

# PROBE



VOLUME 2

NUMBER 2



# PROBE

2

Vol.

No.

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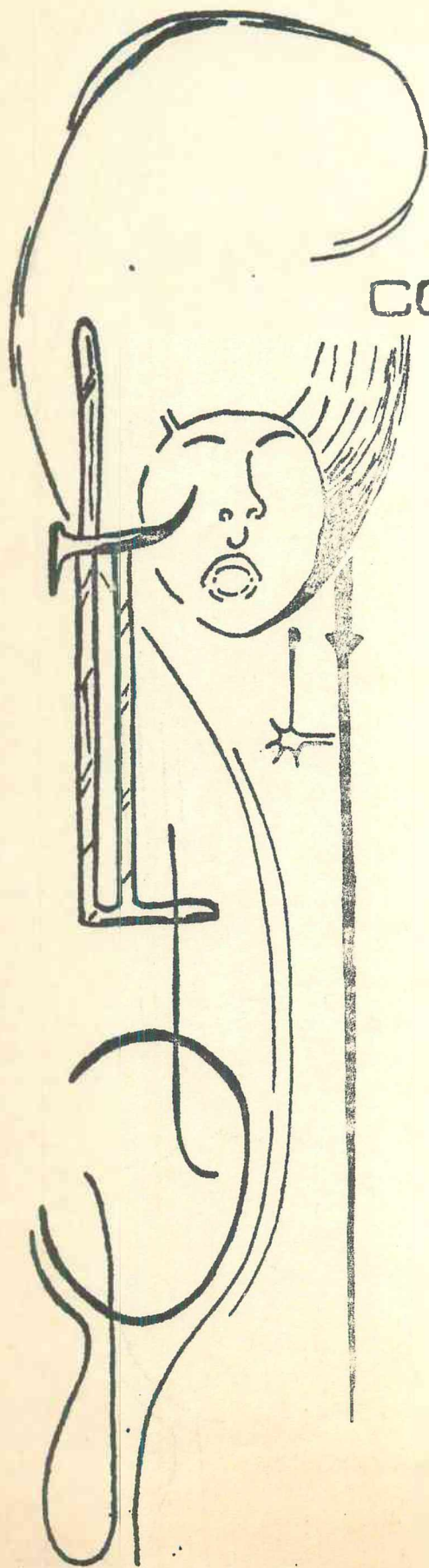
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If with pleasure you are viewing  
Any work that I am doing,  
If you like me or you love me, tell me now.

Don't withhold your approbation  
Till the funeral oration  
And I lie with snowy lilies o'er my brow.

For no matter how you shout it  
I won't care so much about it  
I won't see how many teardrops you have shed.

If you think some praise is due me  
Now's the time to slip it to me  
For I cannot read my tombstone when I'm dead.

More than fame and more than money  
Is the comment warm and sunny  
Is the hearty warm approval of a friend.

For it gives to life a savour,  
And it makes me stronger, braver;  
And it gives me greater spirit to the end.

If I earn your praise, bestow it,  
If you like me, let me know it  
Let the words of true encouragement be said.

Do not wait till life is over  
And I'm underneath the clover  
For I cannot read my tombstone when I'm dead.

ANON.

# EDITORIAL ...

Well, PROBE is almost completely typed, apart from the contents page and this. Boy, never again an issue as gigantic as this. Next time back to a more manageable size.

At this time of the year one sees all the hits of the previous year: like the best films, top tunes, Hugo winners and Nova winners and so on.

In keeping with the trend I decided to pick out my favourite ten SF books. Not of the past year as I haven't had time to read that many of the new books.

This was going to be an easy task I thought, so I grabbed a pen and some paper and started jotting those I could remember. Well, I finally stopped when the list reached nearly twenty. From these, I decided to cut down to ten. What a job. Certain books were easy - they demanded inclusion. Others were so close in favouritism that I almost thought I might have to toss a coin to decide.

I'm presenting them in order (alphabetically) of author and NOT in order of quality. This is to keep you guessing which demanded inclusion. I've also ignored Tolkien's trilogy as I consider that naturally above any other book and also because it's three books not one.

BLISH, James Earthman Come Home.

BRADBURY, Ray The Silver Locusts.

~~GEORGE~~, ~~Den~~ ~~Holt~~ Dark Universe Harsh Mistress.

~~HEINLEIN~~, ~~Robert~~ The Moon is a Harsh Mistress.

HERBERT, Frank Dune.

MATHESON, Richard I am Legend.

MILLER, Walter A Canticle for Leibowitz.

RUSSELL, Eric Frank Wasp.

SIMAK, Clifford City.

SIMAK, Clifford Way Station.

Well, there is my list for all you hungry wolves to get your teeth into. If you disagree, send me a list of YOUR top ten. I'm sure the rest of the members are interested. If you DO AGREE, well... maybe a good psychiatrist?

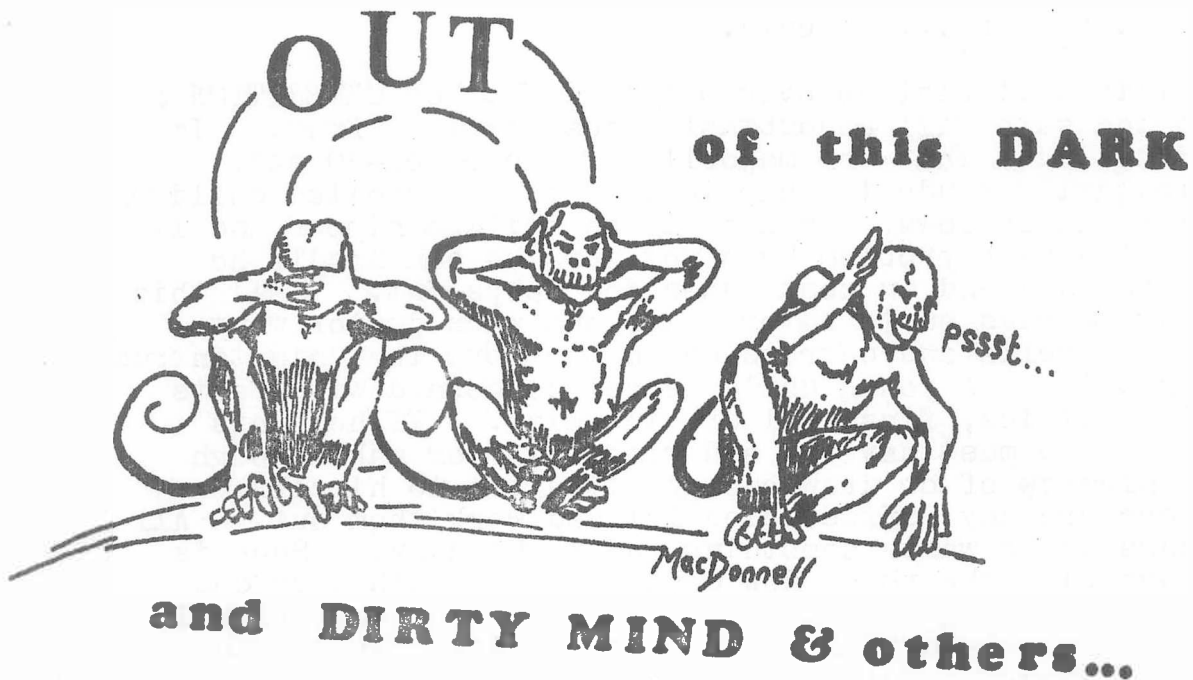
Anyway, let me hear from you, there's no prize attached to this one unfortunately, but don't let that deter you.

Maybe next time I'll publish my second ten. If I carry on like this I'll have taken care of all my editorials without saying much. See, Mary, It's easy when you know how...

One final point which I almost forgot. Please, no bombs just because YOUR favourite book isn't mentioned. I may not have read it yet.

Well, For THE Contents Page AND then THE HARD WORK.





I must comment on John W. Campbell's editorial appearing in ANALOG Nov '70. His editorials have long been the subject of controversy, as one may or may not know. He has been the editor of ANALOG since way back into its history as the old ASTOUNDING. He has and caused his magazine to last and last. Not only that but has driven it to become the most successful if not popular SF mag today. When I refer to ANALOG's unpopularity I refer to the governing thought in fandom which should be remembered comprises a very small part of the total of SF readers. There are many who have never heard of fandom. Thus may be seen that, although ANALOG is continually put down by the knowledgeable it continues not only to sell, survive as the most successful, paying the best rates for material, but continues to thrive and grow with increased circulation annually. This you'll appreciate is extremely maddening to its critics. Equally maddening but not only to the crits are the self-opinionated editorials therein. Campbell is a clever and intelligent man, his editorials range from every topic imaginable always, if necessary, complete with exact facts and figures. They are undeniably interesting and although popular among many are as unpop among others, there are no shades of gray with Campbell. I have on occassion been quite peeved by Mr C., on a whole though I generally half or 3/4 agree with him, he does make sense.

Out of this Dark... (contd.)  
.....

This Editorial however entitled THE NOW GENERATION & about the same will undoubtedly cause quite a fray. In it JWC alleges that the majority of the under-30 set, particularly students, hippies, et al are spoiled children. He cites as follows: When a kid is still a nipper and is confronted by a problem he's not sure he can handle he yells for dad and in most cases dad helps out. Well this complex carries on to later years and when junior wants sumpin he yells and carries on in the hope that his tantrums will get it. A young child is not concerned with facts or difficulties, financial or otherwise. If he wants something he must have it and right away or make enough of a nuisance of or draw enough attention to himself. If there are any difficulties let dad work them out. All he knows is he wants something and right away. Such is the case with the young Now Generation. With them dad is represented by the Establishment and they want rightly or wrongly certain changes made to society (rightly in a deal of cases.) But they want them NOW, regardless. They won't stand for any dillydallying from the Establishment such as sure we understand what's wrong we'll change it, in time though some ills can't be cured overnight by a quick shot of aspirin, sterling currency or what have ye, they know definitely that's just to keep them quiet and to ignore them. No, they won't stand for that they'll bawl for dad and get noticed by destroying other peoples' property and liberty. Its in a good cause. In other words it is the adolescent mind that recognizes what is wrong, what it wants but is not prepared to work out the means or cure, instead good ol', stupid ol', kicked in the teeth old dad must get on and do it regardless.

In the edit Campbell brings the case of Vietnam to fore. He challenges any one to work out a realistic plan to withdraw US forces from that theatre at once. The cost in lives and money to merely turn their backs on the enemy and leave would be astronomical. If you're fighting with a man in an enclosure and suddenly decide you're wasting your time, push him off, turn and start to climb over the wall. You can be certain if you opponent is somewhat unscrupulous, he'll be on your back pummeling. You might still make it over the wall at a cost. The best way to disengage would be to knock hell out of the opponent causing injury to still him or make his movements slower. Then carefully back away. Any disengagement of hostility must be made tactfully. To say I'm hell of a sorry I went to war with you, but see my error now, let's just stop and I'll go away. Fine, if whom you're talking to is an idealist with no ulterior motives.



Out of this Dark... (Contd.)  
.....

Unfortunately human nature being what it shouldn't this won't work. More fine feeling idealists, essential as they are, get kicked in the mouth and stabbed in the back by more dastardly and mean evil realists...

The same way the popular now idea of solving poverty by giving more money to the poor is doomed to failure. The problem would and does increase. To know you'll get a free hand out by not working is a very attractive idea. Now, somebody's got to produce the handout by one form of toil or other and if everyone gets tired of supporting everyone else and decides to go on the dole? What eer... One day maybe, when we get automation right and get on together... Maybe...

This type of edit can't help but be repetitive and not wanting to fall under that spell I will say no more of its contents, read it yourself - a must for a thinking person. It made me think. I found it repetitive as stated, smug, bitter and some cases rather insulting and yet logical and even in a sense morally correct. I am 21 a Now Generationer an idealist (tarnished) and although not actually a hippie or yippie, have nothing whatever agin another man different to me. I think passingly, SFers are more prone to this type of thinking, having been prepared through countless stories depicting the meeting and understanding of various cultures terrestrial and the X type different from one another. In most cases I respect Hips for their brevity in doing their thing and not giving a damn what the mob think. But there are basic limits to everything and if doing one's thing involves harming another by any means, physically or propertywise, it is wrong and should be stepped on, I therefore find myself in wholehearted agreement with that old square JWC, although he does come on a bit too strong I think.

A lot of people should stop shouting and demanding changes and things be done for them immediately and sit down and think of a good practical argument and means whereby to do them. Not only would this be more appreciated by all but senseless strife doesn't gain sympathy, especially today. Tomorrow there'll be a new old generation and another after that, anything badly needing doing will get done. By all means let us continue to raise hell with the Establishment, any thing too long established ain't good, but with a bit more intelligence and imagination, not slobbish selfishness.

Miss Pat Lyn c/o Engineering News Record, 330W 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, would like to hear from people who know of stories dealing with shipping, ports and harbours (SF stories) for an article she is preparing on the future of the above. Be nice and write the lady.

Out of this Dark... (contd.)  
.....

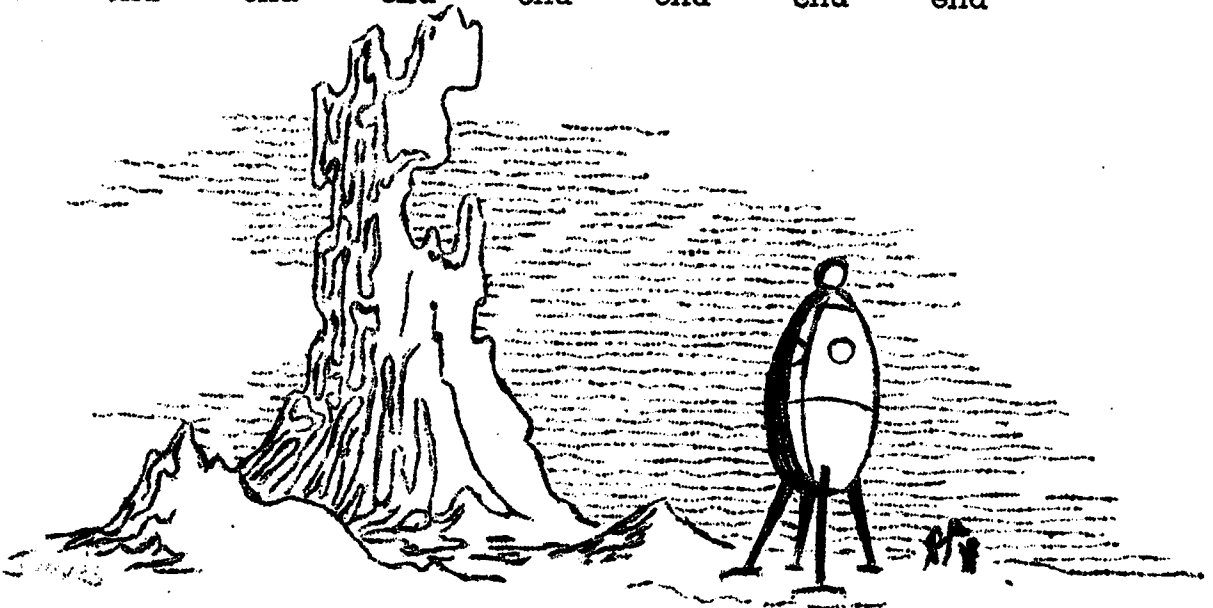
Any H.P. Lovecraft fans out thar ? Of notice to real fanats: Carls Bookstore, 945 Broadway, Tacoma, Wash. 98402, has 187 items of Lovecraftiana for sale, books letters, manuscripts, periodicals plus critical, biographical and bibliographical and miscellaneous matter. By the time you see this its not known what'll be left, but give it a try or hustle for more frequent PROBES.

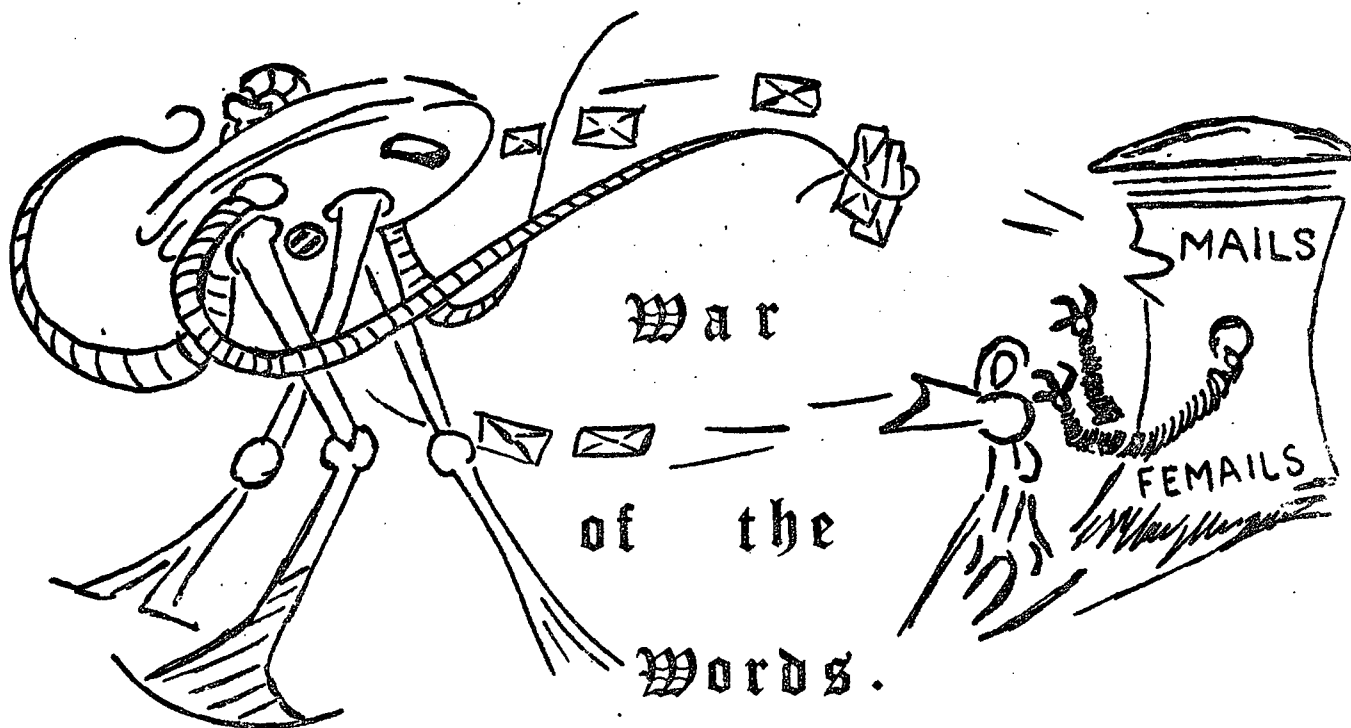
Niel Baron wants to do a glossary of fannish terms: Fen, Bem, Fanzine, etc, complete with their entomology, past and current use and so on. He plans to use them in an article for AMERICAN SPEECH a scholarly quarterly. Anyone knowing of such gold appearing in fan or prozines and can get photostats to Niel would be reimbursed and thanked. The address: Niel Baron, Asst Librarian, Sacramento State College, 6000 Jay Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95819.

Come to think of it, I wouldn't mind a term glossary myself. My overall knowledge of the above is frightfully poor. How about it Bernie, Tex, anybody ? I'll trade my personal list of selected porno terms.

Most titbits in this issue are distilled from the very stylized digest sized fanzine LUNA. Whereas SF REVIEW is basically a highly entertaining controversy zine, LUNA is geared almost entirely to news items, reporting of international fandom and book, magazine and film reviews. It is professionally lithoed and gives invaluable info as to current and up and coming releases by the various publishing houses. Nice little zine it'll cost you \$4.75 for a year sub, that's a whole twelve issues. Recommended, try it.

end      end      end      end      end      end      end





.....  
 : Mavis Cooper,  
 : Pretoria.  
 : .....

I have a bone to pick with the editor. Your comment after Kevin's letter was most obscure.

++ I'm pleased someone noticed - Tex ++

Just who is lacking in taste Kevin or the judges of the competition? If the judges then it is only sour grapes, if Kevin, you should have made it clear. Pl Please elucidate. ++ I did get a story into the ten finalists of N3F's short story contest - Tex ++

Trevor, I enjoyed your biography immensely. In fact, I thought it was a story ... Most original. How about a real story now, one that I can enjoy the ending as well.

The new covers are a welcome improvement, but what about some not so bug-eyed monsters on them. Anyway the second volume has started on a healthy note ♪ ♪ ♪, thanks to all who were responsible.

P.S. Colin, what about the item you said you would write for PROBE, when is it appearing?

zzzz zzzz zzzz ZZZZZZZZZ zzzz zzzz zzzz

.....  
 : Glenn White,  
 : Port Elizabeth.  
 : .....

The competition idea suggested by Kevin (1 point) should encourage contributions, I suppose, but the idea of a serial counting as only one story appals me! Surely it should be five points for each episode? The thought that 500 words can earn as many points as forty thousand,

Surely it should be 5 points for each episode ? The <sup>th</sup> thought that 500 words can earn as many points as forty thousand, simply shatters me. Oh well, I'll just have to buy my next subscription.

I love the new banner-head for the letter page in PROBE Vol. 2 No. 1, but was rather disappointed in the contents. Only three letters, and none to write home about. (I refuse to alter that last sentence.)

The art work I think has been steadily improving, thanks mainly to Kevin (2 points ?) PROBE has definitely improved with each issue up to now, but Vol. 2 No. 1 I thought rather thin. Tex will of course blame the littlest member of his family. ++ Never, she can't fight back - Tex ++

One thing I did notice with a certain misgiving, was the little note just above the list of contents, which read in part: "Ye scribblings to be sent to ye Editor and cehsor ... " Horror of horrors! A censor! Will this evil creature, by a stroke of it's omniscient blue pencil, strike out literary gems, merely to pay lip service to some misplaced sense of morality ? ++ Yep - Tex ++ I sincerely hope that our censor will be very discreet, and first consult the alleged culprit before (shudder!) deleting anything.

Well, where do I get my three points.

.....

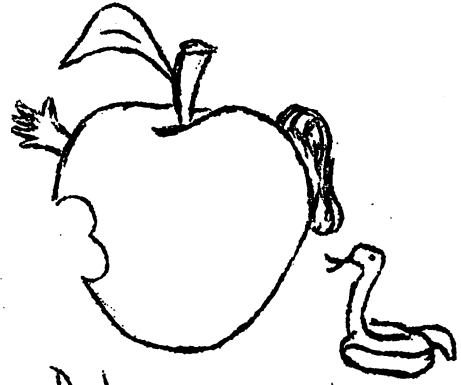
++ Glenn has raised a few points in his letter which require clarification. Firstly about the points for a serial. He has a valid argument and I have decided to allocate 5 points for each episode of a serial. The length of the episode may be altered of course, so don't try and send loo word episodes. Now, Glenn, where's that forty thousand word serial ? Also combined authors share the five points and don't get 5 points each.

Next, concerns the artwork. I have decided to allocate one point for each drawing appearing. This excludes any work by the art editor. However, the editor reserves the right to reject any or all work sent.

As for the dearth of letters in the previous issue. I try to print what I receive. If none are received, that's how many get printed.

Finally, THIS issue is a SPECIAL bumper issue of PROBE. Please do not expect a thick issue each time. I try to keep the size of PROBE to about twenty pages, which is what I have time for. Regarding which, time, unfortunately, plays quite an important part in my life. (I have so little of it.) This issue of PROBE has taken two weeks, working three hours per night, to be typed. At my normal pay this works out to about R100. And I still have to do the duplicating. I hope you realise why I must set a limit to the size of PROBE. Tex ++

There was this  
apple you see...



like Adam and Eve!



.....  
: Nick Shears, :  
: Johannesburg. :  
.....

I'm afraid I don't like Bill Rotsler's art. There's probably something deep down in it that appeals to some people (Mike for one) but I don't get it.

The condensed version of Prof. Sellschop's address seemed too condensed and stilted to make for easy reading. And what's the idea, Tex, of not printing the part in Robbie's speech where he thanked you (and Mary, though you print that!) for your service to the Club. Your modesty is overwhelming!!!! ++ Blush-blush - Tex. ++

Hearty congrats to all the new Committee members. If they can do as well as the previous committee then nobody can complain.

I liked Kevin's column. There's a review of Moorcock's BEHOLD THE MAN in the May ish of the English zine, SPECULATION, if anyone wants details without the book.

If that's your brother, Kevin, I don't want to meet him in a dark alley. The differently coloured cover looked quite good, but what gave with page 2 being larger? Gremlins at work somewhere?

++ Page 2 was a result of Metrication. The new paper is smaller than before, at the same price. Page 2 was the last of our old stock. Once again Metrication wins out. Mess for your money. Tex. ++

&&&&      &&&&      &&&&      &      &&&&      &&&&      &&&&

When I woke up this morning, I was in bed with a horse and all the lights were on. This struck me as being queer. When I go to bed, I switch out the lights.

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

.....  
: Kevin MacDonnell, :  
: Cape Town. :  
.....

I'd like to say of Niels' autobiog, it was great I really enjoyed it and almost entirely agree with it. Work that out yourself Niels. And Joyce baby I really got a pleasant kick from your biog. Rarely have I read a nicer piece than yours, really refreshing (and while my wife's out o' room an instant I think you're a living doll) Sovereign curls and baby blue's WOW.

Bernie you did a nice thing with fanzines. I thought a few points left out but liked the whole. For a guy who doesn't care all that much about SF you sure know a heck of a lot. I'd really like to know more about the byways of British SFdom which you are apparently well versed in. I don't know what your schedule is, Bern,

but mine's pretty tite. I really will try to drop a  
personal line sometime. Until then allabest and lets  
hear ya soon.

Don Miller of good ole Wheaton USA, that was a short sharp note from you. How about something more personalized and substantive? I dunno about the rest of the mob but I and my mother (I kid you not, she really reads this) would love to hear from you. Indeed, what about the rest of you fellas (if any?) Stateside, how about y'all dropping a line? Variety can be the spice of life, there's so much to learn.

Group and Cooper in particular, when are we to receive a bit of tantalizing fiction or startling fact from Texas? Write in now and demand. That's it. Print it hear. You must be pretty busy but maybe you can squeeze in a small piece.

Anne Freemantle,  
Johannesburg.

Please forgive me for not having written earlier, but I rather abruptly decided to go overseas in the middle of March and, as you can imagine, there are literally hundreds of details to be sorted out.

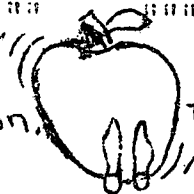
At this stage I plan to be abroad about eighteen months and I wonder if you would accept my resignation from the Club. When I return I will get in touch with you and rejoin.

I would like to congratulate you on the way you have built up the Club and on PROBE which I find highly informative and very good reading.

++ We are very sorry to lose you, Anne and we'll all be looking forward to welcoming you back as a member. In the meanwhile, have a good trip and should you come across any info which might be of interest to the members, we'd be only too pleased to hear from you. Tex. ++

As I lay there I said to myself: "Joe, you're a no-good bum." Then I punched myself in the jaw. I don't take that kind of talk from anyone.

Like Isaac Newton.





## E.R.B. - MASTER OF ADVENTURE.

by: Kevin MacDonnell.

### .Part One. .....

In the latter if 1912, there sat, scribbling away on the backs of letterheads and indeed on any old scrap paper that came to hand, a thoroughly dissatisfied man - to say dissatisfied is to say the least - he was fed-up.

After a rather interesting if somewhat uneventful school career, attending numerous schools and attaining in the process the verdict - Average with a marked aptitude to attention wandering - he joined his father's small business. Failing to make a go of this, lacking then, in his formative years, so to speak, a business sense (whether he ever developed one is open to conjecture. I'm inclined to think he did as later events will show.) he drifted from job to job, none being of sufficient interest for him.

Being a romantic at heart, he found that there was very little the present-day world could offer him 'cept knocks of very high density. (A romantic, to briefly define, usually perceives practically everything through rose-tinted spectacles. Lord, only I should know. When stark, harsh realities smash these lenses, forcing their true, gross, ugly selves to view, the viewer turns aside, looking either backward to the unchangeable past, or forward to the yet to occur future for solace. Both these terrains, however untouchable, can be shaped to any form, by and within, the mind. Escapism? Maybe, but not disordered retreat, rather a strategic withdrawal for the psyche involved to a rehabilitation centre within oneself to rest and recoup stung, hurt feelings, then a return to reality fresh, with vigour renewed and lets face it - don't we all get a little run-down and long for that little bit of peace or forgetfulness? Some people bash a ball about, others other people, to escape their fears or uncertainties. A romantic rides the inner worlds and intrigues of self-creation.)

This then, was the case of the 'scrap-paper scribbler'. Unable, so far, to come wholly to grips with the real world and with the darkest reality of all, failure, hanging Damocles-like over him, our hero found it necessary understandably, as well as pleasant, to partake of large doses of daydreaming of the wildest sort.

His current employment required, as part of service, the chore of sifting through the various pulp magazines of the day, ensuring that advertisements that had been placed by his firm, were appearing.

Inevitably, this troubled-in-ego man's attention was drawn to the imaginative and adventurous stories that appeared in the majority of these magazines.

E.R.B. - Master of Adventure: (contd.)

They reminded him in a way of his own flights of dreaming. Never having taken these seriously in any way whatsoever, knowing them for what they were, fantasy, he had merely basked in the personal warm glow inherent. It struck him, though whilst reading these similar in character tales, people actually paid money to read this type of thing, incredible, laughable but there it was (people aren't all that different from one another really.)

O.K. as a joke and because it would be enjoyable in itself (maybe money was another incitation) he would write a story, utilizing that which was all but complete in his mind, needing only the right words and coagulation on paper.

Now he sat, scribbling away at rather a fantastic in itself, pace. It ended. He still, when submitting the completed saga, treated the affair half seriously, believing that if it was accepted at all, it would have little impact on any but a few like himself - screwballs perhaps. If he sold it, fair enough, he would make an extra dollar to help with the meagre fare presentably controllable and intensified by a wife and two children. If not, well he had had a great time writing it anyway. So way out a tale he considered it, that fearing people might doubt the author's sanity, he delivered it under the pen-name 'NORMAL BEAN' to allay any such suspicions.

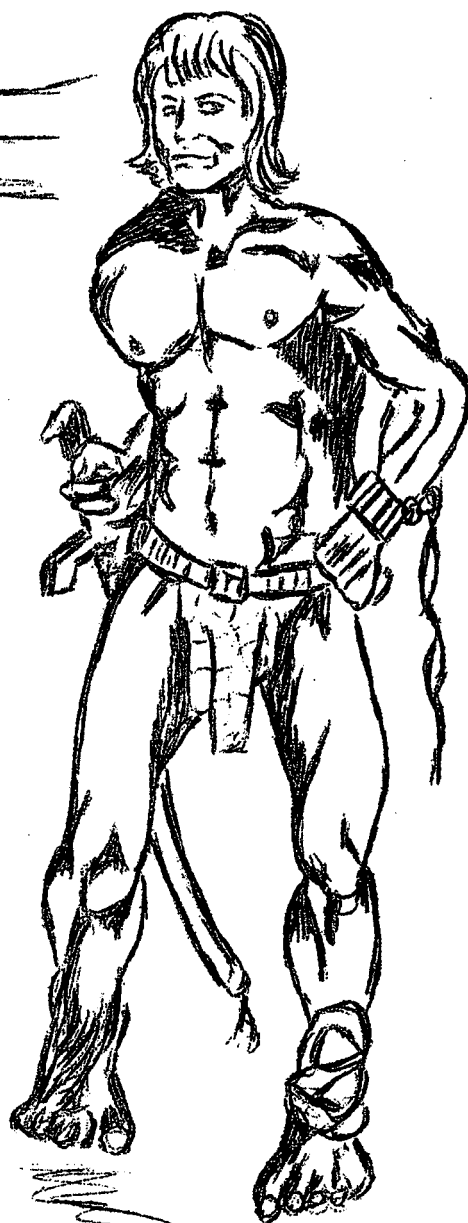
Normal Bean was paid 400 dollars for that sanity bender by Thomas Newall Metcalf, the then editor of 'THE ALL STORY MAGAZINE' in which it was to appear. Interestingly, when it did make its debut, it did so accredited to a NORMAN Bean. Apparently whilst under the scrutiny of either editor or proof-reader, the decision had been reached that NORMAL Bean couldn't be for real (any guy with a name like that sounded like a nut) and must be a typographical error, the necessary adjustment was made, hence Norman.

THE MOONS OF MARS as it appeared, a six part serial from February through July 1912, in ALL STORY (it was later to appear countless times to the delight of countless souls under a ~~new~~ well-known title in book form) was indeed a joke on the author's reasoning. He had planned no future tales or sequels to it, it was after all a try, a drop in the ocean, only this drop proved to be the start of a tremendous tidal wave. So many readers wrote in with such a clamor that this, coupled with the monetary side and the fact that at last he'd found something he enjoyed doing, persuaded him to 'write a few more.'

He wrote the sequel to MOONS OF MARS (or as it would later be called - THE PRINCESS OF MARS) called THE GODS OF MARS, which proved just as, if not more popular, re-introducing John Carter in a continuation of a saga that would eventually stretch into several books, outlining



Warlord of  
Mars.



E.R.B. - Master Of Adventure: (contd.)

in the process, a whole world in detail, including the various races, politics, religions, superstitions, achievements, even histories. In fact, so complete was the overall construction, that if thoughts were (as yet) capable of transforming materially, a world, the beauty, charm and indeed, wonder of which few could imagine, would exist.

Burroughs had occasion once to write that he hoped people would not take him (his writing) too seriously. This was due somewhat to the fact that many who did read him (and some still today) found it required a conscious mental effort not to take him seriously, even though realising that which they read was fiction. Some really did believe, so captivating and descriptive was his writing, it drew, draws one right into the drama or frolic being enacted between the pages.

GODS appeared in 1914. Preceding it in 1913, the NORMAL BEAN penned another tale with a totally different setting to his first. It was a jungle adventure story set in the wilds of then remote and romantic Africa. It's title - TARZAN OF THE APES.

Thus was started the literary career of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, which, within his lifetime spanned some 90 odd books, a proliferation of short stories and articles ranging from the plains, jungles and cities of Mars, Venus, Jupiter even to Beyond the Farthest Star of Poloda in another stellar system, to the aid of Earth and Her Satellite and further still, to the Earth's core and fabulous PELLUCIDAR, set in the present, past and future, encompassing scientific and historic romances, westerns, crime, realism and satire.

To note of Burroughs' writing style. Most stories were done using a framing technique to introduce the main character, who would then recount in the first person to the interested chronicler, who usually served to build the frame, his tale. Another facet of his style was, although each tale was complete in itself, there was always an opening left for a sequel. Many fine and memorable series culminated. Among the better known: TARZAN - some 25 books went to make up this series. Others included the MARTIAN - 11 books, the VENUSIAN - 4 books, PELLUCIDAR, the Earth's core - 7 books, THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, the lost continent of GASPAK - 3 books, THE MOON, a grand tale that stretched from the moon in one novel, to the invasion and subjection of Earth by the moon men in a second, it starts in 1967 and ends generations later, 20 to be exact, 2 books, etc, etc, plus many single novels.

Another subtlety of ERB's literary world was the sometimes barely perceptible link between unrelated tales or series, be it brief or otherwise, appearances of character and/or events which all in all build a delightfully interesting and somewhat realistic background for the overall.

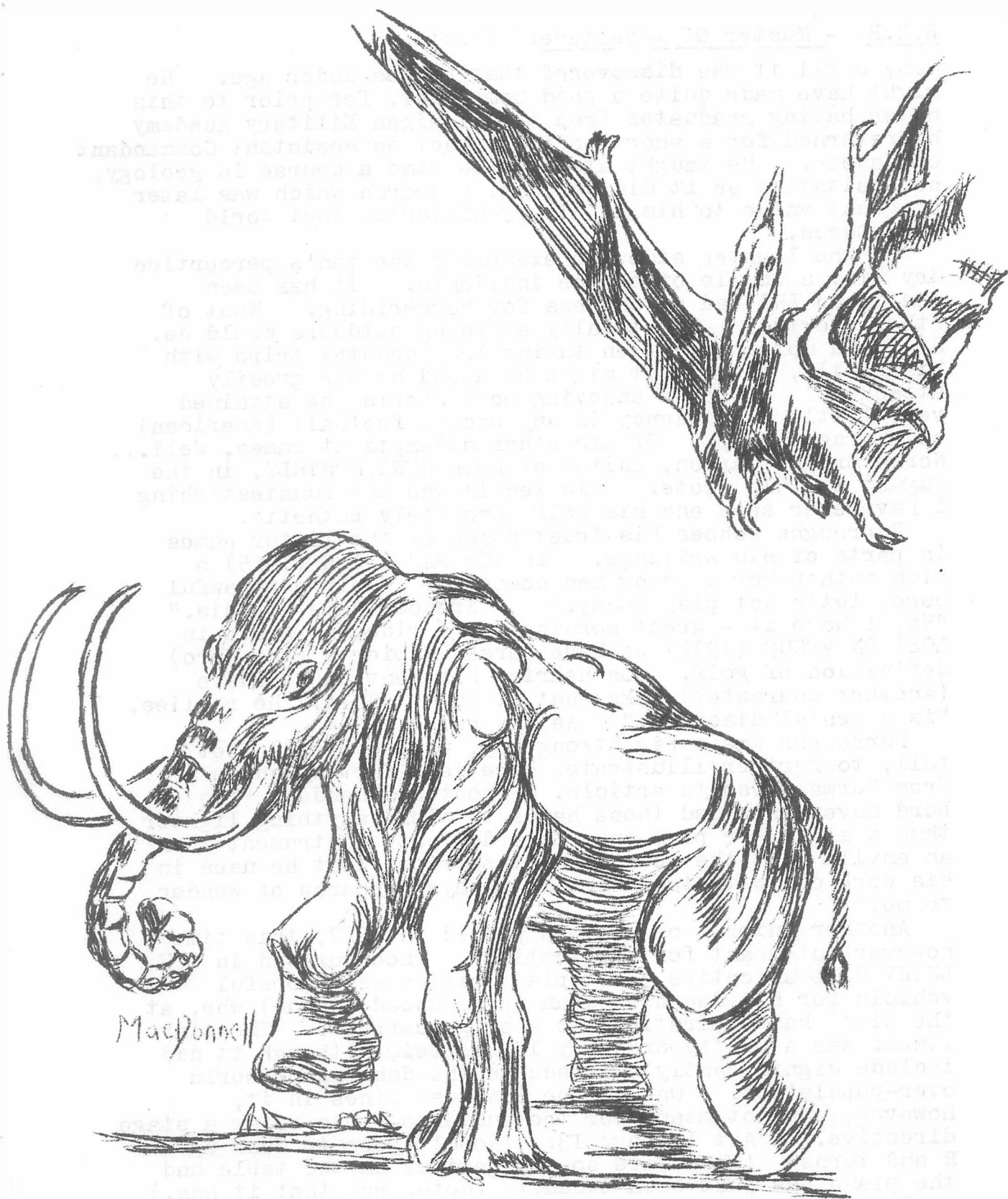
Whilst on the point of background, in order to satisfy any and all statistical-hungry intellects, and hopefully make this account more interesting to 'orlandsundree' here are a few facts in clearer detail than previously described. Edgar R.B. was born in Chicago, USA on Sept 1, 1875, the son of an ex Civil War, Union Major, who was currently a rather successful businessman. His varied school career saw him in turn, attending THE BROWN SCHOOL, MISS COOLIE'S MAPLEHURST SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (that's right, some guys have all the luck, to coin a well-worn phrase) the HAVARD SCHOOL PHILLIPS ANDOVER and finally the MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY.

As stated, ERB was a mediocre student by all accounts, though he greatly enjoyed his spell at the military academy, finding the vigorous outdoor life, with ample opportunity for horsemanship (one of his major delights) much to his liking. Conjecture is that here was born, as was later so evident in his writing, love of the military virtues of honour, courage and combat skill. Burroughs' infatuation for the military way showed in many of his works to the near point of glorifying war and bloodshed albeit in noble causes only.

When reading BEYOND THE FARTHEST STAR one is struck by a marked reversal of thought, in that, although war once again is shown, it no longer bears the mantle of glorified righteousness, rather its true, more realistic, ugly form of useless chaotic waste. One should bear in mind that this was one of Burroughs' last books, written after the Second World War, in which he served as a war correspondent in the Pacific theatre. This was the first time he had actually beheld real war and its wake of misery.

Its highly probable that this was the cause of his anti-war hangup evident in this novel. Let me point out that Burroughs' previous works were by no means nasty in comparison, utilizing as he did the beautiful-but-outdated and today laughed-at ideals and values of chivalry, justice and compassion. Who needs 'em? Maybe we do, maybe not, but if you ever slow down enough to think, I mean REALLY think, where the Hell we're going - and be truthful about it - Boy will you get a fright.

To return to ERB. At the time of his introduction to war, he was nearing the three-score-and-ten mark (the oldest accredited journalist of WW 11) Much earlier in life, during WW 1, he had served for a brief spell in the



E.R.B. - Master Of Adventure: (contd.)

army until it was discovered that he was under age. He might have made quite a good Commander, for prior to this after having graduated from the Michigan Military Academy he returned for a short period to act as assistant Commandant of Cadets. He taught at the same time a course in geology, necessitating as it did for him, research which was later of great value to him in his prehistoric, lost world adventures.

On the lighter side, to exemplify the man's perceptive dry wit, a couple of choice incidents. It has been mentioned ERB had a fondness for horseriding. What of other sports? Practically anything outdoors would do. He loved motoring, often taking long country trips with his family, to whom it might be added he was greatly attached. Although enjoying most sports, he attained very little proficiency in any except football (American) and horsemanship. Of his other attempts at games, well... Norma Bright Carson, editor of BOOK NEWS MONTHLY, in the August of 1918 wrote: His tennis was the funniest thing I have ever seen and his golf absolutely pathetic.

Burroughs echoes his frustration of the latter games in parts of his writings. In THE MAN EATER (1915) a rich rather bored young man comments: "Golf's an awful bore, let's not play today." "Tiresome game, tennis." "Ha, I have it - great morning for a ride." Again in LOST ON VENUS (1932) we have Carson Napier's (the hero) definition of golf. On hearing him mention it Duare (another character) asks what it is. "Golf," he replies. "is a mental disorder." As may be.

Burroughs was a big strong boy, well over six feet tall, to further illustrate, here is a further quote from Norma Carson's article. About his hands: "The Lord never intended those hands to wield anything lighter than a sledge or play on a more delicate instrument than an anvil, that the four pound typewriter that he uses in his work can withstand them is always a source of wonder to me."

Another snippet of wit was penned in 1927, this time however not meant for publication. Incorporated in YOU LUCKY GIRL an entire 3 act play written as a hopeful vehicle for his daughter Joan (pronounced Joanne) who, at the time, had aspirations to a stage career. The play itself was a pretty ordinary love ~~affair~~ although it did include significantly a tirade on the dangers of world over-population. One of the funniest lines in it, however, was not meant for the audience, this being a stage directive. "Act 1, page 13: 'Good' (goes to door up R and turns) 'There are some magazines on the table and the piano has just been tuned.' (Note: See that it has.)

One could go on recounting incidents and analysing both Burroughs and his works almost indefinitely.



E.R.B. - Master Of Adventure: (contd.)

The probabilities, pros, cons, whys and wherefores, the history of Burroughs, what gave him ideas, justifying them independently to give greater credibility and meaning is never-ending and has been carried out for more than a generation by his fans. It would be a mental and physical impossibility for me, or indeed any other to give a full account. At least a 1000 novel (I kid you not) would be required to give any worthwhile insight. I shall content myself with this limited account and hope that it will not wholly content any who read it, leaving perhaps, a spark to smolder and burst into the flames of curiosity, causing the burnt one to investigate a deeper personal understanding of this fascinating man and his, even more so, work. Its not tedious or difficult. In fact, you might find it very gripping easy entertainment. Of course, the ever-present 'One man's meat, another's poison' is never truer than in this case (somes that can't stand ERB.)

If you've never tried, how do you know? Will you ever? Don't go by vague opinions of no one in particular, after all, who's your master? Are you self possessed? Or ...? If one has tried and still has an aversion, try again. Maybe you picked the wrong book. Above all, don't go by the films.

If one's tried a couple of dozen times and still doesn't go ape (no pun intended) okay you've made your point. You don't like Burroughs.

As a parting shot. That ERB had many forms of employment before taking to scribbery, we know. How many and what were they? Rather than attempt to personally detail these, let the Master himself describe, in his own inimitable and wry manner, his post school careers, here culled from the June 1941 ish of AMAZING STORIES. His own autobiographical note: "Somewhere along the line I went to Idaho and punched cows. I greatly enjoyed this experience. As there were no bathtubs in Idaho at the time, I recall having gone as long as three weeks when on roundup without taking off my boots and stetson. I wore Mexican spurs inlaid with silver, they had enormous rowels and were equipped with dumbbells. When I walked across a floor, rowels dragged behind and dumbbells clattered. You could have heard me coming a city block. Boy, was I proud.

After leaving Orchard Lake (Michigan Military Academy) I enlisted in the 7th Cavalry and was sent to Fort Grant, Arizona, where I chased Apaches but never caught any. After that, some more cow punching, a storekeeper in Pocatello, Idaho; a policeman in Salt Lake City; gold mining in Idaho and Oregon; various clerical jobs in Chicago; department manager for Sears, Roebuck and Co. and finally TARZAN OF THE APES."

E.R.B. - Master Of Adventure: (contd.)

Finally... Well, not quite final.

The whole preceeding tied up most loose ends as to who Burroughs was and gave some insight as to what he was like, but how did he fare with the predator critics ever present ? How did he fare at large, any degrees of fame or shame ? Reactions ? M M M M M Can tell! Next ish, tho' ... So tune in then (Would ya believe... Station PsRfOsBaE No 3) and Marvel. Hokay ?

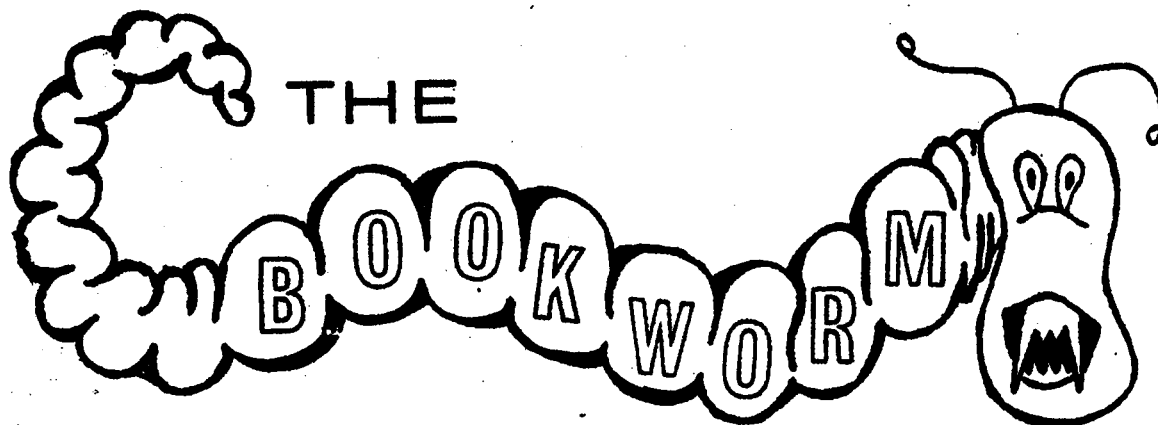
How about 32 languages yet. Yet more ????????????

To be continued...

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What about Ray Bradbury ??????????????????????





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F L E S H :  
.....

Philip Jose Farmer.

reviewed by Niels Christiansen.  
+++++

An old story, this new edition should be read by all those who have so far not had the pleasure.

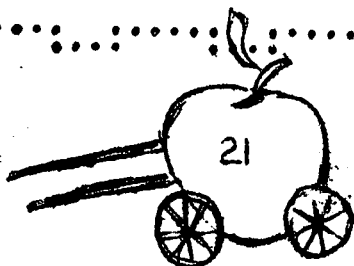
Farmer was much criticised when he started writing because of the sex content of his stories. This book, described on the cover as 'The ribald SF Classic', could quite easily be described as 'Sex Fantasy.' It is a brilliant piece of writing that is both amusing and entertaining. To quote from the cover blurb: 'Chosen as Sunhero, (space-captain Peter Stagg) he is equipped with a magnificent set of antlers and an ungovernably hyppd-up basic male urge. He also finds he has certain duties to perform - ~~duties~~ involving thousands of eager virgins all over the state of Deecce.'

Never does the book touch on the pornographic, all is left to the reader's imagination. Should really appeal to those who daydream of being turned into a satyr with unlimited opportunity and inexhaustible ability.

.....

I invited her in and she was just my type - a woman.

.....



Like an applecart!

.....  
H O T H O U S E  
.....

Brian W. Aldiss.

reviewed by Kevin MacDonnell.  
+++++

The hothouse of the title is Earth thousands of millions of years in the future sweltering under a nova going sun. Half the world is covered by a vast forest, plantlife under the huge sun's radiations having taken the ascendancy over the animal world evolving into ingenious and sometimes dangerous forms. Still living in the middle levels are the remnants of a greatly back to nature humanity which together with the most original character yet, the Morel, make or rather are immersed in the action. But, what the hell, I'm getting tired of describing these tomes. It's an excellent book and you better believe, it carries a double recommendation.

.....  
The bewitching, intoxicating scent of her perfume filled my apartment. It reminded me of the primitive jungles. Dangerous and wild. You've heard of Tabu. This was Sabu - makes you smell like an elephant.  
.....

+++++  
C H A R I O T S O F T H E G O D S  
R E T U R N T O T H E S T A R S  
+++++

Erich von Däniken.

reviewed by Nick Shears.  
.....

These two books deal with the same theory and its proof. The second, RETURN, merely amplifies the first with newly uncovered detail. CHARIOTS was serialised in SCOPE magazine in October 1969, RETURN in Oct/Nov 1970.

The theory is more or less put in a nutshell in this quote from RETURN:

- "'Gods' came from the cosmos.
- 'Gods' selected a group of beings and fertilised them.
- 'Gods' gave the group which bore their genetic material laws and instructions for a civilisation capable of development.
- 'Gods' destroyed those beings who relapsed into their former ways.
- 'Gods' gave the chosen group an extensive knowledge of hygiene, medicine and technology.
- 'Gods' imparted the art of writing and methods of cultivating barley."

## Chariots of the Gods: (contd.)

von Däniken gives many examples of inexplicable relics of the past; an electrical battery over 2000 years old; a representation of a planetary system on an ancient Assyrian cylinder seal; an airfield for space-craft in Peru, thousands of years old; a broad copper chisel (found at Ur) bearing engravings of 5 balls, a loudspeaker, 2 'absolutely modern rockets' emitting rays at the rear, and a pretty accurate 'copy' of the Gemini 5 capsule; Peruvian clay models of spaceships, many centuries old and innumerable other such things.

Apart from his basic 'God' theory quoted above, von Däniken puts forward many strange theories, unacceptable to some, perhaps, but fascinating nevertheless. I won't list them here; I'd rather let you discover them for yourself as von Däniken unfolds them slowly. He also offers explanations for things previously unexplained in the Old Testament, the Epic of Gilgamesh and various other Ancient Writings.

RETURN is rather repetitive and boring after having read CHARIOTS, so I would recommend a space of a few months between readings.

But, taken with the proverbial amount of salt, both books make for fascinating reading and certainly make one think.. And, after having digested the contents of the books, apply von Däniken's theory to the New Testament. Then take a sedative and get a good nights sleep. And pray that you don't dream.

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===== F I N I S =====

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Copyright 1971: N.J. Shears.

[illegible]

L O R D O F T H E F L I E S

William Golding.

reviewed by Kevin MacDonnell.

A much talked about and raved about book deservedly so. Vaguely along the lines of THE BUTTERFLY REV. in that both writers have utilized children to portray obvious yet shyed from human behaviour mostly prevalent in adults. It departs definitely in content and impact. Whereas BUTTERFLIES leaves one coolly thoughtful, FLIES leaves one decidedly uneasy even a little scared and disgusted at what might lurk below man's outward face of civilized culture awaiting only the right circumstances to emerge.

A hard hitting novel it's to begin with heavy and takes a bit of getting into but once in well worth it.

THE SERPENT  
ATLAN  
THE CITY

Jane Gaskell.

reviewed by Niels Christiansen.

Easy and entertaining reading, the above books ~~are~~ the story of Cija (pronounced Key-a) whose mother, Dictatress of a Northern country, keeps her locked in a tower until the age of 17. Cija is led to believe that she is a Goddess and the world is populated only by females.

When the country is overran by the Dragon-General, Zerd, Cija is released from the tower and told by her mother: "He is the most vile man living. You must make him marry you." Cija travels as hostage with the General's army in order that she can seduce and kill him.

Raped by a fellow hostage, Smahil, Cija ~~lives~~ lives with him as she has nowhere else to go and no-one else to look after her. She then discovers that Smahil is the son of the High Priest who is also her father. Filled with loathing she runs away.

Unsuccessful in her attempts to prevent the Dragon-General from conquering Atlan, Cija marries him, becoming Empress of Atlan. When Zerd's two previous wives decide that the title of Empress is rightfully theirs and approach with armies, Cija is once more thrown on her resources and escapes from bandits, wolves, a mad scientist and a swamp of dinosaurs.

Written as a translation of Cija's diaries, the reader is introduced to the rather naive personality of Cija who throughout the story retains her childish wonder at the world around her.

Well worth reading, the reader should be warned, however that the story does not actually end and it is obviously Jane Gaskell's intention to continue.

££££      ££££      £££££      ££££      ££££

From the blood on her face, the bruises on her arms, the scratches on her legs, I somehow sensed she was in trouble. ~~I~~ ~~him~~ being blackmailed, need £50 000 and am thinking of going to the Police."

"Don't do that, baby. They won't lend you a cent."

££££££      £££££  
P U B L I S H E R  
Henry Rutter



like an apple a day

one of this well worked and written

=====

F U R Y

=====

Henry Kuttner.

reviewed by Kevin MacDonnell.  
.....

Good ole SF this and a fine well worked and written tale to boot, which is sadly not the case with a lot of SF. After an atomic war the remnants of man are comfortably holed up in a number of vast domed 'keeps' on the sea beds of Venus, the surface conditions being too savage to support humans, supporting as they do huge deadly forests of killer plants and vicious reptiles. Man's weapons are either too weak to deal with the surface denizens (cleverly and believably described) or too powerful, just having left one atomic funeral pyre behind they have no wish to start lighting fires again on their new home.

They are ruled indirectly by various immortal families (Mutants) from whom springs the hero into the aforesaid background.

The work is taken up with his selfish rise and fall in which he concocts a variety of clever schemes to move the rather lethargic 'keep' inhabitants to the surface, where a small colony strives against nature. He naturally has his own needs at heart but is actually inevitably doing everyone a favour. A good book this. One thing the publishers make great play of describing this as a violent novel. I guess in a way it is, emotionally even slightly physically but not very... I thought.

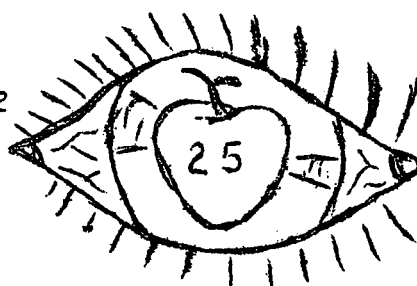
Normally when I wish to supplement my reading diet with a 'little bit of violence' just to bring me down to the good earth again I pick up the Sunday Papers.

££££      ££££      ££££££      ££££££££      ££££      ££££

I felt like a drink, so I walked to the desk, pulled open a drawer, took out a bottle and swigged the lot in one gulp. It was ink, but that's all I had, so I sat there blotting my teeth.

.....  
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.....

Like the  
apple of the  
eye!





Who's Who

S. F. S. A.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT:

On attaining 15 years in the March of 1964 (pisces my sign) I had decided I was rather fed up with my life. I had, seemingly, no goals, unlike when younger I desired the inventive life of a scientist. I did in fact compile a small portfolio of cutaway designs dreamed up at the oddest times. These included rockets of both Homo and non-Homo carrying varieties, new weapon concepts, a ray gun & anti sub torp, a mechanical limb construct to replace mislaid ones - this started with a hand an' just grew 'n grew. Earth boring vehicles, flying and undersea tanks, jet planes, you name it - even an egg washing machine.

Looking over them now they do seem to leave a lot to be desired although the ideas appear all right needing only, I would venture, some other bright biped's technical abilities.

Girls at the time were strictly out, I was far too serious. Sides I was too shy. Apart from edging into the future, I found myself almost constantly reliving the past trying to figure out troubles that happened at least 20 years before. Here's one for the books. At one time I was quite a voracious little nazi, real 'right' man, I even wrote a local newspaper. They did not print my letter (thank God) I'm not particularly proud of this phase, but there it is. I have since changed quite a bit, being 12 at the time or thereabouts.

Anyway my discontent with life reached a peak in '64. I longed for something to come to grips with, I wanted adventure. That's when I saw an advertisement in the Sunday Times for the Rhodesian army. I wrote them and in due course received forms application to be filled in, in duplicate and a very pleasant booklet describing the joys of army life, much later I was to learn different, at the time though, everything looked good. I was a bit too young by about 6 months, 16½ being the requisite minimum attestation age.

I had made up my mind though, and left Cape Town in late October '65, the worried good wishes of mother and reluctant ones of father as a send-off. I had immediate regrets as the train pulled out; but with a one-way ticket and R10 in my pocket, there wasn't much I could do.

Believe it or not: (contd.)  
.....

I was signed into the 1st Battalion Rhodesian Light Infantry on October 5 and commenced to enjoy a life of discipline, physical impossibilities and absurdities, found nowhere else, whilst in the army proper and booze and breads to such a (pleasant) degree whilst off duty that sweet memories still assail. It was whilst in the army doing bush patrols in the Zambesi Valley that I first chanced across SF. Our patrol had been stuck in the middle of the Valley for about a week with nothing to do. Oh, there were a couple of patrols as I remember, nothing very strenuous though, being self-respecting soldiers we grabbed every possible opportunity to 'goof off' being in the middle of a practical jungle was ideal. The corporal in charge was a real sport too. Needlessly, there was precious little to do. We yakked, smoked, looked around, yakked. I tried the Weed, Marajuana on this occasion for the first and only time. I didn't see anything wrong in it or dislike it very much. Back in the camp pot smoking and an abundance of other forms of drug taking existed. I had always felt no need whatsoever to partake preferring beer and some occasions vodka or whisky.

The whole lot did however fascinate. Another reason I did not partake before in camp, was it was pretty dangerous, being a dishonourable discharge offence. Out in the bush, though, I thought it a bit of a gas. The only effect this had on me was a marked relaxed feeling and things looked pretty good. I found I tired pretty quickly when exerting myself even a little. I did not break into fits of laughter at the silliest things as I had seen others do. Matter of fact I reckon a lot of this has got to do with autosuggestion made easier by the drugs' calming effect. People convince themselves. I've seen a chap get high on smoking tea leaves (which have when burning, the exact odor of Marajuana) His mates had told him different of course. I tried, on another occasion, some little white 'Pep' pills. Wow! Did they pop. I have never felt a longing for drugs at any time, sticking to the less romantic and more barbaric beer which when swilling with a mate gives me infinitely more pleasure than any little pill gone in a gulp. I find in fact that with one exception, no vice has any particular pull on me at all. They're there to be taken or left without remorse. But Women, Girls, Females, Haaaaa. I love women! All of 'em, shapes sizes ages irrespective. This is one vice, if it be a vice at all (how could anything so beautiful as the female be considered bad or dirty other than in the eyes of small-minded bigots.) I unashamedly admit I find the feminine allure tough to withstand. I do though, especially now that I have found one particular allure tougher and more lasting than any.

Believe it or not: (contd.)

It's strength is the strength of love and forsooth, it is bound to me by wedlock.

Well, group to return to the original trend, there we were stuck in the middle o' nowhere with nutting to do when along came some hunters. Big game abounds in that area. And blow me down if they didn't have a small pile of magazine with them, amongst which a title I had occassionally noticed on newsstands but never picked up. With nothing to do I started to read it in preference to the other mags which seemed to consist entirely of Farmers' Weeklys, don't get me wrong any of you farm types. I've nothing against farms or farmers, quite the reverse, they're just not my beat.

That was the first time I'd ever read a copy of AMAZING STORIES or for that matter SF. Previously my literary tastes had run to historical & warfare & fiction and pure horror which had been introduced to me by chance via the great H.P. Lovecraft novel 'C'THULU.' I had, for all my fascination of space travel and the future shyed from reading any SF at all, believing that any thing in such seeming abundance couldn't be very good. The only reason why SF might appear abundant to one is simply that all SF books are marked SF. When last did you see a mainstream work marked MS or something? There are far more of them than SciFi. Westerns are marked as such and suffer the same derogation as SF (I do think though that this is clearing.) That was the start of something. I've been devouring SF e'er since.

To return to the soap opera however. After completing a year in the army, I had become thoroughly sick of square bashing, chasing terrorists all over the Rhodesian outback (never catching any of the B... only sore feet.) When on leave or out of camp a never ending series of Weekend drunks or womanising, this cost money and my savings were non-existent. I was going nowhere fast and knew it, never having been one to waste, I certainly wasn't going to start with my life. I wanted out...

After about a 3 month struggle, I managed to purchase my discharge. Together with a friend who came out when I did, we bummed around for a couple of days in Salisbury, staying with a couple of girlfriends until our plane left. We had limited sheckles and hotels were taboo. Time passes and our plane eventually landed at Johannesburg airport at about midnight, where I had rather a bad moment when a customs official asked if I had anything to declare. Weeell, there was this PLAYBOY, see and I didn't know what to do. I decided to come clean though and told him. The twit was as drunk as the proverbial lord. He took me aside, mumbled about opening my bags then went to a higher official. He was at least sober.

Believe it or not: (contd.)

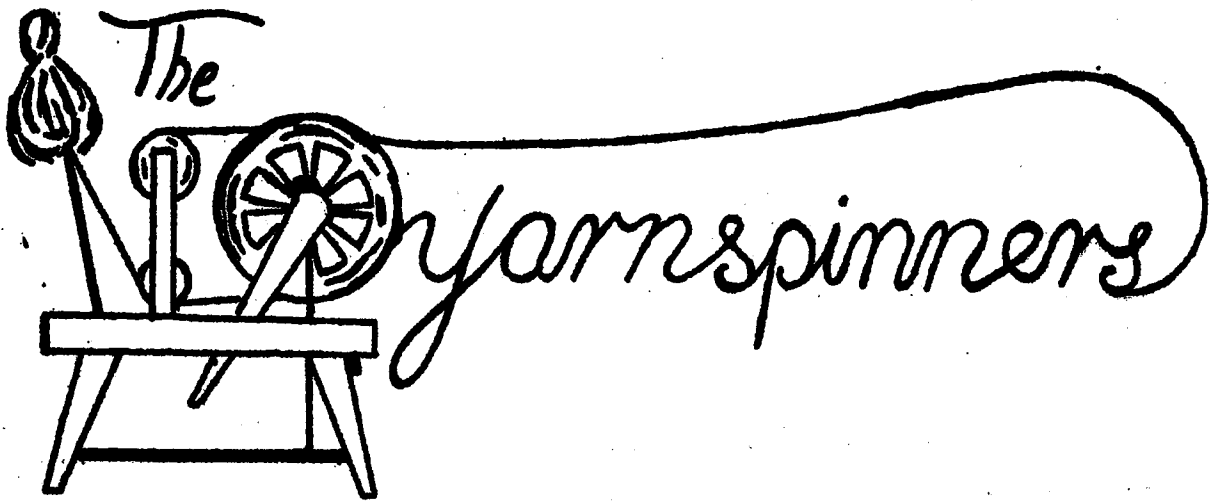
I had brought certain oddments of my army kit with me, such as camouflage combat jacket, boots and denims, a tin of foot powder, as souvenirs. When General Whosit saw this lot he became suspicious, wanting to know whether I came from the Congo and smelled the powder menacingly. I finally convinced him that I was nothing more dangerous or subversive than a poor ex troopy, that would, if he didn't get a move on, miss the last bus that night into town and I had no money for Taxis. We departed gratefully. My friend had also had a suspicious eye cast when it was seen we knew each other. That night was spent rather uncomfortably sitting and sleeping in the Railway Station waiting room. The next morning after a welcome cup of coffee at the air terminal, we bought our train tickets and killed time till our differently bound vehicles left. He was off to Durban, me Cape Town bound.

The rest is uneventful. I arrived in C.T. with about 80c in my pocket and was taken emotionally back under the wing of my parents. There I remained for about a month doing nothing until conscience began bothering me. I started looking for a job and found one as a salesman and general despatch clerk in an Electrical Wholesale Co. This job lasted for 3 yrs up till 8 months ago, when I took off for greener pastures in the same line.

The highpoints of my life since leaving the army have been: concentrating more fully on my art which, ever since I can remember I've loved drawing and painting. Mostly imaginative scenes. About 2 yrs back I grabbed an ICS art Diploma. My eventual hope is to illustrate for a living, particularly SF. Other little venture include a comic strip, a story and before I forget, I got married, (OUCH!) I like the movies - about twice a week, reading when I can, mostly SF & Fantasy with strong leanings towards heroic fantasy, Conan, etc. I collect SF zines, AMAZING, ANALOG, IF, etc plus any old pulps I find plus various novels and fanzines, SF REVIEW, EREDDOM, AMRA plus the graphic art zine WITZEND plus MARVEL comics plus Warren mags, EERIE, CREEPY, etc. In fact anything to do with SF & F or well portrayed graphic art. I seem to wind up with and enjoy them. O yes, among my novels I have a complete Conan, Burroughs, M. Moorcock fantasy, Dorian Hawke, moon Elric, Mervyn Peakes' GORMEGAST and Tolkien's RINGS trilogies and others. It would take another page to go on about my library as I have thousands of books and zines. I suppose I'm what's labelled in fandom as a Bibliophile.

Sportwise, I guess I'm not very, any more (Time, baby if only I had time. About 27 hrs a day would just see me clear.) I have played and still enjoy baseball, soccer, bodybuilding & wrestling, swimming nice too. Of late I





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Z E R O → O N E - T H R E E .

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.....Malcolm J. Marshall.....

This is my first visit to N.A.S.A. I am a privileged spectator at the very heartbeat of things. In Control Centre I watch the proceedings with awe.

A hundred famous scientists - the world's best - sit in semi-circular arrangement. An array of formidable brain power. The gaze of each focuses intently upon the redoubtable personage of Prof. Ben Jankowski. Every ear bent and straining upon the great man's words.

Beside Jankowski a computer clicks and dribbles seemingly endless broad paper ribbons from it's jaws. Jankowski matches the measured precision of the machine. He reads aloud the data spilling into his hands.

"One-zero-six ... Zero-zero-five ... Zero-two-eight ..."

I do not know the purpose of the proceedings. But I am impressed. These great minds. Attentive, alert. Occaissionally entries are made on the pads before them. Jankowski's supreme composure.

"... Two-five-five ... One-zero-seven ..." So go the proceedings.

A slight change. A mild stirring at first. Expressions of concern wrinkling the distinguished brows.

"... Zero-two-four ... Two-seven-nine...." Murmurings grow louder. Anxious glances are cast from one to another. I have the notion I am about to witness something big. A breakthrough ?

"Two-nine-nine ... Two-eight-nine ..." Anxiety is unconcealed now. Some tremble. Others fight to keep their cool. I sit on the edge of my chair.

Zero-one-three. (contd.)  
.....

"... er Two-nine-er-six ... One-one-er-one...." Are those beads of sweat on Jankowski's face ? " ... Zero-zero-eight ... One-four-er-seven ..." Strain is telling on all. "Two-two-seven ... One-four-six ..."

Tension is at fever pitch. Pandemonium has all but broken loose. The atmosphere screams. I bite my fingers. Hard.

"... Zero-one-three ..." A small bespectacled man leaps from his seat.

"Bingo!" he yells.

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She cocked an eye at me. I cocked an eye at her.  
For one romantic moment we both stood there - cockeyed.

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++++++  
| H A Z E L . |  
++++++

.....  
:..Joanna Craig..  
.....

"Good afternoon, I am glad you were able to manage this visit. Firstly I'd like to introduce you to Hazel. Hazel is the only HA - 100 Nuclear Magnetic Resonance Spectrometer south of the Sahara.

"Why is it called Hazel ? Well, she behaves just like a female with all the foibles and temperament of the weaker sex. If you don't believe me, come again when we are busy working and see for yourself. Please bring a man along as well. Hazel is more manageable then.

"Sometimes we get on very well. But some days! I suppose there will always be a clash of personalities when two females work together.

"I was assigned to operate 'the hundred' as it was then called, at the beginning of the year when Frank left. Being the only machine of its size in the country, we had plenty of work from the Universities and other organizations, as well as our own research programs. As a result we were both jaded and fed up.

"At this time too, there were plans to obtain a new and better model. One which would be able to give spectra of Fluorine and other elements as well as Hydrogen. It was also suggested that the old hundred could be disposed of. Unfortunately, this was said in Hazel's presence and she really started acting up. This was when I christened her.

"After she was named, she seemed worse than ever, in fact, she wouldn't begin work in the morning until she had



Hazel: (contd.)

seen a man. Most embarrassing I found it, having to call the Doc each time something went wrong. Especially when he was unable to find any fault.

"One day she heard that the Doc was going overseas for two years (why some people haven't got more tact!) and this really upset her. She got all clogged up and was out of operation for a month. Then the boss left and she only had me for company most of the time. After two months of only my conversation, Hazel decided she couldn't endure it any more, so she had a heart attack. The electronics engineer said there was a short circuit in one of the magnetic coils, a fancy name for a broken heart.

"Next week the engineer from Europe will be here to replace the coil, or if you prefer it, give her a half-hearted transplant. Boy, won't Hazel be in her element. She'll have one man continuously with her for three weeks, sometimes even two or three all to herself as I shall be on leave..."

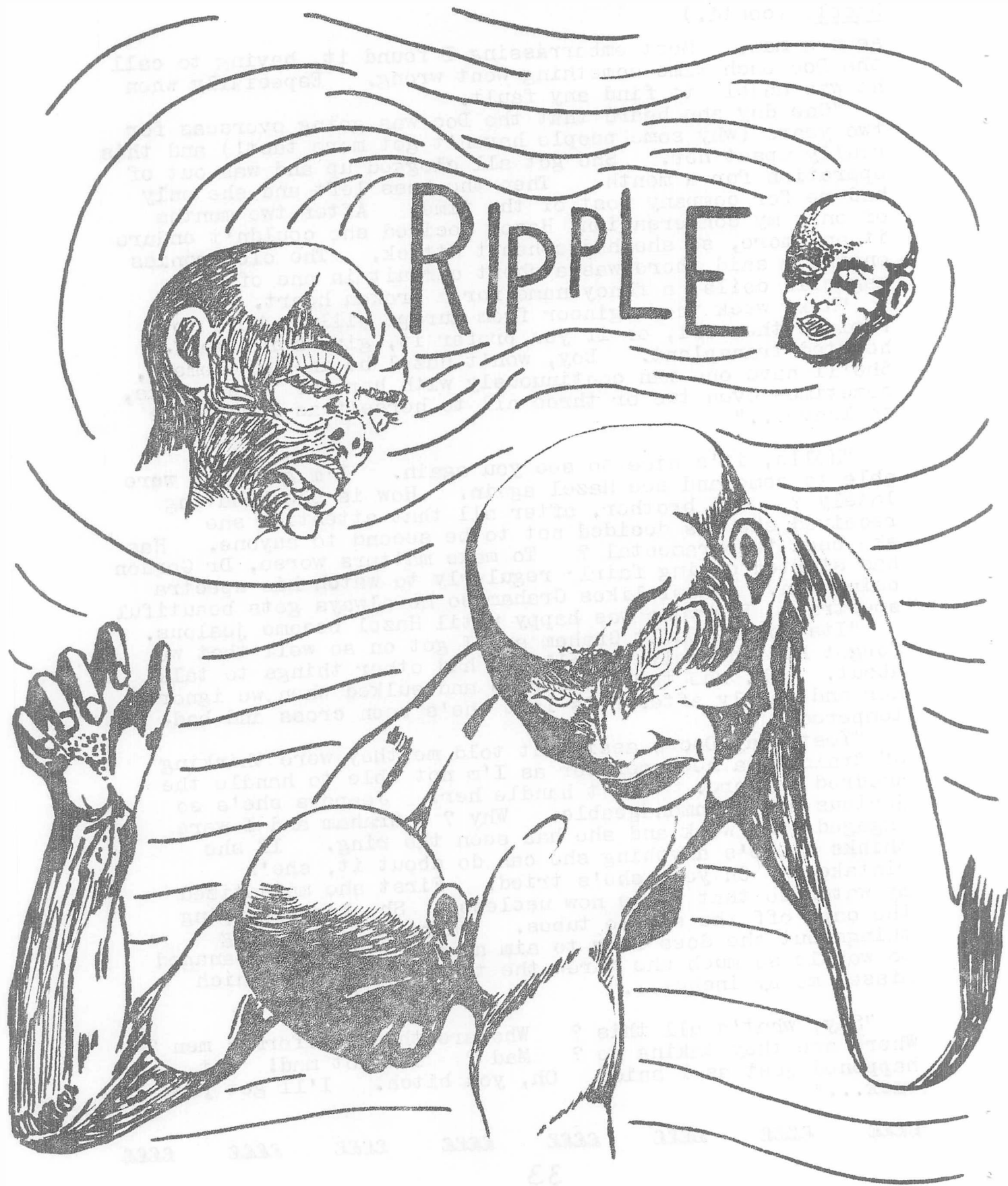
"Hello, it's nice to see you again. I'm glad you were able to come and see Hazel again. How is she behaving lately? Oh, brother, after all that attention she received she has decided not to be second to anyone. Has she been temperamental? To make matters worse, Dr Gordon has started coming fairly regularly to watch his spectra being run. Hazel likes Graham so he always gets beautiful spectra. Everyone was happy until Hazel became jealous.

"It's not my fault Graham and I get on so well that we forgot her entirely. Well, we had other things to talk about. Oh, she threw tantrums and sulked when we ignored her and lately after he's left she's been cross and bad-tempered.

"Yesterday Doc's assistant told me they were thinking of training a new operator as I'm not able to handle the hundred anymore. Can't handle her! Jeepers she's so jealous she's unmanageable. Why? Graham and I were engaged last week and she has seen the ring. If she thinks there's anything she can do about it, she's mistaken. Oh yes, she's tried. First she magnetized my watch so that it is now useless. She keeps popping the caps off the sample tubes. Maybe I'm imagining things but she does seem to aim at me. Then she managed to wobble so much she threw the temperature unit which missed me by inches..."

"Say, what's all this? Who are these uniformed men? Where are they taking me? Mad? I'm not mad! It happened just as I said. Oh, you bitch. I'll get you back..."

EEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE EEEE



R I P P L E.  
.....

N. Christiansen &  
G. White.

Chapter One.

A Time For Dying.  
.....

He was dead. No one mourned his passing while galaxies wept for him. He had been a bachelor, but his wife and children were inconsolable and his fiancé attempted suicide. A war started because of his death and peace was restored to a star cluster.

He was dead. He was dying. He was going to die.

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Barrett Kempnor sat up and threw the bedclothes aside. He eased his body off the wet sheet and strode to the window. The chill misty evening air unfelt on his sweating nakedness, he stood and gazed unseeing into the night. For exactly eleven hours and twenty-nine minutes he had tried to project to Barrette. He was becoming desperate. Barrette could not have been sleeping all the time, certainly not so early. Something must have happened to him. If he was dead... Barrett glanced at his watch. He knew the connection between the worlds, mortality wise. He had only a limited time. If Barrette was dead it would be exactly forty-four hours before he too would die. Over eleven had been wasted already. Oh, Christ, he thought, what in hell do I do now. Less than thirty-three hours left. Less than that for some of us. There must be a loophole somewhere.

Turning from the window he walked to his desk and picked up a leather bound diary lying there. There was only one other who seemed aware of his presence at times although actual communication had never been established. Barit Kempnor seemed to be the only possible chance, if they could somehow 'talk' to each other. He went and lay down on the still damp sheet, the diary opened to the last reference to Barit. Somehow he had always preferred Barrette because of their affinity and had not projected to Barit for almost seven months. This would prove difficult. Barrett closed his eyes and started to concentrate.

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Barrette Kempnore was tired. It had been a full week. Since the end of the Imperial Galactic Convention it had been one function after another. It was a consolation to know that the last farewell would soon be over. Ruling a galaxy did have disadvantages.

Ripple: (contd.)

The Globe Imperial, personal transport of Emperor Galactus Barrette II, slowly spiralled above the spaceport, preparing for landing. The Sharain Supreme of Andremsco V glanced down at the thousands of people crowded around the landing platform, jostling each other for the best positions from which to see their Emperor.

"Your people are certainly loyal, Highness," the Sharain said, turning to Barrette. "Even more so since your engagement was announced. Or so I've heard."

Barrette hesitated before he spoke.

"I must admit there are some who would not object to another being in my place but I can have no complaint about the loyalty shown by the majority of my subjects."

Barrette wondered what had prompted the Sharain's remark. The long nosed gorilla like body and sneering mouth of the Sharain did not exactly inspire confidence and trust. And there were rumours lately.

"One cannot please everyone all of the time, Sharain," he continued. "It does seem to be generally believed though, that your subjects are dissatisfied and grow more rebellious by the day. Of course you realize that should you ever wish, a division or two of the Imperial SpaceGuard could easily be diverted to Andremsco."

Hatred flashed across the face of the Sharain.

"I must thank your Highness for the kind concern, but there are always rumours between the worlds. I assure you that the loyalty of my people can no more be questioned than the loyalty those below show to you. As your Highness is aware, there are always problems for those who rule. Naturally there are those who object to my methods of controlling Andremsco. As your Highness has said, everyone cannot be pleased all the time."

Score one for the Sharain, mused Barrette, I must be more careful of my words.

"I have also heard, Sharain, that there are a number of new factories that have been established recently on Andremsco, mainly for the manufacture of weapons. There surely cannot be much necessity for arming your worlds when the Imperial SpaceGuard are always available to any member of the Empire."

"We have started a small weapon industry recently, Highness. As you know, Andremsco is one of the outer members of the Empire and my people have always feared that should trouble ever occur from outside the Empire, Andremsco would be the ideal position for an enemy of the Empire to capture and have a base for further conquest. The weapons manufactured are purely for defense and to allay the fears of the population. I am aware that the Imperial SpaceGuard are capable of any emergency but am sure that even they would appreciate any small assistance my worlds could render if ever it becomes necessary."

Ripple: (contd.)

Before Barrette could speak again the Globe gently settled on the platform and a cheer arose from the crowds below them. The door opened and steps descended. Barrette waited a moment so that the Imperial StarGuard could take their positions around the edge of the platform, then, with a quick adjustment to his helmet and cloak he stepped out of the Globe. The crowd cheered as he waved his left hand and descended the steps. He walked over to the edge of the twenty foot high platform and saluted the Empire Flag drifting in the breeze above the Spaceport Terminal. The Sharain stood on the first step of the Globe and glanced towards his ship which stood a little over three hundred yards away. His eyes flicked to the cheering crowd and he lifted his right hand.

In the Terminal building a finger tightened on a trigger. The three inch diameter fireball which leapt from the barrel of the solar rifle flashed above the heads of the crowd, glanced on Barrette's helmet and burned through the control window of the Globe, lodging in the control panel. With an agonized scream Barrette twisted, as the melted metal of the helmet burned into his temple, and toppled backwards over the edge of the platform.

In sickening slow motion, the Globe expanded, contracted, and then with a deafening explosion, spewed pieces of itself, the pilots and the Supreme Sharain of Andremsco V over the surrounding two square miles.

The crowd went mad.

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## Chapter Two.

Rebirth.  
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Vib Gyor stood in the foreground of the great assembly of almost hysterically elated people, eager to see the Emperor before he departed from the planet, Tranquil. Elated, that is, until Barrette was struck down by the fireball. Gyor had been recording the event by means of the stereo-camera-helm on his head.



Ripple: (contd.)

As he noticed the flicker of light betraying the assassin's position, he swung his head to gaze directly at the window in the terminal building.

The two lenses over his eyes, sensitive to the change of the newsman's focus, compensated automatically, and the window zoomed into sharp close up relief. Of course, the camera responded automatically, and the assassin's features were captured indelibly on the film.

"He's still alive," came an excited shout. "Get that mediflyer down fast."

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The Warlord of the Killa Starcluster, known more simply by the peoples of many worlds as Barit the Taker, stood on the bridge of his flagship and peered, via the exoscanner, into the depths of space. The 'Slayer' idled deep in interstellar space, waiting. Soon she was to be joined by two thousand nine hundred ninety-nine other vessels. The Taker's mind was feverish with excitement. It was almost time to plunge another section of the cluster into the savage maelstrom of interstellar conflict.

Already the greater part of the Killa was embroiled in 'Barit's Takeover'. Barit Kemnor directed battles now on eighty-seven fronts. Not merely directed, but planned the strategy for each, and all within the network of a master strategy, designed to usurp, within a very short period, control of the entire cluster. For Barit was more than a military genius; he was a superhuman battle computer. Only within his wonderfully specialized brain was the grand strategy mapped out and comprehended in its entirety.

Now the battleships began to spill into normspace around 'Slayer'. Somewhere a voice was counting off each ship as it appeared. When the monotone reached three thousand, the Taker swivelled on his feet and marched to the transcom.

"My friends, the time has arrived. It is time to sweep into yet another section and to liberate its people from the oppression under which they have had to slave for far too many years. But now is the time of their glorious deliverance. Now is the time for them to come under the benevolent rule of the Warlord of Killa!"

The cheers shook three thousand ships.

"I promise them; all the might of our fleet will make this dream come true. For only I, Killa Warlord, Barit the Taker, can truly rule a starcluster. Only I have the brain, magnificently adapted, which is capable of retaining sanity whilst directing the welfare and security of so many worlds."

"Yes!"

Suddenly Barit Kemnor raised his hands to his temples. Then he giggled and dropped slowly to his hands and knees. He gazed open-mouthed at the transcom for a second then ran to the opposite side of the room, gibbering, with

Ripple: (contd.)

knuckles dragging on the deck.

The Warlord's progress had been halted.

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Sweat beaded his forehead as he concentrated. Little drops ran down his cheeks and spilled from his ears, soaking his pillow. His mind quested through the reaches of universal interspace... nothing! Less even than the space between galaxies. But ... Contact! He was Barit.

Looking out of his eyes he saw the transcom and the many ships shown there. Barit was talking in obvious excitement. Barrett tried to contact him, to communicate.

Barit, listen to me, we're going to die. For God's sake, listen. You must hear me, you must help, otherwise we're dead. The ripple, Barit, it's going to get both of us. Please hear me, I need your help.

But Barit heard nothing. His speech carried on without pause.

Barrett, many universes away, gathered himself for a supreme effort. As he unleashed the ultimate strength of his mind, he felt the awareness in Barit's mind. But even as he made contact, there came to him a shout of extreme psychic agony.

"Barrett. This is Barrette. I'm dying. Help me. Come and help me!"

As the psychic echo of the mind-scream faded, a man died, a mind deserted a body and a man became a superman.

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### Chapter Three.

#### Consanguinity. .....

The Imperial StarGuard reacted quickly. The Terminal building was quickly surrounded and guards cordoned off the elevators and rushed up the stairs. They reached the room from whence the fireball had been fired to find it locked from the inside. The guard captain pulled out his hip gun and triggered it against the lock, which rapidly melted. The captain kicked the door open and two of his men dived through, one stepping left and the other right of the door, with weapons levelled. The one on the left spoke.

"Nobody here, Sir."

Below the riot had started. As the mediflyer bearing the injured Emperor rose, half the crowd strained forward to see what had happened and the other half tried to get away from any continuation of the catastrophe. Strong men and little children were forced down to be crushed underfoot, their bodies rapidly becoming unrecognizable slippery masses as the panic spread. The guards called for reinforcements to try and stem the tide of terrified humanity.



Ripple: (contd.)

Eventually order was restored and an uneasy calm settled over the city. Two thousand and three bodies were picked up as the last of the crowd dispersed.

The sound of Pax, the capital city of the planet, Tranquil, that night, was the sound of weeping.

Outside the room stood three guards, grim faced, highly trained and super-efficient. Further along the corridor, in both directions, other guards patrolled.

Inside the room, Emperor Galactus Barrette II was making good progress. His helmet had saved him from the full force of the fireball, and the fall into the lee of the platform, although it had broken bones, had protected him from the blast when the Globe had exploded. But now, as his eyes fluttered open, he noticed a darkening of the air next to his bed. Quickly the shape of a woman materialized, attractive and dark-haired, with right hand raised, clasping a thin bladed dagger, ready to strike.

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Yma Thilil transhifted. She stepped through the door and raised her bloodied hand in greeting.

"Tegir, it is done," she said in a monotone. She looked mildly surprised, brushed aside a lock of hair, leaving a red smear across her forehead and sat in the deep noilskin chair which Tegir indicated.

"It was easy. Too easy. I never knew it was so easy to kill, so easy to die. I didn't want to do it. He didn't have to die. There must have been another way." Yma paused. She shook her head as tears formed in the corners of her eyes.

"He just lay there. He never knew why, just looked up at me. Those eyes, so...so... confused. What have I done? What have..."



Ripple: (contd.)

"It had to be done. There was no other way," Tegir said as he reached across his desk to the button concealed in the ornamental beading surrounding the transcom screen.

"We all have unpleasant duties to perform," he continued as his finger pressed the button.

A violet flash enveloped the slim form of the girl, giving her pale face a translucent glow. For an instant her hair stood on end; then the light died. A small robovac appeared, in response to the pressure of Tegir's finger on another button, and quickly sucked the ash from the noilskin chair.

"Poor innocent child..."

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The guardsmen saluted as Princess Tiza approached the Emperor's suite. Lady Leila stepped forward and opened the door. The Princess froze on the threshold as she saw a female shape crouched over the body of her fiancé shimmer and dematerialize. She ran forward and screamed. The guards rushing through the door heard her agonized:

"He's dead, he's dead." They were unable to stop her plunging the dagger, which she had plucked from her lover's body, into her own chest.

"Andar, Medi Reed," the captain of the guard shouted into the visicom. "Up here immediately. The Emperor is dead." He glanced at his two comrades and the Lady Leila bending over the bleeding Princess as he turned to the still form of the Emperor.

His eyes blinked in disbelief. The Emperor seemed hazy and insubstantial. The ugly burn across the temple seemed to pulsate, as did the bloody hole in the chest. Suddenly everything was again clear. But there were differences. The Emperor was breathing deeply and there was no longer any sign of injury on his body.

Guard captain Nalta just stood and stared at his Emperor until Andar and Medi Reed rushed through the door.

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"Barrette! What's happening? Keep away Barit. Barrette..."

"Barrett, help me. I'm dying. Help..."

"Shut up Barit. Barrette! Barrette! Dying, dying, dying..."

Three minds screamed meaninglessly at each other. A twisting vortex of nothingness sucked at the esse of the three, pulling them into a whirlpool of non-existence. A million parallel universes hesitated. One mind weakened, then another. Two minds ceded, were enveloped by the third. And blended.

Ripple: (contd.)

Two bodies vanished and instantly reappeared.  
One was dead.

Unaware of the tableau around his recumbent body, Barrett/  
Barrette/Barit sighed and lapsed into a deep exhausted sleep.

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#### Chapter Four.

Defection.

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"A pity about Sharain. He was quite useful in a way. Of course, he would have had to go eventually. Tma Thilil was rather careless. I do think he should join his beloved sister. There is no room for carelessness."

Tegir Sunev turned lazily in his chair and pushed the visicom switch.

"Vomisa," he said to his secretary. "Bring Thilil in now."

"I will go," the sharp faced blonde rose from the noilskin chair.

"No. Stay, Cilunder. The interview will be of interest to you. The plan goes well. Sir over there. The chair which is so beautifully covered with noilskin is reserved for our visitor."

Tma Thilil had been waiting for just over two hours to see Tegir. No one rushed Tegir. He saw whosoever he wanted, whenever he wanted. Except for one man. There was rumour that he had even tried to keep the Warlord, Barit the Taker, waiting -- once. There was only one question Tma wanted Tegir to answer. Where was Yma? There was no one and nothing more important to him than his sister. He knew that he should never have allowed her to become mixed up in the affair. Yma had walked into the office and transhifted to another universe. She should have been back within a few minutes. If she had come back she would have met him at the usual place, as they had arranged. Tma was slow to anger but rage was starting to build up inside of him.

If Yma had come back she must still be inside that room. To transhift again after so short a time would be extremely dangerous. His thoughts were interrupted by the buzz from the visicom. He glanced at the secretary bending over the machine but couldn't hear what was said.

"Sor Sunev will see you now. This way please."

The secretary indicated towards the door of the office and opened it to admit Tma. Tegir did not look up as they entered the room.

"You may go, Vomisa." He indicated the noilskin chair.

"Sit, Tma. What is on your mind now?"

"Where is Yma?"

Tegir raised his eyebrows.

"She left here after she had reported the success of her mission. Your..."

Ripple: (contd.)

"You lie. If she left, how  
Not through that door. Where  
is she?"

Tegir decided not to prolong  
the interview. He didn't like  
being spoken to as this fool  
was doing. His finger would  
settle the matter. He reached  
across the desk. His finger  
never reached the button. Tma  
bounded across the room and  
grabbed the outstretched arm.

"What has happened to Yma?  
I'll kill you if she is harmed."

Tegir tried to push the young  
man away from him as he pushed  
his foot on the alarm to summon  
his guards. As the alarm  
sounded Tma swung his free hand  
into Tegir's face, knocking him  
back against the wall. The chair  
swivelled and Tegir sprawled on  
the floor. Tma swung around  
as the clawed fingers of Cilunder  
dug into his shoulders. Tegir  
rose to his knees, ripped open  
a drawer and palmed a beamer.

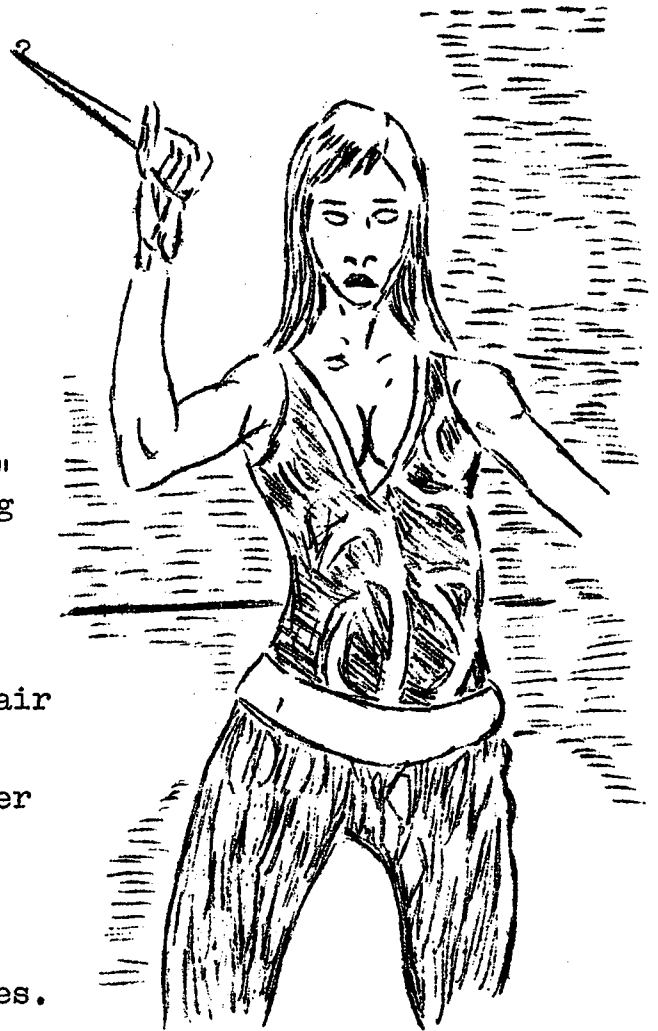
"Cilunder, jump clear," he  
shouted as he raised the weapon  
to bear on the struggling figures.  
With a vicious twist Tma flung  
the girl across the desk at the  
other man. Her body struck Tegir as he tried to rise to  
feet and they both crashed to the floor. Tma hesitated  
a moment as the guards burst through the door. He threw  
himself into the transhift machine and pushed the control.

With admirable adroitness the Emperor's bodyguard  
seized the intruder before wondering at his mysterious  
appearance.

Tma struggled to free himself from the guard's grip.  
The last thing he had expected was to materialize in a  
room containing alert guards and a bleeding woman sprawled  
on the floor. Guard captain Nalta swung his hand in a  
short arc and Tma dropped unconscious to the floor.

"Watch him," he said to his men, then crouched beside  
the Medi. "How is she?"

"Nothing serious. She is shocked and needs to be  
kept under sedation. Nurses are coming up to take her  
to a private room we have vacant."



Ripple: (contd)

"And the Emperor ?" Nalta enquired.

"He is apparently in perfect health. I can't understand what has happened. Once the Princess is out of here I will give him a thorough examination."

"Then I will leave you. I have this small matter to attend to," the captain said indicating the unconscious form of Tma. "I would like to speak with the Emperor as soon as possible. Will you call me ?"

"As soon as he has recovered consciousness and I have examined him."

Captain Nalta nodded and opened the door for his men to carry Tma out.

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Barrett awoke.

"Who are you ?"

"I am Medi Reed, Highness."

"And this place." Barrett gazed round the room.

"Royal Pax Medicentre, Highness. You were brought here after the attempted assassination."

Barrett knew where he was now. It could only be Barrette's universe. Somehow he had taken Barrette's place and was now Emperor. But what had happened? The contact was between the three of them. Where was Barrette ? And Barit ?

Barrett mused over the events he could recall while the medical officer gave him a thorough examination. After a while his thoughts were interrupted.

"Highness, guard captain Nalta wishes to speak with you. Shall I send for him ?"

"Yes, please do so," Barrett said. Nalta would be able to fill in the events that he could not remember.

Medi Reed nodded and left the room. A few minutes later the door opened and Nalta entered, snapped smartly to attention and saluted.

"Your Highness."

Barrett told the captain to sit and then, choosing his words carefully, said.

"Captain Nalta, recap for me the day's events, beginning with and including the attempted assassination." He leaned back on his pillow and consciously relaxed his body while Nalta gave him a comprehensive resume. After the captain had finished his narrative Barrett was silent for a short time.

"I would like to talk to this fellow you captured here." Nalta frowned as if disapproving.

"Shall I bring him to you now, your Highness ?" he asked.

"No," exclaimed Barrett, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. "Get me my clothes. I'll go see him." The captain showed obvious pleasure at his Emperor's military bearing and turned to obey.

"Immediately, your Highness."

Ripple: (contd.)

Shortly they strode together down the long corridor. Nalta paused at a closed door with two sentries stiffening to attention outside.

"In here, your Highness."

Entering, they found Tma sitting on a bunk placed against the far wall. He rose quickly to his feet. Barrett noticed that one hand was chained to the bed. If he dematerialized again he would have to take part of the furniture with him.

"Who are you ?" asked Barrett.

"My name is Tma Thilil, Highness."

"What do you know of the two attempts on my life ?"

"Highness, I made the first attempt. My sister the second."

Barrett was taken aback by the young man's candidness. There was more to this business than he had first thought.

"Why did you wish to kill me ?"

"It was not actually you that we wanted to kill. It was Barit the Taker. By killing you, your Highness, we knew that eventually the ripple would overtake the Warlord Barit."

"The Ripple," Barrett felt his pulse quicken. "What do you mean, the ripple ?"

Tma explained the effects of the ripple across the parallel universes, adding:

"We believe that there are only a handful of people affected by this phenomenon at any one given moment in time. We suspect that these factors are essential for the stability of the myriad continua. These lifelines, it is believed, serve to mesh the universes and prevent divergence and therefore a more rapid descent towards entropy."

Barrett pondered.

"But how did you get here ? And why did you return ?"

"We have discovered a process whereby we can transport ourselves bodily from one plane to another; a process which has been named the Transhift. The same process, by the way, can also shift ones position in any particular universe. We had originally planned to use the Transhift to assassinate the Taker directly. However, by killing your Highness in this universe, in which the assassin would only have to be present for as long as the actual killing took, we thought that not only would the risk be lessened but in the event of our failing, as we have done, the Taker would be left completely unsuspecting."

Tma paused in his narrative. Barrett walked across the room and sat down in a hard wooden chair. He told Nalta and Tma to be seated and then asked Tma to continue.

"The reason I came back your Highness, was to warn you, and to find my sister if she is here on this world. It is unlikely that they will make a direct attempt to kill Barit the Taker and as soon as they discover that you are still alive there is bound to be another attempt on your life."

Ripple: (contd.)

"I also no longer trust Tegir or believe what he says."

"Who is Tegir?"

"I don't rightly know, Highness. Tegir claims to be interested in Barit's death in so far as his demise will bring about the liberation of our home planet, Danae. It is more likely that he has some plan to make himself ruler or dictator of Danae. Perhaps his ambitions even extend further, I don't know. There is one thing that is almost certain. He has harmed my sister in some way. Didn't she come back here as well, Highness?"

"No. She tried to stab me and then vanished again. She never reappeared."

"Then Tegir must have killed her in his office. But how? How?"

Frowning thoughtfully Barrett arose from the chair.

"Have him unchained," he said to Nalta.

"Do you think it wise, Sire?"

"Yes, I think so. Let us go."

Outside they paused while Nalta instructed the guards to release Tma but keep a close watch on him. Then he turned to the Emperor.

"Your Highness. Would you not perhaps like to see the Princess Tiza now?" The pseudo-Emperor hesitated a moment. He had forgotten that he was engaged to the lovely Princess. He would have to play this by ear. His apparent unconcern with his fiancé, he realized, may seem strange to the captain and others.

"I have been deeply concerned with the condition of the Princess, of course, but naturally the affairs of state must take first consideration," he finished lamely.

Nalta inclined his head, apparently satisfied with this explanation. Barrett knew though, that his captain was noting the slight changes in his Emperor in the past few hours. He would have to keep quiet rather than say the wrong thing.

Nalta led Barrett down the long corridors of the Mediceut. They were approaching the Princess' suite when, with an audible gasp, Barrett staggered, doubled over and seized his head with both hands.

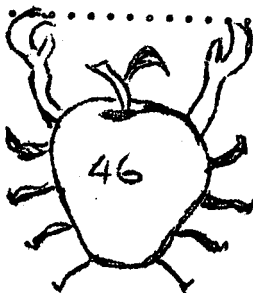
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