily attracted. I believe the earth has but the same relation to space that the individual molecule has to any solid, liquid, or gaseous matter we know; and that, just as molecules strive to fly apart on the application of heat, this earth will repel that projectile when electricity, which we are coming to look upon as another form of heat, is properly applied. It must be so, and it is the manifest destiny of the race to improve it. Man is a spirit cursed with a mortal body, which glues him to the earth, and his yearning to rise, which is innate, is, I believe, only a part of his probation and trial."

"Show us how it can be done," shouted his listeners in chorus.

"Apergy is and must be able to do it," Ayrault continued. "Throughout Nature we find a system of compensation. The centripetal force is offset by the centrifugal; and when, according to the fable, the crystal complained of its hard lot in being unable to move, while the eagle could soar through the upper air and see all the glories of the world, the bird replied, 'My life is but for a moment, while you, set in the rock, will live forever, and will see the last sunrise that flashes upon the earth.'

"We know that Christ, while walking on the waves, did not sink, and that he and Elijah were carried up into heaven. What became of their material bodies we cannot tell, but they were certainly superior to the force of gravitation. We have no reason to believe that in miracles any natural law was broken, or even set aside, but simply that some other law, whose workings we do not understand, became operative and modified the law that otherwise would have had things its own way. In apergy we undoubtedly have the counterpart of gravitation, which must exist, or Nature's system of compensation is broken. May we not believe that in Christ's transfiguration on the mount, and in the appearance of Moses and Elias with him -- doubtless in the flesh, since otherwise mortal eyes could not have seen them -- apergy

came into play and upheld them; that otherwise, and if no other modification had intervened, they would have fallen to the ground; and that apergy was, in other words, the working principle of these miracles?" (6)

Theology as the basis of space flight in another book:

"Has a reasoning Divinity created the heavens and peopled the myriad stars with thinking, capable beings, who must be perpetually isolated? Or may they not know each other some time? But shall we attempt to sail the vast heavens with a paper kite, or try to fly God's distances with the wings of fluttering birds? Nay; we must use God's engine for such a task. Has He tied the planets to the sun, and knitted the suns and their systems into one great universe obedient to a single law, with no possibility that we may use that law for intercommunication? With what wings do the planets fly around the sun, and the suns move through the heavens? With the wings of gravity! The same force for minute satellite or mighty sun. It is God's omnipotence applied to matter. Let us fly with that!" (9)

The author was obviously referring to gravity when he spoke of "God's omnipotence applied to matter." Another example of the same principle, from yet another author of the era of enlightened rigor:

"This wilder brother of electricity, whose essence, as I said to MacGregor, I had long grasped, is also in many of his effects, known to you all. Unasked, he carries us light and heat from the sun; he causes the stars to twinkle in the arc of night; he brings a message from the moon that bids the oceans to be moved; he bears the earth herself on his broad bosom safely round her annual path and whirls her once in twenty-four hours into life-giving day and night. In his mighty grip the universe of worlds is secure. To each he assigns a station. For all he finds a path. He leaps from sun to sun, he flashes from star to star. Vast and incomprehensible as are the mysterious ways in which he moves, I have succeeded in overmastering his grandest and yet his simplest secret."

A murmur of expectant awe broke from the trembling listeners. Together they cried: "The secret?"

"The attraction of gravitation," Barnett answered. "This branch of force of which I am speaking," he said more calmly, "is as delicate as it is powerful. Once the disturbing influence of our atmosphere -- or any atmosphere -- contaminates it, we have the pitiful spectacle of a god-like force condescending to such puny tricks as knocking down mill chimneys, deranging telegraph wires, killing men, creating braggart thunderstorms. These, as my experiments have proved, are but the sport of insulated waves of ethereal force. Its work is more serious."

"But how does this affect our enterprise?" they cried.

"I am coming to that. The attraction of gravitation is but another phase of the force which compells a needle in Liverpool to answer the fluctuations of another in New York. Cut the intermediate wire by which the force is conveyed, or insulate one needle and the other ceases to act. The space between the Earth and Mars is, as it were, one vast charged wire. Along that intangible line of communications you might send a telegram as easily as under the Atlantic Ocean. Nay, more, a body insulated from the Earth's attraction would by it pass almost instantaneously to Mars for the attraction of gravitation is inconceivably rapid. The flash of light is almost stationary beside it."

"Great heavens!"

"Tonight, simply by the turning of two screws I shall insulate the Steel Globe from the Earth's attraction, and all who choose to journey by it will pass safely on to Mars."

"Instantaneously?"

"Oh, no. That would be death. My chief difficulty -- indeed my only difficulty worthy of the name -- has been to regulate the speed at which we travel. This I have at last accomplished. By a long series of experiments I have succeeded in graduating the counter attractions of the two planets until I can regulate our speed to a mile -- or say, a thousand miles."

"And at what speed do you propose to travel?"

"Fifty thousand miles a minute," Barnett answered, and as he seated himself wearily, he said; "Mars will be in opposition in less than a month from now. For reasons which will be explained to you later, I consider it wise to start at once."

There was a long, silent pause and then simultaneously from every throat a wild hurrah rang out. (10)

But so much for theoretical considerations. One must apply one's conceptual advance or it remains but a meaningless mouthing of unutilitarian academism. Thus:

"I have positively demonstrated with my working model that I can reverse the force of gravity acting upon the model, and make it sail away into space. I will show you this whenever you like. It is so arranged that the polarizing action ceases in three minutes, after which the positive current controls, and the model falls to the Earth again."

"But have you ever attempted a trip yet?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. The model was not built to carry me, but it has demonstrated all the important facts, and I now need ten thousand dollars to build one large enough to carry several persons, and to equip it with everything necessary to make a trip to one of the planets. With a man inside to control the currents, it will be far more easily managed than the experimental model has been."

"Suppose you had the projectile built and everything was ready for a start," I said, "what would be the method of working it?"

"I should enter the forward compartment," began the doctor.

"But would you make the trial trip yourself?"

"I certainly would not trust the secret of operating the currents to any one else," he remarked, with emphasis. "And will you accompany me in the rear compartment?"

"No, indeed; unless you will promise to return in time for the following day's market," I replied. (9)

Gravitics may prove the ultimate answer to the problem of powering a craft between celestial bodies, but it may not prove the first answer. Today's reaction-motor program is an alternate approach. Here follows yet another:

"These knobs and handles on the walls," he said, "control the driving power, which, as I have told you, comes from the atoms of matter which I have persuaded to unlock their hidden forces. I push or turn one way and we go ahead, or we rise; I push or turn another way and we stop, or go back. So I concentrate the atomic force just as I choose. It makes us go, or it carries us back to earth, or it holds us motionless, according to the way I apply it. The earth is what I kick against at present, and what I hold fast by; but any other sufficiently massive body would serve the same purpose. As to the machinery, you'd need a special education in order to understand it. You'd have to study the whole subject from the bottom up, and go through all the experiments that I have tried. I confess that there are some things the fundamental reason of which I don't understand myself. But I know how to apply and control the power, and if I had Professor Thomson

and Professor Rutherford here, I'd make them open their eyes. I wish I had been able to kidnap them."

"That's a confession that, after all, you've kidnapped us," put in Jack, smiling.

"If you insist upon stating it in that way -- yes," replied Edmund, smiling also. "But you know that now you've consented."

"Perhaps you'll treat us to a trip to Paris," Jack persisted.

"Better than that," was the reply. "Paris is only an ant-hill in comparison with what you are going to see."

And so, indeed, it turned out!

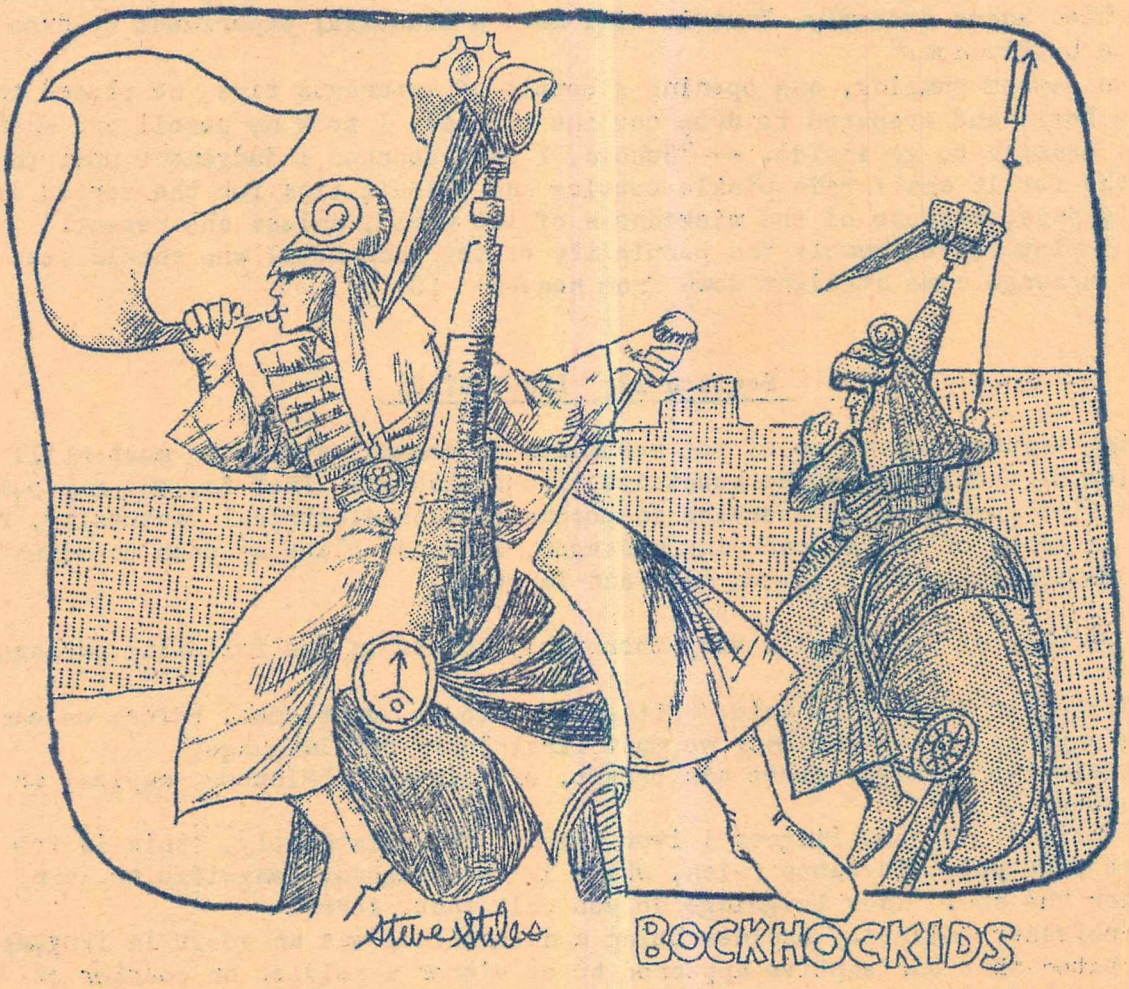
Finally all got out their pipes, and we began to make ourselves at home, for truly, as far as luxurious furniture was concerned, we were as comfortable as at the Olympus Club, and the motion of the strange craft was so smooth and regular that it soothed us like an anodyne. It was only those unnamed, subtle senses which man possesses almost without being aware of their existence, that assured us that we were in motion at all.

After we had smoked for an hour or so, talking and telling stories quite in the manner of the club, Edmund suddenly asked, with a peculiar smile:

"Aren't you a little surprised that this small room is not choking full of smoke? You know that the shutters are tightly closed."

"By Jo," exclaimed Jack, "that's so! Why here we've been pouring out clouds like old Vesuvius for an hour with no windows open, and yet the air is as clear as a bell."

"The smoke," said Edmund impressively, "has been turned into atomic energy to speed us on our way. I'm glad you're all good smokers, for that



saves me fuel. Look," he continued, while we, amazed, stared at him, "those fellows there have been swallowing your smoke, and glad to get it."

He pointed at a row of what seemed to be grinning steel mouths, barred with innumerable black teeth, and half concealed by a projecting ledge at the bottom of the wall opposite the entrance, and as I looked I was thrilled by the sight of faint curls of smoke disappearing within their gaping jaws.

"They are omnivorous beasts," said Edmund. "They feed on the carbon from your breath, too. Rather remarkable, isn't it, that every time you expel the air from your lungs you help this car to go?"

None of us knew what to say; our astonishment was beyond speech. (11)

The astute reader will notice that the preceding passage not only reveals a personality of remarkable influence, capable of persuading atoms to unlock their hidden forces...but that it also provides an answer to the classic conundrum of the reaction-powered spacecraft: "But what does it push against?" Well might Edmund's listeners be astonished beyond speech!

Let us close the section on space travel with the question of communication between the space vehicle and the planet of its origin. One author already cited (the same fellow who devised the automatic kodak for traffic law enforcement) suggests high-powered light signals. This is an appealing thought, but upon due consideration, I find myself preferring the following:

"If this air is falling home to earth," said I, "we could send messages back in that manner."

"We can drop them back at any time, regardless of the air," he answered, and then added suddenly, "but it will make a beautiful experiment to drop out a bottle now."

He ceased pumping, and opening a bottle of asparagus tips, he placed them in a bowl, and prepared to drop out the bottle. I took my pencil and wrote this message to go inside. -- "Behold, I have decreed a judgement upon the Earth; for it shall rain pickle bottles and biscuit tins for the period of forty days, because of the wickedness of the world, unless she repent!" And I pictured to myself the perplexity of the poor devil who should see this message come straight down from heaven! (9)

Section IV: LINGUISTICS

Having assured ourselves of the mechanics of communication, we must still face the problem of transmitting the substance of our message. That is, one may build a telegraph line purely as an exercise in mechanical and electrical virtuosity, but if the line is to be of use in carrying messages, one must place at each terminus an operator conversant with a common code and language.

The problem of language is very thoroughly solved in the following passage:

Professor Starbottle said: "It appears to me, gentlemen, before we can make any use of our prisoner we must first learn his language."

Again the stranger smote his breast, exclaiming: "Plothoy, wayleal ar Atvatabar."

"Well, of all the lingoes I iver heard," said Flathootly, "this is the worst case yet. It bates Irish, which is the toughest langwidge to larn undher the sun. What langwidge do you call that, sorr?"

Professor Goldrock, besides being a naturalist, was an adept in language. He stated that our captive appeared to be either a soldier or courier or coast-guard of his country, which was evidently indicated by the last word,

Atvatabar. "Let us take for granted," said he, "that 'Plothoy' is his name and 'Atvatabar' his country. We have left the two words 'wayleal ar.' Now the pronunciation and grouping of the letters leads me to think that the words resemble the English language more nearly than any other tongue. The word 'wayleal' has the same number of letters as 'soldier' and 'courier,' and I note that the fourth and last letters are identical in both 'courier' and 'wayleal.' On the supposition that both words are identical we might compare them thus:

c is w	i is e
o is a	e is i or a
u is y	r is l
r is l	

The word 'wayleil' or 'wayleal' means to us leal or strong -- by the way, a very good name for a soldier."

At this moment our mysterious friend yelled out:

"Plothoy, wayleal ar Atvatabar, em Bilbimtesirol!"

"Kape quiet, me boy," said Flathootly, "and we'll soon find out all about you."

"Rather let him talk away," said the professor, "and we'll find out who he is much quicker. You see he has given us two new words this time, the words 'em Bilbimtesirol.' Now an idea strikes me -- let us transpose the biggest word thus:

b is p	e is i
i is e	s is c
l is r	i is u
b is p	r is l
i is e	o is a
m is n	l is r
t is d	

Here we have the word 'perpendicular.' What does 'Bilbimtesirol' as 'perpendicular' mean? It may mean that we are in a land of perpendicular light and shadow. See how the shadow of every man surrounds his boots! Now, granting 'wayleal' means 'courier' and 'Bilbimtesirol' 'perpendicular,' we have a clue to the language of Atvatabar. It seems to me to be a miraculous transposition of the English language thus:

a is o	n is m
b is p	o is a
c is s or k	p is b
d is t	q is v
e is i or a	r is l
f is f or v	s is c or s
g is j	t is d
h is oh	u is ij
i is e	v is qu
j is g	w is y, c or s
k is c	x is z
l is r	y is u or i
m is n	z is x

According to this transposition our friend means, 'Plothoy courier of Atvatabar, in Bilbimtesirol.' Let us see if we can so understand him." So saying, the professor approached and said:

"Ec wayl moni Plothoy?" (Is your name Plothoy?)

"Wic cel, ni moni ec Plothoy" (Yes sir, my name is Plothoy), promptly replied the stranger.

"Good!" said the professor; "that's glorious! We understand each other now."

I congratulated the professor on his brilliant discovery. It was magnificent! We could now converse with our prisoner on any subject we desired. (2)

Obviously, Mr. L. Sprague de Camp has met his match and his master, and may retire from the field of exotic linguistics with whatever shreds of prestige he is able to salvage, if any.

Section V: ANTHROPOMETRY

The following two selections, from the same pioneering volume of humanistic values, demonstrate a grasp of human personality and heredity rarely matched in the publications of the day, with a few possible exceptions emanating mostly from smaller communities located in the more nearly Equatorial sections of our own nation:

> "Never mind the past; my fight is with the future, and so -- examine me, Sir Horace, and let me know if I or Fate's to blame for what I am."
>
> Sir Horace did.
>
> "Absolutely Fate," he said, when, after a long examination, the man put the question to him again. "It is the criminal brain fully developed, horribly pronounced. God help you, my poor fellow; but a man simply could not be other than a thief and a criminal with an organ like that. There's no hope for you to escape your natural bent except by death. You can't be honest. You can't rise -- you never will rise; it's useless to fight against it!"
>
> .....
>
> "Oh!" she said, with a sharp intake of breath as she saw the writhing features knot and twist and blend. "Oh, don't! It is uncanny! It is amazing. It is awful!" And, after a moment, when the light had been shut off and the man beside her was only a shape in the mist: "I hope I may never see you do it again," she merely more than whispered. "It is the most appalling thing. I can't think how you do it -- how you came by the power to do such a thing."
>
> "Perhaps by inheritance," said Cleek, as they walked on again. "Once upon a time, Miss Lorne, there was a -- er -- lady of extremely high position who, at a time when she should have been giving her thoughts to -- well, more serious things, used to play with one of those curious little rubber faces you can pinch up into all sorts of distorted countenances -- you have seen the things, no doubt. She would sit for hours screaming with laughter over the droll shapes into which she squeezed the thing. Afterward, when her little son was born, he inherited the trick of that rubber face as a birthright. It may have been the same with me. Let us say it was, and drop the subject, since you have not found the sight a pleasing one." (12)

Section VI: TIME

First, more or less to get a side issue out of the way, let me cite a phenomenon that might be categorized as virtual time travel, or pseudo-time travel, based upon a theory of "parallel planetary life."

> "I have tossed on my pillows in there for three hours evolving a theory for it. If it is correct, our opportunities here in Kem are simply enormous. Now listen, and don't interrupt me. The Creator has given all the habitable planets the same great problem of life to work out. Every one of His worlds in its time passes through the same general history. This runs parallel on all of them, but at a different speed on each. The swift ones, nearest to the sun, have hurried through it, and may be close upon the end. But this is a slow planet, whose year is almost twice as long as the Earth's, and more than three times

that of Venus. The seasons pass sluggishly here, and history ripens slowly. This world has only reached that early chapter in the story equivalent to Ancient Egypt on Earth. We have forged far ahead of that, and on Venus they have worked out far more of the story than we know anything about. If Mercury is habitable yet, his people may have reached almost the end, but it is most probable that life has not started there; when it does begin, it will be worked out four times as rapidly as it has on Earth." (9)

By visiting Mars, the characters in this tale have reached the virtual, not the literal, past of Earth. Should they later visit Venus, they will reach the virtual future of Earth. The idea of variable time rates has been exploited in a number of more recent stories, perhaps most successfully by David Grinnell, a former midwestern furnace salesman, in Edge of Time.

But to complete my section on time travel and, indeed, to cap this survey, I will cite a case of literal time travel. The theme had been exploited earlier several times, but never with a full technological explanation of time and movement therethrough. To review early time traveling briefly, travel forward in time through sleep is of course the simplest technique, used by Bellamy, by E. L. Arnold in two books, by Wells' Sleeper, and others. Clemens' Connecticut Yankee goes from 1879 to 531 A.D. through the courtesy of a hard blow on the noggin, returns through enchanted sleep courtesy of Merlin. Wells' Time Machine is a case of glib doubletalk without sound theoretical or physical basis.

I present, then, a time machine brought to the present (i.e., circa fin du siecle) by a man from the future, then used by a contemporary man and two women to visit Elizabethan England, and then to return to their own time. The machine is a combination flier and time traveler, in fact. It functions by being flown to the north pole, being hooked to the pole by a strong rope, and by flying rapidly into the past or the future -- clockwise to the future, counter-clockwise to the past.

So much for mechanics. For theory, I present Mr. Copernicus Droop, intermittently reformed town inebriate of Peltonville Centre, New Hampshire.

"Why, Miss Phoebe," he said, eagerly, "I've ben tellin' your sister about my plan to go back to the Centennial year -- 1876, ye know."

"To -- to what, Mr. Droop?"

Phoebe's polite cordiality gave place to amazed consternation. Droop raised a deprecating hand.

"Now don't you go to think I'm tight or gone crazy. You'll understand it, fer you've ben to high school. Now see! What is it makes the days go by -- ain't it the daily revolution of the sun?"

Phoebe put on what her sister always called "that schoolmarm look" and replied:

"Why, it's the turning round of the earth on its axis once in -- "

"Yes -- yes -- It's all one -- all one," Droop broke in, eagerly. "To put it another way, it comes from the sun cuttin' meridians, don't it?"

Rebecca, who found this technical and figurative expression beyond her, paused in her knitting and looked anxiously at Phoebe, to see how she would take it. After a moment of thought, the young woman admitted her visitor's premise.

"Very good! An' you know 's well 's I do, Miss Phoebe, that ef a man travels round the world the same way 's the sun, he ketches up on time a whole day when he gets all the way round. In other words, the folks that stays at home lives jest one day more than the feller that goes round the world that way. Am I right?"

"Of course."

Droop glanced triumphantly at Rebecca. This tremendous admission on her learned young sister's part stripped her of all pretended coldness. Her deep interest was evident now in her whole pose and expression.

"Now, then, jest follow me close," Droop continued, sitting far forward in his chair and pointing his speech with a thin forefinger on his open palm.

"Ef a feller was to whirl clear round the world an' cut all the meridians in the same direction as the sun, an' he made the whole trip around jest as quick as the sun did -- time wouldn't change a mite fer him, would it?"

Phoebe gasped at the suggestion.

"Why, I should think -- of course -- "

She stopped and put her hand to her head in bewilderment.

"Et's a sure thing!" Droop exclaimed, earnestly. "You've said yerself that the folks who stayed to home would live one day longer than the fellow that went round. Now, ef that feller travelled round as fast as the sun, the stay-at-homes would only be one day older by the time he got back -- ain't that a fact?"

Both sisters nodded.

"Well, an' the traveller would be one day younger than they'd be. An' ain't that jest no older at all than when he started?"

"My goodness! Mr. Droop!" Phoebe replied, feebly. "I never thought of that."

"Well, ain't it so?"

"Of course -- leastways -- why, it must be!"

"All right, then!"

Droop rose triumphantly to his feet, overcome by his feelings.

"Follow out that same reasonin' to the bitter end!" he cried, "an' what will happen ef that traveller whirls round, cuttin' meridians jest twice as fast as the sun -- goin' the same way?"

He paused, but there was no reply.

"Why, as sure as shootin', I tell ye, that feller will get jest one day younger fer every two whirls round!"

There was a long and momentous silence. The tremendous suggestion had for the moment bereft both women of all reasoning faculty. (13)

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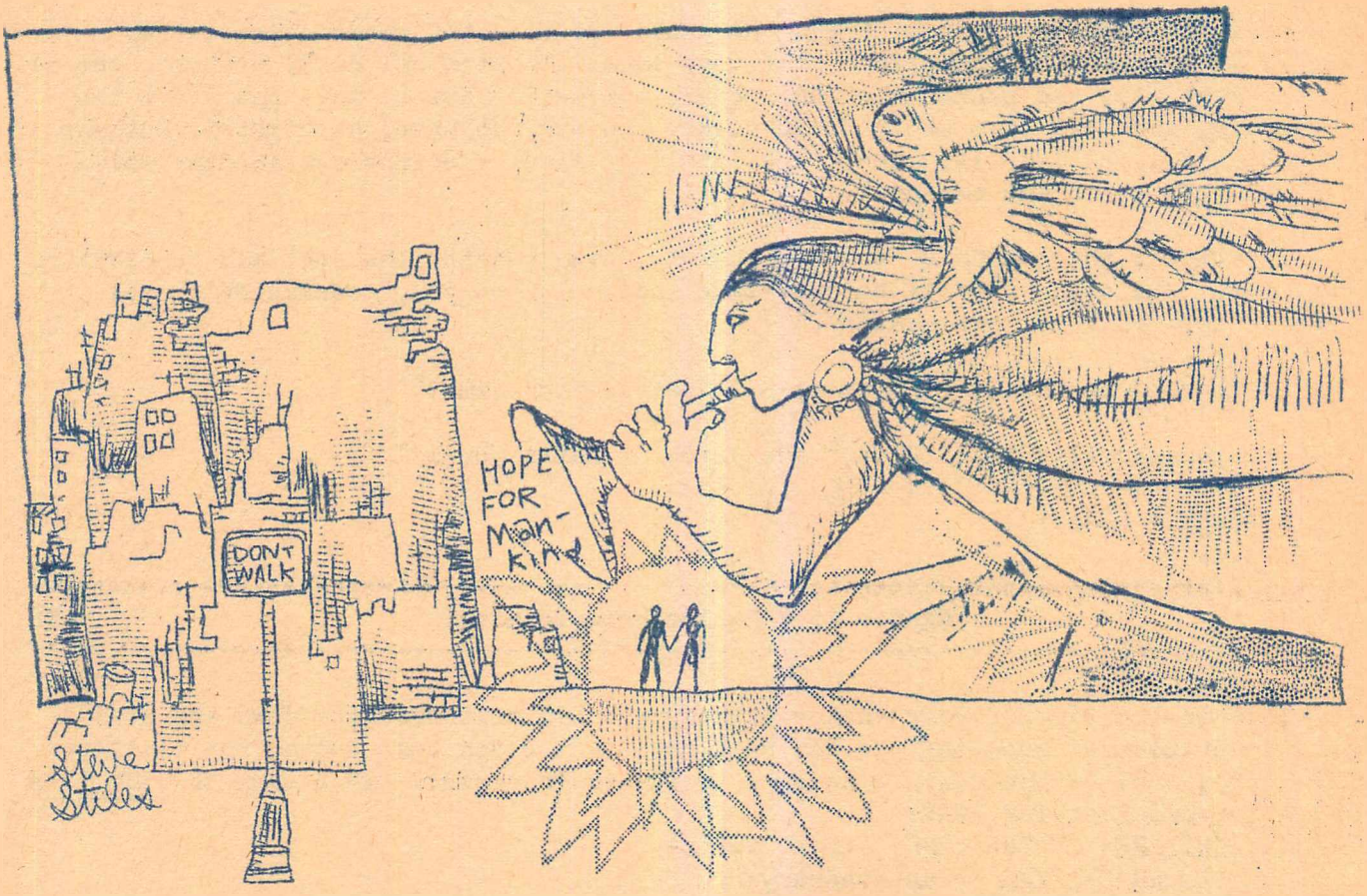


HARLAN ELLISON

the VOICE in the GARDEN

After the bomb, the last man on Earth wandered through the rubble of Cleveland, Ohio. It had never been a particularly jaunty town, nor even remotely appealing to esthetes. But now, like Detroit and Rangoon and Minsk and Yokohama, it had been reduced to a petulantly-shattered tinkertoy of lath and brickwork, twisted steel girders and melted glass.

As he picked his way around the dust-heaps that had been the Soldiers & Sailors Monument in what had been Public Square, his eyes red-rimmed from crying at the loss of mankind, he saw something he had not seen in Beirut or Venice or London. He saw the movement of another human being.

Celestial choruses sang in his head as he broke into a run across the pitted and blasted remnants of Euclid Avenue. It was a woman!

She saw him, and in the very posture of her body, he knew she was filled with the same glory he felt. She knew! She began running toward him, her arms outstretched. They seemed to swim toward one another in a ballet of slow motion. He stumbled once, but got to his feet quickly and went on. They detoured around the crumpled tin of tortured metal that had once been automobiles, and met in front of

the shattered carcass that had been, in a time seemingly eons before, The May Co.

"I'm the last man!" he blurted. He could not keep the words inside; they frothed to emerge. "I'm the last, the very last. They're all dead, everyone but us. I'm the last man, and you're the last woman, and we'll have to mate and start the race again, and this time we'll do it right. No war, no hate, no bigotry, nothing but goodness...we'll do it, you'll see, it'll be fine, a bright new shining world from all this death and terror."

Her face lighted with an ethereal beauty, even beneath the soot and deprivation. "Yes, yes," she said. "It'll be just like that. I love you, because we're all there is left to love, one another."

He touched her hand. "I love you. What is your name?"

She flushed slightly. "Eve," she said. "What's yours?"

"George," he said.

Egoboo is a hallucinogenic drug. TC

This is the time of year when everybody and his mistress sits down and goes into the problem of choosing the ten best movies, the ten best books, the ten best beer-busts, etc. of the year. Who am I to flaunt tradition? Here then is File 13's Best Stf Yarns list for 1948:

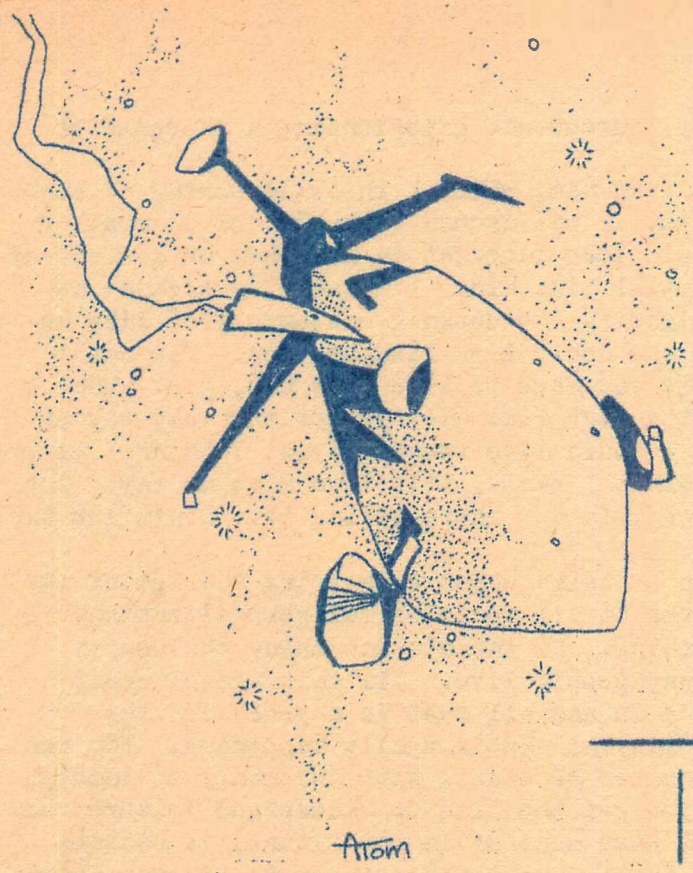
1. CHILDREN OF THE LENS (E. E. Smith)
2. PILLAR OF FIRE (Ray Bradbury)
3. THE VALLEY OF CREATION (Edmond Hamilton)
4. WHAT MAD UNIVERSE (Fredric Brown)
5. EX MACHINA (Lewis Padgett)
6. THE SHAPE OF THINGS (Ray Bradbury)
7. ...AND SEARCHING MIND (Jack Williamson)
8. NOW YOU SEE IT (Isaac Asimov)
9. DREADFUL SANCTUARY (Eric Frank Russell)
10. THE VISITOR (Ray Bradbury)
11. AND THE MOON BE STILL AS BRIGHT (Ray Bradbury)
12. IN HIDING (Wilmar Shiras)
13. THE MONSTER (A. E. van Vogt)

...Just between us, isn't that a sorry list? How many of those yarns will be remembered 10 years from now, let alone rate as classics? Well, the Smith serial, since it's a part of the greatest saga yet written in the field. Maybe one or two of the others. But the rest? Naw, they were good enough yarns but they just don't rank with the top yarns of 1941, for instance. Or do you think that you and Merwin can convince me that stf's at an all-time high?"

-- Redd Boggs, in SPACEWARP #22, Jan. 1949

Whether science fiction is an accurate barometer of its times may be open to doubt, and the choice of London for the recent World Science Fiction Convention probably points to no more than the decline of the American branch of this minor genre and the present dominance of the British writers. In spite of the huge output of American science fiction during the last thirty years its writers, with the exception of Ray Bradbury, have added almost nothing to the legacy left them by Wells and Stapledon.

-- J. G. Ballard, in The Guardian, Oct. 8, 1965



letter litter

TOM PURDOM
2127 Appletree St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

Carol's line, "It was a horrible flight: the entire trip took place in the air" is a classic. I've worked for an airline for ten years now and travel when I have to by plane because of the passes and discounts, but I'd much rather go by some other form of transportation. The only thing that bothers me more are automobiles. It's an irrational thing (fearing the plane, not the automobile), but then Sigmund Freud was afraid of trains. And I do okay when I'm up and committed. Sometimes I can even look out the window. My ambition, however, is to be so rich I can travel by train.

Pete Graham is right about the only thing that's difficult about long distance travel being the money. Whenever I hear these people talking about how small the world is because you can travel to Europe in a few hours, etc., I wonder where they went to engineering school. Speed is only part of the problem. The world will shrink the most when the fares go down. When general economic progress reaches the point where the average and below average wage earner with a wife and two kids can travel crosscountry without spending more than five percent of his annual income, then the world will really be small. Right now it's only small for the rich, or at best the upper thirty percent or so.

Agreed, too, about heroic fantasies and science fiction stories which leave out the economics of their imaginary societies. Some writers have done it, though. Conan at least has economic motives now and then. Have you ever read anything on the relationship between forests and sea power in the age of sailing ships? It's obvious once you think about it, but I remember how struck I was when somebody first brought the subject to my attention. Wood meant the same thing then that oil and steel do now. England rose to power partly because it had the forests to build ships. It had other things, too, but without forests it would have been nothing. And I believe one great important export from the American colonies was tall trees

for making masts. By that time, apparently, Europe was experiencing a shortage of big trees.

Metzger continues to entertain me. I like him, which I think is worthy of comment, since I wouldn't like to live like him, or pal around with him, or do most of the things he likes to do. I thought I would lose interest in him when he got out of the army, but I was pleased to discover I still like him. I think it's because he doesn't have a Hipper Than Thou attitude himself. He doesn't make you feel like he thinks there's something wrong with people who don't live like he does. You can enjoy watching him live without feeling like you have to live that way, too. Most hippies and bohemians turn me off because they act like they've got the only way of life anybody can live with any brains. If I could live twenty lives, I think I might live one of them like Metzger lives his. Since I can't, I'll live mine my way. But I like to read about his, and I like knowing he's out there living it. Don't let the bastards bring you down, George.

He does slip up a little, though, when he talks about this being the Age of the Happening. Personally, I think the big error in all sociological generalizations nowadays is that this isn't the age of anything. If there's one thing that marks today, it's the tremendous variety in the way people live. All this Age-of stuff and generation-naming and looking for what's In and all that is a good sign the people who think they're deep thinkers are missing what's really happening. You can only have fashion when you've got a small number of people with the money to indulge their tastes and their whims. As soon as you get the kind of widespread leisure and wealth you've got today, and hopefully will have more of in the future, it becomes impossible to single something out and say that's the mainstream or that's the latest fashion. Generally you find out the reporters have picked out a small group of people who are doing something obviously sensational and have ignored the ninety-nine percent of the people who are doing things that don't fit into the pattern. This may be the Age of the Happening, but it's the Age of Beethoven, Tolstoy and Shakespeare, too. In what other period in history could a couple of thousand people have created something like fandom? When else could you have had the leisure and the money spread so widely that many people could do something that involves so much time and money -- and still be an insignificant part of the populace? A hundred years ago I don't even think you would have had an adequate mail service.

I feel like giving Alexei Panshin a few words of comfort. I know how he feels -- I mean, Zelazny is younger than I am -- but on the other hand: (1) Panshin doesn't have to be ashamed of his own stuff. I've read two of his stories and I only wish everything in the sf magazines were that good. (2) Even if Zelazny is better (and the race isn't over yet), Zelazny needs Panshin as much as Panshin needs Zelazny. If there's one comment I heard a lot during the last few years, it was "I quit reading sf because I got tired of wading through all that crud to find a few good stories." If Zelazny is going to have magazines to write for, the rest of us have to turn out enough good stories so that the magazines don't fold. It's nice to be the Great Writer, I suppose, but there's a certain honor in being the guy who holds the audience together while the Great Writer is getting his latest masterpiece ready. (3) I think maybe Panshin is too impressed by word-magic when he writes about style. A lot of sf people are. I think I'm as sensitive as anybody to style and all I ask of prose style is that I feel the author has control of his language and that it be vivid. The other stuff is nice, but it isn't necessary. If you've got a real story to tell, you can make people laugh and cry and groan without a single simile. I remember stories because they're powerful, not because the words are pretty. (4) Zelazny is young, it's true, and may have many years ahead of him. Still, if he keeps on writing the kind of stories he's been writing, he'll win a lot of awards and be invited to a lot of conventions and banquets. And when you consider the hazards of travel and the possibilities of poison...

I liked Carol's column, and Pat Lupoff's article, and most of Disch's diary, but I don't have any comments, except that I kept wondering how a girl like Pat could be so interested in all that bloodshed and violence. And I thought Gina Clarke's article

was pretty funny and even had a cut of truth in it.

I also liked the exchange between Philip Dick and psychologist friend. It reminded me of two principles I've tried to keep in mind: "Beware the man who has read a book," which I got from Gregory Diaz, and "You haven't begun to understand a subject until you've read the rebuttals of the rebuttals," which I got from article writing.

{(As a practicing fan editor I take deep umbrage at your suggestion that fans are "an insignificant part of the populace". Be that as it may, however, I think you've missed one major reason for the diversity of presentday life: the population explosion. There are more people alive today than at any time in the past, by a large multiple. Had there been a group two thousand strong in the United States of two hundred years ago, they would have constituted a significant segment of the populace on sheer numbers. Likewise for England at that time, or Imperial Rome, or indeed any reasonably centralized political unit in history, up until very recently. Even large-population areas like China, India and Russia were always heavily influenced by small numbers of people, because prior to recent technological advances they stayed for all intents broken up into city-states or the equivalent. So if we'd had a fandom in colonial America, we could have taken over the country and run it damn properly....

{(As for your remark that in writing, a good style "is nice, but it isn't necessary," it strikes me as a half-truth. Every plus-factor helps make a story better, after all, and good style is a plus-factor. When you remember a story as "powerful," how much of that is the effect of the story itself and how much the result of good writing or good style? For instance, imagine (if you dare) how Flowers for Algernon might have read had it been written with the grace and word-artistry of Ray Cummings. And how much would you have enjoyed More Than Human if it had been written by Stanton Coblentz?)}

BEN SOLON
3933 N. Janssen
Chicago, Ill. 60613

LIGHTHOUSE 14 is probably the best single issue of a fanzine produced during my time in fandom. But for all the excellent material in it, I fear it will induce no more comment than its predecessor: there is simply too much fanzine here to comment upon adequately; a fmz of this size and quality seems to inhibit as much comment as it inspires. And besides, a good deal of the material included in #14, while interesting and often amusing, is damn near uncommentable. I mean, what can one say about Phil Dick's thoughts while taking LSD, or Disch's account of his travels?

Greg Benford's article, however, is eminently commentable. Greg is correct, of course, in saying that there is very little worthwhile humor in presentday stf. (Although Greg's saying that Laumer's Retief yarns are "delightful exceptions" to the generally inept slapstick that passes for humor in science fiction is somewhat surprising. Certainly the first few Retief stories were funny -- if only because they were somewhat different -- but the more recent tales in the series are only inept slapstick; Laumer has taken a perfectly good schtick and run it straight into the ground.) But I think he is incorrect in saying that fandom is The Place for would-be stf writers to obtain criticism of their attempts at humorous writing.

The only worthwhile criticisms of humor I have seen in fanzines are Walt Willis' piece on what constitutes humor in his Fanorama column in ZENITH a while back and Gary Deindorfer's letter in QUIP 4. This isn't too surprising: humor is too ephemeral a form of writing to pin down and dissect successfully.

And while writing for fanzines may help one to develop a good writing style, it cannot develop a nonexistent talent. Besides, the light touch isn't everything: if our would-be pro writer can't develop the ability to plot out a story competently and overcome his tendency to substitute funny hats for characterization, his talent for humorous writing will get him nowhere in the professional field; he will spend his professional career writing Feghoots.

Willis was superb.

Stuff is the kind of column that most fanzine editors, myself included, would sell their souls to obtain. ...I completely agree with Carol that the attitude toward sex displayed by Hefner and Gurley Brown is Sick. But I am unable to decide whether the "morality" dispensed by Ann Landers and her contemporaries on the opposite side of the coin is sicker. I don't think there are very many people who pay more than lip service to the Playboy Philosophy; it is simply a masturbation fantasy that made good. But there seems to be an unghodly number of people who Hear and Obey the words of Ann Landers. No wonder the U.S. is a country of neurotics.

I am somewhat surprised to learn that Alex Panshin is jealous of Roger Zelazny. Really. Judging from their published fiction, the two men seem to be aiming in different, if not opposite, directions. Zelazny's writing is generally exuberant and chaotic -- this is not necessarily a fault -- while Panshin's efforts are restrained in tone. There are often irrelevancies in Zelazny's fiction, as Alex points out; they often do not add up to a whole. Panshin is rarely irrelevant; every action in one of his stories adds up to something.

And while Alex is correct in saying that Zelazny's plotting is not all it could be, this isn't as irritating as it would be in a lesser writer. Zelazny's fiction is so wonderfully entertaining that I for one don't really care if his stories are painstakingly mapped out beforehand or not. Learning to plot may improve Zelazny... or it may ruin him. Certainly learning to plot hasn't helped Jack Vance, a writer with whom Zelazny has been compared several times; I find the fiction of the early portion of Vance's career far more enjoyable than I do his recent output. The original Dying Earth stories, for example, are superior in almost every respect to The Eyes of the Overworld.

(In some defense of Greg Benford, let me confess that he wrote his article nearly a year before it was published, so that the opinions expressed therein didn't always coincide with what he was thinking by the time it saw print. As a matter of fact, when he got the issue he wrote to me, "In retrospect, I wouldn't give mention to Laumer, because I've been very unimpressed by the work of his (Retief stuff, anyway) I've seen since."

(Ann Landers and that crowd are pretty nauseating, all right, but we've come to expect that from people who represent majority opinion. (If people "Hear and Obey the words of Ann Landers," it's only because they agreed with her before she spoke; a surprising percentage of the letters to her could be fairly paraphrased, "Please answer and tell me I'm right.") Hefner and Helen Gurley Brown present themselves as "enlightened" and "daring," however, and in that lies their objectionable aspect: their depersonalization of sex is just as prudish as Ann Landers at her worst, since it stems from the obviously deepseated conviction that sex is too nasty to be accepted and enjoyed for itself.

(Your comments on Zelazny are kind of an interesting counterpoint to Tom Purdom's remarks a couple of pages back. But again, I think you've got hold of a half-truth: just as every plus-factor helps a story, every minus-factor detracts from it, whether noticeably or not. You may not be bothered by a sprawling plot if the narrative skill sweeps you right along, but you'd probably like the story even more if you could feel the pieces falling neatly into place as you sped by. (Damn the metaphors.) I think that was Alex's point: that Zelazny would be even better if his plotting were more effective.)

ARNIE KATZ
42B Oxford Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14226

There's a lot to what Gina says in her article on the Cultural Deprivation of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. I have noticed, after careful study of some of the WASPs I know, that there is a secret yearning for Ethnic Culture. I've particularly noted this in Ted White, whom you may remember -- you put out fanzines together once. Ted has the not-so-secret desire to be Jewish. He thinks Jewish, he speaks

Jewish, and he married Jewish. Why, Ted White even looks Jewish. {(He does not!)}

I remember the story Ted once told me about one of his subway experiences. He was sitting on the subway, minding his own business, when a wino started to harass him. "Lookit the beatnik!" the wino declared to all and sundry. Ted sat quietly, hoping the drunk would go away, but alas, the drunk instead went on to tell the entire subway car what a no-account loafer the bearded Mr. White was. Since the wino was dressed in rags and looked even scruffier than he did (this was obviously before the butterfly-like Mod Ted White burst from his cocoon; now Ted dresses as well as anyone...even wears boots), Ted was not too happy about the lecture he was being given in public. Rather than arguing with the drunk, Ted rode quietly, biding his time, until he reached his stop. Then, turning to face the other passengers, the witnesses to his excoriation at the hands of the wino, he said as he got off:

"I don't think that's any way to talk to a Rabbi!"

Nice to see a genuine letter by Rich Mann, who's become a poor fan's Joel Nydahl, what with his rather sudden disappearance during the summer of 1966. (LIGHTHOUSE is perhaps the only fanzine in which I know I'd better include mention of which year's summer I mean, rather than just saying "last summer.") Fandom gained one cute Canadian femmefan named Gayleen Evans out of Rich's brush with Ranch Romances, so I guess his overall experience ended with good result.

Willis' item about Kenneth Tynan saying "fuck" over the BBC brings to mind the recent problems with censorship the Rolling Stones have been having. I saw them on the Ed Sullivan Show in mid-January 1967, at which time they sang their then-new hit record "Let's Spend the Night Together." It's a pretty frank song, all about how the singer will satisfy his girl if she'll reciprocate when they spend the night together. Sullivan wouldn't allow the group to sing the correct words, and instead they were forced to change the phrase to the much tamer "let's spend some time together," vastly changing the meaning of the song. This was silly enough, but the big rock station -- WKBW, one of the major stations for the entire Eastern United States -- isn't any too fond of "Let's Spend the Night Together" either. Since they obviously couldn't compel the Stones to sing it differently, they simply recorded the song on a tape cartridge and played the "offensive" portion of the song backwards. Win a little, lose a little, eh Walt?

{(Your barely-veiled insult to Lths' publication schedule is duly noted, sir, with gritted teeth. I'll have you know this fanzine follows in the sterling tradition of one of the finest fan publications of all time, namely INNUENDO, whose schedule didn't even deserve the name "erratic."

{(Actually, the ironic thing was that the last issue of LIGHTHOUSE appeared in the same FAPA mailing as LeeH's SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY... which is one reason I'm rushing out this next issue comparatively quickly: it would be mortifying if LeeH should get her next issue out first....

{(Ted White doesn't seem to agree with you about his cultural deprivation and/or aspirations:)}

TED WHITE
339 49th St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220

I dunno about Gina Clarke, but I come from a solidly WASP background, and practically none of what she says applies to me. Why, we never even had boiled cabbage! (In fact, I thought boiled -- or cooked in any form -- cabbage was out of some ethnic bag: German, Roumanian, or Jewish or somesuch.)

Seriously, I regard my WASP background as ethnically rich, since there is quite a mythos grown up around the American Yankee -- the shrewd, thrifty New Englander type. My mother was a Massachusetts girl, my father from upper New York State. You can't get much more Yankee. New England cooking beats hell out of any of the wretched English cooking I tasted (admittedly in London restaurants...but who ever heard of a menu listing steaks available "rare, medium, well-done, and over-done"?), and although my mother's cooking was always pretty simple (since she ran a school and had little time to prepare dinner), it was never unappetizing, and our vegetables were always out of our own garden and better than any I can get now.

Of course, as a proud upstanding WASP, I married a Jew, and our ethnic backgrounds have merged a bit. But we were never that far apart. I figure our children will embody the best of both Yankee and Jewish traditions: they'll be tightfisted as hell.

I have news for Don Martin of Little Compton, Rhode Island: Hannes Bok couldn't write.

One of the first things Larry Shaw gave me to read for Lancer Books when I was reading his slush was a tattered manuscript by Bok called The Fantastic Flamingo. It was a long mother, and I wondered if I held in my hands the fabled sequel to The Blue Flamingo, that opus well-known as a classic cut to shreds by Sam Merwin's scalpel.

It wasn't. Instead it was The Blue Flamingo itself, with a poorer title (apparently Bok's own) and twice the wordage. It was, Lord help us, the actual uncut manuscript!

You can imagine how much this excited me.

However, if you've ever read the Startling version of Blue Flamingo, you can also imagine my disappointment in reading the thing.

In a word, it was awful. It was every bad cliche Merritt ever thought of, and several he wouldn't have dreamed of. The writing was abysmal: Edward Stratemeyer wrote better prose.

There were some interesting spots to the story. I read it with fascination. Slightly horrified fascination, however. I decided that at half its length, and with a lot of rewriting, it might be publishable. Lancer rejected it.

If any paperback publishers, having run out of junk to print, want to look up the manuscript, it's being handled (if that's the word I want) by Sidney Porcelain, a fifth-rate NYC agent who appeared briefly in Avram's Masters of the Maze under another name. Bok's estate appears blissfully unaware of this.

I have a primary disagreement with Greg Benford. While I agree that "out of the large number of stf pros one can name, there aren't a handful who can make you laugh more than once every five stories," I don't think this is anything to be sad about. Nor do I think that the stf field is waiting for a new Burbee to put in his appearance.

Good and effective humor appears most often in stf stories which are not primarily humorous in content, as a momentary relief. As such, they are part of good pacing (I wish I could rattle off a half-dozen examples, but in the mystery field John D. MacDonald has done it), part of the build-up of tension and its relief again that makes a story not only good, but human.

But stf stories that start out as satires, or, worse, jokes, are mostly a drag, and I prefer to avoid them if I am aware of them in advance.

Mrs. Carr, the star of your ghoddamn rag, should be given Scott Meredith's lecture #1A on written dialect. I found her transcriptions of accents all but unreadable until I subvocalized each word for its phonetic meaning. I don't like to read with my lips moving. Speak to her about this.

The rest of your fanzine, LIGHTHOUSE, is just fine. Philip K. Dick is fine, Pete Graham is fine, G. C. Edmondson is (shudder) fine, Pat Lupoff is fine, Walt Willis is fine, George Metzger is fine, Alex Panshin is fine, and even (I am surprised) Thom Disch is fine. I trust you will tell them all. Indeed, there is only one thing about LIGHTHOUSE 14 which is less than fine: I am not in it. You didn't even mention our stirring New York bid in your stupid conreport. Next issue I may not patch your ghoddamn electronic stencils.

(Your becrogglement at seeing "over-done" steaks offered on English menus is just another example of the barrier of our common language. In England, steaks are normally eaten very rare, so that if you were to order your steak medium you'd get it rare by your standards, and if you ordered it well-done you'd get it medium. So they had to come up with some description of the kind of steak some of us effete, overcivilized Americans insist upon. Thus: "over-done," which is both a description and a comment on the order. Very English.

{(Your comments on humor in science fiction are curious, if I read you correctly. You seem to be saying that humor has no place in sf except as occasional leavening of serious stories, and while I'd agree that it's very useful as such, I definitely wouldn't confine its desirability strictly to that area. I imagine that if you got right down to it, you'd find your disinterest in humor-for-its-own-sake to be just an aspect of your primary -- almost overriding -- interest in adventure fiction. There are damn few good humorous adventure stories in our field -- and I'm not forgetting the Harold Shea novels -- so it's natural for you to have a monumental disinterest in humorous science fiction. But there's no reason, other than this personal preference, to downgrade humor-in-sf per se. Avram Davidson, Ron Goulart, R. A. Lafferty and others have shown that satire and even whimsy can be first class sf, certainly. We've produced a few honestly good serious science fiction novels (More Than Human, Childhood's End, Greybeard, etc.) which can hold their heads up in the company of most Serious Modern Fiction...but the cause of good humorous writing in sf hasn't yet advanced to the point where we have anything to place beside Stern or Catch-22. Instead we get Retief's War and Bill, the Galactic Hero.

{(It's absolutely proper to bemoan, as you do, the dreariness of most humor in science fiction. But to dismiss even the hope that we might get a major humorist in the field as uninteresting, as you also do, seems narrow-minded, not to mention narrow-mental-horizoned.)}

HELEN WESSON
340 Washington St.
Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028

Disch's diary from Mexico is fascinating, Morocco and Europe even more so. Since Wessonmale is not here to interpret the Spanish, I shall draw from my Japan background and guess that NO PISE EL PRADO means Do Not Urinate in the Street. Except that the Japanese don't post such signs, probably because they recognize the futility.

Church corruption? A while back, there was a shrine that promised elderly Japanese they could die in the hand of Buddha. As they sat in the Lotus, they drifted off to Nirvana or someplace. Too much of this and it was discovered their journey was precipitated by a poison-needle contraption in the Lotus.

{(This is a good place, I suppose, to mention that some of the comments in this issue's lettercol are drawn from mailing comments in FAPA, where Lths is distributed. I've been bothered for years by the fact that Letter Litter represents only part of the commentary on the magazine, with large chunks appearing only in FAPA, never to be seen by the Lths readership at large. Finally I decided that since the magazine's publication schedule seems unavoidably slow I may as well take advantage of this failing, in small part, by picking up the mailing comments (which appear in FAPA one mailing, or three months, after each LIGHTHOUSE) for publication herein. Helen Wesson's remarks above are from FAPA, as are those below by Harry Warner, and some others to follow.)}

HARRY WARNER
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

I thought Carol Carr's one-page travelog superior to the endless one by Tom Disch. The latter seemed bent on saying the tritest things about the weather and architecture in novel ways. I kept thinking of the tourist described on the television special "This Is Wednesday So This Must Be Belgium" who took pictures of nothing in Europe but litter.

George Metzger emerges from the mimeographed page even more vividly than usual. When I read about the adventures of a Rotsler or a Nelson I'm utterly fascinated and I feel admiration for their success in being real persons but I can't imagine myself enjoying their special way of life; yet with Metzger, who is equally special as a

bold spirit, I not only admire but sense that I'd enjoy myself if I did as he does.

Maybe someday Pat Lupoff will come to Hagerstown and prepare an essay on this city's answer to the decline of the West's bad guys. One local family gives the courts, jails and cops a workout at least once monthly. It's something like a radio serial. A couple of brothers get caught for forgery and are sent away. One breaks out of the clink, comes back and with two other brothers beats up the guy who put the finger on them. All three go behind bars. Now their time is up and during a trial of another family member one of the returnees insists on testifying and launches into an account of how he went with the guy they beat up during a series of bad check-passing episodes.

Jack Gaughan makes the best impression of the pros in this issue, and Philip Dick comes out worst. Dick sounds very much like Elmer Perdue on an off day.

I like the attitude toward prodom that you demonstrate in your conreport. I can't bear the attitude of some people that science fiction is a superb and mysterious thing best discussed in whispers and oblique references, nor do I approve of those who excuse any enormity they commit in prodom by the fact that they made a few bucks that way. You seem to steer a good middle course.

(((The conflict between Art and Commercialism is just as evident in the sf field as in any other, and in fact possibly moreso. We may not have better writers than the mainstream or even mystery fields, but it's sometimes amazing how dedicated even the bad writers are to writing good fiction. They're not trying to write bad stuff, and if they end up trying to excuse themselves by saying they only did it for the money, there's usually a belligerent note to their voices...and the anger is really directed at themselves. That's one of the things I like most about this field: I can respect even the lousy writers, because I know they're usually trying to be better. This doesn't seem to be true elsewhere.)))

ARCHIE MERCER
9 Cotswold Rd.
Bedmonster, Bristol 3
England

LIGHTHOUSE 14 arrove the day after NIEKAS 17 -- which is also a ninety-pager. No wonder mail (Transatlantic) sometimes fails to arrive -- it's a wonder that ship didn't sink.

On the whole, Lths 14 reads like one long column. It seemed to drag a bit towards the end -- I think that it's because most of the better stuff is concentrated towards the beginning. Though had the beginning -- say the first half -- been entirely nonexistent, I doubt if the remainder would have dragged noticeably.

Or, as the saying goes, something.

Phil Dick writes disjointedly but brilliantly -- an excellent start to the zine. Thos. Disch then goes on to prove one more of the professionals who produce -- to my mind -- far more readable material in the fanzines than in the prozines. (Far readabler, that is -- I'm not speaking quantitatively.) People will tell me that this is simply because I don't appreciate Literature -- I wouldn't know, but the Wandering Disch is eminently readable.

G. C. Edmondson's thing, clever though it is, I could happily have done without. Echh.

Pat Lupoff on Western outlaws was fascinating. Something about the article, as it proceeded, rang an oddly familiar bell -- then suddenly I got it. I was reminded strongly of the literature concerning the early days of New Orleans Jazz, and all the argufying and speculation as to who played when with whom -- for "The Wild Bunch" read "John Robichaux's Band," for instance, and the wording could be virtually identical.

Our Man in George Metzger is one item that does go on too long. Any bit of it chosen at random is eminently readable, but the various bits aren't sufficiently different (for the most part) from each other to justify so much unclipped Metzgerie. Still, I wouldn't have missed it. The description on page 60, where the rhythm section cuts out and the beat continues nevertheless, is vivid. And "Jefferson Airplane" is a great name for a group.

(Yes, I like the name too...and also that of another San Francisco rock group, the Sopwith Camel.

(Metzger's writings are never presented "unclipped," by the way. He usually sends about 20 or 25 pages, written on various typewriters and sometimes in longhand, on varied sizes and kinds of paper. From this I cut out the personal notes, repetitions and sections which don't strike me as too interesting; then I print the good parts, trimming and straightening out George's decidedly first-draft writing. There's more editing done in George's column than the rest of the zine altogether, usually. But I do try to keep it loose enough to preserve the natural feeling of George's letters.)

KEN POTTER
4 Hartington St.
Lancaster
England

It was such a nice, friendly, fannish, big hearted gesture on your part to send me LIGHTHOUSE that I am writing to you. This is the first letter I have written to an actually functioning fan editor for well over not too long.

I have an ulterior motive.

But first, let me bring you up to date on me. I am now in my second year at the University of Lancaster, and sometimes I think it would be a good thing for me if I got back into fandom instead. You see, I write essays all the time, and I am developing an abomination known as the Academic Style. I keep burbling about the cultivated consciousness of an age, morphs, allomorphs, phonemes, diacritic power, and what Mr. Kant really meant to say. Mal Ashworth can't understand some of my essays.

I don't get many fanzines these days, but I do seem to remember that the best of them habitually achieve a blend of literacy and freedom, like LIGHTHOUSE. Which makes me regret the parameters which beset me in my present editorial position on Continuum, the U. of Lancaster magazine.

Continuum is as intellectual and pretentious as it can possibly manage. "...will present a spectrum of articles drawn from the arts and sciences" -- you know the sort of thing. Full of its own importance and broke, with a circulation of three computers and about eighteen bottled brains. There have been two issues, for which I was not responsible -- they selected the biggest fugghead in the University to do the job, and after he had made a balls of two, nobody else wanted to bother, except first year students who Didn't Realize. So I took the bloody thing on.

I don't really expect to transform it into a fakefan's almanack or anything like that; we will have to stay pretty solemn. Or at least sercon. As a matter of fact, some of the stuff in the two issues so far has been Pretty Damned Good. But it is my Mission to make it Pretty Damned Better, at least for the third issue, after which it will very likely fold for lack of funds.

So I want to ask you a couple of dozen favors. Can we reprint the Pat Lupoff gunman article? I will also ask Pat, of course, and send you and her a copy. I would appreciate a quick answer to this, even if you've only time to write "yes." And can you give some space in the next LIGHTHOUSE to a message to Fandom that good ole Ken Potter, whom some of them might remember, is editing a University magazine, which they can purchase for 35 cents or three bob? I still have to line up an official American Representative, but if Americans will drop me a line, I will tell them what to do with their money, and send them a copy. We do not give copies for letters of comment.

I don't like to ask you things like this, but if I don't mobilize some of fandom for Continuum, it may have a pretty tough time.

(I've already replied to this letter, of course, giving my blessings to the reprinting of Pat's article, and Pat has okayed the similar request which she received. Personally, I find the concept of a dozen-page article on the outlaws of the Old West being reprinted in a staid English University journal vastly amusing, and am looking forward to seeing the magazine. If anyone can inject life into such a magazine, Ken Potter is the man. For those of

you who may be too wet behind the tendrils to know him, Ken was the editor of one of the sloppiest and funniest fanzines of all time, BRENNSCHLUSS, and was also a pretty fair fanwriter himself, in his salad days. In fact, he was for a time the star of INNUENDO's freewheeling lettercolumn, back before he sobered up. So I'll heartily recommend Continuum even without seeing it...go thou and send him money.)}

CHUCK HANSEN
701 South Grant St.
Denver, Colo. 80209

LIGHTHOUSE is always great, but why did you have to start off this issue with a damned emetic? Yes, I mean Phil Dick's article. It makes me vomit. Ah well, what can one expect of anyone who pickles what brains he has with LSD and "certain chemicals"? Of course a cat may look at a King -- and criticize him too, I suppose, for what his criticism is worth -- which in this case is damn little. When Mr. Dick produces any work of science fiction or fantasy which I regard as being comparable with even the lesser works of authors like Heinlein, or George O. Smith for that matter, I will take his criticism more seriously. He sounds like he hadn't slept the stuff off yet.

Mr. Dick says he has written 23 novels and all are terrible but one, but he isn't sure which. Why make an exception for one? -- let's just say they were all lousy. He states that his mother demonstrated her love for him by sending him clippings proving that the crud he takes causes permanent brain damage, and sneers that "It's nice, a mother's love." At least she tried to warn him. It is too late, apparently; the damage seems to have been done.

{(It does my heart good to see Robert A. Heinlein elevated to the same unassailable status as Motherhood.

{(Chuck, you'll be happy to know that Phil offered to write for this issue an attack upon apple pie, the American Flag, and E. E. Smith, but I turned him down cold.)}

ELINOR BUSBY
2852 14th Ave. West
Seattle, Wash. 98119

I don't at all doubt that Philip K. Dick is correct in saying that there has always been a Tony Boucher: "if not the one we know then some other, very much like him." I believe one runs into Tony Boucher from time to time through all history and all literature. Can't think of any specific examples; I'll work on it.

Terry, I'm not surprised that LIGHTHOUSE doesn't receive as many letters as you think it should. LIGHTHOUSE is, of course, an excellent fanzine -- but in my opinion it's not a friendly, likable fanzine. Consequently I don't like it.

{(Nyah.)}

SANDI GERBER
130 Arnold St.
Staten Is., N.Y. 10301

In re Dick vs. Ryan: a most unequal contest, which Dick has won hands down.

I don't know -- personally -- either of the gentlemen. 'Matter of fact, it so happens that Dick isn't even on my list of favorite-sf-writers. This has nothing to do with any judgment on my part of his work; it has to do with not resonating on the same wavelengths, is all. (I rather suspect for much the same reason that I don't resonate with Bob Dylan either.)

On the other hand, I've been glancing with approval at the rats-and-pigeons boys lately. I mean, first came The Worm Runners' Digest; and just the other day I read that the "American Association for Psycho-Physical blah blah blah" -- anyway, the dream-researchers -- speak of themselves as the "eyeball wiggle watchers"! Now that is a healthy phenomenon.

But in the matter of this particular controversy, Philip K. Dick is the Expert around here. And Mr. Ryan hasn't learned how to laugh at himself yet, because he doesn't have the necessary perspective.

(Shall I present my credentials? Never mind that psychology, in the broader sense of the word, has been my major field of study-and-experiment for at least the

last dozen years. But for two quite-recent years I worked for a prominent -- and rather notorious -- psychotherapist; that job consisted mainly of reading every single journal in the field, not to mention related areas like neurology, anthropology, existential philosophy, etc. In this context, that should be enough for Ryan. The internal evidence of this letter itself will, I'm pretty sure, satisfy Dick.)

What really bugs me...well, here's a sketch:

Several Distinguished gentlemen are having a most Learned discussion on, say, alcoholism. And they cover the subject thoroughly: the chemical compositions of both alcohol and people; the psychological causes and effects; statistical studies; sociological research; the whole lot.

And over on the sideboard are several bottles of various brands and types.

And not a one of them has ever touched the stuff!

Just in case I haven't made myself clear: You can study for as many years as you like, but until you've interned, you don't qualify for your M.D.

You can -- and should -- experiment and cross-check and compare and double-check as much as possible when you're breaking ground in a new field like, for instance, ESP phenomena. But unless you're a functioning esper, and I mean consciously aware, you won't even know where and how to begin.

Take "depersonalization," a part of schizophrenia and a part of a lot of other states-of-mind. You can observe till you're blue in the face, but you're just not going to understand the thing until you've been there and back. Preferably several times, so you've learnt what is your way of handling it. (Me, I go to bed and sleep it off; it generally means I've overloaded, and have a fuse that wants replacing. Just isn't my schtick, is all.)

And a couple of minor points:

The really Big people in the Behaviorist school know perfectly well that what they're doing doesn't contradict Jung or anyone else of his ilk. They also know that the "clinical setting" has very definite limitations, and isn't competent to handle whole areas of things which they quite properly stay out of. They know that the conception of Science itself is going to have to enlarge considerably before they'll be able even to touch those things. Which is in the process of happening, and has been for the last 50 years; it just hasn't quite filtered down to all the lower echelons yet.

The fine distinctions between "most functioning adults," and ones that are "neurotic," and ones "psychotic"...are strictly arbitrary lines drawn and determined by the culture. And if Mr. Ryan still disagrees, he needs a very large portion of cultural anthropology under his belt.

I happen to think that ignorance is a valid excuse for making an ass out of oneself. (I do it often; there are some things that can't be learned until you've made all the mistakes first.) But once it's been made clear; once (or twice) it's been pointed out firmly that maybe here lies something you know nothing about and therefore aren't qualified to talk about and be taken seriously...then, my friend, you go and find out for yourself. Or you wrap your hurt feelings around your prejudices, and wonder why nobody thinks your opinions count for anything anymore.

Mr. Dick...you know perfectly well that you can "lead a horse..." etc., and if he persists in not-drinking, then that's his problem, and probably no longer worth your time and energy.

Mr. Ryan...I've been a bit harsh. You sound an intelligent young man with a good deal of potential, hampered only by youth (which isn't your fault, after all) and lack of experience. Why don't you try a bit more of the latter? It can be very painful; it can also be ecstatic. But whichever, at least you know you're alive.

Join the dance; it's worth it.

{(This is an argument into which I do not want to mix, since I'd be over my head on either the theory or the experience end. The closest I'll come to a comment on psychology here is to mention that this letter reads amazingly like a Campbell editorial, stylistically, and there's nothing better calculated to get most fans' backs up than that.)}

RAY NELSON
333 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, Calif. 94532

Vic Ryan's letter to Phil Dick on schizophrenia makes me paranoid. He keeps saying all the books Phil quotes are no good, but he never tells us what books are good. Not even one. All Ryan does is pull rank. "I am a psych major," he seems to be saying, "and I know." Actually, I think he is the sort of guy who becomes the kind of shrink Carol writes about in Stuff (which is so great it should see pro publication somewhere). He seems like a sort of white liberal of mental illness. Most shrinks who haven't dropped acid are that way. Phil and I are the real n----- of madness, baby, the real nuts. When the Vic Ryans of the world go to school, it's to study us! We know what schizophrenia is, but we won't never tell. ...giggle giggle giggle...

{(I have a feeling you're saying about the same thing as Sandi, only with more affect.)}

BOB BLOCH
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

LIGHTHOUSE arrived to brighten my day -- and night, because I kept right on reading it until I finished page 89 at 11:00 p.m. I found almost everything in the issue commendable and commentable, and it's hard to choose a favorite from the lot.

Willis is perb.

Perhaps it would be apposite to comment on Alexei Panshin's remarks on professional jealousy. Personally, I think jealousy is a lousy profession. There are no fringe benefits -- not even Antisocial Security. A man can work forty years at being jealous and end up without being able to put aside enough envy to last him through a miserable old age.

As for jealousy between writers, it's strictly a hangup. When you've been around as long as I have, you become (a) dizzy and (b) convinced that what happens to any writer's career is largely a matter of luck.

I do agree with Panshin's conclusions, but I don't agree with the statement of Bradbury's which he quotes: "Jealousy, it must be admitted, is the most certain symptom a writer can know to tell him of another author's superiority." I can think, offhand, of several dozen writers who are jealous of Mickey Spillane -- but, believe me, this doesn't mean that Spillane is a better writer than they are.

To be jealous of talent is useless, under any circumstances. I have found it a waste of time to envy a writer of superior ability. Only one practical solution: kill him. (Now you know what really happened to Ambrose Bierce.)

{(Special note to Roger Zelazny: If you should run into Bloch, Purdom or Panshin at the Nycon, separately or all together, and they invite you to join them for a drink in the bar, better bring along an official taster. (Maybe Dannie Plachta will volunteer.))}

ANDY PORTER
24 East 82nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10028

Greg Benford is interesting and to the point. However, his article is all about fans who want to turn pro, and this is only half the picture. He doesn't tell at all about the strange motives that lead pros to turn into fans. Take a look at Jack Gaughan. Jack, who gets paid $5.00 to $15.00 for a full-page black-and-white illo, now does them for free in the fanzines. He eagerly looks for letters of comment in the fanzines:

"I sure did enjoy your porny pictures, fella," writes Ira Noone, of East Peoria, Illinois. "You are better than Robert E. Gilbert."

Jack loves this stuff. He may be a nice guy (after all, he gives me free covers too), but he's some sort of perverted pro. The pro who turned fan. And here in LIGHTHOUSE are Phil Dick, Tom Disch and G. C. Edmondson, all pros who're contributing to a fanzine. Has insanity hit the pro world?

To return to Bright, Shiny Ideas and Inept Slapstick, Greg might note that Keith Laumer fills that bill very well. "And how did you like The Monitors?" asked Thomas

Dardis, editor of Berkley Books, when I spoke to him recently. Be flattering, I told myself, and maybe he'll make you assistant editor. "Personally, I thought it was hopelessly shallow, with one poor slapstick scene following another. It was pretty bad. How were the sales?" I asked. "So far," Mr. Dardis replied, "they seem to be very good." And that, I guess, is why these things get published -- they sell.

{(In the Feb. 1967 HABAKKUK, Damon Knight contributed a couple paragraphs defending J. G. Ballard against his critics, ending with the promise, "I'll defend Laumer, too, if the fans ever rise up against him." Judging from the letters this issue, I suspect it's time for you to rush into the breach, Damon.

{(As for Jack Gaughan, give him credit for being a crafty sonofagun. He just might win himself both a Hugo and a Pong as best artist pro or fan. Not even Schoenherr or Frazetta ever managed that.)}

BUCK COULSON
Route 3
Hartford City, Ind. 47348

Pat Lupoff had a good article. Very little in it was new to me, but it was nice to get it all in a condensed version. (Even though she slighted Indiana, sneering at the Reno Brothers and never even mentioning Sam Bass.) But "Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh (were) the last of the Robin Hood type outlaws"? What about Pretty Boy Floyd? Or is he to "modern" for the purposes of the article? Not that he really was a Robin Hood, but he had the reputation -- for that matter, certain historians have come to the conclusion that the original Robin wasn't as noble as he's been made out to be.

Carol may not write beginnings or endings, but she does wonderful middles.

I agree with Philip Dick on one point: I rather wish he hadn't written his Palmer Eldritch book, too. Not for the same reasons, though. I disagree with Dick on dialog -- I find Heinlein's dialog more believable than most. More believable than Dick's, when you come right down to it. Possibly this is simply a difference in cultural background: what sounds right to a midwesterner is terribly "square" to your hip New Yorker or Californian. Nevertheless, Heinlein's characters talk like people; most other stf characters talk like characters in books. (Except for Doc Smith's; they always talked like the original Tom Swift.)

{(I think I'd have to stand with Phil Dick re Heinlein's dialog: he tries too hard to make his characters talk like real live people. It reminds me of a passage in The Catcher in the Rye where Holden Caulfield is writing about a performance by the Lunts which he'd seen: "The trouble is, they're too good as actors. I mean, they're always breaking in on each other when they talk, just like people really do, and you keep thinking, Goddam, what great actors, that's just how people really talk. And the trouble, I mean, is that you just keep noticing what great actors they are, not about what the characters are actually saying." Which is a beautifully ironic piece of writing on Salinger's part, because of course you can make the same objection about Holden Caulfield's monologue. But it's certainly all too often true of Heinlein, I think: his characters are so folksy that they aren't people.)}

ROBIN WOOD
1334 Fifth Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.

Just when I had reached the point where I knew stf fandom did not so much as exist any more, in fact right when I wasn't even aware of fandom at all or science fiction either for that matter -- LIGHTHOUSE arrived. A shock of sorts. Fandom still exists. Amazing. Thanks.

So I delved into it, and interesting it was. There seems to be almost as much mention of psychedelics in LIGHTHOUSE as one might find in a college coffee shop. I don't really know what to add, being no expert. One trip. Just one mind-blasting trip and I don't know if I'll ever do it again. Hallucinations, strange new colors, incredible crawling infinitely complex patterns; but that was only the beginning:

suddenly you're beyond colors and forms, the universe has vanished and you don't even exist anymore...it sort of gets beyond words. Acid is incredibly powerful stuff and I can't think of anything to say about it that wouldn't be an understatement.

I know one girl at State College who took a bum trip; she says it took her a year to get over it. I don't know if she ever really did, though. Her eyes still have that look of terror in them, as if they've looked at things that are better left unmentioned, although the look is not as intense as it was a few months ago. There are bummers, and quite a number of them, too, I imagine, as in San Francisco someone has actually organized a bum-trip emergency squad. If you're on a bummer you phone this number and they send people over. I suppose there are some people who just shouldn't mess with the stuff, but there's really no way to tell if you're one of them until you put your mind to the acid test. Of course, there are safer things. Like grass. And nutmeg (but don't try it -- maybe some people get something out of it, but all it did to me was give me a headache and a wine-type hangover for the next two days) and rosewood seeds (which, judging from personal experience, are not especially neat either: they make you sick, so unless you get a really big mystical bang out of puking radiant blue sparks, forget it).

Metzger's column was interesting as usual. Articles by such as Dick and Clarke have me almost interested in reading science fiction again, a habit I'd thot I'd shaken. And if everybody is turning out genzines of the quality that is LIGHTHOUSE I suppose I'll feel compelled to read fanzines again, another bad habit I'd thought I'd outgrown.

I'm still grooving on the front cover. I was stoned last night and looking at it: all variety of strange things in that cover.

{(I hear the latest kick is banana peels -- "not as good as pot, but it's legal, man!" At the recent Easter Be-in in Central Park, some of the hippies were smoking banana peels, and more were carrying large drawings of bananas and signs saying BANANA PEELS FOREVER, etc. Pity the poor Freudian who might walk into a scene like that without knowing what it was about!

{(One of the more interesting things about the acid revolution is its impact on music and literature and movies. Songs like Dylan's Mr. Tambourine Man and the Beatles' Tomorrow Never Knows and Strawberry Fields Forever are best known in this context, but the field of psychedelic art (oh yes, there's a lot of this in current pop and op painting, too) extends, at least in the eyes of the hippie beholders, to movies like Blow-Up and books by William Burroughs and Joseph Heller. It's really a fad, I think, but one which serves to focus attention on a legitimate area of artistic exploration which has been around a lot longer than LSD: suddenly Camus, Cocteau and Kafka are very much In again, and we get the fascinating spectacle of a rock&roll fanzine, CRAWDADDY, reviewing current pop records in terms of Existentialism. Wow. It is a little annoying that so many people seem to view these works strictly in terms of Capturing the Essence of an Acid Trip (an interesting technical exercise, but not a meaningful one). Blow-Up, for instance, is a brilliant movie which starts its thematic thinking where ordinary psychedelic art leaves off, so anyone who insists on looking at it as just a gassy Trip movie will miss what it's really about.

{(We have some of this kind of writing in science fiction already, and I know of at least two sf novels coming up which are specifically and intentionally psychedelic science fiction. (I thought Phil Dick did the job beautifully in The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, but apparently there's much more to be said on the subject.) Of course, your mention of the State College girl whose "eyes still have that look of terror in them, as if they've looked at things that are better left unmentioned" brings to mind the staggering idea that maybe after the hippies have plumbed the depths of Cocteau and Jarry they'll look around and Discover H. P. Lovecraft. Ghod help us.)}

JERRY PAGE
193 Battery Pl. N.E.
Atlanta, Ga. 30307

LIGHTHOUSE, alas, has lots of comment hooks -- but the writers are so thorough that nothing I could add would really amount to much. LIGHTHOUSE, alack, like Bloch, is superb.

Disch's contribution is a perfect example of what I mean. He says it all. Maybe if I were a world traveler, like him, I could think of interesting points to bring up, add an interesting anecdote or two and comment, comment, comment. But you'd have to admit, Terry, an anecdote about the last time I visited Social Circle Georgia would be a little out of place. I might say he's brilliant, but what kind of comment is that? ~~(Egoboo.)~~

I'd like to comment on Philip K. Dick's item, but really shouldn't. There's not much there but self pity. This probably explains his popularity, because self pity has been for some time a known and identifiable quality in that great American institution the Best Seller. I've contended for a long time that Dick's characters and situations do not lend themselves to science fiction and that he's trying to write mainstream fiction about everyday people in the Real World. No one ever listened to me, but I still believe it. Who knows? Writing such a novel might even make him happy. But I doubt it. I don't think he'd be happy, being happy.

Gina Clarke's article does lead to some conjecture about science fiction, though. Why don't we have more science fiction writers representing the various ethnic groups? Well, Avram Davidson has written Jewish-oriented stories like The Golem and Help! I Am Dr. Morris Goldpepper, and Samuel R. Delany, the only Negro in the field, has a slight ethnic flavor in much of what he writes, though he's not per se an ethnic writer. Okay. But Davidson is not the only Jewish writer in the field, even if Delany is the only Negro. Do Ellison and Asimov write ethnic stories? They do not.

But I contend there is ethnic writing in science fiction. Lots of it.

Okay -- let's digress. I'm a member of one of the ethnic groups Gina mentions. I'm a Southern writer. Atlanta is metropolitan and almost Northern and I'm a liberal by traditional Southern standards (I was raised believing segregation is wrong), but I haven't spent much time outside the South. My first time above the Mason-Dixon line was after my 21st birthday and I was raised in Atlanta before it became Northernized; I've also spent a lot of time in other parts of the South: Florida and North Carolina, primarily, but also Tennessee (where I was born), Alabama and South Carolina. I know the South reasonably well and I feel Southern.

But I don't write Southern Writing.

The closest I ever came to ethnic or merely regional writing was in The Happy Man (to discuss only published works). I never mentioned the locale other than a vague reference to the "East Coast" (of an unnamed continent), but the countryside I described was taken from experience. You can find it in North Carolina, a few miles from Asheville. I lived there. I drew much of the character's movements from my own hikes in such terrain when I was a kid living there. I was quite pleased when the illustrations George Schelling did for the story depicted that terrain with a great deal of accuracy.

I'm working on a science fiction story now that takes place in Georgia. ~~("Georgia does not need science fiction; it has state politics." -- THE TWILIGHT ZINE #21.)~~ I'm doing it because I like the character (who is not a Southerner) and the theme (which is not Southern...nor yet particularly science fictional).

The point here is that even with all the ethnic elements, I'm not writing ethnic fiction. Someday I intend to. Atlanta is becoming a wonderful place to write about: it has its own outlook, its own spirit, its own attitude. No one is expressing this in fiction, and I want to. But I also want to write science fiction, and the two do not combine well. Bradbury did Way in the Middle of the Air and that's it. It's becoming a period piece. Today, to write of the Negro situation in science fiction, you have to deal not with the ethnic character of your subject, but with the political -- as Mack Reynolds has done.

Even so, I still contend there is a lot of ethnic writing in science fiction.

The point of Gina's article is that since she is a White Anglo Saxon Protestant, well adjusted and all that, she will have to write science fiction. I agree. The

record bears her out.

Perhaps the most ethnically oriented writer in the field is, like Gina, a WASP. He has written of his people and their traditions and aspirations, their feelings and the land they live in. He has won a few Hugos for his troubles, too, and is the author of one science fiction classic which is also an example of fine ethnic writing. Both his Hugos went to him for writing fine ethnic stories.

His name is Clifford Simak.

All the qualities of ethnic writing -- the love of the people, the basic oneness of the people, the belonging to a group -- all these qualities are exemplified in Simak's work. His people are White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. They live in small towns in Wisconsin and related states. They were the people City was about and the people The Big Front Yard was about. And I like to think Way Station was popular not because it was good science fiction (it was, after all, a seriously flawed work, with a bad opening that should have been out out and an ending that relied on the most preposterous coincidence in the history of science fiction) but because it evoked a certain ethnic quality.

And this ethnic quality can be found in Ray Bradbury, also. Mostly in fantasy stories, but also in some of his (more or less) science fiction.

Greg Benford's article brings up a point that crops up every few years, that there just isn't any funny science fiction, which isn't exactly true. By and large I think science fiction has held its own in the humor department. So most humor falls flat after a few years -- most humor anywhere does. Check Westerns and detective novels and see how humor goes in them. (There are exceptions: LeeH's first novel and a Western I read some years back called Gunslingers Can't Quit -- great novel.) At least we never had our Gabby Hayes tradition.

I hate to bring this up, it having been said before, but humor is a serious thing. Its whole poing lies in a character taking something seriously that isn't serious at all. Or in a character doing just the reverse. (Would the Marx Brothers have been funny had not the rest of the world been taking seriously the things they were breaking up?) Precious few science fiction writers today know how to take anything very seriously. Much less how to create characters who do.

Pat Lupoff's article on Old West outlaws was interesting. I've only heard of one actual gunfight that was backed up by fair documentation -- that is, a gunfight in the movie sense -- and it doesn't really come up to the standards we have come to expect. The opponents were Wild Bill Hickok and Phil Coe and the fight was carried out face to face, by one account only about three or four feet apart. (Please remember the average gun in those days was not an instrument of great accuracy.) I think they came close to emptying their guns and Hickok's last shot hit Coe. I've never checked this out very closely, but the version I tend to accept says that the slug caught Coe in the foot and he died of blood poisoning a few days later.

That isn't too unlikely, because Coe was supposedly drunk and Hickok, who was given to rages, was also going blind. That's the only gunfight of the duel variety I've heard of connected with the Old West, unless you count the one between Bat Masterson and Sergeant King. Masterson was entertaining King's girl in the neighborhood saloon one night and in came King, who shot him. The girl leapt in front of the bullet (or maybe she was scurrying for cover -- these guys were not known for accuracy) and the bullet killed her, going through the body and hitting Masterson in the hip (giving him the limp that caused him to take up a cane). Masterson fell from his chair, his gun fell out of his holster and hit the floor, going off and killing King with a lucky shot.

{(Phil Dick has written a number of mainstream novels, though he never managed to sell one. That was what he was doing during the years of seeming hiatus in his writing before he returned to the field with The Man in the High Castle. I don't know what his feeling is toward those novels now, but apparently they made him happy enough while he was writing them, or he wouldn't have kept on with them despite lack of sales.

{(You're right about Simak writing ethnic sf, of course. And Zenna Hen-

son is probably even more of an ethnic sf writer. But right about here we run out of examples even under this somewhat wider definition of "ethnic," so these would seem to be exceptions. Too bad -- I think there are all sorts of possibilities in ethnic sf, an area that's hardly been touched. It gives such a deeper feeling of reality to an imaginary future society when an author can depict not only individual characters but cohesive and recognizable subcultures within that society. See, for a fine recent example, Delany's DRIFTGLASS in the June If.

(Re humor in sf: It's true that "we never had our Gabby Hayes tradition," but what we did have was just as bad: Lancelot Biggs, Ray Cummings' Tubby series, Oona and Jik, and a few other goodies like that.

(It's odd about debunkers: they seem able to believe anything as long as it breaks heroic icons, etc. No doubt Bat Masterson was nothing like the brave, dead-shot lawman he's been depicted as in most Western fiction, tv, etc.; but do you really find it easier to believe that "his gun fell out of his holster and hit the floor, going off and killing King with a lucky shot" than that maybe Masterson aimed his gun, pulled the trigger and managed to hit what he was shooting at?)

WALT WILLIS
Strathclyde
Warren Road
Donaghadee, No. Ireland

I'd just had my breakfast and was strolling on the Gloating Sward when I had a Revelation which I must tell you about. Whether it's being able to see all those miles or the religious atmosphere of Sunday morning or being able to keep an eye on all those sparrows, or merely the fact that there are three little green apples on my apple tree, I felt all godlike and cosmic. Formerly I would have written a postcard to Jack Speer ("I have a cosmic mind. What do I do now?") but now I know I should write to you. I have thought up a new cosmology, the third this year. (How about a Cosmology of the Week Club?) Since you are always the first to know about my cosmologies I am sending you this thin blue tablet of stone to fill you in on the Big Picture.

The Universe is the field of conflict between two contending principles, two powerful Gods locked in an eternal struggle for control of the space-time continuum and the soul of Man. The names of these deities are Yum and Yug, and their battle in the final analysis is concerned with whether all things shall be Yummy or Yuggy. It is a matter for philosophy and theology to determine whether the physical universe is itself objectively subject to control by one or the other, or whether Yugginess lies in the eyes of the beholder. I think it more likely that it is neither Yummy nor Yuggy by itself, and that if we could cast out the evil of Yugginess within ourselves we would eventually appreciate the intrinsic Yumminess of the Cosmic All. This is a question which requires fasting and meditation and if the first weren't so difficult in Irish Fandom I'm sure I would have come up with the answer already. The Buddhists are pretty good at this sort of thing and in fact I gather they are already working on it -- you know, YUM MANI PADME YUM -- and I suspect that Yak is really their name for the objective universe. A symbol of subjectivity, in that when Yak is walking about outside you and especially in front of you it must be pretty Yuggy, but when you control/cook and assimilate/eat it it becomes Yummy.

Another thing I wanted to tell you about was the latest development in tv commercials over here. You know how recently advertising has been of more and more basic categories...you know, gas advertising against electricity, campaigns for butter, eggs, milk, etc. I remember reading a book about a campaign for Food and it didn't seem too implausible. And cf. The Goons. (Thinks: "Thanks to BRAINS, The New Wonder Head-filler.") Well, now we have another step: advertisements for money. They are sponsored by the National Assistance Board and they show how horrible it is not to have it, and how easy it is to get it, and how nice it is to have it. You just write in (No Obligation) and Our Representative Will Call On You In The Privacy Of Your Home (picture of nice sincere salesman), and they even finish with a sort of pack shot. Before you rush out and sign up with Buckley I'd better explain that apparently surveys have shown that there are hundreds of old people quietly starving

to death rather than ask for "charity" and the purpose of the campaign is to convince them that National Assistance isn't "charity," but something they are entitled to "by Act of Parliament." I don't know what Ayn Rand would think of it, but I think it's rather nice.

{(I do too. In fact, it's Yummy.

{(Since the above two subjects were originally in two separate letters from Walt, it's understandable that he didn't see the obvious next step in tv advertising: rival opinion-influencing campaigns by Yum and Yug. Their objectives, of course, would be to convince people that the universe is Yummy or Yuggy respectively, since your Revelation seems to indicate that the objective reality is controlled by subjective concensus.

{(Hmm, now that I think of it, perhaps this isn't the next step at all; perhaps it's been with us all along, growing more evident each election campaign. The parties not in power hire ad agencies to advertise the vast Yugginess of the world under the current regime, whereas the incumbent party advertises the intrinsic Yumminess of its program and achievements. (The Yummy Frontier, the Yummy Society, etc.) It's all a matter of Image, you see: if the forces of either Yum or Yug can convince enough people at once of the world's Yumminess or Yugginess, then Yummy or Yuggy it will be. In this respect, though in no other, Lyndon Johnson is like Tinkerbell.)}

JOHN FOYSTER
6 Clowes Street
South Yarra
Victoria, Australia

I've been rather busy lately. I got married, involved in a convention and glandular fever (in reverse order). Then I decided to go to Greece, to go to England, and finally to stay in Australia and go to a local university. I tried writing professionally last year, but got quick bounces all round, except from the editors who lost my mss. Oh yeah, and our house got burned down two months after we were married.

Well, that's biography for this issue. On to Lths 14.

It had been my impression that PKDick was flippant in his writing (in the way that Heinlein, to go to the other extreme, is not), and this article of his is pretty convincing in this respect. Nevertheless, some of his paras are worth reading -- perhaps more worth reading than his novels, which are, shall we say, mass-produced.

Tom Disch, on the other hand, was more than just readable. He was, to me at any rate, on many occasions stimulating.

I'm going to put off reading Metzger until later. Somehow, unbelievable as it may seem, there's a certain sameness about George's adventures, so that it doesn't really matter whether you've read the latest or not: it is still quite possible to discuss it sensibly with someone who has.

You describe the Tricon vividly, Terry...even too vividly. I've always felt uneasy when Ed Wood's name is mentioned, as though he were about to go into a telephone booth and emerge as SUPERMOSKOWITZ!

{(Phil Dick is seldom flippant, if ever; don't be misled by the light tone he often adopts when writing about serious things. Actually, he's cursed and blessed with a finely-honed sense of the tragic combined with a sense of humor. See the following letter, for instance:)}

PHILIP K. DICK
57 Meadow Drive
San Rafael, Calif.

Well, see, the thing is we have this new baby, named Isolde or something like that (Isa for short; pronounced EE-sah). Every kind of pataphysical strange mechanical thing went wrong with the minor functions; however, Nancy and the baby are fine.

On the way to the hospital at 4:30 a.m. the brakes on my car went out. So after that when I went to visit Nancy and daughter I took a cab, the fare of which ran, per diem, $24.00. Hence all the cash which I had hidden away melted rapidly into nothing. Meanwhile I had no car to get to the bank with to cash a check. Then the sandwich machine at the hospital went mad. It would present a row of pie-slices and

sandwiches and then, before you could open one of the little doors, it would whisk everything away and present another gathering of food items, which it would then whisk away as before, and so on, all this accompanied by loud groaning noises. At last it stopped and I got a little cheese sandwich out, which I ate. After I had finished eating it I found a tiny pouch of plastic containing mayonnaise.

After several days I got my car towed to a garage. "Besides your brakes being out you have a bad U-joint and also your transmission has a bad planetary gear," the mechanic claimed, with a sour leer. When I got home I found that the off-switch had gone out on my turntable and I couldn't shut the turntable off, so I had to listen to lp's for five hours (Götterdämerung) until finally I got up enough strength to unplug it.

Meanwhile I had a mystic vision: the following phrase. THERE IS A METHOD TO GOD'S MADNESS. At the time this did not seem very likely. Anyhow, my brother-in-law quit his job (he was an insurance underwriter) and he drove me around so that I could gather up money and switch cash from one account to another. When I got Nancy and Isolde home from the hospital on Saturday I phoned my mother and step-father to tell them how things were. "How's your allergy?" my step-father asked right-off. I said it was okay. "Do you still want Aunt Lois' piano?" he inquired. "Well," I said, "gee, I dunno. Care to come and see the baby and Nancy?" "We have a bad valve on our Ford," he rejoindered, "and we can't go very far." I said, "I'll give you my Buick." "Well, we only want to have a car to go to the grocery store," was his retort. I hung up, feeling vaguely lousy.

All the time at the hospital Dr. Goldberg skulked around, waiting to see how the baby would be (he's a baby doctor, a pede-something). Nobody else paid any attention to any of us except him. In fact they weren't going to show me the baby except that he rapped on the wall and made them do so. But they did voluntarily let me see Nancy. She looked well, but pale. Dr. Goldberg meanwhile had himself paged on the p.a. system so as to seem important. (He's just started his practice, so you understand.) "You'll have moments when you hate the baby," he informed me. "I hate it already," I countered. I waited in what the hospital calls the heir port. It had a tv set and a day-old Chronicle, the latter of which I read. My brother-in-law noticed that I had a hole in the sole of my shoe.

He drove me home and I tried to start my old Buick, which I keep as a standby car in case the other fails, and it wouldn't start. "All the intake valves are stuck open," the AAA man said, and drove off. I went inside the house and fed the cats. The diaper service called and asked if my seven dozen diapers and pail had arrived. I said they had (which was true). I called the drugstore and refilled on all my pills; it came to $96.00 -- I kid you not. They delivered them free, with a VW bought with money paid by me for pills during the past year.

I then slept for several hours, during which I had a dream. In the dream I was being fired from a job which I wasn't adequate for. When I awoke I remembered that I'm a famous s-f writer and don't need the job anyhow, which cheered me up. I dropped by the record shop (my brother-in-law driving) and found that all the lp's which I had bought during the previous month had been reduced in price to 99 cents. I left the store, feeling vaguely miserable.

Nancy had a long delivery and they forgot to give her a caudle or saddle block or whatever it is, so it was like natural childbirth, which I understand smarts. While riding to the hospital in a cab I observed a sixteen-wheel Safeway truck forcing my cab off the road and into a ditch. "It's rare for them to try that on a cab," the driver told me. He handled the situation very well, so I tipped him a dollar. He said to ask for him every time I wanted a cab (number 7, he said). Next time I wanted a cab I asked for number 7. "He's in San Francisco," the dispatcher said, so I got cab number 5, which was driven by a man having pyloric spasms. I gave him a Librium and a Darvon and he felt better. I tipped him 75 cents, feeling that I had already tipped him in part re the pills. "This is the first relief I've had from this pain in eight years," he told me gratefully. "My doctor has given me every test and can't figure out what's wrong. You're really great, mac." I asked him who this doctor was. It turned out to be my doctor.

{(That letter was written late in March, and since then both Nancy and Isolde have been doing fine. Phil's life continues to have its ups and downs, but he manages to deal with all but the worst downs with this kind of whimsically philosophical humor.)}

ANDY MAIN
2916 La Combadura
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105

Phil Dick reminds me of GULF, by Heinlein; I agree it's fascism (from what I can remember of it) and I remember that it's the only story ever I couldn't read the first time I tried. I wasn't bored by it; I was shocked and disgusted. I've read it since, and found it interesting though still tasting bad.

I find Phil's practice of writing down thoughts had after a trip very interesting; I'll try it some time. Barbara and I recently took a very large LSD trip, and it was a most interesting experience. We literally lost our minds for about four hours. We were off in a creek in a canyon in the hills, and we wandered about like some kind of wild but somewhat puzzled apes for a long time. The colors, the motion were tremendous. We noticed a strange thing, sitting by a nice pool in the creek, getting high. The higher we got the more clearly we could see into the pool without our vision or whatever being deflected by the surface; we saw the most wondrous little animals and insects, like a little crayfish. The most visual things come at the end of the trip. I sat looking at a couple of house-size mossy boulders and there were endless coruscating glowing pulsing colored mandalas and letterings and patterns. And the creek canyon looked like a rich, colorful painting of some temperate Garden of Eden.

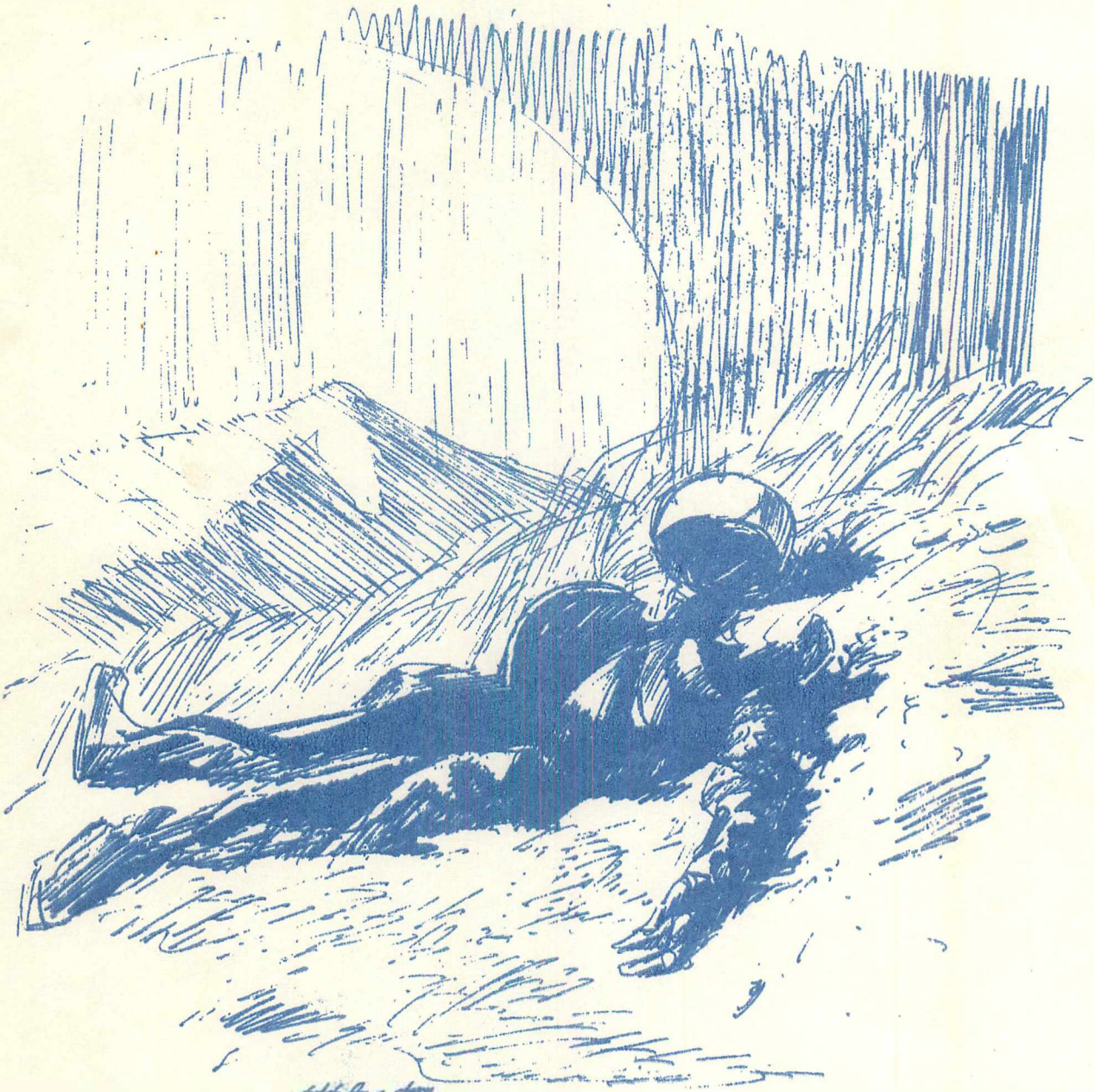
An interesting thought: I find myself trying to explain to people what it was like reading the Ring trilogy before it was camp.

George Metzger came through town a while ago, complete with moustache and cowboy hat and a friend who was tall and had a big beard and looked like a Zionist chalutz, and silently handed me a card reading, "Have you seen BAGGINS?"

The things you mention, Terry, about the Lord of the Rings trilogy always bothered me. The economics of Middle Earth, for instance; who supported the magnificence of Saruman's palace and fortress? And particularly, how come the Bad Guys were so numerous that they almost overmatched the Good Guys? I'm not quite Christian enough (in the conventional pattern) to believe in that. But it was a beautiful story.

{(Well, of course, maybe most of the forces of Mordor were unwilling conscripts, as in so many armies both Good and Bad. (And particularly the Bad, or so we're encouraged to believe.) Or, assuming they really were all Bad Guys, maybe it's because to the conservative mind humans are innately kind of rotten, and Ya Can't Change Human Nature, and so forth. Presumably this applies to orcs, too. To the liberal or radical, people are neither innately good nor bad, but are formed by circumstance (including genetic circumstance, of course). Although I'm not sure even the leftists would include the orcs in this assessment. ...But, more to the point, I kind of doubt that a leftist could have invented and believed in such creatures as orcs.)}

WE ALSO HEARD FROM a whole lot of people, some in conversation and some through checks and some with letters that got squeezed out. For instance, sturdy DICK LUPOFF argues with Greg Benford: "Joe Phann is no better a humorist than he is a dramatist (or melodramatist). And while the average run of the humorous stories in Analog, F&SF or Galaxy may not be particularly good, that doesn't say that Joe Phann is going to top Gordon Dickson, Larry Janifer & S. J. Treibich, Christopher or Edward Mackin." Dick also points out that "Jack Gaughan's dog vomited on my curtains." JIM SALLIS calls Lths "the fanmag for hippies," which it isn't, quite; he liked Metzger and Disch, but adds, "The bright spot, though, has to be Dick's thing (which, incidentally, was read a couple of days ago to a poetry class here at the University). I could read something like that for the next three weeks, sans relent. I loved it." And yet more letters were squeezed out: JOHNNY BERRY, TOM DRAHEIM, BERTIL MARTENSSON, and maybe more. Good show; please keep writing.


sketch for a story
with a happy ending.