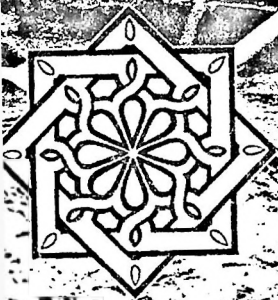


"Any Man Who Hates
Children And Animals
Can't Be All Bad" . . .



THE * NEW * MILLENNIAL HARBINGER

T H E N E W M I L L E N N I A L H A R B I N G E R N O . 2

is published by John Bangsund, 1/166 Glen Eira Road, Elsternwick, Victoria 3185 Australia, for the second mailing of the nefarious Amateur Press Association of Australia, hereinafter referred to as the APA-A, or more likely not referred to hereinafter at all. And since APA-A has only 14 odd - that is, 14 or so members at the moment, and this publication has a print run of 300, obviously there are other people who will be seeing it.

Editorial Policy: This has changed since the last issue. In future this publication will not contain only 100% pure undiluted Bangsund. (Please refrain from that unseemly applause.) Letters will be welcomed, and they need not be letters of comment on previous issues. If that sounds odd, refer to Bob Toomey's letter herein or Ursula K LeGuin's letter in ASFR 17. To borrow a credo from Bruce Gillespie, the main criteria for publication (editor excepted) will be quality of writing and the writer's interest in his subject. (Thanks, Bruce.) My own interest in the subject will also have some influence.

Fiscal Policy: I will exchange for fanzines, letters, services rendered or any display of interest. But, if I can help it, not for money. To all but a handful of fanzine editors, this publication will go in place of ASFR by way of exchange for your fanzine. A matter of self-defence, friends. To ensure that subscribers to ASFR receive what they have paid for I must prune the mailing list constantly, and traders and freeloaders are disappearing from it rapidly.

Some early readers of ASFR 17 (early, since Australian subscribers have had their copies for only a few days as I write) have already confessed some puzzlement at my elevation to the position of Professor of Asfragism at the University of Ard-Knox. Readers of an even older generation than myself (it's me back, 'Arold) will recognize the reference to an elderly book by some upholder of the capitalist way of life whose name I can't recall. However, too much should not be made of this association (why should the devil have all the good tunes?) and this university is the only one I've been to, even if I have learnt different lessons from that undoubtedly American author. But the reference to Asfragism may need some explanation, since it appears in no dictionary yet published. I derive the word from asphragistos, a word the Greeks had for "unstamped, not having a shepherd, or (ecclesiastically) not marked with the seal of baptism". Ignoring the seal of baptism, which I regard as an unwarranted addition to the heraldic bestiary, I define Asfragism to mean "independence or nonconformity, especially of opinion or philosophy, with particular reference to the criticism of science fiction". In calling myself a professor of asfragism I am not unmindful of George Fox's distinction between professors and possessors, but trust that any friends in my audience will put down my choice of words to innate modesty. I am probably the most modest person in fandom, a champion of humility, a shining beacon of self-effacing reticence. Why, only last week I received a letter from Brian Richards in which he referred to me as "one of the mildest mannered men it has ever been my pleasure to meet". And he doesn't know the half of it! If you can imagine a fifteen-stone, unshaven wilting violet with dirt under its fingernails, that's me.

A LETTER FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY

BOB TOOMEY
595 White Street
Springfield
Mass. 01108 USA

It is the Labor Day weekend. I am sitting here in Massachusetts, nearly 3000 miles away from the BayCon, nursing desperations of all sorts.

I had planned on attending BayCon, joined, made arrangements to share rooms, more arrangements to share transportation costs with various friends between here and California whom I would pick up in my car as I drove cross-country - and then two-thirds of the staff of the newspaper I work for quit, and it all burst into fragments. I am now the only reporter on the entire city staff on general assignment; last week there were five. I'll be getting tapes and letters and movies and photographs and con reports and all from BayCon, but it won't be the same. Not at all. And I had looked forward to seeing California. I've never been there.

The Democratic National Convention is over. For the last four nights I have been watching the most incredible spectacle on television that I've ever seen. Three nights ago a television reporter was beaten to his knees, kicked and punched in the stomach - on camera - by a group of rowdies on the (security tight) convention floor, broadcasting every minute of it. Later another television newsman received similar treatment.

Outside the convention floor what is coming to be called "the battle of Chicago" took place. Police and National Guardsmen smashed into a group composed of anti-war demonstrators, mainly youths, clergymen, reporters, businessmen and convention delegates who couldn't take the spectacle of Hubert Horatio Humphrey being nominated. The police and National Guardsmen used clubs, rifles with fixed bayonets and a toxic gas known as chemical Mace. A photographer was clubbed in the head in the front yard of his own home. He appeared before the television cameras with blood streaming down his face, confused and angry. Newspaper reporters were beaten despite repeated cries of "Press! Press!" My wife sat through it transfixed, thinking it could be me that this was happening to. I was too stunned to think at all.

Another photographer, from a Chicago paper, was Maced after producing his press credentials. He got a picture of a smiling cop spraying him with gas before he lost consciousness. After which he was beaten and his hand broken. Mace is superpowerful, and renders the victim unconscious in a few seconds. It blinds. It is new, experiments have not been done thoroughly enough to discover the full extent of its toxic properties; but it has been pressed into service by the police, who - apparently thinking it harmless - use it with no discrimination whatsoever.

A radio newscaster from my own home city, Springfield, was Maced by police who took no notice of the fact that he was hung with a dozen press and security passes, wearing a huge Associated Press button on his jacket and a tape recorder over his shoulder. He required hospitalization.

One television newscaster bitterly remarked: "Chicago is not a police state, but the police don't seem to know it." One newspaper account read in part: Somewhere between 2500-3000 peace marchers, including convention delegates, clergymen, men in business suits, hippies and others headed down Chicago's Michigan Avenue. They reached a viaduct at 16th Street where police had set up a barbed-wire barricade backed up by helmeted National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets on their rifles. The Guard had also wheeled up an armoured personnel carrier

mounted with machine guns, and riot control jeeps with barbed-wire fronts. March leaders shouted over megaphones to their followers, "For God's sake don't push us any further. They've got bayonets and you'll push us into them. Keep back, keep back."

Many of the bridges leading into the heart of Chicago were sealed off by armed troops. It looked like war. What had been an orderly demonstration of anti-Vietnam feelings turned into a war. I still can't believe it. I can't believe the world is going on. Will martial law be permanently declared here in the United States? I talked to a police official here and he said that might be the only solution.

Also on national television, William F Buckley Jr, a conservative Republican, and Gore Vidal, liberal playwright, author and sometime political figure, got into a cat fight. I used to respect Buckley, but when he called Vidal a "goddam queer", in front of 46 million people, that respect vanished. Vidal called Buckley a neo-Nazi. Buckley responded by offering to punch Vidal in the mouth. Vidal is a homosexual, but so what? They were both hired by the network as political commentators, to show opposed points of view. Really?

In a couple of days I will celebrate my twenty-third birthday, and I am frightened. I can't understand what all this hatred is about. People are killing each other for no reason. Chicago left 267 persons arrested (at last count) and over 300 injured, many permanently. Freedom of speech and the right of assembly are being abridged on every hand. Mob rule and violence are taking over. Why? The two major candidates for president, one of whom will surely be elected, are running on a pro-Vietnam platform. How can this be? Is this America speaking? Senator Eugene McCarthy, who campaigned on an anti-Vietnam platform, addressed the peace marchers as "the American government of the people in exile". And he's right. Everyone is running scared. Fools with guns are shooting down people like Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, climbing to rooftops and gunning down people at random. The climate of violence seems to be increasing geometrically. Race riots are ripping us apart, and martial law simply isn't putting us back together again. Maybe, like Humpty Dumpty, nothing can put us together again.

Next year I'll be moving with my wife and baby daughter to England. I want to see Europe while I'm young enough to enjoy it, while citizens are still allowed to leave the United States. It could be that I'm escaping. I don't know. My friends say I'm doing the right thing. A few of them are considering joining me. Some of them might. I'm scared, and I think we're heading for the precipice. All I can see is that big black maw of oblivion opening to swallow me whole without a trace; and I'm paralysed by the thought that there isn't a thing I can do to delay that moment by a single nanosecond.

From SOME LIMERICKS by Norman Douglas: Shit-pits, as they are locally called, used to be very common in England. Fabyan's Chronicals (1516) relate that in 1252 a Jew of Tewkesbury fell into one of them on Saturday, but refused to be taken out on his Sabbath; whereupon the Earl of Gloucester, who was not to be outdone in religious zeal, refused to take him out on Sunday. On Monday he was found to be dead.

People really don't change all that much.

JB: The people, no; their ability to inflict harm, yes. Why England, Bob?

Dr Velikovsky is a distinguished Jewish scholar. He qualified in medicine at Moscow in 1921, after studies at Montpellier and Edinburgh and travels in Palestine. He then spent some years in Berlin where, with Professor Heinrich, he founded and published the Scripta Universitatis, a series of volumes conceived as a cornerstone of what would become the University of Jerusalem. Einstein edited the mathematical-physical volume of the Scripta. Later, Velikovsky practiced medicine in Jerusalem and psychoanalysis in Haifa and Tel Aviv. During this period he published a number of papers on psychology, some of them in Freud's IMAGO. He was the first to suggest that pathological encephalograms would be found characteristic of epilepsy, a suggestion which was later found to be true.

The Velikovsky Affair was unwittingly born when he had an idea for a book which was to be an analytical study of Freud's own dreams and a comparison of the lives of three characters whom Freud had thought important - Oedipus, Akhnaton and Moses. To research the book he spent almost a year in America and, at the last moment, cancelled his return passage to Palestine when he chanced upon an idea which culminated in his theory of natural catastrophes.

Briefly, he came to the conclusion that the accepted chronology of Egyptian history was ambiguous; in post-Middle Kingdom history certain dynasties appeared twice in the accepted scheme, once from stories pieced together from the monuments and other relics of Egypt, and again from history gleaned from Greek historians. As a result, either Hebrew history appeared to be too short by five centuries or Egyptian history too long by a similar period. After a ten-year struggle with the committees which administer carbon-14 tests of archaeological material, Velikovsky has now obtained some few tests which support his contention that the accepted dates of Egyptian history must be altered.

Pursuing an idea of vast natural catastrophes, he discovered that the literature of ancient Mexico suggested events similar to those recorded in the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. He widened his researches to examine records of all races. The two manuscripts which resulted were AGES IN CHAOS and WORLDS IN COLLISION.

The book under review* is an account of the academic warfare which followed publication of Velikovsky's works, and a plea for an objective assessment of his theories. This warfare quickly took the crude form of a frontal attack on Macmillan, who first published the book in America. The late John J O'Neill, science editor of the New York Herald Tribune, and Gordon Atwater, then Curator of Hayden Planetarium and Chairman of the department of Astronomy at the American Museum of Natural History, both read the manuscript and recommended publication. However the Macmillan Company told Velikovsky in May 1950 that certain large universities were refusing to see their salesmen. Textbooks are a large part of the company's sales. Velikovsky's books were transferred to Doubleday & Company, which had no textbook department. Velikovsky approved this arrangement. Macmillan's trade books editor, John Putnam, was not informed of the negotiations for transfer and was summarily dismissed. Gordon Atwater, who had announced that he was planning a planetarium programme to depict the events of WORLDS IN COLLISION, was also sacked from both of his positions and his programme scuttled by astronomers of the establishment.

An interesting sidelight of the affair is that with one exception (the British

* Alfred de Grazia (ed): The Velikovsky Affair (Sidgwick & Jackson, London)

Marxist, J B S Haldane), foreign scientists, while not accepting Velikovsky's ideas, displayed none of the passion which was aroused in America, and particularly at Harvard.

Whether or not one agrees with Velikovsky's hypothesis, there can be little doubt that America treated him shabbily, as also it treated shabbily several of his supporters.

In Russia a journal of popular science, *Science & Life*, has been casually presenting Velikovsky's ideas since 1962. The Italian multilingual journal, *Civiltà delle Macchine* (May-June 1964), carried a warning from Professor Bruno de Finetti of the Istituto Matematico of the University of Rome against both scepticism and dogmatism in science. He thought that a refusal to discuss Velikovsky's ideas indicated that professionalization and departmentalization had become obstacles to necessary renewal. Finetti thought that scholars rejected Velikovsky because he represented a threat to their academic security and authority. In this respect, it is clear that Velikovsky compounded his sins by being an outsider and by calling on apparently unrelated disciplines in the construction of his thesis.

Yet there is something in Koestler's analysis of genius as "bisociation" - the moment when apparently unrelated phenomena are seen to have a real relationship.

Rationalist thought is capable of eclecticism; it takes, particularly from ancient sources, that which supports its own hypotheses and may well reject the rest as myth and superstition. And, admittedly, one does tend to look askance at a purportedly scientific statement based on a quotation from the book of Joshua. One usually leaves this sort of thing to the W Graham circus.

The contributors to this symposium insist that many of Velikovsky's ideas have been proved, and that none has been disproved. Among Velikovskian predictions which are known to be true are the high surface temperature of Venus, the hydrocarbon clouds which surround it and its retrograde motion, and also his prediction of radio noise from Jupiter. Ten years before the Van Allen belts were discovered, Velikovsky had postulated that the sun and the planets had electromagnetic fields. From 1953 until Einstein's death in 1955, the two men carried on a correspondence on the issues of colliding worlds and of an electromagnetic planetary system. Einstein had maintained his belief that the sun and planets must be electrically neutral and space free from magnetic fields and plasma; yet on learning only days before his death that Jupiter had been discovered to send out radio noise, he offered to use his influence in arranging for other experiments which Velikovsky had suggested.

On the other hand, some of the arguments used against Velikovsky are repeatedly based on certain errors. In the section of the book entitled "The Inconstant Heavens", Livio C Stecchini comments:

One should peruse the literature of the hundred years that followed Copernicus' work, to assemble an equivalent collection of bizarre and ridiculous arguments used in the refutation of a theory.... A popular argument against Copernicus was that if the Earth moved, human beings would be thrown into space; similarly the mimeographed memorandum distributed by the Harvard Observatory, and later several other astronomers, contended that if the Earth's rotation had been arrested, as Velikovsky suggested, human beings would have been projected into space along with all objects not anchored to the Earth. This argument completely ignores the possibility of gentle deceler-

ation and attributes gravitational effects, apparently, to the constancy of the Earth's motion.

As recently as December 1967, John W Campbell repeated this error when he wrote in Analog:

Surely if there were no rigid force-net gripping the planet as a whole, the hydrosphere would have scoured around the suddenly stopped planet at one thousand miles an hour, the crust would have skidded around on the deep magma, and the entire biosphere would have tumbled out of existence.

Another Harvard academic, Dr Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin, one of Velikovsky's most virulent detractors, gave this one a spin, too:

Let us assume, however, that Dr Velikovsky is right - that the earth did stop rotating. In that case, all bodies not attached to the surface of the earth (including the atmosphere and the ocean) would have continued the motion, and would have flown off with a speed of nine hundred miles an hour at the latitude of Egypt.

Alfred de Grazia gives her an answer:

If the earth, as she says first, decelerated within six hours, the inertial push on objects on the earth's surface would be 500 times smaller than their weight. A man of 160lbs would experience a forward push of 5 ounces.

Velikovsky, it appears, had never suggested that the Earth came to a sudden stop, yet his critics appear to have behaved consistently as though he had made this statement, and this only.

An appendix to the book, "Velikovsky 'Discredited'", provides quotations from his writings alongside Gaposchkin's, and illustrates certain misuses by her of his script.

So much for the scientific argument. If Velikovsky is right, then events will very likely prove him so. There is no ascendant dogma ruling in the West today which could force him to recant, as Galileo was made to recant. With all one's reservations about the place, America proved to be a society free enough to provide Velikovsky with a publisher, after Macmillan had succumbed to academic pressure.

Alfred de Grazia has contributed to the book an essay entitled "The Scientific Reception System", in which he calls on the methodology of the social sciences to examine the ways in which new ideas are received. He postulates four models: The Rationalist Model, based on "truth, enlightenment, knowledge, or just simply 'science'", where "the propositions and methods of scientists are arrived at only by efficient, logico-empirical operations", without the intrusion of personalities; The Indeterminacy Model, which "postulates a scientific order that is not replenished according to any scheme that is instrumentally rational. Rather it almost randomly absorbs or refuses. The lightning of discovery can strike anywhere. The pattern of science forms and becomes recognizable out of a vast collection of accidents"; The Power Model, whose "pure dynamics posit an exclusive goal, the admission of scientists and their works to the establishment and corpus of science only as a means to the preservation or enhancement of the power and prestige of the ruling group"; The Dogmatic Model, which predictably "is motivated by sheer ideology, a dislike of challenge to the orderly universe" "new materials and men are accepted in the proportion to which they conform with prevailing theories and norms".

Here de Grazia skates on some pretty thin ice. Harlow Shapley, while Professor of Astronomy and director of the Lowell Observatory at Cambridge (Massachusetts), had been, in concert with Gaposchkin, one of Velikovsky's most hostile critics and one of the earliest. De Grazia seems to suspect that a political network was operating. It was the age of McCarthyism, and Shapley and several of his supporters were under scrutiny at the time. Velikovsky's only violent foreign critic was Haldane, a communist. De Grazia appears to think that the anxieties of the period may have added intensity to Shapley's attack. Yet is de Grazia not erring from his true-blue rationalist model ideals in mentioning this?

One of the errors of much modern sociology is the assumption that we are all Americans under the skin, an assumption brought about by the fact that the Americans have put the most money into this embryo science, and other academics tend to use models constructed from the American experience. I prefer to believe that a Rutherford at Cambridge (England) would still enjoy liberty and detachment.

De Grazia produces the following stricture:

The associations of science are still among the primitive and puerile mechanisms of modern life.

(Thank God they are, sometimes.)

The annual convention of the American Society for the Advancement of Science has perhaps as much to do with the advancement of science as a state fair with the advancement of agriculture, but not more.

He puts himself on the side of the angels when he says:

...a pluralism of support of scientific endeavour is desirable.

You can say that again, mate. Supposing America alone had had the bomb. Or Russia. Anything else but pluralism would put science on the way to authoritarianism. Yet he doubts whether the problems of science can be dealt with under the existing system, or lack of system. He asks:

Is there then no recourse for the scientist who has been damaged....?

Perhaps Harvard University has within its authority the right to

inquire into the scientific behaviour of its faculty.

One must at least applaud the sentiment.

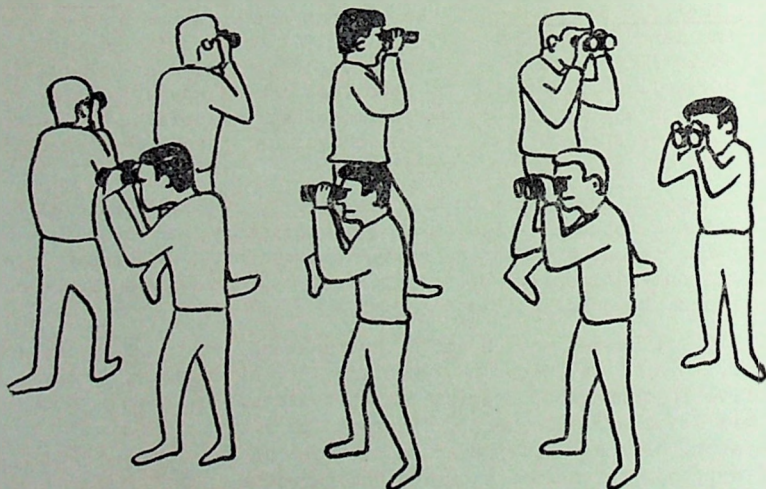
According to de Grazia, "the model of rationality demands that the populace be barred from scientific proceedings". Do we then set up a new priesthood, a power within the land responsible only to itself? He doesn't go quite as far as this, but he is itching to set up some sort of control over scientific discussion. He may well be right when he says that in Velikovsky's case, "lacking a conscious, regular system for the reception of new materials, the scientific establishment was governed by intrusive psychological forces organized irrelevantly by ideological and power networks".

Later in this essay he speculates on the possibility of quasi-judicial forms for the reception of new material - Elders of the Laboratory, so to speak - but I think he is on the safest bet when he says, "At present, and perhaps indefinitely, awareness of the non-rationality of scientific behaviour should favour old-fashioned means of promoting scientific freedom".

And why not? If Velikovsky may question the constancy of the heavens, and he can, of course, then we may doubt the infallibility of academic systems, and the purity of motive in those who administer such systems. Velikovsky did get published. If his ideas are subsequently found to be a true picture of the astro-historical system, his name will be added to those of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo. If not, he will become a quaint and harmless period piece.

J sat in a chair; it was a wooden-framed chair with light green cushions, and it was not a rocking-chair, nor a collapsible nor reclinable chair; nor was it as comfortable as when J had bought it eight years ago in 19--. J's feet were resting on a large, blue, rubber-filled cushion or pouffe, the colour of which (blue) clashed with the colour of the cushions on the chair in which J sat. J's feet were covered by grey socks made of wool, which in turn were partly covered by soft red footwear, or slippers; these slippers were old and misshapen, but comfortable, and they had once belonged to a male relative of J who had, it was said, been the man who drove the last cable-tram through the streets of Melbourne. There are still trams in the streets of Melbourne, but they are not cable-trams. J's legs were crossed, and their angle and position had caused his dark-blue trousers to ascend his legs slightly, revealing his legs above the grey socks; the left leg, which was underneath the right leg, and consequently in a straighter position, displayed a roughly triangular area of leg, approximately four centimetres wide at its apex and seven centimetres wide at its base; the right leg, which rested on the left leg, and was consequently bent at a greater angle than the left leg, displayed a larger area of leg, approximately eight centimetres wide at its apex and twelve centimetres wide at its base. Both areas of leg thus exposed were pale white in colour, and hair grew on them, sparsely.

In J's hands, supported at a distance of thirty-four centimetres from his face, was an object, basically white in colour, measuring twenty-seven centimetres across and nineteen centimetres from top to bottom, and hinged vertically in the centre. J's lips were moving, though no sound issued through them. From time to time he would take the weight of the object in his left hand and with his right hand move a white leaf from the right-hand side of the object to the left-hand side. There were many of these leaves, all apparently hinged at the centre of the object, and on the majority of them appeared many groups of letters printed in black. The object was a book; J was reading the book.



The book, thought Glottalstoppia; I thought he'd never get to it.

G looks happy about something, said the Perscrutator; inform the Tralatitionizer immediately, please.

The man on the screen looked happy about something, mused Tommy Flynn, and one of the men watching him has left the room. I wonder if this has anything to do with Agent 47Q being overdue in Reykjavik?



The book was contained in and protected from dust, fingermarks and other accidental disfigurement by a paper jacket, white in colour.

Approximately half of it bore on its surface a reproduction of a famous painting by Holman Hunt, although the details of this picture were difficult to discern, due to its being largely obscured by four fingers of J's left hand. This picture was printed in black. Above it appeared the words REPORT ON PROBABILITY A, printed in red, and above these words, separated from them by a black line, the name BRIAN W ALDISS. These words and this name were repeated on the centre strip of the jacket, which followed the contour of the hinge, or spine, of the book; with them also appeared the word FABER, which is a Latin word for ingenious. On the remaining section of the jacket, largely obscured by four fingers of J's right hand, appeared many words, printed in black.

Underneath the protective jacket of the book was the cover of the book, which was bound in red cloth; a narrow strip of this red cloth protruded from the bottom of the protective jacket. The first two leaves of the book were blank; the third leaf bore on its reverse side a list of books. On this page which listed other books by Brian W Aldiss, the author of the book which contained this page, the word Yugoslavia is spelt incorrectly, and not all of the author's other books are listed. The page opposite to this page repeated the words already mentioned, including FABER, which is a Latin word for a worker in hard material. On the reverse of the next leaf were printed some words apparently first written by a man named Goethe, which may have some significance for a proper understanding of the book.

Ah, yes, thought Glottalstoppia; Friedrich Gottlieb von Goethe, the great Swiss philosopher and musician of the eighteenth Century.

In the course of the book, which J was reading, there was some talk of a factory strike and fish; particularly of a shortage of fish, which may have been caused by the factory strike. The word FABER was sometimes used for fish in Latin, and the fish was an early symbol of the Christian religion, because of a pious pun in Greek, but not in Latin. It occurred to J that there may or may not be some significance in this talk of fish. On page 72 J considered that the word AND was a misprint for the word HAD. Seven pages later he observed that the first letter of each of the first two lines on the page had been misplaced; both of these letters were F, which is the first letter of FABER and of FISH. On page 127 J paused to consider how a person would go about constructing a periscope forty-four metres long from half a dozen tins, particularly if that person was confined to a narrow storage space under the roof of a garage. He continued reading until he reached page 151, where the periscope, if indeed it was the

sama periscope, was described as being fifty-four metres long. This problem did not cause him as much difficulty as certain other things about the book.

J's most difficult problem, upon concluding his reading of the book, was why he had so thoroughly enjoyed the book when it was, on the surface, such a dull book. He glanced again at the quotation from Goethe which appeared on the reverse side of a page towards the beginning of the book. "Do not, I beg you", it said, "look for anything behind phenomena. They are themselves their own lessons." J recalled: or thought he recalled, that there was an absence of metaphors, similes and other imaginative figures of speech from the book. J decided that the author, Brian Aldiss, had expounded in his book an existentialist, or possibly nominalist, if those are not the same, view of life. He further decided that only the interpolated, italicized passages in the book made the book belong to the genre known as science fiction; in reaching this decision he was assisted by the author's own comments on the book, contained in a letter which the author had written to J some time previously to J's reading the book.

J decided that the book was beautifully written and succeeded admirably in its purpose, which was to illustrate an observation once made by Goethe, which is printed by itself on an early, un-numbered page of the book. As J walked from the room in which he had read the book to the room in which he intended to seat himself at a desk and attempt to review the book, a segment of a famous poem occurred vaguely to his mind. He took from a shelf above the desk a book containing the poems of Lord Byron, and before long found the page containing these words:

The Beings of the Mind are not of clay:
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these Spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age -
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;
And this wan feeling peoples many a page -
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shapes and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

I saw or dreamed of such, - but let them go, -
They came like Truth - and disappeared like dreams;
And whatsoever they were - are now but so:
I could replace them if I would; still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go - for waking Reason deems
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

APA-A (Leigh Edmonds)

11 members, 10 items in this mailing plus the "official organ", total 54 pages. Well, for a while there I wondered if you would get anything like this response, Leigh. Like when I handed you MMH/1 and you told me it was the 2nd contribution. Congratulations on a good start. ::: Please don't use words like "contentwise". They give me a pain, gutwise. ::: You won't reconsider and let me use folded foolscap?

ECCHH-TOPPLASH 1 (John Foyster)

I have this theory - no, make that romantic delusion - that I am some kind of relative of the last man convicted in Britain of blasphemy. My maternal grandfather was a Holyoake and I gather he came from the Midlands somewhere. (Leicester? I don't know; the Anglo-Gallo-Irish side of my family apparently has no interest in its history.) George Jacob Holyoake (1817-1906) was a Chartist from Birmingham who distinguished himself in the manner referred to above, and who has subsequently gained a dubious literary immortality by becoming the subject of a television play by John Osborne, called A SUBJECT OF SCANDAL AND CONCERN. If anyone reading this ever comes across his autobiography, SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE (sounds like a relative of mine, doesn't he?), or McCabe's LIFE AND LETTERS OF HOLYOAKE, I'd be pleased to know about it. Since the member of "the ASFR circle" who was involved in the incidents you talked about will be on holidays shortly, I may attempt to persuade him to write about it - but I don't like my chances much. ::: I think you are putting us on with these plot summaries, John, but I'm sure everyone will be delighted to know that it's taking you so long to complete your Ballard survey. I mean - thoroughness is the thing. (And there's always the chance that I'll have gaffiated before you've finished.) Aren't you lucky that Ballard has stopped writing? You'll be able to do an ultimate analysis.

THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER 1

After saying all that nice stuff about Paul, I could have spifflicated him when he told

me he'd arranged for the next screening to be held at Toorak. But I understand that the November show will be at Newport, so all is not lost and Synonymity May Yet Be Achieved. ::: John F tells me he liked the "Evenings at Northclump" segment best in this issue, and I'm inclined to agree with him. It had its genesis in Brian Richards's convincing me that I should read Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Two years ago, Brian? - would it be as long as that?) Read him I did, and liked him, though I can't say he achieved the dizziest eminence in my personal pantheon. (He's a sort of natifinish Peacock.) About this time last year I wrote several episodes of "Northclump" with ASFR in mind, but wasn't entirely happy with them and wasn't sure they could be kept up. From the section published in MMH/1 I deleted the introduction, because it is rather dated. Now I think I'll print it. Right here. (Hong convention.)

Ossian Arblistter, a pleasant young man and a freelance journalist (not an altogether common conjunction), paused while leafing through some magazine he had found among a pile on Nathaniel's piano. "Onigod!" he exclaimed, and held up to the others a blazing full-colour picture of John Lennon's Rolls-Royce. That eminent Beatle had caused his opulent carriage to be decorated after the style of a gypsy caravan, and it was not a pretty sight.

"Can't you just imagine what will happen?" said Ossian. "All those chaps who turned in their MBEs in protest when the Beatles got theirs, will be handing back their Rolls-Royces. I have this vision of Pica-dilly Circus packed six deep with black limousines...."

"You don't like the Beatles, then?" asked Nat.

"Love them," said Ossian. "Their music, their films, their absolutely perfect manifestation of the spirit of the 'sixties. Each one of them, not excepting even poor old Ringo, is a young man of great talent. But as a group they are the focal point of a generation, and who ignores them does so at his peril."

APATHY 1 (Peter Darling)

You are having us on, aren't you, Peter? "Apathy is the chief Australian virtue... refusal to participate is the best surety against fanaticism." Man, that's satire! And (you villain) you sound so sincere about it, too. The sort of fanaticism that you can't ensure against by refusing to participate is exemplified by that excellent show, "The World Tomorrow". (Not to be confused with the fundamentalist scientific programme of the same name.)

QUICKSILVER 1 (Ron Clarke)

After John F's rebuff, I don't intend to write any more about what tough luck I seem to have with duplicators (or anything mechanical, for that matter). He estimated the percentage of space I used in ASFR 16 to talk about my problems with the Roneo, and convinced me for the 497th time that I have no discretion. I don't intend to discuss the Constitution, either. :: I can't imagine why you liked THE PRISONER. I mean, your brief musing about the bad taste of other people gave me no idea why you liked the show.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS (Gary Woodman)

I'm not going to vote "for God's sake" or anyone else's sake but my own, Gary. And you sort of spoil your image as Australia's Harlan Ellison by inflicting on us the sort of stuff you've written on page 2. I know, I know - us old blokes nearing the end of our third decade forget what it is to be young and have the problems of youth. (Fortunately for our sanity.) But I do remember these feelings when I think really hard about them, and I distinctly recall communicating them only to my Secret Diary. At least I don't think I ever stencilled them and posted them out to people I'd never met. :: There are no fennefans. For some odd biological reason (something to do, no doubt, with the RNA cells) which I don't profess to understand, men have to do things, even if they're childish things like producing fanzines; but women get their kick out of being women. Those who pretend to be fans are only humouring us. Some are awfully good at it. I remember that at your age I was looking for a girl who was serious about religion. It took me a long time to

realize that religion is just another fandon that men have created. If they were really serious about religion they'd try to tear down that fake old masculine deity we have set up and replace him with a woman. But why bother? They know that the only true religion (ie. the only thing that binds people together, which is the strict meaning of "religion") is procreation and they are its prophetesses. But again they are awfully good at humouring us in our feverish delusions, bless 'em.

THE HARSHIAN CHRONICLES 1 (Bruce Gillespie)

That's a pretty corny title you've got there, Bruce. But it was the best I could think of at short notice. And I'm sorry I couldn't type up your Cordwainer Smith piece; it was a choice between getting something done for you or neglecting ASFR, and I chose not to neglect ASFR. Anyway, after all that, I think your review of THE WAR GAME is excellent. I don't intend it to enjoy only the limited circulation of an apazine, but I thought it just as well that someone should see it before it celebrates its anniversary. :: The illustration on page 3, which Leigh has neglected to credit, is by Steve Rasmussen. Someday when both of you are famous you'll get together and laugh about how Bangsund used to keep your articles and drawings locked away in his file, thinking he could halt your dazzling ascent by not publishing you. And Leigh will join you - he'll be famous, too - and he'll recall how he had to do all my dirty work, like cranking the Roneo and typing up stuff I'd promised people I'd do, and you'll all laugh at old Bangsund in his geriatric ward or out at Pentridge or dead or whatever nasty thing has befallen him, and you'll say "boy, he had it coming, didn't he?" and you'll all roar laughing and... You rotten bastards, I'll show yez!!!

LITTLE SUPO DELUXE 5 (Paul Stevens)

Where did you get that awful typewriter, Paul? Saves paper though, doesn't it! :: Actually it's spelt "Aurigan", Paul, but I won't complain. It was my big mouth told you about the creative approach to spelling recommended by Mark Twain, so I'll just go

stomp a little on THE MAN THAT CORRUPTED HAD-
LEYBURG to relieve my feelings. ::: Playing
the National Anthem at places of entertain-
ment is, I suppose, a rather odd thing, but
it's really quite a harmless little bit of
ceremony - nowhere near as stupid as swearing
on a volume of ancient Semitic literature in
a court of law. (Although you can get out of
doing that. When I went to court some years
ago to have my pacifism tested, I got away
to an excellent start by politely refusing
the proffered Bible and making a Solemn Decla-
ration instead. Swearing on the Bible is
an odious superstition. Sanctified by tradi-
tion it may be, but Jesus - remember him? -
said not to swear at all (Matthew 5:34), and
if both the founder of Christianity and the
dictates of common sense are opposed to a
custom such as this I can't see much point in
going along with it.) But you rather spoil
your case by suggesting that Australia should
have its own National Anthem. Nationalism
is just about as repugnant to me as monarchy.
And I don't think that being rude and insult-
ing to the unthinking masses is a particularly
new custom. You ask what we think of our ties
with Britain; I would say that we need ties
with everyone, and in our efforts to make new
ones we should be careful not to destroy those
already in existence. ::: You have a marvel-
lous sense of the absurd, Paul. With a little
editing I think you could run rings round the
stuff Mungo MacCallum churns out each Satur-
day in The Australian. You lack restraint,
but perhaps this is an essential non-ingredi-
ent. On the whole, my vote for most inter-
esting contribution to APA-A/1 goes to you.

BONZER 1 (John Ryan)

Haven't had the pleasure of meeting you, John,
and we must rectify this one day. ::: THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF A SATELLITE was published
in UK by Sidgwick & Jackson (I think) and has
been on sale in Australia. I skinned through
it, thought it worth reading but un-memorable,
gave it to someone to review for ASFR months
ago, and have sighted neither review nor book
since. ::: There's no mystery about Ron
Graham - at least, by the time you read this
there shouldn't be. Ron is an engineer and
successful businessman. He has been reading
sf for 40 years, and has one of the largest
collections in the world. For various reasons

he has preferred until now to be a kind of
farflung Melbourne fan rather than become
involved in Sydney fandom. ::: I hope
you get somewhere with the Gully Foyle
strip soon; the suspense is killing me.

RSVP 1 (Gary Mason)

Pseudonyms can be a tricky business, and
Ron Clarke apparently is not terribly adept
at it. We've had some fun with then in
ASFR; one was even quoted as an Australian
authority by an overseas magazine - and it
turned out that the quote actually came
from another pseudonymous article. Fun.
And one contributor last year received an
autographed copy of a certain respected
author's latest book, but it was inscribed
with his pen-name. What frustration: our
contributor can only show the book to
people who share his secret. "John Bang-
sund", of course, is our most carefully
fostered and jealously guarded pseudonym.
::: If only I were as rich as I'm not
interested in the Constitution...

THE MECHANISM 1 (Leigh Edmonds)

Well, you know what I think, Leigh. Let's
scrap the Convention and the Club and just
have a weekly Committee meeting. I think
I've enjoyed our little fortnightly gath-
erings more than any other fan activity
over the last year; partly because of Dr
Jenssen and his seemingly inexhaustible
fund of intellectual games, tall stories
and inipish good humour. ::: I don't know
whether I should kill you or publish a dis-
claimer or what. Why did your little fan-
fantasy have to feature a bloke named John?
Even usually careful readers like Bruce
Gillespie have been remonstrating with me
for not telling them about my Hugo. :::
Looking at Burt Kaufman's strip I wondered
why I never published it myself. (Burt
sent it immediately after receiving ASFR 1,
and you think I'm delaying your stuff,
Bruce!) I think it was a simple combin-
ation of not wanting to spend \$3.70 for a
full-page art stencil - and not liking the
spelling mistakes. Just one of my many
blunders. ::: What I'd like to see some
time in your zine, Leigh, is a picture of
that lady scientist from PLANET OF THE APES:
a monkey wench in The Mechanism.

GEORGE TURNER
14 Tennyson St
St Kilda
Victoria 3182

Someone has been having you on about FRANKENSTEIN.

1 FRANKENSTEIN is not science fiction. It is a horror story. Mary Shelley said so herself. If you don't believe me, read her introduction. Also it contains no science.

2 Science Fiction in her day was required to be something ((Sorry, George, I'm making a mess of this sentence. Let's start again, and with the right word.)) Since fiction in her day was required to be about something as well as having characters and incidents arranged in an apology for a plot, FRANKENSTEIN is loaded to its monstrous gills with sentiment, pathos, bathos, phoney philosophy and the fear of God. It is an extremely moral novel, wherein everybody gets his deserts, ie. nothing good.

3 The film is not sf either. It contains no science. If I remember rightly, it contains no people either, only actors speaking agonizing dialogue.

4 Neither is it a horror film. That is only what it was meant to be. If it wasn't quite so serious about itself it would probably pass as black comedy. Well, dirty grey.

5 It is memorable for one scene - Karloff as the awakened monster trying to grasp a sun-beam. But then, the monster is the only intelligent entity connected with the proceedings.

6 You say it is worth study. Even after allowing for your cheekful of tongue, why? It isn't even decently funny. And it wasn't in 1932 either.

7 I recant. It is worth study. You should offer a free copy of Bangsund's THEOLOGICAL GUIDE TO ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, OR WHIPS AND SCORPIONS FOR AN UNDISCIPLINED DISCIPLE to any fan who can spot the sequence deleted by the censor when the poor thing had its first Australian run, back in the Oligocene. Moralists, to the ramparts! - Have you so soon forgotten the prohibitions of yesteryear?

J8: I admit that a name like THE MILLENNIAL HARBINGER brings to mind religious tracts with titles like WHIPS AND SCORPIONS &c (which I have just wasted an hour trying to hunt out the author and full title of, without success, but with considerable addition to my knowledge of whips, whipping-boys, scorpions, scourges, &c &c), but Alexander Campbell was in fact a surprisingly progressive kind of puritan churchman for his time. He and his father, Thomas, were Presbyterian ministers at a time when the Presbyterians (and in fact, most of the Protestant denominations) were split into so many sects, all mutually intolerant, that it must have been hard to find a church of your own kind to go to sometimes. No kidding; the Old Light Seceder Burgher Presbyterians hated the New Light Seceder Burgher Presbyterians who despised the New Light Seceder Anti-Burgher Presbyterians who... So the Campbells decided they would call themselves only Christians or Disciples, and dumping 1800 years of theological controversy declared that they believed only what was in the Bible. In a way they were harbingers themselves, since they were campaigning for Christian Unity way back then, and their DECLARATION AND ADDRESS of 1809 (?) gave some leads that are not totally irrelevant today. Such as: "In matters of faith, unity; in matters of opinion, liberty; in all things, charity." In their plea for a return to the pristine purity of the early church and so on, they were, of course, deluded. Nothing is pristine, nothing pure, and no movement can recover the impetus of its founding. I sometimes think of the Campbells and their programme for restoring primitive Christianity when I hear people talking about getting back to the real science fiction of Gernsback, or the Thirties, or the Forties, or... Or about fandom getting back to science fiction, or ASFR getting back to the principles it enunciated in its first issue. Back in my preaching days I (arghh! I've admitted it! In print! - and I can't blot it out because I'm out of correcting fluid)(as this page must ~~admit it~~ - Onigod! - amply testify by now) even used to say things about getting back to the principles, the vision, the this-that-and-the-other of Alexander Campbell; when I should have been urging people to get forward to a religion for our time. Too late now. What a Chrysostom the Church has lost in me... And what a Chrononhotonthologos fandom has gained. (You've never heard that name before, eh? We well-read types recognize it instantly as the name of the

King of Queerunmania, from Carey's play - the most tragical tragedy ever tragedized.)(Or we find out what it means by accident when we look up Brewer's Dictionary to find out whether Chrysostom is spelt with an o or a u.)(On the same page one discovers that the first Christian Brothers were Protestants; that Xmas cards date back to 1844; and that Johann Sturm, printer and scholar (1507-89) is known as the "German Cicero". One discovers also the adjective churrigueresque and wonders (a) if Dick Jenssen would let one use it in Scrabble, (b) if some learned fan will find the word useful in describing my writing. Where would I be without Brewer? At this moment, very likely, in bed. It's all your fault, George Turner, if I sleep in tomorrow and get the sack.)(Sack: Any dry wine, as sherry sack, Madeira sack, Canary sack, and Palm sack. From the French "sec" = dry; a bag - according to tradition, it was the last word uttered before the tongues were confounded at Babel; the word was used also of any loose upper garment hanging down the back from the shoulders, hence "sac-friars" or fratres saccati; the phrase "get the sack" was current in France in the 17th century (On luy a donne son sac), and the probable explanation of the term is that mechanics carried their implements in a bag or sack, and when discharged received it back so that they might replace in it their tools and seek a job elsewhere; the Sultan used to put into a sack, and throw into the Bosphorus, any one of his harem he wished out of the way, but there is no connexion between this and our saying.)(No trouble at all: it's all there on page 794 of Brewer.) But as I was saying about Alexander Campbell... What was I saying about Alexander Campbell? Not that it matters, anyway. (This really very rapid unintelligible patter isn't very often read and if it is it doesn't matter matter matter matter.) Incidentally, if you have an urge to write Gilbert & Sullivan parodies, I have an urge to publish them. Now, the event you've been awaiting with baited breath (what are you trying to catch?) for the last sixty (count them) lines -

a new paragraph.

I hope you enjoyed that new paragraph, because I want to say something about the cover of this issue. Possibly it is the most Freudian cover on a fanzine in recent times (but just wait until we reach no.10 - whoooy!) - but it really really was unintentional. The photograph of my wife (yes, that's her in the lower left-hand corner) is published in response to many pleas by ASFR readers for a picture of Diane. Yes, I know. It appears that Diane has no head and only one, er, but the camera doesn't lie, you know. That picture is exactly as it came out of my camera. The head further up the page and to the right, is mine; and there's no trouble with the reproduction - it's just that I don't wash all that often. But to make up for cheating you of Diane's head, I'll put another picture of her on this page. Just her head. I'm not too sure that it will reproduce very well; if it does, it makes you happy; if it doesn't, it makes Diane happy, since she doesn't like this particular photo at all. Now I just have to squeeze in some fanzine reviews and a table of contents and I'm through. FANZINE REVIEWS: They're all marvellous. I love 'em. Keep 'em coming, folks. They all rate at least 9 on my scale, no matter what those cold analytical Geises and Coulsons say. My scale goes up to 100.

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All the rest, including artwork, montage & photos, by that asfragistic churrigueresque chrononhotonthologian, John (it must be hell in there, folks) Bangsund. And there's more where that came from.

