

NYARLATHOTEP 3

NYARLATHOTEP

NYARLATHOTEP, a fanzine of lamentable emptiness, is edited and published on a ~~sporadic~~ sporadic schedule by Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Ill. 60613. It is available for contributions of material, letters of comment, in trade for your publication, 30¢ the copy or 4/\$1. British agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts. Great Britain. His price: 1/9 the copy or 4 for 6/0. This is issue number 3, dated July 1966. All material is editor created unless otherwise credited. The editor is responsible solely for the opinions expressed in material credited to him. The opinions expressed in material written by others are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the editor. All letters will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified. A Chaotic Publication and a genuine 13-line colophon. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

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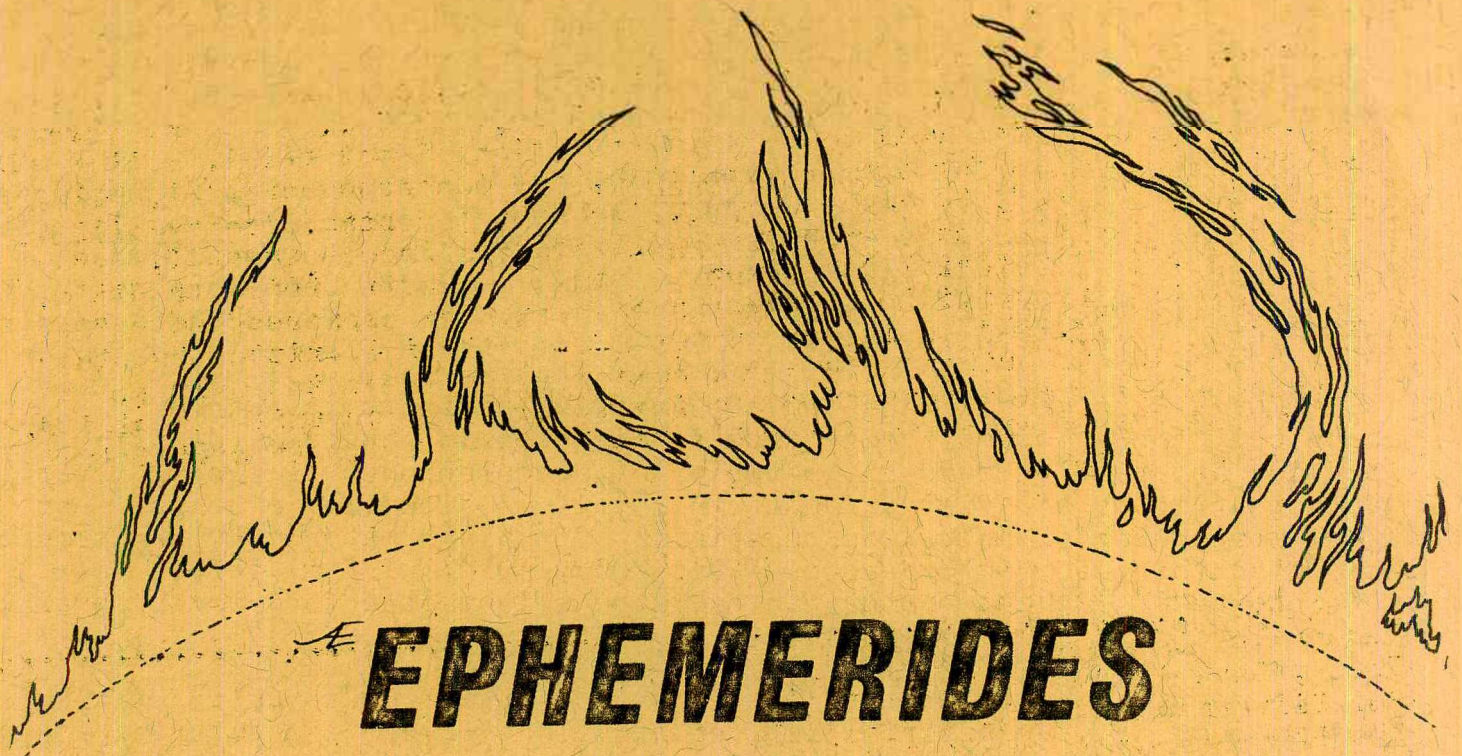
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You are recieving Nyarlathotep 3 because: You contributed to this issue ☒
I would like a contribution from you--article ☐, artwork ☐, I thought you
might care to comment ☒. Ahahahaha ☐ We trade ☐ We trade? ☐ You sub-
scribed, you mad impetuous fool, you; your sub is godd through issue ☐

New York In '67

A used mimeograph salesman is an unwanted criminal



EPHEMERIDES

AFTER ONE YEAR

.... It would seem that I've been living a lie for the last year; I not only publish Nyar, I also claim to edit it.

... That isn't quite true.

... Actually, it's been my policy to more-or-less not-edit; I doubt if I've cut more than ten lines from the material published in Nyar other than my own writing (yes, Virginia, I really do revise these editorials--at least once), and that's part of my job as a writer rather than as an editor. This isn't because I feel the material I've published is so superlative that it would amount to sacrilege to alter even a comma--there's no fanzine material that good; but because I feel it's the writer's task to develop his ideas. A writer--a fan writer, anyway--has to satisfy himself with his work; I doubt anyone would submit material to a non-paying market that was anything less than his best. Sure, I've published material that was, admittedly, second-rate; I'm not trying to excuse myself, but in each case, I'm convinced the article or whatever was the best that particular writer could produce. And even if it weren't, I'd still be reluctant to make any changes once I'd accepted the piece. Contributors are always happier to see their work published exactly as it was written, and except in extreme cases (such as A Trip To Hell), the writer rather than the publisher receives the credit or blame.

IN DEFENSE OF TRIVIALITY

I don't think anyone will disagree that the primary purpose, if one can be assigned, of fandom is self-gratification for the fan; it is the first interest of a fan writer (or any other writer for that matter) to

have his work read with interest and enjoyment and thus garner egoboo. This desire for egoboo--the wish to be noticed by one's clique--will often lead a fan to produce material of a controversial nature merely for the sake of attracting the attention of his fellows.

With the above in mind, the raison d'etre for Stephen E. Pickering's article, "Moral Responsibilities and the Fan", in Greg Shaw's Eeemwlort #5 becomes obvious: Pickering wants to be refuted; a rebuttal would mean someone had, at long last, noticed him. And since he's been working for it so studiously, the least I can do is make certain he receives that share of egoboo which is rightfully his...

"Moral Responsibilities and the Fan" is nothing more than an ^{un-}temperate call for a movement away from fannishness in fanzines (by "fannish", Pickering apparently means all material of a non-science fictional nature, not just articles and fiction about fans); it is Pickering's belief that stf-slanted material is per se superior to "fannish" material. The reasoning behind this presumption seems a bit shaky to me; I fail to see how one's choice of subject matter can have the slightest effect on the quality of one's writing.

In most cases, it matters little or not at all what you're writing about as long as your material is presented in a lively and entertaining manner.

But let's attack the article on its own terms; Pickering's remark, "...since science fiction is 'fun' (here equated with the flamboyant, fannish humor)...one should not think..." is one of the farthest-out statements I have ever encountered in a fanzine. What he is saying--if only by implication--is that science fiction is too important a branch of literature to be read for mere entertainment, and that "fannish" fans would rather engage in "defenses of triviality" than produce "creative, analytical thought".

He couldn't be more wrong.

In the first place, as Alexei Panshin points out in Yandro #159, "Most science fiction...is of a low level of intention, some of it is written well and deserving of critical attention, much of it is not." Science fiction is enjoyable and entertaining but--and here is something Pickering can't seem to comprehend--it is only a minor part of the world of literature. For every stf novel written on the level of, say, Dune, there are ten written for no other reason than to provide entertainment for the readers and a living for the author. I don't see anything wrong with this; writing is as respectable a profession as medicine, and providing entertainment while lining one's pockets is an ancient and honorable practice. I do see something wrong, however, with the individual who insists every stf novel--for no other reason than the fact that it is a science fiction novel--is worthy of the same evaluation given to Dune.

That seems a trifle presumptuous to me.

Secondly, the work of the leading producers of fannish material is no more--and certainly no less--"anti-intellectual" than stf oriented fanzine material. The output of men like Harry Warner and Walt Willis contains as much "creative, analytical thought" as a whole file of Riverside Quarterlys. The "flamboyant, fannish humor" Pickering decries is not

as he would realize if he ever attempted to write humorous material instead of issuing diatribes against "jokes, humor and nonchalant publishing" the result of slipshod, composed-on-stencil writing. Far from it. The smooth even flow of Walt Willis' "Harp That Once or Twice" columns, for example, is the result of dedicated application and effort; spontaneity is an effect that can be achieved only through diligence and hard work.

Pickering goes on to say, "Almost all /fannish fanzines/ are worthless, save for such magazines as emanate from John Boardman, Buck Coulson and two or three others." This statement is debatable only in terms of the purposes of fandom (whatever they may be); it's rather difficult to see the relevance of a more-or-less literary judgement of fanzine material. Fannish fanzines, when judged from an objective viewpoint, are no better --and certainly no worse--than serious fanmags; outside of fandom, the intrinsic value of any fanzine--fannish or serious--is practically nil.

Perhaps the only genuine value in fanzine publishing lies in the fact that a fanzine is a particularly apt vehicle for the extension of one's personality. Publishing a fanzine--especially if you write or draw a good deal of the material yourself--is the closest thing to an act of total creativity I can think of. The editor has complete control (within physical and financial limits) over the appearance of the magazine, over the written and illustrated material included and over who receives it. A fan editor shapes each page of his publication on stencil, mimeographs it, collates it, staples it, addresses, stamps and mails it. He often writes a large percentage of the contents and what he doesn't write himself is included on his sufferance.

Now I ask you: how creative can you get?

In labeling fannish fans "anti-intellectual", Pickering ignores the professionals--the people who actually do something for (or to, as the case may be) the field instead of just talking about the sad state of modern sf on the pages of their fanzines--who have come from fandom, have come from the ranks of the fannish fans. Ted White and Greg Benford's Void and Terry Carr's Innuendo are remembered as classics of fannishness. Marion Bradley used to write a fanzine review column for Harlan Ellison's SFBulletin--the Bulletin itself was only semi-serious in intent. All five are now professional writers; Ted White is on the staff of F&SF and has two published novels and several short stories to his credit; Greg Benford has had two or three short stories published, and will probably have more before the year is out; Terry Carr is assistant editor at Ace Books; Marion Bradley has written several novels and a gaggle of short stories; and Harlan Ellison's "Repent Harlequin, Said The Ticktockman" has been nominated for the "Best Short Fiction" Hugo.

A rather impressive record for a group of "anti-intellectuals", wouldn't you say...?

Pickering bandies the "anti-intellectual" label (I might add that he never bothers to give a working definition of the term or to specify by quote and/or example just who these fannish "anti-intellectuals" are.) about in much the same manner Joe McCarthy used the "communist sympathizer" charge against those who incurred his disfavor. I submit that the "anti-intellectual" label could be attached to Pickering with far more justice than it could to any of the fannish fans he lashes out at. Intolerance toward opinions which differ from his own have always been the mark of

the anti-intellectual, and Pickering's attitude toward people who approach sf and fandom with something less than the, ah, dedication he possesses is strongly reminiscent of that of the fanatical leftist who sees nought but strutting Nazis on the editorial staff of the National Review, or the equally far-out right-winger who considers all peace marchers to be black pajama clad members of the Viet Cong.

I trust no one will misunderstand me; the preceeding is not intended as a defense of complete banality --blithering nonsense doesn't go very far with me; it's occasionally amusing but palls in an incredibly short time-- but, rather as a defense of the right of a fanzine publisher to print whatever type of material he wants without interference. I have nothing against good serious articles and fanzines; I do, however, have a good deal against the type of fan who attempts to make fandom over in his own image and who criticizes other fans because they refuse to conform to his ideas.

COMMUNICATION PROBLEM

A recent letter from Alan Dodd contained the following news item:

"The London office of an insurance company has recieved a letter from a Chicago firm with this tailpiece printed in red:

"If you can possibly reply in English, it will be greatly appreciated. We can, however, have any necessary translation undertaken here without delay!"

THE RED HUNTERS COME FROM THE WOODWORK OUT

The Chicago Tribune's Books Today supplement for Sunday, June 12, 1966 carried among other things, a notice of the 14th printing of The Blue Book of the John Birch Society and the first edition published with the new book trade in mind.

This new edition is a \$1 paperback in the 8" x 5½" "quality" format, so it cannot be expected to be found among the smaller mass market books that fit into the wire racks and compartmented stalls in drug stores and supermarkets. Nor is it to be found in many of the larger Chicago-area book stores; Kroch and Brentano's, for example, will supply the book only on special order. In find this rather annoying; the public has had little chance to read and evaluate this book for itself.

In saying this, I am not indorsing the program of the Birch Society, or the theory of history upon which it is based; the world situation will have to worsen considerably before I'll accept a cure for Communism that is only slightly less noisome than the disease. But having read The Blue Book for the first time last year, I am happy to see that now--some 7 years after its first publication--everyone will have the same opportunity. A reading The Blue Book, I found it almost impossible to see the Birch Society



as even half the threat to American freedom as many of its liberal critics have portrayed it. Indeed, much of this criticism seems to contain the same unwarranted hysteria the Birchers are, with some justice, accused of. The public, deprived of responsible criticism, has a right to analyze the society for itself.

The Blue Book is an annotated transcript of a series of talks given by Robert Welch at the organizational meeting December 8, 1958, in Indianapolis. It begins with a review of history in which the Communists are seen advancing on every front, the result of Communist infallibility combined with American treason, complacency and ineptitude. From there, Welch launches his plan for the Birch Society as a sort of counter-conspiracy to regain the initiative.

Now I can hardly think of a more worthwhile cause than the defeat of Communism (with both a large and small "c"), but I most emphatically do not subscribe to the Birchite philosophy that Good Ends always justify divergent Means. Such right-wing bravado is nothing more than a simple manifestation of a national fear; few people understand Communism and it is only human nature to fear the unknown.

If only everything in the world were as clear-cut as the John Birch Society's propaganda might lead one to believe! If only we were white and they black, with no stripes, polka-dots or greys. I'd certainly like to see a world with only "conscientious" naturals, not those parasites who take the gifts of both camps, promising eventual commitment but never delivering. Such countries are often vital sources of materials necessary to us in both peace and war; we must "court" them. However, technology is a remarkable thing indeed; it holds the promise that synthetics may some day make us completely self-sufficient. A sharply divided world would be in better shape for compromise than a fractionalized one.

As you may have guessed, I disagree with most of what Welch says. His, ah, pessimistic reading of events ignores those areas in which the U.S. has advanced and the Communists retreated or writes these exceptions off as temporary accidents, part of the Communist Master Plan. He completely rejects the idea of Communism's evolution--and the possibility of evolution--which has wrought some profound changes since the days of Lenin and which supports Western hopes for peaceful co-existence.

I also disagree that a counter-conspiracy of self-appointed Red hunters is the best way to combat the Communist menace. That the Birch Society has, since 1958, become an object of widespread ridicule is evidence enough that their skill as conspirators hardly parallels their enthusiasms for the Cause. Against the Communists, as Welch portrays them, the Birchers have about as much chance as a snowball in hell.

But all this disagreement is not to say that anti-Communism is as great a danger to America as Communism itself. And even if it were, I believe the nation has enough resilience to survive. If the public cannot be trusted--and even encouraged--to read Robert Welch--or Marx and Lenin--then the country isn't worth saving.

— Ben Selton

A Communist is a radical with enough Party line to hang himself...Rotsler

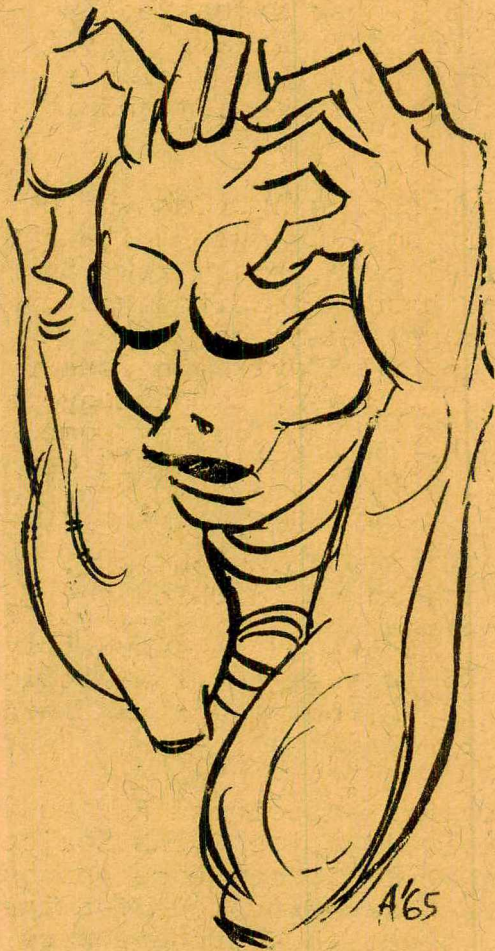
Last year, those professors of Far Eastern History who had never heard of Tibet decided to hold what they laughingly referred to as open dialogues on Viet-Nam. The reason for their laughter was that these open dialogues were open only to themselves; and the idea of an open dialogue between closed minds was so absurd that the mandarins of Academe were unable to keep a straight face.

One mandarin coined the term "teach-in" to describe the revival meetings then being planned to reintroduce Isolationism into American politicals. He hoped that his cynical attack upon America's commitment to South Viet-Nam would be disguised by the picture that this PR-oriented phrase would bring to a listener's mind--a picture of ivy-covered wisdom, radiating from a gentle mind, that was eagerly absorbed by our innocent youth along with their LSD. His hopes were fully realized, as our new media bought his term and brought it into current use.

Other professors--whose only commitment was to their conscience--heard of the proposed dialogues. The advertised aims of the teach-ins appealed to them, so they innocently set about organizing teach-ins of their own. Though the spectrum of their thinking on Viet-Nam varied from immediate U.S. withdrawal to outright invasion of China, all of these men had something in common--professional integrity and an awareness of their responsibility to their students. They made no attempt to rig their teach-ins, but offered instead scholarly, well-reasoned debates on the value systems held by the men involved.

Now, honest teach-ins--like all honest things--have a dull appearance so no one was surprised when our press reflecting the twelve-year-old mentality of its readers, decided to pass over such tame copy in favor of the smelly evangelism excreted by the mandarins. The possibility that the words of ethical men would relieve

AN IMPERATE SPEECH



by DEAN NATKIN

FORGET THE DUNES -- TO HELL WITH THE TREES
 SAVE ACADEMIC FREEDOM
 SAVE SOL SILVERMAN FROM BEING BURNED AT THE STAKE
 & HOW ABOUT PROTECTING OUR STUDENTS FROM OURSELVES?

media ~~movement~~ (which was a piece in the Campus Bugle) was as remote as that of Thich Tri Quang performing self-immolation.

Let us salute those men of ethics, who refused to betray the honored traditions of their profession for the dubious distinction of being permitted to sign an ad in the N. Y. Times and later be referred to as an intellectual by Irv Kuppnet. Let us salute these splendid men and then turn our attention to the mandarin-produced sessions in group sociotherapy.

The mandarins' teach-ins, by their very nature, attracted a great number of the many busy-bodies who, though incapable of managing their own lives, feel some mystical compulsion to direct the destiny of mankind. Idealists and other religious nuts, frustrated in their attempts to reform an indifferent world, discovered a new outlet for their frustrations in each others' causes.

Peace Marchers fraternized with hardend Trotskyites. Disenchanted Sunday-school teachers, who had gone into shock when informed of God's Death, turned activist and began to fluoridate campus reservoirs. Agents of Bobby Kennedy spent lavishly in an attempt to have their employer proclaimed legitimate pretender to the throne, as disaffiliated humanists traded recipes with budding Fidelistas. Little old ladies in horn-rimmed glasses--convinced that John Birch was digging a secret tunnel into their bedroom--attempted to persuade observers from the F. B. I. that Lee Oswald was a poor, misunderstood boy from a broken home. It was easily the most glorious collection of intellectual Skoptsi since the disbanding of the German-American Bund.

Things threatened to get out of hand at one Northeastern campus when an ad-hoc committee of graduate students--inspired by the revolutionary teachings of Benito Mussolini--kidnapped William F. Buckley, Jr. and forced him to read six complete issues of Ramparts Magazine; but Buckley with his usual resilience, managed to bounce back by using this mental castor-oil as research material for his book, The Lame Duck, a biography of Sen. William Fullbright.

All else went as planned, however; and the Shepards of the New Left smiled in approval, as their sheep obediently baa-ed, "MacNamera is a fink. Impeach Lyndon Johnson." Some of the sheep enjoyed themselves so much that they commuted from campus to campus to campus.

Rutgers University, a state supported school located in New Jersey, is known primarily as the alma mater of Quincy Magoo. During a teach-in held there, as obscure mandarin named Eugene Genovese identified himself as a Marxist and informed his audience that he would welcome a Viet Cong victory over the United States. After stating where his allegiance lay, Prof. Genovese then sat down, in order to give a professional pacifist the opportunity to agree with him.

Outside of solidifying public opinion behind President Johnson and questioning the intellectual integrity of its midwives, the teach-ins accomplished nothing, other than proving once again that PEACE is too important a business to be left to the pacifists. Business went on as usual at the same old stands: the Viet Cong began their monsoon offensive, Prof. Genovese was promoted at Rutgers and the collectivization of the various protest movements proceeded in an orderly manner.

For a while that is. It seems that the State of New Jersey decided to hold an election for governor that year; and the Republican candidate, for some strange reason saw fit to question the propriety of Prof. Genovese's being subsidized by the government for the purpose of overthrowing it. He then called for Genovese's dismissal. He should have known better. Both Bobby Kennedy and the N. Y. Times emigrated to New Jersey long enough to defend Prof. Genovese on the grounds of academic freedom. Fortunately, Bobby Kennedy's influence does not extend beyond his patronage; the Times is another story. Its influence is enough to topple governments (Cuba, S. Viet-Nam, New York City). The Democratic incumbent, for reasons of either principle or expediency, declined to remove Prof. Genovese from his teaching position on the grounds of academic freedom and free speech, earned the Times' endorsement, and was reelected in a walk.

The governor of New Jersey defended Prof. Genovese's statements on the grounds of both free speech and academic freedom. The N. Y. Times ignored free speech; so free speech needs no defense, at present. Academic freedom, unfortunately, does--most of all from those who pose as its defenders.

It is obvious that Prof. Genovese, together with the academic standards of Rutgers, Bobby Kennedy and New Jersey's taste in governors--all are unimportant. Even the N. Y. Times is unimportant. It is just as obvious that academic freedom is most important, as is the reason for its establishment. Too many good men have died in its accomplishment and defense for its meaning to be stretched and distorted out of shape; in order to accommodate some politician who was foolish enough to act prematurely.

War is not the only means by which politics can be extended. There is also education, and it was in the effort to remove political meddling from formal education that the principle of academic freedom was established. Only minds such as Bobby Kennedy's could rationalize its use as a defense for Prof. Genovese's attempt to reintroduce overt political interference into formal education.

Academic freedom is neither more nor less than society's permission to draw conclusions from established facts; to search for other facts--in order to draw other and better conclusions; and the opportunity to train succeeding generations to continue this search. It is protection for a continuous and ever-changing process. It does not protect Revealed Truth. How can it, when it was designed to expose it? It is not a cathedral where aspiring rulers of the world may cry "sanctuary!" whenever they are caught indoctrinating (my word) or orienting (Prof. G.'s word) the young, clay-like minds of their charges in the furtherance of their Holy Cause. To claim otherwise is McCarthyism in reverse. Worse than that, it is an intellectual cop-out, the principle of which would permit the establishment of local chapters of the Ku Klux Klan on the campuses of Southern schools small enough to afford them.

Academic freedom is what protects the University of Illinois' Prof. Silverman from being burned at the stake by the pious, after he succeeded in creating viable life in a test tube. It is also what would protect him from the wrath of the atheists in the event he had discovered God in that same test tube. It does not protect the liberal professor of Social Work from being fired in Mississippi any more than it protects the conservative professor of History from being fired in New York City (or being hired, for that matter). It never was intended to do so; and those who would attempt

to use its cover in an effort to protect Genovese and others like him are waging guerrilla warfare upon an institution that is not as secure as many of us would wish.

It would have been more honest if Prof. Genovese's defenders had chosen to defend him solely on the grounds of free speech, whose tent is wide enough to cover everyone, even myself. His right to pursue his politics outside of the classroom has never been challenged. To claim that academic freedom--rather than free speech--protects him from any unpleasant consequences that may arise from his politicking outside the classroom implies that such politicking is a legitimate extension of his academic efforts inside the classroom; inasmuch as it is academic freedom that unquestionably protects his academic efforts inside the classroom; and if it is academic freedom that protects his right to politik outside the classroom (rather than free speech), it would then follow that it would also protect his right to politik inside the classroom and therefore justify his (or anyone else's) introducing his politics into his teaching. One has but to extend the arguments of Bobby Kennedy and the N. Y. Times to their logical conclusions in order to be reminded of Dr. Lysenko; and to be reminded of Dr. Lysenko, who introduced liberal arts methodology to the science of Genetics is to shudder.

Cherif Belkacem, Minister of Education of the Algerian Republic, stated, after the nationalist overthrow of the corrupt Ben Bella regime: "We have known strange professors who, incapable of achieving revolution in their own countries, pretend to be doing it here, according to plans which have nothing to do with Algeria. We have put them aside. We do not want them as guides...They are free to go where they wish, but not to indoctrinate our youth." The Algerian government, soon afterwards, expelled the numerous French, Chinese and Egyptian Communists who had acted as advisors to the former dictator. It also ordered the Cuban news agency out of the country.

"What's that? The Chinese and the Cubans? Incapable of achieving a revolution in their own countries? But that isn't the way the professor taught it in class."

"I'm sorry, Ossip, but that's what the man in Algeria said; and he was there. Where was the professor?"

"He was here."

"Well, at least some of him is here, because I overheard one of the professor's colleagues say that he isn't all there."

The Algerians, after the disasterous mismanagement of their country that seems to accompany all mandarin take-overs, were forced to face reality and accept as fact that which Americans insist upon sentimentalizing. The fact that youth, far from being a period of rebellion (as rebellion is too individual a matter), is a period of conformity, a period of transition during which one drops the ways of childhood and learns the tribal ways in order to take one's proper place in whatever society one may live. Children desire living in hive societies as living in such a society implements the child's natural resistance to growing up and becoming an individual. Why should a child want to grow up? He already likes himself the way he is. Whenever youth is not given proper direction in how to function in their society and forced to live an individual existence before they are prepared

for it, there seems to be a natural tendency to seek a common huddling place and retrogress to the communal warmth of their group; and, if one's group is not readily available, there is a frantic scramble to discover some group that is.

That is where Prof. Genovese comes in, and Prof. Lynde, and all the rest of the mandarins. Their group is always available. That is the reason why they entered teaching in the first place--to be available.

"What?" some may ask, "aren't our students capable of seeing through any efforts to indoctrinate them?"

Some are, and some aren't; but every one of them will be making decisions based on those facts which their teachers choose to give them; or withhold from them; or distort to them. Our schools in the North seem to be adequately policed against right-wing extremism; but there appears to be no similar protection against left-wing fanaticism.

Do we really want to eliminate the middle class and return to a two-class system, in which all will be regulated by a second estate that has merely changed uniforms in order to worship a secular god?

If anyone wishes to defend the proselytizing of Prof. Genovese on the grounds of free speech; or that he has every right to proselytize; or, simply, that he is correct in his position and his truth must prevail--wonderful! I'm terribly happy for you. Just don't let academic freedom become the first refuge of the scoundrel. It will be needed as a first line of defense when the hive society descends on us.

-Dean Natkin

EXCLUSIVE

There was this hero cab driver grinning, frowning, squinting in the television lights, he was telling how he scuffled with and helped capture an escapee from the county jail:

"...and then I yelled, 'Stop or I'll shoot! Of course, I didn't have a gun...'"

Standing in the dull grey glow of the tv screen, I stared at the cab driver, a likable character in the diverse cast of the 10 o'clock news. He was talking to this particular channel's reporter--talking to him alone. I know he was, because the announcer preceeded the film by saying something like, "...and now the hero cab driver describes the incident to our reporter..."

Soon, however, a commercial and onwards to another channel where the on-camera announcer is talking, "...tells our reporter how he helped subdue the escapee..." Cut to film and there is the cabbie talking to this station's reporter, ah, exclusively. "...of course I didn't have a gun..." There is a brief shot of the reporter staring intently at the cab driver, then scribbling in a notebook.

Thence to a third station, and--there is the cab driver (yes, the very same cab driver, who...) hunched behind the same row of microphones, sitting in the same chair and talking, "...of course I didn't have a gun..." This channel's reporter is suddenly on camera, nodding at the cab driver, pencil poised.

You'd almost think he was getting an exclusive.

—by alexei panshin

The book is The Removers, a suspense novel by Donald Hamilton:

A woman, her husband and her ex-husband are all being held in a mountain cabin by two hoodlums. The husband is an ex-gangster. He has a bullet in his leg. The ex-husband is a secret agent. He has been beaten for several hours. The hoodlums are waiting for their boss to arrive, and tired of shooting and beating people, they decide to while away the time by raping the woman.

Accuse me of having peculiar tastes if you want, but I found this situation enjoyable and admirable. Rape is an actual fact in this world, but you would never know it from most popular fiction. Great apes and beasts from the deeps may carry young women off, but it is only to give heroes the opportunity to ply their trade. Compare the modern Gothic novel with those written two hundred years ago and both offer the same threat to their heroines--unspecified menace: the shadow of rape, but never, never, never the substance.

In the case of The Removers, the marines do not come in time. The woman is taken in the next room and raped, and what is more both husbands are irked when she salves her pride by being as uncooperative a bed partner as possible, the premise being that if she had been pleasant somebody's guard might have been lessened.

Now I don't claim that this is pleasant. If you want sentiment or hearts-and-flowers, you won't find it in Hamilton. His writing is, however, consistently tough-minded, unclichéd and intelligent.

Hamilton was born in Sweden--his family, originally Scottish, had fought and settled in Sweden several hundred years before--and was brought to this country as a small boy. His father taught chemistry at the University of Chicago, and Hamilton graduated there with a degree in chemistry just before World War II. He spent the war as a chemist for the Navy in the East, began seriously writing then, and since the war has lived in New Mexico and made his living from writing.

The cover photograph on Hamilton's recent books shows a ferocious-looking bald man with a heavy grizzled beard and polarized sunglasses. The general impression is of a man every bit as hard, tough and cold as those Hamilton writes about. I imagine this amuses Hamilton. Underneath the beard, grown for an exposition originally, is an extremely mild-mannered, quiet-spoken man.

Hamilton has published a total of twenty books, a quiet average of one book a year. Five of the novels are Westerns, the rest suspense stories. Until the middle 'fifties, Hamilton's novels appeared regular-

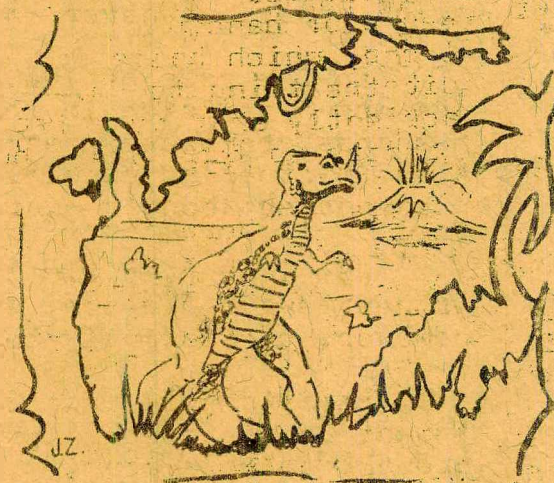
DONALD HAMILTON

THE STEEL MIRROR

ly as serials in the slick magazines, but with the death of Collier's and the sickness of the Post, he lost this market and turned first to the paperback original and then to the series.

This leads to a basic problem of writing: economics. It is damned hard to make a living in this country writing popular fiction unless you have the ability to turn out vast reams of copy. Hamilton apparently doesn't have that ability--and I tend to suspect anyone who does. If writing comes too easily it means that tricks are likely to be repeated over and over again. read one Victor Canning novel and you think the mas in a fine writer, but read more and you will see that he has only one story to tell and he tells it again and again. This is not so much of a handicap as one might suppose. If there are no surprises in a Canning story, apparently most readers do not want to be surprised. They want to know what to expect. And this, too, is the basis of the popularity of every series character from Batman to James Bond, including Donald Hamilton's own Matt Helm. When the reader opens a James Bond story, he wants to find an unchanged and unchanging James Bond doing James Bond sort of things. This is essentially sterile--and for the writer is likely to be a bore.

Within the limits of the series format, Hamilton continues to write well, but the stories don't have the same attraction for me that his individual stories have. That's the one hand. The other is that the Matt Helm books have been sold to the movies and the continuing interest generated by the series has caused Hamilton's older novels to be reprinted. (By the way, the first Matt Helm movie, The Silencers, which has Dean Martin as a debit and Stella Stevens as a credit, has nothing to do with Hamilton's books in style or tone, and little in plot.) I can regret that Hamilton is concentrating his energies on a series and has no intention of writing anything else, but I can't blame him for wanting to make a living. Meanwhile, I can be happy that his series is as good as it is.



I suspect that Hamilton tends to identify quite strongly with his characters. Certainly the settings of his books--the Chesapeake Bay area, Chicago, Santa Fe, Sweden--are places he knows at first hand, and his characters at times seem to share areas of his biography. Hohn Emmett in The Steel Mirror is a man who has spent World War II as a chemist in Washington. Matt Helm, before returning to work as a secret agent, was a professional writer living in Santa Fe, and as originally envisioned, was to have been bald (Knox Burger, the spoilsport, Hamilton's editor at Gold Medal, vetoed that intention). In three of Hamilton's five Westerns, the hero is an Easterner new come to the West. I seems fairly obvious that Hamilton takes, as a rule, a character much like himself in a familiar setting and then tries to imagine what might happen if he were involved in the intrigue and violence that are standard in popular fiction. The result is anti-heroic, unsentimental, uncommon, interesting, intelligent and believable.

What you get are things like this:

Helm has just been stupid and allowed himself to be shot. "I tried for the gun with my left hand. There's a stunt known as the Border Shift whereby you transfer a weapon from one hand to the other--a kind of juggling trick. The only trouble is, it doesn't work too damn well when your right arm's out of commission, and when else do you need it? The last time it was actually tried in action, on the record, as far as I know, was when Luke Short, an old-time gambler and a tough one, clipped the hand of some wild-shooting drunk, who then tried the Shift, too, but he didn't make it, either. Luke shot him dead." Helm drops his gun in the attempt.

Helm, the complete pro (and the farthest thing imaginable from "the world's unlikeliest secret agent" that the movie advertises) will shoot in the back, shoot unarmed men, run, strike women or do any number of other frowned-upon things in order to advance the job. The reader, having accepted the importance of the job, accepts this behavior--even more, roots for Helm when he turns his back and walks out on a fellow agent who gets shot in consequence. "Trained men doing a job," are the terms in which the abandonment are put.

Hamilton's less brutal, non-professional secret agent heroes are perhaps not as explicit in their cross-grainedness, but they are no less realistic--and real. The hero of The Man From Santa Clara with no experience in the use of handguns is quite willing to use a shotgun even though the local code, which has a hang-up over "fair" pistol-fights, doesn't see this as quite the thing to do. The hero of Assignment--Murder, out deer hunting and accidentally shot by a fool who continues to pump bullets at him, uses his strength to fire one shot and kills the man.

Hamilton's heroes are ordinarily quiet men who know their own resources. They don't lie and they don't bluff. Some of them become completely frightened by the events they are involved with. Because they are quiet, intelligent men, violence, when it comes in these stories, is all the more striking and compelling. Hamilton is open and fair with his readers--he doesn't kid them at any point--and his stories are believable because of it. Have you ever tried to hit a target with a pistol? Read the ordinary popular story, and you will see that it is no trick to shoot a man in the hand so as to cause him to drop his gun. That is a lie told by men who have never fired a pistol to readers who have never fired a pistol. Pistols are notoriously inaccurate weapons, particularly after they have been used as tack hammers or wire cutters. Hamilton doesn't lie about this--he tells you that if you are close enough to shoot a man with a Colt .45, you are close enough to him with a rock and stand a better chance of doing him damage. And when Matt Helm attempts to shoot a fellow American agent (different branch--conflicting orders) in the body from a few feet away with a silenced equipped pistol that has just been dropped, he hits him in the head and kills him.

If you want to sample Hamilton, I'll recommend three currently available books. For a Matt Helm story, try The Ravagers, #8 in the series, Canadian setting, Gold Medal book. The Steel Mirror, Hamilton's second novel, also from Gold Medal and featuring the chemist who sat out World War II and who feels defensive about it ("Actually," the doctor said, "it's a rather common behavior pattern among young men who spent the war as non-combatants. A sort of compensatory mechanism to make up for certain feelings of guilt and inadequacy. You are trying to prove to yourself that if you had been in the service, you would have made as good a soldier as the

next man, or perhaps a little better..." Gun in hand, Emmett says, "That's all right... Just start the car. I'll take the treatment next week.") is a good non-Helm suspense story. Smoky Valley, a Western from Dell, is about an Easterner caught in the midst of a range war. It isn't a usual story.

But then, none of Hamilton's stories are. That's the attraction:

Alexei Panshin

NOW WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

by GEORGE PRICE

The area of discourse is confused enough already. We should not make it worse by using misinterpreted quotations and old sayings. Following are a few which particularly irritate me.

"The exception proves the rule". Most of us who like to indulge in discussion and argument--to say nothing of disputation and wrangling--have had the galling and frustrating experience of bringing to bear against our opponent an irrefutable fact that disputes his thesis only to have the son-of-a-gun squeak out of it by blandly admitting the truth of our point, and then adding, "But, of course, the exception only proves the rule." We are left wondering just how evidence against his argument has been transformed into evidence for it. It seems kind of sneaky, doesn't it? In fact, when you think about it, the notion is preposterous. No rule can be sustained by showing that there is an exception to it. As commonly used, that old saying is nothing more than a not-too-subtle means of deflecting legitimate criticism without bothering to really answer it.

All this confusion has resulted from a gradual shift in the meaning of the word "prove". Two hundred years ago, "prove" meant "test". That meaning still survives in certain usages, such as "Aberdeen Proving Ground", where the Army tests its ordnance. So, "the exception proves the rule" really means "the exception tests the rule"--and if the exception is sufficiently exceptional, the rule fails the test and should be discarded.

"Love thy neighbor". It has always seemed strange to me that we should be bidden to indiscriminately love our neighbors, no matter how unlovable they may be. The other Biblical injunctions are sometimes difficult to obey, but this is the only one which is, on the face of it, frequently impossible to obey. Love cannot be commanded. Since the authors of the

Bible knew this perfectly well, the suspicion arises that perhaps the "love" they had in mind was something other than what the word conveys to us. Bearing in mind the distinction between eros and agape, I suggest that a better translation in this particular case would be "respect". Note that the full injunction is to "love thy neighbor as thyself". As thyself? How are you supposed to love yourself? You are supposed to have self-respect, not self-love. Thus, I take it that "love thy neighbor as thyself" means: respect him as you respect yourself. That is, you should regard him as a person like yourself in his rights and dignity, not as a mere animate tool for your manipulation. To interpret the Biblical commandment as requiring us to indulge in a sirupy sentimentalism towards other people regardless of how wickedly they behave, is to descend to idiocy.

"Witch-hunt". When the Cold War began some twenty years ago, and investigators started bringing to light the appalling record of Communist espionage and subversion in the previous decade, it soon became fashionable among Liberals to denounce "witch-hunts". It is sure, hardly any Liberal actually opposed "legitimate" investigations into Communist activity; but it was de rigueur to stipulate that the investigation degenerate into "witch-hunts". The reader may decide for himself how it happened that every investigation was bound to become a witch hunt. We still have references to "witch-hunts", though not so frequently--probably because there is no longer much push to investigate Communist activities.

It is taken for granted that "witch-hunting" is bad. But why? Surely witches are dangerous to have around, and society is entitled to protect itself against them? So why should witch-hunting have such a bad name? Obviously, because there aren't really any witches, and therefore anyone accused of witchcraft is necessarily innocent. Now how does this apply to investigations of Communism? Are we supposed to believe that there really aren't any Communists, or at least none worth investigating? Well, yes, that's precisely what we are supposed to believe. I submit that the "witch hunt" tag is a very clever bit of psychological propaganda intended to discredit investigations into Communist activity by subtly implying that there is really nothing to investigate. Any alleged spy or subversive turned up by an investigation is by definition a victim of persecution. I will not go so far as to say that the Communists themselves invented the use of the term in this connection, but they certainly have done their not inconsiderable best to propagate the usage. I wonder if the alleged witches in Salem in the 17th century had been real honest-to-Satan witches, practicing demonstrable witchcraft, and sponsored by a great power (Hell?)--you know, it just might be that witch-hunting would not now have such a bad name.

"I am my brother's keeper". Anyone who is, like myself, opposed to the Welfare State concept, is sure to encounter that supposed Biblical quotation as support for the notion that every man must hold himself responsible for his fellow men. It is ironic that the Liberal intellectuals who make the greatest use of the "brother's keeper" theme are often agnostics--they may not believe in Scripture, but apparently they find Scriptural authority adds weight to their arguments. It does, too. Even a confirmed agnostic finds it hard to say right out, "Well if the Bible says that, then the Bible is just plain wrong". This is particularly ineffective if the person whom you are trying to convince is a believer.

Upon reflection, the injunction that I am my brother's keeper is not really in keeping with the rest of the Bible, whose main burden is the necessity for individual responsibility. (When the sinner stands before the Seat of Judgement, he'd better not try to excuse himself by saying that he only did what everyone else was doing.) Perplexed by this seeming inconsistency, I looked up the matter in the Bible. Brethern, I rise to say that the Biblical injunction to be thy brother's keeper is non inconsistent for the excellent reason that it is nonexistent. The Bible just doesn't say any such thing. The apparent source of the saying is Genesis, Chapter 4. The Revised Standard version says:

Cain said to Abel his brother, "Let us go out to the field." And when they were in the field, Cain rose up against his brother Abel and killed him. Then the Lord said to Cain, "Where is Abel your brother?" He said, "I do not know; am I my brother's keeper?" And the Lord said, "What have you done? The voice of your brother's blood is crying to me from the ground..."

Clearly, when Cain asked if he was his brother's keeper, he was not raising a point of philosophy or ethics. That wasn't what the Lord was inquiring about. And the Lord never did answer Cain's question. Quite properly, He ignored it, since it was not a real question, but only a snappy comeback by which Cain sought to conceal his guilt. In modern slang, he might have said, "How should I know where Able is, I don't keep him in my pocket." And we are now supposed to interpret this bit of verbal byplay between a criminal and his Judge as a foundation for a theory of social action!

Well, perhaps we are intended to be "our brother's keepers", but if so, you will have to prove it by some other authority. For myself, I don't like the idea that I am my brother's keeper, and I like even less the idea that my brother is my keeper.

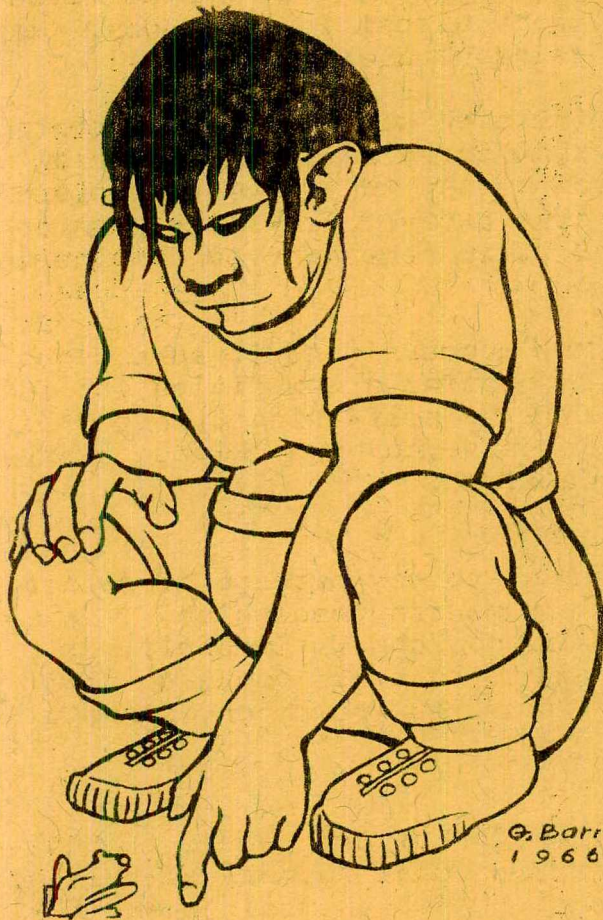
Keepers are for prisons, asylums and zoos, not for free men.

-George Price

Diplomacy is the art of being bored without showing it

ON WAKING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
by Phyllis Kleinstein

Have you ever awakened in the middle of the night
And heard an airplane passing overhead
And wondered if, perhaps, this once, the plane is Their's and this
the fight,
The day may dawn and all of us be dead



AN OPEN LETTER TO FANDOM

from ROBERT BLOCH

Fooled you, didn't I? You were expecting something sensational, perhaps even a little dirty, like the sort of thing you used to find in the old Gemzine. But no--I confess--the only reason this is an open letter is because there was no gum on the envelope.

But as long as I'm here (and I am here, aren't I, Doctor?) I might as well offer a few ill-chosen words on a subject which, like coronary occlusion, has long been close to my heart.

In recent years, I have been a veterate reader of fanzines. At one time I was an inveterate reader, but since I take a dim view of LSD, songs of protest and high camp, there's nothing "in" about me any more.

Which leads us directly to my topic, if any. LSD, songs of protest and high camp have all been topics of discussion in fanzines which currently came to my attention. I have also read a great deal about politics, religion, genetics and historical movements--both in this world and Tolkien's

What I have not read is material pertaining to science fiction. Oh, once in a while somebody will do an article on the latest Heinlein book; but even so, it's only a springboard for a polemic on the aforementioned topics of politics, religion, genetics and historical movements.

Now I am not unmindful of the fact that times change. Way back when I was a little boy I remember my mother telling me, "You can't fight pro-

gress." And she was right. George Progress, his name was, and he lived in the next block; a mean kid who outweighed me by almost forty pounds. No indeed, I wouldn't dream of putting up a losing battle like that.

But I still think something has to be done to make me less discontented with the content of fanzines. Knowing that today's fandom is socially-oriented, I realize that it would do no good merely to advocate a return to the oldstyle approach to sf. In order to give today's fan-writers an opportunity to interest their readers, I feel it is necessary to combine the sf subject-matter with current attitudes.

So, for the benefit of those whom it may concern (and it sure concerns the hell out of me) I take the liberty of suggesting a few titles for future fanzine articles. The subject matter will be self-evident, but I'll label it for the benefit of those fanzine readers who have skipped everything except the articles about Gilbert & Sullivan.

Religion:

IS JOHN W. CAMPBELL DEAD? A hard-hitting, to say nothing of swinging, approach to a problem which has engrossed many modern theologians. Is Analog really divinely-inspired? If there was no John W. Campbell, Jr., would it be necessary to invent him? Or has his role and function been usurped by Randy Garrett? (Don't answer too hastily--remember, Garrett has a beard.)

Politics:

WAS JOHN BIRCH REALLY A MUTANT? A discussion of the superior intellectual attributes, unique moral standards and natural fitness to rule over the rest of the mankind, which the Birchers claim for themselves and their organization's namesake. The same characteristics distinguished Olaf Stapledon's sf hero, a mutant who was called, much more simply, Odd John.

Race:

SHOULD CIVIL RIGHTS BE EXTENDED TO THE NFFF? A daring thought, but we've gone pretty far already, and sooner or later these people must be recognized.

Camp:

THE TRITONIAN RING. Or anything else by L. Sprague deCamp. It follows that any discussion of "high camp" should concern itself with this writer's drinking-habits at a Convention. (To the best of my knowledge, Sprague is abstemious--but you know how they distort those Conreports.)

Folk-Singing:

FLENTS VS. SLEEPWELLS. A discussion of the relative merits of various brands of ear-plugs which may be worn when attending a fan-gathering at which "entertainment" is provided.

Of course this is only a begining, but it might help to bring some of the dissidents back into the fold; once they discover science-fiction fandom, they might actually grow to enjoy it.

But the time to start is now, and I respectfully urge fan-writers to get busy. As George Washington once said, "Never put off until tomorrow anyone you can put on today."

—Robert Block

PHYLLIS KLEINSTEIN

Fitzgerald leaned on the bucket and passed the mop head through the wringer. "This is a strange sort of part-time job for a biology teacher," he thought. Dirty water splashed softly. He was halfway down the hall; the ammonia fumes were beginning to get to him. He wondered how the other janitors could stand it. The answer came almost automatically: wish jobs--even part-time jobs--so scarce, they either stood it or starved. And with wages what they were --and taxes--sometimes they stood it and starved anyway.

At the end of the hall, Fitzgerald met Lawson, who mopped the corridor that fed into his. Lawson smiled; a bright, toothy smile and waved at Fitzgerald. There was one finger missing from the hand that waved. The two men worked the same two hour shift in the Reed Building. They never spoke, though Lawson smiled. Fitzgerald could never think of anything to say.

This evening, as they left the building, Lawson murmured a cheerful "Good night", but Fitzgerald just nodded as usual. He had nothing in particular to be cheerful about.

He found Janet already home from work, preparing dinner. He kissed her cheek.

"How was your day, darling?" she asked.

"All right. I have some papers to mark."

"Honey, can I talk to you about Billy?" She nodded toward the living room, where their son sat on his bed, surrounded by schoolwork. "He really needs a room of his own. This place is so small. Do you think...?"

"You know how scarce apartments are," her husband said. "And how expensive."

"I could get an evening job."

"No! One job is enough for you!"

She sighed and turned her attention to the stove.

They ate dinner in the living room so that Janet could watch a television Special, a tour of the new Ninety-Eighth Street Welfare Housing Project. Fitzgerald thought it would be dull, but when the door of the first apartment opened, he felt sudden excitement rise in him.

He stopped eating.



The tour guide was walking through an enormous living room, waving his arms at deep-pile rugs, heavy curtains, cushioned chairs. He led the camera through dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms and two baths. All were large and beautifully furnished.

Janet was on the edge of her chair.

"And now," said the guide, "we're going to meet the lovely family that the Welfare Department has chosen for this lovely apartment--Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lawson and their four lovely children."

Fitzgerald was on the edge of her chair.

"Tell me, Mr. Lawson," said the guide, "how were you and your family lucky enough to get this lovely apartment?"

Lawson was smiling with all his bright, white teeth. "I had this accident," He began.

"Oh, yes," chimed in his wife, smiling at the cameras and adjusting the strap of her evening gown. "Got his finger caught in the tavern door and snapped it clean off. Couldn't work for ever so long, and there was my poor, divorced mother and my pregnant little sister--well we just had a terrible time!"

"But Welfare took care of us," Lawson said.

"They got Jesse a job. Poor dear, he works so hard, with his hand and all."

"Tell me, Mr. Lawson," said the guide, "what kind of job did the Welfare Department find you?"

"I'm a janitor at the Reed Building."

"I'm sure you're very grateful to the Welfare Department, and thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson--"

Fitzgerald snapped off the set.

"Such a lovely place," Janet sighed.

Fitzgerald glared at the darkened television screen. "We work ourselves to death to pay for this dump," he said. "To keep from starving. To raise our one kid in comfort. But what are we really doing? We're supporting them! Him and his wife and his four brats, and his mother-in-law, and his pregnant sister-in-law! All for ten lousy hours a week as a janitor. That Bastard!"



"Darling, don't shout. The neighbors will hear you. And Billy..."

"You're damn right the neighbors will hear me! It's time they heard. It's time somebody did something! He stood stiffly in the middle of the room, shaking his fist at the low, cracked ceiling. "Damn, damn, damn!" he shouted.

Janet got up from her chair and pulled his arms down, gently. She looked into his eyes for a long moment. Her hands clung to his.

"Darling," she said softly, "do you think we could cut off one of your fingers?"

Phyllis Kleinstein

DIRTY LINEN

BY JOHN BOARDMAN

This generation will never forget how, with France prostrate at the feet of the Nazis in 1940, General Charles de Gaulle refused to accept the French government's surrender at Compiègne. He declared that France would fight on, with underground and guerilla warfare, until she and her allies were victorious. The Maquis within France and the Free French Army overseas provided rallying points for a defeated but unbroken people, until the day of eventual victory.

The same strategy which de Gaulle employed in a good cause in 1940 was used in an evil cause in the years after the suppression of the Rebellion of 1861-65. Thousands of rebels refused to accept the victory of the federal government or the freedom and civil equality of Negroes, and instead resolved to continue the battle by underground methods. The instrument through which they operated to keep up warfare against the federal government and against loyal southerners of both races was the Ku Klux Klan. This para-governmental and para-religious secret society was founded in Pulaski, Tennessee on December 15, 1865, less than a year after the nominal surrender of rebel forces. In 1867, the rebel leader Nathan Bedford Forrest became its first "Imperial Wizard", the title held by the society's sovereign. This title was conferred upon him at a formal convention held in Nashville, which gave the Klan the constitution which it retains to the present day.

The Ku Klux Klan styled itself "conservative" in opposition to the "radicals" who proposed and tried to enact such things as voting rights for Negroes and free public education. As such, it is the oldest conservative organization now functioning, the spiritual parent of the more recent groups

now functioning under that name. The Ku Klux Klan grew rapidly during the federal government's Reconstruction of the southern states, and was in fact the Confederate Army clad in white sheets rather than gray uniforms. They flatly refused to recognize the right of Negroes to participate in the electoral process, in which they were supported by President Andrew Johnson, a former slave owner. In fact, the Ku Klux Klan was in a state of armed revolt against any state or local government which did recognize the civil rights of Negroes, and in a campaign of naked violence and intimidation, their night riders swept away the Reconstruction governments, murdering Negroes, northern whites and loyal southern whites. They also concocted a myth of Reconstruction which persists to this day, claiming that the South had been placed from 1865 to 1876 under the rule of ignorant, vindictive, brutal and venal Negroes and northern whites. John Hope Franklin demolishes this myth with statistics to the contrary in his Reconstruction.

With the Compromise of 1876, the Ku Klux Klan's campaign against Reconstruction was complete and victorious. But the vicious excesses of the night riders had discouraged many of the early leaders, including Imperial Wizard Forrest. The Klan went into a period of decline, due partly to the success of its counter-Reconstruction and segregation policies and partly because of the antipathy their brutality had aroused.

This is not to accept the myth of a "First Klan", "Second Klan" and "Third Klan", as if the organizations using this name in the 1860s, the 1920s and the 1960s were three separate and disconnected bodies. In all three periods, the Ku Klux Klan was anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-federal and devoted to terrorism. Not only their body of doctrine but also their personnel was continuous throughout the Klan's periods of activity and quiescence. To cite one example high in the councils of the Ku Klux Klan, J. K. Skipworth was a night-rider in the ranks during the Counter Reconstruction, and Exalted Cyclops of the Louisiana Klan in 1922.

The story of the revival of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s has been told many times; perhaps the most thorough account is David M. Chalmers' Hooded Americanism. One of the most interesting aspects of the entire hundred year history of the Klan is its internal organization. Since its founding, the KKK has been organized as a state. The Imperial Wizard (now Robert Shelton of Alabama) is the head of the state, and has a cabinet of advisers. The Invisible Empire is subdivided into Realms, which are further into Provinces, each with its own Table of Organization. The Invisible Empire even issued its own passports; in 1930, the Republican Party gleefully brought forth one belonging to Willard G. McAdoo, son-in-law of President Wilson, former Secretary of the Treasury and leading Democratic political figure of the time.

Thus, the Ku Klux Klan turns out to be, not a fraternal organization as its friends claim, not a racist conspiracy as its enemies assert, but a far more dangerous thing--an underground state, to which its members owe an allegiance that they consider prior to and more important than their citizenship in the U.S. The Klan oath has been interpreted by Klansmen as more important than the oath taken on the witness stand, and in the recent trial of three Alabama Klansmen for the murder of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, the juryman released the defendants because they felt that the KKK oath of the informant took precedence over the oath he took in court.

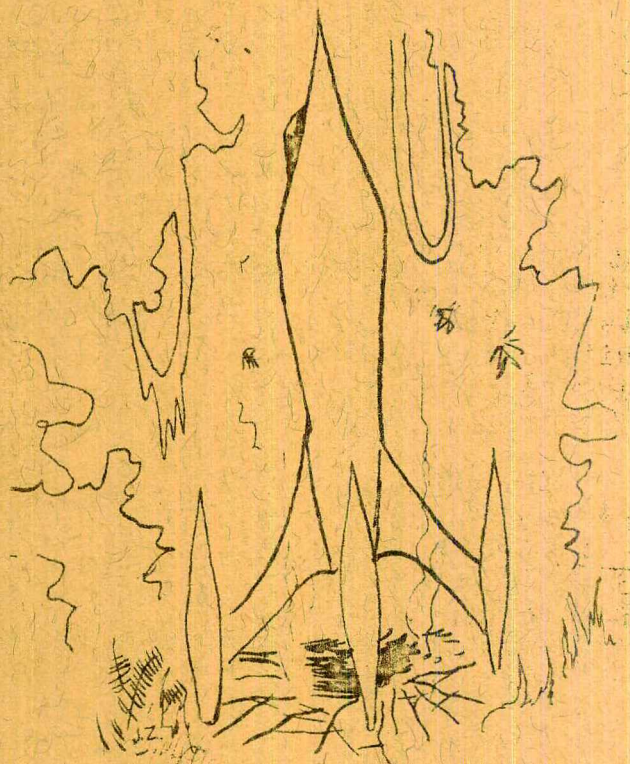
Although its rank and file come from illiterate rednecks, men in high places have been members of the Ku Klux Klan. According to a Georgia Bureau of Investigation agent who infiltrated the Klan, President Harding was inducted into the Invisible Empire in a secret ceremony in the East Room of the White House in 1922. Leaving aside unsubstantiated Klan intimations that Calvin Coolidge was a member, the only other Klansman President was Harry S. Truman, who joined during his first political campaign in 1922. (His membership explains his recent blasts against the civil rights movement and his conviction that marriage between whites and Negroes is "against the bible".) Other members included Chief Justice Edward White, numerous governors and senators and the sculptor Gutzon Borglum.

During the 1964 presidential campaign in which the Ku Klux Klan endorsed Barry Goldwater, Republicans tried to forfend this kiss of death by claiming that historically the KKK was a Democratic organization. This was the case only in the South. During the 1920s, the Klan took over the Republican party in Indiana, Colorado, Maine and Long Island, and extended strong influence in other areas.

In the past, the question of "double allegiance" has been raised by the Klan against Roman Catholics, Zionists (or, sometimes all Jews) or Communists. It is claimed that United States citizens of these groups actually owe a higher allegiance to some malign and alien power. This accusation can be leveled with far more justice at the Klan itself; it is organized as a state in all respects. It is dangerous, not only to traditional American ideals of freedom, but to the American state itself. At the present time, in the South, the Ku Klux Klan and its sympathizers are in a state of armed revolt against the federal government.

For some reason, numerous wayside filling station operators, in the South, are Klansmen. The traveler through the South can easily verify this for himself. If you stop at a gas station, ask the attendant if he knows where "Ayak Street" or the "Ayak Resturant" is. "Ayak" comes from the initials of "Are You a Klansman"? If he replies with a sentence containing the word "Akia" ("A Klansman I Am") you've found one. Your next step may range from boycott to counter-terrorism, depending upon your circumstances and preparation.

But, though it is still dangerous as a conspiracy, the Ku Klux Klan does not present its former danger as a political organization. The Klan's major weakness was (and is) that it announced itself as being against too many people and things, thus cutting their potential support. They were against Negroes, Jews, Catholics, the foreign-born and those who believed that the aforementioned groups should have full civic equality. All these groups were a minority in the 1920s; by 1960 they became a majority and



...and their number to the presidency. From here, the Ku Klux Klan has no where to go but downhill--though of course they can still kill a good many people in their decline unless prevenative measures are taken.

(Curiously, in the 1920s, the KKK established an auxiliary for persons born outside the United States but otherwise qualified for membership. This was the RRR, the Riders of the Red Robe. Since many RRR members were of Canadian birth, the group spread into Canada as the Royal Riders of the Red Robe.)

This being the case, could any other group, using the Klan's techniques, become as great a danger? This could happen if the new group failed to antagonize as many people--if, for example, it organized itself along ideological rather than religious or ethnic lines, and made it possible for politically conservative Catholics, Jews or even Negroes to join. The John Birch Society is such an organization, and even has the quasi-religious trappings of the Ku Klux Klan. However, it appeals to a broader spectrum, and professes to be opposed only to Communism. Since anti-Communist bigotry today carries all the emotional content of the anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic bigotry of previous decades, they are exploiting just as strong a prejudice, but with the "advantage" of antagonizing fewer people.

The parallelism is frightening. Like the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society operates under totalitarian leadership, and makes no accounting of its finances and membership lists to its members or to anyone else. Like the Klan, it speaks vaguely of anti-American conspiracies in Washington and preaches distrust of the federal government and its policies. It even has an arm for armed action, the Minutemen, which drills against the day when they can begin an "anti-Communist" guerilla war. The John Birch Society is just an up-to-date Ku Klux Klan, purged of unattractive features such as anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism and keyed to the fears of the present generation. But its bigotry and potential for violence is the same as that of the Klan.

In December of 1968, the Ku Klux Klan celebrated its hundredth anniversary; a centennial of murder, terrorism and revolt. For a nation to permit a one-hundred-year continuation of armed revolt is not forbearance, but folly. If the "Knights" of the Invisible Empire had celebrated this centennial behind bars, the lives and liberties of all Americans would be so much the safer.

—John Boardman

"Our research and studies have found that there is more stirring and movement of the nigra when they have a full moon."---Robert Shelton in Playboy, August, 1965.

LIMERICK FOR A LONELY EVENING
by Phyllis Kleinstein

There once was a land of the brave
That thought the whole world it would save,
But some Commies and such
Didn't care for it much,
So now the whole country's a grave.

BRAHMAN TRIMURTI *by* roger zelazny

I

Brahma! Creator!

Thy supplicants abound:

A diplomat,
A paranoid,
A Democrat,
A Man of Freud.

Before Thou,

Initiator,

All would bow--

Tomorrow's door--

Create!

Renew!

Resolve!

Change things as they are.

Deflate,

Review,

Resolve

Status quo and par.

II

Vishnu! Preserver!

Reactionaries' forte.

Maintain!

Uphold!

Retain!

Infold!

Support the present!

Bar the change!

And hold the pleasant

Present range.

Medicore middle!

Constant average!

To Thee we hie!

Here Thy minions bow.

Neither much nor little.

Grant our sufferage.

Here Thou our cry:

Hold the Here and Now!

III

Shiva! Destroyer!

Eternal rebel's liege!

Grant to wear!

Grant to bend!

Grant to tear!

Grant to rend!

Ere Thy throne,

In leigons 'round,

Madmen prone

Abound the ground.

Of lightening

And storms

Of rage

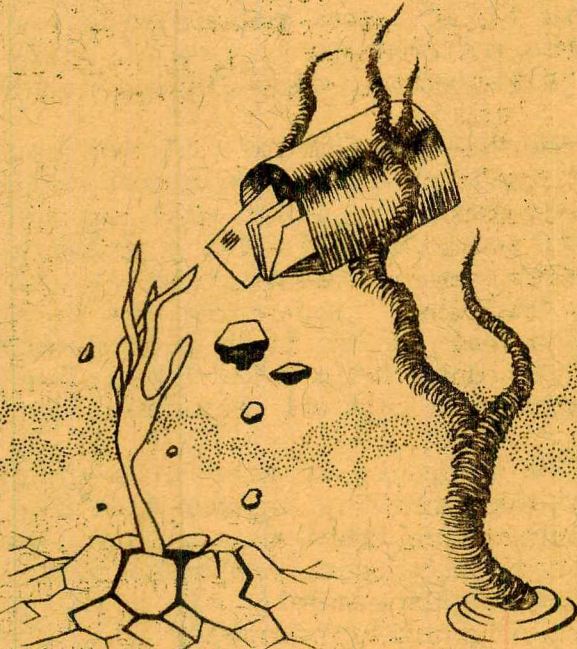
May Thy mouth partake!

With frightening

Horrorforms

A stage

For Hell and Chaos, Make!



quagmire

Robert Bloch, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Ben:

Nyarlatotep 2 at hand, and it afforded much entertainment--plus a moment or two of shock. The first shock consists of the realization that your readers who inquire as to the origin of your magazine's title are in earnest, not just putting you on. We who know Nyarlathotep can only shudder at such blasphemous ignorance and hope it will not be punished.

The second shock involves a consideration of the magazine's contents as a whole--and the realization that said contents do not constitute a whole. Rather, one senses a dichotomy here, an almost schizoid split between considerations of sf and considerations of contemporary reality. Anyone wishing to emphasize the point about sf being "escape literature" need go no further than to cite the attitudes exemplified by the contributors to this issue; considerations of topics supposedly of interest to sf readers are matched by discussions of civil rights, topless bathing suits, the gold standard, etc. Of course this can also be noted in many current fanzines, but the intensity And how!--BCS/with which these mundane matters are considered, pro and con, is an indication of just how strongly many sf-aficionados feel about today--and an implication of just how eagerly they turn to yesterday or tomorrow, in preference, through the medium of sf.

andrew offutt, po box 115, morehead, ky. 40351

60613:

i thank you for the second issue of nyar, just recieved. and i thank you, too, for setting up that abbreviation for those of us who have to check the cover to write the word!

andrew offutt, cont.:

i had not ~~realized~~ realized i had written so long a letter. it is...interesting to note that the LA riots were in progress as i wrote it--and the Watts riots are in progress as i read #2. [Sheer coincidence.--BCS]

please convey to scott ross my admiration for his very different front & back cover illustrations. "Alas, poor (new) York..." both are excellent --and different.

i ran through Mike Deckinger's--good grief! i used capitals and an apostrophe!--little rebuttal thinking: "much ado about nothing much." i also noted that several letter-writers agreed with me that stakes and boobs do indeed mix--whats a horror story without a quivering-bazoomed young lady, knuckles to her teeth, eyeballs practically rolling down her cheeks and her bust in similar straits? greenburg may be about to come into his own, though...indications seem to be that quotes-normal-unquotes bosoms are Coming Back. [I never knew they'd been away.--BCS] He maynt be inwestingated by the huac at that. but it IS unamerican to dislike breasts.

which leads quite naturally to lewis grants "GHOD and the Topless Bathing Suit" (i didnt know anyone used the phrase "bathing suit" anymore!). heroic bosoms, with notable exceptions arent as handsome when bouncing around nude as those more delicately molded. bathycolpian breasts--again in general; theres always christa speck--need a bit of support. they would also have a tendency to pop out of those new styles with the deep-slit arm-holes. i enjoyed grants article, rather like and am still thinking about his "terrene age" theory. and although it isn't new, i still like to see in print the line, "Our morals are not decaying, they are just changing." Hefner recently pointed this out in his magazine--whats the name?--that religions have always called "change" "decay". i cant see nudity or complete toplessness taking hold, though, to any appreciable degree or for any appreciable length of time. women arent that stupid. they know that (1) that old business about mystery being in semi-concealment rather than revealment (revelation?) is true; (2) that--one again i must speak gnerally to allow for those callimastian belles damoiselles who remain firm and fully packed for years and years--that support is necessary for most females beyond their teens, or beyond perennial teenage figures; (3) that comparisons are far more easily drawn between/among nude figures than those covered or even partially/barely covered.

For the matter of that, the same holds true of males...

lets say that i found john boardmans article interesting, although i kept expecting more; a dip, perhaps, into the ghastly "weapons of necessity" used by the viets, followed by a mention of tomorrows weapons. these i expect will not go BANG or CRACK or BLOOIE or even ZAP but will go SSSHHHFFT or FFFFFFFF or merely SSSSSSSSSssst--rocket-firing weapons--i mean hand-weapons--and "dart" guns and solid-fuel-projectile handguns and of course beams of this and that; lasers and sonics (i left out a sound for the latter how do i know? once you've heard one, you aint around any more!)

because one thing has led to another, i see i have left out evers' "The Wasps". Well, its fanzine fiction, neither original nor surprising nor different. lets say that it isn't badly written and ramble on to your book reviews--wonder what the name of the first one is? something about arch-aeology by sprague de camp. you know, you and he are going to be a couple of shocked/surprised honchos when a few more pieces of atlantis come up in a few years. its no sillier to postulate atlantis than the unbelievable Inca and Aztec civilizations or the Egyptian to which they seem so closely connected. lets go on--why should i comment on BOOK REVIEWS for petes sake. besides, i still have something important to say.

andrew offutt, cont.:

who is ray bradbury? [A fantasy writer.--BCS 7]

are you an enemy of james blish's? i mean, WERE you--you are now. i honestly believe that the policy of some review journals (such as the super pompous new york review of books) or allowing the review to comment on the letter-writers comments is grossly unfair and childlike. i feel the same way about your shredding blish's letter with your parenthetical comments. pretty vicious. i notice this practice did not prevail to any great extent among the other letters--so i assume you and blish are not friends or have personally discussed this or something. if you were NOT carrying on a private quarrel--shame! if you WERE: shame. in other words, you can't win.

now lets go all the way back to pages 4 and 5.

ben solon, to say of ace and tolkien that "This charge of piracy is so much nonsense." is worse than nonsense. you would like to know, you say, how one can steal an item that is there for the taking. try this: "piracy, 2. any unauthorized appropriation and reproduction of another's production, invention or conception; literary or artistic theft; specif., sometimes used in a quasi-figurative sense, of violation of copyright; but for this infringement is the correct and preferable term." that's from the usual source; webster. that's piracy. you prefer to define it, with the ace people, as theft on the high seas, apparently. it is not piracy--or theft, or infringement, or whatever--you say, any time you want to take something "that is there for the taking" you apparently agree that to pretend that taking anything not nailed down is no robbery (and i give credit for that phrase where it belongs, to damon knight, who used it in an ace condemning discussion for what seems to have become the tolkien affair.)

a man writes--and, as you point out, sometimes spends fifteen years writing--either for God, or for caesar, or for his own talent. we are familiar with those written for caesar; the wizard of lemuria and the tenth victim are examples. tolkien obviously did not write for caesar; whether for God or his own talent is relatively immaterial; in my book those are synonymous. then this writer "sells" what he has written--in a way. what he sells, ben, is the RIGHT TO PRINT AND TO SELL IT, and nothing else. he does not sell himself, or his talent, or his mind. tolkien sold his novel --but not to ace books.

the man plotted those books, slaved and sweated over them. he sold the rights to publish and to sell them. BUT NOT TO ACE. if you publish them without first contacting tolkien and his former publisher and either asking permission or suggesting an agreement of some sort, you are a thief. and to steal a man's mind is the most hideous thing we know of. to publish the ring books, then, without first contacting him or offering him a contract is theft. there is no need to quibble over semantics--"piracy" or "infringement" or whatever. the word is theft. the act is theft.

all this is purely aside from what the mild-mannered gentleman charmingly calls "courtesy". you know and i know that if you want to publish something i have written and published elsewhere, whether professionally or otherwise, you can probably obtain permission. you and i also know that if you print anything i have written and published elsewhere, without at least contacting me, you are being--at the very least--rude, inconsiderate, not-quite-honest.

[I quite agree that the ethics employed by Ace--and by Houghton-



Mifflin, and by the Unwins; in other words, everyone involved except JRRT himself--are rather, ah, questionable. However, my editorial was concerned with the legal aspects of the matter. And from a legal standpoint, Ace's actions are above reproach. They tried to get pb publishing rights from H-M, and, by all accounts, were told to go peddle their papers. Ace found out H-M hadn't bothered to copyright the books and came on with their pb version. At this stage of the affair, nobody had any--~~that~~ word again--legal obligation to pay Tolkien anything; and if anyone had any moral/ethical responsibility to the author, it was our old firends H-M--it was their oversight that cost him money. But since Ace and Tolkien have buried the hatchet, any further discussion of the matter would be nothing more than beating a very dead horse.--BCS 7

Phyllis Kleinstein, 5124 S. Kenwood, Chicago, Ill. 60615

Dear Ban:

Fan fiction is disconcerting. It seems to come in two varieties. One is the in-group kind--faan fiction. It's the kind of thing that would be simply out of place in a prozine since it is in-group. The other kind of fan-fiction, which seems to be cropping up all too often would also be out of place in a prozine, but only because it's bad fiction. Case in point: "The Wasps" by E. E. Evers in Nyarlatotep 2.

Perhaps Evers' greatest problem is that he doesn't seem to think things through before he starts writing, and then, he doesn't go back and read the stuff before he sends it out. First, he stacks the deck by making the discovers of the new insects entomology students, and then, he forgets to have them think like entomologists. They are so busy collecting specimens--for they have examined one of them and they know it's of an unknown family--that they ignore the obvious danger to their lives. They are caught in a swarm of flying insects--a swarm so large that the insects plastered on the windshield of their car completely obscure it--and they aren't frightened in the least. Yet, these insects are armed with stingers and blood-sucking probocises. Our entomologists even strip naked, outside their car, to pick the little devils out of their clothing. Of course they clear a spot for the operation, but... These are flying insects, not crawling ones. How could they be cleared away? Well, the entomologists don't get stung or bitten, and I'll accept Evers' explanation of that: the "wasps" are of extra-terrestrial origin and don't know that human beings can be bitten and that they disembowel themselves when they sting (but that doesn't stop honeybees). However, none of this justifies the entomologists lack of caution (or shall I just call it stupidity?), because they certainly didn't know that the "wasps" didn't know anything about human beings. They just didn't think, and, apparently, neither did Mr. Evers.

Our entomologists disappear from the scene, and a few paragraphs are devoted to the lamentable death, by stinging, of Arnold Elliot, whoever he may be. I suppose he's meant to symbolize the common man. It's a break in the story, a new character. But it still seems to me that it would be much more logical for the first "wasp" casualty to be one of those stupid entomologists.

Our entomologists reappear in the last few, disjointed paragraphs. They wind up being forgotten when their University examines the new insects. (Sounds bitter to me, Earl. Were you ever a graduate student who slaved over a project only to see your glory stolen when the prof took the credit?)

Phyllis Kleinstein, cont.:

Meanwhile back at the ranch, or wherever, the insects are well on their way toward destroying the U.S., and, presumably, the world. And that's all.

That's all. But what are people doing about it? To hell with the petty affairs of forgotten graduate students! Who gives a damn about them? What about the insects? Do they do it? Apparently, they do. Evers has stated a life-or-death problem and left us hanging on the edges of our seats waiting for the solution and then...and then...he takes the easy way out. He kills everybody off. Cheat. That solution is no solution at all. What Evers has here is--or could be with a little more work--the first chapter of a novel a la War of the Worlds. He set us an interesting problem, but he makes no attempt to follow it through. I refuse to call "The Wasps" a short story because of this. It's too bad because he obviously does know something about writing. I especially like his dramatic one-line paragraphs. They have a nice effect. And while style is all very well and good, there ought to be some story too, or shall I courageously step forward and call it plot. Yes, plot? I'm all in favor of it. Plot!

This brings me to the problem at hand: fan fiction. There are snatches of good writing in fan--as distinguished from faan--fiction, but it's all-too-often imbedded in nothing. At best, many fan stories are merely fictionalized essays--vehicles for their author's ideas, but little or nothing more. Evers has a good idea, but not much more. He doesn't follow through, and that's what cuts him off from the pros. (All right, even the pros don't make it sometimes, but they come a hell of a lot closer than the average fan fiction writer.)

Donald A. Wollheim, 66-17 Clyde St., Rego Park, N.Y. 11374

Dear Ben:

Best part of Nyar 2 was the cover art (front and back), but on a par with some of the contradictory nature of the contents [?--BCS] is the logical enigma of the cover scene--why would a metallic (or certainly plastic) robot be engaged in agricultural pursuits? Especially one apparently unfamiliar with humans, judging from the way it's staring at that skull.

Naturally your discussion of the War of the Ring calls for my comment. Throughout this whole affair fractionalists on both sides have said hot-headed nonsense, and the quote you gave from an alleged Ace supporter about spitting in Tolkien's eye is almost as vicious as some of the things said by the Ballantine supporters. But Ace is not and never was interested in spitting in anyone's eye, least of all an author in whom we have invested perhaps one hundred thousand dollars, and of whom we have been stating publicly since last June that we are willing to pay royalties.

However, this war is, or should be, basically over if you are informed of the latest developments. We have paid Professor Tolkien over \$9,000 in royalties, and will pay full royalties on all future sales. Everyone who has bought a copy of an Ace Tolkien can rest assured that it paid the professor larger returns than any Ballantine sale paid or will pay. And if all those who are shouting about the evil done the poor old man are sincere they will urge the purchase of the Ace editions for this very reason.

As for the statement in Ballantine's editions, obviously there were competitive commercial reasons for this--not the least of which was the deliberate with-holding of information from the author by those interested in finding an excuse to appear late on the scene with an overpriced edition, and an appeal to a mislead and misinformed sense of justice.

You are very unfair when you say that "Wyn & Co. don't give one healthy damn for the opinions of fandom." This is about as far from the truth as can be said. It is indeed close to the truth about many paperback firms,

Donald A. Wollheim, cont.:

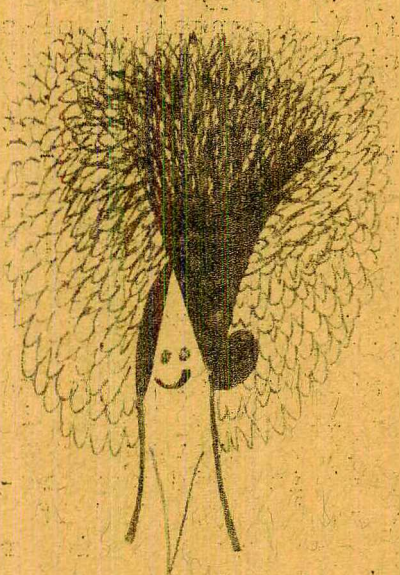
but it is a damned lie when applied to Ace (and here I am mad all the way).

[I fear you misunderstood me. What I meant by that "Wyn & Co. doesn't give one healthy damn for the opinions of fandom" is simply this: while you and Mr. Wyn may personally be concerned with what is said about Ace Books and yourselves in the fan press, you obviously can't let your editorial policies be determined by the whims of a body which may constitute only 5% of the total readership. That would hardly be good business practice.--BCS.]

E. Hoffman Price, Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Ben:

I have been mulling over some thoughts on this race problem which everyone seems to be getting steamed up about--my approach being, that the Chinese coolies who came to this country somewhat over a century ago, were hounded and persecuted as no other minority (except perhaps the American Indian!) group has been. Whereas a Negro had actually or supposedly to "get out of line" or disremember "his place" in order to be bullied, maimed or killed, without recourse of any kind, the Chinese did not ever have to "get out of line". He was mobbed, lynched and subjected to every imaginable lesser persecution and injustice simply because he was Chinese. As far back as I can remember, the saying, "Not a Chinaman's chance" expressed the ultimate in hopelessness. In my early childhood, when the Chinese were no longer the victims of active persecution, I heard many an all-too-true story of the wanton and gratuitous violence of which he was the target in



When the indentured coolies had finished their jobs, working as laborers in constructing railways, they were turned loose to shift for themselves. Some found work in the Sonoma and Napa wine-making area of this state. With hand tools they drilled hundreds of feet into the limestone hearts of the hills, to make wine-aging vaults. For this they got twenty-five cents a day. Granted that two-bits bought more than it does now, it was still a skimpy wage. With this they bought their rice and tea and dried squid--and saved money. Either they combined their savings--or lost them gambling, and the over-all winner took the savings--and in any event, bought real estate in San Francisco, where they started what might be called a ghetto, but which today is Chinatown, a Chinese city within an American city.

Many a person in the title insurance business will tell you that much real estate had anti-Asiatic clauses written into the deed. But, in due course, loopholes were discovered. When a Chinese sought to buy into a "protected" area, the vendor or his broker would inform the prospective buyer that "We can gimmick that clause, it isn't completely fool-proof." The Chinese would answer, "Please do not bother. We do not wish to live where we are not wanted." Even the descendants of coolies had such pride that even with counsel they would not want to muscle in where they were considered undesirable.

I have never hear of a Chinese saying to or of Occidentals, "I am as good as you (they) are." The moment a man says he "is as good", he has dem-

E. Hoffman Price, cont.:

onstrated that he himself feels that he is NOT as good--if only in making such a comparison. Although quite too polite to ever display his feeling, the average Chinese feels that he is at least a cut BETTER than any Occidental "barbarian".

What is the end result? The Chinese have status in this area; there are Chinese temples where Occidentals go to study Buddhism and Taoism, Chinese art and Chinese literature, Chinese philosophy, the list is endless.

If the Chinese had ever sought to use legal force to compel integration, they might have succeeded--but they would have remained despised and resented. Instead of seeking to muscle in, they stood pat, until they were finally sought out because of their merits--and for their art and philosophy.

The history of the Japanese differs only in detail. The final outcome is similar to that of the Chinese.

With these two groups of once hated and despised foreigners (and their American-born descendants) as an example, the Negro might improve his approach to being accepted, not only by whites, but by the many fine Negroes who DO know the right answers and who have profited accordingly.

James R. Seiger, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wisc. 53150

Dear Solon & Co.:

First on my Ire List is Lewis Grant's attempt to equate Ghod and the Topless Bathing Suit. (And did you know there's a point in the Hebrides called the Butt of Lewis? Ought to be a place for fannish pilgrimages. Fans could then say with pride that they'd applied foot to the Butt of Lewis.)

Now it might seem that Grant has a point, were it not that I saw his prediction before. Twice. In magazines of 1930 and 1947, in which "fashion experts" predicted no tops on the beaches within a few years. In both cases, incidently, revealing-but-not-uncovering bathing suits were common, and nudity seemed the next likely step. Instead the pendulum swung back then, and will probably do so now.

The logic of Grant's argument is further impaired by his beclouding the issue with page after page of pseudo-historic philosophizing. As far as I can translate his verbiage, his thesis is that for thousands of years civilization has been evolving toward the Ultimate Goal of women taking off the tops of their swimsuits; by way of creating the Atomic Age on 6 August 1945 whose radiations are crumbling our nudity taboo so that lo! the Mellennium is about to arrive; when all women will take off their tops thereby creating world peace, curing cancer and eliminating poverty; and all the world will dance in the streets and goeth about rejoicing.

I venture to disagree. For one thing, what makes him think that our peekaboo fashions are unique in history? For instance, in the Tudor period and France of the Sun King and the Directory, the female breast was exposed without the aid of atomic bombs, Darwin or Freud. It didn't last. No extreme fashion ever did. In the sense under discussion, clothes are meant to attract mens' attention, and to set off one's beauty. After a while, bareness ceases to attract attention and so loses it value and only a confirmed (and very ignorant) juvenile-minded voyeur would think that most womens' looks would be improved by nudity. Using one's imagination is so much more fun, after all...

Palestine, incidently, wasn't a desert when its society's morals began to take shape, so that argument's out. Nor does France of the Directory (and Reign of Terror) strike me as a very rational period.

James R. Seiger, cont.:

Furthermore, to kill two birds with one stone (offutt is #2 on my Ire List), I don't agree that prudery is a basic tenet of Christianity; though it's true enough that many of its early shapers were sexual psychotics. From His words, I'd say that Christ wasn't overly concerned about nudity or polygamy. Yet thanks to the psychoses of some of His followers, by the Middle Ages Christian civilization had such an insane nudity taboo as to make it a sin to take a bath. Psychical modesty as a way of preserving personal privacy is logical enough, but it becomes irrational when insisted upon in situations where privacy does not apply--such as taking baths or medical examinations. Significantly, primitive peoples tend to be far more irrational about their conceptions of modesty than civilized...and I think Bible Belt inhabitants qualify as "primitive".

On the other hand, despite what offutt suggests (I think he's sore because his date wouldn't give in. Sour grapes!), I don't think those neurotic Church Fathers had very much influence on Post-Renaissance sexual mores. Their "chastity" was an idealistic dream that nobody tried to carry into practice--the Middle Ages were a period of absolutely incredible immorality by today's standards.

What I think is that Western Civilization's greatest standards derive from the middle class that developed in the late Middle Ages. They were people who worked hard to acquire property, that they wanted to pass on to children who they could be sure were their own flesh and blood. So chastity before marriage became desirable for women (Enforced virtue seems to be a Puritan innovation, and a plague on them.)

However, I'm not claiming things aren't changing; my quarrel with Grant (and, indirectly, offutt) is in defining the nature and reasons for these changes.

I might define morals as rules of conduct whose non-observance would cause harm to others. Laws are (or should be) designed to protect the moral from the amoral; not to enforce morality. Obviously, certain rules of sexual conduct qualify as morals, because people can be hurt through misuse of sex. On the other hand, what the hell does the sight of bare skin do to hurt anybody? Likewise "dirty" words?

I'd say, then, that what are changing are not morals, but society's understanding of what constitutes morals. The changes occur as we gain a better understanding of man--not the increased rationality of definitions of morality as psychology learns more. For example, a hundred years ago, it was genuinely believed by most people that the sight of certain areas of the body would do serious harm. Now, we know it doesn't. So courts and many religious authorities refuse to consider nudity as a moral matter. See? There are still a lot of people who believe it, but they're no longer a dominant influence, having been robbed of their major argument.

Again, the change in public attitude towards nudity and "sin" is due to the old Puritan idea of enforced morality being unethical and possibly immoral in itself. Despite Grant's hopeful daydreams, most women have no interest in peeling that far; they simply are no longer caring much if other women do it.

That's about all, except to commend John Boardman for a fine and well-informed article. (I can't find a thing to disagree with, anyway!) My only quibble is that Feudalism's "natural lordship" philosophy may rather be the result of the system surviving after it was no longer needed; when the nobility had to search for justification for its ascendancy.

Mike Deckinger, Apt. 12-J, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, New Jersey, 07106

Dear Ben:

...I was surprised at the query over the origin of the title. I'm not as especially avid Lovecraft fan, I can take him easily enough, but I

Mike Deckinger, Cent.

Immediately recognized the name from the Cihulhu mythos, and I had thought others would identify it with equal ease.

Bill Spicer's article on the Bradbury plays was easily the best thing in the issue. As you may know, these three plays--with different actors (George Voskovic played the lead)--opened in New York, at an off-Broadway theatre about four months ago. They opened, yes, and closed shortly thereafter. Evidently the dynamic staging effects in the California productions were missing from New York, because the reviews were reluctantly favorable. No one disliked the plays too strongly, but none of the critics were over-enthused, either. I hope this failure hasn't dampened Bradbury's spirit, and he will give the East Coast another try. There is a strong and appreciative off-Broadway audience for the avant-garde and the off-beat.

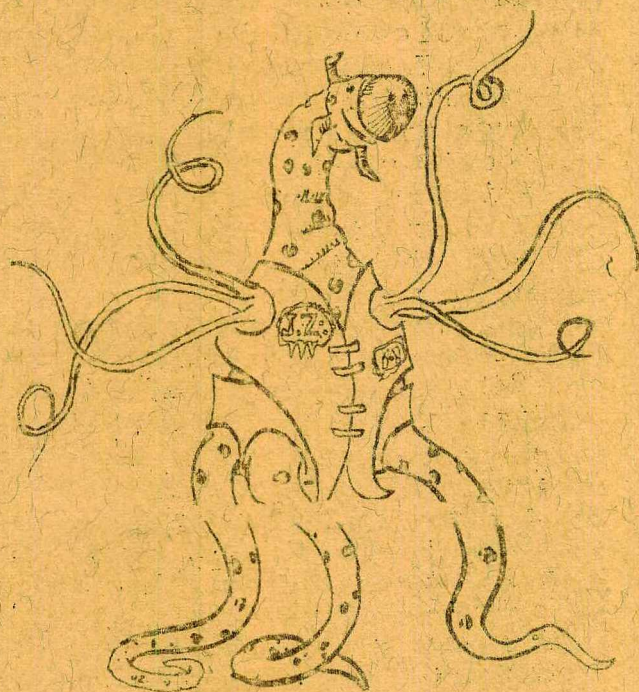
Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend, Ind.

Dear Ben:

I should have known this was the thirteenth. First Ghod slipped up and gave me Juanita Coulson's sinus early this morning, then a half hour ago as I started to type your envelope our power went out. An electric typer without juice isn't much good--if things come in threes, I wonder what's next? / Nyar 3, of course.--BCS /

Admirable front and back-illies, by the way. Am sorry the inside reproduction isn't up to the exterior. Generally, like Buck Coulson, if the repro is poor I don't risk eyes or time ...but in this case I did and am glad of it...merab.

In general, I'm in agreement with you, Ben, on this recent Ace-talkies thing...on the way up north we stopped overnight at Atlanta and had Mike McQuown join us for supper; Mike and I hashed this out, he feeling Ace/Wollheim was in the wrong--I don't. If anyone was to blame, it is the British and American publishers. They certainly couldn't have thought much about the books or the author...merab, back.



Uh Huh, no arguments either here on your opinions as Chicago, Chicago politicians, Chicago's Negro situation, etc., etc., etc.,...was, am, and will be firmly on the side of civil rights ...but stupidity and idiotic methods nobody has a monopoly on. Like most

any really Big-Big northern city, Chicago has the problem of the white-upper and middle classes moving out and leaving an inner City of mainly Negroes. That alone (minus Chicago's brand of politicking) makes for Big Problems now and in the future.

The Negro wards...the elections, Daley, who will be running in '67. Just after reading your fax, I was watching WGN-tv (we have an oil-derrick antenna, thank Jesus, I get Ch. beautifully, plus Milwaukee, and towns in Michigan...some 12 or 13 stations in all)...and noted comments as to Chas. Percy...wonder, as of now, how well he is going over with the Negro population?

Betty Kujawa, cont.:

As in South Bend politics and government...I'd like to see a turn-over regularly if only to keep the roots of graft from growing too deep. Wonder what Percy can do...? And if we'll have a chance to see? [That'll be the day.--BCS]

Read Mike Deckinger's rebuttal with interest, this is indeed a field I'm interested in. Was watching the olde, olde Black Cat last night on local tv...Bela and Boris...maaan the sets in that film!

That sequence in the first Frankenstein of the Monster and the little girl I will always remember...although certain scenes in Dracula and the now-gone-forever Wax Museum scared me far more as a kid, this child-by-the-lake one stands out only too vividly. I always interpreted it as Mike appears to have here...the Monster kill her inadvertantly--not by plan or out of savagery or with molestation in mind.

This scene, to me, was similar to the classic scene in Of Mice and Men where Lennie, the huge, simple-minded farm-hand, accidentally snaps the neck of Betty Field.

Lewis Grant and today's and tomorrow's fashions, etc...Last week's Time with the article on disc-dresses [April 20, 1966--BCS]...plastic discs strung on wires...to be worn with body-stocking beneath or not...and fancy sitting down in one--body stocking or no? Like...ouch! The final line of the article quoted the designer as saying the next step would be an all-over paint-job...a second glistening skin.

Then, as well, comes the recent news in Time and elsewhere (including reports from fen in the Bay Area last Halloween) of Berkeley, etc., and nude parties...things do seem to be moving in that direction, yes. I dread the inevitable reaction. You swing too far in one direction and you gotta swing back. I hope I am not around when Puritanism really sets in.

Grant writes of the present-day titles for God...and now we can add to that this present up-surge of the "God is Dead" school or thought as well.

I remember the bare-midriff frocks of the war years only too well. I wore one of the first...and it was to a night-club in Miami Beach about 1943. By today's standards, it was modest indeed; back then, I got Looks Stares, Glares and you-name-it...ah well, times change.

Personally, I think women will always be women...and for Big Party Events they will always want A New Dress. (I always will, I can tell you). Or a new something to wear... Also, personally, I want comfort as well as something attractive. Yeh, I know most females will suffer through anything to Look Good...high heels, girdles, the whole tormenting bit... But today's fashions are real fine by me...a skimmer or shift needs no girdling You can sit down and eat and eat and eat and not worry about un-zipping or loosening one's belt afterwards for comfort; this I like.

And the men's fashions right now...those ultra-tight tapered trousers ... Methinks at times the boys suffer more for fashion's sake that the gals do.

Since few femmes have a really showable figure once they pass eighteen or so, nudity for all is debatable. Plastic surgery for breasts exists, yes...and dieting is more and more embraced by all age levels as are exercises for a trim figure...but there will always be some above the age of adolescence that I hope I never have to look at al fresco! Men as well as women...most of us will always look far, far better with some clothing than with little or none. Amen.

The deCamp book review, that's the one that reports on Zimbabwe? And there is a "lost city" that has always fascinated me! Photographs I've seen of its ruins are quite interesting; very strange looking... The Bad Buys, yes, I intend to get a copy of this...I collect books on films, and

Betty Kujawa, cont.:

dote on character-actors and film bad-men...give me a good ripe Ham-actor chewing up the scenery with gusto! The late Robert Newton...Charles Laughton, Greenstreet, Lorre, ah yes...Laird Cregar; wonder if anyone besides Alan Dodd and I remember him these days?

I read the report of Bradbury's stage efforts with great interest indeed. Appreciate having this review...appreciat the descriptions of the sets very much. That, of course, is of interest to the stf reader...to see how they created a visual scene; sounds like they did an excellent job on the audio and visual effects.

Heh...yes, Alan Dodd commenting on your name. I too, in the past, thought you name all most too good...somewhat like entering fandom and discovering British fen had names like Eric Bentcliffe, Terry Jeeves and Daphne Buckmaster...now if any mames sounded stagey and made up or right out of some teddibly British stage drama, those do to me!

Ergo "Ben Solon" evokes a television series about a dark, Handsome surly, snarly young lawmaker...either senator or mebbe high judge...? A sort of Vince Edwards/Ben Casey type holding forth in the U.S. senate or from the bench of the Supreme Court...of course, they couldn't have the cleavage showing the hairy chest either from the floor of the Senate or from the high court of the land, but... Young Ben Solon Sternest Judge in the West...

...no....? [!N!Q!---BCS]

Okay.

Yeh...we caught the Great Epic of la cinema Playgirls and the Vampire, some summers back at a local drive-in. My husband (who had been munching pop-corn and somewhat half-asleep during a Vincent Price film) snapped to attention and eye tracked the screen intently when he noticed the baby-doll nighties were highly revealing, to say the least. My...he sure woke up in a hurry! He gets grotchky when I show him my cinema books and point out that the film we are watching on tv has been cut...I show him the scissored scenes in various books and he funes about the Unfairness Of It All.

Pfc Earl E. Evers, U.S. 51533159, 269 Sig. Co. (SVC) APO 09058 NYC

Dear Ben:

You did mention the Ace/Tolkien controversy, so now I'll whet my dagger and set to work. (Don't feel insulted, all I have is a dagger--I just got on the Cult AWL and my Broadsword and Battle Axe are somewhat notched right now!)

The average fan doesn't have a chance to boycott the Ace LOTR--unless he lives around one of the very rare newsstands that stock the Ballantine editon or owns the hardcover edition, the only LOTR available to him will be the Ace edition. And any fan who doesn't own the LOTR is Missing Something. (even if he doesn't like the books, he is going to feel pretty left out in most fannish circles if he doesn't know a little about them--you just can't have any sort of contact with fans these days without running across references--humorous or serious--to Tolkienish things.

And as you say, a boycott of the Ace LOTR isn't going to hurt Ace Books So I wish people would stop blatering about a newsstand boycott of Ace entirely. [Amen, brother, amen.---BCS]

But there is a boycott against Ace which is going to hurt them. It's by pros rather than fans, and it consists of not selling them stf and fantasy... So far, I've seen a direct published statement by Poul Anderson that he has told his agent not to place anything with Ace in the future; and I've seen some vague indications from other authors that they intend to follow suit. And this will hurt. There just aren't that many writers who produce the kind of stf and fantasy Ace publishes.

Earl Evers, cont.:

I don't blame them for boycotting Ace either--it isn't based on any vague idealistic blither about morality but on the cold economic fact that the Ace hierarchy has, in effect, said: "If we can screw an author and get away with it, we will." No one but a fool is going to deal with a publisher like that. Other publishers may be no better, but at least they haven't come out in cold print and said they don't give a damn for an author's rights.

And for every pro who come out and says he intends to boycott Ace, there will be several more who won't say anything, but will simply try all the available competition first and use Ace as a last resort for crud they can't place anywhere else.

Agents are going to be even warier, and the great majority of books these days are placed by agents. If an author gets taken by the sharp practices of a publisher, he loses some money and that's about all. He can chalk it up to experience and submit elsewhere next time. An agent in the same situation would see his reputation hurt--after all, that's one of the primary reasons for retaining an agent: he's supposed to protect the author from the publishing jungle as well as locate markets and fight for good prices.

In the long run, I think Ace will be hurt seriously by the whole Tol-Kien affair. Reputation is a funny thing, and I think Ace is well on the way to losing any reputation for respectability they may have ever had.

For once I agree with one of Mike Deckinger's reviews. Guess it's just a case of "fire is hot and water is wet" but it's still Nice To Know we agree on something for a change.

Neither of Phyllis Kleinstein's poems in #2 turn me on any more than her previous work did. But some people seem to like them, so I guess they have value. I found Steve Teller's two fillers to be quite good--they tell a story and evoke a mood; and if they don't do either too well, at least they gave me a few moments of pleasure thinking about them after I finished reading 'em.

"The World of Ray Bradbury" was a very well-written article; so good in fact that I got a lot out of it even though I wouldn't go to a Bradbury play with a free ticket. Bill Spicer makes the whole experience come alive so completely; he interests me in the techniques of the production even though nothing could interest me in the subject.

I've followed Lewis Grant's series of articles on the Terrene Age with great interest. Such speculation strikes me as important; stf'nal and fannish all in one.

A lot of stf writers have speculated about the changes man might have to make in his thoughts, morals, etc. in various alien environments or in changed societies of the future, but very few people seem to realize that almost none of us are even remotely adapted to our own environment as fast and far as it has changed since our parents were in their teens. I honestly believe a Seventeenth Century Englishman would have to do less adapting to live in London in 1900 than every American teen-ager has to do if he leaves a middle-class home in the Midwest and goes to New York.

Certainly his sexual morals change--at home he had the sex, but he had to give lip service to the morals as well. In NYC he can preach exactly as he practices if he wants; no one is watching him. / Hold it, Earl; out hypothetical Midwesterner's morals haven't changed at all; he's just being honest with himself.--BCS / Ditto for religion. There is no social pressure that forces one to give lip service to religion in any form; so the facade quickly fades away unless backed up by real belief.

The Terrene Age is, of course, the age of the city; right now it is centered in the cities and is spreading outward to the rest of the population. There has always been a great deal of adjustment necessary when a

Earl Evers, cont.:

young person moves into the city as so many have done for the past hundred or so years, but now the adjustment problem is greater than ever.

One point I've rarely seen mentioned is that, to a great extent, you can't solve your own problems of adjustment to the Terrene Age--you simply aren't smart enough. Remember centuries and a great deal of real talent, brains and hard, dedicated work went into the formation of the various past standards of thought and conduct. The Terrene Age is so new that, as yet, most of these things haven't been worked out. All phases of morality and philosophy are somewhat similar, but I'll take religion as an example.

Assuming, for the purpose of argument, that a religion has to suit the society its believers live in; a change in society will bring a change in religion. The more social conditions change, the more the religious structure has to change. As an example, the stern, detailed morality of the ancient Jews was well suited for the primitive, patriarchal culture of the Hebrews, but the more tolerant, freer beliefs of the Christians were better suited for the free-thinging-polyglot world of the Roman Empire. At the same time, Christian morality was better than that of pagan Rome (Better in a pragmatic sense, I hasten to point out; meadingsit won out.)

But how did this come about? The average man didn't work out the changes in religion necessary to meet social changes all by himself as we are told to do by the various people talking about adaptation to the Terrene Age. Religion changes the same way science or art changes--a genius makes a Bit Breakthrough and less geniuses develop and communicate the discovery; eventually, a new, more successful religion or scientific theory results. So far, the Terrene Age hasn't had a Christ; so we don't have a real religion either. All we can do is what the Romans did after their civilization started to develop and their Pantheon no longer served their needs: "I

sacrifice to all the gods; I believe in none of them." In other words, just coast along at loose ends.

There is no solution to the religious problem most of us now face or will face in the near future. Man does have to have some sort of religion --he's just built that way. And the Judeo-Christian God may not exactly be dead, but He certainly is dying. Christian morals no longer apply to our society; there is hardly one of us who can be called a "real" Christian. Art, science, and philosophy have broken with Christianity almost entirely. Hell, Christianity--a revealed miraculous religion--can no longer provide miracles to compare with those produced by our own technology. Christianity used to provide a great deal of entertainment and diversion, but it no longer offers any pleasures that can compete with the pleasures secular life offers. Almost all social and psychological and even medical welfare used to reside in the Church, but no longer--the government has taken them over, and as the Communist nations are finding out, it's pretty hard

to worship the State. I wouldn't know about that; Communism is a religion --in the sense that it serves as an outlet for the emotions. As such, it seems to have done a pretty good job of supplanting Christianity in the Soviet Union--BCS.] Religion serves emotional needs, and if it is correctly serving those needs, it serves a great many other as well. By any standards, Christianity has failed.



Earl Evers, cont.:

The early Christians really foiled their religion's chances for survival in the Terrene Age when they introduced the "Second Coming of Christ" and the "End of the World"--when you come right down to it, there whole thing reads, "Jesus loves the Bomb" and this insults every fiber of our survival instincts.

Yes, God is dead, but God is also the Phoenix. He is waiting to rise from the ashes. But, as yet, no one has come along to do the job. So we wait. I'd like to see it happen--the rise of a new major prophet and a great new religion is the wildest thing I can think of happening in our lifetimes. And the probability is really quite small... There just aren't that many Christs born. Unless, of course, there really is someone Up There or Out There to send us one just in the nick of time and in the hour of sorest need (and doubtless escorted by the U.S. cavalry)

Ghod is dead, long live Ghod!

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301

Dear Ben:

Andy Offutt's letter has turned me on in a couple of ways.

In the first place, the curfew Andy proposed for Watts (L.A., Calif.) was used and enforced by the Nazis in Holland. A friend of a friend of mine, who, during the occupation of Amsterdam left his house to ask if he could send for a doctor because his wife was in labor, was shot. So was his wife. I agree that stronger measures could have been taken in Watts (solving the immediate problem but making the long-range one more difficult) but Andy's suggestion is not, as he claims, justice. (Personally, I think a better solution would be in the citizens exercising their Constitutional right to bear arms, and to a more liberal interpretation of "justifiable homicide" or "self-defense" by the courts. Women aren't allowed to carry tear-gas guns out here because if let off too close to an attacker's eyes, it may blind him. What do I care about that, if it's his eyes or my life? Also, if more citizens do go about armed, that right/privilege should be revoked for anyone convicted of a felony.)

Secondly, the "collectivist society" paragraph. Now I'll have to contest this from my own experience, which isn't a very valid method. On the other hand, it's my experience which makes me resent this paragraph. And so:

1. Medicare--the "aged parasite group"

Both my parents have worked hard and long all their lives, for salaries ranging from \$10 to \$50 (max) a week. Five years ago, my mother had an abdominal cancer operation; it cost two years retirement income, and seven years off her earning life. Last year, my father was opened up from chest to ankle for vein grafting; another two years income, and five years off his earning life. Actually, putting this under "1" isn't really fair; the grafting was not possible, so he won't live to be an aged parasite... They are by no means passive or senile or useless; among their other contributions to society, they're active integrationists.

2. Lowering the social security age--the "semi-aged parasite group"

Mother's 58, Dad's 60. They're not eligible for social security, or Medicare, and they won't accept money from me. They've scrimped all their lives, but you can't save much on \$50 a week or less, even if you live on fish and oranges. (Last time they were out here I fed 'em a sirloin steak. It had been so long since they'd had one they expected me to bake it for an hour to make it tender.)

Frankly, after thirty-three years of work--not interesting, enjoyable type work, but hard, degrading type work--and more contributions to society than most, I think they've earned Social Security. Especially since they've

Felice Rolfe, cont.:

earned Social Security. Especially since they've paid for it. You know that 4 2% withheld from your check, andy? It's been withheld from their's since the program began.

It's eays to talk about the "aged parasite group", andy, as long as you're young. Most of the poeple for whom Medicare and Social Security is designed are a long way from being "parasites". And, frankly, I feel that a country which can spend so much on cigarettes and booze as ours, can afford to carry some parasites, for the sake of the much larger number who aren't.

On the matter of financing kindergarten for children whose parents aren't working, I can be less emotional. The kindergarten and pro-kindergarten programs are probably the soundest social investment ever thought up. It will pay an enormous rate of interest in the form of high school and college draduates in twenty years who are working; of kids who have broken the pattern of their parents, who do not present a law enforcement problem or a drain on our social services budget. As far as I can tell, the preschool programs are reaching the most reachable part of the whole problem. If you want it in dollars and cents, andy, think of the taxes you'll save when the children or relifers don't go on relief themselves anymore.

As mentioned above, I have a theory that a society as rich as ours, spending so much on trivia, can well afford to support even its bums. Merely supporting them, however, won't help anything--it just generates more bums. Project Head Start is a much more sensible approach, though God knows it isn't a complete answer either.

andy's attitude strikes me as being much like Marie Antoinette's; if they haven't got bread, let 'em eat cake...He hasn't been there. He hasn't been classed as an "aged parasite", after a lifetime of working and saving, only to have cancer or arteriosclerosis wipe out his plans. (Incidentally my dad probably wouldn't have arterio if he'd had an easier job or better income.) And has andy been a slum kid, wrapped in a cultural flypaper? Maybe he fought his way out of it; my folks did; but I feel for the ones who can't--I haven't got that kind of guts either.

As long as I' acidly reminiscing, suppose I jump into the middle of the gold discussion. Inflation now. Lessee, when I was born (I was a very aware baby), hamburger was about 15¢ a pound, steak 25¢ or 30¢ maybe. My folks built a house for about \$3500 counting land. Fish and oranges were damn near free, and a good pair of shqes cost maybe \$4. On the other hand, Dad earned about \$15 dollar a week, when he could find work. Mother was completely unemployable; what jobs there were went to single girls who needed them more. Steak they never had, 25¢ a pound or not.

Today, of course, hamburger is 69¢ a pound and steak \$1.19; our house cost \$22,000, and Joe pays \$20-25 for shoes. Also, last month, I went to work at \$130 a week. Inflation? Paper tiger. (Excpet, of course, if you're an aged parasite living on \$80 a month social security benefits. No offense, andy, I hope; but maybe you can see why I have admittedly overreacted. I'm not a "feed 'em regardless" type myself--but watch how you sling that "parasite" label around, hey?)

[Ed. note: After stenciling the letter column, I passed on pertinent comments to Lew Grant. The following is Lew's reply to his detractors. It's a bit early to say if this sort of rapid rebuttal will be a standard feature or not. We'll see.--BCS.]

Lewis Grant, 5333 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60615

Dear Ben:

Earl Evers hath some interesting questions and comments in his letter

Lewis Grant, cont.:

and some of them were brought up at a Mensa party where I spouted forth on the subject of ages of history, and how we are now in the Terrene Age.

Essentially, an era of history is a period when the "population" of a particular area has a particular world-view. I use the term population in its statistical or biological sense, because in any group of people, there are always the village cynic and the village atheist, etc. The "tribal", "barbaric" and "civilized" man that JWCampbell talks about are groups of people in a particular era of history. These eras or phases are able to co-exist for long periods of time, and there were hundreds of millions of people in the neolithic or tribal era of history up to WWII, and there are still millions now. Of course, starting with the city states of Mesopotamia, Egypt, etc., improved communications linked larger areas of the world together, so that they tended to travel forward together as a bloc, and an era of history became less an isolated tribe or village going through a phase, and more the entire "civilized" world going through a period of time. This is why we speak of the "tribal" or "barbaric" phase and the Medieval period. The medieval periods of China, Japan and the Islamic countries showed some close correspondence in time and aspect to Europe's, and I suspect that the sparse but continuous communication between them carried the latest ideas back and forth.

Evers is right when he says that you can't solve your own problems in the Terrene Age. This is one of the principal differences between the Modern Era and the Terrene Era. Essentially, men of the Medieval and tribal eras were Rieseman's Tradition-directed men. In the Modern Era, we graduated to being Inner-directed men. The Inner-directed man was started off in life with a short period of formal education which included a lot of pre-packaged morals and maxims as general statements of conduct. This was fine as long as life didn't change too much. In the traditional period, your life was almost identical to your grandfather's. In a tribe which had no writing, and therefore no written history, other than ideographic aids to memory, the history of the world went back to the earliest memory of the oldest man and no further. Therefore when you had a problem, you went to the Old Men (Senators, Aldermen, City Fathers, Patricians, Patriarchs) You were living life much like the lives they had led, and they could often solve problems by recollecting a similar problem of their youth.

When writing was invented, so that data was carried further than the third generation, it began to pile up rapidly. Soon men noticed that the life they were living was different than the life their grandfather had led at the same age, and their grandfather's ideas became old-fashioned. It became apparent that the life their children would live would be different also, therefore the children were taught general principles and maxims instead of detailed directions. No matter what came up, however, you were supposed to base your new solutions on these maxims, like: "Fear God and take your own part." "My country right or wrong." "Buy cheap and sell dear."

As we changed to the swiftly-evolving Terrene Age, it became quite apparent that even maxims and morals weren't keeping up. Terrene man developed an anxiety about not being able to cope with the world. He began to cultivate feedback and anxiously scan the faces of his neighbors for clues on the effect of his actions. Terrene man ceased being an Inner-directed man, sure of his ability to solve any problem that came up on his own hook, and became Other-directed man, constantly looking to others for suggestions about his next move.

A speaker at the Ethical Society referred to this as the Cybernetic Age, and it is quite true. The difference between automatic machinery, the machinery of the Modern Age, and the cybernetic machinery of the Terrene Age is that automatic machinery is pre-programmed with a series of instruc-

Lewis Grant, cont.:

tions, and it executes these instructions in order whenever the button is pushed. Cybernetic machinery checks the environment to see which operations should be carried out, and executes only those that the environment calls for. Modern man, similarly is an Automatic man. He dresses for dinner in tropic heat and humidity, because One Always Dresses For Dinner. Terrene man is a Cybernetic man. He sneaks down to see what everyone else is wearing before dressing for dinner.

I also agree with Evers when he says that Ghod may not be daid, but he certainly is retired. Actually, a better catch-phrase is: "Ghod is deaf." I think most Americans feel that Ghod is up there running things, but he doesn't listen to their prayers for rain or whatever, so they don't bother to pray for rain. They send petitions to Congress for irrigation projects. This may not be as effective, but it seems to be a lot more certain.

Actually, the fellow who seems to be dead is Jesus. Most Americans are actually Unitarians but don't know it. If you go back and look at Christian literature of the 1800's, you find constant uses of phrases like: "Jesus Christ says..." "Jesus is..." "Jesus will..." "Our Saviour can..." Today, most writers, except in the most fundamentalist writings, say: "Jesus said..." "Jesus was..." And how long is it since you heard someone refer to J.C. as "Our Saviour"? To most "Christians" today, Jesus of Nazareth was an eastern holy man who was born about 6 BC and died around 30 AD.

The religions of the world are just going through a natural evolution, which consists of their replacement by science. In tribal times, everything was sacred and mysterious. Every tree had its driad, every stone its troll. Objects were "killed" before being buried with a body. Then as man learned more about the world, especially after writing enabled him to store data, he became more confident of his powers. Class gods replaced individual gods. I stead of a god in each individual boundary stone, we had a god of boundary stones. The number of gods was constantly reduced, until we got to the seven major gods of the Greeks. Of course, minor gods were left withering on the vine, becoming demons, angels, heroes, saints, etc. Now, the Christian religion, which had three-gods-in-one, plus a whole bunch of angels of various sorts, plus The Devil, and a bunch of minor demons has worked itself down to Unitarianism. You can be fired from some jobs, etc., for not believing in God, but very few have been fired in the last twenty years for not believing in the Trinity or the Devil. The trend of evolution has been from everything being sacred and millions of gods, down to nearly everything being secular, and one rather impotent God.

I belong to a religion which has gone on to the next logical step in evolution, and has no god. In fact, we have heated discussions about whether we have a religion or not, and a lot of members don't like the word. However, stymologically, we have a religion, since "religion" means something which is bound or tied back to previous generations. The first organized religions were ancestral ghost worship, and one was tied to previous generations by religious rights.

This religion is called "Ethical Culture", and there was an article on it in the May 20th Time, page 96. Read Time, which will save me writing an explanation of it here. One of the things I like about it is that it thinks of religion as being man-made, therefore changeable, therefore if there are things about it I don't like, I can suggest changes. Of course, I believe that all other religions are also man-made and therefore man-changeable, but some of the members don't agree. Anyway, it is obvious that the reduction in the number of gods leads eventually to no god, just as

Lewis Grant, cont.:

the reduction in the number of clothes leads inevitably to no clothes. These are just natural parameters, like the speed of light or sound.

Did you hear about the new Polish University; Stash U? _ _ _ _ _

If Betty Kujawa will turn to a recent Vogue, she will see paint jobs instead of clothes. I think this will turn out to be a growing fad. For one thing, it is cheap. Probably comfortable, too. I suspect that before we have topless suits, and especially T&B-less, we will go through the paint phase. I suspect that a lot of women who would feel funny skinny dipping would feel a lot better with a thin coat of paint between them and eyetracks. For one thing, I was reading about a new type of make-up for swimming, which cannot be washed off with soap and cold water. Also, of course, not plain water even in large amounts. You need a non-toxic detergent and warm water. Body paint sounds more comfortable than plastic chip like in the current Vogue or Harper's Bizarre:

I suspect that morals are going to change (despite what Sieger sez) radically in the next three years, under the impact of LSD, mass communications, pan-terrene television, which we should be talking about in three years even if we haven't got it full blast by then, and just the general evolution of society. For one thing, starting in the last half of '68, just two years away, the society is going to be bombarded by "69" jokes. In 1869, most people didn't know what the phrase meant, and the few who did didn't use it in public.

AND SHORTER QUOTES:

Banks Mebane: #I suspect the reason for the high price on both the Ace and Ballantine Tolkiens was that the publishers didn't expect them to be the volume sellers they turned out to be. I remember either Wollheim or Carr commenting, at about the time of publication, that they didn't expect to break even on LOTR for several years and that Ace was publishing it primarily as a prestige item, hoping to gain access to the better quality outlets. #I am surprised that only Roy Tackett and I took issue with George Price's McKinleyesque article on gold. I suspect, though, that we'll be jumped on by the hard-money boys. Does anybody really want to go back to the old four-year boom-and-bust cycle of the Nineteenth Century?

Jerry Pournelle: #Do you really care if they give you a number instead of a name? #As to laws and legalism: Conservative I am; it's a matter of public record. But there is such a thing as an unjust law; which leaves one with the problem of what to do about it. My objection to the civil rights people is that they haven't bothered to inform themselves about what others have thought and done in this situation--there is quite a literature, you know, from Augustine and Aquinas to...

Terry Jeeves: #While agreeing with most of Mike Deckinger's comments, I must admit to remaining unconvinced as to value of color in a horror film. To be honest, it made me laugh at the Hammer version of Dracula--I just couldn't get into the right mood. #GHOD and the Topless Bathing Suit wondered around a bit in deep water before hitting its stride--I'm not too sure I agree entirely with the four reasons for clothes either. Certainly England will not go bare until either we get weather control or the climate changes. Until then we're only too glad to wear plenty of clothes to keep us warm and dry. Our two-day summers don't give us enough practice the other way.

